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SWATANTRA

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. SEPTEMBER 8 SATURDAY 1956 No. 32

THE CHALLENGE OF ENGLISH

THE proceedings of the conference of States' Education Ministers, held this week at Delhi, disclose the utter confusion prevailing in the minds of the top leaders of the country in regard to the language problem. The question of language is bound to loom large in every country whose population speaks a multiplicity of languages. But it has assumed a specially malignant form in India since the advent of independence. A new disease which was not prevalent in the days of foreign rule has suddenly reared its head. It is known as linguistic fanaticism and it threatens to destroy the unity of the country and lead ultimately to the death of national freedom.

As most other evils that beset our unhappy land this one, known as linguistic fanaticism, is self-inflicted, brought about by our own leaders and the responsibility for its prevalence cannot be foisted upon the former British rulers on whose shoulders so many of our difficulties are now unjustly loaded so that we may escape the blame for their existence and avoid the task of hard thinking and finding of proper solutions.

The move to substitute Hindi in the place of English as the *lingua franca* of India, and as the language of central administration is the virus that gave birth to the disease of language fanaticism. Conflict of languages as witnessed in the blood strained streets of Bombay and Ahmedabad, in the orgies of communal hatred prevalent in the villages of the South

and in the border disputes between States all over India are all symptoms of a malady whose root cause is Hindi imperialism. There is no use treating the symptoms without scotching the disease. The outward object of the Hindi imposition is the achievement of national unity. But its actual practise has yielded the opposite result of national disintegration.

If we are frank and truthful and if we base our actions upon facts without indulging in fanciful theories and wishful thinking, we should recognise one basic historic fact, viz. the political unity of India, which we all recognise to be desirable and wish to maintain at any cost, was a British accomplishment. It is an unpleasant truth which wounds our vanity. But it is dangerous to ignore it. Before the British advent, India was divided into numerous kingdoms and principalities each warring against the other. If we allow our sentiment to override our sense of realism we shall continue to go down the inclined plane and soon the pre-British state of affairs will be revived and we shall be faced with the rise of a multiplicity of militant, warring, sovereign States in India which may or may not have linguistic basis.

The second fact which we should recognise in our realistic appraisal of the problem is that the political unity of India under the British rule was worked out by the spread of the English language. Although the foreign British rule of this sub-continent was sustained by the exercise

of military power and the imposition of racial superiority and economic exploitation, nevertheless the inevitable historic task of giving birth and bringing up a native intelligentsia which would ultimately take full charge of the industrial, educational and administrative tasks of future governance of this country was shouldered by the British. It was not a virtue of the British people and certainly the British rulers did not intend to bestow any benefit upon India. But history is a funny task master and extracts benefits from hostile sources. Even as British rule by the imposition of the English language brought about the political unity of India it also gave birth to a native Indian intelligentsia which has now grown into manhood and has taken full charge of the political and economic leadership of the country. By force of history the Indian intelligentsia has been nurtured in the English language.

No amount of theorising about a past golden age and no amount of dreaming about a glorious future excluding the influence of the English language can hide the hard fact that today the only source of recruitment for the various services including the supply of the personnel needed for execution of the Five Year Plans is the English educated Indian intelligentsia. This hard fact was ignored by the constitution makers of India who were carried away by an emotional upsurge and dreamt they could create a new heaven and a new earth by passing a sentence of death upon the Indian intelligentsia. The light hearted manner in which this death sentence on a vital section of the body politic was received by the public is evidenced by the fact that some of the intelligentsia themselves who were to be blasted by the sentence welcomed it with glee. Many of them hoped that, like all pious resolutions in our country, this one about Hindi imposition would soon be forgotten. Many of the intelligentsia who were serv-

ing the former British rulers jumped in the band wagon of the new Hindi Imperialists. They looked only to the immediate cashing of their new found patriotism by securing high posts with fat salaries. At the same time they hedged in and secured the future for their sons and daughters by sending them to the Anglo-Indian and Convent Schools run by Christian missionaries, where the medium of instruction continued to be English. The stock of Christian missionary institutions shot up sky high as a direct result of the play down of English in the public schools. Any one visiting Convent schools would be surprised at the crowd of motor cars bringing in the children of the ministers and officers in the higher ranks of service in the Congress Government. The more well-to-do among the intelligentsia sent their children abroad for their studies with the philanthropic object of leaving all the available space in the basic schools where the teaching media are Hindi and Charka entirely to the children of the poorer classes.

The repercussions of this Hindi imperialism are visible not only in the widespread unrest created in the country by the recommendations of the S. R. C. report but also in the difficulties experienced in recruiting qualified personnel to run various services under the Second Five Year Plan.

Pandit Nehru in his speech opening the Education Ministers' Conference, as is usual with him, wanted to be everything to everybody and stressed the equal importance of the regional language, Hindi and English and wished to make it appear that he was not favouring any one or two of these, but was intending to deal out even justice to all the three of them. But he made one noteworthy admission that education in science and technology in this country cannot be carried on for the present in any language but English. Of course, the important proviso for the present is there as a sop to all the

reactionaries, the visionaries and the language fanatics. But man lives only in the present and the future is in the lap of the gods. What we are concerned with in politics is only the present. The future which concerns the gods is a matter pertaining to religion. It is, therefore, a noteworthy admission by the Prime Minister and we seem to be treading on hard ground after all in our political affairs when we proceed on the basis that scientific and technological education will be imparted to the youth of the country in the English language, notwithstanding the functioning of several committees and research boards and the wasting of crores of money for the purpose of inventing new words in Hindi and in other languages to substitute English words.

Needless to say, the conference of Education Ministers has endorsed the suggestion of the Prime Minister and has passed formal resolutions making the learning of Eng-

lish compulsory at all levels of education and above all retaining it as the medium of higher education in science. The medium of higher education in the humanities is still left hanging fire. But we are thankful for small mercies shown to us and we heartily welcome this sign of sanity in our rulers. Let us hope that wisdom has not dawned on them too late. There is already a growing complaint that students entering universities have such poor knowledge of English that they are unable to follow their lessons and that the level of education has sunk so low that the value of the degrees bestowed by our universities count almost for nothing. The resolution of the Education Ministers, if carried out in the proper spirit and with requisite speed, will go a great way in arresting the decay of our educational institutions and will pave the way for the production of competent personnel to carry forward the Five Year Plans to success.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE ruling party in Hungary has decided that the names of living persons should not be given to State factories, enterprises, co-operatives and social and cultural institutions; and that those already having such names should be changed. This is obviously an attempt to implement the decision to abolish the personality cult as a consequence of the denigration of Stalin. Such happenings inside the Iron Curtain should stimulate our thinking although we have not yet begun, in this country, any attempt to abolish our personality cult and the process of denigration of our idols is yet to begin. Looking around our cities, however, the thought occurs to us how much prettier they would look if all the statues which disfigure the public highways

and obstruct traffic are removed. How much prettier our parks would be if the ugly sign boards bearing the names of local celebrities were disposed off! But the ugliest things which flaunt us in our face and insult our intelligence are the statues of living persons which proclaim the continuation of the strangle hold that certain persons have secured over those institutions dominated by their statues. Hero worship of a dead person is common enough and may be pardoned as a human frailty. But the celebration of one's own grandeur and a public exhibition of one's continuing rapacity is unpardonable moral depravity. There is a talk now of removing from our public highways the statues of our ex-rulers. All the persons represented by these sta-

tues are dead and gone and their memories no longer excite any emotions in the onlooker. But there is an imperative need to remove the statues of the others who do recall sentiments not conducive to the growth of civic or political harmony. In any case, in the interests of the future generation who are entitled to a clean slate for working out the destiny of India, all these stone images and the bronze wares which disfigure our highways and the boards proclaiming false proprietorships over our parks and public institutions should be removed forthwith.

The people of India have been shocked by the heavy toll in loss of lives extracted by the railway disaster at Mahabubnagar. Our sympathies go out to the families of everyone of the numerous victims whose lives came to an unexpected and tragic end. On the face of it, it looks as though the tragedy was the result of criminal negligence on the part of the railway staff. The fact that a similar tragedy was enacted a few months ago in that same region and the more serious fact that the very bridge which collapsed and caused this particular disaster was known to be weak and, therefore, under constant supervision by the railway authorities, and the still more serious fact that vain attempts were made by the workmen in charge to stop traffic on the bridge go to prove that there is something rotten in the very set up of railway administration in this country. While it may be admitted that such disasters cannot be altogether prevented and tragedies may occur in the best administered railway systems, it seems now to be quite evident that these accidents are more frequent in India especially after the advent of our independence and that they have something to do with the new political set up. We would recall to the minds of our readers the incident that occurred in Ahmedabad last week,

when Mr. Morarji Desai, the Chief Minister, held up a mail train for half-an-hour just to give himself the opportunity to harangue his admirers which opportunity was denied to him by the citizens of Ahmedabad resident outside the railway gates. The question arises as to whether the railways exist in this country for the service of the people or whether they are there for the greater glorification of the ruling party and their big wigs. If the former is the objective the entire energies of the staff should be geared towards an efficient running of the system which should function as an integrated clock work so that even the Prime Minister could not interfere with the running of trains or delay the starting of an engine by a single second to suit his convenience. But if the latter is the objective, then the entire outlook of the staff changes and the station masters, the engine drivers and the guards look to the personalities of the passengers and are more concerned to suit the convenience of the powers that be than in running the trains according to the time schedule or in keeping the machinery under perfect repair. It is this mental outlook and the emotional accompaniment of such outlook which is responsible for the efficiency and the safety of the railways and no local enquiries intended merely to fix the blame upon some unlucky individual who happened to be at a trouble spot and to make him a scape-goat, will serve the purpose. There is no use in treating a symptom without diagnosing the disease. It is the ministers and the party whom they represent and the outlook which they have brought to the railway administration that are responsible for the Mahabubnagar disaster and not the poor gang coolies and the supervisors who merely obey orders. The underlings are the mirrors which reflect the attitude of the top men. It is no use breaking the mirrors to hide the ugliness of the face.

We have it on the authority of Mr. John Mathai, the ex-Finance Minister of India, that the entire ideology of Pandit Nehru and the present Congress hierarchy is in direct conflict with that held by Mahatma Gandhi. In his convocation address to the Calcutta University on September 1st, Dr. Mathai expatiated on the relationship between the Individual and the State. It is an undisputed fact that every State, even a State functioning in an advanced country under ideal conditions, is just the exercise of force to prevent the commission of certain acts by its citizens. The acts which are disapproved of by the State may vary from country to country, but the fact remains that the disapproval amounts to a prohibition which is enforced by force. It follows that an advocate of non-violence should actively strive for the abolition of the State in any and every form. In this matter, as Dr. Mathai has pointed out, Gandhi was a follower of Tolstoy and Kropotkin who believed in the gradual fading out of the State and the substitution of the administration of men by the administration of goods for which, of course, the exercise of force is unnecessary and is indeed irrelevant and meaningless. The Gandhian ideology, therefore, is the direct opposite of the Marxism-Leninism which bestows supreme power on the State which gradually extends its so called public sector at the expense of the private sector until all economic activities of production, distribution and exchange are controlled by the State and every worker, whether manual or intellectual, is turned into a wage slave of an all powerful bureaucracy.

It is one of the ironies of history that the titular heirs of Gandhi, who have put on the spiritual mantle of the dead Mahatma and who proclaim from the house tops, in season and out of season, their continued loyalty to every word that Gandhi ever

uttered should so blatantly refuse to follow the spirit of Gandhi's teachings and should in fact collaborate and merge with the very opponents of Gandhism, the Communists. Gandhi stood for the liberty of the individual.

The trouble with Gandhi was his extremism. He carried his libertarianism to such an extreme limit that he wanted every individual to lead such a life that he need not be dependent upon the labour of another individual. If the charkha movement sponsored by him had any meaning or significance it was not, as is now wrongly considered by his followers, an attempt to revive a dead industry, but really an illustration of a method by which all industries could be decentralised so as to afford the maximum liberty to the individual.

Instead of carrying on a movement of decentralisation of industries in India in the manner that Gandhi intended, Pandit Nehru and other professed followers of Gandhi have now, under their Five Year Plans openly gone over to the camp of the Communists who are the opponents of Gandhism by insisting upon centralised administration of most of the industries, leaving little room for the private sector and less scope for the decentralisation of industries in the Gandhian manner. We in India under Congress party rule are well on the way towards Communist totalitarianism and are fast moving away from the Gandhian ideal of libertarianism.

The conflict of ideals among the members of the Central Cabinet and the Prime Minister's inability to choose between the ideals and his ridiculous attempts to hunt with the hound and to run with the hare are brought to the fore in the matter of the proposal to introduce power looms so as to enhance the earning capacity of the handloom weaver.

Of course, a powerloom weaver has an easier and less tiresome task and earns more wages than a handloom weaver. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari and those of his way of thinking insist that the poor handloom weaver who has been condemned for ages past to eke out a miserable living at a very low level should be assisted to increase his level of life by affording him facilities for the acquisition of the powerloom which will yield a higher wage and will automatically increase the level of his life.

* * *

But there arises the opposition in all its fury from the pseudo-Gandhian reactionary camp which cannot tolerate any machinery at all, irrespective of the fact whether it confers a benefit or whether it inflicts a harm. This camp hates machinery as such and, therefore, objects

to the introduction of the powerloom. It is easy for these reactionaries to inflame the poor and ignorant handloom weavers to set up a hue and cry against the bogey of the powerloom which is supposed to take away the bread from their mouths. Already, the Tamilnad Congress Committee has passed a resolution condemning the powerloom and insisting that the Government should not put into operation the provisions of the Second Five Year Plan relating to the introduction of powerlooms in the State. We are witnessing a tug-of-war between the forces of enlightenment and progress on the one side and the forces of darkness and reaction on the other. Pandit Nehru stands in the middle crying hoarse and delivering long speeches supporting alternatively now one side and then the opposite side. The result will be decided by the pull of popular emotions and not on merits.

