

SWATANTRA

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MINORITY CRUSADES IN GOVERNMENT OFFICES

THE decision of the Madhya Bharat Government to grant new concessions to candidates from scheduled castes and tribes in filling vacancies in Government service and in promotion within the service, is another of those disquieting signs of the times in which wisdom and prudence seem to weigh less than mere zeal and good intentions. The new concessions are being granted, we are told, because the Government has discovered that not enough Harijan candidates are otherwise found suitable. Thus the scarcity of suitable personnel from these communities is being sought to be relieved by lowering the standards of acceptance into Government service. The bare basic minimum qualification is hereafter to be considered adequate in their particular cases. Even if these candidates are found less suitable than others from unscheduled castes, the recruiting or appointing authority is invested with the discretion to select them. Stripped of verbiage it comes to this, the mere fact of being a member of a scheduled caste is a qualification for Government service. For promotion by tests, the testing standards are to be deliberately lowered in their case to make it possible for them to qualify.

All this proves one inescapable fact, that the scheduled castes have not yet advanced educationally far enough to enable them to enter Government service on the strength of

their own merit. This is an intentional fact. It casts no reflection on their latent abilities or talents. Bringing a backward community abreast of the average educational standards of other communities is a project which would take at least two generations of constant endeavour. It is not merely a matter of sending Harijan boys to school; it is a matter of changing the very atmosphere of their homes, removing the disabilities attached to the lives of their women, of infusing in them confidence about their future and of absorbing them into the community. It is a social evolution and a social evolution is a matter of slow habit. To expect at this stage adequately equipped recruits in large numbers from these castes is foolish. They should undeniably be given more than full educational opportunities, scholarships, extra facilities, the social taboos against them must be removed. But it is they who must be raised, not the service which must be lowered to suit their level. No mature country in the world trying to raise a backward section of its population would be so carried away by reformist zeal as to run the risk of swamping its services with insufficiently qualified or unsuitable candidates and thus thwart its own smooth working.

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jans any good at all. It might only encourage them to lower their target of performance, their lives will become bereft of challenge and it would hurt the pride of the more self-respecting among them. It will breed first resentment and then indifference among the other minorities of capable, efficient, ambitious people from other castes at whose expense the scheduled castes are sought to be raised.

We have sermons at the rate of two apiece from every leader, minister and politician every day of the week exhorting us to cast out of our lives the contemporary quartet of isms—casteism, communalism, linguism and regionalism. And yet what these very preachers are trying to do is not getting rid of casteism, but perpetuating that way of thinking in official life. Because what they want to do really is to cancel a little of the burden of guilt of which we are the inheritors by making thoughtless, grandiloquent gestures. They are not taking into account the basic fact of contemporary history, that the accents of politics are constantly shifting.

The accent now, predominantly and above all, is on the national interest. We need for the next twenty years our best and ablest men to carry through to a successful conclusion the vast national programmes for development and change and expansion that have been undertaken. We need the right people to build our bridges, to man our industrial plants, to keep the national account. Our Government departments have already the reputation of laggardliness. Only a ruthless efficiency can carry the country through the next two decades. It was incompetent, careless and hasty work which was responsible for the appalling waste of 7 crores of rupees in our Defence services last year. It is inefficiency which has brought about the delay and financial dis-

order in the Ghatâprabha project. Inefficiency in the administration can debilitate a nation. And not all the plans and visions and noble perceptions of our wisest men will come to anything if our patriots in positions of legislative and executive responsibility insist on fighting minority crusades in Government precincts.

Poujade In The Offing

DEFICIT-financing acquired virtue under the Beveridge plan (for the Welfare State) of making man-power the datum in budget-making. The idea was to make an estimate of the total income required by people for decent living, compare it with the total of their actual incomes, and make up for the shortage by means of new outlay in industrial and other productive activity. The funds for the new outlay were to be secured by additional taxation and borrowing from the public. The oppressive effect of recourse to these two normally undesirable methods of finding capital was to be neutralised, according to the advocates of the Welfare State, by the overall beneficial objective inspiring it. Our Finance Minister has taken full advantage of the modern latitude for deficit-financing, but his budget is far from fulfilling the Beveridgean conception of the Welfare State. This is a failing limited by no means to the financial operations of Madras State. It has become a characteristic of the whole Congress regime. It is very avid in the matter of taking to itself more resources through loans and taxation and more economic power through confiscatory methods. The fullest advantage of the slogans of Socialism is made to justify such exercises in acquisition. But the obligations of the Welfare State under Socialism are lost sight of. The very first of these obligations is attention to man-power as the datum in budget-making—that

is to say, assuring to each individual family the deficit in income it suffers from, for comfortable living, with the aid of productive enterprises organised under State auspices. But such an obligation is nowhere within the realm of acceptance of our Congress Welfare State-makers. Their brand of Socialism does not produce contented citizens well provided with the means and amenities of civilised living. It produces only Very Important Persons, to whom has been added at Amritsar a specially privileged branch of Very Very Important Persons, battenning on the fat of the land.

In the matter of employment Madras is perhaps the worst of the States in India. For the rehabilitation of this part of the country, special attention to the development of heavy industries is essential. But our Finance Minister, while lamenting that very little of the total outlay for basic industries under the second Five-Year Plan is proposed to be spent in the South, proceeds to inflict further burdens on just those undertakings from which expansion of opportunities for new employment may be expected. In introducing the Railway budget, Sri Lal Bahadur Sastri stated that while the railways would fully provide transport facilities for steel and coal and cement, they couldn't meet except to a very meagre extent the requirements of anticipated expansion in other sectors. In view of this statement it would have been wise for the Government in Madras to step into the gap left by the Centre with energetic measures to promote road transport. But our Finance Minister has done just the reverse of this. The increased taxation proposed on diesel oil will hit motor transport and check the development of road traffic to complement railway facilities, just as the increased taxation on rural electric power will stifle the

growth of rural industrial undertakings. The argument that increase in rural electric rates is justified because the costs of generation have gone up, makes no sense in the light of the pivotal value of electricity in modern conditions. The indirect results in prosperity of its expansion will more than make up for any deficit in production-costs measured at short range. Costs incurred by the State on any count have also to be set against the incomes of people, and these have not registered in recent years any advance even remotely approaching the steep, precipitate rises in taxation. People cannot be lured by patriotic sentiment to deem it to be their duty indefinitely to pay increasing taxation to be inefficiently administered, providing precious little of welfare in return. In France public spirit has gone over to Poujade arming him with power to teach the Government much-needed lessons of moderation in tax policy. A similar movement will come soon in India if better use is not made of the money collected from people under State authority. Socialistic slogans will not feed them in the absence of full employment.

Illusions And Realities Of Planning

THE Union Finance Minister has planned for an overall deficit of Rs. 390 crores for the next financial year, which is to be the first year of the second Five Year Plan. For the whole of the Plan period, nearly one-fourth of the total outlay of Rs. 4800 crores on development and investment in the public sector is to be met by deficit-financing. The Finance Minister proposes that the whole of next year's deficit of Rs. 390 crores is to be met by expansion of treasury bills. Formerly treasury bills used to represent temporary accommodation of finance for very short periods. Now they have come to signify borrowing

in perpetuity without any intention of ever liquidating the debt. The ultimate basis of these supplies of funds, euphemistically called treasury bills, is the Nasik printing press equipped, to suit the times, to print ever-increasing numbers of currency notes. For all the bright picture of the soundness of our economy with which the Finance Minister regaled his listeners in the Lok Sabha, it is clear that a substantial part of the expected achievements of the second Five Year Plan would have to depend on brisk additions to the currency through overtime operations of the Nasik press. This is indeed a very frightening prospect.

It is doubtful if the first year's use of the currency placed in circulation in this manner would justify the Government's anticipation of increased productive output to lighten the burden on the national economy of subsequent adventures in deficit-financing. It has to be borne in mind that economic results turn on the efficiency of the personnel employed to produce them. The depressing factors of governmental administration in India are, notoriously, the vast weightage given to parasitical elements, multiplication of staffs much in excess of expansion of work, choice of favourites and relatives of obviously more competent applicants, and the general downgrading of merit and talent for the sake of pro-

viding power and prosperity drives to alleged backward tribes and politically influential groups. These factors render State control of industrial undertakings dangerous and wholly undependable for the purpose of increased productivity. It would be unrealistic, in the circumstances, to confuse the money spent with value of equivalent worth in social or national benefit.

The illusions surrounding this situation threaten to work themselves in the next five years into inexorable inflationary effects. Prices will go up and the tendency to save and invest savings in State undertakings will diminish. Money will become cheap and the imposing array of crores in the budget facade would lose value. In the absence of an efficient administrative machinery trained to business responsibilities, the greatest asset of the nation for achievements in economic productivity is the spontaneous pool of individual talent and initiative reflected in free enterprise and seeking opportunities through it. This the Government have damaged instead of giving a fillip to it through planned State action. The Finance Minister's claim to have turned bureaucrats into insurance experts in two months' secret training is pathetic. It is a measure of the jejuneness at large in the prevailing fashion of State planning for the nation's prosperity.

... the history of ideas, like any other kind of history can, though it by no means always does, have the consoling power of reminding us that we are not alone, that others, too have felt they were facing that horrible "either-or"—and found that somehow there were almost infinite possibilities in between, that others have felt the end of the world at hand—and found that somehow it did not end. Anyone, even though quite untrained in actual historical research, could with diligence and a good library at hand put together from Plato on an almost continuous series of quotations from the sages in every generation, quotations reminding their readers or listeners that theirs was the worst of possible worlds, that it was later than they thought, that it was indeed too late, in the twenty-fifth hour. Cassandra is always right—and always wrong.—CRANE BRINTON

Sotto Voce

A MILLION LIKE ONE



A GOOD Kumbakoman reckons his years by the number of Mahamakham he has been contemporaneous with. That would not warrant the reader jumping to conclusions regarding the age of this scribe. My first Mahamakham was ahead of my nativity by a bare year or two, thus allowing me to parade as a Nester who had passed the Psalmist's three score years and ten before people who are too incurious to challenge my large claim. The point of this confession is that age is at a premium at a *mela* which promises no early benefits.

Perhaps that is too sweeping a statement. For the *Sthala Purana* records many miraculous cures of ailments ranging from sterility to skin disease; not to speak of such minor gains as the wealth of a Kubera or prowess such as Rama's who vanquished Ravana thanks to his wise precaution in having had a ritual bath in the Mahamakham tank. Nevertheless the accent is unmistakably on posterity and the life hereafter. A dip in the tank on the Day of Days is guaranteed to bring liberation not only to yourself and family but to a hundred other "family-generations" as well.

I know that sounds a bit complicated. But the old chronicler has taken pains to explain that by your meritorious act you uplift seven

generations before and seven generations after, of all those who derive from stocks that are related to you in seven different ways. Your austerity brings the same boon to the friend of your bosom, the master who gives you bread and the *guru* who leads you to wisdom. The protean *Suta* of the Puranas on whom the chronicle is fathered endeared himself to me particularly by standing forth as a connoisseur of friendship.

He no doubt promises absolution with a free hand for all sorts of sins and backslidings from Brahmanophobia to slightly receiving the sacred ash in your left hand. But one feels that he had to exercise special forbearance when he said that even the rotter who makes mischief between two good friends or who rends to tatters the reputation of his best pal when he falls out with him might be redeemed by the plenary virtue of the esoteric confluence of a crore and nine sacred streams on the auspicious day. The Divine mercy extends to those who, too old or ill to go, gaze on some one more fortunate, who has done the pilgrimage. The least one must do is to look in the direction of the holy city and offer flowers with becoming reverence.

The cynic with a smattering of history may smile at a faith as inge-

nuous as that of the credulous victims of Chaucer's Pardoner. But those who nerved themselves to the ordeal must have sensed something more than the over-powering smell of massed human bodies sweating their way through closely packed alleys or standing in knee-deep water of the colour of liquid cowdung as they intoned their prayers and made their genuflections. By their rapt faces one could see that for those few minutes when time stood still, the souls were wafted far above the plane of dualities—sin and repentance, good and evil. Their shining

eyes scanned the City of God with calm assurance.

What a pity that the mighty who are out to impose their own exotic ideas of culture on this country could not see those million people bathing. They plunged into the water as if it were the Brahma Nirvana of the *Geeta*. And they moved as in a dream as they wound their way to the maternal Kaveri along trackways rich with historic dust. It may be edificatory hyperbole that makes the chronicler insist that on Mahamakham day every sacred stream from the Ganga downwards directs her puissant influence to the holy tank of the South and has no purificatory virtue to spare for bathers in their home-reaches. But such is the power of imaginative identification that the humble of heart bring to this festival that they truly become heirs of all the ages and live through eternity in an hour.

Kumbakonam is the classic breeding ground of a robust canniness which has often ruffled the less ready-witted sojourner from the outside world. But the Mahamakham brings out the best qualities of the citizenry—their open-handed hospitality, their superb artistry, and the ease with which they move between two worlds. As you watch exquisitely clad matrons chaffering for the famed soap-stone vessels or horny-handed peasants admiring the magnificent pavilion plaited coconut fronds artificed with all the cunning of the lapidary's art, you realise that the vast sea of uplifted human faces in the tank at the peak hour is the true symbol of our culture. Rapport with all humanity is possible only to those who can forget themselves, for however brief a while, in the Beatific Vision.

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PERSPECTIVES OF DEMOCRATIC PLANNING

By S. AMBIRAJAN

AMONG the myths that our century has bred is the omniscience of economic planning to cure the most ugly of all social ills, poverty. Myth or reality, planning is very much in our thoughts. As a myth, economic planning has come to be endowed with an emotional quality so electrical in its effects that it prevents the play of logic or correct judgement even in professedly academic circles. Russia has made good through economic planning, while the capitalist countries have been facing crisis after crisis, thanks to the depression, the war, and the uncertainty of the cold war years.

Today planning is being advocated by diverse shades of opinion. The Socialists feel that planning will help them to achieve their goal of a classless society. The economists argue that planning will usher in an era of plenty and prosperity. The layman thinks that he will get a somewhat greater proportion of the good things of the world than he can obtain now. The poor hope to become rich, the rich to become richer still. Hadn't even a country like the U.S.A.—surely the capitalist's earthly paradise—resorted to planning in the shape of the New Deal programme of the nineteen thirties?

When the Second World War was over,—an event which roughly coincided with the emergence of independent but undeveloped Eastern nations,—there was witnessed in all countries, whether underdeveloped or war-ravaged, a sudden spurt of planning on a fairly ambitious scale. But before the war, only countries like the U. S. S. R., Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, who had deliberately

renounced the Western ideals of democracy, were the votaries of total economic planning. It was the stress of the war that gave planning a more general currency throughout the world.

Arguments In Favour Of Planning

Many are the arguments advanced in favour of planning by its apologists. The most important argument, of course, is the phenomenal success of the Russian experiment. Soon after they assumed power, the Bolsheviks constituted a Planning Commission to formulate a series of five year plans for the overall economic betterment of the country. A string of five year plans was accordingly launched with the result that Russia became, in the course of the next 2 or 3 decades, one of the most powerful nations of the world. Utilising all the available resources, the planners embarked on a programme of industrialization without counting the immediate cost. Through the mechanization of agriculture, a quick rise in the national income was achieved. For a country impoverished by centuries of Tsarist misrule and the ravages of war and revolution, Russia had indeed accomplished a miracle. As even the *Manchester Guardian* conceded, "a sceptical world has to admit that collective ownership is surviving, that it has created a new kind of patriotism and new incentives to labour. It may not be the Socialism of the fathers or the prophets, but it works."

Like Russia, Germany and Italy also succeeded during the thirties in achieving impressive results through a programme of centralized plan-

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ON THE COVER:

A scene from the children's fancy dress parade held during the Handloom Week celebrations in the city.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

ning. The aim of the Nazi planners was economic self-sufficiency. Germany therefore manufactured whatever she wanted for her own needs. Planning worked in Germany even as it worked in Russia, and it was not the fault of planning if the planners chose to produce more guns than butter. Likewise, Mussolini's Italy was a prosperous Italy; and it wasn't the fault of planning if, starting with the Abyssinian adventure, Fascist Italy chose to tread the path that led to war and economic ruin.

Again, during the Second World War, the Western democracies themselves resorted to planning on an ever increasing scale till total victory was in sight. The Allies wisely pooled their resources together and deployed them to the best advantage. The Grand Strategy of the war lords would have been ineffective but for economic strategy that backed it. Not only Churchill and Montgomery, but Keynes also, played a key part in achieving total victory. If, then, planning can deliver the goods in war time, why not in peace time as well?

There is, then, the economic argument in favour of planning. Under the capitalist or private enterprise system, the limited available resources are apt to be used in a haphazard uneconomic way, without reference to the larger interests of the community as a whole. Such a system must needs be the parent of waste, want and inequality. It had created conditions that made inevitable the great crash of the thirties in the capitalistic countries and the consequent outbreak of the epidemic of large-scale unemployment in those countries. If planning could accomplish an insurance against unemployment, need we seek any further defence of planned economy?

Schumpeter the famous social scientist has presented yet another line of argument in defence of planning. Capitalism, says Schumpeter, is doomed to die because it lacks

certain qualities and attitudes necessary for survival. Already capitalism has destroyed the feudal and aristocratic elements that might have been its guardians and sustainers. The plain fact is that capitalism now lacks the capacity to appeal to the emotions of the common people.

The sceptic may interpose and say that, if planning has succeeded in Russia, capitalism hasn't done badly either if one glances at the economic development of the United Kingdom, the U. S. A., Canada, and France during the last 150 or 200 years. But the planners counter this with the remark that this period has been by and large an era of unprecedented boom, and what happened then cannot serve for purposes of argument. Capitalism is doomed to wither and die on account of its inner tensions and contradictions. Only planned economy can save humanity from the threatened disaster and set the human house in order.

The psychological reason finally clinches the issue. Isn't reason superior to mere instinct? Economic planning means no more than the "pooling of available resources and utilising them in a rational way." Mustn't we prefer rational planning to the private individual's irrational greed or 'profit motive'? A centrally controlled economy will be an economy with a single pair of wide open eyes, whereas under unbridled private enterprise, numberless 'blind mouths' will pull the nation's economy in different directions. Only planned economy can guard against the adverse circumstances that may arise in the future, and only in such an economy can the various factors of production reach the right harmonious adjustment.

The Traps And Dangers

Thus far the advocates of planning. On the other hand there are not wanting authorities like F. von Hayek and Ludwig von Mises who warn people against the traps and

dangers of economic planning during peace time.

It is conceded even by the critics of planning that what planning aims at is the economic well-being of the people. There is thus no quarrel about the ends. What the critics oppose is the means advocated by the planners to achieve the so desirable ends. F. von Hayek says that planning "requires a central direction and organization of all our activities according to some consciously constructed blue print," which he fears will necessarily imperil the liberty of the individual citizen. In our anxiety to establish economic democracy, are we to sacrifice political democracy and individual liberty. As there is no profit motive in a Socialist planned economy, Government controls all factors of production and factories are run by Government-appointed 'managers.' These paid officials cannot be expected to be as much interested in efficiency as the proprietor-managers. Red Tape too interferes with smooth working. Apart from delays and inefficiency, bureaucratic control of the factors of production is in itself an unsavoury thing. With a view to promoting the success of the 'Plan' and ensuring reasonable continuity in policy and administration, authority is likely to be delegated by the legislature and the executive to this soulless bureaucracy, with consequences we need not dilate upon. Total planning must ultimately mean the uncontrolled and uncontrollable arbitrariness of the State-appointed officials. As the operations of the 'Plan' extend, the bureaucracy too will extend its tentacles and in due course comprehend or circumscribe every aspect of the citizen's life. The emergence of such an administrative monster must prove an invitation to an adroit personality to jump on the monster's back, and by controlling the monster to establish a totalitarian regime. Even so ardent an evangelist of planning as Mr. H. D.

Dickinson acknowledges that "there is no doubt that a planned economy affords great opportunities to any dictator who manages to capture the planning machinery."

No Purely Economic Goals

Thus, apart from purely economic arguments like the lack of incentives, the abolition of private property, etc., the cardinal arguments against planning tend to have a moral and spiritual slant. Karl Jaspers the Existentialist philosopher has roundly told us that "it is an illusion to suppose that authoritative direction can be confined to economic questions; there are no purely economic goals." Man's outer life conditions his inner life; if his material circumstances are regulated, his entire life also is regulated in consequence. Total planning may raise the 'standard of living,' but to what end? If the process of planning is to involve the thorough regimentation of individual man so that he becomes a minute mechanism fulfilling a predetermined infinitesimal role in the Leviathan-structure of the State, his brain is valueless, his soul is atrophied, and he becomes as strictly useful and as wholly lifeless and insignificant as a nail or a screw in a giant machine. This is not human welfare, for there is neither life nor happiness here. In Mrs. Barbara Wootton's words, "Human Welfare' must not mean only 'material welfare.' It should as well imply social and moral welfare, for a condition of well-fed, well-clad and even well-entertained slavery is not an imaginary impossibility." There is one ominous fact to remember when we talk of the countries that have made a thundering success of economic planning. Is Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy an example to be imitated? What did their vaunted success lead to except a reign of terror, chronic insecurity for the many, and the unutterable horrors of the gas chambers and the concen-

tration camps? Of Russia we are told contradictory versions of Elysian happiness on the one hand and unrelieved misery on the other. But George Orwell has made our flesh creep by picturing in his *Nineteen Eighty-Four* the probable horrors of a totalitarian economy pushed to its extreme limits. In the face of all this, are we still bewitched by the promised splendours of a planned economy?

I have stated above in sharp contrast the case for and against planned economy. Prof. Schumpeter's view that the capitalistic system has outlived its utility and that the time is ripe for the emergence of a new system deserves to be respectfully considered. The easy and natural alternative to the anarchy of private enterprise seems to be for the State itself to take up the ownership of the factors of production and manufacture commodities in a rational way. But when we look at the matter closely, we realize that total planning means a thorough regimentation of the masses and the eventual total loss of human liberty and dignity.

Can we by any means at once keep the cake of political democracy, yet nibble at the cake by resorting to economic planning? Or must we really choose between the devil of total planning and the deep sea of rotting capitalism? A democracy like India is wedded to free speech, free elections, and party government. Theoretically speaking, a government lasts only as long as it enjoys the confidence of the Parliament. It may be forced to resign any day, any time. Why should the successor-government be committed to continue the economic programmes of the outgoing government? The Attlee Government nationalised the steel industry; the Churchill Government reversed the policy of its predecessor. Where, then, is the place of 'planned economy' in a democratic set-up? How can a

democratic government launch a five year plan—let alone a series of five year plans—when its own life is precarious in the extreme? For successful planning and execution, a government should enjoy both stability and longevity; but it is this very stability and longevity that breeds dictatorship, either of an individual or of a caucus ruling in the name of a party. It looks as though it is impossible that we can enjoy both the freedoms of a sovereign democratic republic and the material advantages of a rigidly formulated and ruthlessly executed planned economy.

Virtues Of Mixed Economy

Even so, it is not the way of wisdom to view phenomena necessarily as polarised opposites, for in practice the world is not partitioned between white and black. The world is rather much of a brownness, with diverse shades, now light, now thick. Even as, in theory, there is something to be said in favour both of private enterprise and planned economy, so also most countries have today only mixed economies, though the proportion no doubt varies from country to country. Under a mixed economy, certain areas of production are owned and run by the State, while other areas are owned and run by private enterprise, although under the overall control of the State. Such a system can utilise the profit motive to enrich the nation and also adopt a limited planning technique for government enterprises. If statesmanship and administrative tact are wanting, in such a mixed economy production will fall between two stools and break its back; but if all goes well, then the nation and the citizen get the best of both worlds. Cooperation takes the place of coercion, accommodation forestalls expropriation, and neither the needs of the aggregate, the nation, nor the life-giving freedoms of the individual, the citizen, are sacrificed

Where certain rights are voluntarily surrendered, there is no aftermath of bitterness, and there will be pleasure and pride in the cooperative buildings of a common future. "If you are going to build a house," said Stalin, "you must economise and make sacrifices. Even more it is true if you are building a new society." But an imposed sacrifice, and an imposed cast-iron plan are more likely to build an imposing cemetery. Hence the need, as Gandhiji and Vinobaji have repeatedly urged, to work the change, the revolution, the new construction from *within*, rather than from *without*.

No system run by human beings can be wholly capitalistic or wholly socialistic or totally planned. There are unpredictables and imponderables in human life which are for ever beyond the purview of the planners. In the U.S.S.R., there are sectors like retail selling, etc., which are left to private enterprise. In the U. S. A., atomic power is controlled by the State, and the T. V. A. is a State-owned and State-run enterprise. There is a vast difference in degree between a country like the U. S. A. and a country like the U.S.S.R., but in a manner of speaking both have only mixed economies.

There is thus nothing wrong in a country like India desiring to adopt a mixed economy. We cherish our hard-won freedom, and we do not

wish to change the essential character of our sovereign democratic republic. But we wish also to achieve freedom from hunger, from squalor, from ignorance, and from idleness, for without these freedoms mere political freedom can have no meaning for long. We have to evolve a continuing central authority to plan our economic development, and we have at the same time to ensure the continuance of our political liberty and individual freedom. Is this impossible of achievement? Are we really trying to square the circle?

Let us be clear about this: democratic planning cannot be total planning. It cannot be wedded to any rigidity in ends or means. It should be based on discussion, not dictation. It should be as far as possible a national rather than a party affair. And popular support should be mobilised through informative and persuasive publicity. Considerations of prestige should not stand in the way of revision of the plan when such revision is demanded by the pressure of facts. Mistakes or miscarriages should be admitted, and the planners should avoid the language of omniscience and dogmatism. At every stage of its formulation and execution the plan should receive the general support of the lay public as well as the experts. All this must affect the speed of the advance, but the attendant safety is not to be despised.

PATRUDU'S

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ROADSIDE ROMEOS

READERS' VIEWS ON "INDIGNANT PARENT'S" INDICTMENT

(Here are a few out of many comments received from readers on "Indignant Parent's" letter in SWATANTRA (18th February 1956) under the title "Girl-Gazers and Girl-Chasers." It is regretted that more letters could not be published, and this correspondence is now closed. —Ed. S.)

A letter under the above caption appeared in SWATANTRA of 18th February. SAKA also has thrown some light on the subject in his Sidelights but has not offered a positive solution. VIGNESWARA gave his comments on this issue and showed remarkable commonsense. The issue was greatly discussed in "The Hindu." It may also be stated that the news about the conviction of a young man by the Chief Presidency Magistrate of Madras appeared in the "Free Press Journal" of Bombay under the heading "Roadside Romeos In Madras Too." This means that this nuisance exists not only in Madras but in Bombay too, in fact in almost all the cities and towns. As such, it calls for a remedy both at the hands of the State as also from society.

Every right thinking person sympathises with "Indignant Parent," and the learned Chief Presidency Magistrate deserves to be congratulated. The consensus of opinion expressed so far on the issue lays the blame wholly on the young men who are supposed to be students. I am afraid this is absolutely unjustified. It is wrong to hold young men alone responsible. I am of the firm opinion that young women are equally responsible. The following are the primary causes for this girl-gazing and girl-chasing: (i) the craze for higher education both in young men and young women; (ii) the urge to be ultra-modern; (iii) cheap and sexy literature; and (iv) dirty type of cinemas based on boy-meets-girl themes.

Professor Humayun Kabir was perfectly right when he said recently at Waltair that universities are now crowded with large numbers of young men and young women who have neither the requisite skill nor the necessary interest but merely go there because their parents could afford to provide them with higher

education. While such people crowd the university classes, an appreciable number of really meritorious young men are denied higher education because of lack of means. This indeed is a great loss to the country and must be avoided. It is, therefore, time that the purpose of university education is fully realised and university education, as Professor Kabir suggested, is made the prerogative of really able young men and young women who would play a notable part in society and enrich our culture. Thus the craze for higher education must be stopped.

While it is a fact that young men throng the thoroughfares gazing at the girls, it is also a fact that college-going girls go about in the streets in an ultra-modern fashion exhibiting their physical beauty with vanity bags in their hands. The Indian woman has all along been regarded as an embodiment of absolute modesty and grace. Our sophisticated college-going girls have set at naught the tradition of modesty and grace. They go about the shops in a bewitching manner. A modest lady, apart from not being an object for vicious gazing from men, would certainly command respect and courtesy even from those disposed to indulge in girl-gazing and girl-chasing.

The adverse results that cheap and sexy literature is producing on young and impressionable minds is too well known, and this too ought to be curbed with a heavy hand.

Really good pictures can be counted on one's fingers, but the craze for films is equally great among young men and women. I have come across cases of girls who have seen "Pakkinti Ammayi" (Telugu) and "Missamma" (Telugu) half a dozen times. In "Naukiri", produced by Sri Bimal Roy, the heroine, when her father asks her not to indulge in unnecessary private talks with young men

but to mind her studies, protests and says that he ought not to have sent her to college but ought to have locked her up in the house! It is this tendency that is now discernible in young women. Pictures of the above type are causing adverse results on impressionable minds and the girls are more susceptible. It is very essential that we strive for improvement in these matters so that our young men and women may learn to behave as responsible and decent citizens of India and discharge their social obligations.

S. V. SURYANARAYANA

Titilagarh (Orissa)

(ii)

Our Education Minister is perfectly right when he says: "It is a matter for internal regulation by the students themselves." Before throwing the blame squarely on the modern Don Juans of the colleges it must not be forgotten that the blame is equally to be shared by our modern Delilahs who excite the exuberant adolescence of the men students.

Modern girls need some good upbringing. College-buses, cricket-matches and cinemas are but frequent scenes of laughter, whistling and giggling on the part of our young maidens. We should have to admit that it is a psychological fact and a sociological impossibility that unless errors on the part of the lip-stick and powder goddesses are also fully eradicated, the alleged hooliganism of the men-students cannot stop altogether.

Let college students, both men and women, remember the words of the Father of our nation: "Innocent youth is a priceless possession not to be squandered away for the sake of momentary excitement miscalled pleasure."

A WELL-WISHING ALUMNUS

Madras

(iii)

It is wrong on the part of "Indignant Parent" to think that students misbehave without any cause. It is not wise to throw the blame solely on the male students. If male students are so bad why should he send his daughter to a men's college when there are so many Women's colleges? Even though separate compartments are provided for women in

the trains, no educated girl nowadays enters any of them. Their tendency is to mix with and attract the other sex. The lady students, in snobs and powders, appear among the male students like actresses in indecent fashions from the film field, cause a flutter in the male students. Innocence is nobody's monopoly. Without going deep into matters it is not advisable for "Indignant Parent" to say that all the male students misbehave as girl-chasers.

A STUDENT

Gollaprolu

(iv)

I do really admit that some boy students exhibit very low manners. But I have to stoutly protest when "Indignant Parent" makes a sweeping statement casting aspersion on all the boy students.

A few months ago our revered Prime Minister when he visited Madras condemned lack of discipline in North Indian students and felt satisfied with the orderly life in the South. Our learned Vice-Chancellor who is in touch with the pulse of university students in and outside India has stated that the behaviour of the students in Madras is by far better than that of all their counterparts in India. In the light of these compliments which bear testimony to the general good behaviour of our students, I request parents in Madras not to be carried away by the base behaviour of a minority of students who of course deserve to be reprimanded and punished.

V. VENKATARAMAN

Madras

(v)

With all reverence and respect to the "Indignant Parent" who has let off considerable steam, why did he not call the attention of the "efficient and helpful police" to stop the vulgar exhibition of lewdness at the Stadium but seal his impatient lips.

In America, it was reported in the Press that a thoughtless Negro boy was thrashed to death by the "civilised whites" for having (unconsciously) wolf-whistled at an American girl. Nobody, we can be confident, wants such doses of punishment to be administered here.

The thorns of these rowdy elements in the rose of the student community need to be carefully removed and there is no use in crushing the rose. That will be setting fire to the whole house for killing the bugs!

In the hard and wild hunt for the wolves, innocents may undergo mortifying experience at the hands of our very intelligent police force. Moreover, if we are to proceed on such lines, alas, love (at first sight) may become a thing of the past and be gradually forgotten. That state of affairs will not be desirable! At least to have a holy remembrance of this sacred thing, and to encourage literature we should be a bit humane in our treatment of the thoughtless who cast timid glances at "beauty" and be severe on the habitual offenders, who exceed the pale.

AN EX-STUDENT

(vi)

Rajaji has often said that one possessed by anger does not see reason and truth. Hence "Indignant Parent"

ought to have first suppressed his indignation before writing to the Press about 'Girl-gazers and Girl-chasers'. For then he would not have called our students and educated youngmen cads, loafers and ruffians for merely gazing at a pretty, young woman. What is after all a fly has been called a crocodile and measures suggested to fight the menace of it. Kings and queens and rishis of old were victims of attraction and it some among the present-day youth and in the present-day relationship between man and woman, indulge in acts that are in violation of strict moral principles, the situation does not call for Government interference or police action. As the Madras Education Minister has observed "it is a matter for internal regulation by the students themselves." The home and the school are the temples where character is moulded and right manners inculcated into the minds of the youth.

R. JWALANARASIMHAM.

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BRITAIN YIELDS THE GALLOWS

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: Amidst scenes of tremendous drama, Britain moved on February 16 to pull down the gallows, at least for an experimental period. This would leave France as the only other country in Western Europe to retain capital punishment.

The end came when the House of Commons voted by 292 to 246 that "the death penalty for murder no longer accords with the needs of the true interests of a civilised society, and calls upon Her Majesty's Government to introduce forthwith legislation for its abolition or for its suspension for an experimental period."

This had been a "free" vote, with Conservative M. Ps. able to vote as their consciences dictated. It had been known that the bulk of Conservatives would vote to retain capital punishment and the bulk of Labour to abolish it. But how many Conservatives, particularly among the newcomers, would support abolition? The *Daily Express* had reported on February 8 that "between 30 and 40 Tory back-benchers have served notice that they are prepared to vote against" the Eden Government's decision to retain capital punishment "even to the extent of defying a three-line whip." What was not realized at the time was that revulsion against capital punishment had gained substantial ground among Government Ministers, particularly the intellectually-inclined types closest to Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. R. A. Butler. The following pursued the usual etiquette of abstaining from voting for a policy with which they disagreed: Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of Labour Iain Macleod, Minister of Agriculture Heathcoat Amory, Mi-

nister of State for Foreign Affairs Anthony Nutting and five others.

To prevent this tide from washing out capital punishment completely, the Government had announced, on February 9 that it would propose a modification. It seized on proposals in a pamphlet written by nine Conservative lawyers which would retain the death penalty only for the "worst" murderers, those killing police officers while discovered committing a crime.

Under the existing law forty or so people were found guilty each year of murder, of whom about three quarters were normally reprieved and only a dozen or so hung. The Government sought to retain hanging as a deterrent for only the half-dozen "worst" murderers. But it had fallen too far behind informed public opinion.

Half an hour before the historic division, in a packed and excited chamber, Lord Privy Seal R. A. Butler gave M. Ps. a clear indication that the Government would act on their decision by a free vote after the dramatic debate.

Never had the result of a debate remained in such doubt to the final seconds. During the eight minutes while the first vote was taken on the Government's motion to retain a modified capital punishment the suspense in the chamber was almost unbearable. Then it was seen that, of the four tellers, it was abolitionist Geoffrey de Freitas who held the result. That showed the result had gone against the Government—as it had. The abolitionist majority of 31 was exactly the majority in favour of keeping capital punishment when the issue was last debated a year before. The second vote gave a majority of 46 for the motion proposed

by three Labourites and three Conservatives to abolish or suspend capital punishment.

While Labour members stood in their places waving order papers, cheering or congratulating diminutive Sydney Silverman, the indefatigable veteran opponent of capital punishment, three glum figures sat on the Treasury Bench. They were Major Gwilym Lloyd George, the Home Secretary, Lord Privy Seal, R. A. Butler and the Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden. The House including 57 Conservatives had flouted the advice of the first two to retain a modified system of capital punishment. Sir Anthony, by remaining in the House for virtually the whole time, had shown the exceptional importance he attached to the debate.

When the votes were over Mr. Chuter Ede, the former Labour Home Secretary who had made the opening speech supporting abolition—and confessing he felt he had erred in condemning Evans to death for a crime he now believed Christie to have committed, rose amid sudden silence and asked Sir Anthony:

"In view of this decisive vote, may we take it that the Government will take steps to implement the decision?"

Sir Anthony replied carefully, to the annoyance of the impatient: "You can be assured that the Government will give full weight at once to a decision taken by this House on a free vote. But I must add that we will at the earliest possible opportunity make a considered statement of the consequences which will flow from that."

He did not want to answer immediately whether the Government would sponsor an abolition bill & could not support, or give the right-of-way to private member's bill already introduced by abolitionist Sydney Silverman.

It was still uncertain as to how the

House of Lords would react. In 1948, when the Commons last voted for an experimental five-year suspension of the death penalty, they were thwarted by the dogged opposition of the upper house.

But since then there had been a dramatic shift in public opinion. In 1948 only 26% of the cross-section polled by the Gallup Poll had favoured suspending the death penalty for five years, with 66% against it. By February 1956, 45% of those polled favoured abolishing the death sentence for an experimental period of five years. Another 39% favoured retaining the death penalty only for the worst cases. (*News Chronicle*, February 10, 1956). This shift in opinion was a result of a number of dramatic murder trials, sensationally featured by the popular press, in which the law on murder had been brought into disrepute. In the Bentley case one of a pair of juvenile delinquents shot and killed a policeman but was not hung because under-age; his companion, who had already surrendered, was hung for this crime. In two sensational attempts by women on their lovers, one woman who only wounded her lover was let off with a few months' imprisonment; the other, whose aim was better, hung for her *crime passionnel*. In the famous Evans and Christie cases, Evans hung for a crime which many, including the Home Secretary of the time, Chuter Ede, felt had been committed by Christie. All these and a number of other cases were cited by M. Ps. during the dramatic debate.

Worse than the annual "judicial murder" by hanging of a dozen persons found guilty and unreprieved was the impact on the rest of the population. The popular press catered to the morbid and hysterical suspense excited by hanging, interesting even children. "The head master of a school near me told me that on the morning of the execu-

tion (of Ruth Ellis) he went into the playground and four boys under 11 years old were standing still. One had a watch in his hand. One boy was saying, 'Only four minutes and she is going to swing . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . she has had it boys,' " recounted one M. P.

Even this might have been tolerated by some of the Conservative M. Ps. had not a Royal Commission, after studying capital punishment for years, published a report in which it concluded that it had no visible deterrent effect on murder. The countries which had abolished it had suffered no increase in capital crimes, not even against policemen, which seemed to be the main fear of the

British Government. Strange as it may seem, the principal reason why the Government felt it had to retain hanging was to avoid the necessity of the police carrying arms. Unless the hardened criminal were deterred by capital punishment, it was argued, he would kill unarmed policemen if discovered. But in Sweden, which has had no capital punishment since 1921, no one can remember a policeman ever having been killed by a criminal. But in Britain, with capital punishment 19 police and prison officers have been killed in the first fifty years of this century. Little wonder this ineffective deterrent has been abandoned.



Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, Indian Editor and Publisher of New York and his party were invited backstage at the Holiday Theatre, where the Dublin Theatre success "The Righteous Are Bold" produced and directed by Eddie Dowling is playing.

In this picture seated from left to right are seen, Dr. Indira Krupanidhi, niece of Dr. Krishnayya now resident physician at New York St. Luke's hospital, Mrs. Ragubale Rao, Miss Irene Hayes, the star of the play, and Mrs. Ramachandra Achar. Standing left to right are seen Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, Dr. Ramachandra Achar now resident physician at New York St. Luke's hospital, Mr. Dennis O'Dea the co-star who since 1929 has been a leading theatrical figure of Dublin's Abbey theatre, Mr. Ragubale Rao, son of the Zamindar of Venkatagiri now studying at Columbia University.

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PROSPECTS OF ATOMIC POWER IN INDIA

By Dr. U. ASWATHANARAYANA

THE world consumption power has recorded a spectacular increase during the last hundred years. It had been estimated that while in the 18½ centuries after Christ, mankind consumed only some nine Q of energy (Q corresponding to a large unit of power equivalent to the combustion energy of 33,000 million tons of coal), 5 Q of energy has been used up during the last hundred years alone. It is obvious that programmes of industrial expansion that will be undertaken by the various countries to enhance the standards of living of the people will mean a rapidly rising rate of consumption of power. On a conservative estimate, world population would have gone up to at least 3500 millions by 2000 A.D. The world will then need about 9000 milliard (thousand million) kilowatt hours a year, which is equivalent to about 7.5 milliard tons of coal. As against this expected demand, the world reserves of power (in terms of milliard tons of coal equivalent) from the conventional sources are estimated as follows: Coal and lignite: 3000; oil and natural gas: 300; oil shales and tar sands: 150, to which can be added the contribution from hydro-electricity at the rate of 2.5 per annum. An important assumption has been made in working out the world reserves of fuels, namely, that it will be possible to exploit the fuel deposits in the most isolated regions to an intensity similar to that in the United States. Technological advances may well make this possible. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the reserves of conventional fuels of the world will not last for more than a few centuries. To quote Robinson and

Daniel, "There is no task more important than to ensure that the dramatic advance of human race over the past 200 years is not reversed over the next 200 years because of the exhaustion of fuels which gave the opportunity for it."

The world is therefore clearly in need of a new source of energy. The proceedings of the Geneva Conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy have clearly demonstrated that nuclear power is capable of making a significant contribution to the power resources of the world. Dr. Bhabha estimates that the amount of energy that can be liberated from the recoverable world reserves of Uranium and Thorium is of the order of 1700 Q or equivalent to the combustion energy of 56,100,000 million tons of coal. This spectacular reserve of power is capable of providing the energy necessary to maintain and improve the standards of living of all the countries for several centuries to come. Paradoxically enough, a ton of granite has got more fuel value than a ton of coal for the reason that though uranium occurs in very small amounts (of the order of a few parts per million) the power that can be generated from it by fission is immensely more than the thermal power that can be obtained from the coal. The conventional fuels, like coal and petroleum, are spread out in the world in a very haphazard way. While certain countries like the U.S. have been blessed with large quantities of these fuels, countries like Australia have hardly any reserves. Fortunately, in the case of uranium, there is more or less an even distribution. As a consequence,

no country will be able to claim a monopoly of fissionable materials and undoubtedly that will be a factor in favour of maintenance of international peace.

Energy Pattern In India

While the per capita consumption of power in India is 2.7 megawatts/year (equivalent to about $\frac{1}{2}$ ton of coal), corresponding figures for U.K. and U.S.A. are 36.6 megawatts (about 5 tons of coal) and 65 megawatts (about 9 tons of coal). The rate of power consumption of a community is directly related to its productivity and standard of living. This will be clear when it is stated that a man, unaided, will not be able to turn out more than $\frac{1}{4}$ K.W.H. of useful work per day. So if an industrialised Western nation uses 20 Kw per day per head, it means each individual is using as much power as would have been got by the labour of 40 slaves. While 80% of the world's power is drawn from coal, $\frac{1}{2}$ % from hydro-electricity and 15% from agricultural waste, India gets only 20 to 25% of her power requirements from coal, 1% from hydro-electricity and as much as 75% from agricultural waste. India has significant hydro-electric power potential, estimated at 30 to 45 million K.W. Even if this source is fully developed, it can supply only one-fifth to one-seventh of the power that we are getting from agricultural waste including cowdung which, incidentally, is consumed at an annual rate of 224 million tons of coal. At the present rate of coal consumption, the reserves will last for about 200 years. However, the per capita consumption of power in the U. S. is equivalent to 9 tons of coal and so if India wants to attain and maintain herself at the present living standards of the U. S. her reserves of coal will be exhausted in about 20 years' time.

As against the situation obtaining in the case of conventional fuels, India's reserves of thorium and uranium are estimated at 180,000 tons

and 15,000 tons respectively. Their fuel value is equivalent to 600,000 million tons of coal or more than 15 times the known coal reserves. There is little doubt that our actual reserves of U and Th are significantly more than the above figures and even if no more deposits of fissionable materials are found, the power potential of known reserves will still be very significant.

Economics Of Nuclear Power

An atomic power station, otherwise known as power reactor, costs 50% more than a conventional coal-fired station of the same capacity. It has been estimated that the cost of building a nuclear power station ranges between Rs. 1500 to Rs. 2000 (depending upon the scheme) per K. W. of installed capacity. Some put this figure as low as 1250 for K. W. As against this, coal-fired stations are estimated to cost about Rs. 900 per K. W. and hydro-power at Rs. 1350 per K. W. While the capital investment on an atomic power station is clearly higher than conventional power stations, the running costs are much less for an atomic power station. A small amount of nuclear fuel will serve to run an atomic power station for a long time and enormous savings are made by way of transport charges. It must, however, be added that atomic power can never be cheaper than hydro-power.

In countries like U. K. and India, atomic power can compete favourably with power from coal-fired stations even now. The estimated cost of atomic power at seven millidollars per K. W. h. is lower than the average cost of thermal power in Britain. According to the present plans, Britain will be drawing two-thirds of its power requirements from nuclear energy by 1985. The average cost of power in India is about 1 anna per K. W. h. and it has been estimated that a 2000 K. W. h. reactor will be able to provide power at 2½ annas per K. W. h. In areas in our coun-

try which are remote from coal deposits and hydro-power stations, power at this rate is acceptable.

Hydro-electric power cannot be transported economically for more than 100 miles and in the case of coal-fired stations, large amounts of fuels will have to be regularly transported for running the station. Thus the most important consideration in favour of nuclear power is that the cost of power does not depend upon where it is produced. Nuclear power therefore makes it possible for industries to thrive in areas which do not possess conventional power resources. In parts of South and Central India, Assam and Gujarat, nuclear power can compete with other modes

of power production even at this state of development of nuclear technology and will be able to promote industries which require an abundance of cheap power. The rapid advances that are being made in the field of reactor technology will undoubtedly bring down the installation and running costs of nuclear power stations. Without minimising the immensity of the technological problems that have yet to be surmounted, it can be stated that in two decades the cost of a nuclear power station will come down to the level of a coal-fired station and nuclear power will form a major part of the power consumed in the various parts of the world, including India.

Life Insurance Nationalisation A Political Stunt

BY K. R. MALKANI

IN his broadcast to the nation the Finance Minister justified the nationalisation of Life Insurance on two grounds, viz the malpractices of the insurance companies and the Government's need for more funds to carry through the second Five Year Plan.

There is corruption everywhere. There is nepotism everywhere. There are malpractices everywhere. Are we therefore to nationalise everything? Perhaps nowhere in the country is there greater corruption, nepotism and inefficiency than in the Government. Would that be a sufficient reason for abolishing the Government and liquidating it? The Government had perhaps greater control over the insurance business than over any other sphere of private business. If there were malpractices in the insurance business, the Government is as guilty for it as the insurance managements. Evidently it failed to perform properly its function of supervision vested in it by law.

The Finance Minister's other argument about more resources for the Second Plan is no less doubtful. The Insurance Act of 1938 requires life insurance companies to invest not less than 55% of their assets in gilt-edge securities. Actually the Indian and foreign life insurance companies have 64% and 71% respectively of their assets invested in these Government securities! If the Government was not satisfied even with this percentage it could have raised it to 75 or 80%. What then was the excuse for nationalisation? The whole thing smacks too much of a political stunt.

The Government will probably end the present overlapping of effort of competing insurance companies. It might set up a single consolidated life office in every town or mohalla. This will save money—and of course throw thousands of agents and others out of work. But if experience is any guide, the staff in the new insurance offices will snowball as in all Government offices. Have the Government made such a success of its Postal life insurance to justify its dabbling in this sensitive business of the country's entire life insurance?

Competing companies are anxious to increase business. They are prompt in payments in order to impress policyholders and attract more business. What incentive will Government insurance offices have to increase business and expedite payment? Also, to the extent the Government divert more funds to Government securities—which bear a lower rate of interest than shares in private business—the income on investments will decline and so necessitate the charging of higher premiums to policy-holders. Nationalised life insurance may, therefore, easily prove more costly and less efficient!

If Government can nationalise insurance—which was one of the better managed of private businesses—it might nationalise banking, steel, textiles, jute, sugar, and even housing, plumbing, plastics and cosmetics. Who, in these circumstances, will invest money in pioneer efforts and slow yielding businesses? We accuse our capitalists of being speculative, wanting quick profits. This is partly true. But the reason lies at least partly with governmental policies. It is the insecurity inherent in the threat of nationalisation which persuades businessmen to make hay while the sun shines. It is for the Government to make it clear that the sun shall shine on for ever, if they want private business to behave more responsibly.

The effect of insurance nationalisation on foreign capital may be even more serious. No country has an over-abundance of capital—not even U. K. or U. S. A. They can very profitably invest in their own country all the money they can save. On the other hand our second Plan is drafted in the expectation that foreign capital to the tune of Rs. 700 crores will be invested here during the second Plan period. Foreign capital which is going to lose Rs. 9 crores annually as a result of life insurance nationalisation will think

ten times before it enters our uncertain country. Not all the extra money that the Government may possibly get from nationalised life business can conceivably make up for the loss of private and foreign investment bound to be caused by shaken confidence.

The Press is prominently publishing the happy reactions of insurance employees to the nationalisation ordinance. I fear this welcome is not relevant to the issue. Employees of perhaps every single trade, industry or business would welcome nationalisation. And why shouldn't they? It will mean so little work, and so much more security. Would the Government therefore nationalise every single aspect of economic life? The argument of workers welcome can easily be reduced to absurdity.

Why, then, have the Government nationalised life insurance?

The decision, I fear, has been taken more out of enthusiasm than on the basis of information. "Nationalisation" is somehow a fashionable slogan, supposed to be "progressive." The general elections are only some months away. Why not play to the gallery? "After us the deluge" comes as naturally to the Congress as it did to the Bourbons.

... the Welfare State has damped down the spirit of self-help and independence. I suggest that our great social need today is for a policy that would combine the essential virtues of the Welfare State with encouragement to all to do their duty towards the State and to do what is practicable to satisfy their own needs independently of State help. As Bernard Shaw put into the mouth of the daughter in 'Mrs. Warren's Profession': 'People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances they want and, if they can't find them, make them'. It is a pleasure to quote Shaw when he wrote like Samuel Smiles.—CLAUDE MULLINS in a B.B.S. talk.

VALUES IN ANDHRA CULTURE

By K. PARTHASARATHY

CULTURE is an expression of values. It is a mirror which reflects the personality of an individual or a people. Culture implies civilization but civilization is not culture. While many a civilization has perished, the light of a great culture has always penetrated far deep into time and guided the faltering steps of its posterity.

A keen and discriminating study of the history of the Andhras, reveals that "synthesis" is the key of Andhra culture.

The Andhras originally belonged to an Aryan tribe who were excommunicated from the Aryan fold, probably for laxity in life. The 'Aitereya Brahmana' belonging to Rigveda and dating back to 1,000 B.C. mentions clearly about Andhras. The Brahmana explains how Andhras were cursed and were grouped with the Dravidian tribes, like Pundra, Pulinda, Mutiba and Sabara, inhabiting the Vindhya regions. To this day, the Sabaras, or Savaras are part of the Andhra people found in Visakhapatnam district. The river Sabari, a tributary of the Godavari, seems to be named after them. History asserts that the Andhras on their move to the Vindhya regions came in contact and mixed freely with the Telugu or Tenugu people, who were the children of the soil and belonged to a Dravidian tribe. Tenugu means 'the people to the south.' The word 'Telugu' seems to be sanskritised into Trilinga, meaning 'the land of three siva-lingas'. The three great Saivaite shrines found even now at Draksharama in East Godavari district, Kaleswaram in Karimnagar district and Sri Sailam in Kurnool district, remind one of the historical origin of the word 'Trilinga', meaning the land of the

three lingas. The mention of 'Trilingon' by Ptolemy the Greek philosopher who lived about 130 A.D. lends respectable antiquity to the word Trilinga.

In short the fusion of the expelled Andhras from the Aryan-fold with the Dravidian Tailang or Telugu people, inhabiting the eastern coast of the Vindhyas, has produced the modern Andhras and evidently they are equally of Aryan and Dravidian social origin.

The evidence of a fusion of races is clearly visible even in the Telugu language. Telugu originally belonged to the Dravidian family of languages. But it borrowed its word material heavily from Sanskrit and Prakrit, the dialects of the Andhras, when they got merged completely with the Telugus. It imbibed the Sanskrit language to such an extent that the older grammarians considered it to be an offshoot of Sanskrit. Modern philology has however corrected this mistaken notion. History clarifies that Prakrit was the court language, the language of inscriptions and literature under the Satavahanas, the Ikshavakus, the early Pallavas and the Salankayanas who were all Andhras. The Vishnu Kunds greatly patronised Sanskrit. It was only with the advent of the Eastern Chalukyas that Telugu was admitted as the language of the court and inscriptions. The Andhras had great admiration for Aryan culture and it was reflected in profuse brilliance in all their literature and for four centuries during the time of the Eastern Chalukyas Telugu incessantly laboured to bring out the best works of Sanskrit into itself. Great poets and master-minds like Nannaya, Tikana and Potana captured the sublime spirit of Sanskrit works like

Mahabharata and Bhagavata and other classical treatises and rendered them into free yet profound translations. This was not due to lack of original creative faculty on the part of the great Andhra poets and thinkers but due to their great and sincere ambition to perpetuate "the unity of Indian culture in all its totality and pristine glory." Further they also produced independent works wherein the sparkling genius of the Andhras is sharply transparent. In addition to this, the Andhra Saivite poets have produced an independent literature of their own, of excellent worth. But from the Vijayanagar period onwards, Telugu marked out a new line of progress in pursuance of its ever creative genius.

The synthetic nature of Andhra culture is further visible in their religious and social customs and manners. The Dravidian concepts of religion like worship of Siva and his consort, and worship of serpents and trees flourished side by side with the Vedic Dharma which struck deep roots in Andhra. In marriage while the Brahmins and higher castes adopt the Vedic ritual and mantras, the bulk of the people follow indigenous customs and rituals. A most popular and cherished matrimonial relationship called "Menarikamu", marrying the daughter of one's mother's brother, an indigenous custom, and is widely prevalent both among the Brahmin and non-Brahmin communities. This custom is as ancient as the Eastern Chalukya kings.

Turning to politics, the Andhras count among the prominent empire-builders in India and they have exhibited an acumen for political organisation. Lust for conquest and dominion was not their motive. The first chapter of empire-building by the Andhras was in the time of the powerful and glorious Satavahanas who ruled the major part of South India and part of North India

for four centuries. Upon the fall of the imperial Mauryas, India was thrown into a vortex of confusion and chaos by the invading hordes of Sakas, Yavanas and Pahlavas. Next the very existence of Vedic Dharma was greatly threatened by Buddhism. It was at such a critical juncture that the Satavahana Andhras appeared on the stage and established a well consolidated empire by checking the depredation of foreign invaders and striking deep a policy of foresighted toleration and reconciliation which is a hallmark of Andhra culture. From the Satavahanas down to the late Nayaks of Madura, this spirit of toleration and reconciliation is revealed as a guiding principle and it was greatly characteristic of Andhra rule. As to the might of the Andhras, Megasthenes says in his Indika: "Next come the Andhras, a still more powerful race, which possesses numerous villages and thirty towns, defended by walls and towers and which supplies its king with an army of 1,00,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry and 1,000 elephants."

The Kakatiya and Reddi kingdoms of the Andhras which preceded the Vijayanagar period served as great bastions of Hindu Dharma. But with the fall of these kingdoms, the Muslim rulers of the Bhamani kingdom offered a serious challenge to Hindu religion. The Andhras took up the gauntlet and the great Vijayanagar empire was the answer to this challenge and this was the second time the Andhras forged out yet another great empire on the anvil of history. The Andhras wisely joined hands with the people of Karnataka and together defended Vedic Dharma for centuries. The greatness of Vijayanagar from the material and moral aspects is proverbial. The Andhras had a talent to unite among themselves and organize other people for great achievements. It is common knowledge that the Maharattas under Shivajee drew inspiration from Vijayanagar.

In the realm of religion and phi-

losophy, the Andhras have produced works of the first magnitude. The great Andhra philosopher, Nagarjunacharya, lived at Nagarjunakonda in Guntur district in the last days of the Satavahanas and acted the part of "Martin Luther of India" in reviving Buddhism, at a time when narrow dogmatism ate into the very vitals of it. He founded the Mahayana Buddhism and gave it a long lease of life in India. But for Nagarjuna Buddhism would have disappeared from Indian soil in the early centuries of the Christian era. He was not only a great philosopher but a great chemist and a profound humanitarian. He got inscribed on public pillars rules of health for public welfare. What Asoka did for the minds of men, he did for their bodies. As he conceived the truth, the body is a temple in which the spirit lives. Nagarjunacharya is a name to conjure with in the field of Indian philosophy. He was not only a great reviver of Buddhism but the founder of the Bhakthi cult. Even a great personality like Shankaracharya, the enunciator of Advaita philosophy, learned his Mayavada from the Sunyavada of Nagarjunacharya.

Kumarila Bhattacharya, the great Andhra missionary of Vedic Dharma, flourished in the 7th century A.D. He popularised a keen and correct study of the Vedas and even to this day the Andhra Brahmins are noted for their correct intonation in the chanting of Vedas. Vallabhacharya, a Telugu Brahmin born in 1479 A.D., is known as the Chaitanya of the Andhras. His philosophy, known as "Pustivada," spread the gospel of Krishna Bhakti in the north and west of India.

In the realm of literature, the Andhras have produced rare master minds and masterpieces. Foremost to deserve mention is the "Gadha Saptasati Kavya," a great collection of verses in Prakrit composed at the instance of the Satavahana monarch Hala. It reflects the life of the Andhras in all their romance and

pathos. The Brihat Katha, written by Gunadhya under the patronage of a Satavahana king, is another great work in Prakrit.

Apastamba, an Andhra sage and law-giver, besides being the greatest writer on Dharma Sastras, also wrote on 'Silpasutras' in Sanskrit and laid the foundation for Indian geometry. The great Sanskrit dramatist Bhavabhuti is claimed by some on very authentic grounds to be an Andhra. Dignagacharya, the great Buddhist philosopher, dialectician and dramatist also flourished in Andhra. In commentary-writing the Andhras carved a niche for themselves in the heart of history. Mallinatha's commentary on 'Kalidasa' is universally acclaimed as the best. The Reddi kings, Kataya Vema, Kumaragiri, Peda Komoti Vema and the Velama king Singa Bhupala were all proficient writers in Sanskrit. Vidyanaatha and Panditaraya Jagannatha were conspicuous writers on Sanskrit poetics. Emperor Shajahan and Dara Sheeko had great regard for Panditaraya Jagannatha's prodigious memory and patronized him most honourably.

Art reveals the genius and culture of a people. The aesthetic soul of a nation is enshrined in its art and the Andhras have left a great legacy in the field of art. In the words of Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, those who carved deep out of the solid rock cells for themselves and temples for their gods, which are even to-day the admiration of the world must have had great vision of mind, skill of hand and strength of spirit.

Architecture was the preoccupation of the Andhras wherever solid rock was available. Under the Satavahanas, Buddhism was the motive that inspired Andhra architects. The Sanchi stupa in Central India, and the great Amaravati stupa near Guntur are a few of the monuments which immortalize the artistic genius of the Andhras. The stupa at Bhatiprolu is a colossal brick structure

revealing the height of the ambition of the Andhras for art. Nagarjuna-konda named after the great Andhra philosopher Nagarjunachari, lying in Krishna valley, treasures innumerable gems of architecture. The later Kakatiyas of Warangal were great builders in stone. The exquisite temple of Ramappa at Palampet, where the science of dance was engraved on leaves of stone is a monumental creation of the later Kakatiyas of Warangal.

The ruins of Hampi constitute an elegy in stone. They are a masterpiece in stone of vision and skill blended in matchless unity. The immensity and omnipotence of God, the glory and grandeur of Vijayanagar all pervade with a haunting austerity the desolate yet live atmosphere of the Hampi ruins. They remind man of beauty in desolation and greatness in ruin. As Masefield sings of the past glories of Troy:

*The Atlanteans have not died,
Immortal things still give us dream
The dream that fires man's heart
to make
To build, to do, to sing or say
A beauty death can never take.*

In the fine art of painting, the earliest cave paintings at Ajanta reveal the gift of the Andhras for "harmony and endurance of colours." The paintings at Macharla in Palnad and at Lepakshi in Anantapur district are a few great remnants of their painting art. The makers of the Kondapalli dolls, to this day, keep burning the light of this great painting tradition.

