

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Mr. Sri Prakasa, Governor and Mr. Kamaraj Nadar, Chief Minister who took part in the sports organised as part of the Second Annual Day celebrations of the Legislators' Hostel, Madras on April 1.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI.

APRIL 7 SATURDAY 1956

No. 10

DISCREDIT TO BRITAIN AND U. S.

THE Prime Minister of Pakistan, in his retaliatory speech against Pandit Nehru on Kashmir, referred again and again to the point that Pakistan was ever ready to refer the dispute to arbitration whereas India was ever opposed to any such reference. He played up this point as though it were a trump card against which the adversary could show nothing of comparable value. He argued that Pakistan's readiness to refer the dispute to arbitration was itself an indication that Pakistan was conscious of a sound case that would commend itself to any impartial judge; and that India's contrary attitude proved the weakness of India's case. To a certain extent Pakistan's Prime Minister has succeeded in his endeavour. For his speech has been followed by denunciation of the Indian attitude in the foreign Press. British and American newspapers have failed to grasp the real worthlessness of Pakistan's apparent magnanimity over the arbitration proposal. A party that has nothing to lose has nothing to fear from arbitration. Kashmir is legally and constitutionally part of India and outside the domain of Pakistan. A change for the worse is therefore scarcely conceivable from the standpoint of Pakistan as a result of arbitration. Conscious of the impossibility of a change for the worse, Pakistan hopes for an improvement in her present position, and it is this hope that is reflected in Pakistan's continual insistence on arbitration. India is not on a par

with Pakistan in this respect. India is not in the position of having nothing to lose by an adverse decision of the arbitrator, as Pakistan is.

Another difficulty that foreigners have in comprehending the reality of the situation in Kashmir lies in the composition of the population. The partition of India was effected on the basis of religion. (Congress leaders in India did not accept the two-nation theory but had to yield to it.) Contiguous areas under direct British control with a majority of Muslims in the population were formed into East and West Pakistan. In the case of the States under the rule of the Princes, the Rulers could opt either into Pakistan or India. If Pakistan had had a little patience, the vast Muslim population of Kashmir might have prevailed upon the Ruler to accede to Pakistan. But the Pak leaders were impatient and unimaginative and they brought about an invasion of Kashmir by marauding tribes with bloodshed, loot and rapine. The terror of that invasion produced a revulsion against Pakistan in the minds of the people of Kashmir and it enabled the Ruler to accede to India. Prime Minister Nehru got the opportunity in this way to rush on the scene as the saviour of Kashmir from the devastations of blood-thirsty Pak-aided tribal invaders.

In the light of this recent history, present talk of concern for the freedom and liberties of the people of Kashmir sound hollow and hypocritical on the lips of President Mirza

and Prime Minister Mahomed Ali. In respect of Kashmir India owes no duty to Pakistan which had shown no compunction to let loose fire and rapine and the unbridled horrors of rapacious tribal onslaughts on the country.

The dispute between India and Pakistan over Kashmir has been complicated by the intervention of the Western powers in aid of Pakistan. It seems to be the American delusion that military aid to Pakistan is to be utilised solely as protection against prospective Communist aggression. If Communist aggression ever reaches the stage of requiring to be stemmed, the most effective force that can be put in the field against it is the sustaining strength of democratic power. It has to be realised that India is the outstanding bulwark of democratic forces in Asia. When the Western powers dwell on the mass exodus from East to West Berlin as proof of the attractive democratic setting of the federal German republic at Bonn, let them

reflect also a little on the significance of the refugees running into hundreds of thousands continually fleeing into West Bengal abandoning their homes in East Pakistan. It is not creditable to the statesmanship of Britain and the U. S. A. that they should seek to strengthen in Asia the same sort of power guilty of much the same oppression resulting in the continual mass exodus of persecuted victims, against which they are never tired of raising their voice in righteous wrath when it is manifested in Europe.

Fanatic fires of hatred and communal persecution not less destructive of human welfare than the worst ever levelled by Western propagandists against Communist strategists are being roused under the auspices of the Islamic republic of Pakistan, and in encouraging with various sorts of aid a power of this calibre, Anglo-American foreign policy is disrupting democracy in Asia and undermining the prospects of peace in this part of the world.

Sotto Voce

"INDO-EUROPEAN" MEDICINE



WE had in Madras a Minister of Public Health who was himself a medical man. Dr. Rajan so successfully waged war against the Indian systems of medicine that not even the most rabid of the old European I. M. S. breed who regarded everything Indian as barbarous till the Raja of Panagal came along and put them in their place, could have hoped

for better results. One remembers that it was the Indian L. M. P's and M.B's of an earlier day who went about denouncing the "Caste system" of the I. M. S. Their simultaneous crusade against the indigenous systems merely showed that they really did not quarrel with caste but only wanted *their* caste to be recognised as the highest.

The Indian allopaths of today, at least such of them as are high in the counsels of our Congress Sircar, are not merely for casteism. They want nothing less than medical *apertheid*. One cannot but be amazed by the quiet assurance with which a man comes forth to champion the "scientific" Western system against all others comprehensively dubbed "Quackery" on the strength of vague recollections of having marked time in a poorly equipped and badly taught medical school forty odd years ago. Such science as there may be in the system rarely came within the ken of the routine mugger-up for a diploma. The vast majority who have spent their lives peddling potions or filling up forms have not the remotest idea of what is happening to that science of which they speak with so proudly proprietorial an air.

When Mr. Purushothamdas Tandon says that he disagrees with the theory of germs formulated by Pasteur he is at least making a specific demurrer. Western medicine existed before Pasteur and his theory of germs. And even today there are quite a number of medical men in Europe who would cordially vote with Mr. Tandon against Pasteur. But when Mr. Shetty contemptuously dismisses Ayurveda with the remark that it is nothing but a few old books written some centuries ago he displays not concern for science but a closed mind. He does not question this or that supposition or theory on which Charaka and Vagbhata worked, but he throws in their teeth the fact that they wrote a thousand years ago. If they did discover a few things and these have not been superseded by later discoveries, are we to sniff at them because they are not as new as today's patent medicine?

Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, who knows no more of medicine, whether of the East or of the West than any other layman does, is equally certain that

science is everything, and that while Allopathy is Science Ayurveda is not. So she has no hesitation in tendering advice—mark the word!—to the protagonists of Ayurveda. "You are living in a dynamic world," she tells them. "If you will all become qualified practitioners of modern medicine and then devote two years to a post-graduate course on Ayurveda, you will enrich modern medicine." And she pathetically sighs, "My advice is not heeded." The ingrates!

But was not the Rajkumari rather hasty in assuming that modern medicine would be "enriched" by this contact with Ayurveda however remote and at second hand? How could the touch of any unscientific system be other than pollution? Allopathy has no doubt not disdained in the past to take a few things from the "quacks" who discovered digitalis, *rawolfia serpentina*, and so on and so forth. But the medical scientist will snub the *vaid* or *hakim*, who presumes to put forward any claims on this account, by saying, "But you didn't find the active principle by careful analysis. You just blundered into it!"

Be that as it may, why should the *vaid* be anxious to enrich Allopathy, as the Rajkumari innocently assumes he must be. And, however humble he may be, how can he bring himself to suppose that he can do so only by forswearing the faith in which he was brought up? For the faith in Ayurveda has for numberless generations been in his blood along with the faith in the *Sanatana Dharma* of which it is a part. If a two-year post-graduate course in Ayurveda can, in the Minister's view, be of some real use why should it not be made compulsory for every medical graduate? Why should it be

(Continued on page 47)

SIDELIGHTS ::

A fortnight ago I saw a Telugu film, *Edi Nijamu*, (Which is the Truth?) directed by Sri S. Balachander. Apart from the thrilling content of the picture and the consummate skill of its leading artistes, the underlying purpose of the story was very impressive. The picture takes its rank with *Pedda Manushulu* as an achievement in the dramatisation of some of the horrors of contemporary life masked from public view by the influence of power. It is the story of a poor man sentenced for a crime he did not commit as a result of the deliberate perjury of false witnesses in court. The remarkable thing in the psychological reaction of the spectators to the progress of the story was the greater abhorrence evoked in them against the perjurers than against the hidden culprit guilty of the crime itself. This is quite understandable. Even the shedding of blood in the heat and passion of a sudden unpremeditated moment of fear or fury is not so terrible as the systematic plotting of heartless intriguers to get innocent people into trouble. It so happened that in the last general elections one of the Congress candidates for Parliament from Andhra had a rather shady record. For the High Court said of him that he was one of several prosecution witnesses who with animosity against the accused (in a murder case) had done their best in implicating in the alleged commission of the crime the accused (who belonged to the opposite faction), even old men of 70, 75 and 85. A protest in SWATANTRA against this selection set in motion forces that resulted in the withdrawal of the Congress ticket from the candidate by the Working Committee. Now this same candidate has been

brought back and manoeuvred into the Legislative Assembly with herculean effort by the present Chief Minister. Sri Gopala Reddi should go and see the film, *Edi Nijamu*.

*

After having voted against the Second Chamber at the time of the formation of the Andhra State, almost the same leaders now want the Chamber back. Evidently they are impressed by the superior opportunities of the executive in Madras to buy opponents and placate favourites. Elections to the Second Chamber are often no elections at all. What happens is that under the guise of an election, the nominees of the man in power of whom quite frequently the public knows next to nothing are promoted straightaway to the legislature. It is a fraud on the normal decencies of the parliamentary system to dignify as members of the sovereign legislatures in the land the beneficiaries of these hole-and-corner arrangements. Our democracy which looks so grand on paper is committed to large chunks of worthlessness because of this process of packing the machinery of government with influentially backed non-entities who could be depended upon to be docile and servile. Incompetence from many fronts thus cuts across the working of our democracy filling with waste and futility its Five Year Plans and most of its imposingly advertised measures and projects. It seems to be almost now the patriot's duty to initiate a movement like Poujade's in France for a halt in further taxation until all the present avenues of corruption, waste, extravagance and inefficiency are properly probed into and safeguarded against.

SAKA.



Marriage customs have hardly changed in India since ancient times. Music, flowers and fine new clothes still play their part in making a wedding an event to look forward to with excitement, and to remember in the years to come.

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NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

RETURN TO THE NATIVE

AN off-shoot of the Ram Rajya cult is the Gram Rajya project. It is no doubt passionately to be desired and worked for and attained for the simple reason that about 82.7% of India lives in 5½ lakhs of villages and we simply daren't let it lag far behind the public sector's progress and advancement. The uplift and betterment of our villages ranks only next to heavy industries among the considerations of the Government. Two hundred and ninety-five million people must be given better food, more decent houses, doctors, employment, adult education and taught hygiene, sanitation and family planning. All that they have now is an unnecessary quantity of fresh air.

But the problem is: who will go to the village and dispense the good things of life to the rustic? Ask the rickshaw puller who migrated to the city only about ten years ago when the land in the village yielded him nothing and he will think up a round half dozen reasons why he will be happier pursuing a hazardous living in the city or town. Indeed he will vulgarly go further and imply that the charms of rustic life have been grossly exaggerated so long. The inducements which keep him in a state of intermittent ecstasy in the crowded, maddening atmosphere of the city are the cinema, the sea (if it is there), more opportunities for material advancement by exploitation of the vulnerable and a rather vague sort of hope that something good may turn up some day. It is inexplicable but undeniably true that there seems to be more hope in the city than in the village. One knows exactly what is around the corner in the village. In the city or large town,

on the other hand, one can hope for something out of the ordinary. Whether all this hope and excitement does either the rickshaw-puller's soul or his nerves any good at all is a question he is happy to answer merely by saying that one has to take the good with the bad, the general idea being that he would prefer to take the bad in the city than in the countryside.

There have been three news-items in the last three weeks which have made one fear that the attainment of Gram Rajya is going to take some doing.

(1) More than a hundred old, educated men of Ahmedabad are planning to adapt to present-day conditions the old idea of *Vanaprastha Ashram*.

(2) The nursing staff of a Poona hospital observed a one-day fast to protest against the Bombay Government's policy of a two-year village service for all nurses under their Primary Health Unit Scheme started last year.

(3) From Warangal comes the despairing cry of a school teacher who has been unable to find the village to which he had been posted under the Hyderabad Government's Education Expansion Scheme.

Vanaprastha Ashrams are an old Indian "tribal" custom. It is the last of the four Hindu stages. It is the stage of renunciation. It is an admirable idea and the ideal solution for many domestic problems. Even in the present context it does certainly seem wiser to let those of our aged whom we have not accommodated in our committees and cabinets to drift into the forest in search of peace. But whereas in the old days

our elders migrated into the wilderness to spend their last days in self-flagellant meditation and prayer, the modern version contemplated seems to be a kind of community hostel, custom-built, complete with the latest medical facilities, in the midst of trimmed flora and tamed fauna.

The complaint of the nurses was not against village service itself but against the total lack of the most elementary amenities in the villages. No roads, no transport. The Government had suggested bicycles but riding ten miles up and down on kutcha paths every day might in no time at all make the nurse herself a patient. The nurses also wanted suitable accommodation. Perhaps it is very unpatriotic of them to demand these bare necessities but the authorities must understand the age of martyrs in India is just over, the present being the age of the Common Man and common men and women are notoriously selfish and lack the spirit of adventure of the old pioneers.

The plaint of the Warangal teacher is a commentary on Government planning. After walking his feet off all over the countryside and explaining to the Education Department the impossibility of his reporting for duty at his new school as he is unable to trace the very village in which the school is supposed to be situated, he has just been enlightened regarding the confusion. The Revenue authorities have explained that Elkaram is a "depopulated" village, mercifully sparing us by not explaining why it was "depopulated." One can't help wondering whether the Revenue Department and the Education Department in Hyderabad are not on speaking terms.

All this seems rather to prove that the knowledge of village life of those who talk of building the country from the bottom up is probably limited to aerial views after flood-time. The fact is that unless our villages cease to be primitive outposts in a dying civilisation without what we have

come to consider ordinary civic amenities like sanitation, drainage, protected water supply, accessibility of medical attention, entertainment and schools, it will be very difficult to persuade the experienced members of our professions to rusticate themselves in our villages in the cause of the common weal. The youth just out of colleges may be prepared to go rural because till one is 25 one dreams of saving the world. The old may be persuaded to go—on doctor's advice. But the people in between, the tried and the experienced who will do the most good, might argue that charity begins with oneself. Given the choice they might prefer to throw in their lot with the kind of civilisation we would inevitably be building up with large-scale industrialisation, heavy water and nuclear reactors.

Schemes for rural development seem really to be suffering from a hazy kind of regressive idealism. We announce with pride that we have nearly 560,000 villages in the country in which live 295 million people. Why? Why should we have 560,000 villages? Why not make the number 56,000? We cannot afford to scatter our educated minority all over the countryside. Nearly 4 lakhs of our villages have a population of less than 500 and more than a lakh less than 1000. The Community Development Projects and the National Extension Schemes could have besides plans for building, laying and digging, a small programme of rural emigration. Small villages could be depopulated and their inhabitants moved to centres where handloom industries or other small-scale industries are to be established. More attention must be paid to the transport problem in our villages. There are thousands of villages unapproachable except on foot. *Every village must have the chance to grow into a small town.* How can the economy of a country be planned in which there are small communities so isolated that nobody knows of their existence?

Moreover, State planning seems to have got rather out of hand. Plans overlap. Everybody makes plans. The Education Department makes plans. The Revenue Department makes plans. The Social Welfare Board makes plans. Private philanthropists make plans. The points where they overlap are the points where the money drains away and manpower is wasted. Plans must fit together like the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle.

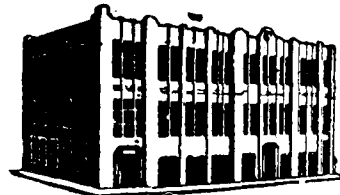
How Acharya Vinobha Bhave's peripatetic mission is going to help the State schemes for rural development or to what extent it is going to neutralise or thwart them, time alone will tell when the eggs get ready to hatch. We are told a comprehensive, over-all plan for Bhoodan land assessment has been drawn up but evidently it is one of those burn-before-reading top secrets of which only a few strategic officials at the top are in the know. And one can only hope that rural folk are content merely with giving away their

land and do not pay much attention to Acharya Bhave's social or medical theories. He has been trying to prove that family planning in our country is unnecessary. In Japan, he tells his listeners, there are 900 people per sq. mile. India can only boast of 300. In fact, the impression is given that we have some lee-way to make up in the matter of populating our country.

One cannot combine a modern industrial pattern of society and habits of thought and work and living and a rural civilization. They are immiscible. They will always be separate and all that we can hope is that they will complement each other. Why should not we, on the other hand, have the big city (the industrial centre), the big town and the small township which is a cross between the village and the town? With the coming of the radio, the newspaper, the vote and democracy, the village has become an anachronism.

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THE GENTLE ART OF DENIGRATION

By VERITAS

THE current dismantling of the colossal facade of the Stalin cult by his erstwhile chelas has set the whole world agog as to what it might signify. The soi-distant sibyls of the Press whose sedulous sapience is syndicated through a chain of journals have treated their readers to skilful variations on the art of begging the main question. Reading them reminded me of the story of the blind group who sampled the elephant sectionally, but could never agree upon the final conclusion of their researches. Unlike all those confident quidnuncs, I may at once confess that I do not know precisely what is happening in Russia and why. With this disarming confession as my shield and buckler, I hope the kind reader would allow me to go ahead with my own theory concerning the intriguing phenomenon.

First of all, let me air some of my personal doubts. If Stalin was such an odious despot as now alleged, why was there no anti-Stalin demonstration through many years or immediately after his death—specially after his death? Is it not curious that nearly three years had to elapse before the opposition could muster courage enough to come out into the open? Was there no Mlle. Corday to vindicate Russian womanhood by seeking out Stalin and stab him in the back or in his bath? It is passing strange that the country which exploited assassination as a short-cut to Utopia at the beginning of this century should not have inspired an inebriated or infuriated Booth to strike down the tyrant with an apt classical quotation on his lips! Could no nit-wit be found to dispose of the mythical man of steel with a few cold

inches of it stuck into his anatomy at the right place? I wondered because such things had often happened in the past—both in Russia and elsewhere—to dispose of Stalin's betters. When an alleged tyrant dies peacefully in bed, almost apotheosised this side of the grave, there is undoubtedly a snag somewhere. Either the death must have been violent or the tyranny grossly exaggerated.

Nor can I admire the type which now unashamedly admits that it squirmed before the dictator when alive merely to save its precious skin. What a rogue and peasant slave must one be to die a coward's death recurrently while living but in name! Khrushchev had a wonderful chance of winning immortal renown; for when bidden, he could have danced his way to the wind-pipe of Stalin and slit it, and thus secured for himself a secure niche in the hall of heroes. Now he has to sneak through the foot-notes of history. A nation of more than 200 millions of pre-fabricated proletarian heroes and heroines proving a flock of as many sheep—that is what the denigration of Stalin now means. The more notoriously docile Germans made many gallant attempts to blow up Hitler. Those 'Nazi devils' vindicated the humanity of our species through their failure more than the Russians by kissing the rod that chastised them. The killing of a dead serpent should be considered more impressive than the present defamation of Stalin by the new traducers.

Nor do I attach the slightest importance to the alleged re-discovery of the principle of collective leadership. It was the unfailing alias under which Stalin himself functioned. If

on the other hand it means that concept of cabinet responsibility as in the parliamentary tradition, then it postulates the two-party system, since the overthrow of one team should automatically make way for the coming into power of its opposite. But that would make a hash of the dogmatic foundations of the Communist faith. As a matter of fact, the disasters of the Russian army in the early days of Bolshevism were directly attributed to the havoc wrought by the principle of collective leadership. Discussions became endless, action exiguous and discipline non-existent. A painful reversion to bourgeois standards had to be ordered before the army became again an efficient tool in the hands of the policy-makers.

My own theory is somewhat as follows. The Soviet system of state-trading and police-governing which has been in operation for well over a generation must have at last achieved a measure of stability which has rendered repression otiose. The industrial potential of the U. S. S. R. had been primarily geared up for war purposes with the accent on the exploitation of heavy industries. Not only has the saturation point been reached but a surplus of mounting proportions in the matter of arms, armaments and allied equipment has resulted. It may be recalled that when Malenkov succeeded Stalin, he announced a change of policy which directly led to his demotion. For he declared that there would be a shift of emphasis from the production of heavy machinery to the increase of consumer goods. All accounts agree in stating that these latter have been in short supply through all the years of Russia's permanent revolution. But the militarists must have seen the danger of effecting such a change-over. The maintenance of Russia's war-potential is conditioned like that of all other countries by the constant and vigilant elimination of 'obsolete' items, since inventions

and discoveries are going on at a giddy pace. Where to dump all this obsolete material? The answer was found in the simple solution of finding an export market for the surplus arms of Russia. Hence during the last year, there has been a well-publicised move on the part of Russia's leaders to roll up the iron curtain with a clatter, and offer to help the backward and exploited countries with precisely the same kinds of help which Britain and America have been giving—arms aid, economic aid, Commonwealth aid, Ceylon plan, Point four programme and what not. The blandishments were first tried upon Egypt, and apparently its Arab leaders have risen to the bait.

But most other countries are still chary of dealing with Russia; they fear the planting of the Trojan horse amidst themselves, not as hitherto, furtively, but openly and under official auspices. To dissolve these doubts and fears, the Russian leaders had to devise some spectacular and convincing gesture. What more plausible than the denigration of Stalin himself? This elaborate arrangement for giving him a bad name is not so much to hang him as to embolden the oppressed and exploited people of Asia and Africa to open their doors to all sorts of Russian aid. It is worth noting that Russia does not offer us better socks, cheaper clocks, more appetising toffees; but if we want foundries or rails or turbines or drilling tools, she is ready to oblige us. Above all, as concomitant to the change in policy, there is talk of abolishing the Cominform which has been another great bogey to the non-Communist world.

Thus the new move has a military objective which is simple in its audacity. It has thrown a massive spanner into the Western works, stimulated an arms race among the smaller fry parallel to the major race between the big powers in the matter of nuclear weapons, and is in short an adroit variation of the cold war tactics

carried to the enemy doors. But best of all, it enables the long-suffering native to luxuriate in the make-believe of an ideological rectification promoted by his new leaders which ensures his docile devotion to them with more fervour than in the past.

Thus the home-front being better consolidated than ever, diversionary adventures can be tried out in the periphery of the other half of the world. Any disturbance of the status quo, in that area can only lead to its closer approximation to the Communist pattern which would be the surest bulwark of Russia abroad. For the doctrinal erosions of Communism in the minds of even confirmed democrats have been so widespread and insidious that the amused tolerance of collateral Communist postulates promotes an unperceived suspension of faith in democratic principles. The situation has a certain geometrical simplicity and symmetry about it; it may be best understood in terms of an analogy. Anatole France wrote a romance of the early Christian ascetics in the setting of decadent Alexandria. In that novel—*Thais*—we have the absorbing unfolding of a double denouement. A saint who goes all out to convert a courtesan famed for her beauty and conquests succeeds at last in persuading her to withdraw into a nunnery. But at the same time, he is devilled and degraded through the upsurge in himself of an uncontrollable and unclean love for her. Likewise we may eventually arrive at the possibility of all the world going painfully Communist according to the book, while holy Russia emerges at last as the only country practising undiluted capitalism, but under State auspices!

This longish irrelevance will, I hope, be considered not wholly inapposite. To return to my main theme, the art of denigration, far from being a Soviet invention is at least as old as the classics. The

device known as ostracism. It was a weapon that was predominantly used against men of genius. For the Greeks cherished the democratic principle so jealously that they could not subscribe to the view that any one could be better than the rest. They got rid of Aristides because they felt tired of hearing him praised as 'the just.' They condemned Socrates because he proved the rest of them to be deficient in ordinary intelligence. Alcibiades was a unique combination of the best and worst traits found in human nature. He was handsome, brilliant, an orator, a general, a debauchee, a patriot and traitor too. His countrymen adored, hated, ostracised and welcomed him back again. In Roman times, Coriolanus suffered from like extremes of fickle popularity and hatred. Joan of Arc was burnt at the stake as a witch because the British in France could not otherwise account for their defeat at the hands of a mere girl. It is only in our time that she has been rehabilitated, and by way of compensation, even canonised. Cromwell, Ireton and other leading regicides were exhumed after death to suffer the indignity of being hanged, drawn and quartered as traitors. It was an *ex poste facto* judgment which was intended to have retrospective effect!