SHOWMANSHIP

She wore her garter well below the knee
For men to see,
Gaily she wore it,
Bravely she bore it,
A light blue garter with a red rosette:
She wore it well,
As many a man could tell.
And were, indeed, not likely to forget;
She wore it, as I said, below the knee
For you and me to see.
Now, Herr Professor Freud, Vienna, wrote
A monograph of note:
A learned treatise wrote to show
Just why she wore it so.
It was, he said, a fairly common case,
And did not indicate a fall from grace.
The many bangles, too, worn on her wrist,
Showed, like her garter so exposed, the Exhibitionist.
Well, well, perhaps good Doctor Freud is right—
He gives queer names to common things he drags into the light—
But I, who write these words without contrition,
Say I approved her little Exhibition,
Yea, quite enjoyed the sight.

—BAYARD SIMMONS

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AGE OF THE AUTOMATION

By MATTHEW HALTON

What's wrong if a man can produce as much by working one day as by working six? Handled properly, automation could bring about a new world of human happiness.

THE age we live in is at once the most excitingly hopeful and the most dreadfully frightening in the history of mankind. In the development of our species from its beginning towards its final destiny, it is in our time that this thing has come about. On the one hand, because of our scientific discoveries, the human race can now commit suicide; on the other hand, because of our discoveries, we are on the edge of the golden age. If muscular toil is in fact the curse of Adam, automation is removing it.

Automation means, of course, the substitution of human labour both physical and mental, by machines. Man is no cleverer than he ever was, but he is always learning; and now, in our time, accumulated experience has suddenly flowered into the robot revolution, in which electronic brains of fantastic precision and mechanical muscles of extraordinary power do the work formerly done by human brains and human muscles.

Automation is not really new, except for the word itself. It began, after all, with the discovery of the wheel 20,000 years ago. The Industrial Revolution of 150 years ago was a speeding up of the process by which machines, operating under automatic control, do the work of hands. But thanks largely to two world wars and the stimulus they gave to invention, and thanks to electronics, we see in our day an enormous acceleration of the process begun in the Industrial Revolution. It has brought startling new possibilities of productivity, wealth and leisure to the human race.

Economic Dislocation

But it has brought frightening possibilities, too. The robot has mastered toil, but unless the robot is mastered by farsighted planning we will face serious social and economic dislocations. Automation will put men and women out of work. It is doing so already. In the U. S., in the last two years, robots have enabled industry to dispense with 11 per cent of its production workers. About 10 per cent of U. S. industry is automated today. What will be the situation when this is 50 or 70 per cent?

If our collective intelligence is working automation should be no threat. Automation should bring employment and happiness, not unemployment and misery. If the world is made rich by the machines, with their unexampled productivity, why can't these riches be divided fairly among all men? What's wrong if a man can do as much by working one day a week as by working six? Machinery will create more employment, not less—but it will be more creative employment. This is a time for unions, employers and Government to plan in advance for the transformation facing society. If they can do it, the golden age is around the corner for our children.

Industrial Miracles

The electronic brain is simply an automatic memory, an infinitely refined development of the adding-machine. There is one at Manchester University which recently wrote a love letter, beginning "Honey dear, my sympathetic affection beautifully

attracts your affectionate enthusiasm." The electronic brain can play a reasonably good game of chess. When enough stimuli are fed into the tape the right response must come out. We have not yet improved on nature. Our radar system is not as delicate and accurate as that in the wings of the bat. But our robot brains, still in their infancy, are already producing industrial miracles.

Look at a few examples:

Ninety per cent of the electric light bulbs used in the U. S. are made by 14 machines.

In the U. S. oil industry there is one £18,000,000 factory operated by remote control and run by only 12 men. In the British oil industry there is one machine which enables four men to regulate the processing of 5,500,000 gallons of crude oil a day. In a new refinery now being built there are instruments which will run the entire process without human hands.

Robot As Painter

In a U. S. factory there is an electronically run painting machine. It goes through the factory by itself looking for machines that need painting, finds them without human aid and paints them without human aid.

In Russia there is a factory, manned by only 10 men, which turns out all the piston heads for the whole Russian light car industry. Russia, though still far behind the U. S. in automation, is making spectacular advances.

In one Ford factory 250 men do the work that required 2,500 men only 10 years ago. Pittsburg is building a new power plant in which only six men will produce the electricity for the whole city.

In the field of radio communication, at a new extension to the British General Post Office radio station at Rugby, 28 new high-power transmitters can be started, stopped,

changed to different wave lengths, and connected to different aerials as required, simply by turning switches and pressing buttons at a central control position.

In the British steel industry, the 30-ton furnace charged by manual labour has been replaced by the 200 to 300-ton furnace mechanically charged, and the output per furnace has risen from 400 to 4,000 tons a week. The cogging mill that used to turn out 150 tons a shift is replaced by one, operated by only three men, which turns out 4,000 tons a shift.

The electronic brain is completely transforming office work and research work. It is dispensing with human hands and leaving human brains free for more important tasks. In New York one machine calculates the salaries, taxes and pensions of 200,000 city employees. Automatic computers in British income tax headquarters do in three hours' work what formerly took three weeks.

Nine Years' Work In A Day

A robot machine can take two numbers each of 125 digits, multiply them, and give the answer in a third of a second. There are comparatively simple electronic computers which do in one day, work that would take a clerk nine years to do.

It is estimated that within 10 years 80 per cent of the clerical work now done in London by stenographers and clerks will be done by machines.

And automation is only in its infancy. The day is almost certainly within sight, as one writer says, when in every factory whether producing corn-flakes or cars, robot "will start and stop production lines, supervise all the machines, correct faulty workmanship, inspect the finished product, package it and ship it out to customers." The prospect for mankind is dazzling.

The Golden Age

Whether we like it or not, it is surely obvious that automation is going to demand sustained communal action. The robot revolution will

offer us Utopia—on condition that we solve certain problems:

1. How shall industry be organized in the day, not far away, when automation can do all the work in four, three or perhaps two days a week? Tremendously increased production will be accompanied by tremendously increased leisure. In the U. S. the Ford and General Motors companies have now guaranteed their employees a minimum annual wage. But what happens when automation is so developed that there are no jobs for many of the workers?

2. How shall we arrange an equitable distribution of labour? There

will always be some dirty, laborious or dangerous jobs that robots cannot do; and there will always be brain-work, such as teaching, that robots cannot do.

3. Above all, perhaps, how are we going to solve the social and educational problems of leisure? How many of us could endure a world in which work was necessary only three or four days a week?

Automation offers us the golden age. But it could be a serious danger, too, to the whole structure of Society unless our collective intelligence plans in advance.

WILL KERALA GO RED?

By PAUL V. KUNNIL

THIS question is being discussed and debated in political circles throughout India. Even outside India the results of the next elections in Kerala are awaited with interest.

The Congress Socialist Party was the breeding ground of Communists in Kerala. E. M. S. Namboodiripad, one of the top-ranking leaders of the Communist Party of India today, was the General Secretary of the C. S. P. in Kerala. Thanks to his activities, the Communist Party had a strong following among the working class in Kerala when the C. S. P. leadership finally severed its connections with the All India C. S. P. Its members had full control of the All India Trade Union Congress in Malabar, Cochin and Travancore.

In the first elections held in Travancore and Cochin after independence the Communists were routed thoroughly. Most of them lost their deposits. The State Congress and the Praja Mandal Parties were returned with absolute majorities. The Communists, though vanquished,

did not lose heart. They were convinced that the ballot would not help them to win power. Hence they turned to the bullet.

The remnants of the C. S. P. of Kerala were reorganised under the leadership of able men like R. M. Manakkalath, Mathai Manjuran, Srikanthan Nair and Dr. K. B. Menon. In 1948 the C. S. P. broke with the Congress and emerged as the Socialist Party. The Kerala branch of the Socialist Party shortly left the parent body and a new Kerala Socialist Party was formed with the object of establishing an Independent Socialist Kerala State. The ideology of this Party was Marxism-Leninism, and it was always willing to co-operate with the Communist Party. There was a further split in the K. S. P. into the K. S. P. and the R. S. P. (Revolutionary Socialist Party).

The Calcutta Thesis of the Communist Party (1948) held that a Communist State could be formed in India only through an armed insur-

rection. The Kerala Communists were the first to indulge in violent acts. They attacked police stations and murdered constables and peaceful citizens. The abortive revolution revealed that the Communists did not enjoy the support of the masses. Yet the "witch hunting" and the unstatesman-like tackling of the question turned many people into fellow travellers.

Most of the Communist leaders were either in jail or in hiding when the revolution was abandoned, in favour of United Front tactics. Consequently many of the leaders contested the 1951 General Elections as Independents. A number of them were returned and these "heroes" were given a great welcome into the political arena of the State.

The Congress Party had lost much of its vigour due to internal factions and strifes and mis-government. Its majority was considerably reduced at the 1951 elections. Again, Pattom Thanu Pillai had by then left the Congress and had gone over to the Praja Socialist Party.

The crisis in 1953, which was caused by the Travancore Tamilnad Congress Party which left the Congress coalition, further helped the Communists to win more seats. By now they were recognised as the chief Opposition Party. Even though they did not have any strong hold over the intellectuals or the middle classes, they enjoyed the confidence of the working class. The corruption in the Congress ranks also enabled the Communists to win mass support.

The Communists and their supporters are in control of a good percentage of the local bodies of Kerala. They are a force in many of the municipalities of Kerala.

It is difficult to forecast the likely strength of the various parties in the new Kerala Legislative Assembly. The Communists claim that they will

form the Government after the 1957 general elections. They expect that they will be able to form a United Front of Leftists for the purpose of contesting the election. So far only the R. S. P. has expressed its willingness to join the front. The P. S. P. has not yet made up its mind. It will have to bow down before the decision of its National Council which is meeting shortly. The K. S. P. has called for an All Party Government and it is not likely to enter into an alliance with the Communists. The new Socialist Party has declared that it does not favour a United Front of Leftists under the Communist leadership. Hence there is no likelihood of all the opposition Parties in Kerala uniting to oppose the Congress.

The Congress in Kerala is a house divided against itself. In T. C. as well as in Malabar, the Congress is suffering from internal feuds. One faction in the T. C. Congress, led by Kumbalathu Sanku Pillai has openly said that it would come to an electoral understanding with the leftists if the official Congress did not accept their demands. But the official Congress leadership of the State does not want to sacrifice principles for the sake of pleasing the rebels.

T. C. under President's rule is quite normal. The political parties have not yet started their election canvassing. Communists are trying their utmost to build up a common front of all anti-Congress forces. The Congress is calling itself a Socialist Party and is trying to win the support of the lower classes.

It can be said that there is very little chance of the reds forming a Government in the newly formed state of Kerala. The prestige of the C. P. I. is at a low ebb once again. The "Stalin episode" has given them a mortal blow. It would take years before the C. P. I. recovers from its effects.

FARCE

By Y. S. R. CHANDRAN

THE child is the father of man; but very few men remember their childhood; their feeble toddle and their incoherent babble wherefrom has evolved respectively a prepossessing gait and captivating style. The grown up man disdains to recall the stages of his development; he may even feel outraged to be reminded of his slumsy deeds in his childhood and ridiculously enough he wants to glory in the hallucination, that he has ever been an adult. The help received and the inspiration derived are seldom acknowledged; and the careerist feels belittled or even disparaged, when his early struggles are recounted. Similarly it is forgotten that the well-known art patterns of tragedy and comedy are the developed and the sublimated manifestations of the earlier and the cruder forms of melodrama and farce. The artist is a rival creator and as mammals have been the first attempts in creation, amusing and terrifying alike by their sheer size, followed up by the latest experiment, man, so too in the realm of art, amusement starts with horse-play and sorrow and terror with bloodshed on a large scale. The economy of art is a later development and in its earlier plethora, the appeal to pity or laughter is made at heavy cost; but every experiment had its value and made a contribution to the art-form.

Music must have begun as an imitation of all the sounds; sculpture of certain forms; and painting of certain colours in nature. These coming under the moulding influence of the gifted people of the successive ages, have now come to occupy those positions of rank and supremacy. If this process of stripping up is continued and this delving into origins is remorselessly taken up, neither man

nor art can boast of a pedigree. The wholesale burning down of a village for producing the effect of terror and pity, may be regarded barbaric and the same effect may be produced by the frugal art of Shakespeare, in the simple dropping of a handkerchief. But both have conveyed the effect intended in their time and one must not be derided because of the other. The prim modern could have no existence to speak of, if there had not been the shaggy and nude ancestor: Adam. The super-sensitiveness and the over-refinement of the present day are the result of ages and the gradual wearing out of the ruggedness, the callousness and the coarseness of man by the waves of time. Still the curious fact remains that the barbaric and the refined, the primitive and the polished co-exist. What is taboo in serious art has almost now become the staple of the screen wherein arson and other sensational and spectacular acts, are not only welcome but expected and for which it is largely patronised. What a capricious animal man is and how quickly a principle of art, no sooner laid down, than is outmoded by a change in his taste!

Drama must have had its origin in mimetic action starting with gesture and dance, acquiring in the course of its advancement, dialogue and plot and later characterisation. Farther back in the history of drama, there have been the dumb-show and the morality with the familiar character of the vice, whose primary function is to amuse. In fact there have been such good comic actors who with a single wink or grimace could produce peals of laughter, that a playwright could ill-afford to lose the services of and has been obliged to ensure the success of his plays, by pro-

viding parts for such comic celebrities like Tarleton and Kemp. These clowns are even known to have gone beyond the text—which by the way has become a matter of complaint for Shakespeare—and indulge in an impromptu give and take with the audience. The word *Farce* itself is derived from the Latin expression *Farcio* meaning 'I stuff.' Therefore *Farce* is a piece stuffed with low humour and vulgar wit; having for its situation a realistic comic incident; and for its plot anything broad and coarse from tomfoolery to tricks.