Again Andhra gave proof of great originality in the arts of dance and music. "Abhinaya Darpana" of Nandi Keswara, a rare work on dance is available only in the Telugu country. Another great manual on the art of dance known as "Nritta Ratnavali" was composed by Jayapa Senani, the brother-in-law of the Kakatiya

emperor Ganapati Deva and the commander of his elephant forces. The theory of dance as enunciated by Jayapa Senani is worked out into beautiful, lively images treasured in Ramappa temple at Pallampet. The dance-masters of Kuchipudi, a village in Krishna district, have kept alive to this day the tenets of Nritta Ratnavalli of Jayapa Senani. They have popularised this art in South India and they are great exponents of Bharata Natya in its classical purity.

In the field of music, the Andhras have contributed much to Indian culture. The Telugu language is pre-eminently suited for music. Even foreigners have described it as the Italian of the East. Karnataka Sangeetha was first evolved in Andhra and perfected there. During the Vijayanagar period, it took a definite shape and great strides. Swarna Mela Kalanidhi, the first great work on Karnatic music, written by a great scholar named Ramayamatya, was devoutly patronised by Aliya Ramaraya of Vijayanagar. Raghunatha Nayaka, the Telugu ruler of Tanjore, was himself a pre-eminent musician. Venkatamakhi, a profound scholar, at the instance of Raghunatha Nayak composed "Chaturdandi Prakashika," a great work in music. Annamacharya's sweet *sankirtanas* were inscribed on plates of copper. He lived in Tirupathi and was a great Vaishnava devotee of Venkateswara. The next great master was Kshetrappa whose poetic out-pourings of melody. "Gopala Padamulu" are household words throughout Andhra. Last but not least in importance was the great Bhakta, Thyagaraja Swami. His name shines like a beacon light in the music world. Great contemporary artists of the south reverently follow his footprints on the sands of time. The *tarangas* in Sanskrit of the Andhra saint Narayana contest the palm with the songs of Jayadeva.

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This survey of Andhra culture would be incomplete without a reference to its spread abroad. The spirit of adventure was dominant in the Andhras and they took to the sea from the pre-Christian era. Thick forests near the coast supplied excellent wood for ship-building. The Buddhistic Jatakas contain many references to the ports on the Andhra coast. During the Satavahana period ships laden with goods sailed to Rome in the distant west and to China in the east. Buddhism inspired ocean voyages of Andhra Buddhist missionaries to distant lands and countries of the East and the islands of the Pacific. Andhra culture sailed along with Andhra religion and commerce. Names of places like Trilinga, Amaravati, Kakulam, Simhapura occurring in countries like Burma, Siam,

Indo-China, Malaya and the islands of Java, Sumatra and Borneo reveal the mark of Andhra culture in these regions. The inscriptions of Java contain innumerable references to the Salivahana era. The great stupa at Borobudur in Java was modelled on the art of the Sangraharama stupa at Amaravati in Guntur district. In the words of Dr. Subramaniam, the colonial expansion of the Andhras, civilised savage tribes in Greater India, gave them a new religion, art and literature and created a zest in them for a higher life.

Synthesis is the key note of Andhra culture. Andhra stands as a bridge between North and South India, between Aryan and Dravidian cultures. In short it is a clearing house of cultures with a brilliant stamp peculiar to its own genius.

CULTURE AND THE CULT OF THE IMAGE

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

PARIS. The reign of the image is, today, almost universal. It is mostly through the eye that the communication of ideas and events takes place—through the films, television and the poster and through illustrated books and periodicals of all sorts. Even the text books in schools and colleges are now largely dependent on illustration.

This state of things was to some extent foreseen more than a hundred years ago by the poet Wordsworth. In a sonnet entitled "Illustrated books and newspapers" written in 1846 he exclaims: "Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute must lacquey a dumb art." In some ways the sonnet is quite prophetic of what was eventually to take place. Since Wordsworth's day the image has gone on gaining ground until it is now more or less in possession of the arena. The word as the sole means of communication is being slowly pushed from this position until it is often little more than a brief commentary to illustration. Nearly all the big bookshops, that formerly displayed little but texts, are now almost completely stocked with illustrated editions containing colour reproductions of museum art. The public now insists on illustration.

One can well imagine how Wordsworth would have reacted had he been suddenly confronted with all this. It does not speak very highly of the early Victorian art with which he was acquainted when he had fears that it would take us "back towards caverned life's first rude career!" And yet twenty years before this Baudelaire, a poet much more advanced in such matters than his English contemporary, had started the cult of the image and laid the

foundation of modern art criticism. In this respect Baudelaire can be considered to be a forerunner of the 20th century. And yet Wordsworth was perhaps not altogether wrong. In some countries the films, television and the illustrated press are very busy broadcasting vulgarity and crime of one sort or another. Their influence is so powerful that for a long time it will counteract all attempts made to enlighten or raise the minds of the masses. The present-day craze for art and the image has been very ably explained by Prof. Rene Huyghe of the College de France. The civilization of the book, he tells us, came to an end with the 19th century, and made way for the civilization of the image. He considers that this momentous change has been brought about by the sudden speeding up of life all over the world. It is only the image that can convey its message in an immediate and simultaneous way.

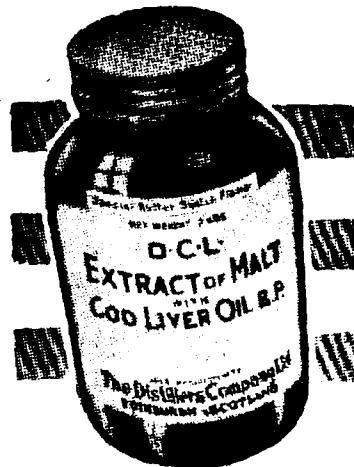
It is possible to become acquainted with the total life work of an artist such as Van Gogh in a hundredth part of the time required to make a study of Balzac which might involve the reading through of sixty five volumes. The old leisurely way of life which permitted many to acquire a profound culture of one sort or another has gone and in its place we find the universal rush of the machine. Indeed the machine is not only killing out the intelligence, as in the case of the Taylor system, it is now beginning to run its creator off his feet. At the present moment immense robot factories in which there are no workers are being erected in America. Bertrand Russell thought that these factories would prove more dangerous than the

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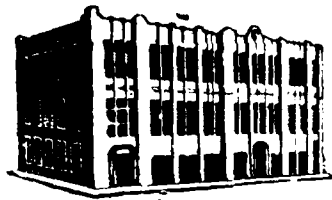
bomb, since they would eventually eliminate all the other factories and in this way create universal unemployment. There are other aspects of mechanisation and speeding up, however, which are in their way quite disconcerting. Prof. Huyghe, who has recently returned from lecturing in America, mentioned a statement he had recently seen in the New York press, which reads as follows. "The most dangerous drivers are intelligent persons, particularly intellectuals. A negro of New York who was found, after medical examination, to be a sort of idiot was granted a driver's license and is now employed on one of the bus routes. The decision was taken after a report of Prof. J. Kaker of Chicago University. According to him the ideal driver is the high grade moron or half wit." It is evident from this and all that it implies, that a highly organised and

mechanised society if it continues to increase in speed is not going to afford abundant opportunities for culture. There is much to be said then for a cult of the image for it alone can convey profound meanings that can be instantaneously perceived.

It is now more than twenty years since I received a visit from a Swiss scientist who at that time was considered to be the foremost scientific astrologer in Europe. Among the many predictions he made I now remember his telling me that after 1950 we should witness one of the greatest art periods that the world has ever seen. Unfortunately he was killed by the Nazis for announcing their defeat. Had he lived to see the enormous art output of the present day he would probably have realized that it was due to the general speeding up.

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KING'S ENGLISH OR AMERICAN ENGLISH?

By S. VIJAYALAKSHMI

IN a farewell speech to Dr. Boyd, the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University made a pointed distinction between British English and American English. He did not conceal his preference for the former. In the present context when speculation is rife about the very future of the English language in our country, it is pertinent to examine the final form that this world language would assume in the international field as well as in India.

The most striking event in the history of mankind during the last three hundred years has been the growth and expansion of the English language. As a world speech it has left its competitors far behind. It is the mother-tongue of more than 250 million persons and as a second language it is spoken by many millions more. It is estimated that in the last 150 years, while the number of people who speak Russian has increased five-fold, of German three-fold and of French nearly two-fold, the number of people who speak English has increased more than ten-fold. English is now spoken by a larger number of human beings than any other single language, barring perhaps Chinese. An enthusiastic American writer predicted some years back that by 2000 A.D., more than 1000 million people would speak the English language.

Yet only three centuries ago English was spoken by so few people that no one could dream of its ever becoming a world language. Until the time of Queen Elizabeth English was of no account beyond the shores of Britain. In 1582 Richard Mulcaster wrote: "The English tongue is

of so small reach, stretching no further than this island of ours, nay not there over all." The opinion that English would not survive was shared by Bacon, Sir Thomas More, Sir Isaac Newton and Milton. Only three years before his death Bacon wrote: "It is true my labours are most set to have my works well translated into Latin. For these modern languages will, at one time or other, play the bankrupts with books". In 1714, an Imperial Dictionary of the four chief languages of Europe, French, German, Italian and Latin was published. English was not included. Could we now imagine that such a churlish treatment would be meted to the English language in any compilation of a world dictionary?

The largest single factor that has contributed to the worldwide expansion of the English language is the adoption of English as the national language by the American Republic. It became straightaway the mother-tongue of more than 100 million people. The political ascendancy of the British nation was the second contributory cause for its spreading over a large area of the world. We should not, however, overlook the fact that the inherent vitality of the language itself played no mean part in its being hailed and accepted as the world language.

The secret of this vitality has to be sought in the national character of the English people. If they had not been respecters of individual liberty, their language would not be what it is today. The English have never submitted to the formation of an academy like the French and the Italian academies. The chief task of

these academies is to compile an official dictionary of the respective languages and any word not found in the dictionary is not considered worthy of literary use. In England a writer is not handicapped by this restriction. He is free to take his words from anywhere. This has enabled him to strike out new paths for himself. It is this readiness to borrow words from the four quarters of the globe that has played a considerable part in enriching the language and infusing it with vigour and vitality. It is well we bear this in mind in the context of the development of our own national language and the regional languages.

A few specimens of the common loan-words assimilated in the English language are listed here:

French: State, government, country, power, minister, chancellor, authority, parliament, people, nation; noble, fine, honour, glory, judge, jury, court, suit, plaintiff, summon, accuse, crime, damage, property, pray, saint, clergy. (It is an interesting fact that while the names of several animals when alive are English, such as ox, cow, calf, sheep, swine, boar and deer, they assume French names when they appear on the table, for example beef, veal, mutton, pork, bacon, brawn and venison.)

Dutch: Yacht, cruise, deck, iceberg; etch, sketch and landscape.

Italian: Balcony, corridor, parapet, profile, fresco, miniature, opera, sonnet, traffic, risk, magazine, bank, alarm, colonel, arsenal, pistol.

Spanish: Escapade, embryo, cargo and lime (the fruit).

Scandinavian: Husband, sky, skin, anger, wrong, ill, ugly, die, hit, call, want, guess, bread, eggs.

Otto Jespersen says: "Just as it is impossible to speak or write in English about higher intellectual or emotional subjects or about fashionable mundane matters without drawing largely upon the French elements, in the same manner Scandinavian

words will crop up together with the Anglo-Saxon ones in any conversation on the thousand nothings of daily life, or on the five or six things of paramount importance to high and low alike. An Englishman cannot *thrive* or be *ill* or *die* without Scandinavian words; they are to the language what *bread* and *eggs* are to the daily fare."

Loan-words From Oriental Languages

Sanskrit words were used even in the old English period. *Ginger* came into late old English through French. *Panther* and *pepper* had passed into English through Greek and Latin. *Sandalwood* is first found in 1400. From the 18th century onwards direct contact was established and the words *avatar*, *tantra*, *yoga*, *maya*, *karma*, *nirvana*, *swastika*, *stupa* have been adopted.

Four Hindustani words are recorded in English before 1600—*lac* (1533); *raj*, *maund*, *banian* (1599). Later a large number of words were taken over. *Sahib*, *begum*, *maharajah*, *pandit*, *darbar*, *swaraj*, *cot*, *bungalow*, and *pyjamas* are a few examples.

Algebra, *cipher*, *zero*, *nadir*, *zenith*, *alcohol*, *elixir*, *sofa*, *sash* and *sherbet* are some of the Arabic words incorporated into English.

The distinction between American English and British English had a very early origin. Indeed within two decades of the separation of the American colonies from the mother country, the term 'Americanism' was coined. The parent country showed a reluctance to borrow any word of American origin. She held that 'In language, everything distinctively American was bad.' The term 'reliable' encountered hostility from English writers because it was suspected to be an American word. American English was built on the foundation of seventeenth century English because it was in this century that the great American colonization had taken place. In any study of the Americans, we will have to take into account their racial background. The

'melting pot' aspect of American life is of recent origin. The racial characteristics of the European immigrants have played as prominent a part in the development of the American language as of American national life. It is a common saying that the English brought the axe, the Scotch-Irish the potato and the German the rifle to America. No doubt these three races have contributed much to their cultural history but the contributions made by the French, Dutch, Irish, Spanish, Scandinavian, Italian, Jewish and Negro races have also been quite considerable. Among the leading writers of non-English origin may be mentioned the names of Thoreau, Santayana, Mencken and Dreiser.

Actually there is not much difference between literary American and literary English except in the matter of spelling. Many experts already feel the need for reforming and simplifying the spelling in the English language. Mr. A. Lloyd James, an authority on phonetics says "So long as words that look so alike as *though*, *rough*, *cough*, *plough*, *through*, and *hiccough* sound so differently, it will be difficult to lay down any general rules for the guidance of those who wish to learn the pronunciation from the spelling. What of the silent consonants in *gnaw*, *night*, *write*, *walk*, *island*, *psychology*, etc? A new visual standard is urgently needed. There is no universal standard spoken English that is accepted throughout the English-speaking world, British or American. Distinguished men and women speak with a variety of accents."

It is only when we come to consider the speech of the American that we really encounter a difference. Take away, however, the nasal twang from the American speech and more than half the bugbear will vanish. It is this nasal twang that makes a world of difference between American English and British English.

With regard to the future of the English language, it is expected that it will be a synthesis of American and standard English. Mr. Bernard Groom, another authority on the English language, says: "Some well-wishers of the language hope for a judicious blending of what is best in the two main streams of English (American and British). Doubtless both sides of the Atlantic might borrow profitably from the speech of the other." He points out that within the last half a century Americanisms have been taken over without any reserve as they represent "smart business methods and general modernity."

In India we tend to speak the written language. We are not familiar with the various dialects prevalent in England. When we read Hardy's 'Wessex' stories we skip through the local dialects as we are unfamiliar with them. But the trend among modern English and American writers is to write the spoken language. The modern theory holds that slang is a sign of liveliness and vigour. Ernest Hemingway leads the way in popularizing the colloquial language and he has a host of imitators. In England also an intellectual proletariat is fast growing up and before long the various English dialects will come into use to impart energy and vividness to the language. When such a contingency arises we cannot rest content with the 18th and 19th century English nor is it logical to suggest that we should build up our own English based on the present standard as the Americans did on the seventeenth century English. We want English to be retained because we desire to keep pace with the scientific and technological progress made in the Western countries. The study of English literature should be left to students who make a comparative study of languages. It would, therefore, be advisable for us to have both British

and American English as we are now free to adopt and adapt any language to suit our needs and requirements. Treatises on scientific subjects are written by the American writers in such a simple language as to be understood by lay men. Nuclear physics is taught to children in the form of comics. These children's books that interest and educate the adults should be imported in large numbers so that we may be alive to the progress that is made in the atomic age.

South Indians do not labour under any emotion about the official language. We have the least objection to the adoption of Hindi as the national language provided it is not precipitately imposed on us. We have an aptitude for languages and we are

quite confident of not only learning Hindi but even enriching it with our age-old Dravidian background. But if the protagonists of Hindi make any attempt to put the clock back, by doing away with English, we shall turn the tables against them by using their own argument that Hindi is spoken by the largest number of people in India. We shall tell them that since we are moving towards a world government, slowly but inevitably, we would insist upon having as our official language only that language which is spoken and understood by the largest number of people in the world. The alternative to world government, we are warned, is a catastrophic nuclear war. Then, of course, the language problem will solve itself along with all other insoluble problems.

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CASE FOR UNITARY STATE

By Dr. C. SURYANARAYANA MURTHY

THE case for a unitary Government for India so ably presented by Chief Justice Mahajan is truly unassailable. The ugliness with which provincial, regional and linguistic rivalries have raised their heads all over the country in the wake of the S. R. C. Report should open the eyes of every patriotic citizen and more so of our top leaders and make them realise that our unity as a nation is still a long way off and that civil strife, non-violent or violent, is round the corner. The emotional wave of patriotism of the pre-Independence era, which forged the unity of the country, has largely petered out into stagnant pools of regional, provincial and personal strifes. Thoughtful persons all over the country who have no political axe to grind agree that whatever unity we have today is around the legendary figures of leaders like Pandit Nehru.

It is a pity that our leaders who exhort us to tighten our belts to pay for the Five Year Plan do not stop to consider whether provincial autonomy with its huge paraphernalia of elections, legislatures, Ministers, Governors and other tin-gods incessantly going round the country with a deluge of speeches is really giving us good government, in spite of its huge cost. It is time they consider whether we can afford democracy at the provincial level and trust it to give us cheap and good government.

To have an idea of democracy at work at the provincial level, one has only to look at the municipalities in Andhra. Misrule, corruption and inefficiency are the rule in almost all these local bodies, even Kurnool, the seat of the Government, being no ex-

ception. That is because the Ministers and the legislators are interested in keeping their own groups and cliques in power for their own ends. Provincial autonomy, coupled with adult franchise, in a community where the leaders and the followers are new to democracy, may very well lead us to such an intolerable deterioration of government that even Pandit Nehru may not save us from disaster.

The moves and counter-moves and the kaleidoscopic changes of views of our politicians, in the wake of the S. R. C. Report, all point to one inescapable conclusion; that perpetuation of their power is more urgent to them than the larger interests of the nation or even a region.

Nobody seriously holds that a well trained senior administrator with a good record of service and with a stake in the continuation of his tenure of office, will be less public-spirited or less efficient than a Minister, who is elected to his office by adult franchise. But if a minister does things in a just and equitable manner, his chances of continuance may be counted as precarious in the present set-up.

Let us therefore have democracy only at the Centre with a Parliament elected by adult franchise and a Ministry. The country may be divided into 4 or 5 divisions or provinces, with a Governor for each, who will be the chief administrative executive of the region, with a team of secretaries. The Members of Parliament elected from any region may form a regional advisory council advising the Governor on special regional problems, with power to bring them before the Parliament in case of injustice to any region.

and American English as we are now free to adopt and adapt any language to suit our needs and requirements. Treatises on scientific subjects are written by the American writers in such a simple language as to be understood by lay men. Nuclear physics is taught to children in the form of comics. These children's books that interest and educate the adults should be imported in large numbers so that we may be alive to the progress that is made in the atomic age.

South Indians do not labour under any emotion about the official language. We have the least objection to the adoption of Hindi as the national language provided it is not precipitately imposed on us. We have an aptitude for languages and we are

quite confident of not only learning Hindi but even enriching it with our age-old Dravidian background. But if the protagonists of Hindi make any attempt to put the clock back, by doing away with English, we shall turn the tables against them by using their own argument that Hindi is spoken by the largest number of people in India. We shall tell them that since we are moving towards a world government, slowly but inevitably, we would insist upon having as our official language only that language which is spoken and understood by the largest number of people in the world. The alternative to world government, we are warned, is a catastrophic nuclear war. Then, of course, the language problem will solve itself along with all other insoluble problems.

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SUOMI—THE LAND OF THE FINNS

By VISALAKSHI NARAYANASWAMY

The writer of this article, Srimathi Visalakshi Narayanaswamy, made a tour extending over four months in Northern European countries and returned to India a month ago.

THE little Republic that stands between Sweden on one side and Russia on the other, protected by the Arctic ocean in the North and washed by the Finnish sea in the South formed a part of the kingdom of Sweden from 1154 to 1809 A.D. It was later united to Russia as an autonomous Grand Duchy. After nearly a century-long struggle, Finland declared herself independent in 1917. But her troubles were not over. Her eastern neighbour demanded bases at the mouth of the Gulf of Finland and her refusal to comply started fresh hostilities in 1939. The heroic Finns fought bravely and stopped the onward march of the Russians. The tiny republic was bombarded by Soviet armies along the eastern boundary from the Arctic to the Baltic sea. A terrible war ensued. The loss was great on the Finnish side. An armistice was concluded at the end of the war in which Finland lost Karelia, one of her richest farming and industrial areas. The people of Karelia evacuated to Finnish soil but the Finns did not surrender. Finland can boast of a race whose character is the product of many stern and inexorable factors. She stands at the top of the world subject to the cold Arctic winds for six months in the year. Her poor soil yields very little food. But the deep, green forest, set with innumerable sapphire lakes, are the pride and backbone of the country. The Finns call it "Green Gold". They have no mines—no precious yellow metal. The forest provides houses, fuel and money. Eighty five per cent of Finland's ex-

port is timber. While travelling one looks out on miles and miles of the tall pines standing like the smartest sentinels. There are beautiful modern blocks and flats on the outskirts of Helsinki among dense forests. The main occupations of the Finns are agriculture, forestry and fishery. During the short summer they grow wheat, rye, oats and potatoes. The winter is long, bleak and dark. The mercury touches minus 30 degrees, or even lower in the coldest month. As early as the second week of November, the city of Torino in the northern reaches of the country recorded minus 13 degrees.

In addition to the geography, topography and climate the political pressure brought on Finland by Russia was the greatest factor that made the Finns a determined people. They love their country, they would rather fight to the last man than surrender. They are known for their integrity and courage and their power of endurance.

The history of the Finnish struggle for independence reminds us of our own struggle in the early twenties. The Russians allowed them no arms. The Finns were physically powerless to revolt. The first step therefore towards independence was the educating of the people. There was a nation-wide literacy campaign. There are no class or social distinctions among the Finns. The Russians made several attempts to dampen this national feeling but the Finns would not budge.

The Finnish language has absolutely no connection with the other



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Details about the judiciary and the public services and other departments have to be worked out. If, after working democracy at the Central level, for a decade or two, the people are fit to exercise political power at provincial and lower levels, then there will be time enough to introduce democracy at these levels. Today many thinking men seem to favour this view. Pandit Nehru is reported to have stated at a recent Press conference that "unitary Government for India is ideal but not practicable at the present juncture."

It is certainly practicable if he really thinks it is ideal, without mental reservations. The only opposing force to such a change will be the Congress today. Without provincial autonomy and local self-government, the legislatures, ministers, and councillors, the Congress will be without occupation, since to most of them politics is a full-time job. Moreover, in the leadership of the Congress at the provincial level the thirst for power has largely replaced the spirit of service of the pre-Independence days. Having tasted the fruits of political power for the past seven years, it is idle to expect Congressmen to immolate themselves in a fit of patriotism. But being the biggest political party with a road-roller majority, it is only the Congress that can abolish this democracy at and below the provincial level. But the Congress today is internally very weak. It is torn by intrigues of a communal and regional nature. The deterioration of moral standards of its members is its main malady. If today Congress is holding together as a political party, it is largely due to Pandit Nehru's influence. He alone can advise and lead the Congress to abandon democracy at the provincial level, in the interests of a unitary State. Such a thing is not more drastic than many things that are happening round us.

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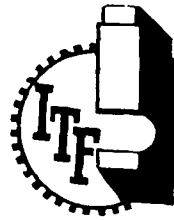
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teacher-nurse. The child who was unable to walk was placed in a wooden box up to her hip to enable her to stand without other props and use both her hands to build castles with the building blocks. On the ground was placed a ladder with alternate steps for the right and left leg. This was intended to teach the child to walk.

In the nursing wing are situated the institution's most up-to-date laboratory, X-ray department, mother's milk centre, dental clinic and an instructional kitchen. The nurses prepare the foods with the utmost care. I saw lemon peel laboriously being cut into small bits. On enquiry I learnt that they make a special soup for the deficient children. They have their own laundry and a huge storage-room.

Everything about this place is at once practical, attractive, up-to-date and cheerful. There is a separate mechanised kitchen and a dining hall for the staff. Each of the six wards constitutes a separate entity provided with all the necessities. As a measure against infection the opening of the doors of the isolated cases is avoided. As a result food and other necessities are distributed through small cupboards in the wall. A gymnastics instructor as well as a kindergarten teacher are included in the staff who supervise the physical training programme and the educational activities of the children. There is a specially constructed shiny white swimming pool for the children. They derive great fun splashing water around the pool.

The elevator takes one to the twelfth floor of the dormitory. Each storey has a social room from the windows of which one can see a magnificent view over a calm sea and the gentle waves lapping on the shore. The silent tall pines watch smoke emanating from the funnels of the ships anchored there. Every social room is well furnished and provided with magazines and papers;

it is a very congenial place indeed for the nurse to spend an idle hour.

The most conspicuous feature of Finland is the Sauna (Finnish steam bath) which they value very much. The cellar of every home has this bath. It consists of an oven over which are placed a few bricks; when the bricks are red hot, water is poured over them. The bather lies on a wooden bench nearby and bathes in the hot steam. Formerly, I was told these baths were built near the lakes so that they could plunge in cold water immediately after a hot bath. They say it makes them more hardy.

The Children's Castle was constructed during a period of distress and privation. It is a monument to the sacrificial spirit of the four million people of Finland. This exquisite structure is an expression of the Finnish people's unyielding will to survive. Today Finland is happy and healthy. Her factories are humming with great activity, her exports have increased, her sterling and gold reserves are growing steadily. Her standard of life compares very favourably with the other countries of Europe. President Paasikivi and the people have faith in God and all is well with Finland.

ACHARYA NARENDRA DEVA

Sri S. R. Venkataraman writes:

It was a real education to see and listen to the late Acharya Narendra Deva. Gokhale died of cardiac asthma on 19th February 1915, at exactly the same hour as Acharyaji. Both of them were great educationists and politicians of the front rank with a zeal for spiritualising the public life of this country. It is said that the schism in the Congress and the controversy following it killed Gokhale. The recent split in the Socialist Party must have hastened Narendra Deva's end. Gokhale left his political testament which was released after his death. Acharyaji has left his work on the religion of Buddha as his posthumous gift to the nation. Both of them led a stainless life of self-sacrifice dedicating all their talents at the altar of India.



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SWATANTRA

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TENSION IN THE MIDDLE EAST

THE dismissal of Glubb Pasha from the command of the Arab Legion is at once a triumph for Arab nationalism and a rebuff for British diplomacy. The ostensible reason advanced for this spectacular break between staunch friends of more than thirty years is the alleged disruptionist and anti-national activities of Glubb Pasha without reference to and often in defiance of the wishes of the King and his Ministry. But we must look elsewhere for the real reasons which have resulted in the elimination, for the time being at any rate, of the British influence from an important sector of the Arab world.

Ever since Britain became the inspirer and patron of Arab nationalism from the years of the first world war, British policy towards the Moslem world has been marked by an ambivalence which has too often and too facilely been equated to a species of hypocrisy. On the one hand, nationalism was encouraged but only up to a point; on the other hand, the promise to establish a home for the Jews in Palestine was given without any mental reservations. But as with the passage of the years, Arab nationalism came of age and grew on what it fed, the rapid growth and progress of the small State of Israel offered a challenge to its feudal and out-dated set-up which could neither be ignored nor squarely met. In short, Arab nationalism wished to make the best of both worlds while remaining itself unmoved and immovable. Instead of setting its own

house in order, the Egyptian spokesmen of the Arab League rashly provoked a war against Israel hoping to wipe it out in a well-mounted blitzkrieg. But the Egyptian army which was assigned the task was riddled through with corruption, and instead of achieving a quick and resounding victory came back defeated, discomfited and disgraced. It vented its wrath against the monarchy and made a scapegoat of it, thus diverting popular attention from the national disaster to the crimes and follies of a vicious dictatorship.

The revolution promoted by the Egyptian intellectuals rallied Arab nationalism on a new basis, and it has been an ill-conceived objective of the Arab leaders to wipe out as soon as possible the disgrace of their defeat at the hands of Israel. As a result of world-opinion and the relentless nationalist pressure exerted on Britain, she has had to fade out from the Nile valley as well as the Suez zone in the last few years. But as the Arab world, in spite of all its pretensions, is still unable to defend itself unaided, and lies vulnerable to the direct and insidious onslaught of Communism from the north, Western diplomacy hit upon the expedient of extending the principle of the Nato defence system eastward by forging the Seato and Baghdad pacts.

It is needless to labour the fact that the Communist bloc has been assailing all these regional pacts as attempts to encircle it and over-awe it with a show of force. It tried to set up opposition groups in the areas

themselves whose chief aim was to weaken the organisations from the inside. Much was expected from the Communist Party of France to sabotage the Nato, but nothing came of it. As regards the Seato, Indian leaders have gone all out to denounce it as offering a potential threat to the safety and security of the countries in the region. But there has been no actual break-away of any of the units from that organisation either. In the case of the Baghdad pact, however, a certain measure of success has attended those who have construed it as a device of the expiring imperialism of the West to prolong its hold over the Islamic world.

There is no secret or sinister significance attaching to the Baghdad pact. It was devised partly to offset the effects of the withdrawal of the British from the Suez area. By linking together Turkey, Iraq, Jordan and Pakistan its aim is to confront possible Russian moves above the Islamic belt with adequate, alert and anti-communist forces on the spot. The leaders of the Arab League are quite well aware of these aims and objectives of the two regional pacts promoted by Anglo-American diplomacy in the Middle East. But the continuing tutelage of the West has become intolerable to the fomentors of Arab nationalism whose immediate pre-occupation is to pay off old scores against Israel. That is why there has been a widespread clamour for arms by the leaders of Egypt. Providentially for them, the time seemed propitious for the incursion of Soviet diplomacy into the Islamic world with offers of unlimited supplies of arms. The world has failed to appreciate the exquisite irony of the most powerful and pacific State of today offering to export guns instead of butter in the interests of international peace and good will! It was an act of blatant cynicism, but none of the loud-mouthed apostles of peace and believers in peaceful methods of settling disputes bet-

ween nations has come forward to denounce this move on the part of Russia to set the Arab world on the war path. The net result of this re-orientation in Russian policy has been a quiet, unpublicised sort of arms race now going on between the Arab world and the small State of Israel.

The next move is obviously with the leaders of the Arab League. They have so to speak cleared the decks; do they mean to plunge into action? If a clash should occur between Israel and the Arab armies, can it be localised and controlled? We have to remember that there is a tripartite agreement between England, America and France to go to the rescue of Israel if its existence should be threatened by any hostile action on the part of its formidable Arab neighbours. Besides, the influence of international Jewry in the politics of England and America is formidable; and in an election year in the United States it might well prove decisive. If therefore the Arab leaders hope to mount a small war against Israel and hope to get away with it, they will be living in a fool's paradise. We have no doubt that they would be told as much in the ordinary course of diplomatic exchanges that are perhaps going on at the very moment.

Force thus being ruled out, the differences that have embittered Arab-Israeli relations have to be ironed out round a conference table. The problems that call for amicable solution are precisely those which confront us also as some of the evil legacies of partition. There are refugees who are a thorn on the side of both Jew and Arab; there are small but by no means insoluble questions of boundary rectification possibly including exchange or resettlement of populations. Given the necessary goodwill, these can and should be solved. But of one thing, the Arab world must make up its

mind courageously, candidly and without mental reservations. It must accept Israel as a State in its own homeland as a settled fact. Ideas of *revanche*, of territorial aggrandisement, of military rehabilitation and of an unbridled, rampant feudal nationalism which would make the Arab world a closed circuit in the

modern context must be given up. It is a formidable task; for it amounts to the reeducation of the people of the Arab world in the principles of the U. N. charter. But unless it is undertaken, the Middle East will continue to be cursed with chronic inequilibria,—threatening the peace of the world.

Sotto Voce

THE STAMPEDE



STALIN turned once in a while from more important matters to lay down the law for men of letters, artists and other wayward folk who are not in the habit of looking up to law-givers. The spiritual automatism that was the principal product of the "glorious" October Revolution left no room for non-conformity. If Society with a capital S had to have the last word on what constituted the good life, Big Brother must necessarily dictate the norms of taste, lay down the canons of creative activity and punish deviationism. In other words, he must have more blatantly obvious power than the Almighty who is content to veil Himself in thunder and the ocean's swell, in the green blade of grass pushing out of the charred earth or the unconquerable idea stirring in the blasted heart.

Stalin, according to the propagandists of the Kremlin, is a back-number today. The men who fawned upon him are cocking a snook at him. If the process of debunking goes on

a little longer, our own top leaders may find themselves reflecting ruefully on the tearful eloquence they had lavished on the departed hero when the cerecloths were fresh about him. The need for a mental *volte face* might prove as urgent and unpleasant as it has proved in the case of the Chiang Kai-sheks. But the strategists of the Kremlin may, like the conjurer, whip out the old idol tomorrow from under the table as deftly as they are now shoving him in.

Stalinism, however, far from being dead and buried, flourishes. And every day it extends its tentacles, particularly towards the east. The totalitarian attempt to plan the lives of the people, to regulate their thoughts, to condition their feelings and even to change their natures so dazzles the vision of men in authority that even those of them who are sincere if muddled democrats find it difficult to resist its appeal. Under the influence of an irrational excitement even traditio-

nal societies are being worked up to a general stampede, as of jungle beasts in a panic fleeing from they know not what. You find the slogan intoned with all manner of emphasis, and reinforced with peremptory directives, "Change is the law of life. Keep moving lest you petrify."

Now, all motion is cyclic. The sun in the undeviating regularity of his ministration is the most constant symbol of our human condition. Like the systole and the diastole life obeys a rhythmic law of self-renewal. Becoming is but a mode of Being. Changes in a healthy social organism are brought about from inner necessity. They are not dictated from without, much less enforced by the police power. Those who imagine that Indian society must be dragooned to conform to a pattern laid up in

Moscow—or Manhattan, for that matter—because the second (or is it the third?) Industrial Revolution is upon us, forget that the only Revolution that can change human destiny is the one that takes place in the core of the heart.

The passion for change for its own sake afflicts in this country a handful of derooted and sterilised persons. By the irony of circumstance they have been catapulted into authority. And they masquerade as intellectuals. They take their history from Vincent Smith, their philosophy from the Nihilists, their economics from the trimmers of the Kremlin and their morals from the blase hedonism of Bloomsbury. Europe has neither caste nor untouchability, so we

(Continued on page 46)



Mr. Shanmugha Rajeswara Sethupathi (right), Minister, Government of Madras, opened the Library of the Sportsmen's Club at Cathedral Gardens, Madras. Mr. M. R. Sampatkumaran, Chairman of the Club, is seen welcoming the gathering along with Mr. S. A. Govindarajan (centre) who presided.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE announcement about the formation of Visalandhra is being greeted in some quarters with ecstatic acclamation. Those who envisage a transfer of their residences from wherever they may now be, to Hyderabad City, are particularly jubilant. A city of gardens, palaces and opulent amenities, Hyderabad is looked up to as more agreeable for dwelling, and the anticipation colours with pleasurable excitement the announcement of Government's decision by the Prime Minister, so loudly welcomed on other grounds. One thought that may have some sobering effect in the present gala atmosphere is this: everything in the two States about to merge continues to be the same as before retaining the same old character. Enhancement in the size of a territory to be administered does not ensure any automatic improvement in the quality of the government or the condition of the people. The finest concentration of the most precious material things may be found in a region, but if the human element in it and the leadership inspiring it and giving it direction and significance, are defective, the richness of the resources will not avail to create happiness or prosperity. For individuals, groups and communities there is only one test of social duty. If the smaller interests of people do not domineer over the larger requirements of social justice and welfare, the contributory offerings of the component units in society to its general pool of benefit would be greater than what they take back, and the community would be blessed with plenty. It is when Ministers and others in power take out for themselves much more than what they put back that the economy is impoverished, impoverishment of it becomes a sanctioned drive under the impetus of the lea-

ders themselves, and a hopeless deficit in practically every aspect of life that is worthwhile becomes an inescapable and oppressive feature of the administration. I had hoped that the present Andhra Chief Minister, chastened by the lessons of the past, would prove to be a safer custodian of the public interest when a second chance of power fell to his lot. But his present regime has turned out to be no better than the old. Often for the sake of some rapacious favoured crony, all considerations of fairness are thrown to the winds, and the morale of the government and of every activity connected with it goes on sinking under the weight of the unprincipled partialities of its leading figures. What reason for public rejoicing can there be if the empire over which such leaders rule is extended so as to include two States where there had been only one before? It is only if the quality of the government improves and proved and established black sheep are eliminated from positions of power that good instead of extended evil can be hoped for from the merger of Andhra and Telengana.

Whether in the Centre or in the States, glamorous slogans are more dangerous than humdrum conventions. Nothing, at the moment, seems to be more dangerous from the standpoint of general public welfare than the manner of the Congress Party's pursuit of Socialism. In the Socialist conception, control of the means of production has a definite relation to the safeguarding of employment for all citizens. But in the Congress pattern of Socialism, no guarantee of means of living to all is provided. The Government merely go on taking more and more of economic power to themselves without

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Miss Padma of the Vidyodaya, Madras winning an event in the Inter School (Girls) Sports meet.

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taking over the responsibilities pertaining to the State in the Socialist scheme of things. The result is bound to be such an increased volume of official control over the livelihoods of the people that free voting at the elections will tend to become progressively impossible. In the name of Socialism the Congress is planning for the perpetuation for ever of its rule, by combining economic power with political authority. When the process of this combination is completed, none will be able to survive who has incurred the displeasure of the ruling party. We shall be having permanent one-party rule as in the totalitarian regimes. It is as much of a patriotic duty to fight now for economic freedom as it was to fight for political liberation from foreign rule when the Congress itself led the movement.

Sri Sivaramakrishna Sastrigal of

Mayuram has been expounding Sri-mad Bhagavatam for a fortnight in the Sanskrit College, Mylapore. I wish all he spoke had been tape-recorded. Evidently he knows the whole scripture by heart. The fusion of the rich variety of the Ramayana, the Maha-bharata, the Gita and the Bhagavatam into a unified vision of a basic way of life, one path of salvation for all seekers of the Eternal, has rarely been done, if ever at all, with more understanding and insight or in a more delightful and easily comprehensible manner. He is steeped in the culture he expounds. The ravishing music of Sanskrit is harmoniously blended with the sublimity of the theme. Haunting melodies from the discourses of this uniquely gifted *bhakta* will live for long in the consciousness of his listeners and thrill them even in their dreams.

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A SURPRISE FROM DESHMUKH

By M. S. P.

THE initial sigh of relief with which Mr. Chintaman Deshmukh's sixth budget as Finance Minister was greeted has proved to be but of a few hours' duration and has given place to a great deal of criticism from businessmen in particular. Only the knowledge that it could have been much worse has tempered most of the criticisms and in fact makes it all so pointless. For the past few weeks a clever campaign was being conducted by Ministers, planners and businessmen to prepare the country for a rather heavy dose of additional taxation, the last group enthusiastically cooperating in this in the hope that its apparent willingness to join the chorus would somehow exempt it from any heavy additional burden. Their accent had, of course, been on the need to avoid discouraging incentives while imposing additional tax burdens. As far as can be judged from the final proposals of the Finance Minister for augmenting the Union Government's revenues, they have succeeded in their objective to a remarkable degree. This is true in spite of the additional direct taxation contemplated since the amount of deficit financing proposed will keep incomes and profits rising.

It is evident that there are only two ways for the Central Government to secure more money from its taxing powers—either by an increase in direct taxation or by a widening of indirect taxation in its coverage or rate structure. Mr. Deshmukh has decided to avail himself of both methods of taxation in order to bridge the yawning gap of Rs. 51.83 crores in the revenue budget. Of the additional tax revenue of Rs. 34.15 crores which he expects, Rs. 25 crores are from indirect taxation, Rs. 8.2 crores from direct taxation and Rs. 0.95

crores from changes in the postal rates for registered letters which has been increased by two annas and for ordinary and express telegrams, the minimum charges for which have been raised by one anna and two annas respectively. Besides, the States will get Rs. 1.8 crores as their share of the additional revenue from changes in the income-tax.

It is only when we analyse the details of the changes in direct taxation that we understand the basis of the businessmen's objections. The super-tax on incomes above Rs. 70,000 has been slightly raised so as to make the maximum rate, applicable to incomes above Rs. 30 lakhs, 91.9 per cent of the total income from the present 88.6 per cent. A tax has also been proposed on the incomes of registered partnerships where they exceed Rs. 40,000 per annum, the rates being nine pies in the rupee up to Rs. 75,000, 15 pies up to Rs. 1,50,000 and 18 pies for higher incomes. Partners will, of course, get a rebate on their income-tax depending on their share of the income. Three changes have also been made in regard to the corporation tax. The rebate of one anna of income-tax now given to non-section 23-A companies in respect of undistributed profits is to be withdrawn. Lest this should encourage distribution of higher profits there is to be an extra super-tax on dividends in excess of six percent declared by companies, at the rate of two annas in the rupee on amounts distributed in excess of this level up to ten per cent of the paid-up capital and three annas in the rupee for amounts above that. The Finance Minister has also proposed to tax bonus issues at two annas in the rupee since this is only a delayed means of dividend distri-

bution by capitalising accumulated profits.

All these proposals, though impressive on paper, will yield only an additional Rs. 10 crores, of which the States' share will be Rs. 1.8 crores. But it is understandable that businessmen should complain, as otherwise the Finance Minister may mistake them for a docile flock waiting to be fleeced without a murmur of protest. The criticisms are all purely defensive in purpose—to postpone for as long as possible the other measures which are sure to come in a year or two. The time-limit for reopening income-tax evasion cases has also been withdrawn, though the Finance Minister has given the assurance that this power will not be used where the evasions occurred more than eight years ago unless the tax amount involved was more than Rs. 1 lakh. This too has surprisingly enough met with criticism, though honest businessmen with nothing to hide can have no objection to it. The fear of harassment may be justified, but that does not mean that evasion should be condoned merely because it occurred years ago, probably with the connivance of some corrupt officials who were then in charge.

Surprisingly enough, there has not been much of a protest against the changes in indirect taxation proposed by the Finance Minister. The proposal to levy an additional excise duty of six pies per square yard on mill cloth with coarse dhoties and sarees alone exempted, which will bring an additional Rs. 14.5 crores, has only met with some perfunctory criticism from mill owners. But the certain prospect of increasing demand will help them to pass on the additional burden to the consumers without any falling off in sales. The tax of six pies per pound on non-essential vegetable oils, though one has difficulty in understanding how this definition has been arrived at, is almost sure to fall on

the common man, though exemption has been given to the first 125 tons cleared by a factory. For the attitude of the sellers will be to charge the higher price on the entire output and not charge a lower price exclusive of the tax on the first 125 tons and a higher rate on the rest; smaller producers also will inevitably take advantage of the higher price.

In the case of soap such a thing is already happening and the Government's decision to get as much as possible of the money that is being collected in the form of higher prices from consumers may be welcomed. A duty is also to be levied on soap produced by non-power-operated units at a lower rate and with more liberal exemption provisions in comparison with power-operated units. Here too the exemption will benefit not the consumer but the producer and, even more, the middleman merchant. There can be no objection either to the levy of excise duty on diesel oil both as a countervailing and as replacement to the revenues from the import duty as the Bombay refinery goes into production and import revenues fall. The exemption for strawboard has been withdrawn and it will hereafter be subject to excise tax. The net additional revenue from changes in excise duties will amount to Rs. 25 crores. The loss of revenue on account of the small relief to the tea industry in regard to export duty is expected to be made up by changes in the import tariff on mineral oils.

In judging the effect of the new tax measures, one has first of all to appreciate the problems which faced the Finance Minister. His unfortunate experience of last year in trying to levy selective excises on some new items probably warned him not to attempt such a thing again and have to withdraw his proposals later. The additions to income and company taxation is, therefore, a direct result of that experience. For these at any rate do not discriminate bet-

ween one businessman and another. The changes proposed also clearly indicate that they are mainly intended to affect the business class. Since any new excises of revenue significance were ruled out, the Finance Minister has had to raise the tax on cloth as the easiest means of broadening the base of taxation. But coming as this does after the 6½ per cent surcharge on railway freight rates calculated to yield an additional Rs. 11.6 crores, the incidence of the total tax burden will be regressive. True, foodgrains have been exempted, but that only means that poorer and middle classes in both urban and rural areas will be equally hit in so far as the other things they have to buy are concerned.

The tax on diesel oil also mainly falls on goods transport and on passengers belonging mostly to less well-off sections of society. The effect of the taxes on soap and non-essential oils will also fall on the same set of people. What is indeed surprising is why the Finance Minister has not dared to explore the new methods of taxation outlined in the Draft Outline of the Second Plan, such as the annual tax on wealth and increasing the scope of the estate duty. Their yield might have been uncertain, but it would have been worth while to experiment with them while we have a Finance Minister who overestimates expenditure and underestimates income, instead of placing increasing reliance on existing methods of taxation.

Even more regressive in its incidence than all these taxation proposals is likely to be the Government's decision to rely on deficit financing to the extent of Rs. 356 crores for putting through the development programme. The effects of this are unpredictable and, in the absence of any direct evidence of the economy's capacity to take this dose of deficit financing, it must be undertaken with caution and cannot be relied

on as a definite source of revenue. The estimate of a five per cent rise in the cost of living as a result of the new tax measures may well be exceeded. Apart from the disastrous effects which a sudden and steep rise in prices will have on the poorer classes, constituting in effect a very heavy and iniquitous indirect tax, inflation will throw out of gear the whole development programme by upsetting all calculations and estimates of costs.

While the need for additional finance to maintain the pace of economic growth is so evident, it is difficult to understand why the Finance Minister should have budgeted for only Rs. 100 crores from the market loans and Rs. 70 crores from small savings. Small savings are likely to touch the 70-crores level even during the current year and the response to loan floatations during the last two years, has been very good, amounting on a gross basis to around Rs. 150 crores. The targets for both in the First Plan have been exceeded. Though the States may come into the market for some Rs. 50 crores, the Centre could have raised Rs. 150 crores, which would have given a net amount of very nearly Rs. 200 crores, since no Central loans will mature during 1956-57 and State loans which will come up for repayment will be less than Rs. 7 crores. Higher targets for both loans and small savings for next year would also have been in keeping with the Second Plan targets. Expectations regarding foreign aid—amounting to Rs. 85 crores—may well be realised in view of indications of an impending change in American policy towards India though there has been a big shortfall this year. But whether the whole capital programme of Rs. 703 crores will be put through or there will be a shortfall as there has been this year to the extent of Rs. 105 crores is not clear, though a slowing down is to be preferred to inflation.

DR. AMBEDKAR'S THOUGHTS ON LINGUISTIC STATES

By K. R. MALKANI

WHAT Dr. B. R. Ambedkar has to say may not always be agreed to but it shall always command attention. His latest book, *Thoughts on Linguistic States*, (published by him from 26 Alipore Road, Civil Lines, Delhi-8, Price Rs. 4) will command something more than attention; it will command respect. He examines the question of reorganisation of States with special reference to the unity of Bharat, the future of democracy, the protection of minority rights and backward areas and some southern feelings, and comes to the conclusion that we should have more and smaller States.

Dr. Ambedkar is opposed to the big multi-lingual States. He thinks that the composite States of Bombay and Madras were failures. He, however, does not explain how. It is well known that these two States have had a particularly high standard of education, economy and administration. He dismisses the success of the multi-lingual States of Switzerland and Canada as due to their genius for unity—as against ours for division. The learned author thinks that unity of language in a province will help solve racial and cultural problems in that area. He, however, contradicts himself in another place where he says that caste—and not language, race, etc.—is the dominant fact of our national life, and the chief determinant of how votes are cast. Dr. Ambedkar is, however, no advocate of linguistic States in the popular sense of the term. He wants one language in one State but not one State for one language group. But he makes the novel suggestion that the official language

of all the constituent States shall be Hindi. Otherwise, he thinks, linguistic States will tend to become independent and sovereign. "It is the bounden duty of all Indians to own up Hindi as their language."

Dr. Ambedkar is a man of wide knowledge and vast experience. Politics is the science and art of the possible. Does he really and seriously believe that Bengal or Madras or Andhra will conduct their official business in Hindi in the foreseeable future? If not, then the country will have to devise a more practical measure for the continuing and growing unity of Bharat. It might be usefully considered whether unitary government with delegated authority to commissioners—about sixty in the whole country—is not the best way to do it. Dr. Ambedkar does not seem to have considered this solution at all.

His second thesis is that our federal structure is lopsided in favour of U. P.-Bihar. He quotes from Sardar Panikkar's minute of dissent to the S. R. C. Report with approval, and urges that U. P. should be cut not in two but in three, with their respective capitals at Meerut, Kanpur and Prayag. He wants Bihar to be divided between North and South, with their respective capitals at Patna and Ranchi. And he wants the proposed Madhya Pradesh to be cut in two—with Gwalior, Vindhya Pradesh and Bhopal forming one State with its capital at Gwalior, and Mahakoshal and Indore constituting another State with its capital at Indore. He thinks that all these States are viable. Land revenue is low and could be raised everywhere.

Excise revenue was valuable and should be revived, Prohibition having failed to prohibit people from drink. "It is clear that viability is no problem. Only the Congress has to revise its taxation policy."

He thinks that the S. R. C. has unwittingly consolidated the North and balkanised the South. This is hardly correct. The South could have a consolidated State of Dakshina Pradesha tomorrow, bigger and weightier than U. P., as important as U. P.-Bihar combined. It is well-known that Tamil leaders, afraid of the fanatical Dravida Kazhagam, are stalling any such consummation. Why blame the poor S. R. C.? They don't listen even to the Prime Minister.

Dr. Ambedkar thinks that the present arrangement makes for the domination of the South by the Hindi-speaking North. The charge comes strange from one who wants Hindi to become the official language in all the States! He thinks the South resents this domination because "there is a vast difference between the North and the South. The North is so conservative. The South is progressive. The North is superstitious, the South is rational. The South is educationally forward, the North is educationally backward. The culture of the South is modern. The culture of the North is ancient. The North still has its Satis, its Naga Sadhus."

To meet the South's sense of grievance he suggests cutting up of the Northern States, equal representation for all States in the Rajya Sabha, equal powers (including financial) for the Lok Sabha and Rajya Sabha and the location of a summer capital in the South, preferably the urban area of Hyderabad, Secunderabad and Bolarum. He suggests a second capital also for reasons of defence, Delhi being too much in a corner and too near the hostile border of Pakistan. These are suggestions which need to be considered carefully.

Half the brochure is devoted to the knotty problem of Samyukta Maharashtra. He wants Gujarat and Maharashtra to separate. But he wants Maharashtra to be divided into four States—Mahavidarbha, Khandesh and Marathwada, Poona-Satara-Kolhapur area and Bombay City, which last he would wish to rename "Maharashtra City". He thinks these four are distinct historical regions, their unity of language notwithstanding. Even the early Pali literature refers to "Trai Maharashtra" or three Maharashtras, Bombay being non-existent at the time.

He wants Gujarat and Maharashtra to separate because he thinks Gujarat has been dominating Maharashtra in the composite State of Bombay. He alleges that in 1951-53, per capita expenditure on development was Rs. 3.2 in Gujarati areas and Rs. 1.8 in Marathi areas. He also alleges that Gujaratis not only have as many Ministers (4) as Maharashtrians, they have a Gujarati Chief Minister and the Gujarati Ministers deal with 202 subjects whereas the Maharashtrian Ministers handle only 88 subjects. This, if true, is a serious matter.

Dr. Ambedkar is strongly in favour of Bombay for Maharashtra. Geographically, linguistically, it is Maharashtrian. Much of the non-Maharashtrian population is of a migratory nature. It is true that Bombay was not built by Maharashtrians; but neither was Calcutta built by Bengalis nor Madras by Tamilians. Any bitterness on the issue of Bombay City, he rightly feels, will weaken the economic position of Gujaratis and Marwaris sprinkled all over Maharashtra. He therefore rightly says: "The Gujaratis must consider whether goodwill is not a better protection than a paltry share in the government of the city."

The learned author makes an excellent point in favour of smaller States when he says that in bigger

States minorities like Brahmins and scheduled castes will be neglected—and even oppressed—by the dominant agricultural castes. This tyranny, he says, was "practised over the Brahmins, Marwaris and Gujeratis living in the villages when Godse killed Gandhi. All the Brahmins, Marwaris and Gujeratis who were once living in villages ran away and are now living in towns . . ." He thinks the City State of Bombay can be an asylum for the oppressed of Maharashtra where the Maratha caste will steam-roller everybody. He also wants four Maharashtras because he thinks that otherwise backward Marathawada and Khandesh will never develop educationally and economically.

Obviously many of the suggestions are original—some of them excellent. Only a perusal of the whole brochure

with its illuminating maps and instructive indices can give the reader an idea of Dr. Ambedkar's contribution. It is however not clear how we can maintain and strengthen national unity in the face of linguistic States which shall be autonomous. For, as the learned author admits, the present peace between provinces is maintained by one party rule in all the States. "But how long is the Congress going to last? The Congress is Pandit Nehru and Pandit Nehru is the Congress. But is Pandit Nehru immortal? It (Congress) must one day come to an end. It might come to an end even before the next election . . ."

That being so, a unitary State is clearly indicated. Dr. Ambedkar has strengthened the case for it—with-out, of course, meaning to.

EMILE BOUNEAU: ARTIST OF THE EVANESCENT

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

PARIS. Art may mean many things or it may mean very little, as is often seen in contemporary abstract work, where all figurative values are suppressed and all psychological associations or overtones cut out. A painting, however, can very well steer clear of anecdote or illustration and, at the same time, make a pictorial statement, which has its own signification.

The art of Emile Bouneau is of this order. His figures, as light and lyrical as those created by Watteau have an abstract quality which reminds us of Chinese art. And yet Bouneau has, so far as I can discover, never gone out of his way to make a special study of any style of art, but has come by his own, in a natural and spontaneous manner, very much as a musician captures a melody. His abstract qualities are of the natural order, such as we find in Chinese landscapes and result from his attitude towards life, much as the abstraction of Chinese art derived from a metaphysical withdrawal from the things of this world. A native of the south of France, born at Avignon in 1902, Bouneau came to Paris to study at the 'Arts Decoratives.' After some years of successful exhibitions he was awarded the Blumenthal Prize and later a scholarship to study in Algeria.

In the last ten years he has attracted much attention among connoisseurs, rather than the general public by his exhibitions at the big Charpentier gallery in Paris, where his paintings and monotypes have been admirably well displayed.

Quite apart from the troubles which are inherent in every

artist's career, Bouneau, because of his hypersensitive nature, must have found life a more difficult matter than it is for most. It is natural, then, that in his art he should wish to avoid the big mechanised city, where the individual is stunned with noise and speed and deprived of natural beauty, and retire whenever he can to the forest or open country. It is in some ways fortunate for him that his family reside at Fontainebleau near the great forest where he can find a variety of themes for his landscape.

There are very few or none among contemporary French artists that have attained the extreme refinement that Bouneau displays in everything he touches. One feels that he is in the position of a tight-rope dancer whose very intensity alone keeps him from falling.

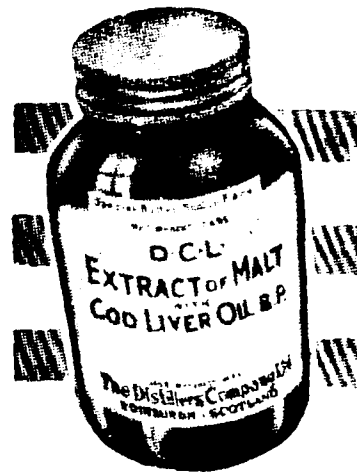
It is not by chance that some of his large canvases depict circus figures or clowns balancing themselves on a rope or perhaps on the top of a ball. This may be an unconscious symbol of the artist himself, for it is exactly what one finds in the taut line and tenuous colour of his work which resounds, as it were, like some highly strung instrument. In the forest scenes which are more or less the same sites as those painted over a hundred years ago by the Fontainebleau school known as 'Barbizon,' Bouneau is as far from a Rousseau or Millet as any of the abstract painters of today. During this century, painting has altogether changed its attitude to the motif. For Bouneau depends almost as little on the object as the abstract artist who denies it. And yet he remains figurative which makes his work more

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'The Forest of Fontainebleau'

Painting by Emile Bouneau

attractive, less inhuman or scientifically intellectual. The abstract painter whose ideal—if we are to believe it—is to free painting from all outer appearances and attain to a condition of music, is often further from achieving this than Bouneau with his figurative art. In the line drawings there is a musical sensitiveness that reminds us of Mozart. "One has to let the line guide you and not interrupt it" he once said to me. This half mystical approach to the material of his art explains perhaps its Far Eastern subtlety. And he has much the same attitude to colour. "If you wish to paint white you must feel the spirit of whiteness" he observed when I remarked his frequent use of this colour. With Bouneau whiteness always points to the presence of light. Being himself a luminous spirit free and aerial in his outlook his work has that evanescent

beauty which we meet in the reflection of light on water or of sunlight as it quivers on the silver foliage of the poplar. And there is perhaps a cosmic implication in those scenes where he depicts an incoming wave with its long line of white foam about to break on the shore, while out in space, one can discern the white wings of a seabird hovering above the immense stretch of waters.

In many of these seascapes there is a half mystical awareness of the universal rhythm, something almost akin to the vision of the ancient Chinese taoist artists. Bouneau himself would probably not admit it, since he is the least pretentious of all the painters. In this way he can be considered as one of the most advanced artists of the moment since he foreshadows that cosmic sense of nature which may well be the next phase of the Western spirit.

DULLES' WORRIES ABOUT KRUSCHEV'S 'FAILURES'

By ANDREW ROTH

FEW foreign diplomats take Mr. Dulles seriously when he says the recent Soviet changes are simply a product of past Soviet failures and American successes. In private he has complained that the recent increase in Soviet flexibility has intensified problems for the West, particularly in uncommitted areas such as South Asia.

Evidence of his concern was his demand for an additional \$100 millions a year only for long-range projects in underdeveloped areas. He has also pressed Britain to agree to change SEATO into substantially an economic organization.

British analysts have not yet agreed although they themselves have one vital yardstick for the success or failure of the recently-concluded Soviet Party Congress. What will be its impact on the 'third camp' of Arab-Asian States uncommitted as yet either to Western capitalism or Soviet Communism?

Mr. Krushchev made it absolutely clear that the Soviet Union would continue its tactic of affixing to the 900,000,000-strong Communist camp, the 600,000,000 people of India, Egypt, Indonesia, Syria and other uncommitted Asian and African countries which did not join "aggressive blocs." He spoke jointly of the Communist and uncommitted States as "a vast zone of peace . . . inhabited by nearly 1,500,000,000 people—that is, the majority of the population of our planet."

Mr. Molotov underpinned this analysis by completely throwing over the old Stalinist line of 1947-50 which led to encouraging Communist insurrec-

tions against the nationalist governments of India, Burma and Indonesia, as well as Malaya. Under Stalin, the Soviet Foreign Secretary pointed out, the Soviets had tended to remain "prisoners of habits and patterns" formed before the war. They had underestimated the "enormous possibilities" of the "unprecedented upsurge of the liberation struggle of the colonial and dependent peoples."

This old underestimation had led to discounting nationalist leaders like Gandhi and Nehru as "tools of imperialism." Vestiges of this thinking still remain in the critical references to Gandhi in recent Soviet encyclopaedias. But the rapprochement with Pandit Nehru, which began in the latter part of 1950 as a tentative effort to be less hostile, has rapidly warmed into something approaching real friendship.