From all these illustrations, it would be evident that there is considerable truth in the old definition of history 'as a fable agreed upon.' But an agreement is binding only as long as the parties are agreeable. As soon as there is need for a change, the fable is demolished or retouched to suit changing needs. It is this lack of finality about history that makes it the subject of repeated romancing. Every generation wants to discover its heroes and villains—afresh. Facts do not count; it is the organisation of them into a preconceived pattern or interpretation of them to sustain

NEW IRON CURTAIN OF LANGUAGE

By S. NARAYANASWAMI

AS one opens the morning's papers, one is engulfed in the surging tide of unilinguism. Men who never thought that language was a barrier to friendly communication or commonality of economic interests have become the builders of a new Iron Curtain between language groups. The frenzy of linguistic patriotism has produced a new type of hatred and rancour that occasionally asks for blood, as Bombay and Puri so sadly demonstrated. There has been hysterical shouting for taluks and districts of whose geographical location the shouters have the foggiest idea and which never belonged to the shouters' State at any time and in order to take the edge off their frustration, demonstrators are prepared to inconvenience unconcerned passers-by. The manner in which Dr. Bidhan Chander Roy, who had the statesmanship and the courage to ask for a merger of West Bengal with Bihar in the economic and political interests of both States has been treated by his fellow patriots in West Bengal, is revealing of what democracy has come to mean to a section even of the educated citizens of India. The S. R. C. Report has proved verily an Apple of Discord and has unleashed unsuspected and almost primordial forces, which stimulate lurid recollections of Frankenstein. It was therefore refreshing to come across the following vivid and homely passage in a broadcast made in Berlin by Mr. Peter Howard—a leader of the Moral Rearmament movement—who has no knowledge of the S. R. C. Report or its repercussions in India and whose statement is therefore uninhibited by any predilections or pre-

judices developed by a study of the Indian situation.

"I have been remembering the true story of an old friend of mine. He is a mine worker from the Ruhr. He was 26 years in the German Communist Party. He was a great idealist, determined to build unity in the world. He believed that if only everybody spoke the same language everybody would agree together. So he set himself to learn Esperanto."

"But after a long study, suddenly a thought struck him. He and his wife both spoke German. They had been using that language to quarrel furiously with each other for years and years. My friend saw it needed a little more than a common language to create unity."

"The end of the story is interesting. The man got honest with his wife and used the good old German tongue to do it. He put things right. She began to change. With peace in the home, he became a force for peace in the world."

The idea that unilinguism will inaugurate paradise on earth gained such deep root in a short time that the more aggressive among the crusaders thought it was best to make a beginning in the onward march towards the objective, intimidating people to close shops and eating houses, throwing stones at passing public and private vehicles and setting fire to assorted public buildings. It cost us time and public convenience to learn that it is a fairly expensive method of reaching a political objective and that at the end of it all, the objective was untested and of doubtful validity as the Communist of Ruhr learnt in the middle of

his Esperanto course—in the light of a domestic situation. When he realised his error he established peace at home and realised that this was the minimum qualification for embarking on the grand mission of establishing peace in the world. The Bombay and Puri incidents did more harm to our prestige abroad than any diplomatic shortcomings of which we might have been guilty. It seems necessary therefore to avoid whipping up of fanatical fury or unwholesome moral indignation over domestic

issues like territorial realignments, the repercussions of which cannot be estimated in terms of square miles and budgetary additions or subtractions at a time, while the Second Plan contemplates large development expenditure on the States. We shall stand or fall in the estimation of the world by the degree of restraint we import into the settlement of domestic issues and by the confidence we display in the leaders, of whose probity and unselfishness we are firmly persuaded.

A FRENCH MASTERPIECE— THE CATHEDRAL

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

SOON after the start of the last war I found myself in a concentration camp from whence I could just discern, in the distance, the vivid verdigris roof of one of the oldest of French cathedrals. Having been a writer of poetry all my life, I did not see any reason to cease doing so just because I happened to be interned. A week or two went by when I suddenly composed a poem in praise of the cathedral. At the time I was not altogether aware of the real reasons that had impelled me to do this, because poetry always goes to deeper levels than the waking consciousness. I had the intuition I think that we were at a psychological moment when great changes were taking place and that the past was to make way for some new order, some new era; that ancient Europe was coming to an end, as the Greeks came to an end, with the Peloponnesian war. And now the Cathedral appeared to me as the living symbol of the European spirit at its zenith; just as the ruins of the Parthenon or the dramas of Aeschylus still keep alive for us the flame of the Hellenic genius.

It is in such moments of crisis that we realize the value of what we

have tended to perhaps overlook, those works of art with which we are so familiar that we no longer do them justice. The Cathedral is a curious instance of this. Despite its monumental grandeur and immense art riches it does not seem to have held the attention of the art world to anything like the extent one would have expected. It came with the Middle Ages and when they declined its influence on art and life to a great extent diminished. With the advent of the Italian Renaissance the world turned back to the Greeks. Greek art along with science and the cult of the individual began to persuade men that they had at last emerged from the Dark Ages. The 18th century, the age of Reason and Enlightenment went even further in its disdain for the Middle Ages so that the term Gothic came to be synonymous with barbarian. Even to-day one will find the Middle Ages mentioned in the Press as a symbol of all that is uncivilized. Here I prefer the attitude of my friend the Welsh writer, John Cowper Powys, who recently pointed out that: "Any shallow modern person who takes upon himself to cast aspersions upon the Middle Ages using the very epi-

thet 'Mediaeval' as a term of reproach betrays a laughable level of culture." There are signs in some quarters however, that opinion in these matters is beginning to shift. I was once invited to a Press meeting connected with a great exhibition of stained glass, the first of its kind to be held in Paris. The lecturer, a specialist in everything pertaining to the French 'vitraux' considered the stained glass of the 15th century to be the highest moment of French art, after which there was nothing but a gradual decline. I had to admit that when compared with a great deal of modern art the exhibition almost seemed to confirm this. And one might say very much the same with regard to sculpture. Just as the Parthenon marks a high peak for Greek sculpture so the figures on the cathedrals show the highest achievement of French sculpture. At Chartres alone the thousands of statues on the cathedral compose the most important ensemble of Gothic art in the West. There is a spring-like freshness and an air of 'gentillesse' about this early sculpture that has since disappeared from French art. The Gothic cathedral of the 15th century is undoubtedly the great masterpiece of the French genius. Even its engineering is hardly surpassed by the skyscraper technique of our machine age and its immense

wealth of art and sacred legend makes the latter despite its functional beauty, appear to be a somewhat poverty stricken business. There is nowhere any parallel to this fabulous art unless it be the Indian temple. Indeed the art of the great French cathedrals borders on a miracle. It is only after a prolonged and careful study of these great interiors that one begins to realise the symphonic nature of this art. Here, if anywhere, the builders may be said "to have builded better than they knew". Built by the collective labour of centuries, the result far surpasses anything conceivable by a single artist however great an architectural genius he might be.

All these different features—the immense nave with its transepts, the tall columns, the arched windows, the clearstory and triforium, the multiple arcades, the lofty apse with the choir, compose an endless variety of spacious effects that have never been approached. From dawn to dusk, as the sun shifts and lights up one detail after another, tinting the tall arcades with fiery rays like those of precious stones, this vast panorama of architectural beauty unfurls before us in an almost musical succession of new harmonies like some great fugue of Bach or a lofty chorus of Palestrina. Moving as we are today to a collective form of society such things ought to fascinate.

THE "BONELESS WONDERS" IN AGONIES OF REAPPRAISAL

By ANDREW ROTH

MALENKOV'S ability to pinch babies' cheeks and kiss pretty factory girls and the excellence of the twin-jet transport which brought the Soviet security chief to Britain have demonstrated just how impressive the Soviet leaders can be when they cease being their own worst enemies.

But the British Communists, who are in deep need of basking in this reflected glory, are too agonized by the reappraisal of Stalin which has been forced on them to really enjoy and exploit the new aura of respectability which the Soviet leaders bring with them.

There is plenty of opposition to the visits of the Soviet leaders. General Serov's visit, in particular, has unleashed a stream of letters from the survivors of the tens of thousands of Balts and Ukrainians for whose deportation he was responsible. The columns of *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* are full of protests from persons like Lord Vansittart who feel that Britain should show the Soviet leaders a hostility which only few British leaders showed the Nazis.

There is evidence, however, that while the bitter-end enemies of Communists are sticking to their guns, working class opinion has considerably softened toward the Russians. A basic sympathy for the U. S. S. R. began in 1917 when a wide section of Leftwing opinion favoured the Soviet experiment. This sympathy fell off considerably during the purge period of the '30s, then recovered somewhat in 1938-9, when an effort was made to force a Soviet-British-French front against the Nazis. Regard for the Soviet leaders reached rock bot-

tom in 1939-41 when Stalin not only made his own peace with Hitler but compelled British Communists to denounce Britain's defense against Nazi attacks on London as part of an "imperialist war." This feeling was rapidly reversed when Hitler turned East and Britons knew the Russians were getting the bombs which could have dropped on them and were mauling the troops which could have been thrown across the Channel.

When the war came to an end, the Soviet Union had an unprecedented popularity in Britain. Britain's Communists shared in this reflected glory, reaching an unprecedented height of 60,000 members, while the *Daily Worker* reached a circulation of 120,000.

This dropped away to half that number for the two reasons which have always bedevilled the hopes of the British Communists. First, the existence of the massive British Labour Party, which had a Parliamentary majority from 1945-51 and carried through considerable reforms. Perhaps the Labour Government did not go far enough or fast enough for impatient Leftwingers. But they had the choice of joining the Labour Party and speeding it from within, or joining the Communists and acting as an outside irritant. It was significant during those immediate postwar years that the universities' young Leftwingers, who had joined the Communists in the frustrating '30s, tended to join the Labour Party.

The Communists had the second major disadvantage of having to follow loyally every twist and turn of Stalinist foreign policy. The te-ting

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points for most Leftwing intellectuals in Britain were the seizure of power by the Communists in Czechoslovakia and the break with Tito, both in 1948. There were other issues, like the Lysenko controversy on inheritance of acquired characteristics, on which J. B. S. Haldane, the famous scientist, left the Communist Party.

By the time Stalin died, the British Communist Party had become a shadow of its former self. Its membership was half its top figure (about 33,000), the *Daily Worker* circulation shrunk to 70,000 and its influence minute. Only a handful of intellectuals, like economist Maurice Dobb, remains loyal. Its only serious point of influence was in certain trade unions like the Electrical Trades Union and sections of the Miners Union where, by reason of zealous work, the Communists were respected as able trade unionists.

This was due partly to the complete rubber-stamp character of the Communist leadership. Harry Pollitt had thought for himself just once: when the Soviet Union signed an agreement with Hitler in 1939 he first declared this was perfectly alright for the Soviet Union but Britain must still fight an anti-Fascist war. For this he was compelled to resign as General Secretary of the British Communist Party. When he was renamed to that post he apparently decided never to sneeze again until Moscow held the handkerchief. Among the less polite he became known as "the Boneless Wonder of King Street" where the Communist headquarters are located.

In contrast with this, the revolt of Aneurin Bevan within the Labour Party had all the attraction of a live and scintillating rebellion and the possibility of influencing events. During the first years of the 'Bevanite' movement the Communists considered Aneurin Bevan to be their bitter rival, because he channelled Leftwing frustration into his movement. It was only after Moscow's line

changed further after Stalin's death and smiled openly at the Socialists and neutralists of the world that the British Communists started courting the 'Bevanites' and Bevan.

But now the bottom has dropped out of the British Communists' world. They are told by the new high priests of Communists that Stalin, the oracle of their revealed religion, was not holy but a bloodthirsty old tyrant with delusion of grandeur and a persecution mania.

If the dismay caused by Khrushchev's speech in Moscow became a storm of disbelief by the time it reached Georgia, it hit the King Street headquarters of the British Communists like the worst storm of the century. To accept it as true meant admitting they had been wrong in virtually every argument on Soviet policies with people on the Left of the Labour Party. It meant, in reality, admitting that the very basis of the existence of the British Communist Party, as interpreted by its leaders, had disappeared. They had long before decided that its principal function was to transmit to the British working class the infallible word from Moscow.

At first the British Communists ignored and rejected the reports of the Khrushchev speech as yet another "capitalist plot" to denigrate the Soviet Union. Gradually, the confirmation began to come from the orthodox, as the German and Italian and Polish Communists in the know began to speak. Only then did the *Daily Worker* begin to feed its readers a restrained and dulled account of the full indictment.

However restrained the language of the Khrushchev indictment as retailed to *Daily Worker* readers, there is little restraint about the bitter argument going on within the British Communist Party, which is only to a limited extent reflected in the correspondence columns of the *Daily Worker*.

Communists Divided

On the one hand the leadership is fighting for its life on the theme that Stalin was not so bad after all. Harry Pollitt made this theme clear in a television interview and again in a *Daily Worker* article on March 24.

"Stalin carried on a great fight for the industrialization of the Soviet Union," said Comrade Pollitt, "and for the collectivisation of agriculture. He combated the policy of the Trotskyists and Bukharinites, who stood for the slowing down of industrialisation and thus would have left the Soviet Union as an easy prey to its enemies.

"Stalin also led the fight for the carrying through of the first Five Year Plans, and thus contributed to laying the basis for the great victory over fascism in the Second World War, when the sacrifices and heroism of the Soviet people and the Red Army saved all humanity from Hitlerism.

"Without those successes there would be no Soviet Union today. But they would have been achieved more quickly and at less cost but for certain defects and abuses associated with Stalin's personal leadership in the last 20 years." It takes more than Comrade Khrushchev to convince Comrade Pollitt that the boots he was licking contained feet of clay.

But this does not satisfy rank-and-file Communists who are apparently rising in their wrath. "To make repeated blunders in theory and tactics, accepting them as such only when others or the logic of circumstances finally compel us to do so is honest, but hardly impressive," wrote Fred Thomas to the *Daily Worker* on March 21. "To substitute for correct leadership our unfailing readiness to turn somersault and argue with the same passion and absolute acceptance of the new conclusion as that with which we argued the opposite is to raise doubts among the ordinary

people as to our political and, indeed, moral integrity."

The complete alternative to the current Communist policy of being Moscow's rubber stamp is proposed in another letter on the same day.

"This rushing to extremes to condemn all things connected with Stalin is as humiliating and un-Marxist as was the personal glorification that we used to indulge in," wrote B. B.

"Why don't we learn the lesson once and for all that Communists in Moscow (whoever they happen to be and whatever they happen to say) are not the fount of all worldly wisdom, and that we can, and should, evolve our own ideas as creative Marxists in our own right... Scientific Socialism should be our guide; to smash idols is as un-Marxist as to erect them in the first place."

Although this suggestion may seem a revolt against Moscow, there is some indication that this is precisely the direction in which Moscow may well want the Communists to go in areas outside of the belt of Communist States.

It would certainly be easier, in the long run, for a British Communist Party if it could sneeze before Moscow held up a handkerchief. But the practical difficulty is that it has been licking Muscovite boots for so long that all of its leadership is bent over. It will take some years to develop people who can look others in the eye with a straight back and a clear intellectual conscience.

In order to have the right to punish the guilty, we ought first of all to purify ourselves of their crimes, which we harbour under all sorts of disguises in our own hearts. But if we manage to perform this operation, once it has been accomplished we shall no longer feel the least desire to punish, and if we consider ourselves obliged to do so, it will be as little as possible and with extreme sorrow.—SIMONE WEIL in *The Need for Roots*.

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STALIN: A COMMONSENSE ESTIMATE

By P. N. SAMPATH

AFTER the twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party held recently, Stalin is no longer recognised as the infallible Pontiff of Marxist-Leninist science. Some of the denunciators at the Congress have been his staunchest followers while he was alive. Stalin was charged with having elevated his own personal power over the interests of the Party. This personal aggrandisement was termed as 'the cult of personality.' The principle of collective leadership has now been emphasised in preference to the Stalin 'cult.' The Stalin cult had been allegedly responsible for unleashing terrorism. It had reduced the Marxian concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat into a dictatorship of one man. It had ignored Lenin's theory of collective leadership.

Stalin has been blamed for the rift with Tito and for not having anticipated Hitler's invasion of Russia in the first instance and for having ignored the timely warnings given of the impending invasion by the Allies.

An assessment of Stalin's regime should necessarily take note of the conditions that obtained in the Soviet Union during the years immediately before Stalin's accession to power. Lenin was the first man to translate Marxist theory into practice. Indeed, Marxism was given its twentieth century form by Lenin. It was quite obvious to Lenin that Marx and Engels never for a moment entertained the notion that they were blue-printing the future course of history or laying down a set of dogmas which would be binding on future generations of Socialists. In particular, Marx and Engels implicitly

recognised that as capitalism spread and drew new countries and regions into the mainstream of modern history, problems and forms of development not considered in the Communist Manifesto must necessarily be encountered. Marx and Engels had in fact left to their successors the task of restoring harmony between theory and practice. Accordingly, Lenin endowed Marxism with a practical line of action. Plekhanov said that Lenin was organically incapable of dialectic thinking. Lenin was a practical thinker to the depth of his mind, an engineer and not a midwife of revolution. It was on account of his intrepid leadership that it was possible to liberate the Soviet masses from the yoke of Tsarist misrule. Therefore, if Stalin had in any way departed from the tenets of Marxism, if he had discarded some of the principles that were enunciated by Lenin, it is not strictly speaking, deviationism. His ways might have landed Russia in difficulties but the charting of a new path, in itself, cannot be termed inimical to Marxist-Leninism.

Lenin's Five Man Politburo

Coercion is implicit in any revolutionary process. Lenin defined the dictatorship of the proletariat as 'State power based directly on force.' The dictatorship of the proletariat necessarily includes the concept of force. There is no dictatorship without force. Lenin defined the Communist Party as the directly managing enlightened vanguard of the proletariat, and made it all-powerful. Lenin knew the psychology of the people. He did not want to substitute the Tsarist absolute dictatorship with another one-man dictatorship,

even in the name of the proletariat. Thus in 1919, immediately after the Revolution, Lenin established a five-man Politburo consisting of himself and of Trotsky, Kamenev, Stalin and Bukharin, to rule over Russia. This was a sort of formal collective leadership, even though Lenin's voice was predominant always.

Lenin's colleagues like Trotsky and Bukharin advocated the fomenting of simultaneous revolution in all countries in Europe. Lenin, however, abandoned hopes of detonating world revolution through the catalytic agency of Russia's November Revolution, and concentrated on building Socialism in one country, Russia. Stalin inherited this conviction and triumphed over Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution and the associate doctrine that Socialism cannot be built in one country. Stalin, as Lenin before him, set as his goal the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in one country and the using of it as a base for the overthrow of imperialism in other countries.

Lenin so entirely dedicated himself to the cause of revolution that his health deteriorated rapidly. He lived for only 7 years after the seizure of power and died in 1924. Even before his death, he saw the rise of Stalin's power. But Trotsky was his prodigy, not Stalin. It is evident from Lenin's 'Testament,' his final recommendations to the Russian Communist Party that he feared the emergence of the personal dictatorship of Stalin based on his position as the Secretary-General of the Party; but the alternative form of political organisation for the Party that he had in mind is not clear. However, at no time did Lenin envisage anything but a dictatorship of the Communist Party as the means of governing Russia. On the other hand, he was unprepared to turn his powers over to a single successor. What he appeared to hope for was that the most important men in the Politburo

might operate collectively and that within the Central Committee of the Communist Party at least, a degree of free expression of opinion would be preserved. The Central Committee was thus expected to manage to help keep the collective Politburo and the Party secretarial apparatus moving along a compromise line which maintained unity. Lenin seemed to hope that within the Party there would be a balance between the deliberative and the executive wings, preventing domination by one man. This hope was born of his own personal experience. By his qualities of personal leadership and personal connections that had developed between himself and the other key figures of the revolution of a common revolutionary experience, Lenin had somehow kept the Communist leadership together and effective as the chief instrument of executive power in the State without either totally repressing the expression of opposition views or losing control over the making of policy. This may well have encouraged him to believe that there was some method for institutionalising a tolerable balance of power relationship within the executive organs of the Communist Party and the Soviet State—some method short of one-man rule by force. Lenin clearly saw that Stalin's personality as well as the iron grip he had on the Party machinery were likely to prove incompatible with such a solution. Thus, Lenin saw the crack in the Party edifice, but his life was cut short before he could improvise adequate safeguards.

Stalin's Weapons

Subsequent events have proved that Lenin's suspicions were well-founded. Stalin captured the key posts and consolidated his authority by a raw exercise of power. In the words of Harold Laski, "The democratic centralism, of which Lenin was the author, had been turned by Stalin into a social theory in which invariably his last word was the undiscussable word."

Stalin's fundamental weapon in achieving dictatorial powers and in his subsequent successful elimination of actual or supposed opposition, was his control of the Party organisation from Politburo to grass roots—a control which he developed from the base until it extended over the other instruments of power in the State. His position was achieved by an extension to the Russian State of the pre-revolutionary principles of Bolshevik Party Organisation.

Stalin viewed himself and the State he commanded as the instrument for driving history in what he conceived to be the right direction, at the right place and at the right time. He actively encouraged the Hegelian glorification of the State and its leader. This resulted in the deification of Stalin during his lifetime.

Stalin applied himself relentlessly to the task of consolidating Soviet power. If Lenin lit the fire of revolution in the minds of the Russian masses, it was Stalin who stoked the flames and achieved social objectives. Although Stalin's solutions to the problems he faced have a highly eclectic character, his borrowings were all drafts upon the Treasure of Marxist intellectual tradition. Lenin did not live to see the visible transformation of Russian society. The Soviet people must be everlastingly grateful to Stalin for the great progress achieved in the various sectors of life. He waged a ceaseless war on hunger, unemployment, illiteracy and disease. His solution of the minority problem in the multi-lingual, multi-national Soviet State is something remarkable; it was a supremely brilliant and successful piece of statecraft. He might have been highly repressive, he might have caused largescale bloodshed as in the elimination of the kulaks, but his power was unchallenged up to the date of his death. This is understandable inasmuch as those at the apex of the political pyramid in an authoritarian regime are frequently freer from the

pressures of mass discontent than are the responsible policy-makers of a Western democracy.

Not A War-Monger

Stalin was not a war-monger. Stalinist doctrine does not demand war. On the other hand, it also teaches that eventually capitalism will fall largely of its own weight, that is, as a result of the inner contradictions which the Communists believe it embodies. They see the role of Communism as one of hastening the collapse of capitalism, and assisting at the birth of the Socialist order. In theory, they seem inclined to regard this as primarily the task of the native Communists in each country and not of the Soviet Red Army. There is, therefore, nothing in Stalinist doctrine which would make it necessarily the main responsibility of the armed forces of the Soviet Union themselves to overthrow capitalism everywhere by direct military action. This premise would actually seem illogical and improper from the Communist point of view; for it would imply that capitalism, in the absence of such an attack, would be basically sound and capable of coping permanently with its own contradictions. The Lenin-Stalin concept of the possibility of the prolonged co-existence of the two systems—Socialist and capitalist—constitutes an expression of the aspiration of the Soviet people to ensure peace, security and the steady material and cultural progress of mankind. As early as 1927, Stalin declared at the 15th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party: "The foundation of our relations with capitalist countries lies in allowing for the existence of two opposing systems. Experience has borne that out completely." This view was reiterated in 1946 in his interview to Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain. A little later, when Elliott Roosevelt asked Stalin if Soviet Communism and American Democracy could live in peace side by side, and without

interfering in each other's internal affairs, Stalin replied, "Yes, of course. This is not only possible. It is wise and entirely within the bounds of realisation". Stalin died before he could expand the idea of co-existence.

Stalin's Pact With Hitler

Stalin's pact with Hitler in 1939 has been widely criticised. The following statement of Joseph E. Davies, American Ambassador to the Soviet Union ("Mission to Moscow") will, however, throw light in Stalin's favour: "The Soviet regime, in my opinion, diligently and vigorously tried to maintain a common front against the aggressors and were sincere advocates of the indivisibility of peace. Beginning with Munich, however, there had been an accumulation of events, which gradually broke down this attitude on the part of the Soviet government. The suspicion continued to grow that Britain and France were playing a diplomatic game to place the Soviets in the position where Russia would have to fight Germany alone". This was long before America joined the war. If the Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact is regarded as an imposture, it was at least an imposture on impostures. It is, however, true that, in doing so, Soviet policy disregarded world opinion and the ideological battle with Fascism. In this connection, it must be stated that Hitler actually offered Molotov the opportunity for the Soviet Union to join the Axis and share in the new division of the world. This offer was, of course, instantaneously refused. The first two years of the war were characterised as the "Imperialists' War" by Stalin, and this line of policy greatly embarrassed the French Communists. Stalin did not then anticipate that he would also be thrown into the midst of total war in 1941 and that the same tongue would have to declare the erstwhile Imperialists' War as the Peoples' War.

The Russo-German Non-Aggression Pact gave a breathing space for Stalin. It is said that he was totally unprepared when Hitler suddenly invaded the Soviet Union in 1941. In fact, no Western country was adequately prepared to meet the Nazi-Fascist challenge. Even France with its much-vaunted Maginot Line of fortresses fell to pieces at the first whiff of Hitler's onslaught. The initial shock over, Stalin made supreme efforts to organise resistance to the invader and to drive him out of Soviet soil. Stalingrad will ever remain a monument of Russia's patriotic resistance and outstanding valour. Stalin did not run for safety but remained in Moscow to direct the war personally. His determination and indomitable courage at this hour of trial were as remarkable as Churchill's in the Battle of Britain. It was the Red Army principally that destroyed the myth of invincibility of the Nazi land forces.