Futility seems to be the meed of all efforts to compartmentalise or rigidly differentiate the art forms since in one pattern there may be the elements of a different form. A comedy may have a tragic element and a tragedy may have a comic element and it is puerile to draw a hard and fast line. Presumably it may lead to happier and more accurate results, if a classification is attempted by the arbiter: the sum-total of the impression left on the mind. *Merchant of Venice* is not less tragic because of the conventional happy ending and therefore what is most material is the impression left whether it is light or dark. If light it may be considered a comedy and dark a tragedy. Similarly farce can be differentiated from great drama by an appeal which is lighter in the case of the former and lasting in the case of the latter. If exaggeration is the very breath of farce and the unfolding of vulgar, irrational and at times impossible tricks is the pulse of its life; characterisation, a make-believe and an inwardness of appeal are what make for a great drama. The stress in a farce is always on the external or the physical as in the case of a Don Quixote battling with a wind-mill or a Falstaff being conscious of his ton of fat. But in great drama the shift is towards the spiritual or inward conflict and characterisation as in the case of a divided loyalty of an Antigone or

Brutus. If Shakespeare has painted a world of character of inward tragedy, the moderns go a step further and probe into the world of the subconscious. Thus differentiated from great drama, farce has a few points in common with melodrama, namely the incident and the readiness to sacrifice characterisation for the sake of cheap effect.

The audience of 1675 evinced a taste for weaker and frailer types of humorous drama; and three act plays were vogue for a time, leaving not enough room for a broad display of either plot or characterisation. Such plays give themselves the rein, indulge in exaggeration, vulgarity and coarseness, the main intent being somehow to amuse. Practical jokes, horse-play, traps and disguises, even physical deformities and rough tarring and feathering, pass muster for fun and mirth: allowable in a farce or perhaps are the only distinguishable marks of a farce.

Farce, therefore, by the very nature of its limited length of three acts, has to suffer a few disabilities. The insufficiency of space practically leaves no scope for the elaboration of plot, or the niceties of dialogue, or the revelation of character. Quick effects are aimed at and maximum mirth in a minimum measure of time seems to be the motto. What a buffoon does in a circus, that a farce should do for an audience. These limitations are sought to be covered up by a sketch of an incredible situation which passes question by the bolsters hilarity it creates. Even as the buffoon invites laughter on himself by his antics, the physical characteristics of the situation itself even as the automatic feeder in Charlie Chaplin's *Modern Times*, may be provocative of laughter.

Tom Toiler and his wife which occupies a place of considerable importance in the history of farce delights us merely by playing the trick of a substitute. There is reflected in the play the topicality

of the Elizabethan times: the people taking pleasure in witnessing a wife taking the dominant role of beating the husband for pleasure or sometimes into submission. Tom Strife appears just when his wife is hobnobbing with her gossips, Sturdie and Tipple, before whom with the intention of displaying her power over her worse-half, she subjects him to a sound cudgelling. Poor Tom runs away to his friend, Tom Taylor and confides in him all the troubles to which he is put to by his wife. The friend Taylor plays the strategem of appearing before Strife with cudgel putting on her husband's coat and returns blow for blow, reducing her to crass humiliation. The husband confesses the trick later and is rewarded with a double measure of thrashing. Wife beating a husband is comic, since it is out of the way and unnatural for the weaker sex to be so aggressive; the situation itself is fantastic; the poetic justice visited on the wife by an obliging friend by the substitute trick is funny, since the husband soliciting the help and advice of a friend to protect himself from the tyranny of a wife is always something incongruous; and the uxoriousness of the husband in confessing the trick to regain her love is ridiculous in the extreme since it appears as if his love improves in direct ratio to the thrashings administered, there is neither much of plot nor characterisation but there is rollicking fun in the very situation itself of the husband's place being taken up by the wife in the first instance; by the friend in the second instance; and lastly in the wife's regaining her position of supremacy by the husband's stupidity.

The Lottery, a Farce by Fielding, next deserves attention to illustrate the fact that the technique of Farce is largely dependent on extravagance of situation. Chloe, a country

girl, purchases a lottery ticket and comes to London expecting to win a fortune of £10,000. Such is her confidence that she lives in an illusion that she has already won the fortune; her confidence is so infectitious that she creates the illusion that she is already worth that much; the result is, even the most worldly-wise and sharpers become deceived by her airs. The whole fun lies in the girl's simplicity of thinking that a mere purchase of a raffle ticket fetches a fortune; next is the conviction of coming prosperity driving her to London, making her behave therein with the airs of a duchess; and lastly her flattering illusions about herself culminating in the cheats and other wary folk deceiving themselves. Here too the situation is incredible but once it is conceded the rest follows a sequence of its own.

Another farce by the same author, *Old Debauche*, may be rapidly glanced at to have an idea of the material that goes into a farce. A jesuit is in love with a girl but the girl's heart is pledged elsewhere and his attentions become increasingly alarming. On the advice of her lover she encourages the jesuit; but just when he attempts to seduce her, he discovers the mistake that it is not he that the girl is in love with but her lover who pitilessly exposes him. Here the situation is less incredible but more common-place; yet this is a situation immensely provocative of laughter since the *idee fixe* of love, its blindness, makes him act to the last moment unaware of the reality till it is sprung rudely on him. The wooden rigidity and automatism to which his mind is reduced are the sources of the fun, the farce, here. But the type of humour is too low; it is vulgar and can only gain recognition as low comedy.

(To be concluded)

Short Story

THE UNDESERVED REWARD

By Prem Chand

OUR district officer is a man of learning. He has done considerable research in History and in old coins. God alone knows how he finds the time for it, in the midst of his official duties. I have read his works and am a secret admirer of his. His being the district officer is, however, a barrier between us. I am certain that if I take the initiative in meeting him, it would as usual be misconstrued. And I am not prepared for this at any cost. I am one of those who are against inviting government officials even to preside over public functions. Whenever I hear that a school, a hospital or a widows' home has been named after a Governor, I feel sorry at the mentality of my countrymen.

One day I was asked by the district officer to come and see him. I found myself in a predicament. The friends whom I consulted, advised me not to go. Their argument was that if it had been in connection with some official matter then I had no choice. But in this case I had been asked to come for a private interview and it was not obligatory for me to go. They even suggested that I had been insulted by being summoned like this. "If he is so keen to meet you," they said, "why doesn't he come to see you? When will these Indian officers realise that outside the office they are as good or as bad as any other person? Probably they cannot forget that they are officers even when they are with their wives." Another friend who kept a treasure-chest of jokes about government officers, related the story of an officer who went to his parents-in-law to fetch his wife. When the father-in-law insisted that the girl

should be allowed to stay on with them for another month, the officer came back enraged and issued summons for the arrest of the father-in-law. The next day the old man came with the daughter and begged forgiveness. In his opinion these district officers were a snooty lot and he advised me to keep away from them. His contention was that since I was not interested in a Naib Tehsildari or a recommendation for my son there was precious little that I could expect to gain from his acquaintance. If I wrote a story or an article which was considered seditious I would anyhow be arrested and no mercy would be shown to me merely because I knew the district officer.

However, I did not follow the wise counsels of my friends. To turn down a request merely because it was from the district officer appeared to me against all canons of good manners. Undoubtedly if he had come to see me it would not have led to any loss of prestige for him. But, after all, a district officer is an important personage in this country and a writer is an ordinary individual. It is not like England or America where even a Prime Minister would consider it an honour to visit a writer. This is India where poets crowd round every rich man, where writers go uninvited to coronations in the hope of getting rewards. "He is the district officer", I said to myself, "and you are an ordinary writer. When you are so proud of yourself, why shouldn't he be—he who is the virtual King of the district. Whether you call it weakness, foolishness or pride, it is understandable in a man of his position. And besides, if

he had come to your house won't it have created a first class problem for you? There is not even a decent chair in your house. You are used to twenty-four-for-three-pies Bidis. Where would you have got the expensive cigars for him? You do not even know their name or where they can be purchased. Thank God that he did not come to see you; otherwise you would have had to spend at least four or five rupees and yet feel that you were not able to entertain him properly. And if through your bad luck his wife also came, would your wife have been able to entertain her? One can live in one's own house in rags but can any self-respecting person bear the thought of making his poverty a topic of drawing room conversation for others? You would not have been able to utter a word before his wife and would have prayed for the earth to open up and take you in."

With all these considerations in mind, I decided to go and visit the district officer. I stayed with him for sometime and we talked about things in general. His behaviour did not give me any reason to complain. Although I did not attach any importance to this meeting, people soon came to know of it and in some circles it came to be known that I was a great friend of the district officer. Some even said that he consulted me on all important matters. I could have easily taken advantage of the situation. A drowning man catches even a straw. It would not have been difficult for me to convince people that through me they could get favours from the district officer. But I considered this as downright, mean and dishonest. Many people came to me—some had grudges against the police, some had tales to tell about the highhandedness of the Income Tax officials, others complained about discrimination in the district office where undeserving people were getting promotions. To

all of them my answer was the same—that such matters had nothing to do with me.

One day I was sitting in my room when a childhood friend called. We had studied together. That was some forty-five years ago. I was thin, lean and intelligent. He was fat, strong and dull. Our teacher was completely fed up with him and had assigned me the task of giving him extra lessons. I considered this a great honour and where the teacher's cane had failed, my sympathetic approach yielded results. Baldev was soon well up in studies. Unfortunately due to the teacher's sudden death, the school closed down and we all parted. Since then I had met Baldev only once or twice on the roadside and had never exchanged more than a mere hurried greeting with him. Shaking his hand, I said, "How are you, Baldev? Come along. I have seen you after ages." "I have been wanting to see you for a long time," said Baldev. "You are my teacher, you know. But for you, I would still be a good for nothing chap. Now I can at least look after my lands. I don't know why, but whatever the Maulvi Sahib taught me, went completely over my head. For teaching an ass like me the credit goes entirely to you." "Baldev", I said, overwhelmed, "Whenever I see you the childhood memories revive with all their freshness and this long spell of forty five years vanishes in a minute." Baldev replied, "I have always considered you an elder brother, you know and tell everyone that I can depend on you whenever I am in trouble. . . . Why don't you eat properly? You are thin as ever. If you can't get good Ghee I can send you a couple of tins. Now you are getting old. Food is the only thing that will keep you going. Look at me. I can still drink a seer of milk and eat a quarter seer of ghee besides some butter. I have to keep fit. Although

my whole life has been spent in bringing up the children do they care what happens to me? If I were to fall ill they will not even come to ask if I needed anything. . . . Yes I had come to you about my eldest son. You know he is also a hefty and well built man like me and can never take anything lying down. On a number of occasions he quarrelled with the police and they have been on the look out for an opportunity to implicate him. Recently when a dacoity took place in a village, they got their chance and during the investigations roped him in. He is under arrest and has been in jail since the last one week. The case is filed in the court of the Deputy Collector, Mr. Mohamud Khalil. The Daroga Sahib and he are great friends and I am sure that my son will be sentenced. No one but you can save him. If he is sentenced, the whole family will get ruined. I do not expect you to do anything out of the way. All you have to do is to go and tell the district officer that it is a completely false case and that he should investigate the matter personally. You are a childhood friend of mine and my Guru. Please do not refuse. I know that you do not like getting involved in such matters and it is right too. But in this case consider that your own son is in trouble. If the case had not been absolutely false, I would not have troubled you. The boy's mother is crying her heart out. His wife has not eaten anything since his arrest. As a matter of fact nothing has been cooked in the house since he was taken away. If he is sentenced, I am sure that both these women will die. I have consoled them by saying that as long as you are alive, no one can harm the boy."

I was in a great fix. All the objections that I could have put forward had already been answered by Baldev Singh. I could not think of a valid

excuse and said ultimately to get out of the situation, "Alright I shall mention it to the district officer but it is doubtful that anything would come out of it. He does not interfere in the work of his subordinates." "You go and tell him about this case," repeated Baldev Singh. "That is all that I ask of you. The rest will all depend on fate. Will you go tomorrow?" "Yes", I replied, "I will go and see him tomorrow." Baldev Singh took leave of me. I completed the article I was writing and lay down to rest after finishing my meals. I had no intention whatsoever of keeping my promise to him. All I had to tell him when I met him next was that the district officer did not consider it proper to interfere in the case.

I had completely forgotten about the incident when, eight days later, Baldev Singh and his son came to see me. The son knelt and touched my feet. Baldev Singh said, "This is the boy. He has been let off without a blemish. The district officer called the Daroga Sahib and reprimanded him severely, warning him that if in future he indulged in maligning innocent and respectable people he would be dismissed. The Daroga could not even show his face to me after this. It is all due to you. But for you we would have been undone. You have saved four lives. When I came to you I had my doubts whether you would help. People had told me that nobody had ever been benefited through you. But I was certain that you would not let me down." And saying this he signalled to his son who went out and brought a huge bundle of presents. In spite of my insistence they refused to take it back. And I could not pick up the courage to tell them that I had done nothing to deserve this reward.