The basic reason is simple. The Soviet leaders have come to realize that the only real alternative to living "on the brink" of mutual destruction is to come to some basic agreement with the capitalist camp. As one of the basic tenets of this agreement, the Soviets would like to see a broad "neutral zone" of States uncommitted to either side, including such hotly contested areas as Germany. Apart from the obvious advantage to world peace of such a no-man's-land, it had two further advantages for the Soviets: it would subtract the military strength of such States as Western Germany from the Western camp; furthermore the Soviet leaders felt that after another

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decade of increasing Soviet growth it could attract this neutral zone toward the Communist camp.

In fact this neutral belt has become the touchstone by which the Soviet leaders judge everything. They were comparatively friendly to Sir Anthony Eden at the July Chiefs of State meeting at Geneva largely because he proposed a semi-demilitarized zone on both sides of the present dividing line in Germany. Mr. Molotov was hostile to Mr. Macmillan at the October Geneva meeting of Foreign Ministers because this "Eden Plan" had been effectively scrapped by moving it 500 miles to the East.

The Soviet enthusiasm for Pandit Nehru arises from the fact that India's plan for a "peace area" of uncommitted States in South Asia overlaps considerably with Soviet tactics for this area. The Soviets can but enthuse about Pandit Nehru's opposition to "aggressive blocs" because the Baghdad pact and the SEATO pact which he opposes as uselessly provocative are, in fact, aimed at the Communist bloc.

Pandit Nehru, of course, realizes that the Soviets think they are using him. He himself is taking a calculated risk. He thinks that by learning "peaceful coexistence" with the uncommitted States of South Asia, the Soviet leaders may lose some of their touchiness and edginess. This in turn, will make them more ready to establish such a relationship with the Western camp and its followers, should another real opportunity arise.

In a real sense, therefore, this recently-concluded 20th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party was a test of Pandit Nehru's influence on Soviet leaders. What was the impact on them of their visit to India, Burma and Afghanistan in November and December? What, furthermore, was the result of Pandit Nehru's pri-

vate urging on them of an effective end to the Cominform?

One of the results, certainly, was to help destroy the "we-are-surrounded-by-hostile-States" psychology which has overhung Soviet leaders as a result of the wars of intervention and the Nazi onslaught. The presumptuousness of Mr. Krushchev of taking over the 600,000,000 uncommitted Asians and Africans is perhaps the Soviets' boastful way of saying: "The whole non-Communist world is not against us."

Mr. Krushchev has however, reciprocated Mr. Nehru's warm hospitality in a very significant way. Without publicly dismantling the already down-graded Cominform, he has given Pandit Nehru and other Asian and African leaders who eschew "aggressive blocs" virtual immunity from insurrectionary Communist opposition. This was not said in so many words. But anyone accustomed to interpreting the oracles of Moscow knows that the Indian Communists will now run the risk of putting themselves outside the pale if they continue to use insurrectionary tactics or even near-insurrectionary ones against the Government of a leading architect of the "zone of peace". They have had another implied spanking in the emphasis now put by Soviet leaders on the possibility of attaining Socialism by parliamentary means. For the Western democrat it is chastening to read that the seizure of Czechoslovakia is considered by Moscow to have been by parliamentary means. But for the Indian Communist it most certainly means that Moscow would like them to be a powerful Leftwing leaven within the Indian governmental apparatus, rather than throwing acid-bulbs in the streets of Calcutta. It is the shoulders of Ajoy Ghosh and P. C. Joshi, of the 'moderates' of the Indian Communist Party, that have been patted rather than

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'insurrectionaries' like B. T. Rana dive and his friends.

The Soviets' new line will intensify the efforts of the Burmese Communist leader Than Tun to cease the 8-year-old armed struggle and join in the general elections scheduled for April. But Prime Minister U Nu's reply has been to remind all rebels that the amnesty expires on March 31 and to push the campaign against the Communists in North Burma still harder. Although the Burmese Communists may still have considerable difficulty in making the transition from armed struggle to legal opposition, its doctrinal path is quite easy. The Burmese Government has the Soviet stamp of approval. However anti-Communist U Nu may be personally, his Government has eschewed SEATO and maintained correct relations with the Communist bloc. If the worst comes to the worst, the Burmese Communists can always lay down their arms and join the legal Communist-connected Workers and Peasants Party.

But how to terminate the struggle in Malaya? The agreement which the Government of Tunku Abdul Rahman achieved in London recently does not require it to decide about SEATO until it is independent. But the agreement does concede the rights of an undefined "Commonwealth Strategic Reserve" to maintain bases in Malaya for the fulfilment of British, Australian and New Zealand commitments to SEATO. And although Malaya's Chief Minister is now also Minister of Internal Defense, his orders are executed by British Generals.

This poses a real challenge not only for the Malayan Communist leader, Chin Peng, but for Moscow and Peking as well. It is no great achievement to preach peace zones to the self-assured leader of a great State like India who is contemptuously confident of being able to handle India's own Communists. It would

be quite another thing to assure Malaya's Chief Minister that he did not have to lean on the Commonwealth, not only for assistance against the 3-4,000 jungle-shrouded Communist insurrectionaries and the minority of Malayan Chinese who assist them, but against the increasing power of Communist China, which he sees as a menace. If the soft words of Moscow could lure him out from behind the Commonwealth strategic defense, it would be a victory indeed for Moscow's new line.

It is this sort of possibility which is giving British strategists gooseflesh. The *Manchester Guardian* has warned that the "speeches which much of Free Asia wants to hear are now made by the Russians, not by Western politicians" and that the Soviets "in the last six months" have "made an advance" in dividing "Asia from the West politically and intellectually" and "nothing is gained by not recognising it."

"Plainly," warns the *Economist*, "the Soviet Government intends to press on, using all the anti-colonialist weapons in the arsenal in the effort to wreck SEATO, to break the Baghdad pact and bring about the greatest attainable degree of isolation of the NATO powers."

Unfortunately for such Conservative analysts, they are too far committed to instruments like the Baghdad pact not to realize that as anti-Soviet weapons they have been a boomerang, hitting the West instead of the Russians against whom it was intended.

It is significant that the foreign affairs spokesmen of the Parliamentary Labour Party, which a year ago accepted the Baghdad pact without even a vote, have now come out against that pact. If not the Government, at least the opposition is realizing that the best way of countering the Soviets is by listening more sympathetically to the new voices from Asia.

AMERICAN ECONOMY: MARX'S FEARS DISPROVED

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

THE particular genius of American capitalism has been its ability to build an economy of abundance. A half century ago a worker's income was almost entirely consumed in keeping his family fed, clothed, and housed. Today, wages and purchasing power are not only far higher, but a far smaller proportion of the budget—about 60 per cent—goes to major necessities. The remainder goes not only to better education and medical care, but provides as well an assortment of products entirely new or so vastly improved as to be unrecognizable to a family of 1900. Washerdryers, TV sets, automatic furnaces, and the modern automobile are all commonplace today.

In the United States the capitalism which Karl Marx predicted would enslave man has proved to be his servant. The very people it was to victimise have become its beneficiaries.

How odd a quirk of fate that in Russia, where Karl Marx is revered, his dream should have been shattered on the rock of bureaucracy. How odd to find that it is in the U. S., in the capitalism he reviled, that the promise of a fairer distribution of wealth has been fulfilled.

Marx believed that in ownership by the people lay the key to prosperity. In other words, ownership should be vested not in the hands of the few, but with something he identified as the People. In Russia today ownership is with the State bureaucracy, or the few. It is in the United States that the people run the business. Millions own the houses they live in, millions the land they till.

Millions own a share of the possession Marx valued highest, the tools of production.

The tools of production, in Marx's days, were simple. They could be owned by one or two people and the profits could be used to line the pockets of the few at the expense of the many. Marx's indignation in the wake of the industrial revolution was then justified. But the tools of production are no more the same, they are something he couldn't even dream about. Today, investment in an industry requires a number of people to pool their resources. No single man can cough up the amount required to start a giant aircraft plant. Thousands of shareholders, or capitalists, are needed.

The amount needed of course varies as widely as the enterprises themselves. For a youngster's lemonade stand five rupees may suffice. To refurbish a corner cigarette store more than three thousand rupees may be needed. To produce a textile fiber like nylon takes tens of millions.

The ownership of the American economy, it must be emphasised again, lies not in "Wall Street" but in the hands of millions of individuals, some of them wealthy, but most of them not, for whom a gamut of new investment channels have opened up.

In surveying a typical day's trading recently, the New York Stock Exchange found that most of its business came not from the city's financial district at all, but from out of town. And the nation's largest brokerage house, handling 10 per cent of the trading in the Exchange, notes

that 90 percent of its customers are out-of-towners of modest means.

A recent U. S. Steel Corporation survey showed that 53 percent of its stock held by individuals was owned by people with incomes under \$10,000, and that the \$5000-and-under income group owns more stock than the \$2500-and-up group. Once controlled by a handful of men, U.S. steel now has more than 275,000 such owners. American enterprises, in sum, are now owned by the many, not by the few.

How is investment fairly distributed among the people of the United States? How for the love of our beautiful eyes, to choose an analogy, can a village teacher in Ramnad district know what new industry is springing up in Madras which is worth a few shares? In the United States the problem of inaccessibility is solved in many ways. There are stock-mobiles, which are brokers' offices on wheels, which tour many areas like salesmen, taking the stock market to suburban residents. There are hundreds of investment clubs which pool and invest members' savings. Then again there are the newspapers and fast communication links like telephones which hook up the nation from coast to coast in business ventures.

The fact that nearly everyone shares, directly or indirectly, in the ownership of American industry is not the only way in which capitalism has confounded Marx's predictions. The economic and social barriers which he predicted would bring dissension and class warfare are steadily disappearing. More wages for the worker has come to mean higher purchasing power, which in turn means higher profits and newer investment. In the United States the fruits of creative capital have been so widely distributed that debutante and typist, junior clerk and

senior executive cannot be distinguished by the clothes they wear. Even in the cars they drive, the difference is probably not in newness, but only in make. To a greater extent than ever before, the doors of opportunity are open to all. There is no arbitrary line between boss and worker. Capitalism provides individuals the ability to create more, the education to realize their potential, and the freedom to pursue ideals.

But won't the machine age of America with its acme in Automation, make the worker an unthinking tool, or worse still throw him gradually out of work? Far from it. The leisure of the American people is absorbed in the pursuit of culture brought to their very doors by modern scientific inventions. While operating a highly complex machinery no worker can afford to be an "unthinking tool." As for the effect of the Automation on employment, the picture is much more promising than would ordinarily seem. The complicated machines of science need repair, overhaul, and improvement. The processes start auxiliary industries which in turn provide employment. The point is that the machine brings to the American more and more creative leisure. Indeed, trade unions in the U. S. have approved Automation.

Today, in the United States, the worker need no longer fear depression. Unemployment insurance, and the control of the overall economy by the Government, profiting from the lessons of 1930, in fact give him the maximum of reassurance.

The results of creative capitalism are dramatically illustrated in a single fact: In the past 25 years, the U. S. economy has expanded fast enough to increase an individual's purchasing power on the average by 40 percent.

HOMAGE TO MY TEACHER

A Tribute To Meghnád Saha

By Prof. K. BANERJI

(Head of the Department of Physics, Allahabad University)

PROF. M. N. SAHA was one of those few top men who have been successful in placing India on the scientific map of the world. We shall no more have his able guidance and undaunted championship for the cause of scientific and industrial development of the country, his keen foresight and clear thinking.

It was in November 1921 that I had the first opportunity of meeting Prof. Saha and becoming his student and thus fulfilling a long-cherished desire. He had just returned from Europe and joined the Calcutta University as the Khaira Professor of Physics. By that time the reputation of his scientific work had travelled far and wide.

The reputation of the great professors of physics, whom Sir Asutosh Mukherjee collected in the Calcutta University—to name a few among them Sir C. V. Raman, Prof. D. M. Bose, Prof. S. K. Mitra, Prof. P. C. Mahalanobis and youngest of them in age though not in reputation, Prof. M. N. Saha—attracted me from Dacca to Calcutta in spite of the great hurdles that I had to cross. The name of Prof. Saha particularly roused my imagination as I happened to study in the same Kishori Lal Jubilee School that gave him asylum from the political wrath of the Government of the day and also the same Dacca College from which he passed his I. Sc. examination. There was a remarkable mathematics teacher in the Jubilee School, the late Satis Chandra Mukherjee, whose teaching of mathematics and mechanics was so inspiring that not less than five of his students became D.Sc.'s in physics and renowned in their own fields.

We also heard with rapt attention from this inspiring teacher, about the uncommon talent of Meghnad Saha. He told us how Dr. Saha began his life as a poor student depending upon free studentship in his village school, how he competed successfully in a scholarship examination and came to Dacca and joined the Government School known as Dacca Collegiate School, how, led away by patriotic feelings, he organised a boycott of students against the visit of the disreputed Lieutenant Governor of the province, how Satish Babu discovered this great genius and succeeded in arranging for a scholarship for him which enabled the young man to continue his studies in the Jubilee School. He took personal pride in the laurels won by his student. Prof. Saha also had a great regard for this teacher. In fact in my long contact with Prof. Saha, I have never seen him touch the feet of any man except of this teacher of his school days.

From the beginning of my acquaintance with Prof. Saha, I found that his inspiring influence and dynamic personality moved all his students, including myself. To students, he always gave time. We had an easy access to his personal library and his research laboratory. These opportunities pleased me enormously as I saw in them prospects of realisation of my dream of being a scientific investigator.

He remained the Khaira Professor for less than a year, but within that short period one could see the tremendous energy with which he worked. Starting from early morning till late at night, his time was divided

between studies, laboratory, or scientific discussions with students. One thing in his teaching impressed me greatly and that was his making us familiar with the most up-to-date original scientific literature. In his lectures we had more references for further studies than loading us with unimportant details. This inspired the students to original thinking. In the present day it is an accepted principle that the best form of teaching is that which kindles in the taught a thirst for knowledge and brings them face to face with the master minds of the world. But it is a difficult job to realise this in practice.

In September 1952 he was called to occupy the chair of physics of the Allahabad University and there he established a very important research centre for spectroscopy, which attracted a number of workers from all over India. He developed it as one of the leading centres in spectroscopic and wireless research. In 1939, he returned to the Calcutta University as the Palit Professor of Physics.

During his later years in Allahabad, he began to realise that power generation is of profound importance for the prosperity of India. The primitive stage in which India was as regards power consumption per capita and consequently the all-round backwardness of the people pained him. This he gave vent to in a number of popular lectures and articles and he suggested with great force the utilisation of water power resources in India. He accordingly gave a lead to the demand for the development of the river valley projects and also discussed in detail how they might be carried out and what would be their effect on the well-being of the country. It is gratifying to see that his labours are bearing fruit after the attainment of independence.

In March 1937 I had the opportunity of being in close association

with him for a few days. The Kishori Lal Jubilee School celebrated its jubilee session that year. Prof. Saha, in spite of his varied activities, agreed to be the chief guest. He stayed as my guest at Dacca for a few days for the purpose. The great revolutionary in him was very much revealed to us during that period. He spoke strongly against the C.I.D. interference in educational institutions. This short stay at Dacca after a long absence brought to memory his early life and his struggles against poverty and against police interference. He freed himself from the scientific environment created by himself and sojourned into the life that he had long left behind. But the stay was a short one and he soon returned to plunge again into the scientific world.

His quest for the power resources led him naturally to another field of physics that was fast developing abroad. The huge store of energy in atomic nuclei attracted his attention much earlier than the explosion of the atom bomb in Nagasaki and Hiroshima even before nuclear fission was discovered. He was convinced even then that there was a future for modern civilisation, which was consuming power at a tremendous rate only if the atomic energy could be harnessed. The discovery of nuclear fission in Germany coincided with his migration from Allahabad to Calcutta and in the latter place he started to build up a laboratory for studies in nuclear physics with full vigour. This resulted ultimately in the establishment of the Nuclear Physics Institute of the Calcutta University, a unique institute in India for training and research in nuclear physics. It was Prof. Saha who could persuade the Tata family, as well as the Government of India, to give handsome grants.

Out of his multifarious endeavours in Calcutta special mention may be made of another sphere of great activity which brought me in close

contact with Prof. Saha. After Sir C. V. Raman left Calcutta for Bangalore, Prof. Saha began to take great interest in the affairs of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Science. Through his efforts a very large number of life members were enrolled in a remarkably short time and he succeeded in constituting a very strong committee of management for looking after its activities. After coming to Calcutta he began to take a very lively interest in it and tried to develop it into a great and modern institute of research. I joined the Association as its Mahendra Lal Sircar Professor in early 1943. He was then the vice-president of the committee of management and took very keen interest in all its affairs. In order that he might more effectively bring about its expansion he took upon himself the work of secretary for a while. It was his habit that whenever he took up a cause, he continued incessantly to work hard for it until he became successful. In 1946 when the Interim Government of India came into existence, we all began to dream of better times for scientific research. We, under the guidance and inspiration of Prof. Saha, started planning the future developments. We had no idea what would be acceptable to the Government of India. Nothing could be expected from the hostile Muslim League Government of the province. It was the great optimism of Saha that supplied the motive force and the result was that the Institute developed from one single department to six departments, with an annual budget that rose from Rs. 40,000 to something like Rs. 5 lakhs, with a magnificent building fully equipped on modern lines costing nearly Rs. 30 lakhs. In realising this, he had to go from one officer to another and did not hesitate to go to the junior-most clerk with whom the files might get stuck up.

Prof. Saha's contributions to scientific and industrial developments were varied and far reaching. He started two scientific academies in India, (1) the National Academy of Sciences to cater for the scientific needs of Northern India and (2) the National Institute of India, corresponding to the Royal Society of London. He was responsible for building up the Science Congress from a small body to a big organisation. He was the founder of the Science News Association that publishes *Science and Culture* and the Indian Physical Society of India. The idea of the chain of national laboratories under the control of a central autonomous body was first mooted and propagated by him. The developments of the river valley projects were inspired by his articles published in *Science and Culture*. The huge amount of work that he took upon himself was far beyond the capacity of an average human being. I had occasions to meet him for urgent matters early in the morning and also late in the night, but I never found him resting or relaxing. He had a sharp memory, which was aided by a highly analytical mind.

Prof. Saha's straightforwardness in dealings made a number of enemies who occupy high positions. He could never conceal his feelings and gave expression to them regardless of consequences. Due to this trait in his character, he had to work uphill in all his endeavours. During the British rule in India, he was not in the good books of the rulers. Even in free India, his criticisms were often too strong for the men in authority.

We have lost a noble soul and a talented son of India at a time when he was most needed. The institutions created and developed by him are the monuments of his untiring energy, and his example will inspire future generations of scientists in India.

“ . . . OVER A. I. R. ”

By M. KRISHNAN

FEBRUARY is not a good month for nocturnal gatherings, late hours and vocal efforts. It is that the contrast between the dry heat of the day and the cold, dew-humid nights is too contrasty. This year we are having an early summer, and so it was hardly surprising that the last week of January, usually equable, was like mid-February in its night dews, and that quite a few of those that sang at Thiruvaiyar seemed afflicted with laryngitis.

I had to explain all this to a young man whom I was trying to wean from the vulgar, cinematic music of Radio Ceylon. You will hear some music during the Thiruvaiyar festival. I had told him, just wait, and you will hear some real music, not piffling, loud cinemusic, you understand, but Carnatic music at its classical best, unaffected and truly inspired. And now I was quoting a Tamil saying about February dews to him.

On February 1, when Chittoor Subramania Pillai's concert was broadcast, there was no need for excuses. Instead, I pointed out to him how the old practice of using the human voice to mark time at a 'kutcheri' was encouraged by few singers these days, and how Mr. Subramania Pillai, brought up in traditions that valued all measures of rhythm, was a notable exception and patronised the Konnakol. But very soon, with Ariyakudi Ramanuja Ayyangar on the air, I had to return to extenuating weather lore.

“Naturally you can't expect a master of Ariyakudi's age to remain unaffected by these sudden changes in humidity and temperature.”

“Naturally.”

“You know, orthodox singers of the old school go about more or less bare bodied at Thiruvaiyar, and I think what they have there is a sort of deluxe 'pandal'—sort of thing that doesn't quite keep out the night air, you know.”

“I know.”

And next day I had to be even more explanatory. Luckily that was the last day.

*

I liked the Tamil rendering of the prize-winning Telugu radio-play, ‘Pillai Manam’ broadcast from Tiruchi on February 26. In listening to a translated play one should look to the plot rather than to the nuances of dialogue, but I did no such thing. I enjoyed especially the good-natured, doddering old father, played by whoever spoke the part; I do not know if in the Telugu original this father is as indecisive, tolerant, and as obviously unfit to manage a zamindar's estate (the job he wants so much, and gets almost), but I thought it added considerably to the realism of the play to have this banished *pater familias*, a man of obvious strength of character and self-respect, so inefficient and mild in speech and manner. Do I hear the reader objecting to the combination of mildness, inefficiency, strength and pride? It is only in books that a strong man is overbearingly efficient and hard. The obstinacy and will to wear out the opposition of the mild, it defies all bullying, cajolery and bribes! No wonder the good book says, “the meek shall inherit the earth.”

*

Listening to T. R. Mahalingam (on the flute) on February 26, I felt amply vindicated for what a friend

THE DECLINE OF BRITISH INFLUENCE IN JORDAN

By ADITYA PRASAD SEN GUPTA

THE news agencies supply us with reports of widespread riots in Jordan during the last few days, which clearly indicate that people do not want their government to have any association with the Baghdad pact powers. One of the features of the riots is that the armed police and the Arab Legion sided with the rioters. It is reported that the Arab Legion did not obey the orders of the British officers given for opening fire on the violent crowds.

The geographical area which constitutes the kingdom of Jordan is also known as Arab Palestine. About fifty per cent of the total population of Jordan used to live here. Possibly we all have some idea about sufferings undergone by the Arabs as a result of the creation of the Israeli State. The Arabs of Jordan hold Britain, among others, responsible for such sufferings and have no confidence in her good intentions. In order to lodge a protest against the pressure exerted by Britain on Jordan for forcing her to join the Baghdad pact, four members of the Cabinet headed by Said Mufti tendered resignation. All these four members represented Arab Palestine. Their resignation greatly weakened the Cabinet which ultimately fell on December 14, as a result of its failure to face the hostile attitude of the people of Arab Palestine on the one hand and to carry out the British plan on the other. The king entrusted Haza al Majali, the Minister for Interior of the outgoing Cabinet, with the task of forming a new Cabinet. The obvious object of the King was to make possible through the new Cabinet close association of

Jordan with the Baghdad pact powers. But there was popular opposition to the formation of a Cabinet by Haza al Majali. The masses through violent demonstrations made it clear that no action prejudicial to popular demands would be tolerated. As a result of such demonstrations Haza al Majali also was forced to resign. His Cabinet could not maintain its existence even for seven days. According to the political commentators the fall of the Majali Cabinet considerably minimized the chances of Jordan's joining the Baghdad pact. The King again entrusted Ibrahim Hashem with the task of forming a new Cabinet. But Hashem had to face a very difficult situation. The rule issued by the Constitutional Council to the effect that the Parliament had been illegally dissolved together with the fall of the Hashem Cabinet led again to riots. On 9th January Mr. Samir Rifai formed a new Cabinet. It was stated that he would try to establish peace in the country so that people might live a normal life.

The Western policy in the Middle East is at present influenced greatly by the threats of Soviet expansion. As a result of their close association with the Western powers the Middle Eastern States which are signatories to the Baghdad pact have also come to apprehend that Soviet Russia wants to extend the sphere of her influence at the cost of the neighbouring States. On the other hand Egypt and some Middle Eastern States which agree with Egypt on the fundamental principles governing foreign relations charge Israel with having created a seriously dangerous

situation and are of the opinion that the threats of Soviet expansion are baseless. What needs mention here is that each of the two blocs holding opposite views on Soviet threats are making efforts to have the Hashemite kingdom of Jordan as one of its active members. The recent developments in Jordan including widespread riots and rapid changes of Cabinet give an indication of how the political life of Jordan is going to be moulded in the near future. Moreover, these developments, if viewed from the standpoint of the situation in the Middle East, appear to have great significance though it is no doubt true that Jordan as a geographical area will play an insignificant role in the matter of overall strategy of the Western powers. Besides, the fact that the British-trained Arab Legion refused to owe allegiance to the British officers and the people of Jordan paraded the streets with portraits of Gamal Abdul Nasser shows clearly how British prestige has suffered a hard blow. Deficit budgets are a regular feature of Jordan's economy. Every year Britain gives her financial assistance amounting to £8,500,000. But this assistance, together with British control over the Arab Legion, has placed

Jordan in a position which is not better than that of a colony. On December 20 *Al Ahram* of Cairo called upon the Arab States to make their contributions so that Jordan might be assured of a surplus economy and freed from British influence. The paper also pointed out that the Arab States had sufficient oil resources for fulfilment of this purpose, and would themselves be held responsible in case economic circumstances forced Jordan to join the anti-Arab bloc. Colonel Nasser, the Egyptian leader, is reported to have seriously thought about the matter and to have forwarded a proposal to the Syrian Premier and the King of Saudi Arabia to call a conference in which they three would generally discuss matters of common interest, and in particular the quantum of assistance to Jordan. If the proposal stands accepted the British position in Jordan will be weakened to a considerable extent. It may also be pointed out that the popular movement in Jordan against the Baghdad pact indicates success of the policy pursued by Egypt, Syria, Saudi Arabia with regard to the Western powers. They all like to have a policy determined by the interests of the Middle Eastern States.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

termed my undue lenience towards him, in my last review of his broadcast. Nowhere in this country of vast and varied musical traditions, of ancient and pure schools of virtuosity, is there anyone, vocalist or instrumentalist, who can rival the notational purity and tonal sweetness of Mahalingam's flute. Only in the forest, listening to the shama at dusk, have I heard melody as liquid and clear. That night, however, Mahalingam was subdued, and lacked the shama's welling fervour. But there was a subtlety in his rendering of Kamas, authentic genius and verve as distinguished from mere tonal virtu, that the bird could have envied; his exposition of Kamas brought to my mind every dance-tune in the 'ragam' I have heard, but not a turn was reminiscent. The violinist, who accompanied him, was a jarring interruption by comparison. Why should there be any violin

accompaniment to a broadcast recital on the flute?

I have always said that the Tamil of A. I. R., Madras, needs upgrading sadly, to use a term currently in vogue, rather loosely. I have no political or personal bias, but isn't it strange that for the past five years the Madras station of A. I. R. has not had a Director with sufficient knowledge of Tamil for any appraisal of broadcasts in that language? Is it surprising, then, to find a certain laxity and crudeness of presentation in some of the Tamil programmes broadcast from this station?

The much-advertised 'Isai Malar' (musical magazine) broadcast from Madras on the night of February 27 will serve to illustrate my point. It offered variety, scholarship, human interest and even art in its half-a-dozen component features, but how it flopped because its presentation and Tamil were shoddy!

The first piece was a talk by Dr. V. Raghavan, of the Madras University Sanskrit department, on 'Mangala Vadyam'. It was an erudite but very interesting talk. I thought Dr. Raghavan's Tamil diction a trifle too Sanskritised and his enunciation colourless, but I intend no criticism thereby—in fact, I quite enjoyed his talk.

This was followed by a talk on 'Adaivu-jathigal' by Srimati G. Kamsalya, a technical catalogue of a certain aspect of classical dance. No one can say anything for or against the style of a talk like that.

The next piece, the one that provided the surprise announced at the end of the programme, was a thing the Tamil of which was above reproach—a fragment in Kapi on the violin by "an eminent vidwan of Tamilnad" whose identity we were asked to guess. The surprise lay in the announcement, at the end of the magazine programme, that the emi-

nent vidwan was T. R. Mahalingam! Fair enough as a surprise and quite a well organised one. So far I have no criticism to make.

The next feature, a talk on Nada-swara Vidwans by Mr. C. S. Selvaratnam Pillai, began promisingly. It was delightful to hear Mr. Pillai speak Tamil with native ease and gusto, after listening to earlier speakers. He told us about quite a few masters of the Nadaswaram (most of whom had names ending with the generic term, Pillai). But half way through someone informed him silently that his time was limited, or else he looked at the clock, and he rushed through the rest of his script at accelerated speed. It was clear, early on, from Mr. Pillai's references to maestros of the past, that he was a connoisseur of considerable experience and therefore, alas! of some age. A talker no longer in his first wind should never have been allowed to spurt to his finish. He gasped with the effort—an entirely avoidable infelicity. He should have been timed earlier or, never mind if he was not, he should have been assured he could take an extra minute, and need not hurry. After all, nothing would have been lost thereby—all that such a course would have entailed would have been the cutting of the next item on the programme by a minute, a merciful subtraction.

Maharajapuram: Viswanatha Iyer followed Mr. Pillai, with a reminiscence of his life as a musician. And Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer had left his spectacles behind, at home.

That, anyway, is the most charitable construction any listener can put on what followed Mr. Viswanatha Iyer spoke of his illustrious career, his early triumphs and the honours that greeted his maturity—with the halting, confused, diffident accents of

one confessing to humiliating defeat, and breaking down during such confession. The talk was, unquestionably, the most lamentable performance of his long and distinguished career. He was tied relentlessly to his script—and he had no glasses. It must have been so. I refuse to believe he is illiterate, and cannot read out a simple script.

Why should this talk have happened? With a little care, it could have been improved, to a broadcastable standard. True that no one else could have deputised for Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer, especially when he was indulging in reminiscence. But he could have been rehearsed. Moreover, the grammatical and idiomatic errors, and the incorrect spelling, of the script could have been rectified.

Referring to when he was ten years old, Mr. Viswanatha Iyer said: *appozhuthu enakku vayathu patru*. Now, words spelled with a terminal or intermediate 'tru' in Tamil are pronounced as if those letters had the sound 'ththu'—we find some of these words in Kannada, with all suspicion of 'r' lost in transition. But never is a Tamil word written with a 'ththu' pronounced 'tru'. The Tamil term for ten is 'paththu', a very old term, native to the language. 'Patru' means many things, including the command, 'seize!' and attachment, but not the numeral, ten. Why, then, this affected, incorrect 'patru'?

That, unfortunately, is the kind of thing that happens to a programme when no supervisory interest has to be satisfied.

It was pleasant to listen to Mr. Periaswamy Thooran's song, set to music with much sympathy by Mr. G. N. Balasubramaniam and faultlessly rendered by Srimati Vaidehi, after Mr. Viswanatha Iyer's pathetic performance.

NOTICE

IN THE COURT OF THE ADDITIONAL DISTRICT MUNSIF TANUKU

S. C. No. 275 of 1955.

Between:

Plaintiff: Dasika Nageswara
Chainulu doing business
at Tanuku, in the name
and style of Liverites Co.,

AND

Defendant:

C. V. Radhakrishnan.

Please take notice that the plaintiff filed a suit for recovery of sum of Rs. 466-12-0, and that the suit stands posted to 13-3-'56 for notice by substituted service.

(Sd.) V. VISWESWARA RAO,
Advocate.

29-2-56

Tanuku

THE RUSSIAN WOMAN TODAY

By ANGELA BURKE

No job's too rough for a woman in Russia, this writer found. Most mothers work a six-day, 48-hour week and turn their babies over to the State's care.)

One of the least considered of occupations in Soviet Russia is home-making. Though housewives are tolerated by the State, they are targets of public opinion which does not encourage them. Even with the Kremlin's current drive for larger families, the average mother in Russia works at a job outside as well as in her home.

On a visit to a maternity hospital in Moscow, this writer followed Dr. Maria Repina, chief doctor and a delegate to the Supreme Soviet, on her rounds. Stopping sometimes at every bed in wards holding 10 to 15 new mothers, Dr. Repina would ask each patient her name, age, number of children and occupation. Not one labelled herself strictly a housewife.

Though all these women had outside jobs to which they were returning following their two months' maternity leave, this reporter found disenchantment in regard to home-making particularly among the Soviet's educated womanhood.

Querying one young Russian woman in her late twenties, a translator who works with a British press service, I was told she personally could not name a friend who did not have an outside career along with her babies.

"The babies are taken care of by grandparents or maids or are in nursery schools," Irina said.

When I asked whether her friends would not rather stay at home looking after their families, she replied: "Who wants to be just a housewife? We think housework is a horrible thing here. Even my mother who

receives a pension now from her job would not quit it. She thinks it would mean a 50 per cent life instead of a full one."

Irina further said that in her opinion 99 out of 100 women would work at a job outside the home if offered a choice. "It is terrible to be always at home, to see only your family and your husband," she said.

These young married women are the new driving force within Soviet Russia today. Lauded by the State for their ambition, they show an emancipation of the sex that is so progressive it shocks. In fact it seems that no job, however back-breaking, is too rough for a woman; nor does there seem to be any considered beyond the female sex's capacities. That is apart from membership in the inner nine-man presidium which rules the Soviet and up until now has been composed entirely of men.

Close Community Living

In Russia, women workers seem to form the nucleus of the road repair gangs, they do the building work, are the porters on trains, the street cleaners and garbage collectors. Sometimes they are the traffic cops. But at the same time they form a high percentage of surgeons, physicians, dentists, lawyers and business executives.

Right now the career exploits of Soviet womanhood have a Horatio Alger flavour. In an interview with one of the two foreign editors of *Pravda*—the Moscow newspaper with a 4,000,000-a-day circulation and the

spokesman for the Central Communist party—the editor went out of his way to praise the drive of his 25-year-old secretary. Apart from having to take care of her husband and son, she not only was an excellent secretary but was studying at night school to become an engineer.

"It is dull work to be a stenographer," he observed.

Should the husband and wife hold fairly responsible jobs, they would more than likely have a servant in the household. In Russia, all the young married interpreters who accompanied this writer at various times had either a nurse or cook running their establishments.

I discovered the servant class in Russia far larger than in North American capitalist democracies.

But though domestics are numerous, creature comforts are few. The main reason for the paucity of consumer goods is undoubtedly the Soviet's preoccupation with rebuilding damaged cities and ravaged countrysides, as well as increasingly heavy industry potentials. Recently, however, production has been diverted to producing more of the goods of peace.

One of the proudest of the new displays of consumer goods is refrigerators. But so novel is this convenience that even in the hospitals and nurseries which I visited the staff did not yet know what should be kept inside; most of the space was filled with butter and little else.

Morals State Matter

Few other modern conveniences are yet on the market. Though there is no question that overall living is immeasurably ruder in Russia, there are a few ways in which living is easier. For instance, sickness is never a financial worry, for the Government pays all medical bills. Also childbirth with pre-and-post-natal care costs nothing. Vacations are

longer for many Soviet citizens and dependent on job classification. Paid holidays are given to all workers and last from two weeks to a month.

Stylishly dressed women are not seen in the USSR. Nor is trimness in women's figures found, for corsetry does not enjoy a mass market here. Most of the women are a good 15 to 25 pounds heavier than their American counterparts. Actually a Russian girl who loses too much weight worries, for Soviet men like their women plump. Dieting is unknown.

Seldom does one find a Soviet woman smoking. Make-up is almost, but not quite, non-existent, but one facet of Soviet beauty culture which is known is hair bleaching. When I first entered Russia the young in-tourist woman who met the plane had wheat-coloured hair. One of the passengers verbally admired it, and Katie said: "Oh, it's not natural. I have it done that way."

One would notice also that few young Communist women wear wedding rings, for such are considered remnants of church culture. Though marriages are civil ones, divorce has grown exceedingly difficult to arrange. In the Soviet today morality is Government policy, with the State decreeing the family too important an organization to be wantonly destroyed. Citizens applying for divorce must first go through marriage counselling services which the Government has established to try to reconcile quarrelling couples. Should a divorce be granted, it takes about a year.

Rarely does one see handholding or kissing couples in the parks or on the streets. But the western is startled to find on trains that men and women are put together in compartments holding four berths without any discrimination.

Upbringing Thorough

As the State has become the arbiter of morals in the Soviet, it has also usurped the role of parents.

If we are to progress as a democratic nation, this contradiction in our practice of democracy has to be eliminated.

The States Reorganisation Commission was appointed by the Congress Government at the Centre. Its report was considered by the Government in consultation with the Working Committee of the Congress, heads of Pradesh Congress Committees and other important Congress leaders interested in the issues and certain conclusions were arrived at. However, these conclusions have given rise to intensively violent and extensive reactions all over the country reminiscent of the Quit India activities of 1942. The Congress at Amritsar was rightly concerned very much over the threat these reactions pose to the unity and progress of the country and gave the correct lead to the nation in its resolution about the reorganisation of the States. Yet, in the wake of that lead hartals and civil disobedience movements are being staged in the country protesting against the Congress resolution on a scale and intensity equal to our protests against British imperialism. The leftist parties and anti-social elements are accused for these happenings. It is true that there is no responsible opposition in our country now and the Communist party and its allies in particular hope to gain by creating chaos and they are very alert in seizing every opportunity to exploit the disruptive forces for that end. It is also true that there are always plenty of anti-social elements, particularly in big cities, who take advantage of every occasion of social and political unrest to indulge in their nefarious activities. Perhaps the riots in Bombay, Orissa and Behar are mostly the doings of anti-social elements without proportionate political significance. Even so, how legitimate protests against the policies

of a popular Government could lead to such intense and devastating riots defies explanation. If the politically weak leftist parties could enthuse vast masses of people to demonstrate against the Government why is not the strong and popular Congress able to dissuade the people from staging these demonstrations? Can it be that the Congress has no organisational machine to keep in touch with the people except for the purpose of votes at elections? If only the anti-social elements got busy disrupting public life, destroying private and public property, looting and burning, why was not the State machinery of law and order operated to its fullest potential? While Bombay was burning, the military were singing in their barracks. The Governments are almost apologetic even for the force used. Indeed they seem to be more anxious to prove their solicitude for the safety of the rioters than for the security of public life and safety of property. The fact of the matter is the Government did not feel strong enough to take stronger measures to put down these riots. Their weakness is within their own ranks. Congress Ministers, Congress officials, and Congress workers everywhere sympathised with and abetted these demonstrations actively or passively directly or indirectly and openly or surreptitiously. The Congress would be serving and ruling the country much better by recognising this internal weakness and eliminating it than by accusing the leftist parties for every embarrassing situation it is faced with.

With the advent of independence, the Congress assuming the responsibility of governance the rank and file of the Congress became extremely power-conscious and a race for positions of power and authority in the ministries, legislatures and Pradesh Congress bodies became their only preoccupation. With a large measure

of autonomy conceded to the States in our Constitution as well as in that of the Congress, ambitious political adventurers soon began to inflame and exploit provincial, regional, linguistic, communal, sectional, caste and local interests and sentiments to raise themselves to positions of power in the provincial and local political bodies without the least regard to the possible effect of such fissiparous activities on our national unity and solidarity. It is amazing how bitterly State legislatures and Pradesh Congress committees are contesting every inch of linguistic territory without the least sense of a national oneness. If a civil war has not actually been fought by the States over these claims it is because they have no armies under their command. It is obvious that what these Ministers, legislators and Pradesh Congress leaders are fighting for is the security of their own positions of power and authority which they achieved by exploiting the credulity and narrow local outlook of the common voter and of the vested interests that are backing them or they themselves have developed by virtue of their positions.

When Maharashtrians refuse to accept any compromise with the Gujarathies over the city of Bombay, when the Sikhs insist on a State for themselves, when the Oriyas are agitated over a district here or a taluk there, when the Tamils cannot reconcile themselves to the loss of Devicolum and Peernedu and when every State is agitated over some claim or other they are just putting the clock back and reviving the passions and sentiments of the days of Sivaji, Ranjit Singh, the Kalinga Empire, the Pallava kings or some period or other when some part or other of India enjoyed a hoary and glorious past. They are contradicting the fact that India is one political entity; they are disrupting the national sentiment and national unity. Aspiring politicians apart, it is most disturb-

ing that even veteran and respected Congressmen often indulge in playing to the local galleries by making statements and blessing agitations against the decisions of the Congress Working Committee and Governments. Irrespective of the merits of the cause they are backing they should realise that by their disapproval of the Congress decisions they are giving tremendous moral support to the disruptive forces in the country. Though freedom of opinion and freedom of speech are inherent rights in democracy, parliamentary democracy cannot function if controversies are not closed after decisions have been reached.

If the imperative necessity of a national language as a unifying factor has ever been doubted the present linguistic crisis in the country should make us wise about it. If it were to be remembered that when the British Parliament decided upon introducing English education in our country they aimed at the spiritual conquest of the Indian mind for willing acceptance of British imperialism it should not be difficult for thinking men to realise the unwisdom of opposing or putting off the implementation of the policy of national language sanctioned by our Constitution. It looks as though the protagonists of English as our national language have not yet got released from this spiritual bondage to the British though we have gained political freedom. When wise men in the country particularly in the South oppose the language policy of our Constitution they are putting local and sectional interests over national unity. They are more solicitous of the prospects of a few aspirants among young men to I. A. S. than for promoting a national sentiment and unity. Their platitudes about internationalism without national solidarity at home sound rather amusing and scarcely cover their parochialism.

In a federal union with a large

measure of autonomy to the federating States, perhaps provincial, regional and other local feelings and passions over issues affecting the States cannot be avoided. However natural and justifiable these feelings and passions might be, it is clear that they cannot be allowed to disrupt the unity of the nation. Though it is not possible and perhaps not advisable to alter the federal structure of our Constitution it must be possible to give a national outlook and orientation to our politics in the States. Our politicians should learn to look at all issues, provincial, regional, communal, sectional and local, in the larger context of national benefit and unity. Congress as the only party on a national basis and being in power should take immediate and effective steps to inculcate this national outlook in its politicians, legislators and ministers in the States. If such a national orientation were to

be given to our State politics, the Congress should be unitary in its organisation and direction. So long as Pradesh Congress bodies are autonomous of the central organisation and are invested with powers to select the State legislators and Ministries and direct their policies, this irreconcilable clash of interests between the States and the Centre is bound to be perpetuated. To coordinate State politics with national interests, the State Governments must be liberated from the patronage and direction of Pradesh Congress Committees. Whatever might be the organisational necessity for these Pradesh bodies they are the initiators, fomentors and organisers of all the disruptive forces in our politics. It is for the powers that be in the Congress to bestow furious thought over this weakness within itself and devise ways and means of remedying it.

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THE QUEEN'S STORY

The next moment, I saw the stranger turn pale, get up in a fit of fury and walk away.

"WHY are you sad and listless, mistress? The musicians are playing heavenly music and the young courtesans are dancing, as if they are inspired by Urvashi. Everywhere there is joy and happiness, cheer and merry-making. Why then are you sad?"

"Maid, do you want to know the secret of my sorrow? Are you unhappy that your mistress is not cheerful?"

"Yes, madam. Unburden your heart of its sorrow."

"Then, put aside your fan and hear me for a while. Maid, I was born on the banks of the Yamuna, where there are only tiny huts and only the trees grow in clusters and dark children watch the fish that play about in the muddy waters of the river. God blessed me with beauty. When I was seventeen years old, my beauty cast a spell on all the people around me and I was kept under the strictest guard, my father's loyal servant-women. When I used to roam about on the banks of the Yamuna, looking at the clouds that flitted by, listening to the chirping of the forest birds, I used to wonder why several young men hid themselves behind neighbouring shrubs and stared at me."

One day, when it was evening and the sun had not yet set, I was sitting by the river alone, watching the flowing water and the little fish that jumped in and out. Suddenly, I heard a stirring of the leaves behind me and startled, looked back. A stranger was standing there, looking at me with devouring eyes. He was fair, broad-shouldered and dressed in rich clothes. It was clear that he

was new to the place. I stood up.

"Who are you?", he asked in a voice which had a tone of authority in it.

I was speechless. For sometime, he too stood silent. There was only the gurgling sound of the water and the rustle of the leaves.

"You are very beautiful," he said, breaking the stony silence.

I blushed red.

"I wish I could marry you," he continued.

I did not say anything.

"Don't you hear me? Have you no reply to make?"

I trembled and said in a whisper 'Meet my father' and darted home like a deer.

I could see from a distance that he was following me. I went inside, unable to suppress my excitement, while father sat outside on his wooden cot.

I listened raptly to hear the voice of the new-comer. I was impatient. It seemed a considerably long time before he came.

I heard them talking. I couldn't make out what they talked. At times, father's voice rose. After some time, I heard my father calling out my name in his loud, gruff voice. I came out. The stranger was seated on father's cot and father was standing near him.

"This gentleman wants to marry you. You understand?" father said.

I kept quiet.

"Have you any objection in marrying him?"—father spoke again.

I just looked down.

"Does your silence mean that you are willing to marry him?"

At last, I bowed my head in agreement.

Father laughed loud and turned to the stranger.

"So everything is alright, sir. Only one condition remains. Are you prepared to make that promise?"

I was eager to know what that final condition was, but father beckoned to me to go inside.

While I was going in, I turned round and my eyes met his. The next moment, the stranger spoke: "I make the promise."

My father smiled in satisfaction and whispered something into the stranger's ears.

The next moment, I saw the stranger turn pale, get up in a fit of fury and walk away.

"I did not see the stranger for several days, nor heard from him. I sat listless, pining to catch a glimpse of that person who had captured my heart.

One dull evening, I was sitting before my hut, lost in contemplation. A sharp, piercing voice disturbed me.

"Is this the home of the chief?"

I got up and saw a ten year old boy, whose face shone with innocence and dignity.

"Yes," I said, "what do you want?"

"I want to talk to him," the boy said.

"He is not here; he will come only after some time. Can you wait?"

"I shall wait" the young boy said. "I cannot go without seeing him."

After a while, father came and asked "who is this boy?"

"I want to talk to you, sir, in private" the boy replied.

My father grew surprised and asked me to go in.

Inside, I listened, but could not grasp anything of what that boy and father talked. I only heard the boy's shrill voice in the silence of the evening. He said something clear and loud and father became silent.

After a few moments, father called me in a subdued, mellow voice and

said "You remember the person who came the other day and wanted to marry you? This is his son, by the first wife."

I was shocked. I never knew that the stranger had a first wife. The boy looked at my face and said "I have no mother. I have come to take you to my father."

My father said "Let us go with him."

On the marriage day, I was happy beyond measure, but my husband's face was clouded with sorrow. After the ceremonies were over, he called me aside and wept.

"My son has made a great sacrifice for my sake. But for him, I would not have married you."

I felt indignant that on the wedding day, my husband was weeping for his son. My husband continued, "Do you know the promise which your father asked me to make. You don't know, dear. He asked that my son should be dispossessed of his rights as my heir before he could allow me to marry you. What a cruel promise, dear, what a cruel promise! My son has come to know of this and he has himself disinherited himself and he has vowed that he would not marry, lest his sons should prove rivals to yours. Oh my son! what a faithful vow you have made for your father!"

My lord went on crying like a child. I tried to console him, but in vain. It is a week since I have been married, but my lord has not yet got over his sorrow. When he is sad, how can I be happy, maid? Only yesterday, he has begun to call me by my name."

"Excuse me, my queen. You have not told your servant your name."

"They call me Satyavati, my maid. And this step-son of mine—the cause of my sorrow—his father calls him Devavrata, but everyone else refers to him as *Bhishma*. I don't know why!"

New Books

By The Angel, Islington. By March Cost. Collins. 12s 6d.

A FRENCHMAN and an archaeologist, Dr. Philip Riberac has come to London on a double and interlinked search. He had won world-wide fame with his discovery of a 13th century English wall panel figure in Vacluse (which came to be known as the Vacluse Angel), but it had teased him and other specialists for years, since it had no right hand and nobody could guess satisfactorily what it must have held—a scroll? a flower? or was it only held in a blessing on the beholder? But now Dr. Riberac has a clue, more than a clue; the advertisement which he had caused to be inserted in British papers had at last, after so many patient years, paid off; one Mr. Baxter, of Sevenoaks in Kent, had written to him saying that he had a hand with him, the measurements of which corresponded with those in the doctor's advertisement. He had arrived post haste at his club in London on Friday the 28th of June, 1935, to find Mr. Baxter's card waiting for him:

Owing to a happy event for my son's wife, Mrs. Baxter and we will be going Friday to Surrey till late Sunday. You are welcome Monday next any time convenient . . .

So nothing could be done about the Angel's missing hand till Monday, and after cursing Mr. Baxter fiercely, Dr. Riberac took up again his other search—this too for an angel, not for a stone one, but a human angel, mysteriously and inseparably linked in time and incident with the Vacluse Angel. Alexandra Hood (that was the angel's name) had come into his life at the same time as he had made the Vacluse discovery, and his selfishness and her pure benevolence had without struggle made her his mistress. Though fairly well-off himself, he had set his mind on

inheriting the wealth of his aunt Madame Franz Orth. He could not marry Andra (short for Alexandra) till the old woman died; if he did, the Madame might cut him off with a penny.

Andra herself is a seeker after perfection, and believed in reaching the kingdom of heaven sometime and somewhere on this planet itself. She was very happy with Philip at first, but later finds his constant dancing of attendance on Madame Orth eroding the perfection of their life together. She leaves him abruptly and disappears, preferring to live on memories of perfection rather than continue to live in a soiled heaven.

That was ten years ago, and though he had seen her twice in that period, she had twice given him the slip and vanished without trace. The Vacluse Angel had also remained without its hand for ten years. Dr. Riberac was now facing a double crisis: would the Baxterian hand complete the Angel? or would it be merely spurious? Would he capture and hold fast his own elusive angel, after a grey decade of emptiness and futility, this time in England?

And so on, and on. Miss Cost spins the narrative as deftly and intricately as a spider its web, with as many crossings and recrossings and running-ups and sliding-downs and unhurried, centripetal sketching-in's of pattern. This is what makes Miss Cost readable, this following of an involute thread in a maze. She has more pretensions, of course. She apparently thinks that she penetrates deep into the mysteries of human hearts, and therefore spends all her time embroidering and unconsciously camouflaging what are really simple truths and simple situations with rhetoric, and the pomp of subtle but irrelevant feeling. Her men and women are ordinary people; even



The late Mrs. K. D. Rukmaniamma, pioneer educationist, Principal of the Maharani's College, Mysore and one of the leaders of the women's movement in Mysore.

Andra, for whom her creator claims a cute spiritual awareness and delicacy, is actually a creature whose actions are sillily dominated by jealousy; but Miss Cost thrusts regalia on their poor unroyal selves, making them but figures that strut and declaim in borrowed finery. Dr. Ribera nearly escapes this fate of Miss Cost's other characters; he wants Andra and he wants Madame Orth's money; he tries very hard to keep both, and fails—for ten years. When at last the wheel turns a circle, we expect the Doctor to jump up and thank his stars, and not feel unduly spiritual at the onset of mere good fortune; but Miss Cost drowns him too in her duck-pond of super-sensibility. This is what is exaggerated in Miss Cost; the deliberate bestowal of super-sensibility on people who just cannot support it. Her fancy, delightful in itself, is inimical to her as a novelist. She lacks the solid imaginative base on which to throw up light structures of fancy. Therefore though her writing has an inconsequential pleasantness, most of it hangs in the air, exasperating us.

Haven't you put jig-saw puzzles together? You get bits of cardboard, you are mildly bothered till all of them are fitted into a picture, and when you see the farm with the chicken and the piglings emerge from the welter of cardboard bits, your interest evaporates. The reader has a similar experience with this novel. If only Miss Cost's controlled grasp of her technique were matched by a well-ordered assimilation of experience!

Fugitives... By Donald MacKenzie. Elek Books, London 12sh. 6d.

IN classical mythology, there is a character named Erostratus who burnt down a temple with the sole purpose of causing a sensation. Arson was not Donald Mackenzie's forte; he specialized in thieving, cheating, black-marketing and fornication. But apart from this, he had much in common with Erostratus, for they are both impulsive, unscrupulous and far from impervious to the attention of the multitude.

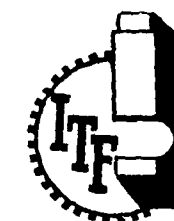
Fugitives claims to be an autobiography; it professes to be the commentary of a reformed criminal on his own past. A commentary it certainly is, in a manner of speaking; but as to whether it is an autobiography is a moot point. The book is just an account of the crimes which the author committed and the adventures in which he was involved after 1945.

In the summer of 1946, Donald MacKenzie, in collaboration with another interesting individual who called himself Stepka, robbed the British Government of property worth 25000 pounds. Subsequently the law came to know about Mr. Mackenzie's part in this little affair. Before they could do anything about it, the latter had "skipped bail" and left the country. What follows is the main theme of the book: the loves and hates of a fugitive, and the stretching of those tenuous threads of personality

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with which he keeps body and soul together.

Such a narrative is naturally interesting. It has the excitement of a "thriller", and the concealed fascination of real life. It is based, besides, on a radically new outlook: we see society, life and human values from a new angle—that of the thief.

Nevertheless such an attitude has one grave defect. It magnifies the author's individuality to such an extent that he forgets that he is an ordinary human being like millions of other human beings. And as a result, from beginning to end, the

tone of the book is one of unrelieved egotism.

Donald MacKenzie's personal philosophy (if one might exalt his moral code to that state) does not recognize human virtue. He has ceased to be dishonest, not because honesty appeals to him, but because honesty is the best policy.

Fugitives reads like a popular detective story; it is as enjoyable as one, and shows an equally great lack of literary distinction. The author, we are told, intends to try his hand at detective fiction. We may reasonably look forward to a brighter future for him in that field.

"MINORITY CRUSADES IN GOVT. OFFICES"

By T. V. RAGHAVULU, M.L.A.

I have had occasion to go through your editorial "Minority Crusades in Government Offices" published in SWATANTRA, March 3.

Advocating efficiency in Government service, you have taken cudgels against the Madhya Bharat Government for the recent decision to grant new concessions to candidates from the scheduled castes and tribes, in filling vacancies in recruitment or in promotion within services. Let me inform you that I stand second to none in the advocacy of efficiency and merit, and being a Harijan myself, I am for social justice and a fair deal for Harijans. It is not true to say that efficiency is allowed to suffer and standards in recruitment or promotion lowered to find suitable personnel from among the scheduled castes and tribes. You seem to have lost sight of one fundamental fact that the minimum academic qualifications are fixed by Government without infringing the canons of efficiency. I shall be highly grateful to you if you can enlighten me whether the appalling waste of 7 crores of rupees in our Defence services last year is due to the inefficiency consequent upon recruiting any Harijan in the Defence service. Mention has been made by you regarding

the inordinate delay and financial disorder in the Chataprabha project but unfortunately you are delightfully vague in fixing the responsibility upon any individual, much less upon any Harijan. I presume you are only referring to inefficiency in general.

Have all or any of these scandals anything to do with Harijans recruited or promoted in the Government services? I also request you to extend your able advocacy of efficiency and merit to Ministry-making politics in our States.

Under our Constitution provision has been made that the Harijans and the scheduled tribes shall be given due representation in services, without in any way infringing the principles of efficiency, with a view to securing social justice. I hope this is nothing but a fair deal for the Harijans and the scheduled tribes who are the disowned and disinherited, down-trodden unfortunate brothers of our country. May I recall how the Negroes struggled hard and attained unprecedented heights of achievement in the several fields of sports and valour, music, education, constitutional law, industry and commerce and in the diplomatic services also. Harijans, if given opportunities, can prove themselves worthy of the concessions given them nowadays. Sweet are the uses of adversity. History tells us that crusades always have been fought for just causes only.

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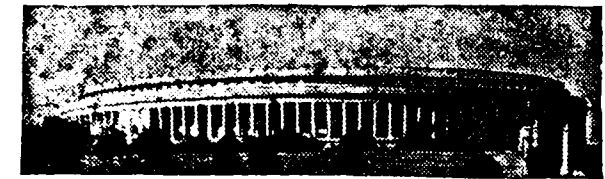


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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DESHMUKH'S Budget calls into question the sincerity of the Central Government for the implementation of the Second Five Year Plan. It is not enough to describe it as an election budget, because the Congress Party is sure to be returned to power at the next general election, whatever the nature of the present budget may be. There is absolutely no element of uncertainty about the success of the Congress Party at the Centre. And whatever the budget at the Centre, it is not going to help the Congress Party in two or three States where they are certain to lose.

It is generally conceded that the Nehru Government is most earnest about the implementation of the Second Five Year Plan. How far Mr. Deshmukh subscribes to the philosophy of the Plan has always been a question agitating the minds of economists. The budget certainly does not reveal that Mr. Deshmukh is very enthusiastic about the Second Plan.

No serious planner can leave a full six-to-seven hundred crores of expenditure uncovered. Deficit financing is all right, but not to the extent of more than a hundred or even a two hundred crores, under the present economic conditions prevailing in India. The man in the street seemed to have revealed much greater imagination than our Finance Minister. He expected taxes on cigarettes, a higher duty on cloth, on liquor, on death. But Mr. Deshmukh refused to oblige. The prices which went up in anticipation of these

taxes on the 25th of February, came down again after the 29th. It is quite clear that the common man expected, and perhaps was even prepared, for more taxation. After all, the people of India are in favour of the Second Plan to a greater extent—it seems—than some of the Ministers. This Micawber-like attitude of Mr. Deshmukh expecting that something will turn up, is not very inspiring to the nation.

When a serious leakage of the budget occurs in a country like England, there is no question of explanations, assessments of the consequences, and so forth. The Finance Minister immediately submits his resignation, and the resignation is accepted without question. India has evolved a peculiar technique of resignation—probably because of her philosophy of resignation. If you want to announce your resignation from the State legislature or from Parliament, you dash off a letter to the President of the Pradesh Congress Committee, or to the Secretary of the Committee, or to the Congress President, or even the Chief Minister or the Prime Minister—in short, to any authority which is not competent to accept the resignation, but not to the Speaker, who can and will accept it.

Mr. Deshmukh has evolved another technique of offering to resign, without actually resigning. He has done it on the question of Bombay, and he has done it about the budget leakage. The Finance Minister will certainly not rise in the esteem of the people by resorting to such cheap

stunts. You cannot submit a letter offering to resign, when you have absolutely no intention of quitting office, and also when you have every intention of standing for election from a particular constituency, who, you think, will be impressed by your offer of resignation, and will vote for you at the next election.

The Soviet Communist Party Congress has revealed that there is a very genuine move in Moscow to look at themselves as others look at them. Such an effort results in a better understanding of one's own self. Now that the Party Congress is over, will it not be desirable for the collective leadership to take counsel with the non-Communist and impartial observers from all over the world? Of course, the ideal thing will be for them to seek the advice of people like Jawaharlal Nehru, but that will not be possible because of the protocol and other problems. The ideal thing will be for the collective leadership to invite non-Government leaders from all over the world.

By so doing, the collective leadership will be able to assess world opinion far better than through fraternal delegations at the Party Congress. Comrade Ajoy Ghosh went to Moscow to champion the Joshi line. If that was the line to be taken, it would have been much better if P. C. Joshi himself was sent. The Congress Party in India was immensely benefited at their annual sessions from the guidance given to it by Mahatma Gandhi, who was not a member of the Congress Party.

During the past few weeks, one missed the genial countenance of Ambassador Yuan of People's China at various receptions and functions. He was the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in Delhi, and conducted his duties with such grace and charm that even other Chinese might not be able to equal him.

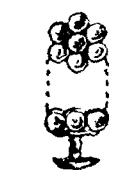
Ambassador Yuan was perhaps the most successful, silent and efficient Ambassador that was ever accredited to Delhi. He was an outstanding representative of the modesty and the strength that is characteristic of New China. He was the only man I know that was extremely friendly to the Press and yet scrupulously avoided all publicity. His mission to India was a historic mission, for he was really the first Ambassador that helped re-establish the age-old ties between the two great countries of China and India—after a lapse of a thousand years.

(Continued from page 6)

must fall into line—though the result may be the deleterious miscegenation on a global scale, and a mounting tide of hatred, greed and poverty of the heart. The west has scrapped the family and enthroned the morals of the farmyard in the name of "creative freedom", and we must do likewise!