Stalin's tough policy towards Marshal Tito estranged relations between the two. Though Tito's defiance had certainly injured the cause of world Communism, the advantage to Stalin of retaining the impression of absolute rigour in enforcing his will and tolerating no insubordination or institutional variety in the organisational set-up, may have outweighed the loss of one satellite.

Stalin saw in the aftermath of World War II unique opportunities for extending the power and influence of the Soviet regime. During his lifetime he saw the extension of Communism over a third of the terrestrial globe. This achievement would have satisfied Trotsky were he alive to-day.

Liquidation Of Opponents

Stalin's summary liquidation of opponents and even colleagues is a great blot which cannot be easily explained away. Any single authority is by its nature total. The love of power is an impulse which, though innate in every ambitious man, is

chiefly promoted as a rule by the actual experience of power. But Stalin did not love power for its own sake. He wanted to realise the objectives in his own way, and according to his lights, without any challenge to his authority. The continued existence of the Old Bolsheviks, even if they were wholly inactive, was an embarrassment to Stalin's canonisation as personal ruler and sole inheritor of the Leninist mantle; their elimination by public trial, on grounds of counter-revolutionary activity, would both confirm Stalin's legitimacy and serve as a powerful intimidating example. Thus, while Lenin's regime had been strict dictatorship, Stalin's was totalitarian. The bleak hostility to all criticism of his action was not merely sensitiveness, it was the making of a myth of infallibility. Stalin was a jealous leader suffering no star to appear in the firmament of a magnitude comparable with his own. Trotsky with his dash and intransigence, his disdain for the petty detail of political manoeuvring, the brilliance of his logic and the nobility of his rhetoric was no match for Stalin's wiles. With his most formidable opponent gone, Stalin made mince-meat of the lesser luminaries. Stalin radiated the strength of leadership and something of its loneliness. His intolerance of criticism within the Party undermined the foundations of good faith and substituted a quick sand of suspicious resentment. Bernard Shaw was charitable to Stalin when he characterised Stalin's violence as 'weeding the garden'. Stalin turned the dictatorship of the proletariat into an individual dictatorship, only because he obviously felt that a strong authority animated by a single will was needed to establish equality in a corrupt society and to hasten the goals of Marxism. The wholesale destruction of the old royalists and the large landholders amply demonstrates that he took care to see that no knots of power or nests of influence were left to hamper the

march of the people. Social change in Russia has been too rapid and violent to allow for the slow process of judicial adaptation. In the words of Isaac Deutscher, Stalin's reign of twenty years achieved the work of twenty generations. No one who had visited Russia has denied the great transformation of society in the U. S. S. R.

It was true that Stalin took no chances of risking the creation in Russia of a discontent that might be fomented from outside by the modern techniques of propaganda. The dispossessed classes must be nursing disaffection towards the Communist regime even though it did not openly avow itself. Stalin therefore kept a tight censorship against insidious propaganda. This censorship was magnified by that ace Nazi propagandist Dr. Goebbels who called it the "Iron Curtain." This phrase was subsequently popularised by Churchill. Stalin had only tried to protect the great edifice of practical Socialism from being dynamited by the Western capitalists. That protection was necessary until the new system of power had firmly established itself at the lowest level.

Stalin came of a most humble stock—he was a cobbler by birth. Neither Marx nor Engels, after all, belonged to the working class. Despite his lack of proper education, Stalin proved himself to be a realist to the core. He was essentially practical, had unique powers of concentration and enjoyed the gift of stripping a problem to its essentials.

The present trend in the Soviet Union towards collective leadership and the gradual democratisation of life, has been admirably summed up by Isaac Deutscher: "Stalinist terrorism and primitive magic had outlived their day and were coming into conflict with the new needs of Soviet society. The higher level of industrial and general civilisation favours a gradual democratisation of Soviet political life."

Stalin Made Stalinism Impossible

Stalin himself had made Stalinism impossible. The ablest among the early revolutionaries have been done away with. When Stalin died, there was no single individual in a position to succeed easily to the role which Stalin created over a period of some 30 years during which he had sought, achieved and exercised absolute power. A single leadership was found essential to consolidate the gains of the Revolution, but the present world situation now demanded a relaxation from theoretical exclusiveness and a return to greater democratic practices.

Stalin was, after all, human, and made mistakes. As Harry Pollitt stated, men who have not made any mistakes were men who never did anything.

Krushchev's recasting of Soviet policy at the Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party is also understandable. On April 12, 1945, American understanding and co-operation received a mortal blow when President Franklin Delano Roosevelt died. As the publication of the Yalta papers has disclosed, Roosevelt and Stalin understood each other very well and even made deals without the knowledge of Churchill. The dropping of the first atom bombs on Japanese cities, with the approval of Truman, was not so much the last military act of the second world war as the first major operation of the cold diplomatic war between America and Russia. The discovery of the Hydrogen bomb, a few years ago, has outmoded war as the arbiter in international disputes. The principle of co-existence is now the only solution to the easing of tension. This has been reiterated by Krushchev.

Krushchev's Aim

Krushchev's denunciation of Stalin was principally aimed at rehabilitating relationship with Tito and easing the fear complex created among colleagues in the Communist hierar-

chy and among the people. The anti-colonial upsurge among the peoples of the East, and the militant nationalism of the nationalities of the Middle East required an emphasis on democratic practices. Such people should not shie away from Communism on the score of its totalitarian tinge and terroristic trend. They should be actively helped to liberate themselves and make experiments in formal democracy. Krushchev conceded that there are many ways of achieving Socialism and that there cannot be any cut-and-dried modus operandi. It must however be stressed in this context that the fundamental goals of Soviet policy have remained essentially the same since their formulation by Lenin, and all subsequent modifications have been mere tactical detours on the road to the same goal. The strategic goals of Marxian doctrine do not change; only the tactics change.

Krushchev's statement that Socialism can also be achieved by parliamentary means is an important departure from Leninism. Lenin's theory of the superiority of the Soviet over the parliamentary form of government has remained official Communist doctrine so far. Parliamentary democracy was anathema to Lenin. He said that it transformed Parliament into a Tammany Hall with its full quota of place-hunters and climbers. Lenin mistrusted gradualism generally. He believed that it was an elaborate decoy by which the capitalists would dissipate the revolutionary energy of the masses. In Western countries like France and Italy where Communists are functioning as elected legislators, the Communist deputies used to regard themselves not as legislators principally but as emissaries of the proletariat within the citadel of the bourgeoisie, their duty to unmask the hollow sham of bourgeois democracy. The traditional Communist

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Short Story

CREATURES OF HABIT

By Atri

THE purohit barged in perspiring, panting and dusty. The sweat poured profusely from his temples, across the eye-brows, down the armpits and round the waist-line where the *veshti* was sodden in a two-inch belt. He was tall and straight as a pole and was past seventy, though he did not look it. His charred, weather-beaten countenance was in striking contrast to the rest of his body which was of the colour of burnished copper. He had thin, compressed lips, a hooked nose and eyes which seemed tired of locking out on a common, stale and unprofitable world. He went to the tap, washed his hands and feet, rinsed his mouth ceremoniously thrice and moved on to the chapel where everything was kept ready for the *tarpanam*.

The master of the house came in fretting and fuming. 'Oh, there you are—after all.' There was a deprecating smile on the purohit's lips which indicated consciousness of unpunctuality and hope of pardon. In stately pauses, he hastened to appease one of his most generous patrons: 'Crave indulgence—busy day—heavy demands—let down by assistant...' 'All that may be true,' came the reply in chilling tones, 'but look here: I go through this tomfoolery to please my mother and—help you...' The mother who had caught the words from somewhere in the kitchen felt the *gaucherie* of the remark and put in half-plaintively: 'Seenu, my dear boy, what a thing to say! I'm still alive you know.' Momentarily crest-fallen, the great man resumed after an awkward pause:

'Sorry, mother—but Sastrigal, what I mean is this. If in future you can't be here by the clock, I cut you and this circus out—see? Alright, let's go ahead now...'

Mr. 'Seenu' was clearly annoyed, and that for a simple reason. He had had to go without his inseparable pipe for nearly half an hour. In that short interregnum, he seemed in a darker hell than the legendary one from which his watery libations were believed to redeem the manes of his ancestors. Who or what prevented him from smoking, you may ask. That was where his early upbringing came in. His sense of punctilio had been so wrought upon that he insisted on playing the part to perfection. The taboos of his earlier years had not yet deserted him completely; and he derived a measure of secret satisfaction at being able to draw the line somewhere. His subjection to his mother in matters of ritual was still unquestioned. She, good soul, had found in extended and intensified religiosity a means of resolving the oppressions and insipidities of middle age. After many false-starts, he struck oil at last as confidential assistant to a Muslim wholesale dealer in hides and skins, and began to make money hand over fist. That enabled the mother to have her fling in organising at home pujas, recitations, *vratams* and sacerdotal feasts with a demure ostentation which benefited a group of elderly levites. The son voted the whole a racket, but allowed it to go on since it advertised his opulence and ministered to his vanity.

As the purohit rattled through the rubric, he mumbled mangled bits after him and so came to the end of the rote. He pushed the plate of offerings perfunctorily towards the priest, and dashed off to his study to soothe his jangled nerves with the ambrosial fumes of his beloved weed . . .

The mother then came forward with an extra quota of rice, vegetables, etc., for presentation to the purohit. Though in widow's weeds, she had a pleasant maternal look about her and wore a gold chain round her neck and flashing rings on her fingers. She also wore something between a bodice and choli, thus offering a curious study in contrasts. 'You see, sastrigal,' she added, 'people these days are getting to be such *nastikas* that I tremble for the future. My boy does want to do these things in proper style as you know; but he's young and thoughtless. Please don't mind him.' It was her way of making amends for her son's rudeness. 'Ammani,' he replied, 'you flatter me indeed; don't I know you for a pillar of the faith? Yes, times are indeed changing . . .' and with a sigh, he gathered his perquisites and resumed his rounds.

II

Back on the road, the purohit into a brown study. As he re the brusqueness of the son, he smiled sardonically to himself. Good fellow, no doubt—generous and all that. Makes his money out of the skin of dead animals—of cows too I shouldn't wonder—hardly a brahmanical occupation! But then it's Kaliyuga; even in olden times, wisdom has dwelt with butchers, hunters, footpads and libertines. How true the proverb which says that money made out of the sale of dogs cannot bark! Fancy his doing the tarpana to please the living—and oblige me! And he intoned with proper modulations: 'Yan me mata . . .'

'Well, well and what am I but a more venerable fraud? Why should

I assist in all this unctuous humbug? And he went over for the nth time the lines of his life. Ten years ago he had planned to retire to his ancestral village on the banks of the Véghavati and slip out of life through insensible sanyasa. It was almost a tradition in the family to end up in the saffron robe. Through thirty years of planned austerity he had come to save about five thousand rupees. He felt that it was more than ample for his needs. After his wife's death, he became more self-centred and self-reliant than ever. An only daughter had been married off pretty well. Her husband was expected to end up as a Tahsildhar at the least once he got over the hurdle of the Revenue Inspectorate. The ancestral river had been his family's cradle and grave; it had a nostalgic appeal which he savoured in anticipation without once getting satiated . . .

Then fate felled him with a malignant blow. One day, his daughter rushed to him with a dreadful story of her husband having been arrested for defalcation of public funds. True he was one of three or four booked at the same time, but that hardly made any difference. Suryanarayana Sastrigal felt as if a thunderbolt had struck him down. He who had never bowed his knee except at the time of his daily genuflections to the Sun rushed to the most prominent of his patrons—a Civilian—and blubbered at his feet like a child. All the dignities and reticences of a decorous and disciplined life dissolved in an excess of disastrous self-pity. Strings were pulled, and the son-in-law was saved from the worst ignominy. The old man readily shelled out all his life's savings to make good the missing amounts; in return for which, the cuprit was dismissed from the service.

Ever since then he had had to carry the burden of the family of his luckless daughter. The Utopia of his dreams faded into the light of common day, and he had to resume active practice to make both ends meet.

That scamp of a son-in-law whom he dubbed 'asat' in his thoughts went underground after his disgrace. But he made his presence felt by the periodic pregnancies of his daughter. The old man grit his teeth every time the phenomenon recurred (and it was maddeningly regular!) but kept his rage to himself. Komalam had once been the apple of his eye—slim, pretty and so intelligent; she would repeat after him, and, in faultless accents too, chunks of Vedic stuff through the mere accident of having heard them intoned daily at home by him. Now she was a physical wreck—maternity and lactation in an unbroken chain had made her a caricature of what she was. And then that brood of children; he did not know how many there were! How he hated them and yet bled for them at the same time! They ran about the house and the street—unkempt, ill-clad, dirty, under-fed and little better than savages. To think of them all—blood of his blood—was enough to rouse all his instinctive and egotistic impulse to go to their protection. Often he would blame his daughter, but only in the recesses of his own mind. She had no grit, no pride, no standards; but allowed herself to be victimised by habit. If only she could make a man of her husband again! What would happen to those wretched little creatures once his eyes were closed? The very thought sent such a shiver down his spine that he shuddered and sobbed unbeknown to himself . . .

Then a further change came over his thoughts. All his vague repinings at Fate vented themselves on that ne'er-do-well son-in-law of his. He saw what it was; the knave counted on his inexhaustible indulgence. Quite simply, he was sponging upon him, and meant to keep it up as long as possible. Well, he must teach him a lesson. After all, each must work out his or her own Karma; there is no such thing as carrying other's burdens oneself. No, he felt that he

must get out of this uncharted ocean of misery by an act of will, and leave the rest to fend for themselves. Not a day more in this godless city; he would trek that very day while the resolution was still fresh in the mind. He must get away—no farewells, no scenes. Why wait for death?

He was suddenly startled out of his reverie by some urchin running behind him and shouting: 'Thatha, Thatha, you're wanted; please come to our house. Father has been shouting for you, but you have been walking at such a pace.' The little fellow was breathless. The Sastrigal came down to earth, surveyed the little man and mechanically retraced his steps to a near-by house.

The master of the house greeted him with: 'Ah, there you are! We've been shouting ourselves hoarse to get at you. Our Vadhyar has as usual played the truant, and there you march past as if stone-deaf. And we householders get abused into the bargain for not supporting the Vaidiks. Come along, Sastrigal, and please finish the tarpanam; I'm dying of hunger!'

The purohit went to the tap, washed his hands and feet, rinsed his mouth thrice ceremoniously and taking his seat began: 'Subhe Sobhane muhurte . . .' A faint suggestion of disdain curled his lips. But who could say whether it was for himself or for his new client?

(Continued from page 26)

view of Parliament was that it was a useful forum for propaganda.

Legislation is a mechanism for the scientific control of the social forces by the collective mind of society for its own advantage. But in many of the so-called democracies, society is dominated by plutocrats. The right to vote must be exploited by the Socialists. From a means of duping the people it must be transformed into an instrument of emancipation. Then only will the ballot-box be the means of achieving real Socialism.

Short Story

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY

By Harish Kumar Mehra

A HOT summer loo blew in the streets on a Saturday afternoon in Delhi. Rakesh, writhing under the unbearable heat of the day, lay on his cot, fanning himself rapidly with the day's newspaper. But the heat, the suffocating, moisture-less heat, filled the air and his arms were already tired. In his ground floor apartment the ceiling was too low for a ceiling-fan to be fitted and the room was too small to accommodate another table for the table-fan.

"Curse be upon this weather", Rakesh said aloud as he gave up the futile effort of fanning himself and lay inert on his side.

Rakesh was a bank clerk and a bachelor of thirty five. Unmarried, because he could not afford a wife with the meagre amount left with him after he had sent half his salary to his parents in the village. His was a life of deficit financing and uneasy co-existence with his rebellious thoughts.

"If you have a short sheet of cloth, you cannot cover both your head and feet", his father had often said, "or the sheet will get torn."

The sheet had got torn. The spirit broken under heavy debts, the body decaying in its pit of loneliness. There was nothing that made life worth living—nothing except his dreams.

In his world of dreams he had found an easy escape from grim reality. What began years ago as innocent wishing, had, in course of time, developed into a regular habit

of day dreaming, into withdrawing himself into a shell of conscious illusions that protected him from the bitter facts of life. He created a world of his own in which he was master of all that he imagined. He drugged himself with day dreams so that under their anaesthetic numbing of his normal feelings, he was no longer subject to the pain and misery of the dreary drudgery of daily existence.

Now, as he lay upon the cot, swathed in perspiration, he once again gave himself up to the world of images. Slowly, the sense of oppression lifted, the heat vanished and the shabby room became non-existent. He was waddling in the cool pastures of imagination. He closed his eyes and began to dream of wealth and fame, of bungalows and cars, of air journeys to foreign lands and his front page photographs in newspapers, of girls—and girls—AND GIRLS.

Of girls more than of anything else. In his bachelor existence of over three decades he was acutely conscious of the vacuum in his life, of the mirage in feminine form which always surrounded him and yet was so inaccessible. The absence of the better half made the other half rather bitter and melancholy.

Ever since he had started day dreaming, he had dreamt of the day when, as it happens in fiction and the films, a beautiful rich girl would enter his life, ignore his poverty, and after discovering his kind, genial heart of gold under his clumsy exte-

rior, would fall in love with him. Daily he dreamt of her, the Unknown Female of the Future, and the circumstances under which their first meeting would take place.

He dreamt of the details; a hail-storm in which he would accidentally collide with her, a bus accident in which they would both be injured and taken in the same ambulance to adjoining hospital beds, a big social gathering in which he would find her lost diamond necklace and she would gratefully thank him.

Today once again he began to dream of their first meeting in the unknown future. A voice called out to him: "There is only one way of finding a love mate."

"What is that?" he asked in his dream.

"Find a damsel in distress," said the voice.

"A damsel in distress?"

"Yes—a girl crying out for help. One day, sometime, somewhere in this world there will be a girl whose life will be in mortal danger. Be a valiant and gallant man, be a chivalrous hero and save her life". The Voice said.

"And then?" Rakesh asked.

"Then the girl will owe her life to you. She will do anything you want her to do. She will love you, she will marry you".

The vision blurred; the Voice was drowned in a sound of crackling, burning timber. Rakesh saw a building on fire, red and yellow flames leaping from the bricks, and the smoke rising in black spirals. He saw on the second floor of the building a girl framed in a window, a girl making wild gestures of distress. She was in danger—mortal danger. She needed help. But no one among the crowd of people gathered on the road had the guts to enter that burning inferno. Rakesh dashed into the fire; in the twinkling of an eye he was carrying the girl downstairs on

his shoulders amidst resounding cheers from the people below. And then in the hospital, the girl standing by his bed and saying gratefully: "I love you".

The dream disintegrated in the increasing oppressiveness of the heat inside the room. He was lying on his cot when he opened his eyes, the world as it was before he started on his journey into the dreamland—or was it?

Through the window of his room he saw the building on the opposite side of the street enveloped in flames, a girl standing in a window on the second floor and making frantic gestures for help. The dream had come true with a vivid sharpness. Here was his lifetime's opportunity to do what he had always wanted to do, to rescue a girl in distress and make her eternally bound to him by bonds of gratitude.

In a flash, Rakesh ran out of his room in his vests and pyjamas. He covered the street in one big leap and was soon climbing up the stairs of the burning building. Then the window, the girl standing there, the girl on his shoulders, the charred limbs beating against his body, limbs writhing in pain, the flames left behind him, the crowd below, the girl crying in agony, the burns on his body stinging more as the people neared him, the crowd taking the girl off his shoulders, the pain enveloping him . . . the unconsciousness.

He came to consciousness again in a dark room after a few hours. This must be the hospital, he thought. But rather a strange hospital. The walls with big black bars, like a jail. Wait, there could be no doubt about it. It was a prison.

The warder entered with the inspector. The police official sat down on his cot and asked for his version of what happened. He was dazed. He didn't know. He could only tell the truth.

"Inspector, what is the meaning of this?", he asked indignantly.

"We will tell you the meaning afterwards. First *you* tell us what happened."

"Well, it was like this. I was lying on my bed in the room opposite her house when I saw her signalling to me. So I dashed into her house."

"But why should she have signalled to you?", the inspector asked.

Rakesh looked surprised, even shocked. Just imagine the inspector trying to act innocent.

"Of course, because the house was on fire and her life was in danger", he said.

"Her house was never on fire and her life was never in danger—until you tried to abduct her," the inspec-

tor said. "It is good that the people saw you, rescued the girl from you and gave you a good beating. You deserve at least three years in prison for such a shameless thing".

"But . . ." Rakesh did not complete the sentence. It suddenly dawned upon him that he had made a fool of himself. He imagined himself in his vests and pyjamas trying to forcibly carry away a beautiful girl from a house that was not on fire—and the girl struggling and crying . . . and the crowd closing upon him . . . like he was a maniac—a . . .

Words failed his thoughts.

"What have you to say?" the inspector asked again.

"The heat. It was all because of the heat", he said feebly.

BABOO JABBERJEE B. A.

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

OF Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee B.A. little is now probably known among his countrymen. This neglect is less than just to a man of his transcendental qualities. Like the valiant Mr. Potts in a different context he is entitled to complain of the ingratitude of mankind.

Baboo Jabberjee's attainments are impressive. In his own words, and he is by no means to be suspected of false modesty, "I am an able B.A. of a respectable Indian University (Calcutta), now in this country (England) for purposes of being crammed through Inns of Court and Law Exam. and rendering myself a completely pledged Barrister in the Native Bar of the High Court." He possesses a lively, if confused, pen. His prose is at all events vivid and colourful. He has even pretensions to poetry; to quote him again, "rhymed poetry after models of Poets TENNYSON, COWPER, Mrs. HEMANS, SOUTHEY and Co., done to a tittle, so as not to be detected, even by the cynosure, as mere spurious imitation, but in every respect up to the mark and the real Simon Pure." This passage must excite the liveliest expectations, if not precisely of immortal verse, then of some hilarious prose, sublime in its unintended humour.

It may be asked how it has come about that an author so rich in wit and fancy has been completely neglected. The truth is that Baboo Hurry Bungsho Jabberjee B.A. is himself the creation of a lively imagination. The melancholy fact is that his sleek and beauteous form has not actually graced the city of Calcutta or Porticobello House or Hereford Road in London. His golden and at times scarcely conceivable periods have not in fact adorned the bar either of Britain or India. In short,

he is the hero of a book by Anstey, who was editor of *Punch*.

Anstey fills no high place in the history of literature. Nothing is more ephemeral than humorous writings not of supreme excellence. The local allusions with which they abound no longer possess any significance. Most of the puns appear like whitened sepulchres. Mere verbal fancy no longer amuses. Anstey's writings do not contain the saving grace of a vision of life which it is that embalms humorous writings. I possess in addition to *Jabberjee*, two of his works. *The Brass Bottle*, which is available as a Penguin edition, depends for its comic effects on the situations. The hero happens to acquire a brass bottle in which, whether the reader will believe it or not, there resides the genii of the *Arabian Nights*. The ancient gentleman is apt to misunderstand the instructions of his modern master and some amusing situations follow. But it is wit of a mechanical turn. Of his other work, which is a play entitled "The Lancelot and the Lyre," even less can be said in praise.

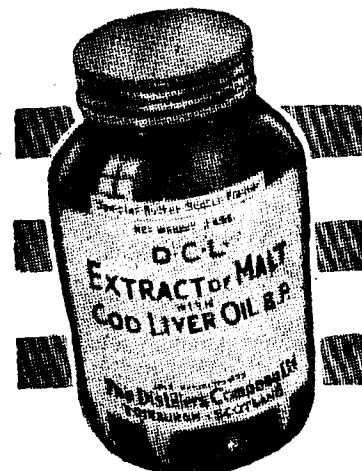
It may be believed that it was in no high philosophical spirit that Anstey turned to the creation of the Baboo. But for the accident that the articles in *Punch* happen to have been collected in a book form by the well-known house of Dent, it is probable that nothing more will have been heard of Jabberjee. It is difficult to say whether Anstey intended a general satire on the qualities and character of Indians in Britain or merely proposed to write a series of comic sketches in which an Indian happened to be the central figure. It is more probable that he had set himself the greater purpose, for there are a few passages on the advan-

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tages to India of British rule which suggest the political pamphleteer.