(Translated from the Urdu by Madan Gupta)

THE GENTLE ART OF BLUFFING

By C. L. R. SASTRI

TO bluff or not to bluff,—that is the question: whether 'tis nobler in the mind to bluff away the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to wage an honest battle against a sea of troubles and, by opposing, end them? To bluff,—to win: to bluff,—perchance to be found out: ay, there's the rub. For in that bluffing what fearful risks we may run must give us pause. There's the respect that induces us to deal fairly with our fellow-humans and not systematically to try to "put it over them" and thereby gain a treacherous advantage. The choice, of course, is immensely difficult: most often it is decided at our nativity. On this reasoning some must be adjudged to be born bluffers and some, by taking thought, to achieve bluffing. There remains the third category—namely, those on whom bluffing is thrust—willy-nilly, as it were. Just as the sun shines on the just and on the unjust alike and the radio-active "fall-out" of thermo-nuclear explosions pass neither friend nor foe, so also, it might be argued, bluffing may, on occasion, be forced on the habitually truthful no less than on the congenitally false. Circumstances, as we know, alter cases; and instances have not been lacking where persons that could be presumed to have imbibed the beatitudes with their mothers' milk subsequently developed, through the machinations of blind fate, into very creditable imitators of a Machiavelli or a Benvenuto Cellini. These things happen: nor do we know why they happen.

The Artists

All, it goes without saying, do not bluff alike. There is, in my opinion, no one art of bluffing: there are as many arts as there are persons to

practise it. A few, indeed, are such pastmasters of bluffing that it may be said of them that age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of their bluffing. They are the real *maestros*, the real artists. Bluffing comes to them, as reading and writing came to Dogberry, by nature. We can imagine them bluffing at all hours of the day and in all seasons of the year. They bluff without respite. They bluff, rain or shine, in "cold wars" no less than in "hot," and they can be discovered on either side of the Iron, or the Dollar, Curtain and in every stratum of Society. They bluff and bluster, as Falstaff ran away from the battle-field, on principle. They are the "die-hards" and the "last-ditchers" of bluffing. The poet, with his eye in a fine frenzy rolling, has visualised the rose that died of aromatic pain: these gentlemen may be found, by those who care to watch them, to be dying at their posts—with a last bluff on their lips. In life, we may assume, they bluffed assiduously—and while dying they ceased not to bluff equally assiduously! They are, it will be seen, at the opposite pole to the man who was such a *born* non-bluffer that when, as what Mrs. Malaprop called an "unscrupulous" Providence would have it, he acted the role of Othello in a dramatic performance he deemed it incumbent on him to black himself *all over*! It is evident that not all the wealth of the Indies could ever have tempted him into even a reasonable semblance of bluffing. He, it is clear, was the prototype of the youth who bore, mid snow and ice, the banner with the strange device.

No Hard and Fast Rules

Again, bluffing may differ according to the latitude and longitude.

What is, for instance, sheer honesty above the 38th Parallel may be pure bluffing below it, just as what is merely cussedness in the Captain is supposed to be rank blasphemy in the soldier. Have we not been told that what is meat for one may be poison for another? (In the Cannibal Islands, it is conceivable, what is a *mate* for one man may similarly be poison for another!) In some places people may take in their stride what in others compels their neighbours to raise their eyebrows and to shrug their shoulders. By the same token, in some *situations* a code of conduct may be followed with impunity that will scarcely be tolerated in some others. The same rules, obviously, do not apply in war and peace. Those who are regarded almost as angels in piping times of peace are apt to become devils incarnate—"red in tooth and claw"—when Armageddon is let loose on the human scene. Then we are confronted with a revolutionary change of values. Is not everything fair in love and war? During the pendency of a war the end is assumed to justify the means: the end being so noble (both the parties to the dispute blatantly proclaiming that they, and they alone, are on the side of Right) the means that are employed to achieve that end may very well, it would seem, be as ignoble as possible! Like the independent trooper, Tomkins, in Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Doodstock*, the combatants on either side imagine themselves to be "above such matters as Ordinances." They are living on a plane where these petty things just do not apply. This Tomkins of Scott avows that, in former days, he had been only "the most wild, malignant rakehell in Oxfordshire." Now he is a saint and can say to the girl whom he wishes to debauch:

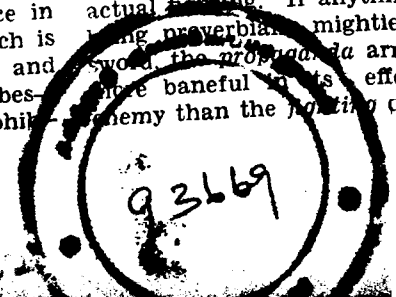
"To him who is but a novice in the things of the spirit much is enjoined, much is prohibited; and he is fed with milk fit for babes—for him are ordinances, prohibi-

tions, and commands. But the saint is above all these ordinances and restraints. To him, as to the chosen child of the house, is given the pass-key to open all locks which withhold him from the enjoyment of his heart's desire. Into such pleasant paths will I guide thee, lovely Phoebe, as shall unite in joy, in innocent freedom, pleasures which, to the unprivileged, are sinful and prohibited."

"Evil, Be Thou My Good!"

When humanity is caught in the toils of war-hysteria it is not only freed from all its traditional inhibitions but, like the trooper Tomkins aforementioned, gloats self-righteously over that newly-won freedom. Thus it comes about that we elect ourselves to be our own law-makers and, sitting in judgment over the most abominable atrocities that we have committed, absolve ourselves from the least taint of moral infamy and of spiritual apostasy. Even what are commonly called the beasts of prey and the vultures of the air and the monsters of the deep may not descend to such acts as have "no relish of salvation in them" as we (that preen ourselves to have been created in God's own image) habitually commit in times of hostility: yet somehow we contrive to exculpate ourselves from censure of any kind!

It is, however, not only the soldier on the battle-field that is liable to go berserk and to throw his weight about and generally to make a thorough nuisance of himself: the civilian sitting quietly at home or in his office is prone to no less mischief in his own modest and unostentatious way. It is he who sets the ponderous machinery of propaganda in motion, and there is not, it appears to me, much to choose between the ravages of insidious propaganda and those of actual fighting. If anything, the pen is a mightier arm than the sword, the propaganda arm of war is more baneful in its effects on the enemy than the fighting one. No hold



is barred in either, to be sure, but the former has this advantage over the latter—namely, that, like the Rumour of Shakespeare, it is a person “painted full of tongues” who “stuffs the ears of men with false reports” and is thus, as we might say, one up as against the other. And propaganda is nothing if it is not political salesmanship at the meridian of its splendour. It is aimed at nothing less than leading the enemy a veritable dance of conjecture, of speculation, as to our own next move or manoeuvre in this long-drawn-out game. If he laps it up he finds himself ignominiously trapped: if, on the other hand, he shies away from it like a startled mustang he may find himself equally ignominiously trapped—truth sometimes being stranger than fiction and what had been presented to him in this instance, at any rate, being the truth and the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Tight-Rope Walking

This is, really, tight-rope walking with a vengeance, as it were. The enemy is left guessing all the while: he does not know whether what he beholds is a mask hiding the truth or truth itself parading in the open for him to make the most of, if he has the requisite gumption. I am inclined to think that the biggest bluff of all is this parading of truth itself leading the enemy to imagine that what is thus being so wantonly exhibited cannot, in the nature of things, be what it pretends to be but its direct opposite. But, to quote a line of Matthew Arnold's, “it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill”. The common, or garden, variety of bluffing is the mask hiding the truth; and the success of this depends on the canniness with which we design the mask. Very often it is the press of a country on which devolves the patriotic duty of devising the mask. The press is the chief medium of propaganda. Thus it can be said, without any exaggeration, that the journalist quietly sitting at his desk in

his newspaper office is a combatant in the field to a much larger extent than is generally supposed. It follows that they also serve (in war) who merely sit and write. The New Journalism, being geared to publicity more efficiently than the Old, is as much to be reckoned with by the embattled foe as the mighty military machine itself which faces him at every hour of the day and night.

Bluffing may strike the same individual differently at different periods of his growth. Many a staid old man of the present day who smilingly tightens his belt one notch more at the sweet behest of his Food Minister and wins prizes in his parish for the number of meals he has uncomplainingly missed might have been a bluffer of the first water when the blood ran more gaily in his veins and time seemed to stand still.

The Finest Example

I believe that the finest example of bluffing that occurs to the memory is the story of the Emperor *without* clothes. The Emperor, as we know, went in the procession under the splendid canopy. And all the people in the streets and at the windows said, “Bless us! what matchless new clothes our Emperor has!” “*But he has'nt anything on!*”, cried a little child. “Dear me, just listen to what the little innocent says”, observed his father, and the people whispered to each other what the child had said. “He hasn't any clothes on!” they began to shout at last.

“This made the Emperor's flesh creep, because he thought that they were right; but he said to himself, ‘I must keep it up through the procession, anyhow’. And he walked on still more majestically, and the Chamberlains walked behind and carried the train, though there was none to carry.”

The moral of this parable is plain for all to see: a child can see through even the most consummate bluffing. There is no art of bluffing that can bluff him!

U. S. POLITICAL SCENE

By CHANDRU

NOW that inter-party contest for winning nomination for the Presidency of the United States has been decided at the respective national conventions of both the major political parties, the candidates and parties are marshalling their resources to woo the final arbiter of the race—the 95 million adult citizens who form the electorate.

The first step in the ensuing political battle is, of course, burying internal feud within the parties, which inevitably develops during the pre-convention period, so that each party may face the other without any division in its own ranks.

It has been said that in a democracy like the United States the end of an election, marks the beginning of the next political campaign. The real Presidential campaign, however, begins at the end of the nominating conventions, when the national committees of the respective parties are also elected and the party platforms are adopted.

Soon after the conventions, the new committees meet to choose their respective Chairmen and decide upon the strategy of the campaign. In due course, sub-committees and auxiliary committees are set up; treasurers are appointed; campaign headquarters are opened; campaign textbooks and other literature are published and widely distributed; speakers' bureaus are organised; and the appeals for votes are launched.

The Campaign

The organisation of a Presidential campaign is vast, complex and expensive. There are national and State committees to direct and unify the campaign throughout the country. In every city there is a head-

quarters with its campaign staff, its corps of speakers, its publicity men who provide buttons, window cards, automobile placards and other appeals to the ear and the eye.

The various instruments of publicity—radio and television broadcasting, campaign tours, newspaper and magazine advertising, motion pictures, handbills and posters—entail heavy expenditure. Buying radio and television time is the most expensive single item, but it is an indispensable part of a political campaign.

The expenses of campaign have greatly increased since campaigns first began. It is said to have cost Thomas Jefferson only 50 dollars to conduct his campaign in 1800, and the Republicans expended only 100,000 dollars in the campaign that resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. It is estimated, however, that the 1948 campaign cost both the major political parties between 20 and 25 million dollars. And this year, the expenses will be much more with the widespread use of television.

From early September, when political parties begin their final push for votes, until election day on November 4, there will be an increasing flow of speeches, discussions and tours by the candidates as well as their active supporters. Candidates for the U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, for the Governorship of States and for lesser offices all the way down to the local level are actively campaigning, and offer their own campaign into the larger picture of the presidential contest.

Variety in Campaigning

The national and local committees of the parties send out their

thousands of speakers, some of them candidates who talk to audiences ranging from those gathered on street corners to great throngs packing city auditoriums. Accounts of the speeches and other campaign activities fill the columns of the Press, are heard over the radio and appear on newsreel and television screens.

Appeals are made to individual voters by party workers. Men meeting on the streets, or at work, listen to and make campaign arguments. Women call on their neighbours soliciting votes for their favourite candidates. Even the children get into the swing of the atmosphere by wearing campaign buttons and shouting slogans.

Campaign literature helps to keep interest and to get people to the polls on election day. The literature is distributed in huge quantities. For example, in 1936 an estimated 370 million pieces were issued from the headquarters of each of the major political parties.

Appeal to Emotion and Reason

The national headquarters of each party co-ordinate all campaign activities. Popular sentiment is gauged from time to time through public polls, and the intensity of the campaign is channelled according to poll results.

U. S. election campaigning is admittedly an appeal to both the emotions and the reason of the millions of voters. But out of a succession of rough and tumble contests in the past has emerged a far more enlightened electorate, able to discriminate between promises and precepts.

In spite of the intensity of the campaigns, during which the voters are deluged with millions of words through radio, television and the

press on the issues and the candidates, the electorate makes its free and unfettered choice on election day by means of the secret ballot. Very often party leaders, political analysts and public opinion pollsters are confounded by this choice.

Since voting in the United States is voluntary, one of the purposes of the campaign is to convince supporters of the party to take the trouble to go to the polls on election day. The candidate and his party seek to hold and strengthen the activity of convinced party followers. In addition, every effort is made to woo the undecided electors—the so-called independent voters.

As in previous elections, a huge independent vote may finally decide the Presidential contest this year. It has been estimated that at least four of the last six Presidential elections have been decided by voters not claiming membership in either of the major parties. The possible exception was the contest of 1936 when the Democratic victory was so overwhelming as conceivably to have robbed the independent vote of its decisiveness.

At least nine million of an estimated 55 million Americans who are expected to vote in November can be classified as independents, according to one authority. Thus, during this year's Presidential campaign of both the parties attention will be directed, more than ever before, towards garnering the votes of the independents.

On the Presidential candidate of each party rests the ultimate responsibility for selecting the chief actors, themes and tactics of the coming political drama. On his personal popularity, ability to choose the right political lieutenants and persuasiveness to win over the independents on election day will depend the final outcome.

DELHI'S DOMESTIC SERVANTS: THEIR POLITICAL EXPLOITATION

By K. R. MALKANI

THE other day (August 24) about 5000 domestic servants of Delhi demonstrated in front of Parliament House. A private bill for their rights is pending before Delhi Vidhan Sabha; but they chose to appear before the Lok Sabha. Perhaps the greater scope for publicity at the latter site prompted this inconsistency. Of course some M.Ps. rushed out to meet them and assure them of their full sympathy and support. Nor was that to be wondered at, considering the proximity of the voting season—and the voting strength of Delhi's servant population.