"Have the sadhus migrated to Pakistan?" asked jesting Nehru. But the Congress has its own plaster saints to whom its leaders pay ostentatious devoirs. And the official enthusiasm for a shadowy Buddhism is no doubt inspired by the recollection that the French Revolution sported a synthetic religion—the Worship of Reason. But in the mad race for higher and yet higher living standards we can never hope to overtake the nimble West. We shall only help to denude the fruitful loins of the patient earth and hasten Nemesis in the shape of race attrition from individual selfishness and mass destruction from collective greed. But, of course, there is nothing inevitable about all this. We can, if we will, take a firm grip on ourselves and refuse to go the Gadarene way. But we must first send the fake guides packing. We cannot have politicians parading as Javadeurus.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. MARCH 17 SATURDAY 1956 No. 7

A PARADISE FOR BUREAUCRATS

IN an article in *The Hindustan Times* under the title "A Word To The Planning Commission: The Haves And Have-Nots of Land", Sri C. Rajagopalachari expounds the view that, "whatever changes may be introduced in the tenancy laws to equalise life between those who have and those who have not, one very useful step would be to form statutory corporations of all the registered holders of land in each village and to attach to this corporation the responsibility of standards of cultivation and conservation of the soil through an executive body elected with the advice of the local revenue officer." It is difficult to make head or tail of the rationale of this suggestion. For in the same article, a few paragraphs earlier, discussing agricultural prospects under the new land reform proposals of the State Governments, he observes that the notion "that village panchayats or other local bodies can play a great role in saving the situation is a forlorn hope. We have enough sad experience to see that it would be unwise to depend on the efficiency of local bodies in such matters. Their weakness and unreliability are notorious." If village panchayats or other local bodies represent a forlorn hope, the proposed statutory corporations can scarcely be expected to do better, for they symbolise only a new name given to the old bodies. The human element in control in Sri Rajagopalachari's statutory corporation will be no different from the personnel of the panchayats and the local bodies

whom he has denounced as having made themselves "notorious for weakness and unreliability."

It is not surprising that even so level-headed an economist as C. R. should be driven to a fantastic expedient in the endeavour to save the situation expected to be created by the impending land reform proposals. For, the uprooting of traditional property values now going on in the guise of advancing the Socialistic pattern of society cannot easily be fitted into any new system that can be assured of a tolerable measure of stability. The middle classes in the past provided the ballast that kept the social structure on an even keel whatever disasters in the form of loot and rapine by successive invaders befell the country as a whole. Who are the middle classes? Today in England, the middle classes, according to *The Times*, are "all those people who work with their brains and derive their income from salaries or professional fees or from active management of property, who do most of the organising, inventive and creative work from which the nation gains its vitality." But only a century ago they occupied the domain between the big landed proprietors and the mass of hired manual workers. In India the middle classes include not only the members of the professions but also the independent elements in the agricultural community. What is the test of middle class status? To turn once again to *The Times*, "the thread that unites them (the middle classes) is



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social rather than financial. They contribute with brain, character and example . . . They do not clock in and out. They have to keep up a standard, not merely of appearances, and to keep up not just with the Joneses but with the whole social life which they guide and nurture."

A fair deal for the middle classes would be for the good of the nation. Many of the Government's so-called reforms in the various fields have been tending to exterminate the middle classes by robbing them of economic competence, appropriating their property and passing it on to diverse categories of pampered citizens so appropriately described by C. R. as "coddled voters." And all

this is being done in the name of equality! We do not expect any increase of wealth to accrue when the traditional guidance of intellectual leaders with a social conscience is sought to be replaced by a rabble ever bent on extracting for themselves as much as they can, giving in return effort and labour as little as possible. The drift is towards an inexorable necessity to make up for impending laxities with new rigours and imposed commands. India is tending to be a paradise for bureaucrats, with patriots imbued with the spirit of freedom ousted. Sri Rajagopalachari's statutory corporations will certainly prove to be feeble instruments to save the situation.

Sotto Voce

★

DANIS AND DANIELS



FOLKLORE everywhere, like the poets, believes that things are not what they seem. But, while Blake saw a world in a grain of sand, the nursery knew that the soul of the mighty Ahi Mahi Ravana was immured in an insignificant insect hid in the trunk of a tree. And so infantile is our politics that the locus of power remains an equally tantalising mystery. It may be vested in the Congress High Command—a term which Mr. Nehru has told us he does not like, because of its totalitarian overtones. But, then, Mr. Nehru's moods are unpredictable; does anybody know which he resents more—being addressed as Panditji or not being so addressed?

The quidnuncs will tell you that it

is Maulana Azad or V. K. Krishna Menon or X or Y or Z that plays Mrs. Caudle to the P. M. But each one of these worthies has had his visible ups and downs. Not so Vinoba Bhave. Our secular State gives him the respect due to a mentor and the affection due to a mascot. Mr. Nehru's periodical visits to the saint of Bhoodan are reminiscent of Shivaji's to Samarth Ramdas. So everyone follows the fashion. The Planning Commission has had specially publicised sessions with the apostle of Agrarian Revolution.

A. P. Jain, the Minister for Agriculture, has just made the pilgrimage. He is rather dazed by the experience, as one might expect, for oracles are nothing if not overwhelming. But, though he is bothered by fugitive

doubts whether our common humanity can cope with Vinobaji's revolutionary fervour, he is no whit behind the most utopian of 'Danis' in his zeal for Socialism. Vinobaji, he reports, does not like individual ownership of land. He is for pooling all land in a village under State auspices and redistributing it every few years among all the families in the neighbourhood according to their numerical strength, which he expects will go on increasing.

Vinobaji has no use for birth-control which would open the door wide to immorality. There our secular State, which is about to supply contraceptives cheap to Government servants, begs leave to differ from him. It holds that overpopulation would be a menace to the sacred shibboleth, "the standard of living". But such is the power of compartmental thinking that Mr. Jain throws to the winds all thoughts of the standard of living when he declares himself in favour of imposing a ceiling on land and distributing the surplus among the "have-nots" in minuscule plots.

"Why should land alone be distributed when other forms of property are left untouched?" he was asked. "Because it is so limited," was the bright reply; whereas, of course, we suffer from a plethora of other forms of property such as houses, cash and industrial resources. Besides, Mr. Jain would have you remember, "we have created a psychology in the country that wealth and the resources for creating wealth should be equally distributed." Having raised the Rakshasa from the deep, "we" have to keep him employed harrying some one else, lest he should turn and rend "us."

While the galleons are thus floundering in the wake of the whale, the southern counterpart of the peripatetic philosopher of Bhoodan—whose

migrations range from the blue bed to the brown, from the Rasika Ranjani Sabha to the Lakshmipuram Association—has been having second thoughts on "Haves vs Have-nots." C. R. may claim to have anticipated Bhave as the Gracchus of our agrarian revolution even as he anticipated Gandhiji as the advocate of Pakistan. While in the wilderness he had dreamt of solving the country's food problem by putting the Tanjore mirasidars on the shelf. In his second Ministry he went far towards realising that ambition.

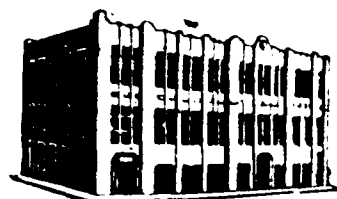
He immobilised the owner, doubled the share of the tenant and told him that if he behaved, there need be no limit to the favours benevolent Providence in the shape of the Chief Minister might rain upon him. Alas, another Caesar sits on the throne today. And he has started zealously fulfilling his predecessor's lavish promises. Deposed Gracchus is anything but pleased. The owner, he feels, may be aggrieved by drastic reduction of his share as a preliminary to custing him with pepper-corn compensation. But C. R. can summon philosophy enough calmly to contemplate confiscation. It is only the thought of fall in production that worries him.

The tenant has neither education nor resources. And C. R. has no illusions about village *panchayets*, Co-operation, *et hoc*. So he tells the Planning Commission, "It matters little to whom you give the land or from whom you take it away. Set up a statutory corporation of all the registered holders of land in every village. See that it impounds a share of the produce and spends it for the upkeep of productivity." That doesn't look so very different, one would think, from the poor *panchayets* at which C. R. sniffs. But his *chelas* will applaud in chorus, "A Daniel come to judgment!" Or will they? And where are they?

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

SIDELIGHTS ::

AN esteemed friend expressed surprise and distress the other day over my views on insurance nationalisation. He instanced the case of a company where the managing director was paying himself Rs. 4,000 a month whereas the man next to him got only Rs. 300. He gave examples of other companies where enormous benefits were passed on by the managers in authority to the members of their own families and other relations under various disguises. Government, he said, made a surprise check without the companies being aware of it on a specific day and were appalled by what they discovered and resorted to nationalisation to put an end to the abuse of the nation's savings—for insurance funds represent such savings—in the form of distribution of largesse to managers' hangers-on immensely in excess of the services rendered by them. Another friend present who had just returned from Delhi spoke for me before I could interpose a word. The capital, he said, was nauseating to him because it seethed with corruption and he found in it gross extravagance and profligate squandering of public money going on under official sanction. He spoke of a party to which 4,000 guests were invited at which no business at all of any value socially or nationally was transacted. The lavish dissipation of large amounts in gala displays over entertainments is not a heritage of British tradition, he said, but an entirely new development traceable exclusively to the Congress leaders that got installed in power after the British left. I would not be averse even to the wholesale appropriation of all property in the country by the Government if it could be ensured that the new managers would give a better deal to the nation than

the old. Let the authorities make an inventory of how much of advantage has been passed on to the relations of our "Planners" through illicit exertion of influence since the Planning Commission was set up. I am told that one of the members of the Commission, if all his acquisitions under dispersed decentralisation of ownership could be pooled together for total estimate, would be found to be a veritable Croesus. What Socialistic value can accrue to the morale of people when such a planner proceeds assiduously to set ceilings for others' incomes? The same human frailties pervade the Government as are found flourishing in other institutions. Transfer of excessive authority to the State would only mean that there would be no second power to appeal to in cases of gross injustice. British trade union leaders are as Socialistic as any of the architects of our own "Socialistic pattern of society." But they have become apprehensive of any further extensions of the principle of nationalisation. The reason for this is quite simple. They have realised that nationalisation means, not the removal of abuses but the installation of all of them in a privileged position with the check of a supervisory appellate authority removed. Government officials, some of them at any rate, may be well qualified to probe into the maladministration of the insurance companies. But they would administer the insurance empire no better than heretofore if only because they would be immune from the supervisions that existed against the private managements till now, and the salutary effects of competition would not work at all in their case.

All the human welfare endeavour that can be packed into Socialism is worthy of the fullest support

of the nation's well-wishers. But the great danger in Socialism now lies in excessive and unbalanced concentrations of economic power in the State without regard to duties and obligations or moral competence, leading to dictatorship in Government and slavery for the people. I see every day instances of gross violations of public duty on the part of the most exalted of the leaders in power. The operations of the caucus that has come to be known as Congress High Command are indeed becoming more and more depressing day by day. They have just thrust a new Minister on Andhra. Sri Obul Reddi is a dear old friend of mine and I wish him all success as a Minister. But the manner of his coming in is altogether reprehensible. It does not represent the free choice of the leaders entrusted with the government of the State but a deal in Delhi of which evidently the only motive was the placation of Acharya Ranga who for purposes of his own has been longing to have a chela in the Andhra Cabinet. Or else take the case of the recent selection of Srimathi Yasoda Rangaramanujam as the Congress candidate for the Rajya Sabha from Andhra. I have been most diligent in my enquiries as to who this lady is. I could not come across a single individual in a position to throw some light. She is as completely unknown to the public as Srimathi Jyoti Venkatachalam was when Sri Rajagopalachari picked her out, to his own subsequent undoing, for inclusion in his Cabinet. The foisting of incompetent and unknown individuals without any credentials at all on the sovereign legislature of the country is a more heinous form of corruption than the worst that can be found in any life insurance office, or any branch of industry, because it fills the very source-springs of our freedom and welfare with poison and pollution, but is there one leader of the ruling party not excluding the Prime Minister himself, who can be

said to be entirely free from blame for the spread of this form of corruption?

I have been asked whether SWATANTRA shares Sri V. V. Prasad's opinion expressed in New Delhi Diary of last week that Finance Minister Deshmukh should have resigned when the budget information leaked out. It does not. This being a journal which is hospitable on principle to all points of view, especially those opposed to its own, the mere publication of a viewpoint in its pages does not mean acceptance of its validity. Editorial opinion in SWATANTRA is confined exclusively to the editorial pages and to Sidelights. The British example cited by Prasad does not apply in Mr. Deshmukh's case. There was only to my knowledge one British Minister who resigned on account of premature publication of budget secrets. It was proper that he should do so because the mishap was directly traceable to his own inadvertence. But Mr. Deshmukh can certainly not be called to account for an offence of the printer in the Government Press. The Finance Minister is a man of intelligence, rectitude and astonishing power of work, and the nation can ill afford to lose his services, while he remains fit to render them.

The Dramatic Artists' Association presented in Tamil, Sri Manjeri Isvaran's social play, Rickshawalla, at the Museum Theatre, Egmore, last Sunday. The unique distinction of this play was the complete elimination of all sex interest from the story. For more than an hour after commencement no woman appears in any scene. Here is probably the first delineation of proletarian life on the Tamil stage. The artists of the Association have caught to perfection the atmosphere of the way of life of the poverty-stricken toilers dwelling on the streets and pave-

(Continued on page 41)

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NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

THE SOVIET EXAMPLE

ON March 4, in type scarcely discernible by the naked eye and apparently considered unworthy even of a heading, appeared a news-item in one of our leading dailies. It said that on March 3, the Russian Cabinet approved border changes between Kazakstan and Uzbekistan, Soviet Central Asian republics. *Tass* which gave the information added that the change involved transfer of territory to Uzbekistan. That was all. Considering that the crazy quilt that the SRC made of India has been taking on an average ten solid columns of space every single day for the past few months, it might appear to the more weary among us that they seem to do this sort of thing better in Russia. When the fate of Bellary hung in the balance, the very foundations of regional cultures were shaken. And yet Russia keeps and maintains within her vast empire stretching from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the White and Arctic Seas to the Caspian and Black Seas about 60 ethnic groups who speak altogether not less than 200 languages. From early times Russia has had the habit of nibbling at her neighbours' lands. She nibbled bits off Prussia, Poland, Turkey and so on and added to her population the German, the Jewish, the Muslim, the Polish and Armenian elements. There are states in Russia with limited statehood, there are autonomous states and minor categories of provinces with varying degrees of independence, all joined together in federation. There are 17 national minorities (those with a population of over a million). Kazakstan, for ins-

tance, is a constituent republic in which live the Russians and the Kazaks, Turco-Tartars of Mongolian origin. The latter had led a nomadic life with their herds of cattle till the revolutionaries took them in hand and in a dozen years civilised them, made them literate, exploited the rich mineral resources of the province, laid out the railways and made a heretofore unkempt little state an important economic unit of the Union producing 80% of the country's lead.

Uzbek, on the other hand, is a smaller territory where live Kazaks, Russians, Ukrainians and the Jews who are the direct descendants of the Jewish prisoners of old Assyrian and Babylonian kings. The Uzbeks are sub-divided into about eighty tribes and have Mongolian and Turkish blood in them combined with a dash of Persian and Afghan.

There is infinitely less affinity between some of the Russian states than between the racial groups among the Cypriots or between the linguistic divisions among us. What then is the secret? It lies, I think, in what is called Socialist Realism. Even Old Russia practised it in a sense by ignoring regional and racial prejudices. The frontiers of provinces cut through national territories, the native tongues of non-Russian minorities were suppressed. The argument was that Russia was one nation and all divisive tendencies should be annihilated so that the harmony of the whole may not be broken. One of the major instruments for the dissipation of this kind of Realism is mystery. Rarely do we find in information by *Tass* or in communiques

from the Moscow Government anything like an explanation or elaboration of something which has already been done or is going to be done. The fact is stated baldly, the attitude of the people prescribed. The Soviet authority never thinks aloud. Anything on the lines of President Eisenhower's recent broadcast offering himself for election if the Republican Party is pleased to nominate him would be quite unthinkable in Soviet Russia. The public spectacle of rejoicing which the leaders presented on the occasion of Pandit Nehru's visit to Russia was unprecedented in the annals of revolutionary history. Mystery surrounded Marshal Bulganin's recent heart attack and the report when it was finally issued carried no details whatsoever.

So probably the Uzbeks and the Kazaks will wake up one morning and discover that their friends across the road now belong to another territory. They would wonder for awhile but nothing in their experience will explain the change. They would stop wondering after a time. The change would probably make little difference in their lives.

No. Better by far the ten columns of news space every morning, better the expiatory or retaliatory fasts, better the bitter words and the anger, better even the shedding of blood than such quiet, uncomplaining acceptance of the word of professional patriots. Lin Yutang said that "the only kind of liberty worth having is the liberty of the oppressed to squeal when hurt . . . ?"

SEX ON RAILWAY PLATFORMS

We have heard it said that travel broadens the mind and widens the horizon of the intellect. That it is suspected to do something else besides which is quite divorced from the mind or the intellect comes as a pleasant shock. Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri who is working with missionary zeal to put India on the railway

map of the world, to adapt a current simile, has decided that sex books are to be banned from railway platforms. Why sex books should prove more deleterious to public health and morals on railway platforms than anywhere else is a matter which we have to sort out ourselves. Evidently there is some dark and secret affinity either between sex and railway platforms or sex and trains. The explanation given is that railway platforms are *government* property. But since we have been told that the government in a democracy is the *people's* property the argument has no bottom worth speaking of. Mothers have noted with harassment that children's capacity to tuck in victuals increases by the mile during rail travel but that such journeys stimulate other appetites among adults is a theory which strikes one as almost Freudian and lends itself to pleasant experimentation. Even "scientific" treatment of sex is to be taboo. May I suggest that "scientific" lore on sex has been grossly over-estimated? Scientific treatment, more often than not, only succeeds in sending the reader into a deep freeze. A non-scientific work like *Forever Amber*, on the other hand, sometimes works wonders. It is therefore inevitable, as we can see, that there should be much diversity of opinion about what exactly constitutes sex literature. Moreover, what is to prevent a passenger, so inclined, from bringing a book from outside, crossing the railway lines and entraining from the wrong side? The plan, clearly, has too many loopholes. Something like a customs shed (with a bamboo partition dividing the sexes), I feel, is indicated where the luggage of passengers may be thoroughly examined and all suspicious reading material confiscated so that travellers may start their journeys auspiciously feeling pure in mind and body.

The pity, alas, is no legislation can prevent their carrying their own sex with them.



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U. S. A.'S EXPANDING ECONOMY: A LAYMAN'S VIEW

By K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

IN his recent book, *Big Business: A New Era*, David E. Lilienthal attributes to a "combination of poetry and sweat" the seeming miracle of America's expanding economy. Americans form but 6% of the world's population, and inhabit 6% of the world's land with its proportionate natural resources; yet today this 6% outproduces the remaining 94%. Call their system of economy capitalism private enterprise or laissez faire, the results are undoubtedly impressive. Poverty as we know it in many parts of the world is unknown in the U. S. A., and likewise there is no unemployment worth mention. As a matter of fact, it is maintained that no one need be unemployed in the U. S. A. unless he is determined not to work. The vigour and vitality, the enthusiasm and exuberance, the self-confidence and even self-complacency of sturdy youth are among the more visible features of American economy. Is all this resounding success too good to be really true? Is there a fallacy somewhere? Is the theory of a continually expanding economy a mirage and a delusion? Wistful, anxious Americans have themselves posed these and similar questions, but of course it is easier to ask questions than to answer them.

Whatever its future, America's present amazing industrial activity is a fact, and it would be instructive to inquire into the circumstances that made it possible. It is good to remember that at the start the American colonists were only engaged in agriculture, and America's career as an industrial power is hardly a century old. The early struggles to survive in an alien environment, the war

with the French, the revolt against the British, the Civil War, and, in more recent times, the involvement in 2 global conflicts constitute but one aspect of the history of the U. S. A. Not less important is the ceaseless supply of labour, first the 'slaves' from Africa, and later the immigrants from Europe,—wave upon wave of adventurers, waifs, and have-nots seeking a fortune in the New World, giving a constant jerk to the kaleidoscopic composition of the people, enriching yet complicating the general racial pattern. It was in very truth the New World, and the polyglot population was not ordinarily weighed down by any particular or rigid tradition. Not 'sweat' alone, but blood, tears and toil also went into the making of America's economy. At first the endlessly receding West was an invitation to the individualist, the tough pioneer, the dare-devil younger brother, and it was only when the Pacific was touched at last that the New World was seen to be as closed a land area as the Old. This inevitably gave an impetus to industry, and the initiative, the ingenuity, the daring, and the will to succeed that had characterised the farmers and gold-prospectors of an earlier epoch were now turned to the tasks of invention and technology; and with their abundant natural resources, their still unexhausted labour potential, and, above all, their freedom from inhibitions, the Americans soon laid the foundations of their stupendous industrial civilization.

No human situation remains stationary for long, and with a dynamic people like the Americans, with an expanding economy like theirs,

generalizations are not only difficult, but also misleading and even foolish. Burke expressed this feeling in 1775 in a tone of ecstatic despair: "Fiction lags after truth: invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren." The picture of American industry today is not what it was 50 years ago, much less is it what it was in the years immediately after the Civil War. By a process of trial and error American economy has been changing at the same time as it has been steadily expanding, and pressure from outside—public opinion, Government control, competition from abroad, the impact of total wars—and pressure from within—the stern logic of technology, the need for unrelenting research, the imperatives of a developing managerial revolution, the worm of social conscience disturbing the equanimity of the men controlling industry and big business—have together determined the pace and direction of change. No sooner a reasonably satisfactory solution is found for a set of evils—say, the Sherman and Clayton Anti-Trust Acts of 1890 and 1914—than the evils shift their ground, or suffer a change, and fresh evils or dangers take their place, and the need arises for a fresh approach to the problem and the formulation of new incentives or correctives.

For example, although America has been generously dowered by Nature, these resources cannot obviously stand endless utilization at an ever-increasing rate. There is need to tap fresh sources at home or abroad, or to employ new techniques to render the still available resources commercially utilizable, but even so this process may not go on indefinitely. "This fact alone," says Shepard B. Clough of Columbia University in *The American Way*, "makes one hesitate to assume as blithely as do many economists that American economic progress will continue at the rate of 3 per cent per annum simply because it has been going on

at that rate for a long time." Perhaps, after all, the countries—the confessedly 'backward' ones—that have failed so far to make full use of their resources, whatever the present discontents, have been wise on the whole not to have squandered away within 2 or 3 generations the accumulated heritage of tens of thousands of years!

Apart from Nature's bounty, there is the crucial factor of an adequate labour force. This was not much of a problem so long as Europe's teeming masses steadily overflowed into the States to provide cheap labour. In recent decades, however, the pace of immigration has had to be slowed down drastically, and the spectre of overpopulation—though by no means an immediate danger—may already be glimpsed in the far distance. On the other hand, labour today is better organized than a generation ago and enjoys a reasonable standard of life, sharing most of the good things of life with the very well-to-do. To make up for the deficiency of cheap labour, the modern technology of agricultural and industrial production has effected a great revolution as a result of which the input of human labour bears little relation today to the final output of goods and services. Mechanisation is one part of the story, mass production is another. Thanks to the mechanical contrivances of modern technology, the labourer could put in a 44-hour week and earn much more than his more hard-working father or grandfather did. Thanks to mass production methods, what were once luxuries for the rich—the car, the refrigerator, the radio—could come within the reach of the average American labourer of the present day. Henry Ford himself owed his spectacular success as an automobile manufacturer to his bold and inspired policy of liberal wage rises and substantial price cuts both linked up with mass production. In April 1914 alone—made up of only 26 working days of

8 hours—his Company produced 30,402 cars: 146 cars per hour, 1 car every 24 seconds. As Mr. Allan Nevins writes in his recent study of Ford, "the Ford Motor Company was something more than a successful manufacturing enterprise. It was an exemplar, almost miraculous in its swift rise, of forces that were reshaping the world."

A revolution, however exciting, however sensational in its immediate results, is after all a disturbing and exhausting affair. Modern technology has no doubt eased certain areas of our life, but the old stability and serenity are gone. Any correspondence that we try to establish between our wants and satisfactions is upset tomorrow by the new discoveries of science and their new applications by technology. 'Beggar my neighbour' is the name of the new epidemic that rages in our economic life. No sooner we have bought a car than a new model is on the market; not only we tire ourselves with the desire to be up-to-the-minute, even the competing manufacturers and manufacturing nations also tire themselves exploring all the possibilities of ingenious novelty and enervating comfort. Restless research has become the life-breath of modern industry, and as James B. Conant remarked in his Bampton Lectures, "by 1940 . . . science had moved into industry, and, belatedly, even in the United States, industry had moved into science." These developments have not unnaturally affected also the anatomy of Big Business. Gone are the days of the Napoleons of finance and industry, the days that saw the rise of a Rockefeller, a Carnegie, a Pierpont Morgan, a Ford; capitalism in America would now appear to have considerably extended its base, and altered the composition of its top. Big Business functions today, not as the projection of the gigantic ego or drive of one Nietzschean superman, but rather as a complex expression with many

variables—Government regulations, labour organizations, research projects, the presence of increasing numbers of university-educated men in the higher administration, the division and diffusion of effective ownership, and the paramount demands of national security. Besides it is not easy for Big Business to flourish as once it did under cover of obscurity or secrecy. The blaze of publicity and the dust of controversy are directed towards big enterprises, and the critic, the reformer and the idealist are not to be silenced. A Dreiser, a Norris, an Upton Sinclair, a John Steinbeck have done for modern America what Disraeli, Dickens and Reade did for Victorian England—that is, awakened the conscience of the people, opened their eyes to the spectacle of man's cruelty to man. Big Business has had to abandon much of its former ruthlessness and intrepidity, but the gains have been proportionate on the human plane. It is not simply a question of the workers being paid better wages for shorter hours, and being treated more like human beings than before. What the idealists, the reformers and the social critics have helped to achieve is really a general diffusion of prosperity in the country as a whole. Ever since Franklin D. Roosevelt embarked on the New Deal programme to lift his people from the Slough of Despond into which the crash in Wall Street had precipitated them, Government has been actively playing the role of a guardian and umpire rather than that of an amused onlooker, and the experience gained in the colossal multi-purpose TVA has given Government an insight into the workings of Big Business. In this context the 'private sector' (which in the U. S. A. is the major sector in the national economy), whether it likes it or not, is obliged to fall in line with the agencies that are engaged in the tremendous task of evolving the 'Welfare State'. In a climate of

general prosperity, the physical benefits must inevitably be distributed widely, without reference to class, status, race, or colour. Education, medical assistance, protection to life and property—these too would be assured to all. Such a movement, while it couldn't completely end inequality, could at least ensure that the very rich are not so rich, and the very poor are not so poor: the chasm between the rich and the poor could be narrowed more and more till at last the difference would seem to matter very little indeed in terms of living the full and good life.

There is, however, another side to the shield. It is only when production increases that there will be more to distribute. In the U. S. A. industrial production took terrific strides during the last few decades, partly no doubt because of Nature's bounty, partly because of mechanisation and mass production techniques, partly also because of the play of individual initiative and—in the earlier stages—the absence of Government control, but there was besides a whole philosophy of living that served to stimulate the nation's economic advance. The average American has believed, notwithstanding Thoreau, that plain living is neither an end in itself nor the necessary antecedent of high thinking. A full life must come first: the good life will blossom afterwards. The succession of European immigrants had had but one dominant idea: to improve their material lot and to live their own life. When they made money, as generally they did, they 'ploughed' their savings and made more money. Saving and investment have thus gone hand in hand and have contributed in no small measure to America's expanding economy. Schooled, not in Ricardo, Mill and Marshall, but in the hard academy of experience, the empirical university of trial and error, the pioneers of American industry solved problems as they arose, and forged ahead with-

out much hesitation or regret. When the centres of production came to be scattered, the problems of trade and transportation were attended to with the same rough and ready shrewdness and impetuosity with which production had been organized; and these developments in communication led in their turn to the tapping of new resources, the dispersal of industries, and the expansion of the internal market. It is a confused story, and perhaps all the details are not still known to us; but one can follow clearly enough the main lines of development and see how American economy has reached its present unique position.

Because this is how America achieved her position of economic strength, it doesn't however prove that this is the only way, or that it will work in other contexts. The modern American's vision of the future may be summed up in Mr. Lilienthal's words: "A world of great machines, with men in control, devising and making use of these inanimate creatures to build a new kind of independence, a new awareness of beauty, a new spirit of brotherliness." It is natural that to the American of the mid-twentieth century, poised on the crest of a great wave of economic advance, such a projection of his country's future should appear eminently reasonable. But, perhaps, it is not going to be so easy as all that. The world has become too small, thanks to the very advances in technology that have also made economic progress on such a scale possible. It will not be easy henceforth to contain small pockets of prosperity within vast deserts of squalor, poverty and ignorance. The world as a whole has to swim or sink together. The 'advanced' nations of the world—the U. S. A., Canada, the U. K., Germany, France, the U. S. S. R., Japan—have in their own interest to lend a helping hand to the 'backward' nations so that the present dividing

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distance between the richer and the poorer nations may be abridged somewhat. And even for this a measure of understanding between the rival power blocs is necessary. What is today being spent (or wasted) on the preparedness for war by the various nations could, if pooled together, go a long way towards ending the misery, the want, the ignorance and the squalor over the entire world. Thus, whether we discuss America's future or India's future or the world's future, we come back at last to the international situation. Without peace, without the freedom from fear, all other freedoms must inevitably be in jeopardy. Thinking Americans are fully aware of this. "If America has one challenge among all others in its role of world leadership", writes

Professor Clough, "it is to devise ways and the will for settling international differences without violence." America took the lead, first in founding the League of Nations, and more recently in organizing the UNO. A major war has been avoided during the decade since its inception, and it may be that with good will on all sides and the good offices of dynamic neutralism as interpreted by Nehru's India, wars may cease once and for all to be an instrument of policy. Then, and not till then, will America be able to cultivate without uneasiness the manifold arts of peace, and not till then can the stupendous marvel of America's expanding economy widely diffuse its blessings to the people of the whole world.

FOREIGN OFFICE TECHNICIAN ON TOUR

By ANDREW ROTH

AS he took flight for the East on Leap Year's Day from London Airport, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd denied that he was "going to try to compete" in the Middle East and South Asia "with the Russian leaders" Krushchev and Bulganin. "No other country has anything to fear from a British Foreign Secretary going abroad for discussions with leaders of other nations."

This is so true it is a bit sad. It is as though there were first on the stage a tremendously successful vamp, with the sex appeal of Marilyn Monroe and the money of a Vanderbilt. Then on comes a poor drab and chubby girl, who announces; "I am not here to seduce you. I am here merely to study the lighting and seating arrangements in this theatre."

This is entirely true of Selwyn Lloyd. Even if Britain retained the power to change the loyalties of States in South Asia, Selwyn Lloyd is not a power politician. He is no world strategist, no Curzon, no Churchill. Not even a Harold Macmillan, however little his predecessor as Foreign Secretary may have accomplished in his attempts to dabble in *realpolitik*.

Britain's new Foreign Secretary is not a general, he is the perfect staff officer. He was selected for his post by Sir Anthony Eden because Britain's Prime Minister, so long Churchill's chief staff officer himself, admires efficient staff work and mistrusts grandiose generalship. Particularly when Britain has so few forces with which to manoeuvre.

It is to his brilliant staff work that Selwyn Lloyd owes his astounding rise. It is certainly not due to a commanding presence or personal magnetism. His rounded features are so devoid of any outstanding characteristic that he is the bane of Britain's cartoonists. The only description which has stuck is his resemblance to a koala bear. But even that is misleading because Selwyn Lloyd though portly, does not seem warm-blooded enough to be cuddled. His speeches are always well-assembled and well-reasoned, but they lack fire, despite the fact he is half-Welsh.

Selwyn Lloyd fails to capture the imagination partly because he combines on a very high level the unspectacular virtues of the British professional classes. Unlike the aristocrats of birth, breeding or business who dominate the present Cabinet, Selwyn Lloyd is thoroughly middle class. His father was a Liverpool doctor. Instead of going to exclusive Eton—like half the Cabinet—he won a scholarship to little-known Fettes. Then this hard-working and ambitious young man won a classical scholarship to Cambridge.

It is not as an intellectual that Selwyn Lloyd has won his spurs, because the British mistrust intellectuals. It is as an extremely competent barrister—in many ways the best-rewarded of British professions.

The talent of a barrister is highly specialized and is summarized in the phrase: "mastering his brief". In Britain it is the barrister who normally pleads in court. To do so



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successfully—and thus attract remunerative briefs—the barrister has to have certain talents. He must be able to concentrate on a case which may be in a field completely unknown to him, master and retain the facts involved, work out persuasive arguments to support his case and present them cogently to persuade the court that his client is in the right.

It is precisely these talents which Selwyn Lloyd displayed at the Bar in Liverpool before the war after he qualified in 1930. Practice in Liverpool, though less glamorous than in London, offers a greater variety of cases to an ambitious and hard-working barrister.

And Selwyn Lloyd soon showed his amazing talent as a barrister. He seemed to be almost a mechanical brain, with an astonishing capacity for extracting and storing the facts presented to him by clients and solicitors. He could organize these facts impressively, eliminating the weakness certain to be picked on by his opponents.

It was this sort of talent which made him a valuable staff officer in wartime. He enlisted as a private in 1939 but was commissioned and sent to the first war-time course of the Staff College at Camberley. At the end of 1941, when General Montgomery was given the task of organizing the skeleton of a headquarters which eventually could command a cross Channel invasion, Selwyn Lloyd joined him as a major. Two years later he was Colonel, General Staff, the head of the Operations Room at Second Army headquarters,—planning the battle of Normandy.

He was an excellent staff officer for the same reason he had been a promising barrister. He could concentrate coolly and forcefully on essentials, detecting the weakness in a seemingly good plan. He could balance a multitude of factors in his

head for long, tense and sleepless periods.

Brigadier Selwyn Lloyd shifted his talents back to the Bar in 1945, building his practice up to a remunerative £8,000 a year.

He did this despite the fact that he had become a part-time Parliamentarian. In 1945 the Conservatives of Wirral, the suburban area outside Liverpool where he lived, asked him to become a candidate. He was already known there for his pre-war work as a Conservative in local government after a youthful splash as a Liberal candidate in 1929 and his wartime achievements impressed them. He was returned with a thundering 16,000 majority in the Labour landslide of 1945.

Like Hugh Gaitskell, another highly competent middle class professional of his generation, he attracted very little attention during his first two or three years as M. P. He concentrated on the Bar. He made no flamboyant speeches, dropped no bricks. He showed a certain independence of mind when a member of the Beveridge Committee on Broadcasting. He wrote a sole minority report, dissenting from his Conservative colleagues as well as the Labourites, in opposing the continuation of the BBC's monopoly of sound broadcasting. "Defence of public monopoly," he wrote, "on the presumption that it alone can fulfil a social purpose—can so easily degenerate into a cover for administrative incompetence or for the most vicious bureaucratic control, or for tyranny itself."

R. A. Butler, then revitalizing the morale and fighting ability of the Conservatives, recognized him as an able staff officer. He made him his deputy in the Conservative Research Department and the Conservative's expert on financial questions like leasehold. As such he was the first back-bencher to be promoted to the

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Conservative's Front Bench while they were still in Opposition.

Surprise!

When the Conservatives returned to office in 1951 it was expected Selwyn Lloyd would become Financial Secretary to the Treasury or perhaps Attorney-General. To everyone's surprise, including his, he was made Minister of State at the Foreign Office under Anthony Eden.

There again Selwyn Lloyd mastered his Foreign Office briefs with consummate ability. His chief job was to represent Britain at the United Nations. He arrived at the 1951 Paris meeting of the UN three days before Eden. By the time Eden arrived Selwyn Lloyd seemed to know more about UN procedure than the permanent members of the British delegation.

In the four successive sessions he attended his ability was widely appreciated by the professionals. The late Andrei Vishinsky could appreciate his lawyer's ability, even if it was directed to scoring off the Soviets. And because that was the Foreign Office line, he managed to work effectively with India's temperamental Krishna Menon without losing the confidence of America's equally touchy John Cabot Lodge.

Despite this he never made a dramatic public impression. He always seemed to be speaking to a brief, oozing self-confidence but never conveying conviction. He was always the able but colourless barrister for the Foreign Office.

It was not possible to judge his achievements in the year before he returned to the Foreign Office as its head. He was Minister of Supply for only six months when he was promoted to the Cabinet as Minister of Defense in the April 1955 reshuffle. He had just begun to make some progress with the difficult task of knit-

ting together the conflicting armed services, when he was switched again to become Foreign Secretary in place of Harold Macmillan.

On his appointment it was widely felt Sir Anthony Eden put him in as Foreign Secretary because he was more amenable to Sir Anthony's views than the opinionated Mr. Macmillan, who tended to like the 'tough' policies of John Foster Dulles. Certainly Selwyn Lloyd is nobody's stooge. But Sir Anthony probably counted on his barrister's training—he would take his instructions from Sir Anthony and the Foreign Office professionals in a way that headstrong Harold Macmillan never would.

Furthermore, Selwyn Lloyd has never seemed to have any strong views of his own on foreign affairs. True, the *Observer* complained he is "somewhat inclined to over-simplify world problems in terms of Communism and anti-Communism . . ." But it is a lawyer's tendency to overstate the case for his own side.

It is possible that he has no strong convictions because a barrister's convictions are normally those of his client.

It is also possible that there is a real man behind the public face of the very able barrister that Selwyn Lloyd shows to the world. If so, it may be brought into the open by this trip. He has very little first-hand knowledge of foreign countries, and particularly little of Asia.

Perhaps he will return with an answer beyond that he gave the Methodist Missionary Societies in May 1955. He said then that Communism could only be opposed successfully by the spirit of a dynamic and revitalized Christian church. "There has never been a greater opportunity to carry the gospel of Jesus Christ to hungry souls the world over," he said. Perhaps that is what he feels SEATO is for.

THOUGHTS ON S. R. C. REPORT

By V. V. GIRI, M. P.

THE persistent desire on the part of various sections of people living in different parts of India for the formation of linguistic States and States based on culture, language, race, etc., is a natural reaction to the oppression by large majorities in different States of weak minorities or the clever exploitation by shrewd minorities at the expense of simple-minded and unsuspecting majorities. The desire was recognised early enough by the Congress which has been a staunch advocate of linguistic States.

I have always given expression to my belief that the solidarity of India could be best safeguarded by the establishment of a Unitary State, as the first step in the evolution of a new world order based on the formation of a World State. In this world order of my conception production, distribution and exchange would be not on a national but international basis assuring every individual and his family the right to work and the right to live and all other fundamental rights which will guarantee a comfortable and happy existence from the cradle to the grave, provided he discharged his obligations to the community.

Passing Phase

The acts of commission and omission perpetrated by certain linguistic groups are to blame for the present impasse centering round linguistic States. I am definitely of opinion that it is a passing phase and it has to be gone through. We must be grateful to the S. R. C. Commission for the care with which they studied and tackled various issues in their report containing many useful proposals. There is no point in attributing motives to the members of

the Commission. The omissions based on facts must be remedied where necessary. Even after the linguistic States are formed on a most reasonable basis, the difficulties of minorities are sure to continue unless definite steps are taken by the Central Government in protecting their interests, professional, cultural and linguistic, so that in a period of ten years the minorities might be made to feel that the safeguards were adequate. It would then be a matter of indifference where one resided. The majorities must make special efforts to convince the minorities that their interests are safe in their hands. To see that the goodwill of the majority is given a practical turn the Central Government should appoint a high power Commission with the specific object of guarding the interests of minorities and redressing genuine grievances for a specified period till majorities and minorities had adjusted themselves leaving no room for complaint about borders and other problems. It is good to realise that at the present moment the nation is not prepared to think in terms of a Unitary State till the popular urge for the formation of linguistic States had been completely satisfied. The Biharees, the Oriyas and the Assamese feel that they are better off as separate entities and they could look after their own economic and cultural interests more effectively by themselves than as partners in bigger units. The Andhras, the Kannadigas and the Maharashtrians feel likewise under the present conditions with sufficient reasons. It is as it should be for the time being.

Temporary Expedient

But these separate linguistic units must be considered only as a tempo-

rary expedient and nothing more. At the end of ten years or at the most 15 years, India must be divided into five broad zones, North, South, East, West and Central. Later if this experiment is successful within another fifteen years, a Unitary State for India with a single administration can become a possibility. I welcome the idea of zonal regional councils for the consideration of problems of common interest to the various regions, as a step that would lead to a spirit of greater understanding and closer unity. The next stage will be the formation of a Unitary State for India. In this set-up of my conception there will be no Ministers, Governors, etc., for the various States as now. The Central Parliament would function with members, say of the strength of 3,000 and thirty Ministers dealing with different portfolios, with Ministers of Cabinet rank, Ministers without portfolio, Ministers of State, etc. I favour the emergence of a sort of government by committees presided over by Ministers with about 100 members associated with each Ministry to deal with different portfolios. Bills, etc., might be discussed at a first reading by the Ministers and the committees must take them up and work them through and pass them on to the Parliament for a sort of third reading which should be final.

The Final Goal

The whole country may be divided for administrative purposes into districts presided over by district officers as at present with a commissioner for say five districts who should concentrate attention on the task of ensuring that the orders of the Central Government are given effect to. The members of the Central Legislature may act as his advisers when they return from their parliamentary work. At the district level, there may be district advisory councils, if necessary to assist district officers and commissioners with their advice. If

India can accomplish this task she would have done a mighty job and she will rise in international stature and will be a living asset to the United Nations Organisation. If matters progress along the right lines, in course of half a century a World State may become a practical proposition. It is in the light of these factors that I hold the view that there is no inconsistency between the S. R. C. proposals and my desire for a Unitary State leading ultimately to the goal of a World State. The various stages have to be gone through before we could reach the final goal.

From the political angle I vote for a Socialist democracy of an undiluted type which alone could save the world from the evils of unbridled capitalism and outright totalitarianism which both restrict and militate to a lesser or greater degree against liberty of thought, speech and action. It is only natural that the individual as well as mankind in general should cherish liberty without which men cannot claim their souls. In India we must feel proud that we are Indians first, Indians last and Indians always and this feeling will enable us to think of a World State and world citizenship.

One can never return completely to a previous stage of existence. We shall never be able to recapture the life of our ancestors of Upper Paleolithic and Mesolithic times, nor would we want to, because we could not bear to lose the scientific knowledge that we have slowly accumulated during the intervening centuries. We should do well, however, if some of us recaptured certain aspects of the hunting life which others of us have never lost. All anthropologists who have lived with primitive hunters report that they are sportsmen, gentlemen, and conservationists. Good manners, cooperation, and a respect for the plants and animals among which they live and from which they derive their food are basic hunting patterns of behaviour.—CARLTON COON in *The History of Man*.

THE BI-LINGUAL IDEA—THE LATEST CRAZE

By G. S. BHARGAVA

THE latest political craze in the country is for bi-lingual or multi-lingual States. The whirligig of Time in its revolution has seen our leaders change positions on the subject so often and so drastically that a student of Indian politics is apt to feel like Alice in Wonderland.

Between the formation of the Andhra State and the appointment of the States Reorganisation Commission the linguistic idea was propagated with varying emphasis. When the S. R. C. by and large accepted the principle of language States—Bombay and Punjab were the only exceptions—the leaders of the ruling party and the Government seemed to agree that there was nothing wrong in the linguistic re-demarcation of State boundaries.

Then the Prime Minister suddenly put forward a nebulous idea of zonal regrouping of the new States. Even before the Home Minister, Mr. G. B. Pant, developed the theme and gave it flesh and blood it became the fashion with Congress leaders, Ministers and leader-writers in newspapers to acclaim it.

Then followed the disturbances in Bombay, Orissa and other places. While a dazed country was recovering from the shock of the unhappy developments, the Chief Ministers of Bihar and West Bengal, who were till then engaged in a tug-of-war about a small strip of bi-lingual territory, sprang another surprise in the shape of a proposal for the merger of the two States. Then it became the fashion of the day to talk of merger of States. All sorts of combinations were conceived, among them being Mr B. Gopala Reddy's brainy idea of

an amalgamation of Visal Andhra and Samyukta Maharashtra!

Press correspondents freely suggested that when the bi-lingual idea gathers momentum there will be only five or six large States: the present Bombay State, Vidarbha, Saurashtra, Kutch and Rajasthan forming a Paschim Pradesh, West Bengal, Bihar and Orissa making a Purva Pradesh, the present Madras State joining with Travancore-Cochin and the enlarged Mysore to become a Dakshina Pradesh, U. P. remaining as it is an Uttar Pradesh and the present Vindhya Pradesh, Bhopal, Madhya Bharat and the Hindi areas of the present Madhya Pradesh coming together as the new Madhya Pradesh.

It was then hoped that the S. R. C. proposal for a merger of Punjab, Pepsu and Himachal Pradesh would be put through with some safeguards to satisfy the Sikhs. That would have left Visal Andhra in the South, Assam in the east and Jammu and Kashmir in the north as the only unattached States.

Two basic assumptions are at the root of this way of thinking: first, that the attempt at linguistic reorganisation of States is itself responsible for the recent disorders and internecine strife; and secondly that replacing the lid of the Pandora's box, by going in for bi-lingual and multi-lingual States, will end all troubles. Nobody who is conversant with the origin and growth of the demand for linguistic States will accept either of these assumptions.

It was in 1905 that the Congress, though indirectly, committed itself to

the principle of linguistic States when it lent support to the demand for annulment of the partition of Bengal. Three years later, the constitution of a separate Bihar Pradesh Congress—four years in advance of the actual separation of Bihar from Bengal—meant more direct acceptance of the principle that a majority of people speaking one language should be constituted into one State. Formation of two new Congress provincial committees, one for Andhra and another for Sind, in 1917 was the next step.

The Nagpur Congress of 1920 made linguistic redistribution of provinces one of the political objectives of the party. As pointed out by the States Reorganisation Commission, the report of the Nehru Committee appointed by the All-Parties Conference in 1928 developed a rationale for linguistic States thus: "If a province has to educate itself and do its daily work through the medium of its own language, it must necessarily be a linguistic area. If it happens to be a polyglot area, difficulties will continually arise and the media of instruction and work will be two or even more languages. Hence it becomes most desirable for provinces to be regrouped on a linguistic basis. Language as a rule corresponds with a special variety of culture, of traditions and literature. In a linguistic area all these factors will help in the general progress of the province."

The Congress manifesto for the 1945-46 elections committed the party to redraw the map of India on a linguistic basis, when returned to power. Even after independence, the Hyderabad Pradesh Congress, notably, pledged itself to the disintegration of the State and the amalgamation of the Telugu, Marathi and Karnatak areas with their respective linguistic regions. In Andhra, the success of the Communists in the 1952 elections was attributed to the demand they had raised for a separate Andhra State. As a counterblast, in the 1954

re-election, the Congress claimed the constitution of the Andhra State among its achievements. The same year, in Travancore Cochin, the Congress accepted as a coalition partner, the Travancore-Tamil Nad Congress, which had a few months earlier sponsored a violent linguistic agitation. Criminal cases filed against T. T. N. C. leaders were withdrawn by the Congress Government.

In brief, for over 30 years now Congressmen, individually and on behalf of their party, have been associating themselves with demands and agitations for linguistic States. The Congress leadership and the Government have also realised, as stated by the S. R. C., that "further deferment of a general reorganisation might lead to more dissatisfaction." Nevertheless, it has been recognised that, besides the linguistic principle, other important factors such as the preservation and strengthening of the unity and security of India and financial, economic and administrative considerations should be taken into account while redrawing the State boundaries.

In other words, linguistic redistribution of States was not looked upon as an end in itself but as a means to (1) national unity, (2) economic progress and (3) administrative convenience. To these must be added the vital consideration of achieving a decentralised political set-up, which was one of the points stressed by the Praja Socialist Party when it pleaded for formation of linguistic States here and now. The S. R. C. also bestowed enough thought and attention upon these ultimate goals and suggested several reforms to be embarked upon simultaneously with States reorganisation. It also made it clear that even after reorganisation, bi-lingual areas would remain and, therefore, recommended safeguards for linguistic minorities.

For instance, acceptance of Hindi as the *lingua franca* would, as Gandhiji often pointed out, knit the

different linguistic States into a united nation. It would militate against linguistic loyalties running riot and leading to separatism. It would, to quote Gandhiji again, make the States "realise their organic relationship with India." Still, Congress leaders who rule out linguistic States on considerations of national unity oppose what they call imposition of Hindi on South India!

That satisfaction of linguistic aspirations will remove the existing antipathy for Hindi in the South goes without saying. Irrational opposition to all things British, including the English language, ended with the transfer of power. Similarly, Andhra, often regarded as a State of linguistic fanatics, is favourably inclined towards Hindi, unlike Tamil Nad!

The S. R. C. recommendations, by and large, accepted the linguistic principle, though while proposing the formation of the new Madhya Pradesh and favouring the retention of unwieldy U. P. as it is, the Commission gave a go-by to the question of administrative convenience. The economic factor weighed with Mr. Fazl Ali when, in a minority report, he recommended continuance of Himachal Pradesh as a separate State. Only in respect of Bombay and Punjab, all the four principles were subordinated to expediency. Without adducing any reason, the demand for a separate Maharashtra State with the city of Bombay as capital was turned down. So too was the idea of a Punjabi State not entertained at all.

Instead of amending the S. R. C. report on these points, the Congress Working Committee, like a supra-judicial body, began tampering with the recommendations with an eye on the next elections. Taking the taluk as unit and on the basis that a majority of people speaking one language should be constituted into one State, it would not be difficult to redraw the State boundaries. Acceptance of a principle for States reorganisation

would have stolen the wind from the sails of irrational agitations. People who clamour for acceptance of the principle of linguistic States when it benefits them but fight shy of it when their own State has to cede territory would have then been exposed. Instead of such a principled approach, the Congress High Command made a virtue of being all things to all men, as exemplified by the permutations and combinations tried in the case of Bombay City.

Bilingual Bombay State, bilingual State plus Vidarbha, separate Maharashtra and Gujarat with a City State of Bombay and finally direct Central administration over Bombay were the alternatives proposed by the Congress leadership. Significantly enough, none of these proposals accepted the linguistic principle. On the other hand, each of them was meant to soften the rejection of that principle. That geographical and economic factors demanded inclusion of Bombay City in Maharashtra did not also appeal to the Congress leadership. They had also overlooked an elementary fact that whosoever controls, economically, the City of Bombay, also controls its Maharashtrian hinterland.

Thus, it was the rejection of the linguistic principle, propagated by the Congress for 50 years, which led to the disorders and not its acceptance. Secondly, the people of Maharashtra, pledged to the idea of Linguistic States, were so hurt by the Government's decision that they could not be isolated from the anti-social elements exploiting the situation.

The democratic rationale behind the demand for linguistic States is, as pointed out by the Praja Socialist Party's National Executive in a recent resolution on the subject, that such reorganisation of States destroys the barriers between the common man and the administration. Equality of opportunity without which all talk of "Socialist pattern of society" is

hypocrisy demands that employment and other opportunities should trickle down to the lower strata of society which will not be possible in polyglot area.

There is also nothing reprehensible in the movement for linguistic States being an essentially middle class affair. Employment opportunities provide a way out of their present distressed condition for the middle classes and so they naturally plump for smaller and linguistically homogeneous administrative units.

Moreover, multi-lingual States have provided for exploitation of one language group by another. Since there has been no uniform development of the country and since people inhabiting particular areas, like Bengal and Madras, have been, for various reasons, more forward in education and politics, polyglot units have seen their cornering juicy jobs and prize posts. While there should be no premium on reservation of posts on a linguistic basis, it is not also fair that persons speaking a particular language should have a near monopoly of lucrative posts in an area peopled by a different linguistic community. If merit be such an overriding criterion in these matters, there would have been no case for the withdrawal of the British from India.

Therefore, the P. S. P. hit the nail on the head when it declared that the proposals for bi-lingual and

multi-lingual States "have not emerged as a result of the wishes of the people but have been brought forward by the leaders of the ruling party to evade the responsibility of solving the conflicting issues of reorganisation of States on the basis of well-defined principles, with due regard for the wishes of the people. The National Executive, therefore, feels convinced that no such move should be entertained before the people concerned have had an opportunity to express their wishes freely on the issue."

To decide the future of bi-lingual areas, the P. S. P. has suggested holding of plebiscite in the areas concerned, a proposal to which the Prime Minister also seems to be agreeable.

Another argument against linguistic reorganisation is that it will militate against economic progress and hamper the smooth execution of development plans. Facts belie this contention. If Andhra is an example, schemes for the exploitation of its rich natural resources which remained in cold storage at the time of the formulation of the first Five-Year Plan because it was then a part of Madras have since been taken up. Once the linguistic demand is conceded, it heightens national loyalty and breeds a healthy competitive spirit in developmental matters.

The contention that linguistic States jeopardise national unity is equally fallacious. Even according to

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the S. R. C. proposals, the number of States in the Indian Union would have been reduced by eleven from 27 to 16. That would have been a step towards unity, not disunity. Secondly, no lover of India accepts the Communist theory that linguistic communities are "sub-nationalities." In this connection, it is necessary to quote the following from Acharya Narendra Deva's lucid exposition of the problem in his draft Policy Statement of the P. S. P.: "India is a multi-lingual nation, misconceived as a multi-national State by Indian communists. Ethnologically, culturally and historically there are much closer ties between different lingual units in India than those between different lingual groups of Switzerland which is acknowledged as a nation by all competent authorities. There is no comparison between the socio-cultural structures of India and the Soviet Union and, therefore, the analogy of the Soviet Union is not applicable to India... So the problem of cultural autonomy of different linguistic groups of India is not a problem of an international character. It is essentially a problem of redistribution of States to ensure equal cultural autonomy to all, commensurate with their stature and requirements of national development."

The important fact recognised by the Nehru Committee nearly 30 years ago that in a polyglot area "difficulties will continually arise and the media of instruction and work will be two or even more languages," is sought to be overlooked now. Ten or twenty years hence, after Hindi really becomes the *lingua franca* of the country, following introduction of a common Roman script for all the languages, including Hindi, if two or more States are sought to be merged, it would be a step towards unity. Today, it is covering up a volcano to avoid the unseemly sight of molten lava inundating the country. It is escapism par excellence.

THE C. I. D.

By P. D. TANDON

ACHARYA KRIPALANI recently put the men of the C. I. D. in the news by telling the Parliament the way he was being shadowed by them. Publicity is the last thing they want. Secrecy is their natural slogan. These sleuths seem to have irritated the Acharya, but I have had extremely interesting experiences of them. They are a delightful lot. The way they function is really interesting. Two years ago I had managed to procure a copy of the report of the U. P. Public Service Commission 'before time' and it was published extensively in the *National Herald*. The Government were annoyed because they did not like its publication at that stage. The C. I. D. was put on the track to find out the man who had given me the copy of that report. The C. I. D. officers did not succeed in tracing the 'culprit', but they had to prove that they had done their job and succeeded. They entangled a few employees of the Commission, traced my 'friendship' with them and got them into trouble. The then chairman of the Commission was very keen to see that no innocent person was penalised and he sent me a 'top secret and personal' letter in which he said that a secret enquiry was made and it was alleged that some officials of the Public Service Commission communicated 'verbatim extracts' to me and added, "The Commission are deeply concerned over the matter and would be greatly relieved if you could very kindly throw some light on the matter, so that the Commission may be enabled to take a decision whether the allegation has a substratum of truth." I informed him that I did not know anybody in the Commission excepting him and the suspended persons were

absolutely innocent and the C. I. D. report was entirely incorrect and patently absurd.

After this letter things got going again and one afternoon a C. I. D. officer politely asked on the 'phone— "Can I see you today?"

"Of course, yes, but you will not talk to me about the Commission report", I replied firmly.

"Can't I call on you?", he pursued.

"I am sure you can. But not a word about the Commission report. You know you have been very cruel to some persons at the Public Service Commission", I hurled back.

The conversation ended and the gentleman never came. Perhaps, he was sure that he would not succeed in getting the name of the person who had helped me in my work.

In 1941, a hefty C. I. D. officer, whom I had known at the university as a student, called on me and began to chat most leisurely about various things. I felt that a reptile was creeping on my arms. I became very cautious and a little afraid. Those were different days. In order to put him in good humour, I asked him how he kept himself busy because he was only supposed to be pursuing Congressmen and they were doing nothing secretly. He laughed and said, "Busy, I only have to fill a diary, and that is all."

I continued, "Is that all? Now, tell me what you did yesterday".

He narrated, "Mrs. Pandit's luggage came to Allahabad yesterday from Khali, and I furnished a list of the things that the luggage contained".

"Do you mean to say that you opened it up?", I asked in amazement.

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"Of course not. I just mentioned those things which were likely to be there. That's all. And, believe me, my officer was very pleased," he gloated.

Several years ago, a C. I. D. friend honoured my father with a visit and entertained him to the following questions:

1. Why does your son live at Allahabad?
2. Does he know shorthand?
3. Is he a photographer?
4. Was he a good science student?

These questions baffled my father. He told him that his son was living at Allahabad because he found some scope for his work there, he did not know shorthand, he had failed in science in high school and had never clicked a camera.

When the kind visitor, after getting the answers, was leaving the house, my father politely and respectfully asked as to why those enquiries were being made. He was told that my younger brother had once written to me to give some information about an advertisement, which appeared in a newspaper. He wanted to apply for a certain job and enquiries were being made about my qualifications.

One afternoon in 1940, a C. I. D. friend slunk into my office and comfortably stretched himself in a chair. I greeted: "How are you?"

"Oh, I am well, but give me a glass of 'sherbat.' I am very thirsty."

None dare refuse water, even 'sherbat,' to the thirsty, and I, being a Hindu, immediately arranged for the drink. Having satisfied his tormenting thirst, my friend settled down to business, and asked: "Who is Dr. Dottor?"

This name sounded rather funny. I had never heard of him. I felt intrigued and observed, "I don't know this devil."

"Come along, and tell me, there's nothing serious. Why should you

hide such an ordinary thing," coaxed my friend.

"How can I tell you about a person I have never known?", I snarled.

Promptly he pulled out a paper from his pocket and read out its contents to me. I said, "So, here you are! You seem to be thoroughly illiterate. It is not Dr. Dottor, but Dr. Keskar."

I had written to a friend that Dr. Keskar was staying with me and was well. And this information about his welfare was the origin of his enquiry.

In June 1942 I was staying at Naini Tal. There I felt a thrill of 'greatness,' because I noticed that a familiar face was shadowing me most faithfully. One day when I was sitting in a restaurant, I turned to the gentleman and said, "I seem to have seen you at Allahabad."

His face was all smiles and it was enough. Since then we became quite friendly and I found in him a jolly, good companion full of detective and crime stories. Indeed, whenever I talked to him, I felt that I had read a crime story. One day I asked him why he was shadowing me and he said, "Why do you grudge me the pleasure of staying in the hills? I have never been here before. I hope you will be here throughout the season." I understood him.

In early 1944, I felt flattered by the kind attentions of a C. I. D. gentleman. He was so kind that he served the purpose of a chowkidar and kept thieves away. Every now and then he made delicate and personal enquiries about me. He asked my cook as to when I took my meals, who else dined with me, who my guests were and what was being prepared in the kitchen. My generous cook gave him more information than was required. One day a guest of mine asked me if all that did not irritate me. I told him that there was nothing to be irritated about. After all, there were not many persons about whom such kind and warm enquiries were made.

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And above all, the C. I. D. friend had to fill a diary.

Even in jail, I was not ignored by my C. I. D. friends. One day a smart, young man came to the jail gate and I was invited to meet him. He said that he was under orders to make certain enquiries. I was pleased to see him, because a new face in jail was always welcome. He said, "Who is this man who has recently sent you that red book?"

I told him that the sender was a friend and a dear one at that.

"How do you know him? He is a very big man," queried my friend.

I felt amused and a little irritated. I told him that the man was really big, but I knew him because he loved a girl-friend of mine, who jilted him.

"Oh, jilted him! Please tell me that interesting story," pleaded my friend. He forgot all about the orders. He gave me company for a while and walked away.