The extraordinary style in which the Baboo is made to narrate incidents in his life may at once be conceded to the critic. "Babu English" has earned notoriety. Its chief qualities are pompousness of diction, a bewildering mixture of metaphors, and the precipitate appearance of the familiar and the slang word. Jabberjee's meaning may be only faintly gleaned from such a passage as this in which he describes a few minutes at a debating club; "When he had ceased there was a universal and unanimous silence, due to uncontrollable female bashfulness, for the duration of several minutes, until the chairwoman exhorted someone to have the courage of her opinions. And the ice being once fractured, one Amurath succeeded another in disjointed commentaries, plucking crows in the teeth of the assertions of the Hon'ble Opener." A man who writes like this, one feels vindictive enough to say, deserves the charge of breach of promise of marriage which is subsequently laid against him.

But there are graver charges against the Baboo. One is that he is a coward, another that he is not passionately addicted to truth, a third that he is vainglorious. In drawing such a character Anstey was probably following the prejudices of his time, the end of last century. The general opinion in Britain was that the "natives of India," as Anstey would have said, were mild and timid. Many other books also testify to the common belief that truth is not held in high esteem, especially in the law courts, in this country. It was only a few years after Anstey's book was published that Lord Curzon made his notorious pronouncement at a convocation of the Calcutta University. Anstey cannot be expected to rise superior to the popular prejudices. There is little point now, eight years after independence, in feeling affronted with him.

I bought my copy of *Jabberjee* the other day in the immediate proximity of the office of the *SWATANTRA* for the easy equivalent of ten annas. Its appearance, as it lay half-hidden in a general chaos, was forbidding, for it appeared to be a law book. Its binding is the same severe and monotonous one with which I am surprised lawyers should clothe all their books. But the golden gleam of the magical word, "Baboo," on the binding caught my eye and I leapt for it.

For, the Baboo is an old friend. I possessed him in a fresh and neat dress, new as he had poured from the Press. It was given to me by one who took great delight in him because he loved good writing in any form. It was little that I then could make of the Baboo, though the drawings by Bernard Partridge fascinated me. Soon after, *Jabberjee* disappeared from my possession, no doubt borrowed by a friend with a short memory. That was over twenty years ago and now I rejoice to welcome the Baboo back.

(Continued from page 13)

a thesis that really counts; for these rouse our feelings one way or the other.

It was said of Ford the maker of the proletarian car that he once dismissed all history as just 'bunk.' He was called an ignoramus for his pains; but all he meant to convey was that propaganda can make or mar truth. We do not know in what frame of mind Pilate asked the famous question: What is Truth? The rest of us haven't bothered about it at all!

Denigration should however be distinguished from debunking. The former is a reflection on our own obliquity of vision or pusillanimity of spirit. But the latter puts us in good humour with the great for the illogical reason that they had their own defects. The former victimises the idealist, while the latter tends to make cynics of us all.

New Books

A TRAVEL MEDLEY

Strangers in the Sun. Noel Barber: Geoffrey Bles, London. 16s.

MR. NOEL BARBER earns his living by travelling all over the world and writing about the people he meets and the things he sees in his weekly column 'People on Parade' in the *Daily Mail* of Britain. Of his round-the-year peregrinations in search of column-fodder, he says:

I wander from place to place with no set plans. Sometimes it is an aeroplane on which I journey for two nights and days from the Occident to the Orient; sometimes it is a car that takes me a few kilometres from one story to the rest. Sometimes it is a large and impressive vessel with all the luxuries of a first-class hotel; at others, it is an old, creaking native schooner, where the only suitable place to pass the night is on deck with the cockroaches and the Milky Way above.

One feels jealous of a job like that: travel wherever you want to on this planet whenever you want and (almost) at whatever the cost. Stay in the same village or country or island for a year or just for a day. Meet people or do not meet them. Be given a Thai wife in Saigon or be stabbed by an assassin in the murderous streets of Casablanca in the year of the Lord 1954. The only return expected for these princely favours was that Barber should keep his weekly column going, come wind, come weather, come even a Thai wife.

Though his column is called 'People on Parade', and though, most of the time, he is 'the eyes and ears' of a grateful public back at home who cannot afford to roam the earth but in whose blood the germs of travel-fever are always active, Mr. Barber

sometimes takes the role of a political correspondent. For instance, under the placid surface of life in British Honduras, he found the Guatemala-controlled Communists constitutionally and bloodlessly active, destroying the foundations of government as efficiently and unobtrusively as white ants. He cabled a long and angry despatch which his paper featured in full with editorial comment, and thus woke up the warriors of Whitehall to the need for organized resistance to the termite terror in that part of the world too. Thus, while keeping his eyes skinned for stuff that he can cook for his weekly newspaper dish, Mr. Barber keeps his ears open for political rumblings. He is anti-Communist, but not stupidly so; he repeatedly urges 'the waging of peace'; and he says again and again that democracy's surest answer to Communism is increasing the well-being of people, not the frenzied signing of military pacts.

In the seven months of 1954, Mr. Barber travelled more than fifty thousand miles, and judging from his account of it, few miles on this long journeying seem to have been dull. "It is not always the story one finds at journey's end that is the best one; what happens on the way can often be more entertaining, though at the same time it sometimes has no place in a daily newspaper. So I have long been in the habit of keeping a diary on which I have based this book." Many things and people happen on the way to Mr. Barber; the frightening electronic brain in New York; Mr. Somerset Maugham on the tip of Cap Ferrat; the permanent escapists from civilization, Mr. Crook and Mrs. Snowball in the Caribbean (Mrs.

Snowball having been a chorus girl in West End); the temporary and millionaire escapists (Noel Coward among them) of Round Hill in Montego Bay; the pitiful, inbreeding descendants of Englishmen sold or pressed into slavery a few centuries ago who are now the Beachcombers of Barbados; the pretty Cuban girl who took him for a walk in her underwater coral garden, and a hundred other things—and Mr. Barber's appetite increases on what it feeds on, till we think the book might go on for ever, with Mr. Barber roaming the earth till Doomsday. But then, the *Daily Mail* accepted his idea of a trip by car from England to the Far East, and by September 1954, he had to get ready for the journey. The book therefore ends with the first seven months of that year.

Mr. Barber is witty, and has a nearly infallible nose for what will entertain the literate public, so *Strangers in the Sun* does not flag. And the adroitness with which Mr. Barber slips into his book clear little sketches of the perplexing situations in what to an Englishman are the subsidiary political theatres of the world, is admirable. (For a particularly trenchant chapter, read the eighth. The Persian Gulf, wherein is shown the hundred-fold multiplication of evil that oil brings about among the Arab tribes). Mr. Barber's diary is thus crammed like a hold-all with entertaining hotch-potch, and is a crackling thing for those of us whose travels are conducted inexpensively from the easy-chair.

M. P. BHASKARAN.

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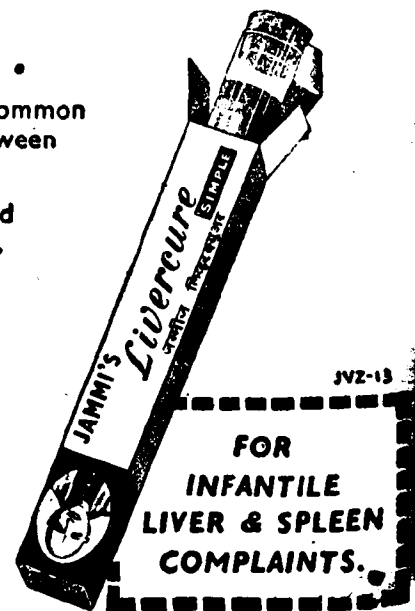
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THE BLOODLESS BATTLE FOR AFGHANISTAN

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

"The Russians build a road. The U. S. replies with farm machinery. The Czechs offer rail coaches, the East Germans dynamos—it's a fight with ploughshares instead of swords and Afghans benefit by 'competitive coexistence'."

TWO miles above the earth on the ancient caravan route out of Central Asia, I looked down on a strange land chosen for a unique experiment. Afghanistan is the first country where the Soviet bloc and the West compete, through economic aid, to prove their own system best. This is the scene of a bloodless battle but it might easily have been another Korea because here, in a land more remote and independent today than Tibet, are the same root causes of war.

Somewhere in the departing night below, there were U. S. hydro plants going up instead of U. S. bomber bases. Instead of German gas chambers, there were German dam builders. Where there might have been Russian tanks there were Russian bulldozers.

A Canadian doctor, Steve Falkland, today gives medical guidance to the Afghan monarchy which has 120,000 people for every doctor. He advises the Afghan Government on its public health problems. In fact, though he would deny it, Dr. Falkland has started medical programmes against immense difficulties, and guided them through all the pitfalls bound to arise in a remote monarchy where little technical progress has been made.

The Russians call this 'competitive co-existence'. They build a road. The U. S. replies with farm machinery. The Communist Czechs offer railway coaches. The Swiss answer with the first geological survey ever

made of the region. The East Germans say they will supply dynamos and the West Germans speed up work on the hydro project which will power them.

"In Korea it was done with guns," said a member of the Afghan royal family. "Here it is a peaceful war where our people benefit, instead of losing their homes and families. Some accuse us of sitting in the middle and making the most of it. Why not? We are backward by your technical standards and we need help. We are not selling ourselves to the highest bidder. We just don't want to become another battlefield."

Help has been offered and accepted. The Soviet Union is to lend Afghanistan \$100,000,000 for 30 years, as part of the new Russian "money war."

Warlike Ancestors Recalled

As I peered into the inky canyons that lead to Kabul, a bushy head popped up behind a boulder. Another and another appeared until we were surrounded by tribesmen. With the sun climbing over the earth's rim, horses and camels and Mongol tents took shape. What seemed like a cliff face parted to reveal a vast cavern packed with nomads hunched close to haughty-faced camels. Out of it walked a turbaned figure with a quilted blue coat that reached to his cloth-bound feet. He carried a locally made rifle, wore a snub-nosed pistol in his belt and his

wealth was proclaimed by the shiny cartridges in his bandoleer.

He might have been a malik, head of some nomad tribe. Or he could be a bandit. The same truck we had driven all night from the north-west frontier had been stopped here before by armed horsemen. They ransacked the truck and took the dry cleaning sent up from Pakistan laundry. British diplomats, as a result, had to appear in tatters at their own party to honour the Queen.

This tribesman wanted only to offer tea, green and heavily sugared. As each cup was replenished, it became less sugary. So we sat, nodding to each other across the gulf of language and going, as the Afghans say, "from the sweet to the bitter."

His men were tall and proud. Their veiled women were already loading the camels; their infants were perched amid wicker baskets of hens on the very top of the sheepskin cargoes balanced on tiny donkeys.

They seemed, the more I saw of them plodding over the rocky wastes between the mountains, to be the proudest and most ruthless people I had ever met. They were born out of hardship. Nature left them pewter mountains and dried-up river valleys. Politics squeezed them between the Russians along the Oxus river and the British who stopped at the Khyber pass.

But now the British have gone and left a weak, impoverished nation called Pakistan. Though both are Islamic, the frontier between Pakistan and Afghanistan has been inflamed by demands that 7,000,000 Pathan tribesmen should be incorporated in a new state of "Pakhtoonistan." Sporadic fights followed between Afghan tribesmen and Pakistan frontier scouts who include the only operational cavalry still in existence.

So the world has chosen no lily-white land for its first experiment in fighting with ploughshares instead of swords. Passions are being aroused among these people who still remember the name of Alexander the Great more clearly than Churchill or Bulganin; and whose features are those of the White Huns, the Mongols of Ghengis Khan and the Tartars of Tamerlane.

Their claims get more fanatical the closer you get to Kabul and the Russian border. A prominent Afghan minister told me there could be no argument about "Pakhtoonistan." He said: "The Pakistan Government illegally occupies the area north of the Indus which is inhabited by Pakhtoons."

Rough Justice

Russia has backed demands that a slice be carved out, equal to one-third of West Pakistan, to make "Pakhtoonistan." The explanation offered is that Russia is only acting to prevent encirclement by the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization and the Baghdad Pact, to which Pakistan belongs.

It may be that Russia also fears trouble in her own Islamic areas, the Soviet republics adjoining Afghanistan. A neutral Afghanistan with resentment for her non-Communist neighbours might suit the Russian book. It would at least offer no risk of becoming the base for anti-Communist activity.

And as Western observers in Kabul point out, this country is one of the three remaining gaps in the protective belt Russia has thrown around her territory.

Now that Russia and the West are competing here, funny things happen. You can buy a Russian car for \$900 because the Communists are going all out to undercut the West.

But behind the mud walls that surround their tiny houses, Russian technicians live like peasants. I

found six living in one room. They travelled to work in a community bus. They dressed modestly. They were not making the Western mistake of separating themselves from the local people with air-conditioners and central heating.

There are no railroads and no paved highways to link communities in a country which is three times the size of Western Germany, dissected by mountain ranges and landlocked between Red China, Russia, Persia and Pakistan. So when the Russians sent a fancy limousine to Kabul complete with whitewall tires and bullet-proof glass, it had to be carried all the way from the border.

There were 12 taxis in the entire capital, all Russian, until I arrived. Then there were 11. The first I hired was driven straight into a brick wall. My companion was knocked out. Russian steel crumpled on impact and the engine gaped through the wreckage. A soldier was pinned against the wall. When my driver saw this, he took off for the hills.

Later I asked him why he ran away.

"The law here says I can be executed on the spot by relatives of the man I struck," he replied.

A U. S. engineer showed me photographs of such an execution. A traffic cop assisted by holding down the victim.

It's rough justice but this is a rough country. Even the capital is little more than a mud city. Two policemen were killed by wolves here last winter. Bitter feuds bring sudden death among the tribes. Few women do not know how to clean a gun; few men are incapable of making their own guns in the cave armouries which riddle the mountains.

I watched "hair dancers" from the north singing warlike chants. They had freed their long black locks from the usual turban. They wore long,

chocolate coloured cloaks, black boots and red sashes. Pistols and knives were stuck in their belts and as they shuffled and skipped in a circle, they sang: "You might look at your ragged sleeves and be encouraged to fight a poor man, O Pakistan: But it is the arm that strikes and not the sleeves."

They hate their Pakistan neighbours up here with fanatical zeal, just as they claim to hate the British. Their biggest celebration is a seven-day fete in memory of "victory against the British" for the final time in the Third Afghan War. Yet they employ two British school teachers here and would like more, though so far they have rejected every Russian effort to establish similar educational ties.

They are probably the prayingest folk in the world. This has boosted the operations of the Mecca Special, an airline which last year flew more than 1,400 pilgrims to Mecca. Each time a night landing was necessary, navigators informed passengers which way to pray to Mecca.

An old man in a cave south of Kabul is worrying world leaders. He is the Faqir of Ipi, an asthmatic warrior with tremendous influence in these parched mountains. President Eisenhower has written letters about him to the Premiers of Afghanistan and Pakistan. Marshal Bulganin publicly endorsed his cause. Prime Minister Nehru gets regular reports of his activities. And the entire northwest frontier corps of Pakistan is after his blood.

Where Fiction Is Real

For the Faqir of Ipi is the legendary figure behind the "Pakhtoonistan" movement. It is 25 years since he led a vast tribal uprising against the British. His headquarters and troops have been bombed and machine-gunned at regular intervals ever since. Today, at 66, he is tougher and more resolute than ever before in his long career.

He wants to create a State called "Pakhtoonistan" which would include one-third of West Pakistan and about 7,000,000 Pathans. Nobody seems to know whether the Pathans themselves like the idea, particularly those in Pakistan who are beginning to enjoy the benefits of new schools and health services.

But the bitterness he has aroused is incredible. In the Pakistan capital of Karachi, men trembled with rage when they discussed him with me. In the Afghan capital of Kabul, where leaders now have Russian support for the Faqir, they seemed to think anyone who did not believe in "Pakhtoonistan" must be an enemy.

The Faqir's base is much like the Red Chinese mountain quarters when Mao Tse-tung nursed his strength in the Yennan caves. The rebel Faqir has his own guest-cave. He has printing presses in another cave. His arms are distributed from more distant hideouts and he seems to have been getting light foreign weapons like the Russian bazooka.

In a valley nearby, according to rumour, are said to be white-faced women with blonde hair and Grecian noses. They are supposed to be descended from Alexander the Great's armies. Certainly the Faqir's

bodyguards are tall, straight men with dark features and blackish hair of the Balkans.

Opposite the Faqir's chief domain, which measures 100 by 200 miles, is the Mullah of Anzari who has resisted all attempts to make him declare a "Jehad" (holy war) against the troublesome Faqir because, he says, "My country of Pakistan is a modern State."

This difference between two Moslem countries is sharply defined when you cross the northwest frontier. There is an increasing sense of Persian influence and more women in North Pakistan remain in purdah, their faces veiled. But all along the Durand line, the international boundary which cuts along the crests of a barren mountain range rising to 11,000 feet, there are Pakistan units on patrol against the Afghans who follow the Faqir of Ipi.

Snub-nosed air freighters lumber through the frontier skies from one narrow airstrip to another, carrying Pakistan troops. Their operations are by sharp-shooting riflemen who keep down the Afghan snipers. Abandoned British forts have been taken over and Pakistan troops close the frontier roads at dusk.—NNF.

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

By M. KRISHNAN

I WAS twenty minutes late in tuning in the National Programme on March 17—not because I felt 'non-enthusiastic' about it. In fact, when I saw it in the morning paper, I felt rather surprised that Srimati K. B. Sundarambal had attained N. P. status as a singer—till I remembered that after her career on the stage and screen, she had refound recognition as an exponent Tamil Isai. Probably I thought, she would sing only Tamil songs; not many National Programme broadcasts featuring Tamil songs; mem:—must listen to this one. And I missed the first twenty minutes, unavoidably.

And when I did switch on, Srimati Sundarambal was singing a composition of Sadasiva Brahmendra, in Sanskrit! This was followed by a Telugu song in Sankarabharanam, rendered in a manner smacking of the footlights.

But the next piece, in Hamsanandi and Tamil, left me glad that Srimati Sundarambal was not, this night, solely an exponent of Tamil Isai. Her enunciation was jarringly overemphatic and theatrical, her singing poor.

Incidentally, the announcements for this song and the next were incorrect. The piece in Hamsanandi (beginning with the words "Ariyathu ketkin varivadi velaal") was announced as a composition of Auvvaiyar—as if the announcer knew this for a fact! 'Auvvaiyar' is merely a honorific title for any distinguished lady, and there have been quite a few ladies so distinguished in Tamil literature. That apart, this particular stanza is not so much a poetic composition as part of the legend of the literature. The poetess is supposed to have sung this in reply to the god, Subramanya, who appeared to her in the guise of a buffalo-herding boy.

The way the announcement was made, hundreds of non-Tamilian (and perhaps even Tamilian!) listeners would have been left with the definite impression that this piece was by a Tamilian composer named Auvvaiyar, and set in Hamsanandi by her!

The next song was announced as "Pillai-Thamizh, a noted classical piece"! Pillai-Thamizh is a well-known literary form; not any particular poem. It is a form in which some person (usually divine, but at times and sarcastically human, too) is addressed in adulation as if he (or she) were in childhood, and is governed by definite prosodic and periodic requirements. Many fine addresses in this form, by many noted poets, are known to classical Tamil. To refer to one stanza from some Pillai-Thamizh (I do not know from which Srimati Sundarambal took the piece she sang, and after listening to it I felt its literary merit did not warrant the effort of ascertainment), consisting of several stanzas, as if it were a specific and well-known composition is definitely incorrect. All India Radio can, and should, avoid such errors.

I have always thought a story can be told so much more effectively than it can be written. Tonal nuances, and the unforced use of dialect, to convey 'character', help both in leading up to a climax and in a mere narrative. I was disappointed with Mr. T. C. Dubash's 'Ore Asai' (that's how it was titled in the newspaper announcement of the programme—'Oray Asai' would have been a better transliteration), because it completely failed to make use of the oral possibilities of a story written for broadcasting, and, moreover, because even as a story intended to be read it was highly unconvincing. However,

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

it had a happy ending. One saw it miles away, but so what? It was a happy ending still, so rare in fiction these days, even rarer than in truth.

Mr. K. V. Jagannathan's account of recent Tamilian literary and religious celebrations (March 29, Madras) was saved from the dullness that usually marks any summary of convocations by the admirable use of literary spicing. And, of course, it was distinguished by the excellence of its Tamil. A specially gruesome kind of verbal cramps seems to assail the majority of broadcasters in Tamil, from Madras—their diction is stilted, the familiar, easy word is discarded in favour of a bombastic synonym which, in spite of its synonymity, doesn't quite get the same thing across—and this, mind, only because the talker, in his ignorance of the literary associations of common words, wrongly supposes they are colloquial and vulgar! A. I. R., Madras, whose Tamil broadcasts are not always good, would do well to trust professional Tamil writers more and more—after all, they are the men who, in a disastrous moment, decided to trust their skill with words for a living!

A feature of the Arunagirinathar

music festival, relayed by Tiruchi on March 30, rather surprised me. After a discourse by Kunrakkudi Adigal and others on the poetry of Arunagirinathar, its greatness and melodic and rhythmic qualities, there was a music recital by Sirgazhi Govindarajan. One would naturally have expected him to sing pieces from the Thiruppukhazh and other works of the poet-saint. But did he confine his choice only to the vast field of Arunagirinathar's poems, so very rhythmic and susceptible of musical interpretation, as speakers earlier had pointed out? I think not.

It was pleasant to hear Vinayakrao Patwardhan, assisted by his son, Narayanarao, in the National Programme on the last night of March. The maestro has a formidable reputation as a 'tarana-singer'—in fact, I thought the *Shankar's Weekly* quip, that only a Maharashtrian 'gawai' could officiate as caretaker of the passengers in supersonic airplanes, because only he could talk faster than sound, was rather aimed at Vinayakarao Patwardhan! But age, alas! has slowed his verve. However, it was pleasant, as I said, to listen to an authentic exponent of the Paluskar school of music, and his Paraz was wholly delightful.

K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

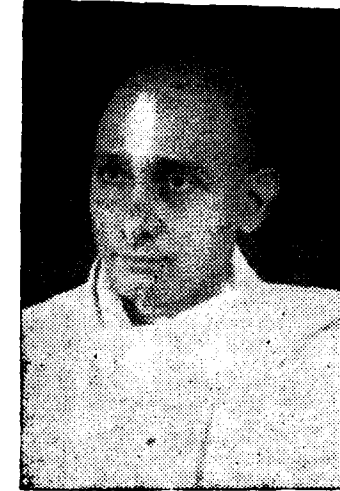
THE death of K. V. Ramachandran is a grievous loss to the world of scholarship and taste. He represented a combination of qualities which are rare at the best of times. He stood outside the coteries. And with his ironic intelligence and incisive wit he was not made for easy popularity. But deep in him there burned a great love of beauty and a passion for rediscovering, and sharing with the like-minded, India's rich and infinitely varied artistic wealth.

I came to know Ramachandran in the late twenties. That connoisseur of talent, C. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, brought him one day to *The Hindu* office and introduced him to me. Ramachandran had an idea of applying for a research studentship in music in the Madras University. But it did not fructify, and it was perhaps as well. One could not see him fitting into the academic life with its patient accumulation of facts which too often tend to be all of equal value.

He early won a competence for himself which set him free from the carking cares of earning a living. He was a shrewd and successful businessman who was fortunate in choosing a vocation that did not go against the grain. Indeed his love of India's traditional arts gave an edge to the zest with which he applied himself to the task of exploring the secrets of the science of cosmetics and toilet aids.

With him scholarship was the gateway to the abundant life. Art was not extrinsic ornament, but was *samskara*, inner refinement. By intensive training he had grounded himself in the fundamentals of Karnatic music and the grammar of Bharata Natya. But he was not content with book-lore. He went, wherever it was possible, to the living sources of inspiration. Veena Dhanam's music, the Syama Sastri tradition as expounded by the grandson of the composer, the leading Natyacharyas, Nattuvanars and Nartakis representing the different Tanjore schools of the dance—all contributed to enrich his sensitive and synthesizing mind. Even in the last months of his life, dogged by ill-health, he made a taxing tour of the district and of surrounding areas in order to contact some old singers, dancers and teachers who had preserved unpublished compositions of great beauty.

His views and even his manner of expressing them were often provocative. But it is not easy to be uncontroversial when one is fighting for standards. He was not easily bamboozled, but his capacity for admiration did not ossify with age. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which he went about telling everybody, when he was last in Madras, how he had found that there were still Nattuvanars who could teach and artistes who could render Ponniah Pillai's superb Tana Varna. That



The late Sri K. V. Ramachandran

marvellous composition reminded him of nothing so much as of Raja Raja's magnificent *gopuram*, so consummate in its symmetry and poise, so full of controlled power and majesty.

Indeed the *gopuram* was the apt symbol of the great culture of the South, which fired Ramachandran's historical imagination. Of the flowering of the Indian Spirit once under the Pallavas and then, again, under the great Cholas he wrote with verve in his occasional pieces found scattered in the issues of *Silpa Sree*, the remarkable Tamil monthly he founded and edited for two short years. In these as in his English essays published in *Triveni* and the journal of the Music Academy and in his reviews and notices in *The Hindu* over many years, he gave vivid, often exuberant utterance, to the faith that was in him. He hoped that the educated classes would learn to take a proper pride in our past achievement. He showed how closely art and song, poetry and dance were interrelated and harmonised in the service of God and man. And he testified in his own personal life, austere and yet irradiated with a steady inner glow, how deeply satisfying the rewards of *raasikya* could be.