In Delhi, almost every household with an income of Rs. 150 p.m. or more, engages a domestic assistant. On a modest estimate out of a 20 lakh population, some 30,000-40,000 are domestic servants. Here is the biggest block of votes. And so we have the interesting spectacle of an M.L.A., one of the richest men of the capital, Sardar Daljit Singh hastening to "lead" the horde.

These servants hail mainly from two areas—Eastern U. P. and Garhwal i.e. hilly parts in Northern U.P. They come from the surplus agricultural population of those areas. The bulk of Garhwalis are young boys in the age group 10-17. They don't have the right to vote. But championing their cause is calculated to please chaprasis in Government and private employ. And that is a very big class, considering the number of Government chaprasis and the increased number of commercial firms in the capital.

Among the demonstrators' demands were: provision of servants' quarters, one day's weekly leave, free medical treatment, one month's annual paid holiday after completion of a year's

service, fifteen days notice on either side, salary on the first of month and an 8-hour day. I wonder why they left out payment of railway fare either way on paid holidays!

Servants are poor. The more the employers pay them, the better. No decent man can use his servant as anything less than a needy distant cousin. But when all is said and done the present political exploitation of servants is unfortunate. It can only endanger employer-employee relations and make matters difficult for both. After all the vast bulk of employers falls in the Rs. 150-Rs. 500 income group. How could they meet the above demands without either dispensing with their services or, in the alternative, agreeing with their servant to leave the law out and alone?

Here are employers most of whom have only two rooms for the whole family. Their children go out in thousands to public parks to do their studying there—there being no proper accommodation at home. Some houses are so crowded that some members sleep by the road-side. How is it possible in these circumstances to give "quarters" to servants?

Servants' wages—as those of all others—have shown an upward trend. As incomes increase, and a sense of social justice deepens, servants' service conditions are bound to improve further. How can we quicken this pace by paid holidays etc., without inducing a reduction in employment opportunities?

Fifteen days' notice sounds all right. It can be enforced against the employer who has a fixed location. But how can it be enforced against a servant who may just disappear and take up employment in some other

part of the vast city? Perhaps this could be prevented by requiring all servants to be registered, and making their employment conditional on their producing a proper certificate of discharge from previous employer. But here also the new procedure can succeed only with the co-operation of all servants and employers. Servants in dire need of employment may choose to forego the benefits of registered service, and employers desiring cheaper services may go in for them.

Payment of salary on the first of the month is equally difficult. Many young servants leave job as soon as they pick up some training. The employers can enforce prior notice only by withholding payment for a week or more.

Free medical aid is generally made available if only because the employer is anxious that the man gets well quick. The trouble is at times the servants become nervous as soon as they fall ill. They choose to run up home for homely treatment, than suffer those frightful injections.

The demand for an 8-hour working day is the funniest of all. Domestic service may be anything—but it is not strenuous. There is no nervous tension, as in the factory. There is no shattering noise. Men can smoke and sing, as they sweep the floors or wash utensils. The 8-hour demand is so unrealistic that it will not hold.

law or no law, considering the economic condition of both the employers and employees. But that men should try to put forward such demands is a measure of the attempt to disturb social relationships in a bid to curry votes. (In the secretariat, peons refuse drinking water to clerks, assistants etc. And why? Because this is not included in the schedule of their duties!)

They forget that a servant's wages are his cash savings; that they get food, shelter, oil, soap—often clothing, cinema going and medical aid—free; that they would not make half that much in their ancestral trades back home; that they take the food—including meat, fish and, at times, even fruit and drinks—that the employing family takes.

But there is no acknowledgement of benefits—only a hungry demand for more and more. There is no attempt to start night schools for them. There is no attempt to satisfy their cultural starvation by arranging sports, *kathas* and *kirtans* for them. Instead the emphasis is on bloating their demands in a bid to secure their votes. Meanwhile the Communists are active, organising them between 10 and 12 at night. Here hate talk is freely interspersed in sports items. How safe would be Delhi with its servant population gone Red? There is more danger to our stability than we seem to realise.

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THE OUTING AND ITS SEQUEL

"MAN is born free and everywhere he is in chains." I believe a French philosopher made this statement, but I never realised how near he came to expressing the truth in my own case until I married and began the experiment of living with my wife.

I must say that my wife is a delightful girl who wields her terrible weapon of nagging with consummate ability and tact. She has scored right along the line all the time and I have been worsted on every occasion. It would not have mattered much if the matter rested there; I believe, with the Gita, in action and not in the results thereof and if it is my homemaker who has the upper hand, I am willing to resign myself to fate.

But what happens is that every time she draws blood, her appetite seems to grow and it is getting more and more difficult to satisfy her. The domestic atmosphere is charged with tension and conflict and only a spark is needed to set it ablaze.

God has made her beautiful and given her looks which would make any man her willing slave, but He forgot to tell her to smile and to speak softly, at least, to her husband. I have never seen her smile and she has always talked to me as though I was a soldier on parade and she, the commanding officer. It is not for me to question why and how, but "to do and die".

The domestic situation had been explosive during the past few weeks and I had not been in the best of terms with my queen. Even the orders of the day which had reached me with never failing regularity and emphasis were conspicuous by their absence. It did not take much effort on my part to realise that a propaganda warfare had started and the victim was myself. I heard frequent references to the husband

when my children were being scolded or beaten by the lady of the house and these were not flattering.

By piecing together the many words that fell from her lips and broadcast on the home network, I got an inkling into what was biting her. I realised that she wanted to be taken out, especially since there was an exhibition in the city which was being widely advertised. Her neighbours had seen it, which was both a recommendation and an affront to her. They had incited her by describing to her the wonders they had seen and the many things they had purchased. The exhibition was so big, they told her, that it required not one visit but a number of visits to see it well and completely. The whole city was out there, they said, and it was a calamity that she alone should stay at home trying to coax a fire in the kitchen.

They were like Mantara, the hunch-backed crony who provoked Kaikaye to action which resulted in the old man Dasaratha sending his son to exile. In my wife's case, the *modus operandi*, as I have indicated, was different. She quickened me to action by simply cutting me and through a psychological warfare carried on with the children as the medium.

"What good have I seen in marrying your father?" she would ask my baby girl in a tone whose volume was intended to reach my distant ears. "I have been destined to slave in this house and I am slaving. What is the point in blaming anyone? I have to blame myself, the wretched hour I was born. One must be a lucky woman if one is to enjoy and be happy. See the next house. Lakshmi's husband is not getting even half the salary your father is earning, but there is not an evening when she does not go out and there is nothing that her husband would

deny her. No wonder she is happy." She sighed and wiped her eyes with the ends of her sari. "Can a blind girl aspire to see the cinema? That is my position."

I was moved and I felt ashamed that I should have failed miserably in my duties as a husband. I decided to take the family to the exhibition. I made the announcement in the morning and the reaction was immediate. There was a dramatic change in the atmosphere. The children danced and sang and from the fuss made about me I realised that the person whom I wanted to please was more than satisfied. I found that things which I had ordinarily to search for, like the bath towel, comb etc., were in their places and my wife was there by my side to hand them over to me when I needed them. The missing buttons in my pants and coat were miraculously replaced and a brand new handkerchief, a rare thing, peeped out from the coat pocket. My purse, an elusive thing which passed from hand to hand and seemed inexhaustible from the way it was requisitioned by the family and generally empty when it was returned to me, was surprisingly enough well provisioned and adequate for my needs.

I told the cheering audience which gave me a hearty send off at the gate that I would be back in the evening and they should be dressed and ready to go to the exhibition. When the evening came and I left office for the bus stop I little expected that things would turn out so badly for me. The bus never came and I wasted much precious time in hoping it would. I took an auto-rickshaw and when I reached home there was no outward sign of life in it. The wife, who had obviously dressed for the outing had discarded it and resumed the apron of the kitchen maid. The children were sulking in their room and would not talk to me. It needed all my powers of persuasion to get them moving and when I did succeed in

marching them to the bus stand, the transport department did not improve matters. No bus was in sight and none came even after waiting for half an hour and more.

I made bold to suggest to my wife that we might perhaps call a taxi, but this proposal was rejected with a curt nod of the head and a twist of the lips whose significance could not be missed. I knew more was coming and I was not wrong. "Taxi is the only thing that remains for me," she said ironically, "your wonderful father has bungled as usual. If he had really wanted to take us out he would have come early and we would not be waiting here for the bus. What is the use of talking? That is all the interest he has in his wife and family. Come on, let us go back home and do some useful work instead of standing here and mopping. I know when your father told us he would take us to the exhibition it was too good to be true and that I did not deserve such good fortune. When his intentions are not good how can they come to fruition?" So saying she dragged the children and moved away from the bus stop. I was in an embarrassing position. Fellow would-be passengers were silent spectators of the domestic drama that we were enacting and I did not know what to do. I could not very well stop my family without creating a scene. The transport department really saved me from an ugly situation for at this moment a bus came and the children who sighted it first rushed back pulling their mummy with them.

When we arrived at the exhibition we saw a seething mass of humanity storming at the gates. Long queues were standing in front of the booking offices and I stood in one of these very much far behind. This meant more delay and more lectures from the one I adored. Well, what cannot be cured must be endured and I stayed as long as it was necessary to get the tickets and took the family in.

The question arose which of the stalls should be seen first. The wife opted for the brassware and utensils shop and the sari shops while my son wanted to see the toy shops and the kiddies' corner. My daughters plumped for the bangle stall and the open air theatre. Nobody wanted to know what I wanted to see and I don't suppose they very much cared either.

My wife won the day and we camped in front of the brassware stall while the apple of my eye picked and chose. From the way she scrutinised every item that was displayed there one would have thought she was going to buy the entire shop and the proprietor was all attention to her. In between looking over the shop she exchanged greetings with birds of her feather who flocked there and time passed.

The children were getting restless and I myself had been dozing. They were hungry and at last one of them wanted to go home. I tried to pacify them as best as I could. My wife did return after all and showed us what she had bought, a ladle, which she said she had long wanted to possess. We now moved on to the toy shop and my son whose ambitions were limitless wanted to buy everything he saw while my wife rejected everything as too costly. Her attitude opened the floodgates of his tears and he staged a stay-in strike which ended after we had promised him a joy ride in the baby train in the kiddies' corner.

We adjourned to this place and here my son and heir had a pleasant half hour. My wife made a great concession in his case and loosened her purse strings a bit. The time for closing of the exhibition was now near and this was made clear to us over the loud-speakers. My wife said: "Let us go home now, otherwise we may not be able to get a bus at this late hour and before the crowds start coming out." The girls de-

murred that they had not seen the bangle shop and nothing had been bought for them. I said there was still much to be seen in the exhibition and if we moved quickly we could cover most part of it.

But I was vetoed. "What is there to see in this exhibition?" she asked. "I do not know why you have brought me here all the way, wasting my time and money. There is absolutely nothing to see and I do not know what all these crowds here expect to see. Let us go while there is still time. I forgot to boil the milk and perhaps the cat would have drunk it. The children are hungry; they did not have even tiffin in the evening. thanks to you."

Now I call this rank ingratitude, but I was not courageous enough to tell her so. I did not say a word and we formed into a silent procession and marched out. There was a great rush for the buses waiting to take us back and since one bus was like another and there was no one to tell us which was which, we got into the wrong one. Not until we were five or six miles away from our destination did we realise our predicament. We stopped the bus and hastily got down. There was nothing to do but to trek to our home. The night was dark and the road was deserted. The only sounds which broke the silence were my wife's imprecations. She cursed her fate and the day she was joined to me in wedlock and implored all the gods and goddesses to see her plight.

It was past midnight when we reached home. The children, who were half-asleep and exhausted from hunger went to bed straight. My wife did not even glance at me, and disappeared into her room to emerge only in the morning. And I was left to think and to hope that the morrow would bring better luck and usher in light where there was darkness.

SARATI

MEN AND IDEAS

TOLSTOI

By S. VIJAYALAKSHMI

IT was a day in the year 1883. A letter by a celebrated Russian writer from his death-bed to another writer read thus:—

"... I am in a dying state. My friend, return to your literary activity. You have, you know, the gift from whence all things come. Great writer of our Russian land, do heed my request... I cannot write any more. I am tired." The writer died immediately after he finished drafting the letter.

This moving plea was penned by Turgeniev, the giant among the Russian men of letters to Leo Tolstoi, the great Russian literary genius. Turgeniev had watched with distress the inner turmoil that had taken possession of Tolstoi. A great descriptive writer, Tolstoi had become popular in the literary world. He who portrayed Nature and Man, now evinced interest in the theological treatises and the Bible. Turgeniev was awfully perturbed over the great change that had come over Tolstoi who he thought was indulging in wasteful and meaningless religious speculations.

Count Leo Tolstoi was born in September 8, 1828 in an ancient Russian noble family at Yasnaya Polyana. He was a dissolute youth, but entered the army and fought in the Crimean War. While he was in the service, Tolstoi began to write. His articles and stories were written with such relenting honesty that they created a sense of horror in the readers. Tolstoi brought his experiences of the horrors and sufferings of war into the comfortable drawing rooms of Moscow. He made people, from the Emperor downwards, to shudder, to weep and to laugh by his writings. At the end of the Crimean War, Tol-



toi became popular by his writings as well as by his ideas. By his tales and by his verses, Tolstoi enlivened one and all in difficult moments of their army experiences.

Returning to Petersburg, Tolstoi made the acquaintance of the writers of the day. Young, arrogant and rich, Tolstoi was in the midst of a society where ambition, love of power, love of gain, lewdness, pride, anger and vengeance were held in high esteem. He was welcomed and flattered in this society.

Tour in Western Europe

During this period Tolstoi undertook a tour of foreign countries. In Western Europe he came in contact with eminent writers and philosophers. His tour abroad made him more pragmatic. Poverty, ignorance,

thieving, disorder and above all the institution of serfdom shocked Tolstoi.