C. I. D. men become more mysterious when they work as censors. We can't see them, can't talk to them, but terribly feel the weight of their mighty hands and vividly realise that we are living in their kingdom and their will is being done. Censors used to be very fond of my letters. The need of my C. I. D. friends was always greater than mine and so they kept my letters with them for weeks together. Once a post card which was posted at Lucknow reached me after two months. I was glad that it reached me after all.

Many changes have taken place in India after independence, but the ways of the C. I. D. continue to be exactly the same. They feel that every Government wants its opponents to be pursued and persecuted. For the attainment of their objective, they operate in the good old way. All glory to them!

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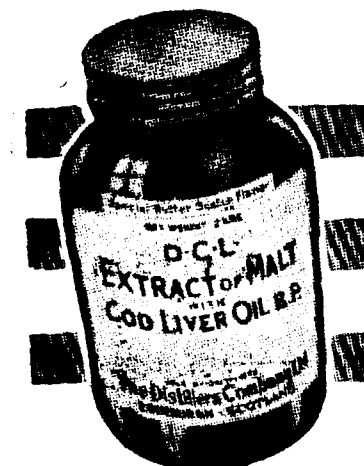
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SIVAPRAKASAM

By P. N. S.

SIVAPRAKASAM Memorial Tournament. This innocent heading in the dailies recently must have given a rude shock to many badminton fans in the south and in some places in the north, like Bombay and Hyderabad. Sivaprakasam was a well-known badminton player but his death had not been noticed at all. Newspapers which meticulously record in their columns the obituaries of some 19th century cricketer or sportsman of the West, or even the death of a horse, had failed to notice the passing away of a sportsman who was an ornament to the game he played.

Sivaprakasam was one of the younger brothers of Dakshinamurthi, popularly known as Dakshina, a wizard in the game of ball badminton. While Sivaprakasam was a boy, his brother was at the height of his prowess, mesmerising player and spectator by the magical turns of the racket. He must have mesmerised young Sivaprakasam too, and aroused in him a passion for the game, for the latter very early revealed great potentialities. And, under the aegis of his brother and under his expert guidance he developed on the right lines, and soon emerged as a fine exponent of badminton, and a powerful aide to his brother.

Power was Sivaprakasam's forte as it was also the strength of his brother's game. He used to occupy the back positions, either in fives or doubles, and never spared the ball to spoil a chance. And, proper direction and control of the ball accentuated the skill of his strokes, which almost always spelt danger to the opponents.

Contrary to the impression he created while wielding the racket, Sivaprakasam was a man of gentle disposition, a real gentleman. He never walked with a swagger or with the nose up. Perhaps, the con-

sciousness of his brother's greatness and the chasm that divided it and his own unquestioned skill had a moderating influence on Sivaprakasam; for, while he talked about his brother with pride and a glow of the eye, he rarely spoke about himself, or his deeds.

Sivaprakasam was also an excellent mixer, and enjoyed the company of the expert as well as the novice. He would play his best and bring in his full repertoire of strokes when pitched among the stars of the game like his own brother, Rajgopal or Anugraham. He would moderate his skill and soften it to the level of his colleagues when playing with men much inferior to him; he was not afraid of the best nor had he any contempt for the ordinary, and entered into the fray with the same enthusiasm.

Sivaprakasam was not only a fine player, he was also an expert stringer of rackets and maker of balls, and was very much in demand off the field. As at play so at work an all absorbing passion for the game characterised him, and enabled him to give the master's touch to his products.

Topnotchers in other games like cricket, football, tennis or hockey are lucky as they can capitalise their skill to earn money or a living. But ball badminton is a poor man's game and Sivaprakasam, like many others, suffered for being an expert in it. While he dedicated his life to the game, it failed to pay him, and at his prime, the problems of life dogged him and sapped his strength. Very soon he became the victim of a fell disease and died last year. He would have passed away from memory unhonoured, unwept and unsung, but for the generosity of some of his little-known admirers, who gathered a fund to 'erect' a memorial tournament in his name.

IENCE

EARTH SATELLITES

One of the most exciting events of the International Geophysical year 1957-58 will be the projection of satellites from the earth.

Many terrestrial phenomena are related to events in the Sun. The Sun has a controlling influence on the ionosphere. It is responsible for magnetic storms and the phenomena known as aurorae. Sunspot activity follows a cycle reaching a peak every eleven years. 1957-58 has been chosen as the International Geophysical Year because sunspot activity will be at its peak then.

The satellites to be launched in the coming year will not be large. They will each be only 20 inches in diameter and weigh 110 pounds. They will be just visible on clear days to the naked eye. Gravity is the force which prevents us from flying off into space whenever we jump. To counteract this force the satellites should be launched at a speed of 7 miles per second. Beyond an altitude of about 200 miles gravity ceases to act and any body at that height moves freely, untrammelled by the earth's field of attraction. The satellite will be launched in three stages. In the first stage it will be fired 15 miles above the earth. In the second to 186 miles. Here the satellite would be launched in its orbit. To keep itself going in a circular path round the earth the satellite has to move at 18,300 miles per hour.

Research in upper atmosphere is conducted with the aid of measuring instruments shot into the sky in rockets. But the great disadvantage of rockets is that they cannot stay in the sky for a long enough time. Earth satellites transcend this limitation because once they escape the gravitational orbit of the earth

they can career in space for a fairly long stretch of time and the only problem will be to get them back.

Till now conclusions reached about the regions beyond the ionosphere were based on purely theoretical calculations. With the help of these space ships it will be possible to verify many of the results and very likely many new facts will be discovered. The satellites will be equipped with instruments for detecting or measuring light radiations, magnetic fields and meteorites, as well as amplifiers and radio transmitters.

The ionosphere is formed by the ultra violet and X-ray radiations from the Sun. The solar spectrum studied on the earth with the aid of telescopes is that of light rays which have passed through the ionosphere. Instruments in the earth satellites which have penetrated this layer will give the scientist a picture of the solar spectrum unabsorbed by the ionosphere and enable him to learn about the formation and properties of the ionosphere. The density of the atmosphere can be measured at various heights. Perhaps the first direct determination of the concentration of hydrogen atoms and ions in interplanetary space will be made with the help of these satellites. Cosmic rays, potential hazards to interplanetary travellers, are also among the things to be studied.

Depending upon whether it is launched from a point on the Equator, the poles, or from a place intermediate, the path of the satellite will vary and satellites are to be projected from all these situations. Satellites moving in a pole to pole orbit can detect low energy cosmic rays which we cannot observe near the ground.—V. V. SRINIVASAN.

Short Story

Mrs. Charulata Roy Chowdhury

THE REVERIE OF A STAR

"Men are cheats when they profess their love for me. To them . . . I am polluted, a woman of questionable character."

SHE was reclining on a sofa in her negligee,—a woman in her early thirties. Her long silky tress was left loose. It had a few streaks of silver lines,—a sign not of an easy life. In front of her was a full size mirror. Her gaze was fixed on the reflection that fell on it. But it had a vacant look. This was Nomita, the unrivalled heroine of the movie world. The youthful charm of her face and figure is still there but it is on the wane and she was not unconscious of it. A few years hence there will be no demand for her. A new star will shine on the firmament and she will be neglected like an old and worn out sari.

But it is not this that made Nomita so meditative. She was thinking of the life she had left behind. When she started her career as a movie star, she was a mere stripling of a girl. She came from a village with her mother, in search of work. Relations they had many, but none to come forward to help them in their hour of need. They could not beg, for such was not their tradition. They had seen better days when her father was alive. She had just one sari in her possession. To keep it clean and make herself presentable to all those who came to satisfy their curiosity about the newcomers she had to wash it every day and dry it under the sun draping a wet cloth round her body. Many a day she had to pass with hardly a morsel of food. None came with any offer of work. Her beauty enticed many and they came to her mother with proposals that made the

poor woman shudder and turn away from them with horror. She put her arms round her little girl, held her tight under the protection of her heaving bosom and then wept her heart out. Nomita saw her mother's distress and stared at her with a puzzled look.

Then came the most crucial moment in her life. Her mother became so sick that she was not even able to speak. Nomita was dazed and did not know what to do. Some one who was keeping watch over her every movement came forward with an offer of help and took her mother to a hospital. He then took charge of the girl and brought her under his own roof. He lavished on her all the comfort and nourishment of a wealthy home. In return Nomita learnt to be a willing slave of her deliverer and gave him all that he desired.

When the mother returned after recovery and her girl was brought back to her, she had a costly silk sari on her person and looked happy at her transformation. Her mother said not a word but shook her head. She knew this was not her own innocent little girl but a woman who had eaten the fruit of knowledge.

Nomita became restive in the pent-up atmosphere of her old home. Her heart yearned for the luxury and comfort of the big house. And her deliverer, where was he? His curiosity having been satisfied he was perhaps in search of a new beauty.

It was at this juncture that some one came with a most tempting pro-

posal. Will she act in a film? It will fetch her wealth and fame. The mother raised her voice high and said "No, no, no." She did not yet realize that Nomita had a say of her own and was taken by surprise when she heard her ask "Can my mother come with me?" "Yes, oh yes" came the prompt reply. In that case she had no objection to accept the offer.

Within a few days Nomita swallowed the bait and signed the bond which raised her to the highest pinnacle of fame in the film line—stardom. Her mother was allowed to follow her to the studio and there she was kept waiting in a small room to gaze at the stars, while her daughter was dragged away she knew not whither nor had she the right to question. She remonstrated to Nomita. The girl made her quiet by saying "Would you like to see me beg, mother? I am earning my bread by working. There are so many other girls, I am not the only one."

Her first picture was a success. New offers came. She had what they called a photogenic face and her acting? It was superb. Demand for her rose by leaps and bounds. A picture which had Nomita as its heroine was sure to be a box office hit. The producers and directors vied with each other to get her. She soon rose to the position from where she could dictate her own terms.

In a few years' time the penniless Nomita possessed a house to call her own and built in the most modern style too, with all modern comforts. Some kind of conveyance was indispensable to take her from one studio to another and therefore she bought a costly car. Her house was big and could accommodate many. All sorts of relations cropped up from nowhere in a short span of time. Nomita tolerated them for they served her as slaves in exchange for free board and lodging.

For a while Nomita was happy and contented. Then came a time when she felt herself alone in the midst

of many. There was a craving within her for some one to call her own, to love and be loved. One fine morning such a one appeared on the scene in the form of a strong and handsome young man. He met her at a picture house, and took the first opportunity of making her acquaintance. When he guessed the time was ripe, he declared his love for Nomita with the honourable intention of making her his wife. Nomita's heart bounced with joy. Bashfully she went to her mother and broke the good news. The latter was so overwhelmed with emotion that for a while she could not find words to speak. Then she pressed her daughter to her heart and tears of joy flowed down her cheeks.

Soon there was a rush for making arrangements for the forthcoming occasion. People were coming in and out of the house at any odd hour. Ornaments were ordered, bride's trousseau were in the make. Arrangements were made for printing invitation cards. In fact there was a regular bustle in the house. When everything seemed to be on the verge of getting ready, there came, as it were, a bolt from the blue and all activities came to a standstill.

From somewhere the news spread that the bridegroom to be was recently married to a wealthy girl of an unquestionable character! The poor unsuspecting Nomita was yet too simple to realise that the magnet which attracted the youth towards her was not her charm but the weight of her silver. It was too much of a shock for any one to bear calmly. Nomita feigned illness and shut herself in her room. It made her shiver to remember the words of love which he had whispered in her ears: "You are the most adorable woman I have ever met. Oh Nomita, how unworthy I am of you."

Her mother was bewildered and for a time unable to act. Then for the sake of her child she braced herself up. With a heart that was throbbing

with emotion she spoke words of encouragement to her: "Be brave, Mita, and face the world. Don't spoil your health for the sake of one who is not worthy of your thought." At this the girl hid her face in her mother's lap and wept till her eyes seemed incapable of shedding more tears. This letting out of her pent up feelings gave her much relief and she soon felt strong enough to attend to her daily duties. Yet she who emerged from the room that day was so different from the Nomita of the past. A change was perceptible in her whole appearance. Her bright and carefree expression was gone. It made her look older and severe. The irresistible charm of her smile which had enticed many a man was gone now. It was turned into a curve that made her look almost cruel. Her mother became nervous and racked her brains to find a way out of it. Being advised by others she went to her daughter and harped on the chord that struck the wound which was still bleeding. "Mita, my dear," she said, "it hurts me to think that when I die there will be no one to love you and look after you. So many are waiting for just a word from you. Say yes and fulfil my one desire."

Nomita stared at her mother in a peculiar way as if she was unable to grasp the meaning of her words. Then she began to laugh like one who was out of her wits. It sounded more like the sob of a broken heart. Her mother was pale with anguish and repented for having spoken. When she was able to control her hysterical laugh, she screamed "Go, go away from me." The mother's lips quivered. There was a moment's pause and then she turned towards the door. This brought Nomita back to her senses. She drew her mother towards her caressingly and said "Forgive me for being rude. What I want you to understand is I am not suited for married life. Men are cheats when they profess their love

for me. To them I am not fit to be a wife. I am polluted, a woman of questionable character!" Her eyes had a cruel tint as she uttered these words. She then added with vehemence: "No, mother, we are happy as we are, I and you and none between us." "What happens when I am no more?" came out from her mother in a whisper as if she was talking to herself. Nomita pretended not to have heard and said "Come, mother, we need some fresh air, let us go for a drive." The calamity that she dreaded most and knew was unavoidable came into her life not long after this. The only person she loved in this world left her for the eternal home, after a short illness. She felt lonely—oh, so very lonely!

Years have passed since those days of trial and suffering. It has taught Nomita to fight her battles alone. The suppressed hunger of her heart found its outlet in rearing all sorts of pets. The moment she is free from her work she is with them—a poodle which follows her wherever she goes, a Persian cat that instals itself snugly at the foot of her bed when she rests, a parrot which talks to her in endearing terms and brings her back from the land of dreams. She loves them all and they love her too. They are not cheats.

HERO

A hero, we take it, comes to be considered such for one or both of two reasons. The man who sees something most other men don't see, and who bases creative action upon it, demonstrates his worth to the society of men by helping them to glimpse a new light. A man with important ideas deserves being called a hero, because the human race owes everything to ideas. The hero is better than most people, though, precisely because he knows what he is doing without waiting for "history" to tell him he is right. He is, of necessity, a one-man minority. He would like history to catch up with him, and pulls it along as far and as fast as he can, but if the rope slips he keeps on climbing anyway. So the hero needs to be original, he needs to have principles he believes in—*Manas*, Dec. 21, 1955.

ANOMALIES OF PUBLIC HEALTH ADMINISTRATION

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

Public health and Preventive medicine are subjects which are notoriously neglected. The author here traces the historical reasons for this neglect of one of the most essential and important departments of administration and suggests remedies which the Government would do well to adopt.

IF the students of a Medical College in London are to be asked to answer a paper on small-pox today, very likely most of them will fail. Small-pox is only a matter of academic and historical interest to the medical profession in England. Ever since Edward Jenner discovered vaccination as a protection against small-pox in 1798, most countries in Europe, the Western hemisphere and in the East which have taken advantage of the scientific civilization have been free from this disease as well as many other preventable infectious diseases. But, in our country even today the epidemics of small-pox and other infectious diseases are taken for granted as unfortunate natural phenomena beyond human control.

Just now an epidemic of small-pox is raging in the town of Rajahmundry. Rajahmundry is one of the major towns in Andhra looked upon by many as the centre of Telugu culture. Its municipality is one of the oldest municipalities in the State. It has got a pukka health department with a full-time health officer at its head functioning for the past three decades or more. But still, in this year of grace 1956, more than one and a half centuries after Jenner's discovery of protective vaccination we are still helpless victims of epidemics of small-pox. This is not a special or isolated feature of this town. It is the same story all over the country and in all towns and cities. If big towns and cities where the people are expected to have an intel-

ligent, rational and cooperative attitude towards measures of preventive medicine, are not exempt from periodical epidemics of infectious diseases one can easily imagine the ravages of these epidemics in the country side.

Modern scientific hygiene and preventive medicine were brought to us by the British. They believed in it without any reservations and they put it strictly in practice where their imperial interests were concerned. Thus military cantonments and colonies of British families were always in islands of health and hygiene in the sea of dirt and disease that surrounded them. That cantonments could be free from epidemics of infectious diseases while these were devastating the adjacent civilian towns was not an accident. It was a vindication of the truth of modern hygiene and preventive medicine, and a tribute to the efficient discharge of their responsibility by the Army medical service. It also goes to the credit of this service that even in the emergency conditions of war when millions have to be camped, fed and looked after in all sorts of alien countries, climates and environments, they could maintain the health and efficiency of the soldier unimpaired and protect him from the common infectious diseases. Epidemics and disease as factors contributory to the fortunes of war ceased to count perhaps from the time of the Crimean war. With such overwhelming proof of the efficiency of

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modern hygiene and preventive medicine it is most disconcerting and disheartening that in our country epidemics are still taken for granted as natural disasters.

Where their imperial interests were not involved it had been the policy of the British Government in India to adhere to the famous declaration by Queen Victoria that the religious and cultural traditions of the country would be respected and we were not only permitted to but were even encouraged to wallow in our backwardness. Public health was one of the matters without any imperial significance. The Indian system of medicine and hygiene—The Ayurveda—has such a strong hold on the Indian mind and sentiment that the British were not at all anxious to offend our faith in and sentiment for our tradition, custom and usages in matters of public health and hygiene. Indeed many customs and practices obtaining in our society in relation to some of these infectious diseases date back to the pre-Aryan era of religion, with its multiple gods, spirits and devils and they are most conducive to the spread of the diseases as epidemics. How little importance the British attached to the health and hygiene of the civilian public can be judged from the fact that public Health is the first subject to be transferred to be administered by elected provincial and local bodies.

By this early transfer of the administration of public health to elected provincial ministries and bodies of local self-government within the framework of the imperial Government the department fell into a tradition of inefficiency and indifference born out of a sense of frustration caused by the limitations imposed upon it by the imperial policies of the Government.

Some forty years back it was considered ignoble and disgraceful for a child of a respectable family to be charged for committing a public nuisance.

Children then had not only a wholesome fear of the policeman but they were also equally afraid of censure and reprimand at home if they indulged in indecent behaviour in public. In those days there was no municipal health department with a health officer at its head nor the Public Health Act. There was only the Public Nuisance Act. But now, in spite of the Public Health Act and the public health department every vacant space in the town, however open it might be, every street corner and every road side are used as public latrines with impunity. It is not an uncommon sight to see children and adolescents of both sexes of even respectable families easing themselves into the opendrain at the sides of thoroughfares at all times of the day not to speak of the night. The neighbourhoods of schools, cinemas and other places of entertainment are particularly fouled in this way. Civic sense apart, that people should be losing their sense of shame, privacy and public decency in this manner is most disgusting. Why the municipal health department, armed as it is with the Public Health Act, is not able to stop at least these elementary offences against public sanitation is inexplicable. It is often explained that many houses in many parts of the town have no latrines, and so, unless enough "public conveniences" are provided it would not be fair to the public to strictly enforce the Public Health Act or the Public Nuisance Act. It is a most amazing explanation and it does not explain how and why houses were permitted to be built without latrines nor why the "Public conveniences" have not been built the necessity for which was realized many many years ago. It is almost the same story with regard to house drainage. In the absence of a proper drainage system house drains are allowed to open freely on the road sides. Public nuisances apart, even the dust on the

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roads, accumulation of rubbish and filth on the road sides, stagnation in the open drains and the inadequacy of conservancy in general are getting from bad to worse from day to day. In the meantime filaria, malaria and dysentery have become endemic raging in varying intensity through all the seasons round the year, not to speak of epidemics of other diseases that visit us from time to time. It is very difficult for a generation which has known better sanitation and better sense of civic responsibility and decency to reconcile themselves to this deplorable and disastrous fall in standards.

It is a fundamental principle that dual and multiple responsibility is disastrous to efficiency in administration. In the present set-up of the administration of our public health no body seems to be responsible for it. The local health authorities disclaim responsibility as they are only advisory in capacity. The municipal executives pass the blame on to the councils and the councils pass it on to the Government and the Government have always the irrefutable defence of finance and the ignorance and the un-cooperative attitude of the people. This vicious cycle of explanations is in itself an evidence of the poor appreciation of the importance of the problem and the lack of a determined effort to solve it.

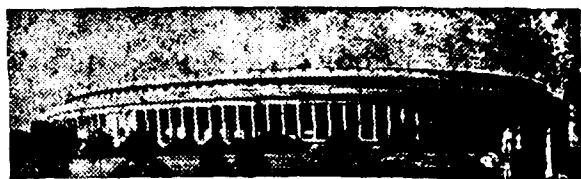
Whatever might have been the attitude of the former imperial Government towards our public health a responsible national Government ought to be alive to its vital and fundamental importance to the strength and progress of the nation. If the people are uncooperative in their ignorance, intensive propaganda has to be done to wean the people round to intelligent cooperation. We don't see much of any such propaganda being done. On the other hand, while modern scientific hygiene and preventive medicine are the official policy of our public health department,

the Government in other contexts, support, encourage and patronise our ancient and traditional practices and systems thus undermining the faith of the people in the official policy with regard to public health.

Finance is the chronic excuse for all our failures in any field and it is often the plea also for the cheap, temporary and ineffective measures adopted by the Government. It is the irony of poverty always that it wastes its meagre resources on unsatisfactory makeshifts to tide over the present and never is rich enough to afford the real thing. Even so it should not be an excuse for encouraging quackery. A popular Government which enjoys the confidence of the people ought to be strong enough to work for the real welfare of the people without frittering away its finances and energies on temporary makeshifts.

It is nine years now since we have been independent and so far there is no evidence yet of a faith or conviction in the policies of public health of our Government and much less a sense of responsibility in the administration of their policies. The public health department is still clogged in the mire of multiple responsibility or no responsibility. The debates in the legislatures, the conferences outside, the foreign experts that are invited to advise us and the increasing allotments in the budgets for health, all speak highly and well of the anxiety of our Government to quickly improve our health and hygiene. But without faith and conviction in modern scientific hygiene and preventive medicine, without a comprehensive plan for the ultimate objective in view and a responsible administrative set-up determined to achieve it, nothing can be achieved. It is time the Government realise this and reorganise the public health department so as to function effectively.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Press conference of Mr. Dulles at Rashtrapathi Bhavan was in remarkable contrast to the one which he addressed at the American Embassy three years ago. Questions were not required to be given beforehand in writing, as they were on the last occasion. Mr. Dulles tried his level best to answer questions calmly and without losing his temper, unlike last time. It was obvious from his replies that the warmongering phase is definitely dead. He smiled a couple of times at this conference—whereas he had put on a glum appearance on the previous occasion.

Mr. Dulles' performance was of a much higher order than that of Selwyn Lloyd last week. The Secretary of State never tried to give clever replies. He seemed anxious to tell the Press the exact position of the U. S. A. on specific issues. He was asked many questions at the Press conference which described America as a "bully" and her policies as "bluff"; but Mr. Dulles did not lose his temper.

M. Pineau of France appears to be among the more enlightened leaders of Europe today, and is the best Foreign Minister of France in the post-war period. He has been emphasizing the futility of regional military pacts. But Mr. Dulles claimed not to have seen Pineau's observations.

Pineau is a member of a French Government that is a pretty good one. Probably it will last for some time. It should. Christian Pineau (that is his name) is probably nea-

rest in all Western Europe to Nehru's approach to international problems.

It is significant that the French Prime Minister, Mollet, was having discussions with Anthony Eden in London at the same time as the Nehru-Pineau talks. It is quite clear that there will be a major breach, if not a break, in the relations between the U. S. A. on the one hand and the Western European countries on the other. France has already burst out with her public disapproval of these regional pacts. And Britain cannot take a very different view, unless she is prepared for a major breach, if not a break, in the Commonwealth.

The election of Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar as the Speaker of the Indian Parliament is both wise and well-deserved. Ananthasayanam has been nick-named as Ananthavachanam Ayyangar by his colleagues in Parliament. Ananthasayanam is the name of Vishnu, who is supposed to enjoy Endless Sleep. Ananthavachanam means the One who speaks endless words! The new Speaker is a man of torrential eloquence; but as the presiding officer of Parliament, he also knows how to be silent.

Ananthasayanam is steeped in the democratic tradition. He has a fine sense of justice and fair-play. He does not believe in stifling Parliamentarians who happen to belong to an Opposition group. He is not likely to put party considerations above those of Parliament. I only hope that he will not have both Vithalbhai Patel and Mavlankar as his models, because they are quite different from each other, and mutu-

ally exclusive. The Speaker has a responsibility to see that the viewpoint of every section of opinion in the House has a chance to be heard. For instance, it is a rather unfortunate convention that the Speaker goes by a list of names supplied to him by the Congress Party whip and possibly other whips. Debate becomes impossible by such a procedure, for every M. P. comes into the House just a few minutes before he is due to speak. The well-known convention of "catching the eye" of the Speaker goes over-board.

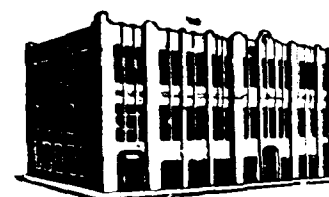
Already, any member can write out a speech, and get it included in the official proceedings, without his actually making the speech on the floor of the House. This is supposed to ensure that those who could not be given time to speak in Parliament

can have the satisfaction of having their speeches printed in the official record. But this convention goes completely against the other convention that speeches in Parliament should not be read out from previously prepared manuscripts. If you are making the speech, you should not read it out. But if you are not making the speech, you can write the speech, and get it published in the official proceedings.

A. P. Herbert defined Parliament as a Talking Shop. When he said that, of course, he was emphasizing the virtues of a Talking Shop. Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar has a better appreciation of this aspect of Parliament than any other M. P. Under his able guidance, we expect to see Parliamentary Democracy in action at its best.

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SPORTS

HARIHARA SASTRI

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

THE central figure of the match between Madras and Bombay in the Ranji trophy cricket tournament was none of the eminent Test players, though some of them created a great impression by the simple expedient of not appearing at all, doubtless due to valid reasons, and two others scored centuries and a third probably surprised himself by successfully bowling slow leg-breaks of considerable ingenuity.

When Harihara Sastri takes his place at the crease, he reminds one of the famous painting of the "man with the hoe". There is a distinct bucolic suggestion about the implement which he probably calls his bat as, crouching over it, he disposes it at an angle hitherto undreamt of. As is well known, the man in the painting typifies the sorrows of the peasant in all ages and all countries, the exacting labour and the poor reward. Dismay was already predicated before Madras took the field in the match, but Harihara Sastri contrived to invest it further with lamentations. As he crouched over his bat in defiance of the many eminent bowlers, he looked an incarnation of the sorrows of Madras deserted and bereaved.

These are superficial impressions. The thoughts gain in grandeur as Harihara Sastri receives the ball. For all his scarcely conceivable stance, he wields an immaculately straight bat. The distress which appeared to have been implanted in him gives way to a quiet determination. There has never been a stranger transfor-

mation. Before the ball is delivered, Harihara Sastri appears grotesque; but as soon as it reaches him he assumes the dignity of Horatius guarding the bridge. (It had, however, happened that, to vary the metaphor, the pass had already been sold out of the purest and highest motives).

For three mortal hours Harihara Sastri defied the bowling in the first innings. He has been taken to task in that he did not score quickly. But in the higher appreciation this criticism is irrelevant. The gifts of such batsmen as he are not to be found in runs, but in personality. As he demonstrated in the second innings, he can score quickly enough. But he is best appreciated as the supreme obstructionist who possesses the additional fragrance of a remarkable stance. It is idle to expect runs from such a contortion. The mere fact that, despite the complicated involutions he must find necessary before he can apply bat to ball, he has been able to maintain himself against good bowling is a testimony to his worth.

I am inclined to consider the two Madras innings in the light of Harihara Sastri's batsmanship. The connoisseur of personality, who obtains a greater reward than in mere prolificness of scoring, revelled in him as he valiantly stood his ground in the first innings while his colleagues, some of them perhaps more graceful than he, but none of them possessing a tithe of his sturdy commonsense and realism, fell like autumn leaves. In his grim defensiveness,

he rejected the allurements of Man-kad's flight as it descended into his bat with seven men grouped around him in eager but defeated anticipation. With admirable restraint he almost played the ball into the ground so much that it nearly became subterranean batsmanship. It was an evil ball from Abraham which defeated even his vigilance and went to the voracious Umrigar at slip.

When Harihara Sastri came out for his second innings, I hoped for another defensive exhibition. There was greater need for stoicism than in the first. But, as if in reply to ignorant criticism, he chose to score quite briskly. He glanced Umrigar with a delicacy one had not generally associated with his technique and even ventured to drive the ball to cover, the ultimate seal of artistic batsmanship. But one had the uneasy sense that all this was out of character. It could not last long. It was off an uncharacteristic stroke when, in a moment of aberration, he forsook his caution and lifted a hook into the hands of a waiting veldsman, that the end came.

It is to be hoped that Harihara Sastri will not be induced to abandon his remarkable stance. It may cause laughter in the ribald and the ignorant, but an amiable eccentricity such as this is to be prized when soulless uniformity is being imposed by custom. It is becoming increasingly difficult in eminent cricket not to be of the pattern. But Harihara Sastri has signally transcended the limitations. His crooked bat is a triumphant refutation of dead custom and unmeaning habit.

While this remarkable batsman was the central figure of the match, another personality attracted much attention. He was not a player at all; he probably cannot distinguish between bat and stump. Yet he imposed himself on one's attention. He was none other than a contractor,

probably of fruit and aerated waters. On the third and final day of the match his language was positively vitriolic. He stamped to and fro in the nearly deserted stands with the fury of despair. I shall not take it upon me to transfer his vehement language into print, for the most delicate of his expressions was scarcely polite.

The infuriated individual read an unceasing commination service of extreme ferocity against the absent players of the home team. When he was articulate, one made out that he had farmed the right to sell fruit and aerated waters in the stands at an excessive price, but that he had not been able to dispose of even a small part of his goods. I must confess that I watched his turbulence of spirit in preference to the inane proceedings on the ground after Harihara Sastri had departed. He was vehement against the absent players to whom he attributed his ruin. If they could have heard him, they would have considered that the public opprobrium at what was generally considered to be desertion of the national champions in a semi-final was the least part of their sorrows.

(Continued from page 7)

ments, and Santha in particular, angling for a groom for her daughter quickly getting past marriageable age, gave an exquisite rendering. But somehow social station shone through stage make-up and gave evidence of a sophistication superior to the proletarian level. And this too contributed its own subtlety to the enjoyment of the performance. The play, so consummately presented, establishes Isvaran as a playwright of wit and charm capable of regaling lovers of the theatre in clean and classic style without the banal profanities and buffoonery that pass so largely for mass appeal nowadays.

SAKA



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New Books

BEAVERBROOK: A STUDY IN POWER AND FRUSTRATION

By Tom Driberg

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Review

BY

ANDREW ROTH

FOR long weeks now Fleet Street, London's newspaper world, has awaited with bated breath the first substantial biography of its most colourful character, Lord Beaverbrook, the impish Canadian proprietor of the fabulously successful *Daily Express* group of newspapers.

The story of Beaverbrook is one of the most striking success-failure stories in modern journalism. From a penniless start Max Aitken—29 he was then—had made himself a millionaire in Canada before he was 30. He arrived in Britain before World War I with an insatiable desire to exercise power and applied his whole energy to the arts of manipulating politics and building newspapers.

"The Beaver," as he is universally called in Fleet Street, has never disguised his aim. "I run my papers for the purpose of making propaganda and with no other motive," he told the Royal Commission on the Press. His papers certainly do make propaganda for any purpose on which "the Beaver" has decided. Before the war he supported appeasement, during the war he supported the Second Front, always he has supported the Empire. He has coupled these campaigns with a series of vendettas, against persons like Pandit Nehru, Admiral Mountbatten and (until some months ago) Sir Anthony Eden, or institutions like the United Nations and its offshoot, UNESCO.

With all this, Lord Beaverbrook has built the *Daily Express* to a circulation of 4,000,000, second only to the *Daily Mirror's* 6,000,000. The secret

of Beaverbrook's success has never been adequately analyzed. But certainly one aspect of it has been the fact that it has given voice to the frustrations of lower middle class Britain—suspicious both of the snobbish upper class and the demanding working class.

Another aspect of Lord Beaverbrook's success has been his genius for taking journalists of ability and using them, (sometimes destroying them) despite the fact that their views are almost diametrically opposed to his own. At the present time, for example, Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard* has at least half a dozen well-known Bevanites or Left-wing Socialists writing for it, including the former editor of Bevan's *Tribune*.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspects of "the Beaver's" lovehate relationship with the Left lies in the authorship of this biography. Tom Driberg, the well-known Leftwing journalist and former Labour M.P., was for fifteen years one of the "bright boys" on the *Daily Express*, writing the "William Hickey" column for much of that time.

Although he detested much of "the Beaver's" politics, Tom pays tribute to his streaks of generosity. An employee asked him for a loan of £1,000, to be repaid out of his salary. Beaverbrook refused to make the loan, and made him a present of it instead. That person was Tom Driberg himself.

This last fact was pointed out in a bold-faced footnote to the series of

extracts of this book printed—of all places—in the *Daily Express* itself!

The news that the *Daily Express* had bought pre-publication serial rights to Driberg's biography of Beaverbrook started the rumour-mongers on Fleet Street going many months ago. Then, when Driberg announced that he would not run again for Parliament but would devote himself to journalism full-time, the tongues wagged again. Was Tom going back to the Beaverbrook press after writing a favourable biography of "the Beaver"?

Last summer it became clear that the biography was critical and that Lord Beaverbrook was violently indignant. When October rolled around it was announced that the book's publication had been held up because the *Daily Express*, which held the right to serialize before publication, had not yet serialized it. Finally, in mid-February the *Daily Express* ran excerpts from the book under the bold caption *Hostile Biography*, with carping footnotes. It was one of those brilliant inspirations of Beaverbrook journalism. The Beaverbrook papers have always printed virtually everything about Beaverbrook ever printed elsewhere. They have also sought to present the most sensational serializations of the period. By serializing Driberg's book while warning against it, they managed to retain their journalistic sense, while flattering "the Beaver's" ego and yet putting balm on his wounded pride. What other newspaper magnate would serialize a critical biography of himself!

Lord Beaverbrook can be forgiven for disliking this book because it pinpoints his one great failure—his hope of becoming a great political power, and perhaps even Prime Minister. During World War I he played Machiavellian politics; his hidden hand played a considerable part in replacing Balfour in favour of his fellow Canadian Bonar Law. He also helped unseat Asquith to pave the

way for Lloyd George in 1916. With Beaverbrook's assistance Lloyd George was overthrown in 1922 for Beaverbrook's friend Bonar Law. The latter is said to have died telling "the Beaver": "You are a curious fellow." The trouble, for Beaverbrook, was that Stanley Baldwin, who dominated Conservative politics for the next dozen years, had even stronger views. He said Beaverbrook was a man he would not have in his house, much less in his Cabinet!

Scientific History of the Hindi Language.
By Shamsheer Singh Narula. Rajkamal Publications, New Delhi.
Rs. 7 or 126 sh.

NOTWITHSTANDING the slightly pretentious redundancy of the title of this book—as if any history could be written without recourse to scientific methods of collecting material, sifting evidence and deducing logical conclusions—we commend this volume for a variety of reasons. The subject of Indian linguistics is practically a virgin field for most Indian writers. The pioneers have mostly been European scholars who studied the subject either as a hobby or in the course of their administrative duties. By virtue of their priority in the field—Grierson for example in the early years of this century—their views and theories have continued to exert a predominant and not wholly beneficent influence on the work of later students. It is therefore very needful for some courageous and competent Indian to review the entire field with the help of western methods of research combined with a first-hand and sympathetic knowledge of indigenous traditions and native background. What is needed is a rigorous and objective study of available linguistic material in the light of well-established first principles which European scholarship has put to such good use in the reconstruction of the entire evolu-

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tion of the numerous branches of the European family of languages. The material is there; what we require is a band of scholars to study it analytically and historically with a view to collating morphological changes with changing grammatical rules so that we may see at a glance the face of our languages through the ages.

It must be admitted however that the study of linguistics as a branch of cultural anthropology is of comparatively recent origin even in the West. The first tentative beginnings can be traced back to the middle of the eighteenth century. The labours of Grimm and Max Muller laid the foundations of it in its modern scientific bearings; and there has been a rich tradition of co-operative scholarship to which every country of Europe has contributed something valuable. It has also offered romantic compensations to the savants who were led to formulate those happy generalisations which have helped to group a wide variety of seemingly disparate phenomena in an intelligible relationship to one another, evolving order out of chaos and introducing a system or method into a world of seemingly bewildering fortuity.

Mr. Narula has read widely in the literature of his subject, both Indian and foreign, and is endowed with the right scholarly temper to pursue the truth wherever it may lead him. He has organised clearly and cogently a considerable mass of material; but he would have made a more telling impression if, for a beginning, he had restricted the scope of the subject to more modest proportions. To attempt in a book of slightly more than one hundred pages a history of Samskrit from its remote origins and then follow through the labyrinthine ramifications of the countless dialects and prakrits and variants of it as it suffered the inevitable processes of disintegration and disruption until finally we arrive at the present with

Hindi and Urdu as but two of a host of other tongues clamouring for equal attention is to bite more than one can chew. Mr. Narula has not added to the clarity of his presentation by betraying an undue preoccupation with Communist or Marxist interpretations of linguistics which are a blatant attempt to ignore inconvenient facts when they do not fit in with preconceived notions. For instance one of the assertions of the author early in the volume is that Samskrit could never have been a spoken language except as a jargon among some compact and exploiting classes. This is put forward to buttress the theory of the class-struggle from the beginning of organised society. Quite frankly there is no means of accepting or rebutting it. To take an analogous case from the present, we are all familiar with the notion or norm of 'King's English.' It can be contended that this is a figment of the imagination, that it is never found spoken consistently by the masses; at the same time we can also acknowledge that it is a profound reality, although there are infinitesimal variations and subtle modulations in the speech of cultivated men generally accepted as approximating to the desired norm. The dialectal variations and the accentual peculiarities of spoken English can be studied with advantage over the broadcasts sent out by the B. B. C. The written script steam-rolls all angularities of speech; but the living voice carries these variations intact every time the individual speaks.

Another bee in the bonnet of the author is to over-do the alleged disparity between the people's language and class-jargon. Ordinary experience should convince any impartial student that there is no water-tight separation between the two. It is ludicrous to maintain that differences in speech between master and servant were petrified in the inte-

rests of the economic exploitation of the many by the few. On the other hand, there is ample evidence to prove that the master often spoke down to the level of his workers, while among the latter were many who approximated to the chastity and elegance which were more purposefully cultivated by the upper classes. It is somewhat disheartening that in a matter in which actual specimens of speech could be let in as evidence no such attempt should have been made to clinch the issue.

Mr. Narula's account of the rise of Hindi and Urdu as separate media which gradually became rallying standards of Hindu and Muslim in standing rivalry is full and factual. But on the question of the supremacy of Hindi as the lingua franca of the entire area of Hindustan minus only Bengal in the East and Kashmir in the North with the Deccan entirely excluded, he states fairly the conflicting views of the unitarians and the pluralists. It is interesting to learn from him that the extreme group of Marxist evangelists in Hindustan insist on obtaining for all regional tongues absolute parity with Hindi, thus paving the way for a fragmentation of the area into as many States as there are variations of the Hindi language. It is doubtful however if the Communists would implement such a linguistic balkanisation of the north supposing they had the power to enforce it. We suspect that then the principle of holism would come into full play.

On the future of Hindi as the lingua franca of the entire Indian Union and on the related question of a common script for us, Mr. Narula holds orthodox opinions and states them with candour and conviction. He admits that it is still a far cry for the enthronement of Hindi as the national language of the whole country; but he makes many useful suggestions for hastening the day of

that much desired and desirable consummation.

Not enough allowance is however made for the gradual and unperceived progress which a language occupying a strategic position is bound to make in the directions of simplicity, suppleness, euphony and expressiveness when it comes to be handled for the multifarious purposes of government, trade, commerce, education, arts and entertainment. The present position of English has become the subject matter of extravagant admiration and almost idolatrous veneration; and yet it had its origins in a Mid-eastern dialect of Middle English which had nothing to commend it except the far-reaching accident that London happened to be situated in it. Likewise it is not unreasonable to hope that a new and indigenous medium for all-India purposes may come to be forged by ourselves under the stress of necessity and to answer to the needs of the day that is passing over us. By and by, men of genius will appear on the scene and stamp with their sign-manual the speech of their time and give it a gloss and a shape which will lift it to the heights of an exacting art claiming classical dignities in the fullness of time.

Mr. Narula repeats the well-meant but futile suggestion that to dissolve the opposition of the South to Hindi, it would be advisable for people in the North to take to the study of a South Indian language. Apart from its being a delightful non sequitur, the history of the rise of literary languages the world over conclusively proves the superfluity of such a stipulation. There is no doubt a measure of reciprocity among languages; but it is casual, unperceived and fortuitous. We discover the infiltrations after the event, but cannot compel them as a condition precedent.

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ON THE COVER:

Actress Raja Sulochana.

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No. 8

NEW SOCIALIST THINKING

IT is now realised that the momentum of the economic programme that led the British Labour Party to power under Mr. Attlee exhausted itself sometime ago, and if the party is to recapture office from the Conservatives, a fresh set of objectives must be placed before the electorate. The advent of Mr. Gaitskell as leader of the party synchronises with serious effort for such a search. Gaitskell's Socialism believes in no dynamic of economic growth beyond what is available under the capitalist system. His conception of the Socialist State does not sanction the entry of the State into industry and business. He is anxious, on the other hand, to keep the State out of business and maintain undiminished all the ordinary capitalist incentives to economic growth over as large an area of the national economy as possible. British trade union leaders have also lost enthusiasm for nationalisation. The original purpose of nationalisation making the State the owner of industry was to save the workers employed in industry from exploitation by greedy owners. But it was found in the post-war period when Labour ran the Government that workers in nationalised industries found themselves not less exploited than other workers in private companies. A new school of economic thinkers has therefore sprung up in Britain pledged to face the facts of Socialism actually in operation in the past instead of remaining blindly faithful to the outworn slogans of the Socialist tradition.

Mr. Gaitskell is the outstanding representative of this school.

The distinguishing feature that marks the new Socialists from the old is that they take an interest in the welfare not only of wage-earners but also of capitalists. The main task of Socialism, as they see it, is the redistribution of wealth. In order to have more wealth to redistribute, they want to keep alive as many incentives to its production as can be mustered into the economy and they are simply ceasing to be interested in supervising industry except to correct abuses like monopolies and restrictive practices. They have realised that State monopoly in any branch of business or industry can itself operate as a terribly effective restrictive practice.

The new leader of the British Labour Party is opposed to nationalisation on the conventional pattern but at the same time he is more radical than most of his compeers in his pursuit of the classless society. His method of creating a classless society is by means of an organised attack on privately held capital in the form of death duties and capital levy on large properties. He is particularly tender to the small capitalist and in his economic plan there is a generous abundance of assistance to enable the small capitalists to acquire an increasing proportion of the country's wealth.

The distinguishing features of the new Socialist thinking in Britain are, thus, freedom of enterprise,

multiplication of incentives for initiative, concern for welfare of capitalists as also of wage-earners, emphasis on distribution to promote equality, and a taxation policy designed to break up excessive concentrations of property. The fullest economic liberty for individuals of adventure in industry is maintained, for the sake of accentuating productive activity and enhancing wealth and prosperity. India has much to

learn from the latest Socialist thinking in Britain of which a fair indication is given in a recent paper by Mr. Gaitskell entitled *Socialist International*. Apart from the fact that we have not as efficient an administrative service as Britain, and can ill afford to rush in where they have decided to recede, it is wiser to profit by the experience of others instead of treading the same ground to learn the same lessons.

Sotto Voce

THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS



"KHO Khol, dance the Gopak," ordered Stalin at a reception soon after the war, where foreign dignitaries were present. The person thus ordered was none other than Mr. Khrushchev, who could have been flattered neither by the use of a contemptuous soubriquet denoting his Ukrainian origin nor by the command to perform a country jig involving intricate foot-work which would not have set his burly figure to advantage. Far more considerate to his performing monkey's feelings is the beggar who invites him to do a Hanuman turn for the delectation of his patrons. But Khrushchev humbly, pocketing his pride, did as he was bid.

If he had stood on his dignity "Off with his head!" the successor of Lenin on the Marxist *gadi* might have snapped, adopting the favourite gambit of the Queen in *Alice*. And

unlike in Wonderland Khrushchev's head would have been really off the next minute. For twenty years of the Stalin despotism no man who was summoned to the dread Presence, was sure of coming back home with his head on his shoulders. "Papa Stalin" whom the children of Russia were said to love with a love which they did not grant to their own fathers was in fact the Bolshevik's biggest myth.

Stalin, as cool observers outside Russia have long guessed, was a commonplace despot who had assumed the dimensions of a colossus in the heated imagination of a dumb, driven people. Chenghiz Khan and Attila, Nero and Caligula and a hundred other monuments of crafty cruelty and consuming egotism have in their time sat on the necks of servile peoples whose masochism made them kiss the rod that flayed them. But this obvious truth was anything

but obvious to a particular brand of Leftist intellectual whom the peculiar conditions of our age have bred in exceptionally large numbers. While foaming at the mouth over Hitler as a monster of iniquity they have deified the manipulators of the Bolshevik terror.

These apologists chastely averted their eyes from the monotonously recurring blood baths which could not be wholly hidden by the Iron Curtain. When such matters as the Trotsky murder, the Mindzenty trial and so on made the game of "Let's pretend" no longer possible, they sought refuge either in cowardly evasion or in a new ethic. They sometimes said, "Revolution is not made with rosewater. When you are ushering in a New Era old junk must be jettisoned. The enemies of Revolution are implacable and they must be destroyed if People's Democracy is to live." Or they avuncularly pleaded for patience. "No doubt in their zeal for Equality Marxists are by-passing the forms and to some extent even forgetting the spirit of democratic Freedom. But all that is bound to change in time."

It is these foreign worshippers at the Lenin-Stalin shrine who must be most distressed by the new frankness of the Russian leadership. It has been as much as they can do to keep up with the Dervish dance of the "Party line." The Khrushchev disclosures have now published to all the world the fact that one of the twin-idols of Russian Marxism had not merely feet of clay, but was nothing but clay (or foul mud, rather) from top to toe. But their infinite adaptability may once again come to their aid. They may as completely obliterate from their minds the memory of the tyrant from Georgia as the official historians will no doubt purge

their chronicles of the obnoxious name.

But though Stalin has gone his colleagues and successors remain. And declamations against a dead despot, which have not even the appearance of spontaneity, are not enough to convince the world that Bolshevism has undergone a sea-change. Liquidation, or "physical annihilation," to use Stalin's favourite phrase, seems to be no less in favour with the present rulers. While the Russian bosses were honeymooning with India—Mr. Mikoyan, the chief denigrator of Stalin, is also shortly to honour us with a visit—quite a number of Beria's associates were despatched to their Maker in double quick time, on the laconic pretext that they were enemies of the Republic.

Khrushchev pompously declared that the cult of personality has been repudiated by him and his colleagues. They protest their faith in collective leadership. But the French Revolution showed that a committee can be as waywardly autocratic as any megalomaniac. And Mr. Khrushchev has been stridently proclaiming that Marxism is bound to win in the long run. In this one respect at least the Bolsheviks ignominiously fail to pass Mr. Nehru's test of Progressivism, readiness to change. And Communism cannot bear a brother near the throne. We are told that the present leadership is out of sympathy with the Stalin policy of stifling criticism. Why then is it so terribly apprehensive of giving the public the truth (in regard to the Stalin legend, for instance) in large doses?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

MOULANA ABUL KALAM AZAD was asked the other day if there was any likelihood of his being set up as President to succeed Sri Rajendra Prasad. He answered that he did not fancy the honour. As President, he said, he would be living in a palace with beautiful gardens, but what work can I find to occupy my time, he asked. Much the same sentiment was expressed by Dr. B. C. Roy, Chief Minister of West Bengal, when reporters asked him whether he had made a deal with Delhi to be proposed as President in reward for his services in connection with the Bengal-Bihar merger proposals. Dr. Roy said he was not attracted to the Presidentship as he wanted to be active at work in serving his people and country.

In England the Crown does not provoke reflections such as we have had from Dr. Roy and Moulana Azad on the President in India. The Crown is a befitting emblem of the monarchical tradition. Though the old power is gone, the kings and queens of England are beloved symbols of a beneficent hereditary majesty spreading grace over the whole population with fraternal social duties and inflexible adherence to a personal and family code perfected, specially in recent times, with an eye to effect on the popular mind. The whole British nation enters vicariously into the thrill and dignity, the speciality, distinctiveness and exemplariness as also the social glamour accumulated through the ages, of Royalty, just as cinema-goers enter vicariously into the drama put on the screen by the talent of film heroes and heroines. But Buckingham Palace is not so huge as Raj Bhavan in New Delhi.

We have not yet extricated ourselves from the extravagant magni-

ficence imposed on the country by the British as part of the paraphernalia of imperial domination. Our President and Governors serve no useful function commensurate with the cost of their keep. They certainly do not fit in with the alleged Socialist pattern of society. They have their roots in the imperialist aims of foreign rulers that have passed away from the scene. They have to be modernised. The correct method of modernisation is to take them out of the Moghul setting of sybarite luxury in isolation from communal life and re-establish them in democratic style in the midst of the activity of the workaday world. The British Prime Minister's residence in Downing Street combines matchless authority with modest living. It has the aspect of a work place. The White House in Washington, though fitted with every modern comfort and amenity, is located in the heart of a thoroughfare, is easily accessible, and carries with it a certain classic atmosphere of chaste simplicity.

The representation of Statehood which the President and Governors are charged with in India is no doubt an indispensable function, but it is not work. Gilded idleness enthroned in splendour with a vast army of servitors covering its emptiness is not a spectacle of dignity. Our administration is overweighed with servitude *en masse*. There are too many peons everywhere. The peons are symbolic of the habit of thrusting on the labour of others what one can do oneself unaided. In our Socialist democracy everybody is passing responsibility on to someone else and nothing is ever done quickly and promptly without red-tape on the spot.

Enormous expense with little output in work, and plenty of show, is

the bane of the Indian administrative system, and it threatens with eventual barrenness the huge outlays under the Five Year Plans. A spirit of "Do it yourself" on the English or American pattern, should permeate the lives of the leaders if the thousands of crores that are being spent are to result in concrete national benefit. The lives of the President and the Governors should be redeemed from purposeless and excessively expensive pomposity. Their time should be filled in a more useful way. The Raj Bhawans should be handed over for housing public institutions. The present vast army of liveried menials should be disbanded. The Ministers should not wander about, like lunatics, so extensively on such trivial errands. Nobody spending his own money would travel as much as they do. They should be divested of police guards. The traffic should not be disturbed so frequently to emphasise the superiority of the V. I. Ps. These and similar correctives of present practice will more faithfully reflect the essential spirit of Socialist democracy than the facile confiscatory measures and exacting taxation drives embarked upon by the authorities.

Sri C. R. Srinivasan inaugurated last Sunday the second mobile book service of the Little Flower Company at a pleasant garden party at Woodlands. Lifco's proprietor, Sri Krishnaswami Sarma, has for years been waging a heroic battle to counteract the adverse effects on the book trade of the excessively heavy



Lifco's Second Mobile Book Service was inaugurated by Sri C. R. Srinivasan at Woodlands last Sunday.

cost of postage as made out in the Government schedules. Very often the cost of postage exceeds the cost of the book and has been acting as a deterrent on buyers. Lifco conceived the brilliant idea of taking the books to the villages so as to save buyers the extra cost of postage. They have also been specialising in inexpensive publications in order to lead the rural public to the reading habit in minute, graduated doses. This sort of service merits State recognition and reward. But our Ministers have been placing additional handicaps on Lifco enterprise by putting extra taxation burdens on its rural-mobile service. Almost at every stage and from every point, thoughtless taxation seems to cut across the spread of knowledge in the country.

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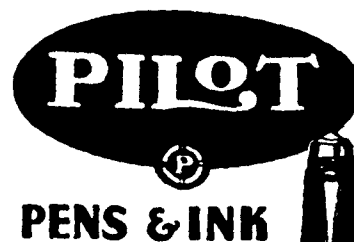
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NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

FATE AND SEWAGE

THE Union Government is to take over the Delhi water supply. It has thus gained the distinction of being the only federal government in the world personally in charge of the water and sewage distribution of the federal capital. Thanks to Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the handling of the water supply situation in the fateful month of November last year was a masterpiece of inefficiency and laggardliness. She tendered the Lok Sabha an appealing apology last week, throwing up her hands in despair at official thick-headedness which had thwarted her every move. (She should have apologised to the bereaved families of jaundice victims and seen where it got her). Her main argument was that the contamination was due to "circumstances beyond our control." Could anyone have foreseen, for instance, that the Jamuna would change its course and recede 2,200 yards throwing up the city's sewage into the water supply? The Jaundice Enquiry Committee has laid the blame impartially on the Health, Defence and Public Works Departments and—God.

Of all the functions discharged by a corporation or municipality or any other local authority in city or town, the maintenance of public health is the most important. This maintenance rests chiefly on the water supply to the citizens. Most dangerous infectious diseases are water-borne. The water-supply should be subject to constant inspection and check-up, and safety measures must be ready for immediate implementation when necessary, to fight epidemics, heavy rains, floods, even an

occasional dead body in the aqueduct.

Part of the sorry mess last November was evidently due to a lack of initiative on the part of senior officials of three separate departments and an inadequate appreciation of the risks involved in delay. Defence Minister Katju recapitulated in the Lok Sabha the dates of the correspondence which had gone on between his Ministry and that of Rajkumari Amrit Kaur's on the question of aid and equipment which the former could supply. The crisis itself thus seems to have been tackled at the speed at which government departments in our country, especially at the Centre, tackle most crises, with the usual number of notes and drafts and suggestions on little slips of paper. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur could have met the situation without an hour's delay by lifting her telephone and issuing orders. This was the kind of emergency which demanded instant action by an official at the top in possession of full information and capable of arriving at a correct estimate of the situation and acting with decisiveness and courage. It is poor consolation to those who suffered in the epidemic to be told that they were the victims of an act of God or Fate. There is far too much of this kind of Fate in our lives.

If anybody had proved to have been negligent in the matter, said the Defence Minister winding up her apology in the Lok Sabha, he would be dealt with. Not all the culprits, may one suggest, belong to the masculine gender?

(Continued on next page)

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Good Neighbour Bridge

THE Russians have added another damp squib to the fire of international peace. The Moscow Radio has announced its wish to confer with American engineers to discuss the possibility of building a bridge across the Bering Strait linking North America with the apex of the Asian continent. This, it is explained, is to facilitate traffic from Washington to Siberia "with a branch line to Peking." The wording, to put it mildly, is unfortunate. We have as yet had no evidence of a burning desire in the hearts of even a minority of Washingtonians to get to Siberia in the quickest possible time. (Other roads, as is well known, lead to Siberia which pass over no bridges). The Atlantic is evidently too wide for the hands of friendship to grasp each other across its expanse. Bering Strait between Alaska and Siberia is only 56 miles in breadth. The Strait contains two small islands called the Diomed Islands situated a mile apart between which passes the frontier line dividing Russia and America in the north. On these islands within the Arctic circle live a handful of Eskimos, the descendants of the islanders who have for many years maintained peace between the two countries in this region. Not so long ago part of Alaska belonged to Russia and was called Russian America. The Bridge, we are told, is to be an engineer's phantasy and would involve atomic pumps to create warm currents which would keep the long Siberian rivers, now frozen for months together, navigable throughout the year.

Perhaps the Atom the Great Leveler is going to succeed in the frozen north where diplomacy has failed in the more temperate south.

The refinements of Siberia, one would be surprised to know, have been much underrated. The territory has charms of which most of

the world is unaware. In size, for instance, it is larger than Europe, stretching from the Urals to the Pacific and from Turkestan and Mongolia to the Atlantic in the north. East Siberia is an antiquarian paradise. It is all rock and river and valley and is reputed to be the oldest part of the earth's surface. Moreover, Siberia is not all snowy wilderness. It has at least four different types of climate. You may live in the icy north with snow on the ground eight months in the year and continuous daylight throughout summer or in the interior lowlands with its cool, temperate continental climate or in the hot rich timber lands or among the tall wheat stalks of the steppes. Hitler thought Siberia was the ideal new "German living room." To the rest of the world Siberia is synonymous with labour camps. Though many industries like iron and steel, metals and chemicals, have sprung up there in recent years, labour camps are still undoubtedly Siberia's major industry. In fact, it has grown to such proportions since the end of the war that a new ministry has had to be created to deal with it—the MVD or the Ministry of Interior Affairs. Labour camps are now, as a writer put it, "big business." They play a not insignificant part in the Soviet economy, having their own work schedules and production quotas in the various 5-Year Plans. In these labour camps the emphasis is more on work than on punishment. Those among us who think of work as punishment can never appreciate this experiment in prison systems. Work therapy is tried here. The results are often astounding. The White Sea-Baltic Canal, for instance, was built entirely by political prisoners. Some of them were decorated for their magnificent contribution of work to the project, though it is not revealed if any of them were offered a choice between freedom and bronze breast pieces.

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RESOURCES FOR THE PLAN

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

THE Draft Outline of the Second Five Year Plan has been before the public for over a month and both Houses of Parliament have had opportunities to debate it in the course of the budget discussions. The earlier criticism that provision for this or that sector is inadequate has receded to the background with the realisation that, with the limited resources at its disposal, the Planning Commission cannot satisfy the demands of anyone in their entirety. The complaint that the transport sector has been neglected was in fact the greatest, and even that has now died down since the general revenues cannot afford a bigger allotment without reducing the quotas for others. The railways have also rightly decided to rain as much additional funds as possible from their own resources to put through as much of the original programme proposed by the Ministry as possible. This is all to the good provided there is no undue increase in rates, particularly because it is passenger traffic which will suffer most as the demands for freight movement arising from the Plan cannot be allowed to go unsatisfied. In this connection it is worth pointing out that the contention of some foreign economists that transport has been given a bigger share in the Second Plan than it commanded in the process of development in the U.S.S.R. and other Communist countries and the U. S., England, France and Germany, cannot hold good in the conditions of India today, when the existence of democracy demands that the planners should pay attention to the needs of passengers also, since we are having planning anyway. Both aggressive capitalism in its initial stages when democracy was not firmly established and centralised Communism can afford to ignore these

requirements, but not a democracy pledged to planning and Socialism.

The point about the Draft Outline which has attracted the greatest attention is the unsatisfactory resources position. Paradoxically enough it is those who argue that the Plan is too big in relation to resources—and indeed the Draft Outline gives one the impression—that want a bigger outlay on transport. An estimate of the available financial resources against the proposed outlay of Rs. 4,800 crores, indicated in the Draft Outline, is as follows:—

	Rs. in crores
1. Surplus from current revenues	800
(a) at existing rates	350
(b) additional taxation	450
2. Borrowings from the public	1,200
(a) Market loans	700
(b) Small savings	500
3. Other budgetary resources	400
(a) Railways' contribution	150
(b) Provident Fund, etc.	250
4. External assistance	800
5. Deficit financing	1,200
6. Uncovered gap	400

It is to be noted that the receipts from nearly every head are expected to be much higher than in the First Plan. The contribution of current revenues has increased by Rs. 230 crores, and of market loans and small savings by Rs. 470 crores and Rs. 230 crores respectively. Foreign aid for the First Plan was just about Rs. 300 crores and deficit financing was also of a similar order. Thus the total reliable internal resources for the Second Plan will be Rs. 2,400 crores, as against an outlay of Rs. 4,800 crores, compared to Rs. 1,470 out of a total outlay of Rs. 2,350 crores in the First Plan. Even after allowing for deficit financing of Rs. 1,200 crores and foreign aid totalling Rs. 800 crores, there will be a gap of Rs. 400 crores, half of which

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is now proposed to be filled by further additional taxation. If there is a shortfall in foreign aid, not only will the scheme of financing be upset and the nation have to bear a heavier tax burden but also calculations regarding the foreign exchange balance will go awry and the country may have to go without many imported consumer goods if the Plan is to be implemented. It will be difficult to choose methods of taxation which will bring in the additional revenue required and at the same time not impose an undue additional burden on sections of society which can least bear them while not discouraging investors' incentives if the private sector is to fulfil its role to the extent of Rs. 2300 crores of new investment.