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Supreme Council of producers met in Bombay in the third week of March 1956 and as all the producers' associations are represented on this council, it is hoped that this new organisation will be able to serve the cause of the producers on an all-India basis. Of course, the efficiency of the Council would depend upon its member organisations; if all the producers and their association vest sovereign power in the Supreme Council then the Council's decision would be binding and effective. What is more, the producers who flout the Council's decisions could be punished with sanctions.

The producers have many problems in common. The rate of interest paid to the financiers, the commission charged by distributors and the method by which it is charged, the free-lancing of stars which perforce raises the cost of production—these are some of the problems that the producers must face and find a solution for if they are to survive. There is no unanimity about even subjects and titles. Today more than one producer is making *Yahudi Ki Ladki* and *Lala Rukh*. The legal dispute over the title and subject of *Zindagi Ke Mele* has been hitting the headlines of the trade-press. Now that the Supreme Council has taken up this issue of registration of titles and subjects first, it is to be seen how far it succeeds in compelling the producers to abide by its rules and regulations. This itself would be a primary test of the efficiency of the Supreme Council.

It has been found that while all sections of the industry are vociferous

in their attack on the Government these sections of the industry have been absolutely incapable of solving internal problems—problems in which vested interests clash. In the recent disturbances in Bombay and other places, the distributors' organisations of Bombay failed completely to take a firm stand on the matter of compensation from the exhibitors with the result that the exhibitors had their usual rate of hire showing no concession for the extraordinary circumstances. It is only by going to a court of law that the distributor can hope to get any concession from the exhibitor; and it is doubtful whether any distributor would take that extreme step.

One can quote several examples of the failures of one association or the other in tackling any vital issue. Let us hope the Supreme Council will not suffer the same fate and prove useful and active.

Picture of the week

At last Bimal Roy's *Devdas* has been released in Bombay—two or three months after it had been released in Calcutta, Delhi, Madras and other places.

The picture has already been reviewed at length and in almost all reviews it was inevitable that the new version should be compared to the old. Recently I saw the old version. I found it rather static and stagey, lacking the very essence of a motion picture. Jamuna who won all hearts two decades ago as Parvati spoke too slow and in a style that would be out of tune today. Even Bimaldas' photography appeared chalky. Only the music and Saigal do not seem to have lost their appeal. And one cannot also forget the individualist, cynical approach of Barua to the subject.

In direct contrast is *Devdas* as portrayed by Dilip and presented by Bimal Roy with the help of scenarist Nabendu Ghosh and dialogue

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writer Rajinder Singh Bedi. Devdas appears to be a very sensitive person who would not harm anyone. If he could not flout his parents, it is not because of his cowardice or his being a weakling but a good son who would not like to harm his parents. His first running away to Calcutta before answering Parvati's daring challenge is the crucial mistake of his life and all his efforts to rectify it only succeed in increasing his misery and unhappiness.

Essentially a good man, he inflicts suffering on himself and ultimately succumbs to it. Neither Parvati nor Chandramukhi can save him from the inevitable tragedy which arises out of the conflict within himself. It is this effort to analyse every action of Devdas and give it a logical interpretation that distinguishes the picture. As a result there is no chance of drinking and frustration being glorified in this picture.

Apart from this interpretation of Devdas who is more of a man than a hero, *Devdas* is noteworthy for excellent portrayal, slick technique and imaginative direction. As Devdas, Dilip Kumar gives a very sensitive performance. The only defect in him if any is that he seems to be putting a lot of effort in his portrayal which consequently lacks in ease. Yet on the whole his performance is in conformity with the interpretation of the character. Suchitra Sen as Parvati acts with ease and grace; hers is a perfect portrayal. Only her Hindi is not always good, but with experience, Suchitra can rise to the top in the Hindi film-world. Vyjayantimala puts over dances with grace and charm; and for the first time she reveals acting talent. As Chandramukhi she turns in a lovable performance. Motilal is bright and witty as Chuni Lal. Of the supporting cast Baby Naaz gives the best portrayals.

Bimal Roy uses excellent symbols

to stress the purport of the story. True, some of the symbols are hackneyed, but the symbols in the train sequence are both original and effective. His taking of dances, his introduction of the grown-up Devdas, his keen sense of irony as evinced in the scene after the death of Devdas, his emphasis on outdoors and realistic atmosphere, his excellent use of sound effects—all contribute to make *Devdas* Bimal Roy's finest directorial triumph. The music by S. D. Burman is pleasing and in tune with the varying moods of the film; lyrics by Sahir are also keyed to the dramatic mood of the film. Hrishikesh Mukerjee's editing is smart; the timing and parallel cutting of shots of Parvati's marriage and Devdas's first visit to Chandramukhi are brilliant. Kamal Bose's photography deserves accolades.

Indeed, but for leisurely pace and two superfluous songs *Devdas* is almost without blemish. It is one of the finest motion pictures.

(Continued from page 5)

commended only to the "lesser breeds without the law"?

As is abundantly evident from the recent history of the so-called College of Indian Medicine in Madras the Government's efforts at breeding that queer hybrid "Indo-European" medicine has not exactly been crowned with success. There may be something to be said for a wise eclecticism in practice. But the notion that a post-graduate course in one system can be grafted on successfully to another which is radically different in its basic postulates is one of those unscientific assumptions which only the votaries of Science can make. After all, the Rajkumari is spending the people's money. If they want Ayurveda why can't she give it them neat?

VIGNESWARA

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SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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ON THE COVER:

Film Actress M. N. Rajam.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. APRIL 14 SATURDAY 1956. No. 11

TEARING THE COUNTRY BY THE ROOTS

CONGRESS leaders in their agitational days pledged themselves to a ceiling of Rs. 500 on administrative incomes. In a poor country like India, they said, nobody should be paid more than Rs. 500 a month. When political power came to them they abandoned the pledge. The idea of a ceiling completely disappeared as a practical possibility so far as their own incomes were concerned. But to make up for it, they became piratical and set about looking for opportunities to raid other people's incomes. The technique involved may be described as Hitlerian. The German dictator sought to divert the attention of his subjects from grave defects in his own party and government by turning it on scapegoats that could serve as fit targets for depredation and persecution. The rousing of the rabble against Jews was a sort of protective device for the extravagances and autocracies he specialised in.

In post-independence India it is the Congress leaders that have done themselves extremely well. It is not merely that they have come into comfortable livings. They have developed a wide range of operations for profiteering. Industrialists who defy the Congress leaders come into grief. They are confronted with labour trouble in their establishments or forced into adverse situations from which there is no escape except with heavy expense. Occasionally therefore nominees of political bosses are accommodated on lucrative terms in industrial houses.

It would not do if public attention is allowed to dwell too critically on the transactions of the politicians in power. The Congress has turned Socialistic for the sake of achieving immunity to itself at the cost of the property of everybody else.

Of all the economic outrages of the Congress regime, the most indefensible is perhaps the organised onslaught that is being engineered in the name of equality against property in the form of land. Of all forms of property, land is least susceptible to exploitation in parasitical style. The investor in industrial shares is under no obligation to bestow any sort of labour along with his investment, to be enabled to collect his periodical dividends. But the investor in land has to give to it continual time and attention in order to bring it up to the crop-yielding stage. Agricultural returns are very meagre compared to industrial profits. From every standpoint of social justice, it is indefensible that property in the form of land should be assailed by the State, while other forms of property that entail less trouble and expense and yield richer returns are overlooked and left untouched.

Modern agricultural techniques are tending to throw small holdings into disuse in advanced countries. With the help of modern machinery the American farmer is able to cultivate, without the aid of hired labour, a holding of 150 to 200 acres. That we have not set our face against modern machinery is proved by the increase,



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ing attention paid to tractors in cultivation. The dismemberment of the larger holdings will only thwart the application of modern scientific methods to agriculture and cripple its productivity. The smaller tenants that will replace the larger holders will not be financially competent to exploit the productivity and fertility of the land to the full. The panacea of co-operative farming has already proved to be a failure in India.

The backbone of the independent middle class in India has been

hitherto the community of farmers with income and leisure enough to indulge in intellectual and artistic pursuits. It is because of the vitality which this community imparted to national traditions, evolving out of them an integrated way of living, that foreign invasions passed over the surface of India, without tearing its life from the roots. That sort of tearing which the country escaped from in the tribulations of invasion and foreign conquest, it is now having at the hands of the Congress rulers.

Sotto Voce

REGIMENTED EDUCATION



ALMOST on every page of the British "Who is Who" you will find entries stating that this or that eminent man was "privately educated." To Indian ears the words convey no clear meaning. It is ages since people in this country were educated outside organised institutions ultimately supervised, supported or chastised by the State. Such private education as we still have is to be found in the remnants of the old Gurukulas. In remote corners traditional lore is still imparted, to pupils who seek them out, by scholars who do not teach for pay.

Time and again men of vision like Rabindranath Tagore and Swami Shradddhananda have sought to restore this ancient autonomy of learning. But ultimately they have had

to compromise to the extent of seeking recognition at the hands of the State, with all its consequences. His Holiness the Ahobilam Jeer, in suggesting that private students should be allowed to appear for the public examinations at different stages; tacitly admits that these examinations represent the inescapable limits to academic freedom. The reason, of course, is that a degree or diploma is an indispensable passport to most jobs. And education is sought only for its employment possibilities.

In a highly competitive world we must have some kind of objective measurement of intellectual capacity and academic attainments. Examinations, properly devised and restricted to their legitimate purposes, need not be harmful. But the link-

ing up of a pass with a job is not a part of the natural order, as most of us have been conditioned into thinking. In the old days pandits who never got a parchment or a prize were still assessed by their peers with such exactness that wherever they went they were honoured according to their worth.

Great savants like Raju Sastriar of Mannargudi and Ramasubba Sastriar of Tiruvisanallur were so well known in places as far apart as Benares and Nuddeah that their village homes were places of pilgrimage to the wandering scholar. This great tradition still survives to some extent in the European centres of learning. A man like Michael Oakeshott, who had not gone through the academic mill or received the "guinea's stamp" at the university mint, could be elected in our own day to the Chair that Harold Laski had held. Educational thought in the West recognises that there are exceptional men and women who do not fit into any scheme devised for the generality and whose potentialities are best drawn out by a special regimen.

There is, of course, nothing to prevent parents in India who are comfortably circumstanced from giving a gifted child full freedom to follow his bent, as the parents of John Ruskin did, placing the world in their debt for ever. But many a potential Raju Sastri or Kapistalam Desikacharya of today is probably repressed by the fear that in future the study of the Sastras will not help to even half a meal. H. H. Sri Sankaracharya of Kumbakonam has sought to allay such fears by securing land grants for proficient students in the Sastras. H. H. the Ahobilam Jeer is trying out an educational scheme which aims at reconciling the claims of the old learning and of *sishtaachara* with

practical skills needed for earning a living. More power to their elbow.

Under the Constitution every religious denomination can have its own schools with religious instruction as a part of the curriculum. On the other hand an academic examining body may reasonably expect to have a voice in determining the curriculum and the mode of training of pupils who wish to take its examinations. Institutional training, for instance, is indispensable for such disciplines as experimental science. What is objectionable is the meticulous and often pointlessly vexatious regulation of the least little detail of organisation, by "academic" committees very little imbued with ideas of academic freedom. The power of according recognition and of mediating financial aid from State funds should not become a monopoly in the hands of vested interests bent on perpetuating only one particular type of education or organisation.

Private education at least up to the university level, is feasible, economically more advantageous to large sections and essential for a small but gifted minority. It may be given by individual scholars or in institutions, according to the nature of the subject studied. But the parent's right to decide as to where and how his child shall be educated should be absolute. To me universal compulsory primary education is a horrible nightmare. It means that everybody shall be brought into the drag-net of State regulation and control. It means that linguistic and cultural minorities shall be ground down to the dominant pattern and shall become aliens to their own traditions. It means the progressive paganisation of our youth. It means the rout of Dharma. The hierarchy of parent, acharya, and parishad should be restored if the nation's genius is not to be sterilised.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

AT a public meeting last Saturday presided over by the Governor, the citizens of Madras paid grateful homage to Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar's unique services. He is a legendary figure in the Madras medical world. He was a brilliant student at school and college and in many of the examinations for which he sat he came out first. He stood first in the competitive examination that resulted in his recruitment to the Madras Medical Service. It is as a physician that he is renowned, but he was also a competent surgeon. He won the Chipperfield gold medal for surgery. He was the first man to get the Doctorate in Medicine of the Madras University and he obtained it the same year in which it was instituted. He established many records. He was the first Indian professor of Materia Medica in the Madras Medical College, and also the first one to break the tradition of the then British regime which reserved this post only to senior British I. M. S. officers.

The professional attainments of Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar, remarkable as they are, take a secondary place as the contributory factor for his eminence. His distinctive greatness springs from his individual humanitarian qualities. One main difficulty of the doctor's profession lies in the vested interest it seems to have in sickness. The films have made good capital of the continual familiarity of doctors with disease to represent them as heartless harvesters of the miseries of the ailing. A story was brought to me the other day of a pregnant woman urgently in need of an operation who was refused medical attention in some place in the city unless the fee was first produced and paid. It might be that in every profession the lure of money is to some extent a driving force, and doc-



Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar

tors cannot do without money as none of us in the world can. But this much can be said of the medical profession more than of any other: To the best of its practitioners the customers that come in as patients become friends and cease to be looked upon as a source of income, and their practice is like extended service, in a spirit of affection and not acquisition, for an unlimitedly expanding family.

Dr. Guruswami Mudaliar counted the wealthiest among his patients. But fees made no difference to him. Rich and poor received equal treatment at his hands. He kept a tumbler on his table into which anyone who came to consult him could drop a fee, any fee, or not drop any fee at all, as he chose, but I always thought the tumbler was there not to stimulate collection but as a concession to the self-respect of the visitors. People who can be indifferent to money

not out of the virtue of necessity, but by turning their back on opportunity are very rare, and I know no more than two, or at the most three such. They are the real saints of our earth. Dr. Guruswami was a saint masked by a forbidding, taciturn exterior and a man of great competence and skill.

Sri R. Parthasarathi, who has been Director of Publicity of the Madras Government, has been appointed Director of Khadi. He was for a long time an unofficial director of Khadi. In those days Khadi had not the benefit of the backing of Government. It is a moot point whether the Government's backing that came to it lately has benefitted it more than the unofficial direction and enthusiasm of devotees of Parthasarathi's calibre. In the pretty publications which he periodically brought out under Government auspices, the colour designs always impressed the admiring observer as replete with a textile background. Khadi seems to have outgrown the possibility of developing into an article of mass appeal under the propelling power of State aid. It seems to be tending towards the destiny of becoming a selective luxury for the adornment of the elite. There are no limits to the glamour it can cast in the hands of an architect of the artistic attainments of the new Director, when relieved of the troublesome stringencies of insufficient finance.

I knew Sri Dravyam, the incoming Director of Publicity, as a fellow-detenu in Vellore and Tanjore jails between 1942 and 44. He was the most impressive and sensational of the young men among the prisoners. He outmatched many veterans among the leaders in his capacity for extempore speech, persuasiveness, logical power and vigorous presentation. He was a voracious reader and boxfuls of books that arrived would be waded through and finished by him with astonishing rapidity. He was as good a writer as speaker and

his command of Tamil was no less than his command of English. His sense of precise weighment of the significance of words was consummate and the late Sri A. Valdyanatha Aiyar, also then in jail, often spoke to me of it with admiration, prophesying for him a distinguished future out of the ordinary. The prophesy is coming true.

SAKA

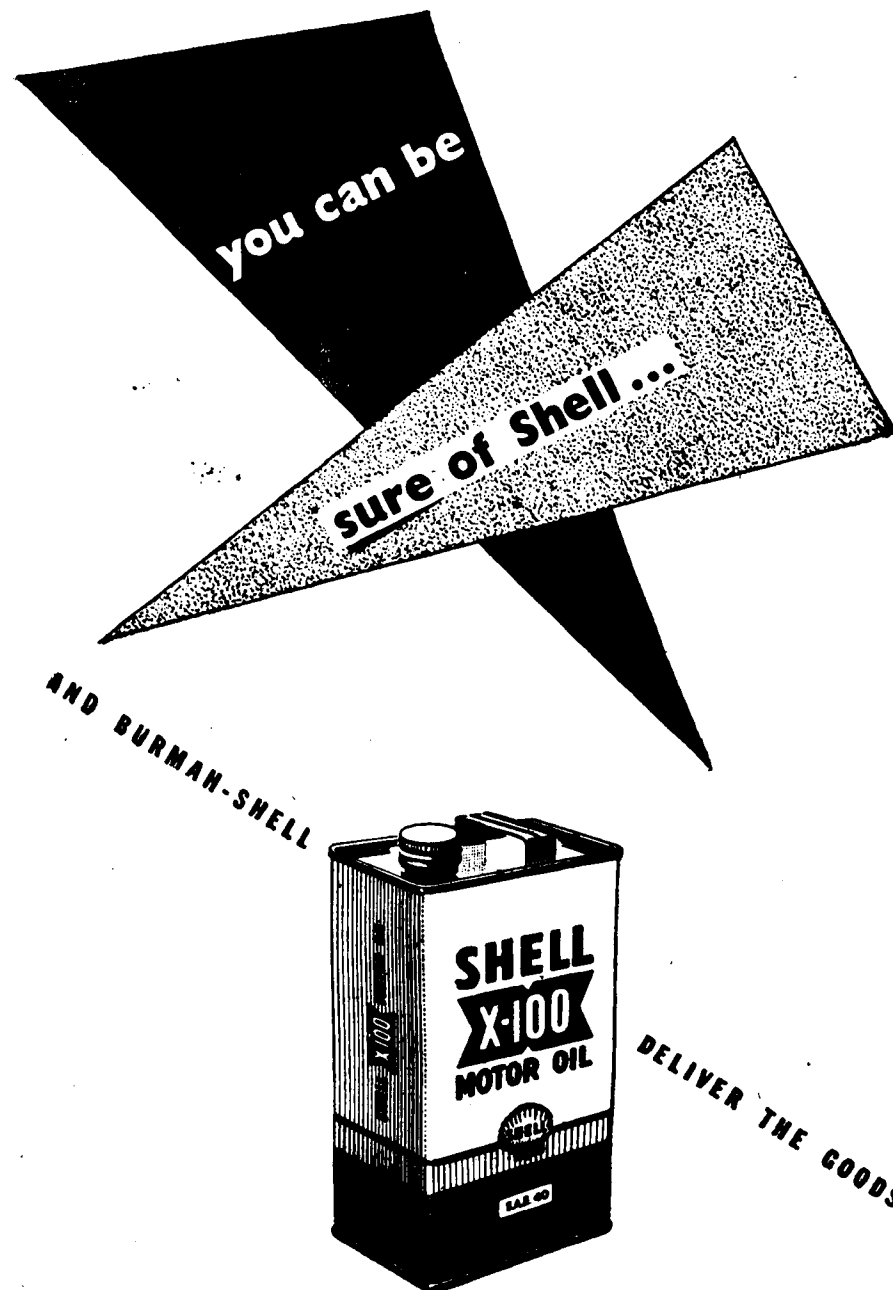
BRITAIN'S LIFEBOAT SERVICE

PATRICIA Brent, broadcasting in the BBC's "Pacific Magazine" for listeners in Australia and New Zealand, voiced the feelings of many women when she said that it was a great strain being married to a man who did a dangerous job. She was thinking particularly of lifeboatmen's wives, who might at any time of night in winter be awakened by the telephone or a jangling bell and in a few moments would see their husbands rubbing sleep from their eyes, grabbing their oilskins and disappearing down the stairs to spend the next hours ploughing through icy, storm-tossed seas in a lifeboat.

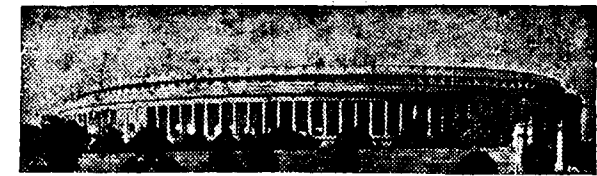
Originally lifeboat crews were professional boatmen but most of them now find it impossible to earn a living from fishing or hiring out boats and most of them have jobs quite unconnected with the sea. Nearly all lifeboatmen's wives come from seafaring families and have become more or less used to constant worry. Some knitted, ironed or did the waveband, to the boat calling the coastguards. Some knitted, ironed or did the mending as they waited but most of them could not settle to any definite job.

Their sitting room walls were hung with reminders of past dangers and triumphs in the form of certificates from the Royal National Lifeboat Institution awarding medals for

(Continued on page 48)



NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

SOLOMON BANDARNAIKE is a Henry Wallace who has come home. When we visited Ceylon at the time of the Commonwealth Foreign Ministers' Conference in 1950, Bandarnaike was looked upon as the successor of old Senanayake. As Leader of the Ceylon Parliament, Bandarnaike held a Reception in honour of the Foreign Ministers at the Senate House. And as a Prohibitionist, he served no liquor at the party. Indian journalists remarked: "They are just as bad as our Congress Party". Ernie Bevin, who was ill, was carried in a chair to the Reception. Old Senanayake asked him, "What will you have, Sir?" And Ernie asked for whisky. There was consternation, for no hot drinks were being served. Old Senanayake immediately rushed down the stairs for a glass of whisky, but the bars below were closed! Bandarnaike got them closed because, otherwise, all the guests will sooner or later be precipitated to the ground floor. The Prime Minister of Ceylon rushed hither and thither, got the bar opened, just for the sake of one Scotch!

Bandarnaike himself took me to my seat in the Visitors' Gallery of Ceylon's Parliament, and waved to me after he took his seat as Leader of the House. He is a most warm-hearted person, and a highly skillful debater. He was even then tipped to become Ceylon's Foreign Minister. He spoke to many distinguished audiences in Delhi, when he visited the Capital some years ago; and he impressed us as the outstanding intellect in the United National Party.

Happily, Bandarnaike left the U. N. P.—also known as the Uncle Nephew Party—just as Henry Wallace left the Democratic Party. Both Bandarnaike and Wallace formed (or joined) new parties. Solomon registered immediate success and rapid progress. The Progressive Party, which accepted Henry Wallace as its leader, could not succeed. The forces of reaction in Ceylon are naturally not as strong as they are in the U. S. A. It was therefore possible for Solomon to accomplish what Henry could not.

The United National Party was reeking with corruption even when we were in Ceylon. Favouritism and nepotism knew no bounds. During the days of the Foreign Ministers' Conference, a Leftist was elected Mayor of Colombo, defeating the U. N. P. candidate! The party's election tactics were picked up from Charles Dickens' description of Eatansville. The U. N. P. corresponded to the old Justice Party in South India.

The leadership of Sir John Kotelawala rang the death-knell of the United National Party—which, in the later stages, could not be distinguished from the Cocktail Party. Kotelawala's conception of politics was Hamiltonian, and not Jeffersonian. Sir John's knowledge of Billingsgate was more profound than that of any other politician in the world. Dudley Senanayake as Prime Minister was respected much more than Kotelawala.

The victory of Bandarnaike is a victory of Peace. The Prime Minister—designate did well to explain to the world at a very early stage the

policies that his Government would follow in office. His ideas on the subject are crystal clear. The importance which he attaches to foreign bases, and to relations with India, are an indication of the progressive role Ceylon will play hereafter in world politics.

Gopi Krishna, who appeared for the first time in Delhi last week after the release of *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baje*, is a dancer of exceptional vigour and talent. He is the first major Kathak dancer to recognize the limitations of the system of Kathak. As long as exponents do not recognize and admit the inherent drawbacks in a system, it will be difficult to make any progress. Gopi Krishna is obviously convinced

that a Kathak recital cannot stand by itself for more than ten minutes—which is the length of Shambhoo Maharaj's recitals nowadays.

Having recognized the limitations of Kathak, Gopi Krishna has borrowed freely from Kathakali—a system, which is the greatest dance drama in the whole world. Gopi Krishna is a good actor as well as a good dancer. But he spends the greater part of his programme imitating the ways of a woman. This is a gruesome experience. What starts as an amusing passage becomes an oppressive weight on your chest. The coquetry of a woman must be practised only by a woman—even on the stage.

Gopi proceeds to describe how a woman makes *chapaties* in one of the dances. He shows that she blows her nose into the wheat flour! And she kills a lousy louse in her hair, and mixes it up with the *atta*! We are not amused. I think we should put an end to this kind of joke which are perpetually making fun of women. Gopi Krishna, unfortunately, is a social reactionary, and is not an educated man. It is therefore natural that he should take delight in such absurdities. But Gopi is an intelligent man, and is receptive to new ideas.