The progressive policy of Czar Alexander II to emancipate the serfs excited Tolstoi's thinking which crystallised into socialism. Tolstoi settled down at his ancestral family estate of 'Yasnaya Polyana' with radiant hope and moral fervour. Tolstoi's main interest was the education of the peasants. He engaged himself in the organisation of schools for the peasantry. He was absorbed in this work so much, that his friends who neither shared his opinion nor sympathised with his efforts accused Tolstoi for abandoning literature.

Tolstoi had an opportunity to come close to peasant life. He was astounded by their mental capacity and their moral sensitiveness. Tolstoi opened up new horizons, delights and interests in life for them: he taught the uneducated in his schools and the educated through his magazine. He lamented that millions of Russians lived in slavery, poverty, and ignorance to provide food and drink for the useless people who enjoyed the labour of others. The work in the peasant schools, the magazine work and his preoccupation as the mediator caused him much strain. His mind was not in a normal state and he felt that a great change was coming over him. It was during such a period of mental conflict that Tolstoi got married.

Family Life

Tolstoi's family life was perfectly harmonious. He had a large estate and many good friends. He enjoyed a wide reputation. But Tolstoi found himself drawn away from life by a stronger force. When everything around him was so harmonious and happy, he felt that life was a burden. He was afraid of living, even before he was fifty. But he ruled out any attempt to put an end to life. He explored the possibility of mending it. A sudden unrest took possession of him. His luxurious princely life appeared meaningless and shallow.

He made a thorough self examination.

Questions arose in his stricken mind. "Why am I living? What is the cause for my existence and that of every one else? How must I live? What is death and how can I save myself?" This state of turmoil made Tolstoi, the world reknowned philosopher and speculator, the apostle of a new morality and the preacher of 'passive resistance'.

Tolstoi had read a good deal in his early youth. Among his favourite books were "Eugene Orieigin" of Pushkin, Schiller's, "Robbers", Lermontov's, "A Hero of our Times" and "Taman", Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" and all the works of Rousseau and the Gospels.

But in his search for the meaning of life, Tolstoi turned to the philosophic books of Schopenhauer and Plato, Kant and Pascal. But neither these books nor the philosophers gave him the answer he wanted.

Then from the philosophers, Tolstoi sought consolation in religion. He wanted a faith to live by. Tolstoi never wanted to be a spiritual revolutionary. He just desired a path or a goal for himself. He wanted to impart sense and purpose to an aimless existence.

A Devout Christian

Though he stopped going to the church at an early age, Tolstoi had no desire to go against the ancient traditional, orthodox Christianity. He drew nearer to the Church now. He became a devout Christian. He studied the Gospels and the Commandments of Christianity, thoroughly. Like all the seekers of truth he found that Russian Orthodox Church neglected the Commandments of the Gospels, and it did not preach the teachings of Christ correctly. Tolstoi took upon himself the task of teaching every one the real concept of Christianity as a new way of life and not as a mystical doctrine.

Any one who tried to shape his life according to the very letter of

the Bible was bound to come into clash with the official church and the laws of the State, and Tolstoi was no exception. Tolstoi's book on the principles of Christianity—"My Confession"—was forbidden by the censors. The Holy Synod banned Tolstoi's another book "My Faith". Finally Tolstoi was excommunicated by the Church for his unchristian preachings! His writings stirred men. They shattered to the very foundation the Church, the State and temporal order in his own days. The greatest literary artist who was endowed with a creative genius became the most dangerous adversary and a destructive critic of his century.

Tolstoi, the arch-enemy of the Church and the State, was the most honest and gifted reformer of his or of any age. He tried to model his own private life on the Commandments of the Gospels. He had no further intention beyond living at peace with God and at peace with himself. The question which originally emanated from him as to "what was wrong with my life"? grew up to be a general question of "what was wrong with all of our lives"?

Basis of His Philosophy

This became the very basis of his

philosophy and his future writings. He looked round him and discovered—which was not difficult in the Russia of his days—the glaring inequality in social conditions, the contrast between the rich and the poor and between luxury and squalor. Tolstoi saw the utter injustice done by the privileged class to the rest of the people. He wanted to put down all these.

Tolstoi recognised that reform, like charity, begins at home. He gave up his beloved hunting, refused to eat meat, as far as possible he avoided using the railroad and he turned over the income from his writings to his family or to charitable purposes. He ploughed in the fields himself, went about in coarse peasant coat, stitched his own shoes and fitted out a cobblers' work shop for this purpose.

Leo Tolstoi abandoned his narrow, rich and learned circle of friends and the leisured class to which he belonged. He evinced a deep interest in the lives of the peasants and of the millions who lived like cattle without even the prime-necessities of life. His efforts to search for the meaning and purpose of life led him to the philosophy of "No State, No Property, and No Injustice".

(To be concluded)

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE most important development of the week is the announcement made by the Government of Bombay proposing a revision of the entertainment tax in the light of the recommendations of the Film Enquiry Committee.

The Entertainments Duty Act of 1923 is proposed to be further amended seeking to levy the duty on a percentage basis instead of the present slab system. The new rate of tax would be 20 per cent if the payment does not exceed five annas, 25 per cent if the payment does not exceed Rs. 1-4-0 and 33-1/3 per cent for payment exceeding Rs. 1-4-0. This rate is prescribed only for Greater Bombay, Poona and Ahmedabad. In other areas, the rate is still lower; it will be 20 per cent if the payment does not exceed Rs. 1-4-0 and 25 per cent above Rs. 1-4-0.

It means the popular class tickets now charged at the rate of 10½ annas and Rs. 1-5-0 would be available at 10 annas and Rs. 1-4-0 respectively. The difference on the face of it appears to be almost negligible; but it would make a lot of difference to the industry in the long run. Moreover, the taxation rate of 20 per cent upto Rs. 1-4-0 in mofussil is most welcome and would mean a substantial relief to the industry. For, at present in small towns the highest price of admission is one rupee excluding tax; but the picturegoers will now have to pay Rs. 1-3-6 instead of Rs. 1-5-0. And that would make quite a difference.

Besides, the adoption of the percentage system instead of the slab

system would be helpful in higher priced tickets. But with the new duty on percentage basis the theatres would have to revise the entire scale of prices in a more attractive way so that the picturegoers derive the maximum benefit of the new system.

In this connection, it is hoped that the lead given by Bombay which is now going to be the biggest single State in India would be followed by other States and we shall have uniform taxation all over India on the same percentage basis. If other state governments, who are rather conservative and unconcerned about the film industry emulate the example of the Government of Bombay, the film industry would have won its most important battle against the Government.

It is significant that the Government of Bombay holds the opinion that the proposed change in levy of entertainment duty would not affect the revenue.

Picture of the week

However one may dislike it, the fact remains that criminals—especially young criminals—make popular screen heroes. The latest criminal hero of the screen is Dev Anand in *Pocket Maar*. He is a combination of *Awara*, *Shree 420*, *Baazi* and all such screen heroes who have preceded him. And yet his story which reminds one of all the pictures mentioned above has its own appeal which ensures its success.

As a pick-pocket and stealer of necklaces moving about in the gambling dens, the *Pocket Maar* appears to be quite phoney and filmic. But as a man who steals Rs. 3,000 from a common man standing in a queue at the post office, he appears to be quite genuine and when he finds that by stealing this money he has driven his victim to the desperation of committing suicide and exposed his mother and sister to the money-

lender, the story assumes an altogether new human significance.

His conscience bites him and he goes to pay off the debt of the old mother. But the money he pays is itself 'stolen' money marked by the police. And so he gets involved in further complications and helps the police in tracing the ring-leader of the gang of bank robbers in a thrilling manner. But the real human warmth and appeal of the story lies in the pick-pocket's relationship with his own mother whom he constantly deceives and the village girl whose brother was a victim of his skill as a pick-pocket. The mother, shocked by the revelation of his career as a pick-pocket, commits suicide. And it is in her funeral pyre with her son taking an oath to lead a good and honest life that the picture ends.

The clever manner in which the three-thousand rupees episode which forms the real climax of the story is handled by the scenarist and the director, distinguishes the picture. Dev Anand once again gives a good performance and he gets commendable support from Geeta Bali, Nadira, Gope, and Lalita Pawar.

Dialogue by Arjun Dev Rashk is racy while lyrics by Rajendra Krishna set to catchy tunes are commonplace. Mukadam's photography deserves special mention.

Personality of the week

Do sound recordists make good Producers?

The answer to this query is made in the positive by S. Mukerji, P. N. Arora and Savak Vacha—all of whom began their film careers as sound recordists.

Savak Vacha and Ashok Kumar were jointly responsible for the production of notable Bombay Talkies' pictures like *Mahal*, *Majboor*, *Ziddi*,

Mashal and *Maa*. Vacha who comes from a very well-to-do Parsee family is a man who is not given to boasting. In fact, he is one of the very few silent workers who has not indulged in much self-ballyhoo.

After the closure of Bombay Talkies Vacha had gone almost out of the filmworld for good. But now after a lapse of some years he is staging a come-back with a bang with his first independent venture *Yahudi Ki Ladki*. Bimal Roy who worked with him for *Maa* is entrusted with the direction. And it must be said to his credit that most of the people have agreed to work for him, not just because of the money he offered but because of regard for him. He has been able to gather an excellent team including stars, Dilip Kumar, Sohrab Modi, Meena Kumari, music directors Shanker-Jaikishen, director Bimal Roy and Scenarist, Vazahat Mirza.

He is planning to shoot part of the picture in Rome. Everybody in the film industry would wish him success in his new venture.

News of the week

M. K. Burman and Kanwal Nayyar are launching their new picture *Manzil* under the banner of Kalpana Pictures on Wednesday the 5th September 1956 at Modern Studios (Bombay). Based on a social story by Rajinder Singh Bedi who has also written the screenplay and dialogue *Manzil* stars Dev Anand and Nutan in the lead with David, Achala, Manmohan Krishna and Sangeeta in the supporting cast. S. D. Burman is giving the music.

Ezra Mir is reported to have been appointed as the Production Controller of the Films Division. He is expected to assume office by the middle of September 1956.

INTERVIEW WITH A FILM STAR!

By N. GANGA RAM

ONE of my neighbours is a frustrated soul. The dream of his life was to become a film journalist but Fate or whatever you call it has condemned him to the drudgery of a Ledger Clerk. He now takes comfort and seeks consolation in writing occasional articles on imaginary interviews he had with fictitious film stars. Here is one such piece:

When yesterday our Chief barked, "Hey, you there! Go, interview Miss Nalina and type out an article of about 750 words. Understand?" I didn't mumble a word in protest. It was no use telling him. "Well, Chief, how do you expect me to get an interview with the star without an appointment?" Immediate and implicit obedience is the only way to please him, and picking up my good old camera I dashed out of the office.

As I had expected, the gurkha at Miss Nalina's residence refused to let me in. I pitifully explained to him my position but he insisted on saying, "Look here, Saab. I tell you the *eshtar* has gone out and nobody knows when she will return." But I knew how to tackle effectively these non-co-operating *nandis*. I offered to take a snap of him and you won't believe me, he not only let me in but took me straight to the star's private secretary.

After all the gurkha had told me the truth. The *eshtar* was out. However, her private secretary welcomed me. "Won't you sit down, please?" he said and added, "That's right. Now how about a cup of hot tea? Yes?" After tea, I requested him to arrange for an interview though an appointment had not been fixed. "The star," he said, "is not here at the moment. But you can wait and take your

chance. Perhaps you know that Miss Nalina doesn't allow interviews to last more than five minutes. She doesn't want to waste her time and the interviewer's tiring cross examination about the pictures in which she has acted, how she entered films, what are her hobbies et cetera. For the benefit of interviewers she has prepared Information Sheets containing the afore-mentioned details. Film journalists coming to interview her are first given these sheets and then they can have a lively, informal chat with her for about five minutes. I hope I've made myself clear. Well, here is Sheet No. 1." And he gave me a neatly cyclostyled sheet. It read:

Information Sheet No. 1

My Film-name: Miss Nalina.

Real Name: Akilandanayaki.

Address: 420, Jhanak Jhanak Street, Naginpet, Aampur 40.

Age: Why not do a bit of guessing? Is it 15½, 16½, 17½ or 21½?

Height: 5 ft. 3½ in.

Weight: 115 lbs. (in 1954)

How entered Filmdom: A few years ago I was doing my eighth standard in a well-known girls' school. After finishing my quarterly exam., I went to my maternal uncle's for the September holidays. There,—one cloudy evening, Mr. Filmwala, one of my uncle's thick friends, came to tea. On seeing me he said, "Why, that kid has a lovely face. And I bet she has plenty of acting talent which needs to be unfolded. Why not allow her to act in films?" Surprisingly enough, my people hailed his suggestion. Well, there you are, Mr. Filmwala offered me a small part in the mighty mythological he was then producing, namely, *The Adventures of Surpanaka*. My acting in that film

caught the public eye and movie moguls came rushing to me with contract forms. That's how I was discovered.

Education: It appeared to me that I would gain more by concentrating wholly on films rather than on education. So I bid good-bye to my school after finishing the eighth standard.

Films in which I've acted: To mention a few, *You Two, We Seven, Shri 304, Lover's Tale, The storm and the Maiden*, besides, of course, *The Adventures of Surpanaka*. I am now acting in *D. S. P.*

My Ambition: I have acted in a number of films but I am not satisfied with my performance. I am yet to act in my best picture. I aspire to win the hearts of filmgoers and also the Best-Actress-of-the-Year-Award.

Dress: I always like to wear simple dress. A bluish nylon, not fluted but just plain saree and a choli to match is my favourite. For technical information regarding my early morning wear, afternoon wear, evening wear, night wear, party wear and occasional wear, please see Sheet No. 2 which will be supplied on request. Note: This sheet contains also information about my hair-styles.