But the most disturbing feature of the Draft Outline is its reliance on deficit financing for a fourth of the total sum required. It is likely that as in the First Plan, where the shortfall is estimated at nearly a sixth of

the proposed outlay, there will be a shortfall in the Second Plan too. But the proportion will be much smaller as State Governments and other planning authorities have gained more experience in carrying through schemes. The shortfall, if any, will offset the uncovered gap of Rs. 400 crores. If the Finance Minister is able to raise more by way of further additional taxation, to that extent resort to deficit financing can be reduced. But there are so many unreliable factors about new taxation, foreign aid, etc., that it seems difficult to envisage any cut in the amount of deficit financing to mobilise the required resources.

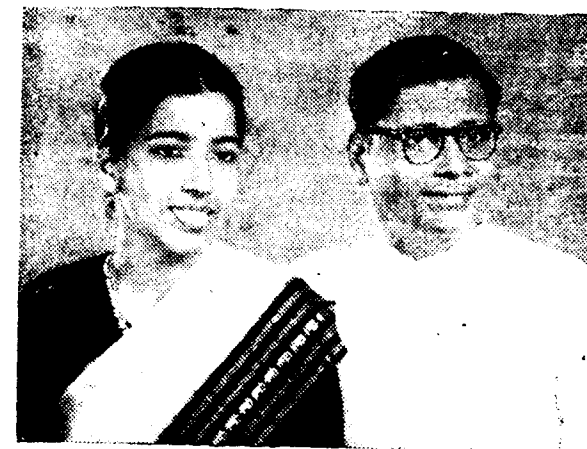
Even more alarming than the total amount of created money proposed for the next five years, is the Finance Minister's decision to resort to deficit financing to the extent of Rs. 390 crores in 1956-57, the first year of the Plan. Not only does this represent an increase of Rs. 170 crores over last year, but in the absence of a down trend in prices which prevailed last year, and which has turned into an upward trend, this scale of mobilising resources indirectly may lead to a considerable rise in prices. Such price increase is made all the more possible by the fact that both industrial and agricultural production are unlikely to register this year the improvements seen in the last twelve months. Particularly the output of essential consumer goods like cloth may taper off into a stationary level if the controversy over the *Ambar Charka* is not ended soon and a decision one way or other given. Even if there is increase in production it cannot be more than the five per cent annual increase postulated in the Plan—though it may be considerably less as there is not much of unutilised industrial capacity remaining to be utilised. If there is a five per cent increase in national output, with an unchanging money supply, the fall in prices possible has been placed at less than two per cent. The amount of deficit financing contem-

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plated in 1956-57 will increase money supply by more than 20 per cent, which can give rise to a 15 per cent increase in prices. The Finance Minister also said in the course of his reply to the debate in the Rajya Sabha that the possible rise in prices in the next five years has been calculated as between 28 and 42 per cent by a foreign expert advising the Planning Commission. Assuming that the rise will be distributed evenly over the five years, at about six per cent a year, and assuming that the outlay on the Plan in the five years will increase steadily from about Rs. 800 crores in 1956-57 the maximum possible, to about Rs. 1200 crores in 1956-57, the estimate of financial requirements for the Plan will also go up by nearly Rs. 600 crores. This is because with increase in prices all round, the cost of executing the various projects will also go up correspondingly. The Finance Minister explained that only if money was first put into circulation it could be mopped up later to finance the Plan. This justification for heavy deficit financing in the first year will lose validity if prices rise, pushing up costs. For then the resources needed, in terms of money, will also go up. If not for the sake of the common people, therefore, for the sake of the safety of his own Plan, the Finance Minister will have to take care to see that prices do not rise as much as has been predicted. It is possible that if deficit financing on the scale contemplated is not undertaken boldly, the Plan cannot be implemented. But if this amount of created money causes a 25 or 30% rise in prices, then also the Plan costs, calculations and implementation will be upset. Only in the latter event the common people will also suffer. The Finance Minister can surely

derive no particular pleasure in subjecting the large mass of the people to a lot of unnecessary suffering just for the sake of imposing sacrifices on them, when the Plan cannot anyway be fulfilled.

A word about the further additional taxation of Rs. 200 crores proposed by the Finance Minister. The Draft Outline mentions that of the total outlay of Rs. 4800 crores, in the public sector, Rs. 3800 crores will be investment outlay and Rs. 1000 crores current outlay of a developmental nature. These Rs. 1000 crores will in fact be outlay shown under the revenue account of the Central and State budgets and should normally be met from current revenues. But on the resources side the outline proposes only Rs. 800 crores from surpluses, from current revenues, thereby indicating an overall revenue deficit of Rs. 200 crores—Centre and States combined. In proposing further new taxation of Rs. 200 crores, the Finance Minister will be only wiping out this deficit. On balance, therefore, the Rs. 200 crores proposed is the minimum new taxation called for by the logic of planning and financing. No contribution from the revenue account to investment outlay in the public sector can be expected.



Sri V. Subramanian, M.A., B.Sc. (Hons.) and Kumari Jayalakshmi, who were married in Madras recently.

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POLITICIAN'S PARADISE

By B. R. KUMAR

POST-INDEPENDENCE India is essentially a land of politics—and a paradise for politicians. The politician as such enjoys the highest honours—and occupies all the key positions in society through which he can domineer over his less fortunate countrymen.

Hardly any activity exists apart from politics, or independent of it. All our economic plans are inspired more by politics than by economics. Their main purpose is to win votes, not to increase the national wealth, or to diminish national poverty and the disparity of classes. Our cultural and artistic activities are more to win political prestige for the powers that be than for raising the cultural and artistic tone within the country: more of such missions are sent to tour the world than to tour in our own villages to bring a little brightness into their dull and deary lives. Our educational life is dominated by politics; English is to be replaced by Hindi or the mothertongue not because either of them is a fit instrument for instruction or administration but because, to advocate the retention of English would cost the loss of the votes of 80% of the voters who are ignorant of English. Our administrative policies are dominated by politics—one day we are to have linguistic States because the mob in Bezwada demands them; and the next day we are to have bilingual States because two Chief Ministers declare in their favour. One day the Prime Minister is in favour of the retention of Hyderabad; the next day he is in favour of its disintegration, because political considerations demand it. Our Ministers are on tour most of the month because no school, or hostel, no bridge, no culvert, no bathroom, no public convenience can be opened in any part of the country

without their august presence; no one who is not a politician is considered fit enough for such important occasions—for the sponsors fear that all monetary help from the Government will be decided not on the merits of the question, but through the intervention of the politician alone; and hence the necessity of tickling his vanity! The politician of course is only too glad to oblige, for in that way he can keep all rivals out of the field. And if files accumulate and the public suffers, who cares? After all the people who have the majority of votes do not enter into the transactions that centre round Government offices; and in any case the politicians' henchmen who fill the thousands of offices created since Independence, including the Insurance agents, will see that votes are cast in the Charkha box. The temples are in the control of the politician, and age long customs which the Englishman during his 200 years of rule dared not infringe have been set at nought at his convenience, without so much as "by your leave," and shoes are as common up the sacred hill of Tirumalai today as they were uncommon before 1947.

Now it is true that politics is the heart of all social life; politics is the coordinating and lubricating factor of social existence. A people live their creative life in innumerable groups, some small, some big; some within and some perhaps even outside the State. These innumerable group activities have to be coordinated, harmonised, integrated; priorities have to be established. And as the groups multiply in numbers and increase in complexity, the political life increases in importance and complexity also. Nevertheless, in a healthy society politics always remains in

the background, subordinate to the creative activities of life. It never usurps the front place; it is not the most important theme of all newspaper articles and news; it is not the most important item of radio news, of public meetings and public agitation; of educational convocation addresses and ministerial harangues. A police man is a necessary part of our civic life, but the less he is seen the more he is effective. A soldier is a necessary part of our times, but those countries are the happiest where he obtrudes the least.

The predominance of politics in our life began of course under the Englishman—when curiously enough it was a sign of health and not of disease. The British conquest of India was comparable to a period of war, when all the resources of a country—political, economic, cultural, educational—were mobilised with only one objective—to drive out the enemy. But no country can safely keep on a war footing even after victory has been secured by elimination of the enemy. But that has exactly been the condition in our country since 1947.

Is it any wonder then that in this feverish condition we have not only failed to solve any of the vital problems that faced us at the date of freedom, but have also created a hundred more problems to confound and harass us? Unless we regain a natural equilibrium of life, a natural perspective of things, putting first things first and last things last, we can never solve the many problems that face us. And if we examine a little closely, we shall discover that the present state of affairs is being maintained by the Congress Party for narrow party purposes.

The death of Gandhiji has been a tragedy for the country in more senses than one—but perhaps in none more than in this that had he been alive he would have dissolved the Congress and exploded the myth of its wisdom.

For all practical purposes Pandit Nehru is already a dictator—though a benevolent one and a popular one. His successor may be neither the one nor the other. However desirable a dictator may be as against the vagaries of parliamentary democracy, the only difficulty with all dictators is that ultimately they become the slaves of the army—and military rule has never yet built up a State. Hence the most vital need for the safeguarding of normal conditions of life in the country, subordinating politics to the more creative activities of life. This under the present conditions can only be done with the help and at the initiative of the Congress; for otherwise the latter itself will have short shift at the hands of Panditji's successor. Kamal Pasha, the maker of modern Turkey, did just this a few years before his death; he created a party of opposition to himself so that on his death his work may not perish. Is it too much to hope the same from Panditji? In this way alone the way will be opened for normal political activity to be resumed in the country, by putting an end to the mob worship of Congress and Congressmen.

For all its talk of Socialism and classless society, the Congress has created a new caste of rulers, where the rewards are in inverse proportion to the fitness of the man. The rewards of politics today are out of all proportion to the economic resources of the country or the fitness of the aspirant. There should be some correlation between the rewards of politics and the rewards in other walks of life. Today no man in our country can enter a profession except with some qualifications and attainments. But the highest profession—that of making laws, which in the old days was reserved for Manus and Solons—is open to all. Is it any wonder that it draws the most unfit and anti-social men to take the chance?

ACHARYA NARENDRA DEVA

By Prof. D. P. MUKERJI

ACHARYAJI and myself came to know each other in 1935. Our contacts grew when the Congress Socialist Party was formed. Ideological affinities brought us together, though I was not a member of the party. On one occasion, when a resolution to the effect that the formation of the Congress Socialist Party was a historical necessity was discussed on the floor of the Lucknow University Union, I spoke against it and he for it. Our difference hinged on two points: (a) the significance of the phrase 'historical necessity', and (b) the retention of the affiliation to the Congress organisation. He spoke with eloquence and lucidity for about three quarters of an hour in combating my arguments. I immediately realised the superior quality of his mind, the gravity of his purposiveness and the wise humility of his approach, a humility that was compounded of genuine scholarship and scientific attitude. There was no trace of Utopian fervour, no distortion of facts to suit his ideas, no reckless generalisation in that speech, yet it was eloquent and decisive. His faith in Socialism was controlled by study and conviction. That speech put the seal on my attitude towards him. Our acquaintance grew when I was on deputation with the Government during the first Congress Ministry and he was a member of the Legislative Assembly. There I, along with other Government officials, would run up whenever he was expected to speak, and he would come to my room for a chat and a cup, often two cups of coffee when he was free. Our relations matured in those days when the Congress was trying to be the government of the people.

He had been the President of the

U. P. Congress Committee when the Ministry was formed, and the story was that he had a hand in the formation of the Cabinet in its initial stage. Once formed, he scrupulously kept himself out. I would often wonder at his self-restraint, his detachment, but there he was, if not a lone wolf, if not the completely disinterested Yogin of our ideal type, if not a superior person looking down upon the people and the politicians of the market place, at least one who in virtue of his comprehension of the laws of social change, of his deeper understanding of the basic issues of our emergent national life, and of the wisdom that came out of it could not be wholly involved in the quotidian bickerings and the intense inanities of the political game. He was fully cognisant of the role of power, but that power being political, and hence partial, he could not be wholly engaged in it. If the power was economic and intellectual, and also social and moral, it would attract him. As it was, it only kept him distinct. Many years later he felt that as things stood, there was little chance of the power being comprehensive in any near future. Then the distinctive man became a separate man without losing his distinction. He left the Congress; and as we now know, he would not even think of allowing his party to join the government at the Centre. And yet he never exchanged the Gandhi cap for the red cap of his party, no, even when he was heading the peasant march. Tradition he could not abjure. Gandhiji had built himself into his structure and had helped in the dynamics of his views. When the Congress Party did not do so, he left to forge ahead with Socialism.

Our contacts became intimate when he joined the Lucknow University as its Vice-Chancellor. At first, being only a member of the staff, I was hesitant. But he would not allow me to remain so. He lifted our relation to the plane of ideas. Whenever he was free, he would come either to Dr. Ramdhar Misra, for whom he had great affection, or to me. "What are the latest arrivals?" he would ask, and they would be placed before him. Over coffee, he would turn the pages, go through the interesting portions, and sometimes borrow a book or two. He never lost a book, nor did he ever return any without going through it. His main interests were history and sociology. Of these two subjects his knowledge was profound. He was not a sociologist in the academic sense, he was a social thinker with deep affiliations to philosophy, or to a world-view. In two regions of philosophy, the Buddhist and the Marxist, his scholarship reached a high academic standard. So also in the field of Indology. On the history of Asian nationalism his interest was deep. Once he delivered a course of lectures on it. My view is that they are the best I have heard on the subject. His analysis of the Indian national movement was obviously informed by active participation, but it was instinct with a philosophy of history and Indian culture. Our talks mainly centred on these matters. I do not remember a single personal remark made by him in condemnation of any leader, for the matter of that, of anybody. Yet his character sketches were as fine and precise as steel etchings; and he knew the goings on here, there, and everywhere. Only he could not respect moral reprobates. He would dismiss them as 'Wahiyads', useless rotters.

His Vice-Chancellorship can be assessed only by those who knew what had preceded it and what followed it. But that assessment is not attempted here. All that I can say is

that his stewardship meant for the majority of teachers an awareness of their functions as members of a university as it should be in a free country, and for most students, in fact all of them, a sense of duty towards it. Only two minor cases of indiscipline occurred in those four years. But the management of the Pacific Conference by the students showed what they were capable of. The students felt confident of themselves because the head of the institution was confident of them. "There is nothing wrong with our boys" was the burden of his song. They loved him, sometimes a little selfishly, as are the ways of the young; and he loved them, though he rationalised it as democracy. Probably, 'rationalised' is the wrong word, because he was a genuine democrat if ever there was one. But is not the democratic habit some act of faith, some kind of love? Perhaps, he was a bit too democratic for many tastes. It was even whispered that he could not say 'No' to anybody, particularly the young. Once I twitted him on it. He said, "I know what you mean. People think that I am weak. I am only democratic." It is a strange paradox that a theory of life which is grounded on decency should leave little room for it in its functioning. Whatever that may be, he was strong as a rock when principles were concerned. He could be adamant against the tallest of the land but he was soft to the lowest. It was not the softness of jelly that is not set; it was the humility before the possibilities and processes of living. On one occasion, after a severe bout of asthma, I went to him. Some students and party workers from the villages were waiting. Quite a few were already inside his bed room. Ajay Kumar, his private secretary, and Dr. Gujral, his physician, were in despair. They wanted me to walk in so that others might walk out. He offered me coffee. Sipping it, I told

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him, "Acharyaji, I have at last diagnosed your disease."

"What is that?"

"It is not Asthma. It is goodness".

"Bhai, kya karen!"—his favourite phrase—"You know it is India!"

"You would not call it goodness. You would call it democracy".

"I would like to".

"In that case there should be no asthma in Russia".

He laughed. It was goodness, and not politics that killed him, as has been suggested. In him goodness, and decency and humility, and considerateness were carried to their finest edge until the sword of the spirit became too keen for the scabbard and the body. "Only the body failed" as Panditji rightly put it.

How far his personal culture affected us all cannot be properly appraised. At least it prevented the Lucknow University staff from being openly mean during his term, it did not allow the students to be rowdy on the street or in the classes and the campus. The period was too short for human nature. It is not given to a large group of heterogeneous individuals to imbibe the harmony of culture-traits that make up a gentleman of Oudh's infit. I know that in many cases his personal example only scratched the surface. The best proof is that we reverted to type immediately after his departure for Banaras. One incident was an eye-opener to me. The staff was giving him a farewell party and the time was 5 in the afternoon. Acharyaji was a punctual man. At 5 only half a dozen of us were present. We wondered. We soon came to know that certain members of the staff were waiting in a queue for interview with the Secretary of the American Educational Foundation, who had come to select Fulbright scholars. They did hurry back to the tea, I must say, and their engage-

ments were not fixed by themselves. Yet, the empty chairs between 5 and 5-30 made me feel that all was not well with our grief at the party, in fact, made me suspect that we had not been transformed. This suspicion was later confirmed, alas! too soon. Be that as it may, even if we could not be cultured, we began to take Indian culture seriously in his regime. That, I am told, continues. But there is a difference. The Indian culture of his brand had a great deal to do with the social forces. He was not content with holding classes in Pali and Prakrit, with delivering lectures on Buddhism, fairly regularly, he organised symposia on Indian culture, on social forces operating in the various literatures of India; he invited the best men of the country to read papers on Indian culture. He always wanted us to think, write and speak on Indian culture in a dynamic manner. And his dynamics came from history and sociology. There his Marxism could be detected. Not otherwise. I do not know of a single instance when his political convictions interfered with his academic stewardship. He did not wear Marxism on the sleeve, because it was more than an idea for him. It was a total conviction that made him differ from Gandhiji and Sri Jai Prakash Narain alike, at great emotional cost to himself. It made him attracted towards Socialists no doubt, but it never would make him prefer them to others in administration. His sense of justice was instinctive.

Speaking about his Socialism, I would mention one feature that struck me. I think he was more of a Leninist than a Marxist; and he was, of course, no Stalinist. No closer student of Marx and Lenin's works have I met in this country. A friend once described him as the Kautsky of India. It was slightly unfair. Nor was he a Bernstein, a revisionist. Unlike the Communists, he could quote Marx, Engels, Lenin, the various party theses in their

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proper historical contexts. That historical feeling, in my opinion, enriched his understanding of Marxism-Leninism. I have no manner of doubt in my mind that he would have welcomed Khrushchev's recent speech before the Party Congress without abdicating his scepticism. He did not so exhaust himself either in anti-Soviet, anti-Communist hatred that he had no energy left to love and understand India. This natural habit of doubt was more a symptom of his rationalism than of any basic allergy to Sovietism or Communism. In this way he was an authentic intellectual. It often led people with a greater strain of activism and with a single track mind to misunderstand his position. That would make him unhappy and come out with further explanations. He was naturally sensitive, as all men committed to intellectual justice are because they walk on the razor's edge when others less committed walk on the solid earth of thoughtless complacency. He would sometimes show his elaborations to me and M. Chalapathi Rau, for whom he had no end of regard, and he would accept our suggestions before sending them to the Press. Worried and annoyed he would often be at the stupid interpretations of his statements; but of bitterness there was not a trace. A Marxist must needs have passion; but he was not passionate. A Marxist must arouse passion, otherwise he cannot be active; but he aroused love. He was not the less of a Marxist for that. Usually, again, a Marxist by conviction feels like a deity who knows the end of a process, of an epoch, and welcomes the crisis that lurches history towards the near by divine event of an inevitable doom. But he was not a god; he was human, probably all too human; and he was not on his tiptoe for doom and destruction. Was it humanism that saved him from being an unsmiling, grim god? But then how did he

square it with his faith in class-conflict? Or, is there no inherent contradiction between the two? That is my question. He is no longer there to answer it, and I do not know to whom I shall turn now.

About the manner his culture exuded in conduct, I shall not write. His wit and graciousness were by-words. He was generous to a fault. He could afford to be snob, many snobs rolled into one; but he was humble, again to a fault. People have marvelled at his mental alertness, which is the salt of culture. There are so many stories about his doing good on the sly. I can hardly resist the temptation of mentioning one incident. It is fairly well known that he made me a professor when there was no such post. But the way he did it may not be known to others.

And he kept it from me too. He never whispered a word of it to me; in fact, I came to know of it after my name was proposed. Yet he made it strictly legal. Not he for riding roughshod over the proper academic bodies. After the thing was done, I wanted to thank him. But he just turned me off and started discussing Manneheim's latest book. He never let people know that he was doing good to them. Nor did he expect them to be different to him. This is the soul of delicacy.

Having written all this, I feel that I have not been able to touch the core of the being who was so universally respected. Probably, personality cannot be conveyed. That is a substance to be felt and cherished. It grows in privacy. As days pass, he will grow in stature and depth. At the same time, I know that public memory is short. There was a time, during the Faizabad elections, when some of us wondered if it was fading out, or being suppressed. He was never bitter after defeat. Only once did he describe with that merry twinkle in his eyes how Ramchandra

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TOWARD DESTRUCTION IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: On March 3, the morrow of Sir Anthony Eden's disastrous speech on the dismissal of General Glubb as commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, the *Daily Mirror* published a cartoon by Vicky. This showed Sir Anthony in a Roman toga as "Caesar Misfit", menaced in a Roman temple by dagger-wielding "Tory 'Suez Rebels'" and "'Get Tough' Tories." Sir Anthony was stammering: "Er, did I hear somebody say, 'Beware the Ides of March'?"

Not even Vicky knew then that Sir Anthony, under pressure from traditionalists and imperialists in his party, had already decided on a policy even more disastrous for Cyprus than that for Jordan.

Not only had the Cabinet decided to "keep its foot in the door" in Jordan in the hope of being invited to stay, but it had decided to slam the door on any further negotiations in Cyprus, Britain's colonial base for Middle East operations.

In the widespread resentment over the abrupt dismissal of the symbol of British influence over Jordan, it was not realized that Britain was also being forced to make up its mind on Cyprus, after five months of fruitless negotiations.

Cyprus and Jordan were closely linked in the Cabinet's mind when it met on Monday morning, March 5. They were the two places in the Middle East where Britain still had the right to keep its troops and planes and thus continue the pretense of being the successor to the Turks as the imperial power in the Middle East. In the between-war years Britain's position there was but-

tressed by its naval strength in the Mediterranean, its ability to call in troops from its Indian Empire, strong military forces in Egypt and Palestine, tutelage over the Hashemite monarchs of Jordan and Iraq and political-economic tutelage over the Persian Gulf sheiks, including those around Abadan.

But, *The Times* reminded its readers on the morn of the March 7 debate on the Jordan crisis, "the declaration of Indian independence let slip the anchor chain by which the situation was secured. Abadan was the first outcome of the new situation and revealed how weak Britain's position really was even when she still retained the powerful base at Suez. It was then, not now, that the real appraisal was necessary. Since then Suez has been evacuated, but a satisfactory policy to meet changing conditions has still not been devised."

Hugh Gaitskell, the new Leader of the Labour Opposition, made an effort to outline a new British policy in the debate that afternoon. He pointed out that General Glubb's dismissal had been a severe blow to Britain's prestige in the Middle East, a setback to the Baghdad Pact policy and had increased the chance of war between an unrestrained Jordan and its neighbour Israel.

"It accordingly becomes clear, surely, that we must have a reassessment of our whole policy in the Middle East," said Mr. Gaitskell. Mr. Gaitskell had always been a confirmed supporter of an agreed Labour-Conservative foreign policy and it was only because Sir Anthony refused entirely to pay any heed to the

alternative policy he then offered that he felt it necessary to divide the House on an issue of foreign policy for the first time since the May 1955 elections.

Mr. Gaitskell felt that Sir Anthony's Government had not responded with sufficient speed to the changes in the Middle East. The Arabs would no longer tolerate "a semi-colonial status" like that in Jordan. The "peculiar arrangement under which the Arab Legion was led by British officers, financed by Great Britain and wholly under British control—the subsidies being paid not to the Jordan Treasury but to the Arab Legion office (in London)—could certainly not continue much longer." Therefore "the termination of the arrangement—had the position been understood—could have been carried out very differently and without the loss of prestige which has occurred."

He criticized the extent to which the Baghdad Pact had been made the basis of Britain's whole Middle East policy. He had no objection to the "Northern Tier alliance" suggested by Mr. Dulles in 1953, "if it were a voluntary agreement between Turkey, Iraq, Pakistan and Persia." But Britain's joining this and the making of the resultant Baghdad Pact the pivot of its Middle East policy had contributed to this disastrous crisis because it had "provoked violent opposition" from neutral States like Egypt and from Jordan itself when an attempt was made in December "to force her into the pact. I think it was disastrous to pursue that policy of trying, as it were, to bring every Arab State in, particularly because that was done without the United States being a member of the Pact. As far as our relations with Saudi Arabia are concerned, that was an obvious gap in the whole policy . . ."

Hugh Gaitskell warned the 'Suez Rebel' Tories, "who, exasperated by what they regard as a series of

retreats in the Middle East, wish to reimpose our will on that part of the world by force . . . They are those who particularly regret our evacuation from Abadan and Suez and who are most insistent that we should in no circumstances give up Cyprus . . ."

He found three cogent reasons for opposing this. "First, because that kind of policy is not one for which we at present, even if we wanted to pursue it, have adequate forces. Certainly we have not without the U. S. A. and there is no hope, in my view, that the U. S. A. will join with us in a policy of this kind. Secondly, I think that this policy fails to recognise the tremendous force of nationalism which . . . will be driven directly into Communism, as it has been, for instance in Indo-china, if we persist in trying to apply semi-colonial policies . . . The third reason why we cannot accept the views of these ('Suez rebels') is that we feel that those views inevitably involve us in a conflict with international law and the United Nations. The plain fact of the matter is—I am taking the case of Abadan now—that if we had put troops in Persia to maintain our hold (on the oil refineries) in Abadan we should have been arraigned as aggressors before the United Nations . . ."

"In deciding policy," Gaitskell continued amidst an appreciative silence from both sides and the galleries, "I suggest that we must first of all settle what is our real interest in the Middle East and what our commitments are there . . . The first is our commitment under the Tripartite Declaration (of 1950) . . . to go to the help of whichever side is attacked . . . to guarantee those temporary armistice frontiers . . . (and) maintain the balance of arms to the two sides.

"Our second interest . . . is, of course, the supply of oil. It is no use denying the fact that we are very completely dependent on oil in that part of the world." In fact, Britain

imports 80% of the 22,000,000 tons of crude oil now used from the Middle East. By 1960 it will be importing 40 million tons, making it as dependent on Middle East oil as it once was on South Wales coal. "I think that we make a mistake," warned Mr. Gaitskell, "if we jump to the conclusion that the Arab States with these oil reserves will be so desperately anxious to sell them to anyone else. The whole of their apparatus, their pipelines, refineries and everything else, are directed to selling to the existing Western countries.

"I do not believe that, short of a big political change in that part of the world, the danger that we should be cut off from oil is nearly so great." Therefore he opposed the thesis of the 'Suez rebels' that "we have to maintain military power in that part of the world . . . to safeguard the oil . . ."

"The third objective . . . is that we cannot accept that these territories with their oil reserves . . . should come under Russian control."

He felt the U. S. "should have and has, exactly the same three objectives that we have, and therefore it should not be difficult to reach agreement with her on Middle East policy."

He felt several things should be done immediately. Troop reinforcements should not be sent to Jordan except to protect British lives. Immediate talks should be begun with Jordan, preferably to shift the subsidy from the Arab Legion to resettling refugees. The ban on arms for Israel should be lifted. Britain and America should agree to compose "the ridiculous and absurd dispute between the British and American oil companies." They should also make a declaration of common policy. But "this problem of the Middle East as a whole cannot be solved without bringing the Russians into it in some way . . . When Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev come here in April, I hope that the Government will take

the opportunity of talking about the Middle Eastern situation with them."

In presenting this policy to a crowded Parliament as an alternative to the Government's which "has managed, rather remarkably, to be both weak and yet provocative at the same time", Mr. Gaitskell achieved the considerable success of provoking enthusiastic response from his own side while securing the sympathetic attention of the Conservatives.

In fact, 'Suez rebel' Julian Amery, acclaiming "the earlier part" of Gaitskell's speech as "so good" asked him how he hoped to carry out the Tripartite Declaration "if we are not in a position of strength in Cyprus and elsewhere?" Gaitskell replied that "it was perfectly possible to meet the demands of the Cypriots for self-determination while retaining military bases in Cyprus. I should be very surprised indeed if the Colonial Secretary were to tell the House that he had been negotiating with Archbishop Makarios on any other basis."

Eden in Gloom

During the whole of Gaitskell's extremely able speech, Sir Anthony appeared sunk in gloom. At the time it seemed as if he was put out by the fact that Gaitskell found it possible to make the speech he should have liked to make. But he knew the arrest of Archbishop Makarios, leader of the Greek Cypriots, two days later had already been decided on.

In all probability this had been decided on at the Cabinet meeting on Monday morning, March 5. There was every evidence of extreme hostility to Archbishop Makarios in the statement read by Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd in the House of Commons that afternoon and even more in the Press conference that same evening. Lennox-Boyd insisted that every time a major issue was settled with the Archbishop, a new one cropped up. But above all he attacked him as a man "who has refused to use his great influence to prevent violence." Such a man, he insisted,

"is as guilty of violence as someone who promotes it.

This was part of the preparation for the arrest and deportation of the Archbishop, which was delayed until Friday the 9th in order to minimize the problem by arresting him on the airport as he was due to fly to Athens, sending him to exile in the Seychelles instead.

The decision to break off negotiations and arrest the Archbishop was made because Colonial Secretary Lennox-Boyd was able to persuade the Cabinet that the Archbishop would only agree to the continued association between Cyprus and Britain on terms which would make the island useless in Britain's Middle Eastern defense system. The Archbishop refused to allow himself to be vetoed by the one-fifth Turkish minority. He insisted on early control of the police. He made it clear he wished to attach Cyprus to Greece, despite the election results in February which provided more votes, if not more seats, to a semi-neutralist bloc.

The Colonial Secretary informed the Cabinet—and his Press conference that night—that Sir John Harding had insisted that the island's function as a British headquarters would be unimpaired by the hostility of the majority of its inhabitants. The next day the explosion of a trooping plane on Nicosia airfield made it necessary to ban all Cypriots from the airfield and to divert planes from the Far East which had been stopping at Cyprus en route home!

When news reached London late Friday afternoon that the Archbishop had been arrested, there was not only surprise but consternation. The Liberal leader, the moderate Clement Davies, called it "an act of madness." James Griffiths, Deputy Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, and a man who has never strayed far from the Colonial Office he headed in 1950-51, said: "This is the action of

a weak Government in a panic. It is a surrender to the reactionaries at home and plays into the hands of the extremists in Cyprus."

The *Manchester Guardian* evoked the long line of nationalist leaders whom Britain had jailed or exiled before Archbishop Makarios. It pointed out that without the Archbishop there was no choice but "military repression alone." "There can be no settlement now, because there is nobody to negotiate with." It rejected as unproved the propaganda of Sir John Harding and the Colonial Secretary that the Archbishop had been an EOKA ringleader. "Among Cypriots, Archbishop Makarios was reckoned a Moderate—he was criticised by the extreme supporters of Enosis for being too ready to compromise with the British—and there is no other Cypriot leader who will carry as much weight with his own people . . .

"In the end, the Government may stamp out terrorism, but if it wants to recover good relations with four-fifths of the Cypriot people it will eventually have to bring Archbishop Makarios back; either that or hold the island by force for years to come."

(Continued from page 19)

gave his message from the skies to men and women of Ayodhya not to vote for an atheist in his theistic kingdom. But as an outsider, who has some memory, I sometimes wonder when I hear the fulsome praise being bestowed on him at and after his death by his admirers, whether they really remember his services to the country, if they were quite fair to him. Or, is political memory not cognate to human remembrance, which besides being an act of recreation, is the supreme act of piety in this impious age?

STORY OF BRITAIN'S FIRST ATOMIC POWER STATION

By W. S. NEWALL

THREE years ago few people outside West Cumberland had even heard of Calder Hall; and to those people who had heard of it Calder Hall was a small farm of some four or five hundred acres. The farmstead itself was originally a modest manor house built in 1678 by a member of the Le Fleming family whose ancestors came over with The Conqueror and became quite a power in Cumberland.

Today, Calder Hall is known to scientists and Governments throughout the world. Within a few months, may be in a matter of weeks, Calder Hall will go into operation as the first full-scale atomic power plant in the free world. On the site where Farmer William Dawson once tilled the land and grazed his cattle, there now stand strange buildings—two atomic reactors, a 300-feet-high concrete cooling tower, turbine rooms and all the other edifices which house the most modern of power generating machinery.

Electricity Output

When that machinery comes to life it will be capable of generating 50,000 kilowatts of electricity, enough to meet the needs of a medium sized town—and as that plant nears completion, work has already started on site clearance for two more atomic piles and yet another power plant which will double the output of electrical power generated by nuclear energy and injected into the public distribution system.

These two atomic power plants at Calder Hall will be the first of 12 which the Government hopes to complete within the next seven or eight

years and which it is estimated will save the country between five and six million tons of coal a year—and this coal-saving factor was taken into consideration when Calder Hall was selected as the site for Britain's first atomic power station.

Why West Cumberland?

To understand why a remote corner of West Cumberland was selected as the site for two of the country's biggest atomic energy projects, one must go back to 1938. At that time West Cumberland was one of the hardest-hit "Special Areas," a district in which unemployment was rife.

The Cumberland Development Council, under the dynamic leadership of Alderman John Jackson Adams (now Lord Adams of Ennerdale) had been trying, with some measure of success, to attract new industries to West Cumberland to take the place of the dead or dying steel, iron ore mining, and to a lesser extent, coal mining industries which had for generations been the basic industries of the district.

Adaptable Labour Force

Then came the threat of war and the Government of the day decided to decentralise its Ordnance factories. West Cumberland was considered a "safe area" so far as Nazi bombing raids were concerned and this, allied to a sufficiency of labour being available, led to the building of a Royal Ordnance Factory at Drigg, on the West Cumberland coast, and later to another similar factory at Sellafield, some four miles farther north.

These two factories absorbed practically all the unemployed men and

women from the near-by towns of Egremont, Cleator Moor and Frizington. West Cumberland's labour force showed surprising versatility; without any tradition of scientific or engineering industry, they proved to be adaptable for work in the Ordnance factories.

The Sellafield Project

This versatility was noted by industrialists looking for post-war sites for their industries. Thus it was that, after the war when the Government decided to close down the West Cumberland Ordnance factories, Courtaulds, at the suggestion of the Cumberland Development Council, decided to build a rayon factory at Sellafield. Before the project materialised, however, Sellafield was selected as the site for the country's biggest atomic energy factory. Building at Sellafield began in 1947 and in 1951 plutonium was being produced there. From Sellafield came the plutonium for the atomic bomb exploded in the Monte Bello Islands.

When the nuclear physicists turned their research to the peaceful uses of atomic energy, and particularly the generating of electricity by nuclear energy, they were already convinced that the terrific heat generated in the atomic piles at Sellafield (now known as Windscale Works) and dissipated up the 500-feet-high chimneys could have been harnessed for some useful purpose. What better purpose than super-heating water to provide steam for the driving of turbines and so generating electricity? That is, in effect, the main purpose of the two reactors now nearing completion at Calder Hall.

Atomic Power

As the production of electricity by nuclear energy became a practicable proposition a search was instituted for a suitable site for Britain's first atomic power station. On the opposite bank of the River Calder and a few hundred yards downstream was the land belonging to Calder Hall

Farm. Under the top soil was solid rock, strong enough to withstand the weight of the big atomic piles and the ancillary buildings essential to the industry.

The local authority, the Ennerdale Rural District Council, guaranteed an adequate water supply. Labourers who had helped build Wind-scale works were available for the new project, and much of the contractors' equipment was already in the neighbourhood. Camps were available for the large numbers of men who would perforce have to be drafted into the area—steel erectors, scaffolders, bricklayers, electricians, joiners and other craftsmen. Ministry of Works experts such as civil engineers were already finishing their work at Windscale and were settled in the district. Administrative staff was available at Windscale Works.

Training of Scientists

Perhaps most important of all, West Cumberland was very much aware of the future importance of atomic energy and the Cumberland Education Committee had started work on their first building of the Whitehaven College of Further Education, a science block for the training of scientists for industry, with particular emphasis on nuclear physics and chemistry. Moreover as nuclear energy will in the next decade largely take the place now held by coal, the Cumberland Development Council were ready to assist in any way a project which would give employment to some of the men who would become redundant when the Cumberland Coalfield, already with a very limited life, began to close down. Calder Hall, therefore, was a "natural" selection for the atomic power project.

Rapid Progress

Work on site clearance began in August 1953. At that time it was estimated that it would be from five to seven years before the station went into operation. Later the time

was cut to four years; now there is every likelihood that electric power from Calder Hall will be fed into the national grid in less than three years from the time the first sod was cut, a remarkable achievement.

Terrific Heat

The four atomic reactors at Calder Hall, two rapidly nearly completion and two for which site clearance has started, will be of the "gas-cooled graphite moderated thermal" type. They will use natural uranium or slightly enriched uranium as fuel. Shorn of technicalities, this means that inside the immensely thick-walled piles there is graphite into which uranium rods will be introduced. Once the rods are in the pile there is nuclear reaction and terrific heat is generated. This heat will be led away by a gas coolant circulating round the pile and passing into boilers where steam will be generated. This superheated steam will in turn operate the turbines which will generate electricity.

That is a bare and, to the scientifically minded, rather inadequate description of the generation of electricity by nuclear energy. The story, however, does not end there. At Windscale Works, the end product is plutonium, and the intense heat generated, is, as I have already stated, dissipated into the air. At Calder Hall the harnessing of heat from the atomic pile is the main consideration and plutonium will be something in the nature of a by-product. That plutonium will be a valuable augmentation to the output at Windscale Works.

Radio-active Waste

Heat for the generation of electricity and plutonium, however, will not be the only products at Calder Hall; there will of necessity be a considerable radio-active "Waste," as there already is at Windscale Works, and in time "this waste" may prove of great value. Recently a symposium on "radiation chemistry" was held

at the Whitehaven College of Further Education. There, scientists from all parts of Britain and one from Canada pooled their knowledge of radiation chemistry, and that knowledge has given a sound basis for research into the uses of radio-active materials.

Industrial chemists are particularly interested in this subject, and one important discovery announced at the symposium was that by the use of radioactivity plastics immeasurably stronger than those in use today can be made under normal temperature and pressure conditions. At present the most important plastics can only be made under high pressure and at high temperatures.

Research work now being carried on at the Atomic Research Establishment at Harwell, at Whitehaven and other places will undoubtedly lead to extensive use of radio-active materials in chemistry, industry, agriculture, medicine and other spheres and it is most likely that this will result in subsidiary industries being established as near as possible to the source of supply.

Substitute for Coal

Probably the most important feature about the generation of electricity by atomic means is the tremendous potential saving in the use of the nation's coal. By 1965, when it is expected that atomic power plants will be in operation at Calder Hall, Dounreay and Annan, it is estimated that the 12 stations will be meeting one-quarter of the United Kingdom's requirements of new generating capacity and will be saving something like 6,000,000 tons of coal a year.

In addition to those atomic power stations already planned by the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, more are to be built by the British Electricity Authority and the time will most certainly come when coal will no longer be needed for the generation of electricity.

Electricity Costs

There has been much speculation on the cost of electricity generated at Calder Hall compared with the present price. Assuming a reasonable value for the plutonium produced as a by-product, it is estimated that the cost of electricity from Calder Hall will be about 0.6d. per unit, the same as the probable future cost of electricity generated by coal-fired power stations. We must not, however, lose sight of the fact that "waste" materials which will at first have no value at all may, as the result of research into "radiation chemistry" prove of tremendous value and the revenue derived from them will result in lowering the costs of generating electricity.

It has been suggested that the plant at Calder Hall will be out-of-date before the station goes into production. That is true. The whole subject of nuclear energy is still in

its infancy but as more and more research work goes on and new factors come to light the picture is continually changing. In no industry have new methods of production been discovered and developed as in nuclear energy, and the atomic power stations of the next decade will differ considerably from that now being built at Calder Hall. Calder Hall, out of date though it may be, will not, however, be obsolete. It will fulfil its purpose and will continue to supply electricity for many, many years.

Calder Hall will in a few months from now go into operation; it will be a symbol of Britain's supremacy in the field of atomic energy and a symbol that Britain's purpose is to use its knowledge of nuclear physics for the peaceful uses of atomic energy.—*The Yorkshire Post Trade Review.*

CHILDREN'S ART

By L. N. S.

ONE of the gratifying concomitants of our new-found freedom has been a stepping up in the tempo of our cultural and artistic activities. The discovery of ballad and folk-lore and the rehabilitation of Bharata Natyam have brought new experiments and old imitations to the business and bosoms of men in the mass. But thanks to the pervasive influence of the proletarian idiom, it has now become fashionable to speak of a 'people's art' or 'theatre' or 'music' or 'poetry.' It is a rigid article of faith of the new mode that people in the mass generate all fresh patterns, though the proof of it is hard to seek. The artist who is responsible for the vogue is content to lose his individuality in an anonymous and inchoate mass. What is supposed to reconcile him to such an *auto da fe* is the dogma that whatever issues from the people has a sort of plenary inspiration and super-papal infallibility. This is but an artistic variant of the political sutra concerning the collective leadership of the proletariat. The decadent bourgeois tradition made much of its Platos and Aristotles, Shakespeares and Socrateses, Brunos and Bacons as the makers of history, of the arts and of the progress of civilisation in general. But in the new dialectic, the individual is caught in the meshes of a determinism from which he not only cannot escape but does not want to, and in which he is content to find his fulfilment and ultimate *nirvana*.

Agreeably to this craze for mass-producing the imponderables of life, we had sometime ago the interesting phenomenon of an enterprising and professional humourist inaugurating a new era in the sphere of culture with what he happily dubbed 'Children's Art.' Some of us who heard it at its inception smiled at what we

thought was an expression of amiable eccentricity or a sort of permissible publicity stunt. But now that it has come to stay and has indeed become a well-established and almost venerable institution, we have had to acknowledge that the sponsor of the move had a more intuitive apprehension of which way the time-spirit was blowing than we knew. For it has now become a national landmark with international affiliations. Exhibits by the thousand are reported to be received every year. Judges by the hundred are said to assess them, and prizes by the score—so that no nation draws a blank—are broadcast to the world at large. In due course, the climax is reached at a special colourful ceremony under exalted auspices in the capital when the prizes are awarded to the infant prodigies to the accompaniment of dithyrambic expositions of the esoteric and mystic virtues of Children's Art.

In wishing to probe a little more deeply into this new vogue, it is not my desire to act as a wet-blanket or spoil-sport. Life whether to the young or old is drab enough in all conscience; anything to lighten the tedium of it or brighten its dull grey must be welcomed with open arms. But I have been exercised by an uneasy feeling that it is possible to have too much of a good thing, and that there is every danger of the accent shifting chaotically between children on the one hand and art on the other to the manifest detriment of both.

I adore children—at a distance. I think them wholly picturesque as stage-property. I may even confess to remembering intermittently that I too was one of them—once upon a time. I have often watched them

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at work and at play, and have been overwhelmed by sudden spasms of nostalgia while marvelling at their powers of concentration and imitation. I know too how, next to the weather, they furnish an inexhaustible topic of animated conversation to their parents. For where is the father or mother who is not convinced (in the teeth of facts) that every one of his or her indubitably ugly ducklings would one day or other be metamorphosed into an immaculate swan? Nor do I forget that there are among children both precocious prodigies and *enfants terribles* who need no competitions to advertise themselves to the delighted or disconcerted notice of their elders. One of my friends was blessed with a boy somewhat late in life; naturally therefore he made much of him, the more so as the lad had an extra dose of smartness in his make-up. When the father was fifty and the boy was ten, the fond parent one day asked him how old he (the father) would be when the boy reached his fiftieth year. The startled hopeful asked in an awed whisper: 'But wont you be dead then?' It is impossible to excel the naivety and good faith of that riposte. And then there was a more celebrated prodigy—a lad barely in his teens—but with an uncanny flair for reeling off the squares and cubes of astronomical figures in less time than it would take to bat an eye-lid. He was once introduced to me by the parent with the remark that the boy was equally well-read in the plays of Shakespeare, and would I please test his proficiency therein? Thus challenged, but more to gratify the man than out of any curiosity, I asked the boy with pedagogic hauteur! 'What do you know of Portia?' I was floored when he countered in a flash: 'Which Portia do you mean?' But these are single swallows and can by no means make a long or resplendent summer of children's art.

Indeed we in this country have established by pre-emption an almost exclusive right to the glorification of childhood. Not any truncated or sectional aspect of children but of the integral entity—the child. For the *Srimad Bhagavatam* represents God himself in the ravishing avatar of the eternal play-boy of the universe. Krishna stole away not the prizes in a competition but the hearts of all the Gopis of facts and fiction. For he embodies the twin concepts of the universe being the leela of the supreme and of srt as the leela of the jiva or the individual. In short our cult of the Krishna child conceals transparent depths which to those who are not born to the heritage seem shallow and cheap. But the chief difference between the modern vogue and the ancient cult is that in the former the individual is lost in the average, whereas in the latter he irradiates the common mass and lifts it for the time being at least into an awareness of its uncommon potentialities.

But in all these cases the child remains a child. When however we think of it in terms of a restricted activity we at once tend to exaggerate and extenuate. Painting permits of both more than poetry, music or story-telling. In every one of them except the first, the primitive nature of puerile efforts would stand forth unveiled in two seconds. Have we not heard children tell stories? After a brave start, they do nothing else but go round and round. Music requires a voice, while poetry calls for a modicum of inspiration. But painting or drawing suffers from none of these provoking limitations. It has a direct visual appeal which is subjective to the beholder in the last analysis. The poet wondered that catguts should have the power to draw the soul out and send it floating through space. It is even more amazing (when we come to think of it) that a handful of colours casually or capriciously mixed and daubed

over a piece of paper or cloth should send the beholders into the seventh heaven of rapture. Here is indeed a miracle achieved through the most prosaic processes, for it has silenced the voice of the sceptic!

There is undoubtedly an element of charm in the effusions of children, because they are completely unconscious; but like prehistoric cave-paintings they lack architectonic finish. It is all improvisation from beginning to end. The proof of it is that these children's exhibits, when studied in the light of mature reason, are found to mean anything or—nothing! The first critic who comes along reads into what he sees a motif or a plan or a symbolism or allegory which is entirely his own; and such is the tyranny of suggestion that every one following in the queue emulates the critical acumen of a flock of sheep, and repeats the rubric with variations or frills suggested by personal, temperamental factors. All such interpretations become valid with lapse of time until aesthetic criticism becomes stamped with the hall-mark of a pseudo-mysticism or bogus profundity. Pater's interpretation of La Gioconda has therefore not been discredited by a masterly and astringent debunking of it by some one else.

The indecisive nature of such evaluations can be demonstrated by another example. Shakespeare has used the fantastic shapes assumed by a cloud to underline both a subjective and an ironic significance. In the former case, he touches off pure poetry by describing the Protean changes which he reads into a passing cloud. To the prosaic-minded, the identical cloud would have been but a cloud. On the other hand Hamlet rags Polonius by asking him if a cloud did not resemble a weasel or a camel or a whale. The conclusion of the matter is that the virtue of children's art is what we adults bring to its elucidation and appreci-

ation. How far the innocent perpetrators of the art over which we enthuse are *en rapport* with the interpretations which we thrust upon it is a matter which is wide open as the sky. To be consistent, the sponsors of children's art should have provided for the judges being peers of the artists themselves. The results of such appraisal might throw a flood of light on the uncharted movements of the unconscious and undeveloped mind.

There is another small snag calculated to detract seriously from the authenticity of infant art. There is little doubt that in the majority of cases parental collaboration has been resorted to or thrust upon the hapless child to coax its infant genius to express itself—vicariously. We have heard of Benami transactions in law; politics is largely riddled with them. But this would be the first instance of its invading the realm of art. It is the parents or accommodating adults who come to be judged, as it were by proxy and then ranked or relegated in the name of the children. Thus a species of make-believe enters into the practice of art from its tentative or incipient origins, weakening it through an organic flaw.

The boosting of childish art needs to be deprecated for another reason as well. It is calculated to encourage an unfounded notion that excellence can be achieved easily or effortlessly. Milton must be deemed to have been a bit of a fool when he declared that the highest art could not be achieved unless one scorned delights and lived laborious days. This invitation to austerity can have no appeal to a generation which has pinned its faith on substitutes, shortcuts and success without tears—getting a great prize for a small outlay. The tremendous vogue of crossword puzzles, the standing lure of all kinds of betting which flourishes the more it is trodden upon, and the pathetic faith of the multitude in

signs and portents are all unavailing attempts to chase away our own shadows or get out of our own skins. The current glorification of the common man, woman or child as the quintessence of their species leaves them with all natural incentives to emulation and the achievement of excellence starved out or killed. So the modern proletariat hangs round corners waiting like Micawber for something to turn up or plunges into the cheapest kind of distraction or debauch to forget its abysmal commonness. Their tribunes flatter them in their collective ego and send them away drugged in the opiate of a self-complacency which is ghastly in the extreme.

Allied to the delusion that genius only needs to be stimulated into self-expression is the complementary notion that there is virtue in ripening before the season. Here is a confusion between values promoted by rarity on the one hand and scarcity on the other. Genius is rare always; but gooseberris are scarce only out of season. But it would be a deplorable holocaust of all values if genius and gooseberries should come to be rated alike!

It has further been contended that art knows no barriers and that children's art is well calculated to promote international understanding said to be an essential pre-requisite of a World-State. The objective may be laudable, but the premises do not necessarily lead to it. The barriers of art are more formidable than those of language, race and religion. Western music to untrained Indian ears is an assortment of sounds jumbled together in the most admired disorder with calculated cacophonies punctuating its plangencies. I can well imagine that to those who sway to the strains of the *Blue Danube* the flexions of Bharata Natyam might seem indistinguishable from the involuntary contortions of an epileptic. And yet we know each sends its votaries and

initiates into raptures of self-forgetful frenzy in which time stands still. Each has got a convention and a key to its proper understanding and it rests securely only in the cultivated consciousness of the native against the background of his racial and cultural memories. To the outsider therefore a long and arduous course of discipline is indicated before he could hope to catch an alien mode and savour its specialised nuances.

In painting it is no less the rule that one nation's preferences would be another's aversions. The dragon is auspicious among the Chinese, the serpent is holy to us in this land. But both the dragon and the serpent are symbols of unrelieved and malignant evil in Western art and literature. These primordial responses break out of the most emancipated representatives of culture when they are off their guard as it were. There is a superficial attraction for all in the doctrine of everything being equal to everything else. It is the last resort of the lazy-bones who perverts the doctrine of advancement to pettifogging ends. It is the understanding of the diversity, not the steamrolling of it that is the task of real culture.

Above all, let us remember that childhood or infancy is but a stage in a long and exciting journey. We should beware lest in romancing about it we commit the mistake of confounding the part for the whole. Ideals and outlook are changing all round us doubtless; but the basic facts of life continue to remain stubbornly the same. That is why St. Paul declared: 'When I was a child, I talked as a child, I felt as a child, I reasoned as a child; now that I have come to man's estate, I have put away childish things from me.'

That is what we too have to do; we must put an end to the spirit of the Jamboree that is unduly prolonging a children's holiday all around us.

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Short Story

A. I. Kuprin

THE LILAC BUSH

Of all the species that the gardener had in his possession, not one seemed suitable;
willy-nilly they had to choose lilac bushes.

NO sooner had his wife opened the door, than Nickolai Yevgrafovich Almazov burst impatiently into the house, and without stopping to remove his overcoat and cap, passed right on to his study. A glance at the frown on his face, his contracted eyebrows and at the nervous twitch of his lower lip caught between his teeth, told his wife that some great misfortune had happened. She followed her husband without a word. In his study Almazov stopped for about a minute in one place, his vacant glance intent on something in a corner. Then he let the brief case slip from his hands; it fell onto the floor and flew open, and he himself dropped into a chair, pulling his fingers with a crunching sound...

Almazov, a young officer with modest means, was attending lectures at the Academy of the General Staff and he had just returned from there. On that day he submitted to the professor his last and most difficult practical work, a topographical survey of a certain locality...

Thus far, he had successfully passed all the exams, and God alone and

Mrs. Almazov knew the terrible effort it had cost him... To begin with, his very enrollment at the Academy seemed impossible at first.

After his solemn failures for two years in succession, Almazov managed through painstaking labour to overcome all the obstacles in the third year. He would perhaps have lacked the adequate energy and would have given up trying, if it had not been for his wife. But Verochka encouraged him and constantly bolstered up his spirits... She trained herself to receive the news of every failure with an unruffled and almost cheerful face. She denied herself everything, in order to create for her husband some comforts, inexpensive though they might have been,

but necessary for a man occupied with brain-work. Whenever necessary, she helped by transcribing his manuscripts, drafting, reading aloud, tutoring, memorizing things for him.

A few minutes of tense silence, disturbed by the melancholy and lame ticking of the alarm clock, a very familiar and boring sound: one, two, three-

ALEXANDER IVANOVICH
KUPRIN
(1870-1938)

Alexander Kuprin wrote verses and short stories while still a youth. Then in the nineties of the last century he gave up a military career and gave himself up to literature. Kuprin's growth as a writer was influenced by Tolstoy, Chekhov and later by Maxim Gorky. Before the revolution Kuprin was one of Gorky's closest followers among progressive writers. His works expressed a sharp protest against social injustice and autocracy and warm sympathy for the ordinary people. In 1919 Kuprin went abroad and lived there for the following 18 years. In 1937 he returned to the Soviet Union where he spent the rest of his days. In 1938 he died in Moscow.

three: two distinct sounds and then a hoarse cracking sound. Almazov still sat there in his coat and cap, his head turned aside... Standing about two feet away was the silent Vera, her beautiful nervous face marred by suffering. At last she began to speak with the caution with which only women can speak at the bedside of a dear and gravely ill person...

"Kolya, and what about your work? ... Was it bad?"

He jerked his shoulders but said nothing.

"Kolya, was your plan rejected? Tell me, it's all the same now, we can discuss it together."

Almazov turned about to face his wife and began to speak with the heat and annoyance with which people usually give vent to a long suppressed feeling of bitterness.

"Yes, yes, rejected, if you want to know that. Can't you see it for yourself? Everything gone to the dogs! All this junk (and he furiously kicked the brief case bulging with his drawings), all this junk is good only for burning in the fireplace now! There's the Academy for you! In a month I'll be returned to the regiment with resounding disgrace. And all that because of some disgusting blot... The devil..."

"What blot, Kolya? I don't understand."

She sat down on the arm of the chair and slipped her own arm around her husband's neck. He did not resist, but his glance was still focussed on the corner with a peeved expression.

"What's all this about a blot, Kolya?" she asked again.

"Ah, an ordinary blot, made with green colour. You know that I stayed up yesterday until three in the morning, had to finish that. The plan was beautifully drawn and illuminated. Everybody recognized that. Well, I've been up late yesterday, my hands began to tremble from fatigue and I made a blot... A heavy blot too... a grease-spot. Trying to

erase I spread it still more. After some hard thinking, I decided to draw a cluster of trees in that spot... It looked quite well, and the blot was not visible." And so I took it to the professor today. "Yes, yes, hm. And where, lieutenant, did you get those bushes?" I should have told him the truth. It would have perhaps made him laugh, and that's all... However, no, he would not laugh, he's like a real German, neat and pedantic. And so, he said: "No, I know this locality, have every detail of it at my fingertips, and there can be no bushes here." And so we got into an argument and had a duel of words. And to make things worse, there were many officers of ours around. "If you insist so much that there are bushes in this gully, then you will please go there tomorrow with me on horseback... I'll prove to you that you were negligent, or that you had copied it directly from a three-mile chart..."

"But why is he so sure that there are no bushes?"

"Oh, lord, why? Honest, you do ask childish questions. Because for twenty years now he has known that locality better than his own bedroom. The most disgusting pedant in the world, and a German to boot... So it will come out in the end that I was lying and arguing on top of it... Furthermore..."

While talking, he kept on picking used matches from the ashtray before him and breaking them into small bits, and when he stopped talking he threw them furiously to the floor. One could see that this strong man was on the verge of tears.

For some time the husband and wife sat there, thinking hard, without uttering as much as a word. But suddenly Verochka leaped energetically from her place.

"Listen to me, Kolya, we must go at once! Hurry up and get ready."

Nikolai Yevgrafovich doubled up as if he were suffering from agonizing physical pain.

"Ah, don't talk silly, Vera. Do you think that I'll go to plead and apologize. That would mean signing my own sentence. Please, don't do any silly things."

"Silly things, no," returned Vera, stamping her foot. "No one wants you to make any apologies . . . But since those stupid bushes are lacking there, then they should be planted this very minute."

"Planting? . . . Bushes? . . ." Nikolai Yevgrafovich said, his eyes popping.

"Yes, planting. Since you've told a lie once, it's got to be corrected. Get ready, hand me my hat . . . My jacket . . . Not there, look into the wardrobe . . . My umbrella!"

While Almazov, who tried to raise an objection which fell upon a deaf ear, was looking for his wife's hat and jacket, Vera was rapidly opening the table and chest drawers, bringing out baskets and boxes, opening them and scattering them over the floor.

"Ear-rings . . . That's a trifle . . . Won't fetch anything . . . And here's a diamond ring, an expensive one . . . We must not fail to redeem it . . . A pity if it gets lost. And this bracelet . . . will not fetch much either. It's old and dented . . . Where's your silver cigarette case, Kolya?"

In five minutes all the valuables were packed into a handbag. Vera, dressed for the street, gave her last look-over to the room to see if they had not forgotten anything.

"Let's go," she said finally with resolution.

"But where are we going?" Almazov tried to protest. "It will soon be dark, and it's almost ten miles to go to my sector."

"Nonsense . . . Let's go!"

To begin with, the Almazovs went to the pawn shop. One could see that the appraiser had long become accustomed to see human misfortunes every day, that they moved him no longer. He was examining

the things they brought so methodically and slowly that Verochka was beginning to lose patience. She was especially hurt when he used acid for testing the diamond ring and after weighing it announced that he would give three roubles for it.

"But it's a real diamond," said Vera indignantly. "It cost thirty seven roubles, and even so because it was a chance bargain."

The appraiser closed his eyes with an expression of weary indifference.

"It makes no difference to us, madame. We do not take any stones in general," he said, throwing the next thing upon the scales. "We appraise metals only."

Quite unexpectedly for Vera, however, the old, dented bracelet was valued very highly. In general, however, she received about twenty three roubles. That was more than enough.

When the Almazovs called on the gardener, the white night of St. Petersburg had already spread out in a blue milky pall over the sky and in the air. The gardener, an old little Czech with gold-rimmed spectacles, was just getting ready to have supper with his family. He was very astonished and displeased with his late clients and with their inordinate request. He probably suspected some mystification and answered Verochka's insistent pleas very dryly:

"Beg your pardon. But I cannot send the workers at night and so far. Tomorrow morning I shall be at your service, if you please."

There was no alternative but to tell the gardener the whole truth about that fateful blot, and Verochka did that. The gardener listened at first with an incredulity which bordered on hostility, but when Vera began to tell about her idea to plant the bush, he listened with attention and even smiled in compassion.

"Well, there's nothing to be done," agreed the gardener, when Vera finished her story. "Tell me, what kind of bushes would you have us plant there?"

However, of all the species that the gardener had in his possession, not one seemed suitable; willy-nilly they had to choose lilac bushes.

In vain did Almazov try to persuade his wife to go home. She went out of town together with her husband, and while the bushes were being planted she bustled and got in the way of the workers; and she agreed to go home only when she was satisfied that the tuft around the bushes could not be distinguished from the grass cover of the gully.

On the following day Vera could not stay at home and went out to meet her husband. From afar she could tell by his light, springy step that the affair with the bushes came off successfully . . . And indeed, Almazov was covered with dust and he could barely keep on his feet from fatigue and hunger, but there was the joy of victory in his face.