He should not have attempted to give a solo recital; and he should not have described it as a recital of Kathak. More than half of most of the dance items were Kathakali. Most of the critics took him to task for describing the dances as Kathak. But poor fellow, he may not even have known that such was the description given to his performance!

Gopi Krishna, who is at the height of his glory because of his appearance in *Jhanak Jhanak*, should know that the age of the solo dancer—and especially of the male solo dancer—is over. He should have brought a group of artists with him—and at least one partner. This is the age of ballet.

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FINANCIAL PRODIGALITY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

NATIONS, said Lecky, seldom realise till too late how prominent a place a sound system of finance holds among the vital elements of national stability and well-being and how seriously human happiness is affected by the downfall of national credit or by excessive, injudicious and unjust taxation. A sound system of finance cannot however be built up in a day; but it is due to the Britisher to state that wherever he went and whenever he left, he had established a highly efficient financial system and tradition. National finance depends on national economy, and a great Prime Minister in England in the early eighties considered that all excess in the public expenditure beyond the legitimate wants of the country was not only a pecuniary waste but a great political or moral evil, threatening the very foundation of the country. Indeed the Gladstonian epoch in England had been remarkable for the various checks and balances over national spending leading to the Exchange and Audit Acts 1936, and initiating a curb not only on expenditure but on "the spirit of expenditure" as well. Thrift of public money was enforced by eliminating waste followed up by a definite conviction that in the working of the vast machinery of the State, nothing would be a trifle, not even savings in the stationery. All sinecures were disestablished and unnecessary appointments curtailed as often as possible. Taxation was made stiff: but it was so devised that the masses of the community were not oppressed. Care was for example taken to impose cheap postage for letters, documents and printed matter; and travelling and transport of goods remained inexpensive.

The British administration in this country adopted these principles to

a large extent, although parliamentary control over expenditure was negligible. National extravagance was well within limits, and retrenchment and reduction of expenditure went hand in hand. The system of recoveries and surcharges, which was enforced to the letter, had prevented major leakages, such as are becoming somewhat too common in these days. Conditions in free India are however not very encouraging if not disquieting. Public expenditure is growing enormously, which is rather inevitable as the country is emerging into Welfare State at home and independent nation abroad. At any rate it can be urged with justice that actually less is spent by our country than by other countries on foreign embassies and legations. But even so, it is open to question whether either the scheme of taxation or of expenditure is proceeding on right lines, especially in the wake of the two Plans with their astronomical figures of spending. For one thing taxation of amenities like postal services and justice is not proceeding on right lines. Postal charges are now unconscionable; and in Madras justice has been made too costly although richer countries like England and America prescribe only nominal fee for the suitor.

So far as retrenchment is concerned, no concerted attempt has so far been made to cut out superfluous posts and sinecures. Mr. Gladstone was not at all swayed by the consideration that abolition of a post would mean the sending out of an individual. There has been no limit to the numerous supernumerary posts on extravagant salaries not to mention the umpteen Commissions and tribunals, which are expanding day by day, incidentally creating a veritable paradise for the superannuated in

the teeth of constitutional prohibitions. One example is noteworthy. Railways have long ago become nationalised. Yet there is a "Railway Rates Tribunal" still. Departments have been multiplied with armies of secretaries, deputies and what not. In one particular department in Madras one secretary, four deputy secretaries and three assistant secretaries function where previously one secretary and assistant secretary existed. The Madras Law College which at one time consisted of one Principal and four part-time lecturers has 15 members on its staff, with a "Director of Legal Studies" at the top who has no lecturing work. No doubt retrenchment had been attempted but in a wrong direction. For instance, it was hoped to save the post of one High Court Judge or two by the abolition of the Original Side; but actually two senior district judges and six sub-judges have had to be requisitioned, even though the jurisdictional limit has been raised to Rs. 50,000 only. The resulting inconvenience to the litigants in the shape of further appeals, which mean so much of delay, uncertainty and expense, has not been thought of.

Political likes and dislikes which have initiated the cry for regional States have cost the nation tremendously. At a time when lakhs of peo-

ple are withering in subhuman conditions and habitations, as the Prime Minister has had occasion recently to observe, colossal sums have had to be spent upon capitals and High Courts which in view of further integration as in the case of Andhra, have become dead assets. Even India's costliest capital Chandigarh is sought to be passed over in favour of Patiala for the new State of Punjab-Pepsu. It is also worth nothing that when the creation of the Andhra State was on the tapis, a legislative chamber had been constructed at Madras, which is now proposed to be utilised for some other purpose!

Two instances in recent weeks almost complete the story. A railway link is to be established between Vellore and Conjeevaram. The route is very well served by an efficient transport system and even otherwise closely abuts the broad gauge section from Madras to Katpadi. There are in point of fact more needy areas in the district, waiting for communication such as the one between Tiruvannamalai and Tindivanam. It is really incomprehensible why this new uneconomic line has been fathered. At any rate, it merits careful investigation. Even more glaring perhaps is the bounty of 100 lakhs proposed to be given to the Madras University by the University Grants Commission

on the eve of its "Centenary Celebrations." The University Grants Commission Act has recently been enacted to help the Central Government exercise some control over the Indian universities, which admittedly stand in need of scrutiny. It provides for the inspection of these bodies and for the allocation of grants based on such inspection. It is not clear as to why this huge sum is to be shelled out without preliminary investigation or without the public being convinced that the university needs it or will make good use of it. The Madras University which, by the way, is purely an affiliating and examining body, is functioning under an enactment which allows a predominating voice to non-academic interests. The methods of election are somewhat archaic with little emphasis on the secrecy of the ballot. It has somehow been allergic to the various recommendations of the Radhakrishnan Commission; and it is well-known that it has perpetuated a single regime for nearly a quarter of a century. A thorough enquiry

has to be initiated about its work all these years. Recently the Education Minister revealed that the radical alteration on the college course was not even communicated to the Government, which really is a very serious matter.

The Union Finance Minister has really to be approximated to the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the British Constitution. He should scrutinise the allotments and expenditures sanctioned by the other entities in the Cabinet like the Railway and the Education Ministries; and he should also have a voice in items of expenditure in the States, which exceed a certain figure or are newly incurred. In these hard times when the unceasing trek of refugees from Pakistan bids fair to upset the nation's economy, it behoves the administration not to fritter away its resources in a mood of prodigality; and one hopes that the Finance Commission which has now started to function, will not leave out this aspect of public finance.

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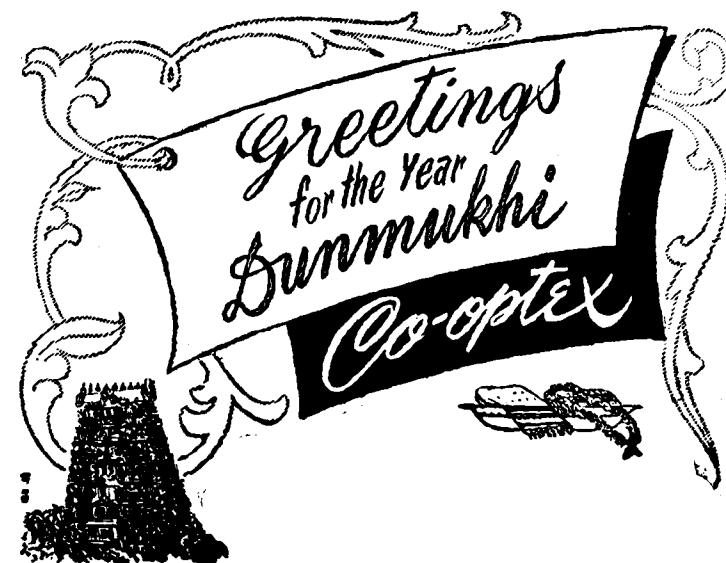
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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
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ELIMINATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASS

By B. R. KUMAR

INDIA of 1947 was the creation of the middle class. It was the middle class that through its study of western arts and sciences, built up the philosophy of political action and provided the necessary leadership for political action, which culminated in the historic transfer of power in 1947 into the hands of the Congress, itself a middle class organisation. It might therefore be presumed that, under Congress rule, the middle class would receive due recognition for its services in the past and find an honourable place for its leadership in the future. Events however during the last 9 years of Congress rule have belied this expectation and by now it is plain that amongst its achievements the elimination of the middle class may find a prominent place.

The first step in this direction was taken by the Constituent Assembly when it granted the franchise to every man and woman irrespective of any personal qualification except of age. The step was taken perhaps in a moment of sentimental generosity, or perhaps in imitation of the French and American revolutions. But the step at one stroke shifted political power from the hands of the middle class into those of the mob. From that date, to win over the mob became the most vital question of politics. From Caesar to Nehru, the rhythm of history is one, because laws of life are eternal.

This step was taken by the middle class Constituent Assembly without, of course, the least suspicion that it was signing its own death warrant. But wrong means, as ironically enough the Congress leaders themselves have so often warned us, inevitably lead to bad ends. By plac-

ing political power to auction, whether in the Republican Rome of Caesar, Imperial Rome of the post-Augustus era, or post-Independence India, you transfer the very basis of authority. The ruler of India today is the mob, all political parties are but its courtiers; and the middle class only holds *de jure* but not *de facto* power.

The *de facto* power in India today lies with the mob; and therefore the Congress and other political parties must woo it for its vote; and this necessity is at the root of the elimination of the middle class at the hands of the Congress. To woo the electorate the Congress two years ago adopted the slogan of Socialism; or put in terms of British politics, it ran off with the clothes of the Socialists and Communists much as Disraeli ran off with the clothes of the Liberals in 1867 when he extended the franchise. To woo the electorate, and not because the Congress party believed in the theories of Socialism! Indeed, the Prime Minister openly said that he really did not know what exactly the "Socialistic pattern of society", so much advertised by himself at Avadi, meant. And this confession of ignorance or vagueness comes from the real inspirer of the slogan and perhaps the only member of the Congress who at heart is a Socialist!

The essential meaning of "Socialism" is the attitude of mind which is expressed in the phrase "classless society." Every healthy social organisation is classless; all its units function as parts of a bigger whole. A healthy body is the result of the perfect coordination of its various parts towards a single purpose—the health of the whole. Different func-

tions but coordinated in a single unity of purpose, this is the very law of biological and social evolution. Our own culture based upon the four *varnas* and the four *ashramas* was a perfect example of a classless society. But to confuse a classless society with a casteless society—caste in the sense of functions and not birth—is the fashion of the day with our own intelligentsia with their half baked theories of Western dynamism, and complete ignorance of their own traditions.

Now an attitude of mind cannot be enforced from outside; it has to grow from within and no amount of repetition of the theories of Marx can give us the Socialistic mind. Is it not a significant fact that the only people in the world who ever practised Socialism are the great religious teachers? Buddha was a Socialist; so was Socrates; so was Mohamed; so was the nominal idol of the Congress, the Mahatma. These tried to bring about a new Socialistic society by a change in the hearts of men; not by application of political pressure, for the latter can never last. The Congress has not a Socialistic mind, and yet because of the compelling necessity of having to win the votes of the propertyless, it has been compelled to adopt the Socialistic slogan, for Socialism as understood by the disinherited of the earth throughout the ages is not an attitude of mind which will inevitably change human institutions so as to make them conform to it, but an equal distribution of the material goods of life irrespective of a man's worth. While Christ said that if a man shall not work, neither shall he eat, the Socialist says just the reverse—all men shall eat whether they work or not. In other words, modern Socialism is purely economic, and is anti-property. And since the Industrial Revolution has created wealth on a scale undreamt of in the past, yet concentrated it in a few hands because of their initiative and enterprise, so that while the total quantity

of wealth is large, the number of beneficiaries is small, the purely economic aspect of Socialism has been exaggerated out of all proportion of its real meaning.

Having adopted the Socialistic creed at Avadi and Amritsar, the Congress must needs do something about it. It cannot, by the very nature of its being, implement even the economic meaning of Socialism—the creation of a classless society, economically for in such a society even the Congressmen will find no place. The whole objective of the Congress during the last nine years of political power has been to make the Khadar cap the symbol of the new aristocracy, replacing the aristocracy of the hat. In the words of Sir Winston Churchill on another occasion, the Congressmen did not undergo all the sufferings of persecution under the British Raj just to liquidate their own empire. The Congress is not willing to create a classless society of the Socialistic pattern, but it is quite willing to create a society where there is only one class that matters—the class of the new aristocracy and pass it off as "the Socialistic pattern of society." The Germans attempted the same thing in their philosophy and Hitler's party was called the "National Socialists!"

The slogan of Socialism has been adopted by the Congress not because of its philosophical or political implications but because of its economic interpretation, which suits the political ambitions of the Congress party. That ambition, perhaps borrowed from Stalin, or from Hitler, or even from Mussolini is to establish the Congress as the single ruling party, and the economic implication of Socialism just suits the ulterior aim of the party—to eliminate all opposition parties.

For the economic implication of Socialism is the concentration of all economic power in the hands of the State. Take away the means of free livelihood from every single indivi-

dual and place it in the hands of the State—and you have a nation of slaves at your disposal. This has been the basis of all slave States—even though perhaps the ancients were not sophisticated enough to give it a euphemistic name!

Now in the realisation of this aim there stands but one fragment of our people in the way, the middle class. The mob can be bamboozled with circus and bread; the middle class, though gullible enough, is not entirely bereft either of thought or idealism. It can and perhaps is already seeing through the game. The noose must be pulled quickly and effectively. Take away all occupations from the middle class through the high-sounding word "Nationalisation"; take away all its wealth through taxation and deficit finance; destroy all incentive to prudence, hard work and

saving; destroy the very basis of middle class life by pampering the labourer; take away all incentive to a higher life through policies of favouring the unfit; control all education and the next generation will consist of only two classes, the Congress aristocracy and the servile mob. Socialism gives a flavour of morality and respectability to shady means and shady ends.

Of course the victory of the Congress will be shortlived. Every totalitarian regime decays from within. The great advantage of middle class rule, with all its faults, is that the class is being ever renewed like the waters of a flowing river. But rulers in the intoxication of power have no taste for reflecting on the future. Enough for the day and after us the deluge! The Congress is in the high company of the Bourbons!

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BRITISH 'GOAS' IN THE MIDDLE EAST

By ANDREW ROTH

B RITAIN'S Government has revolted against retreat.

Born into a world one-quarter of which was tinted red on the map to signify British sovereignty, they have been saddened and irritated to see it eroded and diluted.

The British Cabinet has now decided to "stand fast" particularly in the Middle East. If they can no longer dominate the wide stretches of Egypt, the Sudan, Palestine, Jordan, Iraq, Aden and the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf which once were tinted red, they are determined to cling to an essential minimum of "red pimples" against all comers.

By doing this the Eden Cabinet hopes to avoid the "humiliation" of kowtowing to "unreasonable" local nationalists or to vacillating allies. Britain feels that for the next six months at least the U. S. will be paralysed by elections and France by its North African troubles.

By relying on strategic "red pimples" like Malta, Cyprus and Aden, Britain feels it will be relatively free to arrive at its own decisions, if necessary, about problems like enforcing the 1950 Tripartite Declaration to preserve the Arab-Israeli peace.

By expanding sterling oil resources like Kuwait, which Britain can control, London hopes to guarantee an essential minimum of petroleum fuel without "ignominious" concessions.

Going It Alone

This new decision is essentially a British resolve to "go it alone" if necessary to preserve the Middle Eastern interests it considers essential.

It is in considerable part a reaction against Washington's failure to "play the game" as understood in London. When Britain joined the Baghdad Pact it expected to be joined shortly by Washington, as an earlier British Government expected Washington to join it shortly in recognizing China back in 1950. Britain's leaders, particularly Sir Anthony Eden, do not like being left out on a limb.

There was even more indignation when Washington refused to be understanding about Britain's decision to "get tough" with Archbishop Makarios and the Greek Cypriots desiring *Enosis* (Union) with Greece. Despite Labour criticism, British Conservatives had placed their support behind Washington's desire, on strategic grounds, to retain Formosa in America's island chain of defense. Cyprus, they feel, is at least as vital to Britain's Mediterranean chain of defense. But Washington has studiously looked the other way.

Similarly, British Conservatives feel that Colonel Nasser, Egypt's Premier, would not dare indulge in baiting the British lion if he were not assured of American toleration as well as Soviet arms.

Reply to Humiliation

The new "red pimples" policy seems more an indignant reply to humiliating reverses than the sober shift of long-sighted imperial strategists.

Among those long associated with the Middle East there was more indignation about the *manner* in which General Glubb was shown Jordan's door, than cold analysis of the degree to which this would diminish British influence in a state created and supported by Britain.

It is perhaps significant that a leading role in reshaping Britain's policy has been played by the new Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd, who was humiliated twice in the Middle East. The first was when Glubb's dismissal, urged by Egypt, was staged on the day he was meeting Egypt's Premier. The second was when riotous mobs interfered with his departure from British-supervised Bahrain to fly to Delhi.

Indicative of the new attitude is the chilly British attack on March 25, on the views expressed by Colonel Nasser in two British newspapers. The Foreign Office demand that he show by acts, rather than words, that he desired British friendship was delivered in a tone previously reserved for Communist states.

Even more indicative of the revolution in attitude is the reported urging of a significant group in the Government and Foreign Office that arms shipments to Israel be resumed. Until now the supply of arms to Israel has been vetoed by the fear that it would inflame Arab opinion. Britain has now apparently decided it would no longer give in to Arab "blackmail." Instead it may well concentrate on the fact that Israel is now the only reliable Middle Eastern ally apart from Turkey in the event of a conflict with the U. S. S. R.

Britain will stand by the Baghdad Pact, but not because it has any hope of securing any Arab states apart from Iraq. But for Britain the Baghdad Pact has always been largely a cover behind which it could negotiate a new pact with pro-British Nuri Said, Premier and strong man of oil-rich Iraq. Nuri is a one-man "red pimple" of British influence, and has been for thirty years. But after General Glubb's abrupt dismissal, Britain feels it cannot count indefinitely on a single ailing 68-year-old Arab statesman, no matter how loyal to Britain's interests.

Building Up The "Red Pimples"

It is for these reasons that Britain has gone over increasingly to reinforcing those tiny islands of strategic and economic influence which are her final footholds in the Middle East.

The decision to "integrate" Malta with the United Kingdom was part of this developing plan. It was only by making Malta part of the United Kingdom, with three representatives in the House of Commons that the British Government felt they could guarantee the retention of this island stronghold in the Mediterranean. It was this which made Conservatives swallow the idea of having Left-leaning Maltese in the Palace of Westminster.

It was the same determination to strengthen these "red pimples" which resulted in the breaking down of the Cyprus talks and the deportation of the Archbishop. As Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden has put it, the basic factor was Britain's determination to have the "unfettered" use of Cyprus as a Middle Eastern base.

Further evidence of this policy is the tremendous expansion of oil production in Kuwait. Apart from being the largest sterling source of oil in the Middle East, its location on the Persian Gulf would enable Britain to hold the tiny sheikhdom if necessary and ship its oil around the Cape if Egypt decided to close the Suez Canal to British tankers.

Another indication is the withdrawal of British troops from Kenya, where the Mau Mau troubles have shrunk, to reinforce the Middle East. Part of this force may go into the Aden protectorate where the Army is taking over. The British Army returned to Aden last July when rebel tribes armed by Yemen were causing trouble. But the decision has been made to keep and reinforce the Army there despite inadequate hot weather accommodation.

(Continued on page 27)

MOSCOW CONGRESS AND INDIAN COMMUNISTS

By G. S. BHARGAVA

PRIME Minister Nehru, recently told the Lok Sabha that "great changes were taking place in the Soviet Union." According to him the latest shift in Russian policies as exemplified by the pronouncements at last month's Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party showed that the country was moving towards "some kind of normalcy which is to be welcomed in every way."

By inference the Prime Minister seemed to aver that Russia of the Stalin era was not quite normal, an assumption on which much of the criticism of the Soviet regime and the Communist parties in the different countries rested, whether such criticism was ideological as in the case of the Socialists and the Yugoslavs or political of the Western variety. Mr. Nehru's remark was doubly significant because hitherto he did not appear to concur with either the Socialists or the West on this issue. He had even called Marshal Stalin "a man of peace" on his death.

Apart from its impact on Soviet policies at home and abroad, the Moscow Congress is of significance because of the decisions it has taken on future Communist strategy the world over. On Indian politics its imprint will ere long be evident because the future course of action of Indian Communists was more or less left to be decided at Moscow. The eleventh-hour postponement of the Fourth Congress of the Communist Party of India, scheduled to be held early this year, was believed to be with a view to profiting from the Moscow deliberations as a way out

of serious differences of opinion among the Communist leaders here. Mr. Ajoy Kumar Ghosh, General Secretary of the C. P. I., was present at the Moscow meeting and will bring back with him to India a first-hand account of its proceedings, not to mention possible guidance from the Soviet leaders to the Indian party.

It is, therefore, reasonable to expect that Communist strategy in India, as it unfolds itself in coming months, will follow the pattern set in Moscow, whatever be the requirements at home of a party in opposition and irrespective of the individual or group predilections of leaders in control of the C. P. I. At best an effort may be made to reconcile the two.

In this connection, the three forms of modern revolution outlined by Mr. Anastas I. Mikoyan, First Deputy Premier of Russia, in his speech at the Moscow Congress deserve special mention. The three variations he has listed are the Chinese technique of class collaboration in the countryside coupled with guerilla warfare, the method made use of by Marshal Tito during the Yugoslav partisan war against the Nazis, and the strategy underlying the 1948 coup in Czechoslovakia.

When in 1949 the Andhra group led by Mr. Chandra Rajeswara Rao favoured the adoption of the Chinese method in India, the C. P. I. was involved in a raging controversy leading to internecine quarrels and purges. Mr. B. T. Ranadive, who was General Secretary of the party, dismissed the Chinese technique as totally unsuited to India. Pouring ridicule over the Andhra party leaders, he had asked: "Guerilla warfare

against the Nehru Government in co-operation with rich peasants—can you beat it?"

Later, in November 1952, Mr. A. K. Ghosh explained to me in an interview the dissimilarities between Kuomintang China and India today to underscore the unsuitability of the Chinese method here. "More than all," he said, "after Manchuria was liberated the Chinese comrades had a firm rear in the Soviet Union. There is no such advantage in India today." He did not evidently consider Chinese occupation of Tibet to be of similar importance.

It is, therefore, safe to presume that the C. P. I. will not go in for the Chinese method. As for the Yugoslav variation which, in essence, is the Marxist way of liberating a country from foreign invasion while at the same time furthering the cause of Socialist revolution, it is unthinkable in a situation where there is neither a civil war nor foreign occupation.

That leaves the last in Mr. Mikoyan's list, namely the Czech coup, analyzing which the Soviet Deputy Premier stressed the fact that, taking advantage of the "favourable situation" after World War II the Czech Communists had formed an alliance not only with worker's parties (the Socialists) that were close to them but also with bourgeois parties.

The Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. V. M. Molotov's criticism of past policies for not having taken advantage of "Socialist inclinations" among economically backward countries is another index of the Moscow mind.

Some Indian Communist leaders, notably those belonging to the Joshi faction, have also been advocating such a united front strategy. In a document published last November in the secret party *Forum*, Mr. P. C. Joshi, Mr. S. S. Yusuf, the Kanpur labour leader, and others picked holes in the official party "line" in vogue since June 1955 and sketched an

alternative policy which is of more than academic interest in view of the Moscow decisions.

Underscoring the party Central Committee's statement (issued in June 1955) that "India's foreign policy, in the main, opposes the war drive of imperialism and helps the cause of world peace," Mr. Joshi and his friends charge the leadership with "doggedly refusing to note the shift (in India's foreign policy) despite the reality of historic events." They go on to say: "We will never understand the significance of the shift in India Government's foreign policy unless we grasp that it is a shift from the older policy of collaboration to the present policy of opposition. We will give confidence to our own comrades and put the bourgeois nationalists in their place by showing how our earlier criticism of Nehru's then foreign policy was justified and has been proved true by events and that his present much admired policies are the ones our party alone has been consistently advocating within our country and that they have become practical through the victories of the world Socialist camp and can be implemented only in co-operation with it."

Perhaps in allusion to the point of view that Indo-Soviet friendship has put the Communists in a tight corner, the document says: "We ought to know what is evident to all that Nehru's own party cannot and will not take to our people his foreign policy. The right-wing elements dominant inside the Congress party machine are only interested in building up their position internally by exploiting India's increased international prestige and capitalising it against our party."