Toiletry: I use Mucks Toilet Soap in the morning and Gupsona Soap in the evening. I owe my fair complexion and smooth, velvety skin entirely to these wonderful soaps. I use Minister Hair oil which is also quite good. For information regarding the brands of lipstick, nail-polish, powder, powder-puff, snow and face-lotion I buy and use, please refer Sheet No. 3 (which can be had for the asking).

Cooking: I am fairly well-versed in the culinary art and I can prepare crisp delicious, South Indian as well as North Indian dishes. But unfortunately I haven't had much opportunity to cook. Sometimes I think

why we filmstars should not join together and run a cafeteria! This hotel should have limited working hours, say two hours in the morning and three hours in the evening. The dishes should be prepared and if possible served by the stars themselves. The profits earned by this cafeteria should be given over to Cyclone, Flood and Famine Relief Funds. I will be delighted to co-operate with my sister and brother stars. You may consider my suggestion a bit fantastic but I think it's worth trying.

Hobby: My main hobby is sheep-shearing i.e. clipping the wool of my sheep, 'Miss Bushy' and 'Mr. Flourish'. My other hobbies include counting of words printed in film journals and making up-to-date the list of songs sung by Lata Songeshkar which I have prepared.

My Pet: 2½ months' old 'Swapna'—a murrha-buffalo calf.

Favourite Foreign Filmstars: Grace Jelly, Tawdry Hipburn, Tudor Stranger etc.

My Fans: I am very happy to get letters from my fans. I have appointed two clerks to help me in dealing with the flood of letters I receive. I enclose my autographed photograph with every reply.

Some adjectives: Here are some adjectives for your use when writing about the interview: sparkling, lovely, brilliant, radiant, wonderful, thrilling, charming, attractive, smart, courteous . . . (For more adjectives please see Sheet No. 4).

Sd. Miss Nalina

I had just finished going through that very amusing sheet when the secretary announced happily, "You're really lucky! Don't you hear that booming? Miss Nalina is coming!" In a few minutes, the great and wonderful star, Miss Nalina, gracefully entered the room. She had come straight from the sets and had not removed her make-up. She looked

tired but when the secretary introduced me she smiled sweetly at me and kindly enquired: "Did you get Information Sheet No. 1? Hope you now have all the details you want? Like to have the other sheets?"

"Of course," I told her, "but I'll get them from your secretary. Now, madam, how about giving our readers some special message?"

"Special message? Alright. You can take this down if you like: Dear Readers and Fans, This is Miss Nalina sending you her hearty best wishes.

I am no doubt highly grateful to you for your patronage and compliments that I am beautiful, pretty etc., but I wish to point that no one seems to be willing to take my hand! See, sometime ago, I hinted that I should like to marry someone and settle down but nobody has come forward! I am very frank: if anyone is interested in claiming my hand, please contact me at my residence at your earliest opportunity."

"Thank you, Madam!" I said, "You are really frank and interesting!" and I whisked off to my office.

CATCHING THE PUBLIC EYE

By SWATHI

WOMEN aspire for many things. But their chief preoccupation seems to be, how to catch the public eye! After all it is so easy, says my successful friend. Slightly brushing aside social conventions and propriety, modern women can well make a successful assault on the peak of popularity. Coming straight from my popular friend as it is, it will pay better to follow these 'directive principles' en route to that 'much coveted' end.

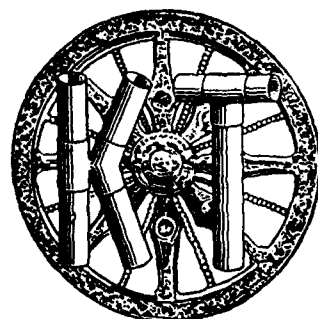
Women should cultivate hobbies, even eccentricities, but must not practice tailoring for it is a vocation. She must be able to conceal the fact that none of her relatives are in the Insurance business, though nationalised. She should have relatives in the army and navy, who are shortly expecting promotions in the Southern Command or in some International Commission, say with Suez canal! It will be better if she has at least one connection in the 'diplomatic Corps,' in which case she will be estimated next to that relative.

She should be a member of a popular ladies' club; should take keen

interest in all its activities and dress up elegantly and transparently, so that people should come to feel and hence say that the club should rise or fall with her. To cut it short, she should be the mainstay for the club's foundation, its growth and its name. The successful women should always read or pretend to read the largest circulated newspaper and should share the views expressed therein. Her affiliations with the journalist, should not be personal, but alive and seemingly genuine. More than that she should be up-to-date in the 'social and personal' column of the leading newspaper! These are the basic bricks that should go to build up the foundation of her personality; and thus whip the fourth estate constantly to remind the people about her busy existence in this world.

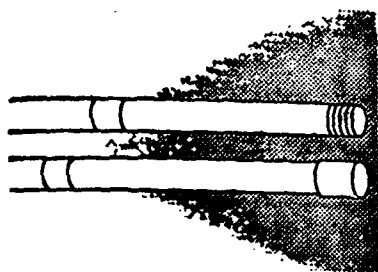
Inter alia there are certain emotional and intellectual *penumbræ* which should not go neglected but earnestly cultured. Her favourite authors should be Joyce, Caldwell, Hemingway, Graham Greene, and Maugham, not Dickens, Hardy, Goldsmith or Trollope, who are outmoded and write rather in archaic fashion.

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But she should at the same time 'deprecate' the moral elasticity of modern fiction.

Keeping time is an imperative necessity. She should know how to arrive at the picture, without impairing her dignity, only a few minutes late after the show begins. Her feelings about the theatre (and not the picture) should be that a woman enjoys her freedom and likes to get entertained there. Better she cultivates repulsion for 'matinees.' Though she likes and understands better Indian films, she should not hesitate to talk *ex tempore* about the excellences of Hollywood or Los Angeles. It is rather vulgar to take to games except 'bridge.' But when a close intimate offers a racket, she should try to play (with abandon) tennis with a deft touch of Connolly, and blame the hard court for her faults. She should tell her friends that professionalism destroys the very essence of sport!

When she goes out and meets her friends she should pretend to be in a great hurry to do something important, but should never seriously avoid a fine conversation. But in the ensuing *al fresco* affair she confines her conversation to that plane which indicates a full knowledge of the right gossip without being an index to a dangerous profundity in any special theme.

She need not know anything of Home Science or Domestic Economics and less about Indian villages or cottage industries. But that does not mean that she cannot differentiate between a Mysore crepe and an American nylon. She should be too ready to equate Communism with original sin. More than all, try to be what you are really not. In travels, do nothing that is prosaic. Read bold type and multi-coloured journals, preferably foreign, which are more pictorial than informative, to kill the monotony of travel. But successful women take care that they read cur-

rent journals and not back numbers. When anybody asks about her recent journey, she should piquantly say with pardonable pride, 'O! it was just fine, me alone and no body to distract my reading or concentration.'

At home she should not appear to be a free thinker nor be enthusiastic about the radio talks; to be otherwise, is to turn the risk of obtrusiveness. At the same time, she should thrash out certain delicate points about India's dynamic neutral policy, but not wait for amendments from the other party. In short it should be *ex parte*. In domestic affairs, since she is supposed to be the better half of man, she is to give infinitely less trouble. She is to be intelligent but not too clever, good tempered and docile to opinion. The terms of the domestic contract must be such that her husband (if she is married) knows she will not lose an opportunity that will lead to liberty. And if he is unfortunate she is there to kiss away all disappointment and console him as well as she can. Not only is she to give no cause for jealousy, she is to feel none. In short if the house is not happy, it is to be entirely his fault, never the woman's. She should be more than a helpmate and less of a servant.

All said and done, she ought to be able to cover the whole ground and monopolise the gossip, when her dear neighbours come in the afternoon to the drawing room for a nice *tete-a-tete*. On no account women and culture should be dated. You will say that the above directions were over simplified and highly specialised and that many more factors must enter to complete the 'make-up.' I confess that I have furnished simply a skeleton. It will be a pleasure if my jeering critics can clothe it with more flesh and blood. To catch the public eye is an art. But to criticise with originality and realism is more than an art.

PROFILE :**T. T. KRISHNAMACHARI**

By C. GUPTA

THE foundations of Mr. Krishnamachari's public career were well and truly laid by a prescient parent who, more than thirty years ago, must have been prophetically seized of the shape of things today. For today whether in democracies or in dictatorships, it is the business that shapes politics, and all politics are the most exciting kind of business. In the natural course, his father must have put him into one of the many government departments on the strength of his own standing in the official hierarchy. In those days, when the communal and other kinds of goblins had not yet reared their heads, it was almost *mamool* for an Amurath to be succeeded by an Amurath—in the family. Instead of chasing a career through the rungs of the official ladder, he secured a wholesale agency with the savings of a life-time, intending that it should become both a gilt-edged security and a venerated heir-loom with the lapse of time. The choice of soap—there are a number of other lines not so fragrant, even if they are more remunerative—pointed to a certain fastidiousness of taste and aristocracy of outlook which stamped the Brahmin as not wholly swamped by the bania!

Then began the hero's era of learning while earning. The businessman becoming an *entrepreneur* is as simple as ABC; but to the uninitiated it is made to appear a mysterious if not mystic process which is gone through by scorning delights and living laborious days. Actually you learn the ropes and the delicate art of manipulating price-levels in response to

market-trends, all the while keeping a steady eye on the burgeoning of your bank-balances to six and seven figures. Thereafter, all you have to



T. T. Krishnamachari

do is to sit back, and study all available ways and means of evading or reducing the incidence of all kinds of excess profits taxes on the fruits of your initiative and enterprise! T. T. K. was by no means a Dick Whittington in our midst; he was born with the proverbial silver-spoon in his mouth and proceeded to convert it into gold.

Politics and Patriotism

Accumulating money becomes a monotonous affair to choice spirits;

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unless it could be transmuted into other kinds of power, life becomes (as it did to Hamlet for very different reasons) stale and unprofitable. Hence, politics are the pre-ordained medium of self-expression for such adventurous spirits. The prevailing conditions were not quite propitious. A new tribe of fanatics glorying in the appellation of *satyagrahis* went about semi-naked and sweating in the sun, and started the fashion of jail-going as a short-cut to *Swaraj*. They wallowed in the dust of their own making and contributed to a disastrous slump in well-cut clothes and artistic tailoring. T. T. K. was nothing if not well-groomed. From the shine of his shoes to the gloss of his well-brushed and well-parted hair on the head, everything about him bespoke an unrelenting devotion to the graces and an unwearying sacrifice to them. Like the courtier of Hotspur's description, he too must have felt repelled by such unmannerly methods of conducting a struggle as were in favour with Congressmen, and so regretfully gave up hopes of making a mark through the exhibition of conventional patriotism.

Fortunately for all concerned, Indian business furnished a congenial opening. By the way, it is now like Saul among the prophets. But in those days, it was more like a Jackal to the British Lion. There are some cynics who even now assert that the traditional role has not yet been given up, and that a white face has still premium value as any one who knows of the ways of Indian businessmen no less than of the Indian government can verify for himself by even a cursory examination of relevant data. It is asserted, for instance, that a white face is still given top priority in the purview of our secretariats, both provincial and central; and that even if it does not launch a thousand ships, it gets its work done more economically and expeditiously! In those days, however, its dependence on its British

counterpart was more frankly acknowledged. More often than not, the hands were those of Esau though the voice proved to be that of Jacob.

In the Assembly

Mr. T. T. K.'s contribution to the proceedings of an Assembly which was dominated by C. R. who deputised for the Mahatma while developing unsuspected strains of Machiavellism, was notable—and that is saying a good deal. A prepossessing youthfulness accompanied by a cockiness inseparable from it, a fluency and grasp of affairs, the result of studies and a shrill, almost feminine voice, proved diversionary amenities to the proceedings which could not wholly be divested of their inevitable drab and dull patches. He constituted himself an unofficial opposition, and gave the semblance of debate and discussion to proceedings which had the ponderous efficacy of the steam-roller. The politics of those days were child's play compared to the issues which are bullying and bludgeoning us to *Ramrajya*, as amended by Marx. The most contentious of measures then passed into law was Prohibition. The mirasdar languished in obscurity, just as he is now languishing under excessive attentions. The poor man still groaned under the iniquity of a salt tax; although, now that it has been abolished, the poor man continues to be poor—for other reasons! There was neither revolution nor even radicalism in the air. Khaddar had come to stay; but the tie was not wholly pushed out—as yet. For T. T. K. still wore it, what time he insensibly progressed in his affiliations with the Congress.

In politics as in business what you want for success is advertisement; either you create a name for yourself by damnable iteration or attach yourself to assured big noises. T.T.K. was already fixed in the public mind; what he felt in need of was a god-father. It was a sort of re-insurance that he wished to make; something

like the man who, moved by abundant caution, decided to wear both the braces and the belt!

A Friend of Nadar

The death of Satyamurti at a very critical point in our recent history was far greater tragedy than is commonly realised. For, it desolated not merely the members of his family but our political landscape of courage, dynamism and picturesqueness. His exit was a deprivation which made a coming young man, named Kamaraj Nadar, an orphan of the storm. Almost simultaneously, both T. T. K. and this congressman met and exchanged a glance of mutual comprehension. It was a case of love at first sight on the part of T. T. K. and of second sight in the case of Mr. Nadar! That is how it has come about that T. T. K.'s political waggon is firmly hitched to the star of Sri Kamaraj. The need of Nadar was to instal at Delhi a man to hold a watching brief for his interests; it is even more to T. T. K.'s future to be assured of a constituency which would be safe for him. And the condition of safety for any all-India politician hailing from Madras is to go all out for Nadar as long as may be necessary. Besides, there seems to exist some genuine affection between the two on what may be called the simple, human plane. For not long ago Mr. T. T. K. assisting in the unveiling of a portrait of Sri Kamaraj, declared that his rise to the premiership and his unassailed tenancy of it are a clear demonstration of the superfluity of an English education, or even of any education at all, for achieving successful leadership.