"Fine! Splendid!" cried he from a distance of ten feet in reply to the anxious expression on his wife's face. Imagine, we went together to those bushes. You should have seen how he looked at them, and even tore a leaf and chewed it. "What sort of a tree is this?" he asked. "I don't know, Your Highness," said I. "Is it a birch, perhaps?" he asked. "Most probably, a birch, Your Highness," said I. He then turned to face me and even offered his hand. "Pardon me, lieutenant," he said, "I must be growing old, to forget about these bushes."

He's a chum, this professor, and so very clever. Honest, I am sorry to have deceived him. He's one of the best professors we have. His knowledge is simply monstrous. And how quick and accurate he is in sizing up a locality—remarkable!"

But that was not enough for Vera. She made him repeat again and again the whole conversation with the professor, in great detail. She wanted to know the minutest details; the expression on the professor's face, the tone of his voice when he spoke about his old age, and Kolya's feelings at that point . . .

And they walked home as if they were alone in the street: holding hands and laughing incessantly. People stopped in wonder, their puzzled glances following the strange couple . . .

Never had Nikolai Yevgrafovich dined with such an appetite as on that day . . . After dinner, when Vera brought her husband a cup of tea to his study, the husband and wife began to laugh together and looked at each other.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Vera.

"And you?"

"Just like that, just a trifling matter. I thought of the whole story with the lilacs. And you?"

"The same thing, a trifling matter, also about the lilacs. I wanted to say that lilacs will henceforth forever be my favourite flowers . . ."

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SWATANTRAM

(TAMIL WEEKLY DEVOTED TO POLITICS,
LITERATURE AND ART.)

Managing Editor: **H. D. RAJAH, M. P.**

Editor: **K. ARUNACHALAM ("Arun")**

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FILMS

By **V. P. SATHE**

THOUGH the film industry and its representatives failed to observe 14th March 1956 and felicitate Shri Ardeshar M. Irani on the day of completion of 25 years of talkies, the film journalists rose to the occasion by organising a small but impressive function in honour of Shri Ardeshar M. Irani on 14th March 1956.

Though some veteran producers and presidents of different associations were invited, but for Shri M. B. Bilimoria, the President of the distributors' organisation, no film magnate attended the function which was presided over by Shrimati Sulochani Modi, the first lady Mayor of Bombay.

Speeches eulogising Shri Ardeshar M. Irani and his services to the Indian film industry were made on the occasion and it was even suggested that the Government of India should recognise his services by honouring him in a suitable manner. Incidentally, it was good to see the Films Division covering this historic function marking the completion of 25 years of talkies in India.

Shri Irani is old and not accustomed to make speeches. Yet he made a good speech. He was frank enough to point out that the film industry had not received any support either from the Government or from the bankers. He was grateful for the support that the Press had extended to the film industry. He made a fervent plea to the producers to get together and find ways and means to avoid waste of time and money and to make pictures in an economical and disciplined manner so that the film industry could achieve greater prosperity.

Watching the Grand Old Man of the film industry speak one recalled the good old days when he was the king of the film world and the pictures emanating from his studio starring the one and only Sulochana thrilled millions of picturegoers.

As more than one speaker pointed out, the pioneering spirit and enterprise which made it possible for him to produce the first talkie film, *Almora* and the first colour film *Kisan Kanya* was worth emulating. It is a pity that neither the Government nor the film industry should have honoured him on this historic day in the annals of Indian films. The Film Federation which is holding a big reception in honour of Eric Johnston this week, surely could have held a similar reception in honour of Shri Irani on 14th March 1956.

But as Shri M. B. Bilimoria admitted, where the film industry had failed in its duty, the film journalists succeeded in honouring the producer of the first talkie picture by presenting him with an address on the occasion of Silver Jubilee of the talkie in India.

Picture of the week

Zia Sarhady, the creator of *Humlog* and *Footpath*, returns to his attack on the capitalists in his latest offering *Aawaz* and some of his comments are really scathing and very effective.

True, the picture is not as verbose as *Humlog* or as confused and muddled-headed as *Footpath*. Basically the tale of *Aawaz* is simple; the problems it tackles are old and have been presented before. But the presentation is strikingly different, the emphasis is changed and as a result the picture turns out to be very brilliant in parts and a little boring at places.

The story revolves round a lower middle-class family. The family comprises of Bhatnagarji working in a Transport Company on a salary of a hundred rupees, his wife, his son Kishan, who gets occasional jobs, his

enigible daughter Bela. Though he is indebted and poor Bhatnagarji pretends that he is rich and had some money hidden for the marriage of his daughter. This great lie that he perpetrates brings about several disasters and is the cause of many quarrels and tragedies.

While in the first half Bhatnagarji superbly played by Nazir Husein dominates the film, in the second half, Jamuna—the brave and beautiful daughter-in-law who fights for life working hard and arranges for the dowry from a rich man not knowing his evil intentions—dominates the story. The role of Jamuna is superbly played by Nalini Jaywant. The death scenes of both Bhatnagarji and Jamuna are the highlights of this sombre tragedy. Written and presented with force, brilliantly enacted, they bring out in a poignant fashion the plight of the poor. Dowry is shown here not as a mere evil custom, but as an economic necessity. The boy's father asks for dowry because it would provide him with funds to marry off his own daughter. Indeed, behind the daughter-in-law's sacrifice is also the feeling that her own father could not give any dowry so it was her responsibility to procure dowry for her sister-in-law.

In this screenplay, the characters of both the boys are rather weak. Kishan, Bhatnagar's son is erratic, and somehow, in spite of the efforts of Zul Vellam, the character fails to come to life. Ashok who loves Bela is an even weaker character—a character without backbone; and as portrayed by Rajendra Kumar it turns out to be the dullest character in the picture. Usha Kiron in contrast gives a lively performance.

In *Aauaz* the romantic scenes are the dullest, the dramatic scenes most powerful. The most lively character is that of Banke played by Anwar with great gusto. A lovable character, Anwar has done full justice to him.

Technically the picture is of high

standard. The photography by Rajendra Malque is specially noteworthy. The titles are novel. The music is pleasing and the songs are scintillating. The production is first-rate. In spite of some dull patches, the picture is a creditable achievement for Mehboob Productions in every way.

Personality of the week

Tall, hefty, impressive Paul Mahendra has been associated with the film world for the last fifteen years. He made his debut in 1940 as the hero in a Punjabi picture—*Yamla Jeet* produced by Dalsukh M. Pancholi at Lahore.

Since then he has had the good fortune to work in Prabhat, Bombay Talkies, New Theatres—the three best institutions of the pre-war era.

It was in New Theatres that he became closely associated with Bimal Roy and along with him came to Bombay. He played the elder brother in Bimal Roy's *Ma* and wrote the dialogue of *Do Bigha Zamin*. Since then Paul Mahendra has been actively associated with the story department of Bimal Roy Productions. He has also been playing secondary roles; his role in *Amanat* however won him critical acclaim.

Now with all this experience as an artist and a writer Paul Mahendra is making his debut as a producer. He has formed a production unit under the banner of Filmesh and he is producing a social picture based on his own story. The screenplay is by Nabendu Ghosh. He has assigned the job of direction to Raja Nawathe and musical score will be given by O. P. Nayyar. He has also signed a star-cast led by Vyjayantimala, Kishore, Roop Kumar and Jagdish Sethi.

It is but proper that Bimal Roy should be asked to perform the *muhurat* of Paul's maiden production; it is to be hoped that Paul Mahendra will carry forward the tradition and the standard of Bimal Roy in his pictures.

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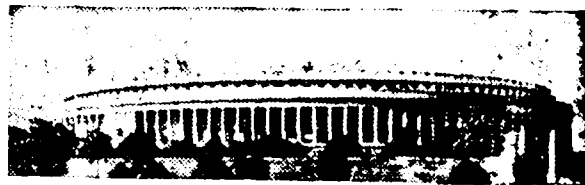
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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

SOME observers have commented that Nikita Khrushchev's delineation of the character of Stalin reads like one of the more juicy passages from a certain *feuilleton* somewhat familiar to the readers of this Column. There is more than Gandhian frankness in the truth-telling propensities of Nikita Khrushchev. As Voroshilov said, this is true Bolshevik boldness.

In a world in which politics means dishonesty and lying, it is refreshing to find that the collective leadership of the Soviet Union is practising what we preach in India—namely, absolute truthfulness in all dealings. It requires courage of the most exceptional kind to explode the myth and the legend of Stalin, within four years of his death. The general attitude of most people will be: "Why debunk a dead man?" But that is a wrong approach to the question. It is extremely important that a proper evaluation of a personality like Stalin's is made available to the citizens of the world as early as possible.

Stalin, moreover, committed the crime of falsification of history. Until the collective leadership laid bare the innermost truth about Stalin, the outside world was almost completely ignorant. Accounts given by Churchill and Roosevelt were most flattering to Stalin. Nobody can deny that Stalin was a man of considerable ability and achievement, and was not incapable of exceptional charm and good humour. But there is always a difference in the home manners and the company manners of most of us. Our company manners are invariably better than our home

manners. Stalin therefore must have been much more charming to Churchill and Roosevelt than to Bulganin and Khrushchev. This is the tragedy of all political leadership. They treat their political followers like sheep or goats. Subhas Chandra Bose was one of the few Indian political leaders who treated other Indians as courteously as most others would treat foreigners. Bernard Shaw found Stalin bubbling with humour in the early thirties; but Stalin's narcissism and megalomania became manifest a few years later.

Bertrand Russell made a remarkable social analysis in his book on *Power* in the field of politics. It is a profound work, and explains the psychology of the wielders of power irrespective of the systems and the philosophies which they represent, uphold or oppose. Stalin belonged to an age of god-like leaders and sheep-like followers. But for the enlightened and collective leadership of the Soviet Union today, this age would have continued to be afflicted by this god-like leadership and sheep-like followership for another century to come.

Belief in Stalin, as Russell pointed out twenty years ago, was pleasant to Stalin, but not for Trotsky. Belief in Hitler was pleasant for the Nazis, but not for those whom they put in concentration camps. "The belief that I am God, if no one shares it, leads to my being shut up; if others share it, it leads to a war in which I probably perish. The cult of the hero produces a nation of cowards. . . . If social life is to satisfy social

desires, it must be based upon some philosophy not derived from the love of power." Collective leadership can be the first step in the working out of such a philosophy.

Bade Ghulam Ali Khan is becoming an Indian citizen. Music lovers in the Capital got this good news at the recent Music Festival organized by the Bhagatiya Kala Kendra. Bade Ghulam Ali was not feeling very happy in Pakistan, mainly because of the scant attention paid to music and other arts in that country. He once told some of my friends in Madras: "Madras is Swargasthan. Pakistan is Narakaasthan." It is rather strong

language; but I am quoting it because it is not a political statement.

Politically speaking, the difference between India and Pakistan is not so great as all that. Neither country is either heaven or hell. It is not as if Bade Ghulam Ali Khan is running away from Pakistan. It is entirely a question of where one individual thinks he can



Under the auspices of the Old Boys' Association, Municipal High School, Mayuram, Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer unveiled recently the portrait of the late Sri K. S. Venkataramani.

function better. We are happy that we can now say that the greatest exponent of Indian classical music is not a Pakistani but an Indian. Not that we were unhappy before. It really makes no difference to the appreciation of music if the musician comes from one country instead of another. But I suppose there is still a streak of false patriotism of this kind in most of us!

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NEW BOOKS ON GANDHI IN U.S.A.

NEW YORK CITY: The interest about Mahatma Gandhi and his teachings are on the up swing again in USA. In Alabama the Negroes have been inspired by him in their fight for equality and justice. American publishers are coming out increasingly with books about him. Here is a review about two such books that came out recently:

Heroes, as Sidney Hook has observed, can be divided into two categories, the eventful and the event-making, the man who seizes upon the historical moment and the man who creates it. But there is another and much smaller group of men, those whose lives are marked by such a fierce integrity that history cannot contain them as events at all. Their deaths are a fragmentation. There are a thousand Francis of Assis, the Catholic saint, the Quaker pacifist, the nature lover and on and on; there are a thousand Gandhis.

Two recently published books bring this to mind. In *The Gandhi Reader* Homer A Jack has skillfully drawn upon a wide range of material, autobiographical and biographical, to assemble a source book of great value. Rajendra Prasad's *At The Feet Of Mahatma Gandhi* is more specialized, an interpretation by a co-worker of Gandhi, yet the same point is there, too. In both books there are the thousand Gandhis, the Gandhi of the Vow of Truth, of non-violence, of celibacy and of village industry. Yet they also contain the one Gandhi whose every action was informed by the same terrible simplicity. The paradox is that so many people disagreed with the teachings of the thousand Gandhis, and still deeply loved the one Gandhi. Mr. Jack shows us Rabindranath Tagore as he accepts Gandhi's insight into

the tyranny of the machine and yet rejects his opposition to wearing foreign (and machine-made) clothes. Here is Margaret Sanger, who feels a deep sympathy with Gandhi, yet cannot agree with him that continence is the solution to the population problem. Perhaps the most startling comment comes through in a dispatch of Webb Miller, the United Press correspondent. Watching a non-violent demonstration, he began with a deep commitment to Gandhi's followers, but as they continued to accept their beating without returning violence, he felt a "helpless rage and loathing, almost as much against the men who were submitting unhesitatingly to being beaten as against the police wielding the clubs."

Few agreed with Gandhi completely, yet even fewer were unaffected by him. Gandhi himself explains this paradox: "No work done by any man, however great, will really prosper unless it has a distinct religious backing. But what is religion? I for one would answer: not the religion you will get after reading all the scriptures of the world. Religion is not what is grasped by the brain, but a heart grasp."

Prasad and Tagore and Margaret Sanger and other writers included in Homer Jack's book, are not shaping Gandhi into a harmless plaster of Paris saint. That they pick and choose among the doctrines and vows might make this appear to be so. But at the same time, they are moved by the heart grasp, they are changed by Gandhi and this is not an effect of the polite saint. Indeed the very fragmentation which is Gandhi's fate is testimony of how fantastically integral his life was.

The appeal of Rajendra Prasad's book is somewhat limited; it is a

study for those who already know something about Gandhi. But Homer Jack's source book is universal in appeal. It does not conceal those of Gandhi's teachings which many will find strange, or even abhorrent. Yet it gives us the one Gandhi from many points of view, it communicates his heart grasp and truly in Gandhi's presence no one can remain unmoved.

NEHRU IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

Result Of Dulles's Visit

It is a strange paradox that while Secretary of State Dulles was in New Delhi there was very little about him in the USA Press but so much about Prime Minister Nehru and the New India. Below we give some of the things that appeared in the American papers during and after the American Cabinet member's visit to India.

For all his irritating contradictions, Jawaharlal Nehru is Asia's greatest statesman. For all its baffling anachronism, his country India, now scaking in the 100 degrees heat of March, its caste untouchables still ostracized despite the modern laws protecting them, its sadhus still practising their curious rites, its people a prey to sudden surges of riot and frenzy, is the most powerful bulwark of the democracy in Asia. That this democracy stands aloof from the West in a moment of trial seems regrettable. It could even prove fatal. But in view of its history, its suffering, its newness, it is highly understandable. That India looks skeptically on the world outside Asia, free as well as Communist, is also understandable. Asia is India's geographical home.

Yet from the days when Alexander the Great marched his armies to the Indus, through the more modern influence of British thought and example, India has also been tied to the West. It has also accepted the crowning political faith of the West

as its heritage. Nehru has said "But we must hurry. Therefore it is important for the whole world that our country should succeed in the democratic way." Historic words, perhaps, and a far cry from the brutal thinking of Jawaharlal's good Chinese friend Chou En-lai.

Many Americans feel that India is deliberately shutting her eyes to the danger of Communist pressure, infiltration and subversion. Indians tend to minimize such a danger. More than that, Prime Minister Nehru and his Government have been for more than five years apologists for the cause of Communist China. Many Americans simply cannot understand why Communists in India are the object of systematic attack by the Nehru Government and Communists in China are supposed to be helpful friends worthy of cultivation. Agreement on an issue such as this is obviously out of the question. We will not embrace Mao Tse Tung and Chou En-lai and Nehru will not oppose them.

These aspects of the case notwithstanding, Americans hold that India is not "pro-Communist" in the basic trends, nor is the United States "anti-Indian" in its support of Pakistan. The heart of the matter is merely that both countries must continue to be governed by the concepts of human freedom, liberty and dignity. An exchange between Mr. Nehru and Mr. Dulles should certainly further this aim, since both of them are dedicated to just those principles.

Secretary of State Dulles has had the chance these last days to make up his own mind on what has become a basic question about India's attitude toward the world.

The question is: how much of India's foreign policy is based, not on broad neutralist concept but on fear?

For the last few weeks, a campaign has been carried on in India

to emphasize that the United States' build-up of Pakistan's armed strength presents a military threat to India. Prime Minister Nehru has taken part in it and so have his chief lieutenants and the Indian Press. The warning which is repeated over and over again is that the United States by giving more arms to Pakistan will force India to spend ever more of her rupees on guns and planes.

This growth of neutralism, or whatever it is, has made India a world power politically. It may be uncharitable but it seems true if there were no quarrel between the Soviet Union and the United States, New Delhi would not be listened to quite so attentively. But that does not mean that India acts as she does

because she wants to boss a neutralist bloc. India is not above a little bossing now and then as at the recent United Nations Economic Conference in Bangalore but that is not her basic motivation by any means. The basic motivation is the same as that of the United States, the desire for peace. India sees a world war, atomic or non-atomic, as the end of her hopes and dreams. It is true that India does not speak for Asia, but it is true that more Asians look toward New Delhi than to any other community in this part of the world. That is one good reason that so many Americans who spend some time in India believe that the rewards of real understanding between New Delhi and Washington would be so rich that they are worth the struggle.—P. G. Krishnayya's Service.

KUMARI VANAMALA AND KUMARI MALATHI

KUMARI Vanamala (daughter of Dr. S. Rajan) and Kumari Malathi (daughter of Dr. S. V. T. Chari) who have not yet reached their teens, have given in the past four years about 60 performances in almost all the sabhas of Madras and at various places in South India. The correct style, perfect foot work and abhinayam of these girls kept a gathering of over three thousand people spellbound in Tanjore, the birth place of Bharatha Natyam. Recently they gave a dance recital at Chidambaram during the Oriental Conference at the request of Sri M. M. Dandapani Desikar, head of the Music College there. About two years ago, the late Kalki presiding over a dance recital of these girls remarked "One need not be afraid of the art being lost, for we find in these two girls the high quality of this art."

They are the disciples of Srimathi Danamanickiyammal who follows the traditional style of Bharatha Natyam.



Vanamala and Malathi

She comes from the school of the famous Subbaroya Pillai of Thiruvanaikaval and she is a disciple of the late Coimbatore Venkatachalam Pillai.

Besides Bharatha Natyam, these artists have learnt Manipuri and Kathak dances in the true classical style from Sri C. Ramamoorthy, a disciple of Sri Uday Shanker. They have given a bit of Kuchipudi dance in the Telugu film *Donga Ramudu*.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Language Policy Of Our Constitution

Sir,—Writing in your issue under the caption 'The Crisis in India,' Major Raja Rao writes:

"If the imperative necessity of a national language as a unifying factor has ever been doubted, the present linguistic crisis in the country should make us wise about it . . . it should not be difficult for thinking men to realise the **unwisdom** of opposing or putting off the implementation of the policy of national language sanctioned by our Constitution . . . when wise men in the country particularly in the South oppose the language policy of our Constitution they are putting local and sectional interests over national unity" (Thick types mine).

When Major Rao decided in his self-conscious wisdom to take a dig at the "wise men in the South," he should have been careful at least about his facts.

Had he cared to look at the Constitution, he would have found that it refers only to **official** languages, English and later Hindi for the Union Government and one or more regional languages for the States. Major Rao has not cared to take note either of Prime Minister Nehru's repeated statement that all the fourteen regional languages mentioned in the Constitution are the 'national' languages of India but that Hindi has been chosen on practical grounds as the 'official' language of the Union.

The distinction between an 'official' language and a 'national' language is no mere academic abstraction. A 'national' language is the language of every day use amongst the people in general; and official language on the other hand is the language of the administration and concerns only those who constitute the personnel of the administration and those members of the public who frequently deal with the administration—admittedly a small number, particularly in the case of the Union Government. Major Rao has clearly failed to appreciate this distinction: he is of course at liberty to advocate the **imposition** of a single 'national language' on the whole of India but that would be against both the letter and spirit of the Constitution to which he pathetically clings.

Major Rao adds that "it looks as

though the protagonists of English as our national language have not yet got released from this spiritual bondage to the British though we have gained political freedom." Those who advocate retention of English as the 'Official Language' of the Union do so on practical grounds, but if mere use of the English language—which incidentally is not exclusively spoken by the British people—would result in spiritual bondage to the British people, is it not time that we made a concerted effort to ward off this danger, by eschewing everything which comes to us through the tainted source of the English language or the British people, whether in the field of knowledge, science, technology, economics or finance? The prospect will undoubtedly please Major Rao.

Instead of ascribing motives and throwing offensive epithets at those who differ from us, would it not be more conducive to national unity to attempt to understand the opponent's point of view and convert him to one's own by reasoned arguments?

A. SUBBIAH

Madras

Upgrading Backward Classes.

Sir,—Elevation of the depressed classes is on the lips of most reformers and all politicians. But how to go about it? There lies the rub. Is it by reserving a certain percentage of jobs for them in every department? Is it by temple entry? Is it by throwing open all public places to Harijans? The last two have their own intrinsic value in as much as the psychologic effect of an inferiority complex would be counteracted. But what about the first one? Do you want elevation of backward classes at the cost of general efficiency? Few will accept this. You should be interested in mere and more efficiency considering the imperative need for lifting India from the slough of despondency and intellectual stagnation.

In fact our country is heading towards, not material bankruptcy but intellectual insolvency. If in your doctrinaire enthusiasm to raise the backward classes, you ignore the intellectuals and swamp the offices with third-rate and fourth-rate people whose I. Q. is abnormally low, you are slowly but surely digging the grave of efficiency.

A. S. V. RAMAN

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SWATANTRA

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No. 9

EDUCATION IN MADRAS STATE

THE Madras Government's scheme of educational reorganisation envisages the teaching of English as a compulsory second language in the middle school stage, with Hindi as an optional in the high school stage. We welcome this wise decision. After a fairly long time interval, Hindi and the regional languages might be able to replace English, but at present English represents the only practical medium for the acquisition of essential knowledge of great value for the economic and scientific advancement of the nation. Higher education over the major part of the world has already become integrated under the English medium. A sound acquaintance with English has become a *sine qua non* of competence for many important courses in the university, but it is in the secondary stage alone that a proper foundation for the proper acquisition of English can be laid. The Government should be congratulated on having arrived at an intelligent, commonsense decision on this issue actuated by real concern for advancing the real objectives of education instead of being inveigled into retrograde courses likely to set the clock back under the pressure of sentimental slogans, as has been the case in several other regions in the country.

Much discussion has centred round the prolongation of the school course and the corresponding curtailment of the college period, by a year. We do not set much store by these expedients. A really necessary reform that merits the serious attention of

the authorities is the removal of the wastage involved under the present examination system. It is not contended that examinations should be dispensed with. They represent a time-honoured device for labelling competence in some sort of measurable pattern, and they will go on as long as the products of education seek entry into the labour market. But there is no reason why disability in one subject should block pursuit of knowledge in another, totally unconnected with it. If, for example, a student who has failed in Tamil, but done brilliantly in science, seeks to pursue science in a higher form, there is no reason why he should be prevented from doing so. The American educational system is distinguished by a generous abundance of facilities enabling seekers to pursue knowledge in just those subjects in which they reveal competence, instead of being dragged down by their lack of aptitude in some other subjects. The result is that school training proceeds hand in hand with individual aptitudes, and the students can pursue the subjects they are interested in, abandoning the rest. Some similar principle, incorporated into our own educational system, would save it from its enormous load of wastage and enrich it with fruitfulness and significance.

It is very gratifying that the economic condition of the teacher has received Government's special consideration and teachers will no doubt prize the improvements promised, but the gap between their status (as

represented by income) and that of persons in other professions of comparable educational attainments, still continues to be very wide. There should be a comprehensive assessment of incomes in relation to the social value of the various occupations if Government-spending is to provide any effective impetus to social regeneration. Apart from economic handicaps, a specially ignominious factor entering into the teachers' life filling it with abasement, is the facile control sought to be exercised over it by politicians and other authoritarians in their leisure hours. It is mainly the surplus energy of persons engaged in more

lucrative professions that directs nowadays the affairs of the most important of our educational institutions. Even in so elementary a matter as the admission of students, the teacher has to stand out as though it were no concern of his, while *ad hoc* members of committees appointed by Government proceed to pick and choose. These indignities are an Indian speciality not found elsewhere. It should be part of the process of rehabilitating the teacher to eliminate them so that those engaged in the teaching profession may establish their trained and proficient leadership in their own particular domain.

Sotto Voce

PEDAGOGUES PRACTISE NUMBERS



THERE was exquisite appropriateness in employing Corporation teachers to make a census of stray cattle. (Did women teachers have to do it too, or were they chivalrously exempted?) Their whole life might be regarded in a sense as a preparation for this high endeavour. "I would rather tend sheep on a hill-side," said Dictator Cromwell, disgusted with the caprice and contrariness of his revolutionaries. He had apparently not been an elementary school teacher. Stray cattle and small children sent to school so as not to be in the way of harassed housewives are equally expert Artful Dodgers.

I see the scandalised reader's brow

go up by several millimetres in parabolic curve. "If teachers are to pursue elusive cattle through the tortuous lanes of Chintadripet in a panting effort to identify and list them, what happens to their dignity and morale? How do you expect them to maintain their prestige in the eyes of their young charges? Did the Commissioner contemplate for a moment the awful possibility that the little imps of mischief left to their own devices might gleefully let out yells that would send a stray cow careering madly away when the perspiring teacher had just succeeded in stopping her in a *cul de sac* and was preparing to enter particulars in his little note book?"

All this and more was said by indignant City Fathers at the Corporation Council meeting, though not in precisely these terms. But the Commissioner had his reply pat. "Government's orders," he said briefly. And then, remembering what was due to himself, he added, "Of course I saw to it that the teachers did the cattle-numbering in their off hours, and I got the Government to agree to pay for their services." Teachers under local bodies have so many masters, so many and invariably honorary duties (including canvassing at elections) that they may have looked upon this extra, however exiguous, as manna from Heaven.

After all it was census work, albeit a census of quadrupeds. And census enumeration is in this country a statutory obligation which John Citizen must shoulder without a murmur. All kicks and no half-pence--and kicks delivered by the cantankerous human biped can be far more painful than those from the hind-legs of restive cattle. So the inducement to earn an honest and authorized penny was honorably intended and was not to be sniffed at. But, somebody asked, why could not the employees of the Revenue Department have been used? The Commissioner was emphatic that he could not spare Revenue men as this was the fag end of the year and revenue collection was in arrears.

He could not, he thoughtfully added, spare even the sanitary inspectors. They were not only too few, they had to cope with measles and chicken-pox. Thus the teachers are easily the most expendable of the different establishments in the public service. Besides they frolic in a riot of leisure: did not the Commissioner scrupulously insist that they should count cattle only in their off hours? The base clericals of the Revenue

Department might have numberless domestic chores to do in their scanty hours of ease. But the teacher is, by proposition, free as air—or as any *sannyasi*. What business has he to have a family or breed?

And, indeed, what could it be but crass stupidity that makes a man imagine that he can undertake the responsibilities of a normal life on the salary that our Welfare State transitioning into the Socialist Heaven thinks ample for the maker of the future generation? The Madras Government has published a White Paper that beautifully mirrors the bureaucratic mind on the matter. It seems that, intoxicated by the first rosy visions of the Second Plan, the Government had resolved on a utopian increase of a whole ten rupees in the pay of every elementary and secondary grade teacher in Government and aided schools. An even more generous rise of Rs. 15 for teachers under local bodies was contemplated.

For those who begin on Rs. 40, and if luck and life hold, may end on Rs. 75, Rs. 10, you will concede, is a whale of an increment. And on second thoughts the Government have deemed it prudent not to give the whole sum in a lump lest it should choke them as did the long-deferred crust starving Otway. It is to be divided into five equal annual increments of Rs. 2. And the recipients are to be warned that when the Second Plan ends the magnificent gift may vanish with the wizard like Merlin's feast. And yet the Administration is so jealous of the teacher's immaculate purity that it will not allow him to engage in private tuition on the sly, though he should feel honoured to be annexed as an auxiliary in the great statistical rite of numbering stray cattle.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE esteemed friend I had referred to a fortnight ago as having been distressed over my views on life insurance nationalisation, writes:

"I happened to read your 'Sidelights' in the issue of 17th instant only today (22nd March). May I say you have missed the point of my criticism of your first editorial on nationalisation of insurance? I am not for a moment saying that there is greater efficiency or honesty in Government administrations. Quite the contrary is the experience. But you must remember that the Government can do no wrong. If the Government orders the shooting of an innocent man, it is not murder—it may only amount to an error of judgment. If it wastes public funds, it is not misappropriation—it may only amount to mere imprudence. In a democratic State there is the right of the people to change the personnel of the Government if its administration and policies are not to their liking. Similarly, it is the right of the Government to take over the administration of public funds from private hands when they are in jeopardy. Between the public and the private sectors there can be no competition of the right to mismanage public interests. The right of the Government to mismanage would and should prevail over that of the private individual.

"I have no doubt that after nationalisation of insurance, service to policyholders will suffer. There are Custodians who draw bigger salaries than the managing director of my reference. Already the Custodians have started pruning the salaries of insurance employees—but these are irrelevant considerations to the merits of nationalisation. Private management had deteriorated considerably. Institutions which should set standards, engaged in ruthless competition resulting in many mal-practices. The various voluntary associations of insurers did nothing to stem the rot. The Government is not against the big capitalist. Socialism operates only against the

smaller fry in the capitalist world. One big insurer, I hear, will get a chunk of advantage as a sop for what he has lost. Compensation will be paid on capital which has ceased to be risk capital and will be withheld or diminished on capital which was really risked. We are going back to the nabob days. Men who will have money and power hereafter will be the ministers, the officials and their courtiers. The people over the wide country-side will remain poor as ever. There will cease to be a middle class which does not consist entirely of Government servants. The new parasites on society will be the official class instead of the capitalists and the ever mounting taxes that are being levied to support them will leave no hope for the peasantry and workers to improve their standards of living."

This particular friend is himself the managing director of a life insurance company and there is little about life insurance in the country that he does not know. He has assessed the prospects of Government control very correctly without turning the blind eye to mal-practices under private management. The Socialistic objective of eliminating poverty and levelling up the economic condition of the lowest sections of society (in the matter of wealth) has now become part and parcel of the very duty of the State. Nobody therefore can remain un-Socialistic in the sense that he wants the present disparities to continue. Even the Tories in England when they succeeded Labour refrained from any act likely to undo the effects of the economic programme of their predecessors. The Socialistic objective having come almost into universal adoption, no special merit now attaches to swearing by it. The problem to consider is whether the objective of equality is likely to be advanced by one poli-

tical party, the ruling party, taking over more and more of economic power into its keeping. That it will not be so advanced is the plain verdict of commonsense. The greatest asset of a nation is the total pool of the creative faculties of its members. These should be encouraged to higher levels of freedom and initiative if the total national prosperity is to be enhanced. To bring them under the steam-roller of a single controlling agency is to curb them impoverishing the national economy.

An eminent educationist has sent me some particulars of the paper on Telugu composition and translation set for the Intermediate examination of the Andhra University this year. Question II of this paper is as follows:

II. Translate into free and idiomatic Telugu:—

It is amusing to observe how rapidly, and from what small beginnings, towns arise in a thickly inhabited and enterprising country like England. There is a church—that is the ordinary foundation: where there is a church, there must be a parson, a clerk and a sexton. Thus we account for three houses. An inn is required on the road; this produces a smith, a saddler, a butcher, a baker and a brewer. The parson, the clerk, the sexton, the butcher, the smith, the saddler and the brewer require a tailor, a shoemaker and a carpenter. They soon learn to eat plum-pudding, and a grocer follows. The grocer's wife and parson's wife contend for superiority in dress, whence flow a milliner and a mantua-maker. A barber is introduced to curl the parson's wig and to shave the smith on Saturday nights, and a stationer to furnish the ladies with paper for their sentimental correspondence. An excise man is sent to gauge the casks, and a schoolmaster discovers that the ladies require to be taught to spell.

A hatter, a hosier and a linen-draper follow by degrees and as children are born, they cry out for

rattles and gingerbread. In the meantime a neighbouring apothecary, hearing with indignation that there is a community living without physique, places three blue bottles in the window. The clerk sent by the attorney to collect evidence in connection with a quarrel, finding a good opening, sets all the people by the ears and peace flies the village for ever. But the village becomes a town, and acquires a bank.

Commenting on this question, my correspondent writes:

Question II consists of a piece of English prose to be translated into "free and idiomatic Telugu." This piece contains a number of words, such as clerk, sexton, inn, brewer, plum-pudding, grocer, milliner, mantua-maker, wig, hosier, rattles, gingerbread, attorney, etc.

For these there are no exact words in Telugu. Moreover, they are for Telugu boys going up for their first University examination, rather unusual English words.

The word clerk as used there refers to the assistant clergyman, and will include the curate in a village-church, and not to a clerk as we know him.

The brewer is the man who makes beer, ale or stout, and not the man who distils arrack, whisky, brandy and other so-called burnt wines (hence the word "brandy").

The word "physique" in the question stands for "physic" or medicine. In the form in which it is spelt, it is obsolete. And in its form "physique" it has the meaning "person's physical constitution", which is not what an apothecary cares about, but the provision of medicine or physic for sick people. If this view is correct, the word has been mis-spelt.

Again, take the word "linen-draper". Here "linen" is meant to be distinguished from "cotton". I doubt very much whether there is a single linen-draper in the whole of this district, the cloth shops here confining themselves almost solely to cotton cloths.

As soon as the paper was given out, I spent some time in trying to answer Question II and put the words into

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Tamil. I found it very difficult. The head of our Telugu department, a very competent Telugu scholar with an unusually sound knowledge of English seems to have tried at the same time to put them into Telugu, and he found it even more difficult. I have a good knowledge of Tamil, having begun my education in a vernacular school, and having kept my knowledge up through the years. Also, I have plenty of experience in translating from one language into another.

Needless to say the students found the piece very difficult and were naturally rather disheartened. I have drawn the attention of the Registrar of the university to the question but I understand the matter does not rest with him at all, but with the board of examiners.

Examiners should impose fair tests on candidates and not harass them with too difficult problems. In the present instance, the critic I have cited above is of the highest academic qualifications and his words are not to be lightly thrown away. The authorities of the Andhra University should act promptly so as to save the examinees from being victimised for no fault of theirs, and also act with greater care and circumspection in future in their choice of examiners.

SWATANTRA has often advocated lately either the abolition of offices like those of President and Governor or their conversion into a new pattern providing full-time occupation of a continuously responsible character for their incumbents. This criticism should not be construed at all as any reflection on the distinguished leaders who have been holding the offices concerned. President Rajendra Prasad, for example, is an ornament to the whole nation. It is befitting that he should be singled out for the highest honour in the land.

(Continued on page 48)

NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

A GOD UNSEATED

DURING the last few weeks, from just before the Communist Party Congress in Russia, most of us must have found ourselves often trying to answer the question: What are the Russians thinking now? How are they reacting to this new challenge to their faith? It somehow seems less worthwhile to ask ourselves why the "collective leadership" of Russia is exploding the myth of Stalin the Great, to analyse their motives for making these disclosures, to survey the international repercussions of the divulgence of the secret of Stalin's success in the recent Communist Party Congress. The question, the wonder above all is how the Russians are taking it. For, finally, it is Man who is the measure of government, not Man looked at from the historical perspective but Man as an individual in the present context of time and place, his anguish, his fulfilment, his frustration, his peace. The deification of mortals is not forbidden by the Communist Scriptures. Lenin in his mausoleum is still visited by thousands of worshipful citizens every year. It seems to be the aim to show that Father Stalin did not really deserve the people's adoration to this extent. We understand that it has also been decided to publish Lenin's last will. So the final denouement in the great Stalin drama is yet to come. Lenin's criticism will be the final judgment on Stalin.

Most of the facts which have emerged from the Congress are not unknown to us; evidently they are a revelation to the Russians. We have a lurid account of the murders, the blood baths, the purges, the massa-

cles and the assassinations in which Marshal Stalin played a leading role. But do not the Russians wonder why Molotov, Stalin's comrade almost from the beginning and his Deputy Minister, Malenkov, Stalin's private secretary, the extremely intelligent Mikoyan whom Stalin trusted, Vishinsky who acted as Public Prosecutor at the famous Treason Trials in the thirties, the brilliant banker Bulganin who looks as if he has inherited some of his erstwhile chief's ruthlessness, maintained a conspiracy of silence to shield the man whom they now denounce? Stalin blundered, he betrayed, he had no military insight, he sometimes was a coward, he terrorised the Politburo, he had Molotov and his wife under arrest, he humiliated Khrushchev in public, his vanity was maniacal, he was a violent nationalist and anti-Semite. Well, would not another palace revolution have taken care of all this effectively?

These revelations about Stalin seem to have a two-fold purpose. They contain one message to the outer world and a different message to the Russian people. But, clearly, though his personality cult may be sought to be destroyed, Stalin cannot be proved to be a failure or a deviationist or a traitor of even the mildest hue. (The problem of what to do with his pictures in all the public places, his busts in the Kremlin and his body beside that of Lenin therefore needs no immediate solution). His achievements are too concrete, and the loyalty he aroused in a great section of the population (not among the Georgians alone) too intense to be brushed aside over-

night. This "recluse of the Kremlin" was the chosen of Lenin. Stalin was indeed made by Lenin. He was the Commissar of Nationalities and had a hand in forming the Union of Socialist Republics, a job of work of almost epic grandeur, more complicated and bristling with more difficulties than that which the late Vallabhbhai Patel undertook with regard to the integration of the Indian States. He built single-handed the Communist edifice at home on the four pillars of Party, Police, Army and People. His industrialisation of Russia was a revolution in itself. He abolished poverty to a great extent. He saw Russia through half a dozen wars with Poland, China, Germany, Japan; he guided the country's destiny through Yalta and Potsdam. He brought the East European States into the Communist orbit; he engineered Communist infiltration from Peking to Brooklyn; he kept foreign Communist parties alive and dynamic and subservient to the edicts from Moscow. Winston Churchill, that dependable judge of adversaries said once: "Premier Stalin left upon me an impression of deep, cool, wisdom and absence of illusions." These are not small achievements. What perhaps is being sought to be proved is the violent nature of the means he adopted to pursue those ends. But violence is in the Russian blood. Stalin's ruthlessness was an inherited trait. He had no faith in pure theoretical Communism. "How many divisions," he asked once, in derision, "has the Pope of Rome?" From the time of Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible, nothing has been achieved in Russia without sacrifice, terror and blood. Moreover, in Soviet Communism talk of ends and means seems rather futile for the ends are not clear—for logic can be carried to unknown extremes—and the emphasis in the means has constantly shifted. And every shift has meant either a purge or a trial or an exile. For in Soviet Russia Communist

policy must never fail, it is only the people who work that policy who may fail. The Communist God never fails.

So we cannot be led into believing that the imputations against Stalin at the Congress is a repudiation of violence in Communist method. It is either a phase in Communist progress or a tactic adopted for a special purpose like the dissolution of the Communist International in 1943. Lenin advocated violence for the achievement of Communist ends. The creed was built on the concept of the "inevitable war". Communism as Lenin conceived it cannot be contained but it will move in ever expanding circles from the heart of Russia till capitalism in the world is extinguished.

The person who comes out best from all this morass of political goings-on is the Soviet citizen. He is far and away the toughest specimen of humanity we have at present. It is an irresistible temptation to say with Roosevelt: "I don't know a good Russian from a bad Russian. I can tell a good Frenchman from a bad Frenchman. I can tell a good Italian from a bad Italian and I know a good Greek when I see one. But I don't understand the Russians." But for the good of our own souls we must try to understand the Russian. Either his illusions are not dead or he has survived disillusionment. It is easy to say he is held in the grip of fear, he is under Total Government or that his thinking is conditioned. There must be something more than that, something more potent than fear which holds the Russian citizen in his Calvary. Perhaps it is hope. Or perhaps his faith in historic inevitability is still unshaken. He must have *something* to sustain him through the violence, the changes, the constantly re-written histories, the made-to-order confessions of heretics, the sudden denunciations of men held up for veneration only yesterday.

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THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER I EVER MET

By Dr. (Mrs.) W. H. FISHER

CHARLES FREER ANDREWS was the most winsome personality I ever met. Whether he had always been the unpredictable, I do not know, for he had been in India about twenty years when I first met him in 1924. This first meeting was in the autumn—early November—when he glided into our house at 3, Middleton Street, Calcutta. Tired but so radiant he was almost translucent. He had on the Bengal dhoti, the long white shirt—collarless, with long shirt tails hanging out over the dhoti—Bengali style. He had grey, almost white whiskers, not as long as his idol Tagore's but they were on the way. His skin was still pink and white and you looked into eyes of faith as powerful as a child's.

He had come directly from Gandhi's longest fast all the way from Bombay, where he had acted as nurse to the fasting Mahatma and as door-keeper at that silent sanctuary of fasting. And when he entered our Calcutta home and fell into an easy chair, he trailed with him clouds of righteousness. There was a celestial quality about Charlie like Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. There he sat—English as Cambridge. Indian as Gandhi and Christian as Christ.

As he went on with the story of the fast—for his mind was filled with it—in his soft lyrical voice, he seemed like one whose earthly dross had been burned out through vicarious suffering. Like Walt Whitman, he did not "sympathize with the suffering soldier, he BECAME the suffering soldier." So it seemed to us that Charlie had become the fasting saint who was giving his life for Hindu-Muslim unity.

This fast of 21 long days was the first great fast for unity. Millions in India stopped many times a day not only to pray for Gandhi but to pray for the UNITY for which he fasted. The British Empire was watching the fast, too. But Charlie was not watching it for them; he was suffering it with Gandhi. The Empire knew they dared not let Gandhi die for any cause while they were in power. The Viceroy's throne was wobbling enough as it was, and they could not afford the ultimate. So the Empire sent doctors, too. But Gandhi understood the import of both sides, indeed of all sides, and so did Charlie Andrews—his nurse and door-keeper.

Charlie had long ago given up his defence of British colonialism. He had come to India in the first decade of this century—fresh from Cambridge and his ordination as an Anglican priest. He had come to that section of the far-flung Empire which the British were most proud of—India. He was appointed to St. Stephen's College in Delhi. There was no New Delhi in those days. Calcutta was the seat of the Viceroy and although Delhi was rich in history, it had little contemporary importance.

In Delhi the young man saw the rich old Red sand-stone Fort built by Shah Jahan, and the largest Muslim mosque—the Jama Masjid—with its delicate minarets and its impressive onion domes. He came to know many Muslims and more Hindus; some Sikhs and many Christians and began to live among them.

It is said that he at first defended the British Empire on which the sun never set, and did a good job of it. He knew his own people and knew

their ethical character. They could do no wrong to another people. But here in this seething land of India, he was meeting something new.

Charlie was a devout Christian and a missionary, but when he began to hear the echoes of Gandhi's doings in South Africa, where a silent revolution was being directed, in a Christian non-violent way, Charles Andrews sat up and took notice. Here he found something kin to his own British King John's Magna Charta. The students in Delhi Colleges were milling around constantly, talking revolution and democracy. This young priest felt, as many Englishmen did, that these revolutionary students had got all their ideas from the fiery English speeches of Pitt and Burke and of course they would be taken into the Empire on a Dominion Status when they were "ready for it." The news from South Africa was startling. There the principles of Christ's 'Sermon-on-the-Mount' were being used for the first time in history by large numbers of people for a cause of righteousness—for the cause of humanity. He began to study this movement and his prayers took on a new dimension.

Before too long, this young Englishman was making an effort to meet the leaders of changing India. One such leader who was writing hymns and poems of freedom was the fabulous religious poet, Rabindranath Tagore.

Charlie Andrews had long ago read the Indian holy scriptures and had not been deeply moved by them. But Tagore in India and Gandhi in South Africa were making religion come alive—the kind of religion Charlie loved—the Sermon-On-The-Mount religion. He felt a deep kinship and became a close friend of Tagore from the very start. He was enamoured of the poet's religious poetry and his Christian attitude towards races and nations. Charlie saw a world-wide understanding in Tagore's writing and in this universal university he

was developing. The poet took in the whole world, as Walt Whitman did, but did it with such art, such rhythm and such Christian emphasis that the movement challenged not only Charlie's Christianity but challenged the very method he was using for his own Christian mission.

His mission was Christ's mission and his method should be Christ's method. But how? He had long ago clarified his reason for being in India, that was clear as crystal. He was here for Christ's sake. He had made the great decision in Cambridge days and knew his life was to be given to Christ in India. But now in the light of this amazing movement, what should his method be? It must not be the old worn-out foreign methods that the missionaries were still using; it must be a method that would be in tune with the great throbbing heart of India. He had not come here for his British official friends, he was here for Indians.

Down in South Africa, Gandhi seemed to have snatched the very torch of Christ and was lifting it up for all the world to see. Then during the first World War when Gandhi returned to India dressed as an Indian—to work as an Indian, Charlie Andrews came face to face with this spiritual giant. At once he felt completely at home with him just as he had with Tagore. Deep called unto deep. He had found two big-minded revolutionaries of freedom but neither method was a Christian method—peaceful revolution—where no soldier would be allowed to kill the bodies of his enemy; where the sin was to be hated but not the sinner. It was overwhelming.

From that time Charlie was much on his knees in prayer. Finally, one day he arose and knew he had the answer. With the courage that comes from terrible conviction, Andrews made a journey to his Bishop, and after revealing the plan of his future method of approach to his Christian

mission, handed over his parchments of ordination. (It is reported that the Bishop never accepted them). To sum up what must have been a long and loving argument, he stated that he would serve Indians not as a professional Christian, but as a servant only—a lovely servant. He never swerved from this decision. It was amazing how he clung to his Christian idea that "He who would be greatest among you must be the servant of all." Often he carried it out literally.

One day my husband and he were at the Bolpur station to meet the poet who was returning to Shantiniketan (literally "Abode of Peace", actually Tagore's universal university). As soon as the poet got down from the train, Charlie grasped his two suit cases and started to carry them to the waiting bus. An English official seeing this act, rushed up and demanded that Mr. Andrews put those suit cases down. "You are ruining all the white prestige we have built up in a hundred and fifty years." But Charlie went smilingly and resolutely on clutching the bags until he reached the bus. "I would carry more burdens for India if I could," he said quietly to the irate official.

Charlie Andrews had ceased to preach from the pulpits of the churches but his day by day sermons of Christian living were so powerful, they reached the length and breadth of India and stretched out to the islands of the sea or wherever Indians lived.

Such was the Charles Freer Andrews who walked into my home for the first time in the autumn of 1924. In the intervening years since the first World War, he had woven his life into the fabric of India's life. He numbered among his friends God-like Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs and Christians. He had searched holy scriptures other than his own, and gained help from them, but he never needed to leave his Christian position.

Most of these friends and co-workers from other religions had never been baptised into the Christian faith, and probably never would. But Charlie, by his life and work as a Christian servant of all, had made Christianity loved, admired and respected and understood throughout India. So much so that at the gateway to the nationwide political Congresses, I attended long before independence came, there was often hung a picture of Christ. Charlie Andrews' influence can perhaps never be measured in this earthly sphere. It was out of all proportion to the number of people he talked to, or the number of miles he travelled for the cause.

Indeed this dhoti-clad English Christian who sat in my drawing-room, making statements of eternal value with each sentence had become the bridge between the ruler and the ruled. Charlie Andrews had more intrinsic power in India than the Viceroy with all his pomp and circumstances. The lush red velvet carpet that covered station platforms for the Viceroy to walk on was never rolled out for Charlie. He got down from his third class coach and walked into the hearts of the leaders of emerging India who hailed him as Deenabandhu—Friend of the Poor. And so he was.

One night at Gandhi's Ashram, so the story goes, the treasurer gave Charlie ten rupees to buy some needed articles for the Ashram, but he came back after an allotted time without the article and without the ten rupees. "Don't you know enough, never to give Charlie money?" stormed Gandhi. "don't you know that he always gives it to the first beggar he sees?"

When we were in America, Charlie spent a week with us in our home in Ann Arbor. He was actually enroute to South Africa, and I noticed that he had only one tie, a worn-fringed collar on his shirt and only one pair of socks. So, I went about to the shops outfitting him with six of

everything for the journey, but I was perfectly sure that by the time he arrived in Durban, he would still have only one shirt, one B. V. D. and one pair of socks.

Charlie had no position and no salary any more than Gandhi had. He had a small patrimony that was far from enough for his generosity and his travels. Sometimes the Indians would pay his fare from one trouble-spot to another, and sometimes it would come from his small patrimony. He was at the beck and call of struggle, disaster and need, regardless of distance. His home was ostensibly at Tagore's Santiniketan, but in reality NEED was his domicile. The needy were his nearest of kin. When the Indians in the Fiji Island were feeling the pinch there, Charlie would pack his one bruised suit-case and sail off to the Fijis to befriend them and to become the mediator between them and the white Government that ruled over them.

South Africa was another of his bases where on a later study tour of that part of the world I found his name known and loved by them all—Indian and all non-whites. Their dreams of justice and equal opportunity were his dreams. Here where the first experiment in non-violence was made had become sacred ground to Charlie. No such colossal attempt had been made to win through love and non-violence. Charlie's Christian spirit soared.

The last time I saw this beloved Apostle was in the spring or summer of 1939 when World War II was brewing. Gandhi was in New Delhi at Birla House and there too was Charlie. I saw him day after day during those days as we assembled for the evening prayer at 6.45. In those days the prayers were attended only by Gandhi's cabinet and his close friends. I remember especially the evening of Good Friday that year. Charlie Andrews, Agatha Harrison and I sat together on the steps. After

the prayer was ended, Gandhiji asked us three Christians to sing his favourite Christian hymn—the one that Charlie had sung at the close of the long fast of 1924:

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the prince of Glory died,
My riches gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a present far too small
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

We three sang the words in the devout silence of Gandhi, Kastur Ba and his cabinet.

Before I got back to India some years later, Charlie had finished his life here on earth. I felt lonely. No one ever came to India from another race and another country, who wove his life so completely into the fabric of the struggle for freedom as did Charles Freer Andrews. As long as the story of India's non-violent revolution will be told; as long as Gandhi's life will thrill the youth of India and the world, the story of Charles Freer Andrews will also be told. No wonder the Indians took his initials C. F. A. but translated them into their own way as "Christ's Favourite Apostle."

YOUNG AND OLD

I regard it as among the major blessings of a fortunate life that I have been given the opportunity, or it may be that I have been accorded the temperament, enabling me to make intimate friendships with people who belonged to my son's generation rather than to my own. In this manner one gets the best of both worlds. Our old friends and contemporaries are calm havens in which we can come to rest; but no living person ought to want to remain in harbour all the time; it is our young friends who take us out to sea and sunshine, and there, in our crazy old-fashioned boat, we bob about, looking ridiculous perhaps, but at least absorbing pleasure, recapturing some sort of adventure, and breathing the ozone of fresh ideas and different minds.—Sir Harold Nicolson

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The petition further stated that the defendant Company had lately been manufacturing and selling a medicine under the name of "Saribadyarista" and, in order to exploit the reputation required by the petitioner's medicine "Saribadi Salsa" and to cause confusion in and to deceive the purchasers of "Saribadi Salsa", improperly and fraudulently used the words "Saribadi Salsa" along with the word "Saribadyarista" to designate their medicine. Alleging this to be an infringement of the petitioner's registered Trade Mark, the petitioner prayed that in the circumstances, a

temporary injunction be issued on the defendant till the final disposal of the suit.

When the petition came up for hearing, the defendant Sakti Ousadhalaya Dacca Ltd., moved an application for 3 weeks' time to file their objection on the ground that all papers in connection with the matter were at Calcutta and the petitioner would not suffer if the issue of ad-interim injunction was put off, as it would be possible for the petitioner to have damages from the defendant.

The petitioner Sadhana Ausadhalaya Ltd., opposed the defendant's application for time and argued that the whole purpose of the suit would be frustrated, if the issue of injunction was delayed.

The learned District Judge in his judgement upheld the contention of the petitioner and observed that the matter appeared to him to be very urgent as delay was likely to cause irreparable loss to the petitioner, Sadhana Ausadhalaya Ltd.; the defendant would get sufficient scope and opportunity to manufacture huge quantity of medicines and send the same to its branches and it would not be possible to control the defendant in this matter.

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A HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE States Reorganisation Bill has little to commend itself, and it is impossible to avoid the feeling that no notice at all has been taken of many of the serious shortcomings of the S. R. C. Report which it seeks to embody. The fundamental objection that in the face of the grave threat to national security which re-armed Pakistan presents to this country, it would be suicidal to parcel out the nation and weld unweldable units, still remains unanswered. Public criticism of some of the glaring anomalies has been brushed aside. One example will suffice. When Andhra and Karnataka are emerging as vastly bigger areas, it would have been an act of bare justice if small districts, taluks and townships are left alone as they are; but that has not been done. Bellary is taken out of Andhra. Kasaragod, a purely Canarese territory, is marched off to Travancore-Cochin and Tamil Nad is stripped of Kollegal. The sole criterion has been language-affinity, although it is being dinned into our ears that lingualism is the very antithesis of nationalism. Language has never been a cementing force, some of the bloodiest wars in mythology and history were between collaterals, co-lingual groups and co-religionists. In Tamil Nad, the Chera, Chola and the Pandya kings were not always on the best of terms; and today there is nothing in common between the Tamil Indian and the Tamil Ceylonese.

Any division of the country must subserve the need to build up political unity and a socialistic polity or frame of mind; and it must avoid placing too many burdens on the common people whose voice, surprisingly enough, is seldom heard these days. The British division of provinces, districts and taluks followed

very intelligible principles and created homogeneity amongst the various linguistic and political groups, which induced in due time a common way of life and thinking, ultimately making for the social, economic and political well-being of the people. A common nationality ran through every town and hamlet; and in the good old days there was hardly a village in Tamil Nad whose literates had not read with avidity extracts from *Amrita Bazar Patrika* or the *Modern Review* of Ramananda Chatterjee. It may be carrying optimism too far to suggest that the new States, as envisaged, will promote solidarity amongst the component parts; and it is still a matter for speculation whether the Andhra-Telengana, the Madhya Pradesh-Madhya Bharat or the other groups, which have been brought together by a sort of morganatic alliance, will foster goodwill and generate a single pointed endeavour to work for the common weal. Experience, however, in the Punjab, and Travancore-Cochin, which have become conspicuous for political instability, suggests that all may not be well. Perhaps it was some such lurking fear that has been responsible for engrafting a second chamber for Madhya Pradesh. The Zonal Councils and the Regional Committees too, may not be able to enforce their will upon the erring State or States. Here again the example provided by the infinitely more powerful Central Government and the Congress High Command which have been powerless to checkmate linguistic fanaticism such as was evident in the streets of Bombay or in Orissa as well as to neutralise the policy of communal apartheid in some of the Southern States, is not very encouraging.

Two States have however had the worst of the bargain. A Travancore-Cochin State is still premature, what with the tumbling down of Cabinets every alternate day; and its relegation for central administration merits serious consideration, if it could not be integrated to the adjacent States. Tamil Nad or Madras has become remote, unfriended, dismembered and small; and for this consummation its leaders have only themselves to thank. In point of fact, political thinking in this part of the country is paralysed just at present, and that is an ironic sequel to the times when it had supplied the ablest politicians, strategists and agitators in the past. To add insult to injury, a wholly artificial agitation centering round two unknown taluks in Malabar had been engineered, which curiously enough had been taken at its face value by the powers that be. Nor is this all. Tamil Nad has a very strong case, which has been allowed to go by default, for the integration of the district of Chittoor in its entirety; and if language of the majority is to be the sole criterion, as has been applied in the case of Bellary, Kesaragod and Kollegal, its claim for Bangalore would be unanswerable. In regard to Chittoor, which until recently formed a single district with North Arcot, the affiliations with Tamil Nad are too pronounced for even a casual visitor not to notice. The district was as-

signed to Andhra State as a solatium for the loss of the Madras City. But as the Andhra territory has now become enlarged with a very fine capital, its rulers could well be induced to agree to its integration with Tamil Nad, more especially in the interests of the people in that area. It would be the height of injustice to require a rycot or litigant of Kuppam, which is but a few miles away from Tirupathi to go to Hyderabad to present his grievances or prosecute his claims. At any rate, one can boldly say that today if a plebiscite were to be held in these tracts, namely Chittoor, Kasaragod, Kollegal and even Mangalore and (British) Malabar, the result would overwhelmingly be against the suggested redistribution.

So far as Tamil Nad is concerned, the ideal arrangement would be a single integrated territory extending from Ernakulam to Egmore comprising the territories of Travancore-Cochin, the city of Bangalore, the district of Chittoor, and including Pondicherry and Karaikal. In the past, politically and ethnologically, these formed a single group. Tamil culture and even Tamil names obtain in many of the places therein.

Neither unreasonable contraction nor undue expansion would be good for the body or the body politic; and it remains to be seen whether the experiment, a hazardous one at that, will promote Indian unity.

"SUEZ REBELS" IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

By ANDREW ROTH

THE loudest applause for Sir Anthony Eden's decision to "stand firm in Cyprus" came from the "Suez rebels." They acclaimed the arrest of Archbishop Makarios as a great victory for British arms—and themselves.

These "Suez rebels" are the only coherent dissident minority in the Conservative Party. They comprise most of the surviving 32 Conservative M.P.s. who revolted in December 1955 and July 1954 against Sir Anthony's agreement to evacuate Suez.

These "rebels" came back into action again when the dismissal of Gen. Glubb enabled them to convert Conservative nostalgia for Britain's by-gone mastery of the Middle East into active resentment at the way Britain is being "pushed around" by Egyptians, American oilmen and even British-subsidized Jordanians. The strong emotions whipped up helped pressure Sir Anthony into "standing firm" on the only place he could: Cyprus.

This has given the "Suez rebels" the first victory they can claim. Until now the absence of a constructive policy and effective leadership has limited their effectiveness. Their nominal leader is earnest Captain Waterhouse whose thirty years in the House gives him a type of mossy seniority; he uses it to urge that Britain would not have been thrown out of Abadan if it had landed two battalions of troops. His second in command is Julian Amery, son of the wartime Colonial Secretary and son-in-law of Harold Macmillan. "With brains as well as courage," said the *Observer* of him, "it is odd that he

should so often appear not to see the facts of life."

A potential new leader for the "Suez Group" is Lt. Col. Neil Maclean. In his maiden speech on Jordan he clothed in realism his urging: "I believe that we still have the power, the right and such great interests in the Middle East which allow us to play, if not an overwhelming role, at least a decisive role in determining what will happen in that area."

It was this sort of truculent nostalgia which led 36 Conservative M. Ps. to protest in December 1953 and 28 to vote against the Suez evacuation in July 1954. One, Major Legge-Bourke, resigned from the Conservatives for several months in protest.

This did not block evacuation, since the Labour Party supported Sir Anthony's agreement with Egypt. But it had a devastating effect on the Cyprus situation.

To minimise the number of sympathizers the "Suez Group" would carry with it, the Conservative Government made its famous initial statement that it would "stand firm" on Cyprus. This was made on July 29, 1954, the same day it asked Parliament's approval to evacuate the Suez Canal Zone.

The idea was that if Britain said its Middle Eastern strategic retreat would not go beyond Cyprus it would appease this cabal of former Brigadiers, Lieutenant Colonels, Majors and Captains.