To counteract such a consummation of Indo-Soviet good relations, Mr. Joshi and his followers have a formula. It is based on the assumption, taken for granted in Communist circles, that there is in the country today a sharp cleavage in the

bourgeois camp between a progressive section led by Mr. Nehru, which is having the upper hand, and a "pro-imperialist, pro-feudal and pro-monopoly" wing captained by Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, Dr. B. C. Roy and others. On account of this and since any weakening of Mr. Nehru will strengthen the "reactionaries," the Joshi faction takes exception to the characterization by the Central Committee of the Government's home policies as "in the main, reactionary." After cataloguing the "progressive trends" in the Government's domestic policy, such as the accent on industrialisation in the Second Plan, the proposal for a ceiling on land holdings, the nationalisation of the Imperial Bank, the amendment of the compensation clause of the Constitution and the scheme for linguistic reorganisation of States, the document concludes that the "progressive" section of the bourgeoisie is responsible for them and is carrying them out in the teeth of opposition from the "pro-imperialist" section.

Then follows a list of factors facilitating the supremacy of the "progressives" over the other, which include "the establishment of the People's Republic of China, the imperialist defeats in Korea and Viet Nam and the emergence of the Socialist world market." These are supposed to have given strength to the progressive wing of the national bourgeoisie which, it is pointed out, needs the support of the C. P. I. also. "International Communism can produce the international shifts but Indian Communism itself has to produce the corresponding internal shifts," the thesis sloganises.

From the foregoing analysis is developed what, according to the authors, should be the new tactical line for the party. To quote from it, "a national campaign for the consistent application of Nehru's present policies, . . . if successfully organised, can lead to a purge of the pro-impe-

rialists from the Government . . . It is also very necessary that a consistent peace policy cannot be pursued by any bourgeois government that retains its links with imperialism, but needs an alternative People's Democratic government . . ."

Further, according to the document, "in no country outside the Socialist camp is the objective situation so ripe and favourable (for people's democracy) as in our country. The situation in our country can be uplifted only by forcing a breach between the collaborationist bourgeoisie and the national bourgeoisie by allying with the national bourgeoisie, while simultaneously struggling to dislodge it from leadership and achieve proletarian hegemony."

Mr. Ravi Narayana Reddy, "hero" of the abortive Telengana insurrection, who has surprisingly shifted to a position of support to the Joshi "line," is even more explicit. Quoting Liu Shao-chi in support of an alliance between the Communists and "that section of the national bourgeoisie which is still opposing imperialism," he says the recent international developments have made such an alliance not only "more possible but opened up prospects of a greater stability for this alliance." Alluding to the Madurai session slogan of a government of democratic unity, Mr. Reddy cautions his party men with remarkable candour: "We must resolutely give up wrong notions of forming a merely anti-Congress united front . . . It was this wrong concept . . . that made the party seek out alliances with groups and parties such as the P. S. P., and R. S. P. which had anti-Soviet, anti-peace planks for their international policy." The Punjab Communist leader, Mr. Hari Kishen Singh Surjeet also extols the virtues of a Congress-Communist alliance, in his latest book on Kashmir.

(Continued on page 31)

IMPACT OF TECHNOLOGY ON TRADITIONAL CULTURES

By K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

WHEN we talk of the impact of industrialisation and modern technology on traditional cultures, we are dealing, not with physical bodies or subatomic particles, but with abstractions. The laws of dynamics may be the same in the physical as well as the supra-physical realms, but how shall we measure the masses and velocities of the impinging abstractions or phenomena, how mark the direction or angle of the impact, how plot the movement? How shall we bring into the analysis the invisible forces of friction operating in the human field, how tackle other complicating factors such as the democratic and managerial revolutions of our time, the violent uprooting of masses of humanity as a result of the partition of India in 1947, or the displacement of whole communities and peoples consequent on total war or tyranny? There is thus every need for caution and circumspection, and the avoidance of dogmatism, in our discussion.

Changing And Unchanging Aspects Of Culture

The traditional culture of a community or a people is no rigid or static thing. There is no doubt such a phenomenon as Indian culture viewed in its spiritual, moral and aesthetic aspects, but its exact definition would vary from age to age. If we take a comparatively small group of people—a village community, for instance—its traditional culture is the complex of conventions, attitudes and beliefs which gives it a striking individuality of its own. We may view this complex phenomenon as narrowly or as broadly as we please: the narrower the view, the more microscopic the scrutiny,

the more numerous the distinctive features that catch the inquiring eye; and, conversely, the wider the view, the fewer the striking peculiarities. But always culture implies—even as life implies—distinctiveness and continuity, as also change, response or reaction to the pressure of outer phenomena, and growth or decay both within and without. As, at different points of time, an individual is the same yet different, there is in him change no less than stability and continuity, traditional culture too undergoes a gradual change, yet retains its general identity. On the other hand, human life is affected for the worse or the better by abnormal circumstances, a jaundice or small-pox epidemic, war hysteria, or stringent rationing restrictions; or, alternatively, by a series of glucose, B complex or liver extract injections! The culture of a 'primitive' community may preserve its main features for generations, perhaps a thousand years; then, suddenly, it may receive the impact of new forces, and either master them and be itself transformed by them, or collapse completely, unable to survive the violence of the impact. Culture has thus to be viewed in its changing as well as its unchanging aspects: without sensible change, stratification or petrification must result. But too sudden or too frequent changes must destroy both cohesion and continuity, and death must follow. Change is no doubt needed for enrichment, variety and renewal, but the base plank mustn't be allowed to creak or crack, and the living waters mustn't be poisoned at the source.

Traditional culture—that complex

of conventions, attitudes and beliefs peculiar to a community—embraces the native arts, crafts, literature, philosophical thought and religious beliefs; its sense of values, systems of technology however primitive, its practices relating to law, authority, leadership and government; the minutiae of its daily life with regard to food, cooking, eating, completion of the body, maternal and child care, health and hygiene, leisure and entertainment, education and family organisation; its political predilections and its economic preferences and antipathies—in short, all thoughts, all feelings, all actions that give life, individuality and cohesion to the community. However fluid and confusing on the surface, all fit into the social structure and make what Morris E. Opler has called “an interlocking and systematic whole.” Culture in this context is really a tradition and a heritage, a code of behaviour learned by each generation from its predecessor, shared during its life, and transmitted to its successor. As Mr. Talcott Parsons says, culture is thus “on the one hand the product of, on the other hand a determinant of, systems of human social interaction.” Naturally, when we study the culture of a community, we observe how people work together, what means—music, rhythm, story-telling—they adopt to lighten the tedium of labour, how technical and ritual processes are correlated, how the members of the community organize their family life and resolve conflicts between parents and children, or between different members of a family, or between rival groups, how authority and responsibility are distributed in the family and in the community, and how economic values and religious or spiritual values are harmonised. The reign of reason and enlightenment and the play of discrimination and independent judgement that are the distinguishing marks of a national culture when it has achieved a full blossoming, are

seldom to be found in the merely traditional culture of a closed community. But as if by instinctive reaction to the developing circumstances, the people brought up in a traditional culture can in all situations make the right signal responses, and this is simply the index of their perfect social adjustment. Elton Mayo calls such responses non-logical, as distinct from the logical responses of the cultured man. But even nonlogical responses, provided they proceed from an unconscious conformity to a received code of social behaviour, is very much to be preferred to the irrational reactions of the uprooted and the maladjusted, who are the victims of social tensions or acute dislocations.

Atomisation Of Communities

While traditional cultures, being living organisms or forces, ordinarily retain their continuity and individuality even when assimilating new experiences, in recent times—and more particularly during the last 100 years—such experiences have come in violent waves, uprooting, carrying ahead or submerging the old. The democratic revolution, by offering to all equality of civil status and equality of opportunity, helped people to break through or shatter the old cast-iron occupational cages or structures, and in India it has tended to loosen the rigidity of caste differences and the steel-frame of the joint family. The industrial revolution—“that terrible, monstrous and compelling thing, that giant Asuric creation”, according to Sri Aurobindo—has brought in its wake the abandonment of the easy father-son relationship in the transmission of hereditary skills, the substitution of hereditary skills by the complicated techniques of agricultural and industrial production which have to be laboriously learned, the geographical separation of members of the same family or group which formerly lived together (in other words, the atomisation of families

and communities), and, above all, thanks to the modern technology of mass production, the creation of new wants, new tastes, and new incentives of all kinds.

Present Human Predicament

The impact of industrialisation and modern technology on indigenous cultures in the West was, on the whole, less sudden, and the effects milder, in comparison with what has been witnessed in the ‘backward’ nations of Asia and Africa. For the West, the new forces of industrialisation and technology were, so to say, self-generated, and this fact facilitated in some measure the process of readjustment. And it is rather interesting to note that a country like France should have been able, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes in her recent history, to maintain her social integrity against the many forces that strive to disrupt it. On the contrary, the worst sufferers have been those territories of Asia and Africa that have experienced to the full the horrors of White colonialism. Simone Weil the French patriot and saint has categorically declared in her great book *The Need for Roots*: “For centuries past, men of the white race have everywhere destroyed the past, stupidly, blindly, both at home and abroad.” She blames, not only industrialisation and modern technology, but also the collateral factors, namely the intrusion of a money economy into the old community life and the whole tenour of modern education which imparts, not a true humanistic culture, but “a culture very strongly directed towards and influenced by technical science, very strongly tinged with pragmatism, extremely broken by specialisation, entirely deprived both of contact with this world and, at the same time, of any window opening on the world beyond.” As T. S.

Eliot anatomises the present human predicament—

**The endless cycle of idea and action,
Endless invention, endless experiment,
Bringing knowledge of motion, but not
of stillness;**

**Knowledge of speech, but not of silence;
Knowledge of words, and ignorance of
the Word.**

**All our knowledge brings us nearer to
our ignorance . . .**

**Where is the Life we have lost in
living?**

**Where is the wisdom we have lost in
knowledge?**

**Where is the knowledge we have lost
in information?**

In the result, traditional cultures have suffered considerable loss of cohesion, identity and health, though the loss may not be uniform everywhere. One major development has been the destruction of the family as an occupational unit, a tragedy now witnessed at many levels of our social (or unsocial) life. Even when a family lives in the same town, different members may be working in different factories or offices; and not seldom is a single family scattered geographically over a wide area: the grandfather in the village, the son in the district town, the grandson in Bombay or Delhi, and perhaps the granddaughter (with her husband) at the UNESCO headquarters in Paris. The old kinship solidarities are fast tending to disappear, and people today move (or shall I say, fly) like nomads from place to place, and even from occupation to occupation. In Eliot's words again—

**What life have you if you have not
life together?**

**There is no life that is not in
community,**

**And no community not lived in praise
of GOD . . .**

**And now you live dispersed on ribbon
roads,**

**And no man knows or cares who is his
neighbour**

Unless his neighbour makes too much disturbance,

And all dash to and fro in motor cars,
Familiar with the roads and settled
nowhere.

Nor does the family even move about
together,

And every son would have his motor
cycle,

And daughters ride away on casual
pillions.

Society in the old sense is impossible because our present-day groups are but artificially or accidentally brought together, and accordingly lack centres or foci of cohesion, and frames of common intellectual or spiritual reference. Besides, the technology of mass production, which involves an endless division of labour and a corresponding complexity and soullessness in the organisation, necessarily induces fatigue monotony in the worker, affects his morale as a human being, and often pushes him to the extreme of frustration. The old large life, with all its drawbacks and difficulties, generally kept people in the immediacy of Nature, promoted warm human relationships, and gave workers a sense of pride in what they were doing. According to Raymond Firth, not wages nor the fear of losing their jobs kept people at work in the rural communities; "more important are the conventions about industry, the reproof which laziness is likely to draw from a man's fellows, and the stimulus given by work in company with songs and jokes which lighten drudgery and gives it some tinge of recreation." With the splintering of the family, the household loses its old integral character, and often becomes a battered place of refuge between working day and working day, incapable of giving the workers that sense of fulfilment that can come only with actual participation in creative work. Moreover, whether the worker moved to the city or the industry moved into the country, the

old social and moral codes were apt to break down, their place being taken by the social anarchy and moral nihilism, the "social discords and moral plagues and cruel problems" of a 'society' that is ruled by material values, a society in continual flux—in a word, a society that is no society at all. With backward communities or countries, industrialisation and the new technology affect people who are themselves largely ignorant of the scientific knowledge on which the techniques are based, and hence the change is not from one mode of rational ordering of affairs to another and perhaps a better, but from a self-poised, self-judged and self-sustained traditional culture, with its own mechanics of group solidarity, to an irrational and insecure human aggregate that doesn't deserve the name of social organisation. Or, where the workers in an industry organise themselves, it proves to be a rigid organisation for achieving certain economic and political goals, not a healthy social organisation.

Depopulation Of The Countryside

There is, then, the steady depopulation of the countryside consequent on the rise of new industries, the increasing lure of the city, the attraction of urban modes and urban houses of pleasure and entertainment, the new values set by modern technology, the improvement in the means of transport and communication, the irresistible itch to possess the novelties of the day and the urge towards a higher standard of life generally. However brought about, depopulation of the countryside is verily social death; it is plucking humanity by the roots and casting it away. The men so uprooted are (in Dostoevsky's words) like men who have lost or mislaid their souls. In India we have still, broadly speaking, 2 economies, the economy of the industrial cities and the bigger towns and the economy of the countryside.

As Mr. Opler remarks, "things can go on in India at the big centres without affecting the villages." This circumstance sharply accentuates the division of the people into two nations, as if they were indeed two different species of humanity, although living in the same country at the same time. Thus the impact of industrialisation and modern technology in a country like India has led to a greater dichotomy and self-division than in a modern highly industrialised nation like the United Kingdom or the United States.

Nevertheless, it would be foolish to hope that, like the Erewhonians, we could put the clock back and return to the conditions that prevailed before the industrial and technological revolutions of the recent past. The culture of a community or a people either changes with changing circumstances, or suffers decay and death. It is not change that is the enemy, nor technology the villain of the piece; rather is it the pace of the change, the indiscriminate meddling with traditional culture, the lack of right understanding of both what the traditional culture stands for and the implications of the introduction of particular technological innovations. It is not as though the old, because it is old, is necessarily worthy of preservation; nor the new, because it is new, deserves castigation or blind acceptance. As Sri Aurobindo points out,

"There is in every individualised existence a double action, a self-development from within which is its greatest intimate power of being and by which it is itself, and a reception of impacts from outside which . . . stimulates in a vigorous and healthy being its force for self-development and is an aid to a greater and more pronouncedly characteristic self-determination."

Thus the introduction of technological change should in every instance be attuned to the needs of the group or community, and before change is embarked upon the possible material

and psychological consequences should be taken into account and the new techniques integrated into the community's general pattern of life. What matters is the health of the community, its physical and moral well-being; and the aggregate's health is not more important than the health of the individual. The governing considerations are whether the changes make for the sure if slow evolution of a new society, whether they give the people a sense of direction and a consciousness of purposive vitality, whether the process of change is one of 'assimilative appropriation' of new ideas and values or merely of random accretion or ill-digested accumulation, and whether the community, as a result of the changes, experiences a greater sense of solidarity and a firmer feeling of all-round fulfilment.

The Future

The future is, after all, what we of the present choose to make it, and we are what we are because of what the generations of Adam have made us to be. The only caution that is called for is to temper the pace of industrialisation and soften the engines of technology so that this thrilling passage to the future may mean no total break with all our yesterdays, but rather prove to be a steady and healthy progression of the individual and the race towards the far horizons of our destiny.—*Excerpts from an Address delivered at the opening session of the UNESCO Seminar held in the Andhra University on 26th March 1956.*

(Continued from page 19)

As a long-range policy these 'red pimples' are at best dubious since they are mostly pin-pricks in the sides of Greece and the Arab nations. But for Britain's leaders in their present state of hurt indignation they are as important and valuable as the forts which Americans once established in Indian country.

SCANDINAVIA: IMPRESSIONS OF A PILGRIM

By Dr. V. N. SHARMA

SCANDINAVIAN countries, such as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland in the northern part of Europe, form a world by themselves, for they have in common a culture, a civilisation, a genius and a *weltanschauung* (a philosophical outlook) of their own, even though each country is a natural geographical unit with a democratic government suited to its own temperament. Kings there are as the supreme heads of Government for Norway, Sweden and Denmark but they are proud to call themselves citizens living among their countrymen and serving them like any other loyal common citizen. The royal palaces are open day and night and the people can meet their kings at any time and talk to them in the same manner as they would converse with their own kith and kin, without reserve and without any of the formalities that form part and parcel of royal houses elsewhere. Politically the position of Finland is rather peculiar, even though she feels that her rightful place, due to culture, genius and civilisation, is with these sister nations. She has to be today in the good books of her neighbour, Soviet Russia. How long this unnatural relationship would last is a question her own leaders will have to decide.

Scandinavia has to humour the mighty powers, European and American, that rule the destinies of the European world. They had to sign—with the exception of Finland—the great North Atlantic Treaty, for are they not indebted to a great extent to the mighty Allied forces for their political existence after the troubles and turmoils of the Second World

War. Scandinavia has seen the misery, desperation and the narrow national streams that are destroying the great pattern of European culture, European civilisation and European thought. Whether she should identify herself with these destructive elements or develop her own immemorial pattern is the question she will have to decide once for all without fear or favour.

Writing in a Paris paper recently on the future of his own land, Sweden, a famous writer, Ladislav Hamori, tells us that the present European world is in such a great turmoil, sapping away the life blood of all peace-loving citizens, that the time has now come for Sweden to think twice before any drastic step is taken. "Sweden for many a generation knows perfectly well," says the writer, "that she is a component nation by herself. She has no ambition to extend her geographical boundaries; what she dreams of is peace and nothing but peace to her people and this she has. The political leaders are striving their utmost to see this will of the nation fulfilled. The idea of a European State is good in its outer form. What a danger this great State would be to the small States that would be drawn into its fold! The great State would think that it can rule the country in its own way. The small State cannot utilise all its national income for its own structure; it will have to play second fiddle to the music of the overlord; laws that will be made will go against the national development of the small State. If something goes wrong, the big State will complain of the bureaucracy, and shout at the small States, saying that everything

should be for the Fatherland and not for the component State. One knows this, for are we not seeing what is happening now in that mighty Republican Empire beyond the Iron Curtain? Our country does not need any law that will tell its citizen how he or she will have to behave as a good citizen. There is the time-immemorial moral force that builds up our life and work in our own home land. This is a part and parcel of our life's music itself. Our civil servants are always friendly; they neither forget their responsibilities nor keep things secret. On this alone is built up our administration. The civil servant is our friend; you can contact him on the telephone, whether he is a judge, a general or any other high officer and get any information you need. So also with the Ministers and even with the King. The King's telephone number is also shown in the telephone directory which every one, rich and poor, high and low, uses in the country. The man in the street in Sweden has always, as such, good relations with our State. From its own side, the State is always in friendly terms with its citizens; it helps him and protects him with the power it commands. Education is free, as also the books and materials the pupils need. The children are fed free in the school itself. Excursions are arranged by State during the summer months at the cost of the State. Mothers who accompany their children in these hikes need not pay anything. This is not meant only for the children of the working classes, but also the children of the rich. The foreigners also enjoy these privileges of the State."

Sweden is not satisfied with this approach. Her social welfare organisation is as great as any other within the framework of the administration. To make the families, rich and poor, as healthy and happy as one can think of is the main objective of the welfare organisation. Instruc-

tion regarding the care of the baby before and after birth, advice to mothers in family planning and utilising the contraceptive methods, more for the sake of the mother's health, if the family is too big, advising the parents not to be slaves to drink which is the bane of life in the northern part of the country also form part of the programme of the health services. Health services can be utilised by each and every one; in case a mother is ill and cannot find proper help the Health services send a nurse to her house. All the children of the refugees—this land gives asylum to innumerable number of desperate and helpless ones from countries beyond the Iron Curtain and others who seek hospitality from other places as well—are well looked after by the State, both in body and soul, all through the year. The parents of these children are also similarly treated. Wonderful work is done by the State in the matter of looking after the old and the sick when they are not in a position to look after themselves. There is safety and there is security to the citizen in all spheres of public and private life. "Mother Svea" is the symbol of Sweden and Sweden never lets down her children.

The political life of the people is as happy as their social life. Taxes are assessed in such a manner that both rich and poor are brought into better and more intimate understanding of each other. So also the relationship between the employer and the employee. Their dealings are like those of two business people. A trade union officer came from Britain to study the working conditions of the labour class. He asked a prominent Socialist in Sweden.

"What have you nationalised in Sweden?"

The Socialist replied "The Railways. But this was done long ago by the Liberal Party when it was in power."

The Conservative Party is conservative in its outlook, but in all its day to day policies, it goes along with the people's parties, the Social Democrats (similar to the Labour Party in England), the Peasants' and Liberal Parties. Hence there is steadiness in the policies of the Government. Whether it is one definite party or a coalition of two or three parties that shoulders the administration of the country they do it for decades and decades, and such a thing is possible in this great country alone. The popular daily of Sweden with a circulation of 2,50,000 wants that Sweden should join the Allied powers for the creation of a European Union and warns the present Government, now controlled by the Social Democrats, of the dangers of isolation. People purchase this paper and read the articles, yet at the same time they extend their unstinted support to the Government of the day. Politics to the people at large is not a mere emotional upheaval, but it is a thing that should be tackled by specialists who know what they are doing; their feelings and their fixed ideas should be set aside when they face the problems of the country that have to be solved.

Men and women are equal in this land for all purposes; no woman is barred on account of her sex from any position or service. The medical adviser of the late King Gustav V was a lady doctor. There are innumerable women among the architects and engineers who have done wonders in the matter of enriching their land with modern art and buildings.

Troubles Sweden has. The leftist elements demand more and more power and influence to change radically the structure of the life of the people. Foreign powers test very often the Himalayan patience of the Swedish people by interfering in the internal politics of the land. Nevertheless the country, like its landscape, climate and weather, is stub-

born. This stubbornness alone saved Sweden all through its history.

Norway and Denmark do not lag behind in any way as compared with Sweden. Unlike Sweden, the people here had to undergo many privations during the war. Denmark and Norway are like twins. They work hand in hand in everything for the welfare of the people at large, even though some Danes do not like this expression at all. Norway wanted to live as a free and independent nation, but Denmark did not allow this new trend of thought among the Norwegians for long. Yet, destiny decided otherwise and we study in the history of these two countries that the Danish King of his own accord withdrew himself from Norway. This voluntary withdrawal of Danish sovereignty brought about better understanding between the two nations and their enthusiasm for the consolidation of Scandinavian unity is as keen and great as that of Sweden.

Political rule is very steady both in Denmark and Norway. All parties, left and right, strive for the welfare of the people. Denmark is an agricultural country. Norway is like Switzerland, a mountainous area, full of forests, numberless rivers, dales, vales and pasture land. Cities are few and the major part of the population lives in the countryside enriching its natural wealth. It is really an education by itself to watch these two countries engaged in their task of rendering all possible help, in spite of financial difficulties, in the creation of an ideal Welfare State.

Here in India we talk so much about welfare measures, but there they implement their aims thoroughly without much talk. The peasants and the workers are intelligent and they gather fresh knowledge and new experience for any work they take up for the prosperity of the country. Great pioneering work

was carried out by the people's schools and colleges, in drawing the peasant and labourer from his centre of daily work for a couple of months and in some cases, half a year, to refresher courses in agriculture, in farming, in dairy work, cattle breeding, in cottage industries and what not. The State never hesitates to finance these institutions. The amount of money spent year after year on this account is much more than the amount we spend on defence and in maintaining the civil services of our country.

I was present at two colleges of this type when I visited Denmark last time and took part in some discussions along with the students. Old peasants and experienced labourers come to these colleges as humble pupils willing to learn new things—always thinking of how they can discover new inventions, new ideas to enrich their present work. The time spent in these institutions is reckoned the happiest times in their lives by the pupils and they look forward to it from year to year. The great co-operative movement for which Denmark took the initiative in the last century on a scientific basis, emanated out of the constant discussions and community plans of these folk colleges and schools. Discontent is very seldom to be found anywhere here. People are content with the things they possess. Their help to the refugees and war-stricken folks in other countries is a traditional one: this has not only touched the whole geographical area of Europe, but also our Indian shores. What an amount of milk powder they have supplied to our famine affected persons in Rovalaseema and to the poor in the city of Madras. Danes speak very little but do wonders to relieve human misery. The manner in which the Government extends its support to all these plans of the people shows us that the people and the Government are one. Political Party labels do not interfere with harmonious

relations between the people and the administration.

Norway is forward in all welfare schemes. From birth till death everyone is protected by the State under several insurance schemes—health, sickness, medical care, education, old age, accidents, etc. Here people work hard and they do it with great happiness. Political parties do not disturb the harmonious relations of the people with their government in any manner. Norwegians are hospitable—their homes are always open to welcome guests at any time of the day and night.

Scandinavia is a world by itself. It concentrates all its efforts for the consolidation of the countries it consists of. It will certainly live with courage, patience and with its traditional happiness for thousands and thousands of years in the future and uphold its culture and tradition by its own efforts.

(Continued from page 22)

In this connection, it is pertinently pointed out by both Mr. Joshi and Mr. Reddy that side by side with a widespread sympathy and support for China and Russia there is prevalent in the country revulsion for the Communist Party. Such an alliance it is said, will help the Communists get over this public antipathy.