Work in the Commerce Ministry

His role as Minister in charge of the Commerce and Industry portfolio is more generally taken for granted than precisely defined. One reason for this is the fact that our portfolios are as unpredictable as the categories

of *Saiva Siddhanta* or *Visishtadvaita*. They have been suffering a sea-change and have been the very chameleons of our bureaucratic set-up. There are pluralities of portfolios which add to popular confusion, and by dissipating responsibility, allow ministers to claim all the credit for themselves, while blaming the failures on the nature of things in general. But his chief function all these years has been in the dispensing of licenses ostensibly to conserve our foreign exchange resources, but in practice to promote the distribution of patronage to clamant groups by turns and within limits. For these licenses are like agencies; you use capital whether tangible or notional to multiply itself; then you step in and pocket the difference. All you have to do is to stand and wait; and sooner or later you get served! Having administered this delicate business without creating any enemies, Mr. T. T. K. has managed to make his own position well nigh invulnerable. That is why, on the strength of it, he even dared to cheek the Prime Minister and got away with it. For he is said to have complained of the P.M.'s dictatorial ways, resigned the job and turned his back on the capital, bag and baggage and scrip and scrippage. And wonder of wonders, he went back. Whether the *nolo episcopari* trick worked or whether the alleged dictator went out of character and kissed the rod that chastised him, the prodigal father went into sack-cloth and ashes and inducted the rebellious son into his rightful place again!

Such a thing has been unheard of in the annals of any careerism. A simple but unique reason might be advanced by way of explanation for this seeming miracle that has taken place before our very eyes. As earlier hinted at, Mr. T. T. K.'s asset is an indifference to money *qua* money. Not a breath of scandal has touched

him in these years which have tainted most other leading personalities at least in the gossip of the market place. He thus shines by contrast, and in a matter which tests the integrity of even the sturdiest of men. It need not be claimed as a super-human virtue for him however; we must rather ascribe it to the fortunate antecedents of a cultured, contented and reasonably opulent life ensured by his parent's exertions. It is a matter on which we in the South may justly pride ourselves; and it accounts not a little for the continued importance in Nehru's counsels of this self-possessed and stolid Madras.

New Portfolio

As regards his fitness for the post of Finance Minister, this is again taken for granted even in the face of disquieting proofs to the contrary. For the secret of his approach to all public questions is the sustained exhibition of a sort of ambivalence which, by giving hostages to conflicting opinions leaves him practically unaffected. Capitalists have kidded themselves into the belief that he won't let them down; and yet the most subtly devised onslaughts on their security and privileges have been engineered by him. The latest instance of it—ironically enough promoted on the day of his assuming the charge of the portfolio—is the enhanced duty on textiles. While the public is undoubtedly going to foot a part—perhaps the major part of the bill—it is also calculated to 'soak the rich.' Therefore, they might well exclaim before they have done with the new minister: "Save us from our friends!" He is supposed to be for the concepts of Planning, the Welfare State and all the other nostrums now in fashion. But he is fighting a lone hand trying to debunk some of the fixed ideas of the Congress Party derived from *a priori* ideology. He thus stands between two stools, instead of falling between them; as a

feat it is so rare as to make us wonder how long it will last.

He has built up for himself other kinds of virtues which are also to be taken on trust. Thus he is considered a constitutional expert, though the proof of it has not been easy to get at. He is known to be a widely read man; and is said to possess a choice, up-to-date and extensive library. If so, he has cultivated an almost uncanny gift of eschewing from his utterances any taint of bookishness or scholarship. Great things are being expected of him as Finance Minister. Here again, the safety first principle indicates the middle way. This consists in victimising your favourites by turns to promote a general idea that some one else might have gone the whole hog in one direction or other and so we must be thankful for small mercies!

Nor has he compromised his high position by any kind of jobbery. The few friends whom he has patronised deserve it on merits. He has clean hands, a clear conscience and the confidence of his chief which he has earned without wholly effacing himself. All these ensure that his administration of the portfolio will be conditioned only by the vagaries of deficit financing rather than by any conscious willing or scientific control of forces which are beyond any single individual; for they are implicit in the posture of politics to which we are committed. It has been claimed that T. T. K. is the first of Congressmen to be appointed to the most important portfolio. This can be admitted only in a Pickwickian sense; for neither finance is the most important portfolio nor is he a congressman bred in the bone. The real truth is that Pandit Nehru is the supreme Brahman of our present political existence; and it is but his manifestations in varying fractions that will be the lot of all other ministers who are associated with him.

PEDLAR'S PACK

AT a recent meeting of the shareholders, the Chairman of Tata's obtained sanction for the payment of 'donations' to the funds of political parties in the country. He explained how in making these gifts, the directors would not allow their own personal or political views to influence their decision.

Tata's are a semi-nationalised and heavily subsidised concern which should, in the nature of the case, have no truck with lobbying. If it serves a national need, it should rather be the other way about; for political parties must go all out, irrespective of their differentia, to support it and extend its sphere of activities. If the company has superfluous cash to throw away, the proper course would be to lower the prices of their products, and thus make the public at large their primary beneficiaries.

But the present move is quite simply to promote bribery and corruption for the sheer fun or pleasure of it! Coming as it does from high quarters, no voice has been raised to denounce it. (I beg pardon, there was indeed one solitary share-holder who objected to it.) Quite clearly, Tata's are not being inspired by the spirit of 'nishkamakarma' enjoined on us all by the Gitacharya. In the present context, it is susceptible of one meaning alone; and that is that Congress is getting its requirements of silver bullets to fight the coming elections from the most unimpeachable quarters.

When a poor Magdalene of the streets sells her body for keeping her soul alive, we come out in our battalions and stone her to death, metaphorically speaking. But an Aspasia or a Pompadour or a Maintenon or a Nellie has her niche in history, adorning many tales even if she cannot point to any single moral,—as a result of her having caught the eyes of lordly or royal rovers. Honours have been showered on them though rooted in dishonour, and our references to them are in tones of envious admiration. So, not only is there no need for Tata's to apologise; they can feel proud of getting

into elevated circles! Besides, as a company they have neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned!

Replying to interpellations in the Lok Sabha, the Prime Minister disclosed that Muslims also were migrating to India from East Pakistan in large numbers on account of the worsening economic situation there.

Another motive of their migration is, of course, to worsen the political situation here!

Laker has disclosed that he is considering an offer from an Australian firm of a job on £3000 per annum for three years with free passage to and fro for himself and his wife and children.

We hope that Australian cricket has not arrived at the pass where it has to buy out its most formidable enemy!

Opening his campaign for election to the Senate, Mr. Sherman Cooper, till recently American Ambassador to India, warned Portugal to give up Goa, since to claim it as a province of Portugal is absurd and untenable.

Mr. Sherman Cooper

Swears—but not like a trooper—:

That it wouldn't do any more to gulf

The world about Goa being a province of Portugal!

At the conclusion of the debate on the Adoption Succession Bill, Mr. Datar, Minister-in-charge indicated that the reform of the Hindu Code was nearly complete. The only question remaining for consideration was the future of the joint family system. But it is expected that it will go the way of the rest. It is also anticipated that Hindu Society as historically known till now will cease to exist soon.

I can't write an Ode

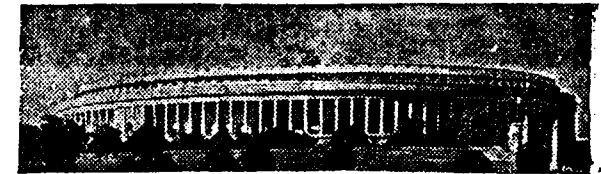
On the new Hindu Code:

Nor praise the work of Datar

For splitting us into theem, thaar, ataar!

LIBRA

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

RAJAJI is now an elder statesman.

He said that nationalisation was the order of the day. Compensation should be fair compensation, and what is fair should be decided by the Legislature. President Nasser made too generous an offer to buy the Suez Canal shares at the rates ruling at the Paris Stock Exchange. But fortunately the offer was rejected outright. The offer of President Nasser should be regarded as having lapsed. Nasser is now free to make a fresh offer! In 1968, the Suez Canal Company with all its properties would become Egypt's without any compensation. British shareholders have already realised eight times their share value as profit.

Rajaji speculated as to what the present Government of India would have done if it was confronted with a problem like the Suez Canal. He thought that the Government of India would have waited until 1968 for nationalisation. This remark was greeted by loud laughter. The *Hindustan Times* columnist confirmed this impression when he wrote in his "Political Diary" that Prime Minister Nehru "was annoyed" by the haste with which Nasser launched the nationalisation. It is surprising how the columnist of the *Hindustan Times* is able to read the thoughts of the Prime Minister!

Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari's appointment as India's Finance Minister is the Prime Minister's tribute to one of the ablest ministers that ever adorned any Cabinet in the world. It is also proof of the versatility of T. T. K. He is one of the best

read men in our country; and his private library in Madras was famous even in our college days.

There is a welcome progress in the personal philosophy of T. T. Krishnamachari. He was an orthodox exponent of private enterprise, having been a highly successful business-man. We have now the firm of T. T. Krishnamachari and Sons as proof of his acumen in the field of practical business. But as a theoretician, his achievements are no less spectacular. His speeches on the annual budgets year after year in the Central Assembly were examples of brilliant and masterly presentation of the nation's reaction, couched in a language which could be understood by the average newspaper reader, and in a manner to which no economist could object. But his criticism was essentially that of the Indian businessman.

After he joined the Nehru Government, Mr. Krishnamachari gradually widened his vision, and began to appreciate the limitations of the private sector and the virtues and advantages of the public sector. When the Iron and Steel Ministry was entrusted to him, many of us doubted whether he would not sabotage the negotiations with the Soviets, since he was generally regarded to be out and out pro-British. T.T.K. rose to the occasion, and gave up many of his prejudices. Resilience is essential in an individual in a rapidly changing world. T. T. K. has proved that he has it in ample measure. I am one of those who are glad that there is no room for our misgivings.



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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.

Missionaries In India

I am afraid that Mr. Anthony Ray has not read my article through. If he had, he would not have accused me of wishing to attack the entire Christian community. On the other hand, I have made handsome acknowledgement of its contribution to the national struggle.

The point at issue is about the desirability or right of proselytisation. The sooner Christians give up this alleged right the better for them and the rest of us. Mahatma Gandhi made no secret of his opposition to it, although he had a very considerable and choice following among Christians.

If St. Thomas brought Christianity to India 2000 years ago, it must have been before Christ was born! It would be interesting to know which of his converts are still capable of being spotted descendants among Indian Christians! On the other hand, his alleged martyrdom at the Mount carries a warning against the dangers of proselytisation in the more delicate situation today with communalism trenching on extra-territorial loyalties.

If the situation undergoes any change for the worse, there is every likelihood of the so-called right to proselytise being extinguished by act of parliament. It is entirely in the hands of Christians and their religious leaders whether it should come about. For, a future Indian government might indicate proselytisation as an un-Indian activity on the analogy of communism being already outlawed in many Western countries today as anti-national and subversive of peace and progress, law and order.

L. N. S.

Your Son ...

Statistics show that liver disorder is common among vegetarian male children between 1 and 3 years of age.

Repeated digestive disorders, distended abdomen, irritability, peevishness, loss of appetite etc, are the common symptoms to indicate liver disorders.

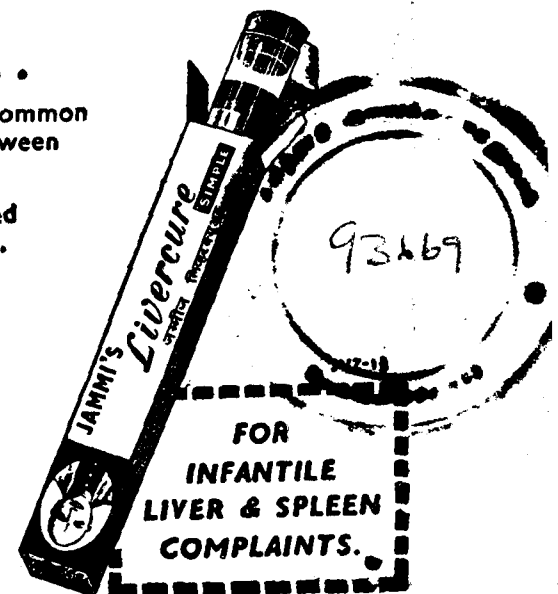
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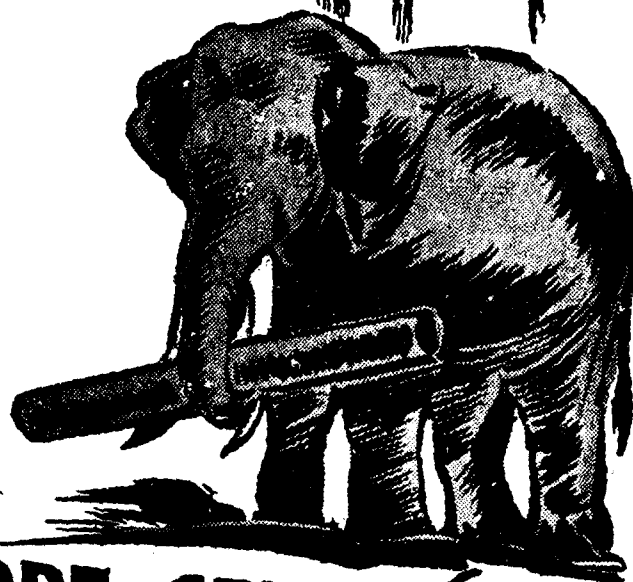
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சே எண் :

ப. எண் :

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