To pacify the "Suez Group" and its sympathizers, the Minister of State

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Secretary Brigadier Antony Head for the Suez evacuation negotiations. A brilliant and well-connected staff officer, he carried considerable weight with the considerable minority of professional soldiers among Conservative M.P.s. It was in these ranks that the "Suez Group" had secured most of its members and sympathizers. It was Brigadier Head who appealed to the "Suez Group" not to vote against the Government in July 1954: "I appreciate the reasons of pride, and indeed of emotion, which prompt them to resist this policy, but this is an occasion on which emotions come into conflict with common sense."

One of those who admitted he voted reluctantly for the evacuation of Egypt—where he had been born—was Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, the long and languid M.P. who headed Britain's wartime mission to Marshal Tito. Ten weeks later he was rewarded by being made Financial Secretary to the War Office.

In December 1955 another "Suez Group" Brigadier, the intense and brilliant J. Enoch Powell, was made Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Housing. But whether these promotions have dulled the edge of the rebellion or given the rebels more influence at a higher level is not quite clear.

Well-Connected

The "Suez Group" has never lacked effective political connections. Julian Amery is the son of the late L. S. Amery, former Colonial Secretary long associated with Sir Winston Churchill, and son-in-law of Harold MacMillan, Major John Morrison is the Chairman of the "1922 Committee"—the influential organization of all Conservative M.P.s. not in the Government. Viscount Hinchinbrook is Vice Chairman of the Conservative M.P.s. Foreign Affairs Committee. Christopher Holland-Martin

has long been Hon. Treasurer of the Conservative Party.

The "Suez Group" however, is primarily the answer of nostalgic ex-officers among Britain's M.P.s to the "Young Officers" movement in Egypt. The "Suez Group" have included three of the thirteen Brigadiers who now sit on the Conservative benches (none on the Labour benches) boisterous Brigadier Terence Clarke, languid Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean and brilliant Brigadier J. Enoch Powell. Although none of the fourteen full Colonels have been "Suez rebels," five of the forty-three Lieutenant Colonels (all but three Conservatives) have rebelled against the Government's Suez evacuation: Lt.-Col. Bromley-Davenport, Sir Fergus Graham, Lt.-Col. John Hall, Lt.-Col. H. Montgomery Hyde and Lt.-Col. Neil Maclean. They include six of the sixty-three Majors of whom 9 are Labour, one Liberal: F. P. Crowder, Viscount Hinchigbrooke, E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, Sir Guy Lloyd, Angus Maude and John Morrison. Curiously enough, both the senior and junior commanders of the "Suez Group" come from its three Captains—Julian Amery, J. A. L. Duncan and Charles Waterhouse—among the almost sixty Captains (fourteen non-Conservatives). It is a curious fact that none of the Royal Navy people: neither Vice Admiral Hughes Hanett nor any of the eight naval Commanders (one Labour) or fifteen Lieutenant-Commanders (one Labour) joined the Suez rebellion. The RAF contributed three Squadron Leaders: F. F. A. Burden, Sir Ian Horobin and Isaac Pitman—of the nine in the House (one Labour). But none of its eleven Wing Commanders (one Labour) or three Group Captains (one Labour) joined. Two of the Suez rebels—H. W. Kerr and Paul Williams—have been Flight Lieutenants of which there are nine in the House (three Labour).

In short, there are 234 former officers (excluding Army Lieutenants) serving in the House of Commons, 199 of them Conservatives. Of the latter every seventh one is a "Suez Rebel."

The suggestion that this revolt is a harking back to the old traditions of picked British regiments can be seen in the fact that 9 of the ex-officer Suez rebels served in tradition-rich Guards regiments. Major B. A. H. Legge-Bourke, who served in the Household Cavalry, still stalks into the Chamber as if he were crossing Horse Guards courtyard in breast-plate and thigh boots.

For some the rebellion is a romantic affirmation that even in the present day a heroic young Englishman or Scot can do wonderful things for his country on his own in under-developed countries. It is particularly significant that three of the outstanding leaders of parachute mission have been Suez rebels. Julian Amery organized the first military mission to the Yugoslav resistance movement, landing on the Montenegrin coast from a submarine. Later he was parachuted into Albania to serve as liaison with the guerillas there. By that time Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean was commander of the British Military Mission in Yugoslavia. The third future "Suez Rebel," Neil Maclean had preceded Julian Amery into Albania as head of the first military mission to Albania. Before that he had served in Palestine in 1938, and commanded under General Wingate, a battalion of Eritrean volunteers in 1940. At the end of the war he was on an intelligence mission in Sinkiang, on the Russo-Chinese border.

It is perhaps significant that all three have been written up as "the T. E. Lawrence of World War Two." Little wonder that they cling to the hope that Britain can "stand firm" in the eastern Mediterranean, theatre of their exploits.

It is striking that all three of the above are Old Etonians are another nine of the "Suez Rebels." This means there are twice as many of them among graduates of that exclusive school as among Conservatives who did not go to Eton. This suggests that the romantic tradition of the "thin red line" or the individual exploits of a single Briton among millions of "savages" is bred in the bone of Britain's upper classes. Thus, it was natural that they should have been so indignant about the expulsion from Jordan of General Glubb, chief of its Arab Legion.

This aristocratic bent is clear. Viscount Hinchinbrooks is the heir apparent to the Earl of Sandwich. Patrick Maitland to the Earl of Lauderdale. Sir Fergus Graham and Sir Robert Grimston are the grandsons of Earls of Faversham and Verulam respectively. Three more have married into the aristocracy: Mr. Holland-Martin to the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire (making him a relative of Harold Macmillan, James Stuart and the Marquis of Salisbury among others); Major John Morrison married the daughter of Viscount Hambleden; Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean married the daughter of Baron Lovat. Major Legge-Bourke's family connections were good enough—his mother was Lady Victoria Forester—to make him a Page of Honour to King George V.

Eleven of 33 "Suez rebels" are company directors, four of them with colonial interests. The preference seems to be for Central Africa. Julian Amery is a director of the British South Africa Company, with mining, railway and estate interests there. Captain Waterhouse is Chairman of the Rhodesia Kotanga Company, Ltd. as well as the Zambesia Exploring Company, Ltd., which have gold and copper interests there. Christopher Holland-Martin is a director of the Nyasaland Railways Ltd. and the Uganda Company Ltd. Neil Maclean

must feel somewhat of an outsider because his connection is with his family's Maclean and Watson, the East Indies merchants so prominent in Southeast Asian trade. Two of the others in the "Suez Group" are in export-import: Squadron Leader Frederick Burden and Paul Williams.

Their interest in the Middle East, however, is more nostalgic than pecuniary. None of the "Suez Group" appears to have investments in the Middle East. But Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean was born in Cairo. Major John Morrison served in the Middle East Force. Major Legge-Bourke was wounded there. Major Angus Maude was captured there. Brigadier Terence Clarke was Deputy Director of the Ordinance Services for the North African invasion. Squadron Leader Burden has had experience in the punitive bombing of "natives" in the area.

Incoherent Nostalgia

Although most of these "Suez Rebels" look back to an era of British mastery of the Middle East, there is little agreement when they are asked to look forward.

They can agree more readily in negation than in affirmation.

Although one of its members, H. W. Kerr, is American-born, most of its supporters are anti-American, blaming Washington or the U. S. oil companies for encouraging Arab nationalism against Britain. Viscount Hinchingsbrooke and Major Legge-Bourke, in particular, feel that Britain's retreat has been speeded by pressure from the United Nations, which they consider to be largely an instrument of the U. S. A., which ranks in their minds almost with Soviet Communism and Arab nationalism as the enemy of British influence.

But there is no agreement even on this anti-U. S. anti-U. N. sort of

Empire nationalism. Neil Maclean has emphasized that Britain can only stay in the Middle East *with* American support. And Isaac Pitman manages to combine old-fashioned British Empire-worship in the Middle East with support for World Government!

The "Suez Group", quite naturally, is even more anti-Egyptian than it is anti-American. "I look upon Egypt as an enemy," said Captain Waterhouse on March 7. "Egypt . . . has been the trouble-maker of the Middle East for a long time."

Viscount Hinchingsbrooke favours "gunboat diplomacy" to back Britain's right to take whatever shipping it wants through the Suez Canal, whatever Egypt's position. If they "are intercepted in any way or any of our ships or the ships of our Allies are fired on by Egyptian batteries, I think that those batteries should be singled out and demolished with the appropriate weapons."

Apart from lip-service to a "firm" policy and their original objection to withdrawal from the Suez Canal Zone, there is little of agreed or constructive policy the Group can offer. After Glubb Pusha was unceremoniously shown the door from Jordan, Viscount Hinchingsbrooke's idea of a "firm" policy was reinforcing British troops there "to restore the position." This was strongly opposed by Major Legge-Bourke.

The "Suez Group" is in greatest disarray about Israel. Since most of them are nostalgic for a romantic past, they tend to be pre-Arab. But they are also anti-Egyptian because Col. Nasser has shown Britain's troops the gate and let Russia's foot in the door. If it comes to a military showdown between Israel and Egypt it will find this "thin red line" of truculent nostalgics firing in both directions.

ENOSIS

By VERITAS

ENOSIS. It sounds like a disease. Doesn't it? I looked it up in my dictionary, but missed it altogether to my surprise. I must admit however that my dictionary is, like me, somewhat behind the times; and the phenomenon above referred to seems to have been endowed with a local habitation and a name only in the last two or three years. On the main issue, however, I may gratify the reader's curiosity at once by confirming that it is not only a disease, but a topical, almost fashionable disease with imminent potentialities of assuming epidemic proportions.

As we all know the great Mumbo-Jumbo which we in the second half of the twentieth century have come to worship implicitly is the goddess of nationalism. Great was Diana of the Ephesians; but greater and mightier far is this Kali or Parasakti which is now rampant in many areas of the world which are described as under the iron heel of a cynical, heartless and exploiting colonialism. Enosis is the most febrile answer to this challenge of our time, and the etiology of it is as follows.

Look at a map of the Mediterranean. We have been witnessing in recent weeks the distressing spectacle of British imperialism being bundled out from many a cushy seat it had managed to secure for itself from Gibraltar to Suez. Suez is going, Jordan gone and Iraq is working to a crisis. Anticipating all these troubles of the year of grace 1956, the Machiavellian makers of British imperial diplomacy manoeuvred themselves (somewhere in the seventies of the last century) into a pretty strong position in the eastern Mediterranean. Malta, Crete and Cyprus formed a natural line of defence across the unstable element: "hop, step and jump" and you may find

yourself in one or all of them in the twinkling of an eye. So Britain put through a deal with the Sultan of Turkey as a result of which she got Cyprus in return for the promise to help the sick man to withstand the attacks of Czardom from the north. For you must remember that Cyprus was part of the Turkish empire being in fact next door to the Turkish coast in the eastern Mediterranean.

By the way, the eastern Mediterranean has not exactly a high reputation for the individuality or integrity of its people. For one thing the area has functioned more or less as a sort of waste paper basket of the flotsam and jetsam of racial, cultural and religious miscegenation through more than a thousand years. The most notorious of the types of the area have been Greek and Armenian and Jewish—all deracinated in different ways through efflux of time. The word 'Levant' has become a verb in the English language to mean 'abscond'. So you may take it that it is a slippery business to deal with the people of this area.

Taking the case of Cyprus alone, it has to be said in favour of it that it has a unique mythological claim to our affection. The island was once famous for the worship of Venus accompanied by mysteries which gave the islanders a high place among the votaries of that complaisant goddess. Ever since those remote legendary days, the Greeks have been colonising, and pitching their tents or camps far afield from their own home-lands. Some of them went to Sicily and then invented that pretty literary form, the pastoral, for they felt home-sick and idealised Greeks and Greek life in their original home-lands. They also spread out as far east as Alexandria and Cyprus; remnants of the remote colonists have

persisted and today amount to sizeable numbers. Thus in Cyprus with a population of nearly half a million, four-fifths are Greeks; but the Achilles' heel is the remaining one-fifth comprising a Turkish minority which is the legacy of nearly five hundred years of Turkish suzerainty. And another fact: The Greeks have been the champion race throughout world history for having enjoyed servitude to alien masters for the longest period of time. We, the other most ancient and civilised people on earth, take but second rank to them. For our subservience to aliens in our own land has not lasted a thousand years, while Greek subjection to Roman, barbarian, Goth, Hun and Turk exceeds 2000 years of world-history.

It was on the eve of the first world war that Greece along with many of her neighbours obtained liberation from the Turkish yoke. More than a hundred years earlier, it was a picturesque Englishman who took upon himself—almost single-handed—to liberate Greece from alien rule. Byron called it the very "poetry of politics." It is against the descendants of that very Englishman that the present Greek population of Cyprus is mounting a war in all but name, to secure the freedom, independence, and union of their island with the mother country. It is the last desideratum that has come to be known as Enosis. Again look at the map of the Mediterranean. Where is the Greek archipelago and where is Cyprus? A few hundred miles separate them from each other. How, you wonder, can a union between them be effected except in a Pickwickian sense? Yet that is the aspiration of the Cypriot Greeks. And all the world, charmed with the siren strains of nationalism, has come to accept the Cypriot demand as natural, moderate and reasonable.

But if you stop to ask the question: what is to become of the minority of Turks, you are in danger of being

called names and sent to Coventry. If, again, you should suggest that if the Cypriot Greeks are so desperately anxious to effect their union with their parent stock, why should they not repatriate themselves to their classical homelands, then again you are in danger of being defamed as a hireling of imperialism.

So you now see the crux of Enosis. It is just simply wanting to have your cake and eat it too. The spear-point of this agitation is a reverend, ecclesiastical figure named Archbishop Makarios. In the Catholic dispensation, archbishops are as plentiful as Coco-cola all the world over! to form some adequate idea of him, let us imagine a blend of Master Tara Singh E. V. R. Naicker and Moses of the Israelites divinely commissioned to lead them from Egypt to Cannan, the land flowing with milk and honey. Both our regional evangels are the very embodiments of sweet reasonableness when contrasted to Archbishop Makarios. For the Archbishop wants to stay put, and at the same time conjure the metaphysical transportation of Cyprus to become an indissoluble part of the Greek mainland. It is as if Master Tara Singh should demand that the small and highly prosperous Sikh community in Canada or somewhere in the New world should be constitutionally affiliated to the new State of the Punjab. Or better still, imagine Sri Naicker demanding that a portion of Ceylon occupied by Tamils should be detached from the rest of Ceylon and declared to form part of Tamizhagam. That would unveil the measure of practicality underlying the demand of Cypriot Greeks for Enosis.

The disease is also tending to assume epidemic proportion. For the same trick is being exploited by what is, with portentous vagueness, dubbed the Arab world. Now one would imagine that the Arab world would be that part of the world bounded by the geographical boundaries of Arabia. But no, the Arab world means

all that part of the world wherever an Arab is to be found living exactly as he lived a thousand years ago and known as Effendi, Pasha, Sheriff, Mufti, Mullah and what not. He has spread himself from the desert sands of Arabia felix to the uttermost western confines of Africa, to the heart of the Sudan and has cut up the original homeland into feudal principalities between certain alleged descendants of the Prophet. Under the innocuous if not inspiring slogan of Arab nationalism, the Arab is at the back of all the unrest from Dakar to Damascus; and the remarkable feature about them is that there is no one to call their bluff. In a world which ostensibly is moving towards a classless, caste-less, privilege-less, egalitarian society, all the stigmata of feudalism, oligarchy and hereditary principles find full and free play only in the Arab world. The Arab acts on the principle: Where the king

is, there is his court. In like manner, the Arab world is wherever an Arab is found lording it over his little circle, always the boss of the show.

Our *a priori* statesmen of the world blandly tell us that Britain is sitting over a bursting volcano and that it would be a grave mistake to deny the right of self-determination to the Cypriot Greeks. But all of them assist in a conspiracy of silence to wipe out of existence the twenty per cent minority of Turks. In fact, there is an equally strong move among this minority for reunion with the Turkish people on the same grounds of history, tradition and convenience. The Turkish claim is less absurd than the Greek, since Cyprus is nearer the mainland of Greece.

Britain might well be squeezed out of Cyprus; but it won't be the beginning of the Golden age for that island!

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SWITZERLAND AND HER PLACE IN EUROPE

By Dr. V. N. SHARMA

SWITZERLAND is a small country, enclosed on all sides by the Alps or the Jura mountain range with their innumerable forests, rivers, valleys and other wonders of nature. For the last seven hundred years, the people have, with patience, constructed their administrative structure in a wonderful way, uninterrupted by the political and cultural forces outside the country. The Government of Switzerland is unique in every respect. The Germans numbering 29,00,000 in the northern and central areas, the French whose strength is 8,50,000 in the southern and western areas and the 2,50,000 Italians have with their distinctive cultural backgrounds contributed their best towards the life in this country from the very early times when they began to understand one another. One can feel very clearly, as one comes in to personal touch with the people here, the confluence of the three mighty rivers of cultural life the *Triveni Sanghama*, if we may call it as such. Each one is perfect in his or her own mother tongue. Although the administration is carried on through the language of the area, the people learn the languages of their brethren in order to enrich their cultural contacts. Temperamentally, they are as different as Andhras, Tamilians and Malayalees in the southern parts of India. There is yet another language and cultural group, known as the Romans, with a population of 50,000 mostly living in one particular district, Graubunden. They do not like to be merged either with the Germans or Italians with whom they have some kind of affinity. This group has also been playing a great part in the consolidation of the

country in all spheres of public life and can be compared with the Karnataka unit in our own country.

Half of the population is Catholic with its age-long connection with the Roman Church, and the rest is Protestant. Naturally these religious influences have played a great role in shaping the life of the people. Yet, the people rise above these influences when a subject of common interest to the country as a whole has to be tackled. There is tolerance, common understanding and a common zeal among the people in the sphere of public and social life. People in India and particularly in the South, have much to learn from these Swiss for solving our language, cultural and religious problems. We have here an object lesson to live and work as one unit, instead of carving out separate States based on language areas. I wish our language politicians go out for a while to Switzerland and see how the language areas there work out their destiny for the common weal of the people. Switzerland had also to face the same problems which our own Governments, Central and States, are now facing.

Administration

Switzerland is a confederation of 25 State republics. The States are known as cantons. The biggest canton is Bern having a population of 750,000 and the smallest is Appenzell having a population of 14,000. Geneva does not contain more than 1,25,000 people. Excepting for four or five fairly large cantons the rest are villages, hamlets and farms scattered throughout the country, in the valleys, on the slopes and tops of the mountains and hills.

The village of Goldern, where I stayed, does not contain more than 200 people, and there are many places which have a lesser number of people living in them than Goldern. The village is the foundation of the Swiss structure of administration. In places where the villages have not enough population to form themselves into administrative units, a group of villages are brought together and a unit of this structure is known as *gemeinde* corresponding to the Indian word, *panchayat*. This has full powers to administer the area allotted to its jurisdiction, to raise money according to its capacity and to spend it on the day-to-day needs, without interference from any outside agency—these units enjoy real autonomy. Agriculture, cattle breeding, cottage industries and the traditional forest life involving felling down of old trees and raising new plantations, are the occupations of the villagers throughout the year. All modern mechanical appliances are extensively used by the people to save labour and to compete with foreign industries. In the urban areas, the textile, timber, watch and mechanical industries engage more than a million specialists and skilled workers. The next well-known occupation is the hotel industry, which commands a chain of hotels, big and small, and caters to the comforts of the guests who come to Switzerland throughout the year from all parts of the world. It is said that more than 3,00,000 people are engaged in this industry alone. Others are engaged either in commerce (2,00,000) or in the liberal professions (25,000). Each town has its own autonomous government to administer its day-to-day affairs. Except for foreign affairs, defence, communications and other inter-cantonal subjects delegated by the cantons themselves to the Federal Government, all other subjects are administered by representatives of the cantonal governments, who are

elected by the people of the cantons, through the village units and town and city councils.

Franchise

There is no universal franchise here as in other countries. The women in Switzerland have yet to secure their vote, but they are not very impatient to secure this right. Women desire to be left alone in peace for the urgent things that have to be thought of at home rather than be dragged out to decide the affairs which men can tackle. This does not mean that the women are in purdah and that they leave everything in the hands of their men. On the other hand they are the most educated people on the Continent of Europe, and in all spheres of public life, particularly in questions relating to social welfare, education, medical help, youth movement, etc., they play a great part. It is said that out of 18,20,000 persons, engaged in the various professions, more than 7,00,000 are women. The medical profession is full of them, the leading advocates are women, and prominent professors in the universities and schools are women.

Education

Education is compulsory for all, and children are obliged to go to school at the age of seven and remain there till their fifteenth year. It is the duty of the village or the town units to provide proper schools and the right type of teachers to direct them. Teachers, like other public servants, are not appointed but are elected by the people of the respective rural or urban units from a list of suitable candidates selected by the educational committee of the unit or units concerned, on a particular day at a particular place fixed by the administrative body. Canvassing, open or otherwise, is strictly forbidden for these appointments. The machinery adopted for making the appointments is very interesting.

The teachers are well paid in the village schools and in the city schools. The minimum qualification required to become a teacher is a pass in the Matriculation examination and three years' training in a teachers' seminar or a training college. The teacher, as I know him here from my personal contact, is the happiest fellow: he fulfils his duties willingly and is always willing to earn more and more from all sides to enrich his knowledge for better work. There are very few countries in Europe where you find this happy life among the teachers. This naturally applies to other professions as well. The most educated, courteous and cultured are the civil servants. Any citizen can look to them for advice and help, and he will never go disappointed. For the foreigner to seek assistance at the hands of these officers is a pleasure as well as a privilege.

Not all people in Switzerland believe in the policy of getting free education for their children. They believe in paying, even at a sacrifice to themselves, for good progressive education and training. The people work all the year round even in the worst winter months. Through their work, so to say, they turn stone into gold. The hardest worker in Europe, whether he happens to be an agriculturist, a miner or a worker on the mountains, is the Swiss workman. There are no unemployed in this country to-day. My friend, a teacher coming from an industrial city in the western part of Switzerland, with whom I was discussing the problem of unemployment, told me that there were only 10 unemployed in his city of which the population was 50,000. Even these ten were either disabled or sickly. As a matter of fact, this country employs workmen from her neighbouring countries to cope with her work. In other words, every one wants to work, and work is provided to all and the workers are paid well whether they work on the land or in urban industries.

The scale of school fees varies from canton to canton, from place to place. There is one rate for the children of the unit and a different one for those belonging to other units. Children of foreign countries pay double or triple according to the type of school they attend.

Expensive Life

Everything is expensive in Switzerland. Travel on the train, boats, or by the country-wide bus services is very comfortable and quick, but one will have to pay heavily for them. Fares, it is said, are higher than in Britain or any other continental country. An ordinary family consisting of husband and wife with two children, living in a small flat in a town will have to spend Rs. 500 a month for simple food and other indispensable expenses. It is his life's wish of every Swiss citizen to own a flat or a small house in the place nearest his place of work; and various house-building co-operative societies are always at his service. New houses of modern types and designs are provided year after year in all suburbs of the town and cities; these amenities are made available even in remote villages.

Dress is another heavy item which every one here will have to think of year after year. Warm clothing is a necessity; a simple shirt, cotton or woollen, costs from Rs. 20 to Rs. 30. A summer suit alone would cost Rs. 100 to Rs. 150, and for cheap underwear one will have to pay Rs. 10. An overcoat of ordinary texture is an indispensable item and one should be prepared to spend Rs. 300 to obtain one. The most expensive item is the foot wear. Every one requires a solid durable pair of shoes for his daily use, and the cheapest winter footwear cannot be got unless one pays Rs. 150. Summer footwear would cost Rs. 40 to Rs. 60. One has to possess at least four or five sets of footwear for use in the constantly changing weather of the country. People in the city as well as in the

countryside are frugal, and luxury is a rare thing. It can be seen only in the hotels where guests from other countries gather and enjoy their holidays.

Attachment to one's own family is stronger here than in many countries. The parents' wishes are always honoured both by the daughters and sons though they themselves may be old enough to be parents. The eldest in the family is much respected. It is a common sight to see grandparents and in some cases great grandparents living with their children, grand-children and great grand-children under one roof, even as the joint families in our country. A conservative attitude is apparent among all, whether poor or rich, and it seems to be a traditional one. The main forces responsible for this attitude seem to be the all-powerful mountain ranges on the one side and the divergent elements perceptible on the frontiers of the country on the other side. A leading newspaper puts this conservative attitude of the citizens clearly in these words: "The people of this city (speaking of Basle in particular) are closely bound by traditions, heritage and their language. They are reserved, sceptical and at the same time realistic in their thought and outlook and are full

of initiative and activity. They, however, do not want to demonstrate. This is true of Basle, Bern, Geneva and Zurich, the only towns which can be called cities in this country.

The people are ready for any sacrifice when it comes to protecting their country from outside influences. In an appeal sent to the children of the country on the eve of their leaving the portals of their educational institutions, the President of the Swiss Republic said: "In our troubles, internal and external, we must all uphold the freedom of our great land. Without coming together as one in mind subordinating our personalities, we are not worthy of protecting this freedom. Our personal liberty can only be fruitful when our country is free. Without the sacrifice of the individuals, big and small, a free confederation is unthinkable. Only when the men of our country work together for the common weal of the land, not thinking of their individual paths but beholding the whole nation as part and parcel of their own existence, only then the freedom of the nation is assured." These words of the President are biblical! his predecessors have uttered the same words since the inauguration of the Swiss Republic to remain the citizens of their duties.

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ED. M. SANDOZ, ANIMAL SCULPTOR

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

ED. M. SANDOZ is an artist of astonishing variety and of a diversity of talent which enables him to express himself in all sorts of media. Animal sculptor, painter, and, in his way, a chemist he handles his material whether it be bronze, marble onyx or a variety of other stones, in a way that enhances its value. He is expert in obtaining new and unexpected effects.

Of Swiss origin Sandoz has lived in Paris, for a great many years. He is a member of the French 'Institut' and President of the 'Societe des Animaliers.' An excellent sculptor, he knows how to model every imaginable type of animal so that an exhibition of his work generally includes hundreds of animals—a complete zoo, as it were, in which lions, leopards, wild boars, apes, squirrels, dogs, foxes, eagles, hawks, owls and, indeed, every species of bird or fish are seen in their natural surroundings or attitudes.

It sometimes happens that the artist has kept a block of granite or quartz which he had found buried in a river bed, until such time that the substance of the stone itself, has given him his inspiration. Very often it will take the form of a fish moving through a wave or a depth of water which is figured by the green tints of the stone itself. The stone, then, has determined the subject by a sort of natural magic, a mysterious transmutation, as it were, so that the material and the figure that emerges are conditioned one by the other.

When Sandoz comes to handle bronze he does so with the scientific and technical knowledge of an expert. After many years of study and re-

search into the nature of the metal and the patina that can be obtained from it he has come to create a variety of colour effects often quite new. Gold and silver, black, malachite-green and a variety of browns obtained by copper alloys and the use of ammoniac and nitrates are all integrated into the nature of the bronze itself. He was one of the very first to exploit all the possibilities of decorative bronze aided in this by his knowledge of a variety of alloys and the nature of certain chemical reactions. In his exhibition 'Fifty Years of Work' held some years ago at the Volney gallery in Paris he filled the big rooms with hundreds of bronzes and sculptures in all sorts of stone together with a great variety of paintings, drawings and illustrations. This immense ensemble of animals, birds and fish showed conclusively that the artist had become a master in the art of colouring and incrustating metal.

In his immense studio Sandoz had, at one time, a great variety of animals and birds in cages and from these models he drew much of his inspiration. Among them was a lion which he had acquired as a cub. In time however, it grew up to be an imposing animal but very soon its weight began to make the cage creak in an ominous way, and when it brought down a paw the studio would rock and shake. This went on for some time, but one day when the beast, to show perhaps his friendly feeling for his master stroked his arm and nearly took off all the skin the artist thought it was about time he should make a present of him to the zoo. Today the studio resounds with the chatter of numerous parakeets

and birds of brilliant plumage and in the garden outside are ponds and enclosures for golden pheasants and rare mandarin ducks.

It is this love of nature in all its variety that has made of Sandoz an incomparable animal sculptor and painter.

The artist has also had his schemes of sculptural grandeur which, because of their proportions and imaginative daring, have never been realised.

Towering up in the big amphitheatre of his studio is an enormous figure over twenty feet high. It is the plaster cast of a gigantic statue destined to be placed in the port at Buenos Aires. The arm which is stretched out horizontally was to have been of gigantic proportions able to support a number of hotels and cafes whilst the enormous pedestal was intended to contain a number of public buildings. This colossal statue was to have been in glass, a sample of which, in the form of a huge block is to be seen at the foot of the figure.

Sandoz is equally well known as a painter and his collection of water-colours is of an astonishing variety. The artist who has travelled throughout the whole of Europe and north Africa, observing the costumes and folklore of all these different countries, has managed to capture their colourful details in hundreds of paintings and sketches executed on the spot.

The most recent exhibition of his work which opened last week at the Volney gallery is an attractive ensemble which is remarkably well presented. The artist, despite his enormous output, in the past, would seem



Sandoz in his studio

not only to have maintained the high level of finish which he has always shown, but in many of the recent bronzes, incrustated with gold and silver and malachite green, he has acquired a mastery which is incontestable.

The art of Sandoz is diametrically opposed to the disintegrated forms of much modern work, and whether it be in bronze, marble or painting it always has a luminous quality and beauty which is certainly refreshing.

"All who are to write start early. I didn't get very much down on paper in the earliest years, when my imagination was probably most active—that's to say, not until I was about perhaps twenty-five. I didn't do it for that very reason, that my imagination was so active that it outpaced my pen. And it wasn't until I began to dictate a bit that I felt I was able even to begin to catch up the gallop of Pegasus. For that reason I did not write much at the time when most poets write."—Lord Dunsany, the writer, speaking in the BBC's "London Calling Asia" programme.

AMERICAN NEGRO POETRY

By S. VIJAYALAKSHMI

THE Negro has a great gift for music and dancing. His culture is rich in folklore. Like the Irishman he is capable of being "merry amid misery and laughing through tears." This spirit of the Negro is fully reflected in the poetry of the American Negro. I must admit, however, that I am treading on delicate ground when I refer to the American Negro, for G. L. Vaughn, an eminent Negro lawyer who had done yeoman service to his community asserts "Biologically speaking there is no Negro group in America, for fully eightyfive percent of the race here is of mixed White and Negro or Indian and Negro blood."

In early Negro literature, a pre-eminent place was given to anti-slavery propaganda. Speeches, pamphlets, poems and all other forms of literature were used as instruments to rouse public opinion against slavery. When Frederick Douglass was asked to be the orator of the day on July 4, 1852, when the citizens of New York held their Independence Day celebration, he began thus: "Fellow-citizens, pardon me, allow me to ask, why am I called upon to speak here to-day? What have I, or those I represent, to do with your National Independence? Are the great principles of political freedom and of natural justice, embodied in that Declaration of Independence extended to us? . . . What to the American slave is your Fourth of July? I answer: a day that reveals to him, more than all other days in the year, the gross injustice and cruelty of which he is the constant victim."

The constant refrain of their song was,

*O Freedom, O Freedom, O Freedom
over me!*

*Before I'll be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord
And be free.*

Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) was the first great Negro poet to "feel Negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically". He worked as a lift operator but wrote many a lyric between trips. He was acclaimed by all Americans to be a poet of great ability. His poem "We wear the Mask" is poignant in its appeal and reveals his love and sympathy for his people.

*With torn and bleeding hearts we
smile
We smile, but, O great Christ, our
cries
To thee from tortured souls arise.
But the world dream otherwise
We wear the mark.*

When the Negro was finally emancipated he was thrust into a new economic environment without preparation to meet it. "Ignorant, penniless, well-nigh helpless" says Vaughn "the Negro found himself face to face with responsibilities little dreamed of before. But he did not falter under these almost superhuman burdens. Accustomed to work, he soon set himself to his task. How well he has succeeded is shown by the splendid advancement he has made. The story reads almost like a tale from the Arabian Nights. From paupers to taxpayers on millions of property holdings, from 98% illiterate to 80% literate, from a fence corner to live to a mansion—these tell the story in such eloquent terms that mere words of praise are idle."

But immediately after World War I when they were told "Pull off your

uniform, find the place you had before the war, and stay in it—"Act like a Negro should act, work like a Negro should work, talk like a Negro should talk, study like a Negro should study. Dismiss all ideas of independency or of being lifted up to the plane of the white man," a sense of disillusionment overtook them. When later there were attacks on Negro life and property, they struck back violently. The Negro poets had to keep alive their spirit of protest and challenge. Claude McKay's poem "If We Must Die" became their war song. For its patriotic appeal and bold power this poem ranks among the best in the world.

If We Must Die, let it not be like hogs

Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,

If we must die, let us nobly die, O kinsmen!

Though far outnumbered let us show ourselves brave

What though before us lies the open grave."

Racial pride was stimulated by extolling black beauty.

Crisp and curly hair has he

Eyes that twinkle devilishly

Tall and slender, supple, lithe,

Cheerful, carefree, handsome, blithe;

Rippling muscles, agile feet,

Success to him without alloy

Success and honour, sleek, black boy.

And, in "No Images"

She does not know

Her beauty

She thinks her brown body

Has no glory

If she could dance

Naked

Under palm trees

And see her image in the river

She would know

But there are no palm trees

On the street

And dish water gives no images.

If the Negro poet seems to concentrate upon protest poetry, it is

because, in the words of Du Bois another great Negro leader "The Negroes must perpetually discuss the Negro problem—must live, move, and have their being in it, and interpret all else in its light or darkness." The attitude of the present-day Negro poet, the New Negro as he is called, has undergone a complete change. He does not try to excuse himself for the way he has been treated. The fundamental change in his outlook is finely illustrated in the poem "I Am Alone."

*Not as an individual only, but
the symbol of an entire race*

*I must hold my head higher
and walk straighter*

*And think clearer and speak
truer in my words,*

*For the weight is heavy on my
shoulders*

And I cannot ignore it.

The larger social and economic problems engage the new poet's attention. Some of them tend to identify themselves with all down-trodden, as Langston Hughes in "Let America be America Again."

*I am the poor white, fooled
and pushed apart,*

*I am the Negro bearing
slavery's scars,*

*I am the red man driven from
land,*

*I am the immigrant clutching
the hope I seek.*

*And find the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush
on the weak.*

Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Frank Marshall Davis and Waring Cuney, to mention only a few of these modern Negro poets, have made a substantial contribution to American literature. Their poetry is marked by hope and faith in their future.

We have tomorrow

Bright before us

Like a flame.

(Continued on page 37)

New Books

ADVENTURE ON TWO PLANES

Leopard In My Lap. By Michaela Denis. W. H. Allen, London. 16s.

A FEW years ago, Michaela was fashion-designing in New York, and saving money to go on possible future trips to the places she had all her life wanted to see. Life in New York was unsatisfying, and the empty social round began to accent her frustration, when, one evening at a party, she was introduced to Armand Denis, the explorer. Armand was tall and majestic, and "in less than a minute after meeting him, I knew that I was in love; but I had not the slightest idea as to what he thought of me." Armand did not let her know what he thought of her either. When, later, they motored up to the South American town Potosi—the highest town in the world—on a holiday together, Armand continued to be apparently as devoid of all feeling as when she first met him. Nor did he speak much even on this journey by themselves, just a sentence or two in an hour or two; and she! she was desperately in love with him.

When they neared Potosi, the mountain-road became too snow-bound for them to be able to drive any farther; and they had to settle down for the night where they were. Michaela slept in the car, and Armand joined one of his men in a truck behind. Sometime during the night, an insistent tapping on the car window woke Michaela. Half-asleep, she saw that it was four in the morning by her watch. When she drowsily wound the window down, she found Armand, muffled to the neck against the cold and his face as expressionless as before, saying:

"Won't you consider a proposal of marriage?"

She could not grasp the meaning of the words in her bemused state, and winding the window up, she went to sleep again without saying a word in answer. At 4-30 Armand returned, and tapping on the window, repeated his question. Sleep still held her under the surface of full consciousness and he got no more sense out of her than on the first occasion. At five they repeated the performance for the second time. When, finally, she awoke at 7.30, she thought she had been dreaming. Armand said nothing to her as usual, and she was certain now that the whole preposterous comedy was only a dream.

They took rooms in a hotel when they reached Potosi, and after lunch, there was a knock on her door. She opened it and there stood Armand; the following conversation occurred:

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Ready for what?" I said.

"You must have forgotten. We have a date. We are getting married today, remember?"

"No," I said, out of sheer surprise, meaning yes.

"Yes!" said Armand for me.

Thus did Michaela get her man.

And what kind of person is her man? This irresistible Armand? A man of many interests, he was a Belgian who had fought in the First World War, and escaping from internment in Holland, had made his way to England and read chemistry for his B.A., at Oxford. Going to the U. S. on a research fellowship, he became an expert in radio and electronics, and was absorbed by the Kodak Company's research department. Armand had always had a restless desire for travel and the study of nature, especially animals. He had found the camera to be the

instrument through which he could express himself, and his first film with Bali as its setting was successful in America and convinced him that he had found his true metier. He had followed it up with other films from Malaya, Ceylon, Sumatra, Burma, Nepal and the Belgian Congo.

And what is their team like? An almost complete identity of interests, values, attitudes and loves has made them not merely a happy couple, but a perfect working team of naturalists who specialise in recording unspoilt (what we call 'wild and uncivilized') animal and human life all over the world. They share a zest for adventure, an easy disregard of creature comforts, a highly moral and relevant contempt for the false though glittering 'values' of civilization, a superb courage which at no time errs into foolhardiness, and the supreme gift of all—an angelic compassion. We have called that gift 'compassion' because no word is adequate—but we might as well have called it purity or fusion. For in the ecstatic merging of body and mind which Michaela experiences in Africa and elsewhere with all life, human and animal, is exhibited not only that sympathy for life which is a less infrequent virtue, but that rarer capacity to fuse emotionally with the life-force informing all creation.

They came quickly to the end of the road of their South American journey, since they had got married and since Armand had enough material for two films "Wheels across the Andes" and "Mystery of the Incas"; and without debate or hesitation, the two of them decided that Africa was going to be Michaela's next dream come true.

Armand had been in Africa previously, but not his wife. Her chance came with Armand being offered the job of technical adviser on *King Solomon's Mines*. Michaela herself was taken on by M. G. M. as Deborah Kerr's double, and very soon they flew to Nairobi. The film called for

a great ceremonial dance, and for three days, hundreds of "magnificent men and women of the Masai, Kikuyu and Wakamba tribes abandoned themselves to dances that seemed to transcend the body and become entrancing evolutions of the spirit." One day, as Michaela was sitting among some Masai women, picking up their language, they motioned to her to join them in the Ngoma, which, in Swahili, means the Great Dance.

Thud, thud, thud, the drums beat into the brain, banishing all rational thought. A column of dust rises from the hundreds of pounding feet. A state of ecstasy is reached where the dance becomes the sole object of existence. I had heard much of the mystical experiences that come from magical practices, and now I understood. Africa was yielding up to me one of the ancient secrets of its people, and in the frenzy of the dance I became one with them.

I took over a drum, and while beating it I underwent a new emotional experience. A strange compelling power seems to issue from the primitive instrument; one feels that one is controlling the souls of the dancers.

The Africans were delighted that a white woman should dance with them. When the dance was over they lined up in hundreds to shake my hand. From that moment these people became my friends, and I knew that I should never feel strange and apart from Africans as long as I lived.

From that point, there was no looking back on the process of fusion with the Dark Continent. The turn her life took with her marriage to Armand had led to this magnificent highway of unceasing adventure and self-fulfilment. Months later, the crowning privilege was granted to her: she was asked to take part in the Sorceress Dance, the first white woman to do so. "I am an initiate. I am under oath. I cannot be explicit even about the territory, but it is somewhere in Central Africa." This was a ceremony which even African men never gained entrance to, and the astonishment of her own

African boy at the honour done to his mistress by the Maganga (good witch-doctor) was greater than her own.

The esoteric rites and dancing lasted throughout the night, and when in the morning, she was about to go back to the camp, the Maganga said to her: "You are always one of us. There are many people in the world, but there are only a few who are of us. We have given you special power and special strength. You will not be bad with that power because you will never misuse it." And this is Michaela's summing-up of the night's experience and their effects:

Several years have passed since this tremendous experience . . . Some times I am conscious of the power of which she spoke—generally in moments of crisis when it gives me calmness and strength . . . The power draws animals to me by banishing all my fears in their presence . . . The power ensures that I shall accomplish my mission in life, whatever form it may take in future years. It has drawn to Armand and me a circle of friends all over the world who seek for something higher than the selfish material values which have done so much to choke the natural idealism of people.

It may seem ridiculous to many that initiation with a group of African women can have any special significance; but from it I have drawn proof of a transcendent reality behind the harsh and contemptuous face of the world . . . their faith and approach to the power, and finally, their acquisition of it, is part of a universal striving towards comprehending life in all its beauty and truth. They are one in spirit with the most noble and enlightened men and women who ever lived.

We have spent sometime on this because it was Michaela's most vital experience in Africa, and because it totally banishes all those lurking questions about the African needing education and guidance from other races and countries, which, we confess, we entertained till we read this

book. Looking at him and his country through Michaela's eyes, we are gratified. The call to give Africa back to the African acquires irresistible force. There is no doubt that Christian civilization, in its missionary or secular impact on Africa, has brought much more misery and unhappiness to that country than their opposites. Michaela can hardly contain her anger at the havoc that Christian missionaries work among God's primitive, innocent and undefended communities. To give just one example of it from among many in the book:

As we returned to the mainland from Yule island, we drove from Port Moresby to a fishing village, built entirely on stilts. But its Papuan inhabitants were dressed in a sordid mixture of European odds and ends—dirty white ducks, old vests, yellowish blouses. I asked why. The reply was that the missionaries here had forbid-

(Continued from page 34)

*Yesterday a night-gone thing
A Sun-down name.*

Their poetry is simple and direct. They want "no racial consideration to bolster up their reputation". Indeed many of their poems are characterised by "a full throated lyricism" equalled only by the best English poets.

Langston Hughes says "America was never America to me, yet I swear America will be" and this deep conviction that the American people would in the long run allow the Negro to acquire the responsibilities and privileges of full American citizenship is shared by many of the new poets. Against all odds, the Negro has managed to retain his simple and abiding faith in God.

*"That is why he can sing where
others are silent,
Why he laughs where others might
sigh
Why he smiles where others curse,
Why he lives while others die."*

den the people to dance or wear their decorative costumes or even flowers in their hair. Their ancient native songs were banned.

To some Papuans, who understood a little English, I made a speech, saying as they crowded round me:

"These people who tell you that you must not dance or sing are working for the devil and are sent by the devil. They are wicked people pretending to be good . . ."

We have been till now, and ignorantly, rather casual about what Christian missionaries do among India's tribal people. Michaela has made us a firm believer in the complete prohibition of missionary work amongst our tribes. It occurs to us with urgency that we must save our tribes before it is too late. A like urgency is frequently to be felt in this book. Michaela cries out to the White races: For God's sake, leave Africa alone!

About the sexual ethics of the Chimbu tribe in New Guinea, Michaela says:

"Young Chimbu girls are very free; freer than the girls in many African communities I have visited. Until they are married, or promised in marriage, they do no work and can 'sing-sing' with any of the men, and if they so desire, indulge in sexual relations."

It is clear that 'civilization' is moving slowly towards such an ethos in sex. The double standard which men imposed on women for so long because they had the economic whip-hand of them, is breaking down with the increasing economic self-dependence of women, and when this process makes greater headway, the discrimination against women will have no leg, ethical or economic, to stand on. Then, very likely, civilization will look to the Chimbis for a lesson or two.

We hope we haven't given you the impression that apart from the account of the courtship of Michaela by Armand, *Leopard in my Lap* is heavy reading. Far from it. Both

Michaela and her husband have humour in abundance, as when Armand finds her in a pit dug to trap rogue elephants. She had fallen into it the previous evening, and had to spend the night in it. When, the next morning, her husband finds her, he says, "You're up early, aren't you?" This sort of cheer in the face of discomfort and danger keeps effervescing throughout the book, and makes it extremely readable even for those who are uninterested in anything but the surface of adventure.

A comparison with Jim Corbett cannot be avoided. Corbett was also a lover of wild life, and liked the hill people of the Kumaon hills, but there is of course no self-awareness in his approach. Finally, Corbett makes us just fall in love with tigers, that's all. But Michaela communicates an emotional sense of kinship with all life on this planet, underlining our already-held intellectual sense of it. We know that life is one, and ought to be felt as one; but *Leopard in my Lap* transmits this sense to us through an emotional medium. True, not a high-powered transmission, yet valuable to us because it is the first case of its kind we have come across.

M. P. BHASKARAN

In a good social system, every man will be at once a hero, a common man, and a cog, to the greatest possible extent, though if he is any one of these in an exceptional degree his other two roles may be diminished. Qua hero a man should have the opportunity of initiative; qua common man, he should have security; qua cog, he should be useful. A nation cannot achieve great excellence by any one of these alone. In Poland before the partition, all were heroes (at least all nobles); the Middle West is the home of the common man; and in Russia everyone outside the Politburo is a cog. No one of these three is quite satisfactory.—Bertrand Russell.

Short Story

By V. K. Subramaniam

THE SIN

I felt small and angry at my brother's magnanimity. I did not realise that my sin could not be washed away by another's penance.

"DON'T come near me, friends. don't come near me, I am tainted with sin".

"Mendicant, your body is smeared with ashes, and your matted hair is uncared for. You wear saffron clothes and carry the beggar's bowl. You look to be a learned saint. We want to bow down before you and worship your feet".

"Desist, I tell you, my friends, desist from bowing before a criminal and a cheat".

"Holy man, we do not understand your words. We do not see how you could be associated with sin and crime".

"Sit down before me, O foolish people! and hear my story. Then you will pelt me with stones, beat up my body, make it bleed, purge it of its sinful blood. I'll bear it all . . ."

"Tell us, mendicant, tell us your story. We are eager to listen".

I was born in a forest hermitage, amidst thick groves of trees, where during night, spotted tigers prowl in the dark and the jackal's howl is like the wail of the living for the dead.

I had a brother—so spotlessly handsome in appearance, so austere in his habits, so pure in his thoughts that a strange lustre always flashed upon his face—a lustre which always used to make me green with jealousy. While I bathed in the forest pond hidden by the *guava* groves, I used to look into the water at my face and wonder what was it that I lacked and my brother had. My brother and I lived in our hermitage with our aged father who spent most of his time in

meditation. We learnt the Vedas together and used to chant the hymns together both as the crimson sun rose in the east and while it set in the west, leaving the lonely forest to darkness which enveloped it like a shroud.

One day, while we three, father, brother and I, sat discussing the Upanishads, we noticed a messenger on horseback hurry to the hermitage. He knelt before us and said "Learned Rishis! The king is performing certain sacred rites on the day that dawns after tomorrow. He wants you to preside over the ceremonies and conduct them to his satisfaction. Other Rishis have gathered from the neighbouring places, but the king requests you to preside over them all, for there are none so learned like you."

Our father looked at us and said, "Sons, I am too aged to undertake a journey to the king's capital. You two are well-versed in the Vedic rites. You go and conduct the ceremonies for the king."

My brother and myself said in one voice "We shall, father". Our father then addressed the messenger: "Tell the king that my sons will come and fulfil the duties requested to be performed by the king". The messenger rendered obeisance and went away.

We were happy that we were going to the royal capital to perform Vedic rites. This was the first time we were entrusted with the duties and we eagerly looked forward to the honour which the king would bestow on us.

That evening, after our evening prayers, my brother and I separated for a while, he to collect certain herbs, while I, lost in dreamy thoughts, returned to the hermitage. As I neared the hut, I suddenly found something moving about in front of the hermitage. In the light of the stars, I could see the skin of a tiger. In a desperate desire to save my life, I hurled the iron axe I had at it with all the force at my command. I heard a scream and thinking that the tiger might pursue me, I began to retreat, when suddenly the scream sounded familiar. It was my father's voice! I rushed and found that it was my father, wearing the tiger's skin and moving in front of the home where I had hurled the fatal weapon.

I did not know what to do. The whole world reeled round my feet. I took his aged head in my arm and found that life had parted from the rusty body frame. Remorse and shame filled me. Over them all, fear!—fear of what the world would think, if it knew of my fatal mistake. I had killed my own father, by mistake! How could I bear the abuse which everybody would hurl at me? How would I go to the king's capital and perform his religious rites? I was sunk in despair and gloom, when my brother came.

"What is it, brother, why are you sitting in the dark? Why don't you go to sleep?" he asked.

"Brother—" I broke down.

He saw his father's body prostrate, bleeding white. I told him all. Tears trickled down his cheeks and he said nothing for a long while.

Then he spoke: "Listen, my brother. You have committed this sin only by mistake. Any sin can be expiated by repentance and penance. We cannot fail the king. One of us will have to go and perform his religious rites". I heard my brother's words and imagined myself doing hard penance, while my brother would go to the capital, perform the

rites and get all honours from the king and the assembly. I grew mad with jealousy. I shouted: "Brother, you can't go to the king's assembly. You don't know the rites as I do."

"Yes, brother, I don't know the rites as you do. Hence it is better that you go to the king's capital. I shall do penance for your sake and your sin shall be washed away." My brother said this and embraced me.

I felt small and angry at my brother's magnanimity. I did not realise that my sin could not be washed away by another's penance. I was blind with the desire for honour and riches and fame. I went to the king's assembly and performed the rites, while, all the while, my mind was clouded with my guilt and thoughts about my brother. The ceremonies lasted a fortnight and when they were going to be over and I was sitting in the assembly above all the priests, with the king by my side, my brother came, a strange lustre shining on his face. I looked up at him and he smiled. It was evident that he had performed the penance. My jealous, brooding heart, weighed down by cowardice and fear and greed, could not brook this lustre on my brother's face. I wanted to sling mud at it. I became mad and stood up in the midst of that august assembly and shouted: "Turn out this man. He is a sinner. He has killed his father and has not performed any expiating penance."

Everyone stood aghast for a moment. My lie was taken as truth and they turned my brother out of that assembly like a dog, with beatings and blows. My brother did not speak a word against me, but looked pleadingly at me. I turned my sinful face away. I have not met him again. This is my sinful story, friends. Has any one met my brother? His name is Aravasu. My sinful name—don't say it, lest you be defiled—is Paravasu, Paravasu!

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CAN FRANCE SURVIVE WITHOUT AN EMPIRE?

With her colonies gone, France would lose trade, resources, a big fighting force and, most serious, French prestige—but is an empire an advantage in world politics today?

By GEORGE SLOCOMBE

GREAT Britain has survived the granting of independence to her former possessions in India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon. Holland has managed to live in prosperity without the rich East Indies. Can France live without an empire? The question is now being asked by French political economists.

France's career as an empire-builder is less than a century old, if Algeria, strictly considered as a part of France, and a few islands in the West Indies and in the Indian ocean are excluded. French imperialism began as a policy after the defeat of France in the war with Germany of 1870-71, and it was cynically encouraged by Bismarck in the hope that French ambitions would no longer lie across Germany's own imperialistic path in Europe.

And now, after Bismarck and the imperial Germany of his creation are themselves only a memory, the French empire is crumbling. The greater part of Indo-China has been lost, and even the southern remnant of it is expected to be swallowed up by the Viet Minh. The little kingdom of Cambodia, ancient seat of the wonderful Khmer civilisation and the temples of Angkor, claims independence. In the Near East, Tunisia has won autonomy and soon may claim complete independence. Morocco, after two years of unrest since the French Government de-throned Mohammed Ben Youssef, has welcomed the return of the exiled sultan but has not seen the restoration of peace and order. The sultan

appears to find it difficult to curb the passions of the nationalists who fought for his return, and the delay in negotiation of the new relationship between France and an independent Morocco—independent but inter-dependent, in the sultan's own phrasing—contributes to the atmosphere of suspicion which has replaced the friendlier feelings shown by both sides when Mohammed Ben Youssef stepped out of a French plane and re-entered his palace at Rabat.

But most serious of all the troubles within France's overseas territories is the present situation in Algeria, the richest of all French possessions, strategically and economically. Since the wave of Arab nationalism broke over Algeria, encouraged by local poverty and unemployment, and urged on by the Communist radio in Budapest and the propaganda from Cairo, a movement hostile to France and its civilizing influence has developed in North Africa.

Paris Directs Empire Economy

In the barren, rugged Aures mountains several thousand French paratroopers are engaged in difficult guerrilla warfare with armed rebels who have crossed the border from Tunisia. Martial law has existed for many months past in this and other regions of Algeria, and the situation was judged unfavourable in January for the participation of the three Algerian departments in the French general elections held on January 2. At the moment, and for the first time during the present century, Algeria

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ALL OVER ANDHRA

is unrepresented in the National Assembly in Paris.

What happens in Algeria must eventually influence events in the vast French territories in Central and West Africa, to which the communications by road and air begin in Algiers. For more than 2,000 years, since the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon, the cities of the North African coast have been mysteriously connected with the tribal villages across the Sudan desert, down to the sources of the Nile, and the territories of the Congo and Niger rivers in the darkest heart of Africa. Until now France's secure possession of Algeria and Morocco has given her direct land access to the manpower and the material resources of considerable value in Equatorial and West Africa, the Cameroons, Dahomey and Senegal. The large port and airfields of Dakar, as was abundantly shown during World War II, are vital strategic links in the communications between Europe and South America.

During two wars Senegal, Algeria and Morocco have furnished fighting troops and labour battalions for the French armies.

Like the other units in the French empire, French Africa is practically a closed economy directed from Paris. Although the prices of French-manufactured imports are higher than those of other competitors, the operations of the French Currency Control make it difficult for would-be purchasers of U. S. cars and trucks, and Canadian wheat flour—offered at almost half the price of French flour—to obtain delivery. Native administrations as well as civilians, European or native, are forced to buy the higher priced commodity, as was explained in a report some months ago to the Assembly of the French Union. Similarly French shipping companies, with higher passenger and freight rates than those of rival lines, have a practical monopoly of transport between the ports of French Africa and France.

Sound France May Rally

Even after the loss of Indo-China, France still possesses a privileged market in North and Central Africa, and in her smaller colonies in the West Indies, the Pacific and Indian oceans. The loss of this market to France would be a serious blow to her commerce and industry. Gen. Bethouard, who represents the French settlers in Morocco in the Senate, has warned that the loss of North Africa alone would lead to serious unemployment in France.

But the loss in trade is not the most important. In her African territories, France now controls valuable supplies of vital minerals—iron and copper, bauxite, nickel, lead, zinc, cobalt and manganese, and probably also uranium. Some of these metals do not exist in metropolitan France, and if French industry were deprived of access to them in the present favourable conditions, French manufacturers would suffer.

Between the two world wars the Mediterranean was, politically and strategically, an enormous inland lake largely controlled thanks to the French Entente Cordiale with Britain by France. On the east were the French-mandated territories of Syria and Lebanon, with one of the two pipelines from the oil of Iraq. On the south were Egypt (nominally under British protection but with predominantly French commercial interests), the Italian protectorates of Libya and Tripolitania and the great French-controlled territories of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco.

Since World War II Syria and Lebanon have declared their independence. The French, like the British, have no longer any dominant influence in Egypt, although for some years longer they will continue to share control of the Suez Canal. Italy is no more a power in North Africa. France sees the approaching end of her protectorates in Tunisia and Morocco, and is preparing to fight

bitterly to retain Algeria, the province conquered, at least partially, in 1830, and now the home of nearly a million Frenchmen, one-tenth of the population.

The most serious blow to France would be the loss of French prestige. Without French Indo-China and French Africa, France could no longer claim to be a world power. Her capital investments in colonial mines, railways, hydro-electric dams, roads and transport, hospitals and shipping amount to thousands of billions of francs. If the empire goes, a large part of this capital must be written off as a dead loss.

But the picture is not so alarming as it would seem at first sight. Even after her defeat by Germany in 1871, and before she had entered Tunisia and Morocco, and conquered Indo-China, France was a rich and prosperous country, rich enough to pay off in two years the 7,000,000,000 in

gold francs imposed as an indemnity by victorious Germany. France is still a highly developed industrial and agricultural State, and in the development of atomic energy comes second in Europe.

At the moment her overseas territories—in North Africa and until recently in Indo-China—are rather a drain on her wealth and manpower than a contribution to them. Within a few years, she may argue philosophically, Indo-China and North Africa would have become industrialized and competitive States in their turn, as is the destiny of all colonies. In modern times empires are a moral and sentimental element in world politics. If the imperialist State is sound at the core, and has not degenerated morally and physically like the ancient Romans, it can survive the breakup of its colonial empire. Morally, it may even come rejuvenated out of the crisis.—NNF

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SWATANTRAM

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LITERATURE AND ART.)

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FILMS

By **V. P. SATHE**

SOHRAB MODI, the winner of the President's Gold Medal for producing the best picture of 1954, viz. *Mirza Ghalib* was felicitated last week in Bombay at two functions held in his honour. On Monday 19th March 1956, the Film Journalists Association honoured him at a small party held at Eros Restaurant. Shri S. K. Patil presided over the function.

also revealed that the Guild had suggested to Dr. Keskar that apart from the 'gold medal' the producer should be given substantial encouragement by way of refunding the entertainment tax. And if this was not feasible, the winner should be given cash prizes varying from a lakh of rupees to three lakhs.

Both Shantaram and Kishore Sahu, the President of IMPPA, however welcomed this token recognition and encouragement from the Government. Shri Vasan, the President of the Film Federation, also spoke on the occasion and recalled the fact that he had been a great admirer of Sohrab Modi and had seen *Pukar* five times.

Press conference did he tackle the two most significant problems vis-a-vis Hollywood and India. To the question why America did not exhibit Indian films he gave the evasive reply that in America there was no ban on foreign films and the foreign pictures were shown purely on merit. When his attention was drawn to J. Arthur Rank's charge that British films did not get entry into United States contained in a protest advertisement published in the *New York Times*, he accused the Rank organisation of carrying on a lying, unfair, erroneous propaganda.

While at the Federation dinner he said that only two pictures were banned by the code in U. S. A., he did not elaborate on the fact that 48 American pictures were banned in India only last year and that the cuts had gone up by 1000 per cent during the last four years and that too because Hollywood films reeked with sex, violence and crime.

Eric Johnston is a good orator as was evident from his speeches; but at the Press conference he evinced signs of irritation when awkward questions like the one about British films was asked of him. As far as the Indian film industry is concerned his visit is not likely to be of any significance. For, from his talks it was obvious that he would do nothing to ensure the entry of Indian films in U.S.A.

As a veteran producer said, Eric Johnson is a good diplomat. He talks of peace and politics with film people and he would discuss films, of course Hollywood films and the problems they face in India, with Pandit Nehru and Dr. Keskar.

Picture of the week

Roop Nagar and's second production *Fifty Fifty* is designed to woo the box-office and it must be conceded at once that the effort has been fairly successful.

The story itself revolves round the mistaken identity of a loafer and because of his resemblance is 'his

taken' for a long lost heir to a rich estate.

The pretender behaves like a good boy and falls in love with the heir's childhood mate. His conscience pricks him and he wants to confess the truth to his beloved. But before he can summon up the courage the real heir arrives on the scene and the girl discovers the truth.

The story though not novel is engrossing and it is enlivened by the antics of Gope, Sunder and Om Prakash. But for one sequence, it is a pity that the scenarist could not use these comedians for the main plot. As a result, the comic interludes appear superfluous and unconnected with the central plot.

Photography by Ramchandra is good. Rajan makes a dashing hero. Nalini is rather colourless as heroine. David makes a perfect villain while Jeevan plays the blackmailer. Lyrics by Rajendra Krishna, music by Madan Mohan and crisp dialogue by Agha Jani Kashmiri further enliven the film, which offers a pleasant pastime without taxing or boring you.

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So universal is the esteem in which he is held that it is doubtful whether even Pandit Nehru will succeed in replacing him with Moulana Azad as some newspapers have been crediting him with an intention of doing. It is therefore quite deplorable that individuals with never a chance of becoming President should indulge in belittlement of the President's work as though their own low conceit of the post was the one thing standing in the way of their occupying it. Sri Ram Manohar Lohia did the right and proper thing in protesting against Moulana Azad's fling at the President. The Prime Minister should exact from his "deputy" a more becoming attitude towards the Head of the State.

SAKA