Ironically enough, while the Joshi "line" is so near the Moscow *diktat* Mr. Joshi himself will not be a delegate to the coming C. P. I. Congress. He has been reportedly defeated in the delegates' "election." It means that the present leadership, comprising all the factions barring the Rana-divites on the extreme left and the Joshites on the right, will make the Joshi "line" its own and continue to control the party. As at Madras early last year the new Central Committee will be a conglomeration of divers elements coming together for fear of displacement by those now in disgrace.

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Short Story

SUSHEELA

By V. K. Subramanian

SUSHEELA looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. The room was dark except for the faint rays of light that entered it through the solitary half closed window on the west. She was combing her long bounteous hair, with the curved ivory comb. Tomorrow, he would be coming, and she would see him for the first time. How would he look like? Mother who had seen him a few days earlier, had told her that he was tall, he was fair, he was handsome, his cheeks were rosy and he wore long hair. She was sure her mother was exaggerating. How could anyone be of her mother's description except in stories and dreams? She would debunk her mother's yarn soon. She saw her face in the mirror smile and like a child fond of mimicry she pulled out her tongue and made a face at her image in the mirror.

It was a Sunday. Sunday meant for Susheela laziness in the morning and late getting up from bed. But that day she felt strangely restless and got up early.

"The sun is going to rise in the west" mother told her tauntingly.

Susheela pouted her lips and went to take her bath.

At ten-thirty he came with his brother, a fair, short, stocky middle aged gentleman with a protruding nose who was chattering all the while.

Susheela was in her room shy, excited, expectant, when her mother came to her and took her before "him." Her cheeks flushed red and her hands trembled as she came and sat before him. She bowed in obeisance to his brother and looked up at him with her large fish-like eyes.

He too looked at her. That moment some strange thrill stirred Susheela. A wave of tenderness and love swept her heart and her eyes glistened as she kept on looking at him. Yes, mother was correct. How handsome he was! How beautiful his hands were, artistic and long fingered! How thrilled she would be, to be caressed by those hands! And his eyes! They were like those of Buddha or Siva which she had seen in paintings and sculptured models.

Would he like her, dark as she was, lean and small and not very impressive to look at? All her hopes would be shattered if he did not like her, and she felt angry with herself for not being more beautiful so that he would be captured by her loveliness. If only she had some magic, like Chitra of mythology to change her form!

Suddenly Susheela realised that 'he' was leaving and looked up. He smiled a charming smile and left. Susheela felt a tug at her heart. She sat dazed and dreamed.

On her wedding day Susheela felt she was on top of the world. How eagerly she had looked forward to this day! To stand bedecked by his side as his bride, while all those who came to attend the wedding congratulated her on having got such a charming handsome husband! She felt thrilled as her hands touched his occasionally. She looked at him through the corner of her eyes and saw him smile his charming smiles. When would all the guests go away leaving them alone in their world, to speak words of tenderness and love, to express in gestures, the wave of love that swept over her? She felt impatient.

The image of her husband danced before her eyes, the moment she woke up till she slept tired, late at night. He was her living God. On getting up early in the morning she felt his feet with her hands and pressed her face against them in loveful worship. She watched him while he cleaned his teeth and kept ready a steaming cup of coffee. She sat entranced while he shaved and kept the towel and the soap, the oil and hot water in readiness for his arrival.

She took delight in polishing his shoes until they shone with the lustre of her love.

She served him food with her own hands and felt gratified when he complimented her on her graceful way of serving.

She dressed him up when he went to office and felt herself to be the queen of the world when he imprinted a kiss on her cheeks as the reward for her morning labours.

Time hung heavy for Susheela till in the evening her husband returned from office. Daily she would wait for him, dressed in her best clothes, standing at the gate to welcome him with her smile. At times when he came late by a few minutes, she felt miserable and imagined the worst things that could have happened.

Four fleeting months sped by. Gradually a change came over Susheela. The rapturous thrill of the early days of marriage gave place to a subdued contentment. Though she felt happy in the warm love of her husband, at times, strange little thoughts began to creep into her mind.

One day they were sitting on the beach, in the semi-darkness which was twilight under the blue grey sky near the roaring waves which broke into foam.

"What are you thinking of?" her husband asked her, sensing her mood.

"Nothing. I am just watching the waves."

"Don't lie to me, don't I know you? Something is worrying my darling."

Susheela tried to evade but he persisted. At last she felt she could bear it no longer. She would reveal the truth to him.

"I am . . ." she said and stopped.

"What is wrong, Susheela?"

"I am with child." She said in a dead tone. Her face turned pale and small beads of perspiration gathered on her brow.

There was silence for a while.

"I am glad—I am happy . . . Darling, isn't it wonderful? A child of our own", he bubbled with enthusiasm.

Susheela remained silent.

"Why are you moody, darling? Arn't you glad that you are going to be a mother?"

"They say it is very difficult with the first one. The pain would be unbearable" she sobbed. "I don't know what to do, I am upset."

"This needn't have happened so soon. Didn't I tell you?"

"What did you tell me?"

"That we should take precautions. You were not agreeable. Now who is to bear all the agony? Tell me, darling?"

Susheela cried and sought her husband's hands for support. But her husband seemed upset. Had her words wounded him? She felt sorry for having given vent to her feelings.

Susheela sat and knitted, as the child in her womb grew. Often, her mind wondered. She thought of her friends—Rita, Leela and Rekha. All were her classmates. Rita had joined the medical college and in another year she would be a doctor, going about with the stethoscope in her hands, independent and carefree.

Leela had become a lecturer in a college. What a nice time she would be having, giving lectures, being admired by her students, and addressed as "Madam."

Rekha had married a doctor and the two had gone overseas on a honey-moon trip.

And she sat here—tied down to her home, with the burden of the child she bore, unable to go out as she liked.

Was this the heaven she dreamed of when she saw Kumar and felt bewitched by his charming person? Were all her castles to end in this?

Soon she would be a mother, a child in her arms, suckling it, a mother at twenty. Thereafter what was there to enjoy in life?

Without her knowing it, a strange feeling of resentment crept over her. If only her husband had taken care! But he wouldn't. He was eager for a child. He was mad about the home. He never liked anything else. But did she feel the same? She did not know. The child stirred in the womb. Susheela felt uneasy and sick.

An excruciating pain shot up in her vitals—a pain which she had never felt before! Her child was forcing its way out of her body. Susheela wept aloud. When would this suffering end? How difficult it was to get a child? What an undesirable amount of suffering for the woman! But the man had an easy time. In the midst of her agonising pain, Susheela thought of her husband. Would he know of all her agony and physical suffering? She wanted someone to

feel for her, to sympathise with her and speak consoling words to her. But where was her husband? He was miles away from her, carefree and happy, knowing not how she suffered. If only he was by her side, and with her, while she underwent the agonising torture! If only . . .

Susheela lay exhausted. By her side was her newborn son, a small, rosy, little thing. Every thing was over; only a dull ache persisted all over her body. She stared vacantly at space, while her mind wandered, restless. Suddenly she heard some one calling her. The voice was familiar. It was her mother. She turned her face to the door.

"He has come" her mother said, and disappeared.

A few seconds later, that face which she knew, appeared—before her. Those eyes were misty with tenderness and love. Susheela looked at that face and the face of the little one that lay besides her. A cold shivering thrill passed through her. Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

All that she had suffered was nothing before this happiness that coursed through her veins, as she watched the tenderness in her husband's eyes and felt the warmth of her little son.

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THIS is another officially sponsored publication which has all the marks of aristocratic distinction. For the bulk, quality of paper employed and the choice nature of the founts used in the printing the published price of Rs. 7-8 must be pronounced ridiculously low.

The book is divided into nine parts which are captioned under catchy titles. The over-all aim, as everybody should know by this time, is to revitalise the country-side and bring to it the benefits of modern civilisation without importing any of the less laudable aspects of urban life. A vast array of experts—acknowledged and soi-disant—go over the same ground and repeat the obvious in a variety of more or less appealing terms. How to make the peasantry sit up and do things for themselves? The Community projects are intended to function as catalytic agents, and to be withdrawn from the scene once the technique is understood and the people catch on to the new ways of life. In almost all cases, it has been the experience of workers in the field that while the beginnings are invariably promising, the continuity of the experiment suffers snaps the moment the external stimulus is modified, weakened or withdrawn. As in the case of our attempts to promote literacy, we are confronted by the lapse to illiteracy in a considerable percentage, so with community development, the work has to be boosted with outside stimulus on a permanent basis. This is the basic problem confronting the social and ideological worker in our country-side; and no adequate or final

solution has yet been found for it, ensuring progress, local initiative and freedom.

Another peculiar malady of all Indian propaganda even in good causes is the sad truth of 'all cry and little wool.' These rural reconstruction centres have been in operation ever since Gandhiji began them in his own life-time; other offshoots of them like the activities of the Bharat Sevak Samaj, Bhoodhan, etc., have loomed large in popular imagination; but no reliable or up-to-date statistics of the work done or results achieved are available. In consequence the urban spectator of these alarms and excursions often goes away with an unrealistic notion of a rate of progress being maintained when in fact the facts do not warrant it. Sewagram at one end—Sabarmati at another—Gandhigram in the South—Tiruchengode in the west of Tamil Nad—these are oases in an otherwise arid desert of crumbling villages vanishing into the thin air around them by the relentless operation of economic and megalopolitan forces fatal to decentralisation. When to these we add the ambivalence of our leaders formulating national policy—their eclecticism in choosing a little of industrialism, a little of the char-kha and a little of militarism the justification for scepticism if not pessimism becomes all the greater.

However it is too soon to dogmatise about the results, though to be fair to the promoters of these projects, they are fully alive to the dangers of stagnation and backsliding lurking in the status quo. Instead of indulging in a series of aspirations as to the miraculous change of the countryside in a contingent future, it would be much more to the point if the sponsors of the movement convince themselves and the public with a specific

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Publications Division, Government
of India. Rs. 7-8.

THIS volume of speeches and ad-
dresses delivered by our Presi-
dent on a variety of official and cere-
monial occasions has been produced
not merely with taste and judgement
but with a sublime indifference to
cost. But the task of editing seems
to have been reduced to a minimum.
There are nearly a hundred utter-
ances—some long, some very brief—
all held together by a mechanical
chronological thread. It would have
been more helpful to the reader as
well as more complimentary to the
distinguished speaker if the addresses
had been reorganised under sugges-
tive titles such as educational, histo-
rical, cultural and so on. As it is,
the titles jostle one another as mis-
cellaneously as do all sorts of people
in a crowd.

Sri Rajendra Prasad has a solid
and enduring claim to a high place
among the authors and thinkers of
the Gandhian era. His book on Pakis-
tan published at the height of the
agitation for it by our Muslim con-
freres was distinguished by a suavity
of tone and a passion for objectivity
rarely found in conjunction. The
book may still be studied as a classic
presentation of the pros and cons of

that vexed problem which still conti-
nues to vex us under a variety of
aliases. Next to his pervasive and
balanced patriotism, Sri Prasad has
demonstrated in his personal life the
possibility of living in the Gandhian
way without giving hostages to
adverse opinion. Altogether it is un-
deniable that we have been peculiarly
blessed in the character and perso-
nality of the first incumbent of the
exalted office of the President of
India. A collection of his speeches
may thus be welcomed a priori as
well as on merits.

Sri Prasad has necessarily had to
speak on a variety of subjects, and
it is worthy of note that he always
rises to the occasion and imparts
even to formal functions something
of his own deep earnestness and un-
forced dignity. The problems of edu-
cation, of refashioning the founda-
tions of national life engage his first
attention, and we behold him as an
apostle of Gandhism in this sphere
with a zeal and thoroughness which
are unhappily absent from the poli-
cies of the State Governments. Next,
Sri Prasad utilises every opportunity
to impress upon the nation the para-
mount need for maintaining the
freedom that we have achieved by
continued devotion to Gandhian
ideals. Thirdly, he commends to
the youth of the nation a concept of
liberal nationalism which in its roots
would draw sustenance from the soil,
and from the vital elements of our
past. The plea for the revival of
Sanskrit studies runs like a golden
thread through all his appeals to his
countrymen whether the occasion is
political or educational or merely
ornamental.

There is only one criticism which
we feel we should voice forth in this
connection, and it is with a view to
raising an issue of policy. The office
of the President though the highest
under our Constitution is after all a
political institution; and there is no
guarantee that the occupant of it will
always be a man of such choice cul-
ture as is now happily the case. We

may therefore easily visualise a situ-
ation in which it may become an
instrument of mere party propa-
ganda. That would lead to the re-
consideration of the question of how
far it would be legitimate to use pub-
lic funds for the dissemination of
party polemics. Even in the present
volume, there is abundant evidence
that material for the President's
speeches on technical occasions or on
specialist subjects must have been
obtained from concerned departmen-
tal heads. To palm them off as pre-
sidential utterances may be well-
meaning but unnecessary. It would
be a sound ordinance for the party
in power to refrain from publishing
or propagating at public cost utter-
ances of political personalities. We
believe there is some such sound
principle in operation in England.
Indeed, the speeches or writings of
their political leaders turn out to be
best sellers in the open market. Our
aim also should be to approximate to
such a desirable ideal. As it is, the
Publications Division of the Govern-
ment of India is making a dubious
use of public funds to enable persons
in authority to swank it out in de
luxe volumes in which their official
utterances find what can only be
called a kind of under-written publi-
city! We are sure that there is a
market for the worthwhile utterances
of real thinkers and leaders amidst
us; and it is by allowing private initi-
ative in this field that the double
benefit of economy to the Govern-
ment and hope of profit to the pri-
vate entrepreneur can both be ensur-
ed at once.

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he strides toward freedom with a
determination bolstered by the know-
ledge that the major forces at work
in the world today are on his side."
—CARL ROWAN.

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NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

THE LIMP OF THE LAW

THERE is an experiment in fraternisation now being carried on in the province of Bihar the results of which ought to prove interesting. It is an attempt at mass contact by the police, an extension of a government campaign a few years ago in which policemen stood on walls and posters and said: I Am Your Servant. The Bihar experiment, however, is planned on a more extensive scale and takes the crusade deep into the villages. Posses of police are moving from village to village, freely mixing with the people and singing as they go. Some feasting in common with the people has also been arranged to add to the resultant bonhomie.

What puzzles one, however, is why it is so necessary for the ordinary citizen to consider the policeman either as his servant or his friend or why he should sing or dine with him. What I personally expect from a policeman is not friendship or obedience but assurance of help when I am in need of it. To me he is the symbol of safety and security. His very presence must dispel danger and fear. He must take over from the point at which my resistance to a situation breaks down and I need assistance. A policeman could be all this without being my personal friend or chosen companion. In fact, any kind of personal relationship with him would take away from my confidence in his ability to help me. For, if I come to know him as a person, I would inevitably become aware of his individual weaknesses and feelings and my faith in his infallibility would be shaken. I want

my policeman to be a tower of strength, a being of calm courage and unfailing ability to deal quickly and forcefully with any situation. I do not want him, however, to step into my personal life. He must stand on the outermost periphery of my privacy and help me when I need help.

The Police is the body of people appointed to watch over civil order, prevent crime and perform various civil services or in plain and general terms, to protect the health, safety and morals of the community. The policeman is concerned with me primarily and solely as a member of the community. As John Stuart Mill puts it in his Essay on Liberty: "The only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others." The policeman is to "curb the liberty of the subject only when it degenerates into licence" thereby threatening the health of the community. For him to do this with any dignity or fair-mindedness, it is better we are not on Christian name terms.

It is usually argued that all these efforts to show the Police in a new light is to remove from the public mind the feeling of distrust towards the force which is part of the bitter dregs left by British rule. Extending the logic of this argument into other fields, do we mistrust our Army which fought beside its British master in two world wars and killed as bidden? Do we distrust our civil service which accepted and trans-

lated into action orders issued by a foreign power to serve its own purposes? Why should we pick only on the police? Their attitude in the service of the British Crown, far from engendering distrust should be considered good assurance of their capacity for loyalty. They have proved they can be completely depended upon to obey orders. There is, as far as is known by a lay public, no evidence that the Indian police force in British India was positively either anti-Indian or opposed to the freedom movement. What they did was done under orders. The orders they obeyed were often harsh, cruel and death-dealing but their orders from their own government now today may sometimes be forced to be as merciless.

There is, therefore, no distrust by reason of their past. We have done with that past. There is, however, a lack of trust by reason of their present. A Commission which enquired into the conditions of the whole machinery of Indian administration in Lord Curzon's time half a century ago had some unpalatable things to say about the Indian police force. The Commission found the force "far from efficient . . . defective in training and organization . . . inadequately supervised . . . generally regarded as corrupt and oppressive." The situation, it is widely felt, remains almost unchanged in its essentials. The average policeman even now is an uninspiring representative of the law who is nobody's friend nor is likely to be until he proves, not—as one might be led to suppose—his patriotism, but his efficiency. An efficient, strong, incorruptible police force will inspire a healthier respect for the law and a deeper appreciation by the citizen of his civic duties and responsibilities than a decade of poster publicity campaigns. We must be able to *respect* the policeman; we can learn to love him later, if necessary.

The idea of making the policeman the citizen's friend is probably an attempt to build him up on the model of the British 'bobby'. The British—especially London—policeman is always presented to the world as lovable, just, slow but genial, unobtrusive but always at hand; he has a sense of humour, he is solicitous of children and guides them across streets, he loves pet dogs and old women. True, but there is another side to him which the law-abiding citizen never sees. He is a member of one of the most efficient police forces in the world. He is able, fearless, obedient, risking his life without thought or hesitation in the performance of his duty, hard-working, impervious to bribes and a good judge of human nature. The police forces of Britain are always maintained at the peak of their efficiency. The Home Secretary has the right to withhold the Government grant to the police authority—borough or county council etc.—if he is not satisfied that a certain area is efficiently policed or that a force is properly maintained and administered. The modern policeman in the west is not merely police; he is a technician and a psychologist. His duty is not enclosed within precise definitions or limits and his work calls for many kinds of skills. He is the nucleus round which the idea of an international police is being built up.

The London 'bobby' is more than a hundred years old. A variety of sociological and political forces have shaped him. The friendly-cop idea presupposes maturity in a nation and the right leadership. The British people fight their causes not with hunger strikes but through public opinion, press and parliament. Are we as a nation ready for the friendly policeman?

This feasting and revelry with the common people at this stage is a futile operation. Far from creating any new illusions, it might only make our disillusionment complete.

CLEARING THE AIR

By VERITAS

THERE is little doubt that the country is solidly behind Pandit Nehru in his refusal to treat with Pakistan on the question of Kashmir. The reasons which he urged in support of his inaction seemed rather laboured and unconvincing to me until I came upon an article on the subject which was reproduced in our papers from the London *New Statesman and Nation*. My pride as a nationalist and patriot was greatly humbled when I reflected that not one Indian journalist or editor could be found to come anywhere near a thousand miles of the *New Statesman* writer either in eloquence or in incisive expression or in the assumption of an impeccable, magisterial tone. As we all know, that London weekly is the unique forum of the world's leftist, emancipated opinion, and as its editor pointed out with pardonable complacency in a recent issue, it generally thinks 25 years ahead of the times. No wonder therefore its arguments too are far beyond what can even be imagined by most of us merely peddling in the field. I propose to rehearse those arguments again for the delectation of such of our readers as may have missed the inspired utterance of our distant but doughty contemporary.

With a disdain of frills which is pleasing, it began with an admonitory finger wagged at Pandit Nehru to emphasise its own conviction that the offer of a plebiscite was 'hasty and ill-judged.' Whether it was a recent discovery or whether it has been kept all these years a dead secret of the choice and charmed spirits going round the mystic centre of the Turnstile Press is unhappily left in doubt. In support of this belated discovery, it next proceeds to emphasise the formidable but not

wholly relevant fact that there are 35 million Muslims in the Indian Union, and that their communal feelings would be stirred to their mud-diast depths if a plebiscite were to be held in remote Kashmir. The implication is rather interesting. It is that either they won't stand a plebiscite at all and that they are forcing the hands of Chacha Nehru to keep Kashmir in the Indian Union or that they would become uncontrollably hysterical and give trouble to the Indian Union unless, in the sequel, Kashmir went to Pakistan. Either conclusion defames them compendiously and is tantamount to the acknowledgement of the presence of a disrupting force scattered throughout the Indian body politic. It would amount to a truculent and permanently implacable minority holding the rest to ransom, and making their life as a nation not worth a minute's purchase!

As if to clinch the issue, another colossal red herring is next drawn across our path. This is to beat Pakistan with the stick that she has declared herself to be a 'theocratic' State, and so has automatically deprived herself of the benefit of clergy. How the issue of a plebiscite in Kashmir is affected by the theocratic complexion of Pakistan may not be quite obvious to plain folk at first sight. But as an *argumentum ad hominem*, it does the trick too well. It might seem temerarious on the part of a rank outsider to remind an Englishman that the constitution of his country as it has been functioning during the last three centuries is also medieval and obscurantist enough to lay down that the ruler of England shall always be a Protestant. This vestigial survival of a largely spent-out theological rancour imbed-

ded in the British constitution has not apparently disturbed the slumbers of this self-righteous scribe of the *New Statesman*. But the technique once analysed becomes plain as pikestaff. Pakistan is given a bad name, for the writer has already decided to hang it on this particular issue. Again as a nationalist and patriot, I rejoice; for such ticking off of Pakistan gratifies my *amour propre*, and makes me feel more than ever at home in my fool's paradise!

The next point dealt with by the writer was apparently chosen to impress us with his forensic acumen and constitutional punditry. For he solemnly tells us that while Kashmir's accession to India was no doubt legal, the constitutional position could not be pronounced wholly free from dubiety. A Daniel come to judgment indeed; for here is an attempt to make a distinction which makes no difference at all!

Then like an inspired writer assigned the task of crystallising public opinion twenty-five years hence, the writer puts his finger on what he considers the heart of the matter. It is that both sides are bluffing, and that the sooner the bluff is called, the better for the prospects of peace in this part of the world. It appears that both sides are reconciled in their heart of hearts to the *de facto* partition of Kashmir along the present line of demarcation; but that to save face with their own people, each is pegging out a claim for the whole to ensure the safeguarding of no more than the *status quo*. Perhaps the writer of the article in the *New Statesman* is in the confidence of the protagonists on both sides; if so, the sequel alone will confirm or expose him according to circumstances.

The final argument of the writer is that on the Kashmir issue neither India nor Pakistan wants war; and that therefore the situation will inevitably settle down after the current phase of mutual recrimination comes to an end through stale repetition.

Thereafter, as the poet sang on another inconclusive but no less portentous political situation, "a series of new times would begin" in which Indo-Pak relations would be marked by an endless succession of halcyon days. The great thing is to see things in their proper perspective, etcetera and back Pandit Nehru for all one may be worth.

If I have devoted some time and space to a reshuffle of a fellow-scribe's solo turn, it is clearly out of admiration for a superb exhibition of sustained skating on thin ice which can only be achieved by a Jambavan of the journalistic world. But there exists *pari passu* another set of facts and portents which that writer has not condescended to notice, but which have disturbed me as not altogether reassuring in the interests of our national safety, honour and peace. It is to these that I shall now address myself in the belief that they may find responsive echoes in some kindred hearts or minds in our midst.

First of all, Pandit Nehru's volte face is a little hard to swallow against the background of his declared devotion to Gandhian principles. It is passing strange to hear the apostle of dynamism and creative thinking plead pathetically for the *status quo* in one particular corner of his heart. It takes two for a kiss or a kick; unless therefore both parties can be persuaded to agree to a common course of action, it is difficult to see how prevailing tensions can be relaxed, the more so as this is another of the major objectives of our Prime Minister's diplomacy. If Britain had had her way, the *status quo* would have still continued in India; and by the same token, wherever there is a determined move to upset the *status quo*, almost anything can happen except the perpetuation of the *status quo*. We have shown our impatience with the doctrine of the *status quo* as applied to Goa. A world which is not wholly peopled by the editorial staff of the *New States-*

man may find a censorious person here or there who might remind us of the old adage that what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander too! There may even be a slump in our moral stock on which we have been preening ourselves a little too smugly.

But suppose for argument's sake that the Kashmir issue is allowed to lapse by tacit, mutual agreement. Would that ensure the stabilisation of Indo-Pak relations all along the rest of the line? How is it that the migrations of Hindus from East Pakistan have not only been steady, but that they have spurted to alarming figures during recent months? It is very evident that the screw is being turned there scientifically, relentlessly and continuously. How are we to counter such squeezing tactics? If we refused asylum to the migrants, we would rival the Pakistani Government in subjecting the unfortunates to a refinement of malevolence without motive. If we allowed them to come in, we would be encouraging more and more to come in, thus upsetting our own economy in permanently disastrous ways. Unless we demand a proportionate share of territory to settle the migrants in, there is no prospect of ending this ghastly tragedy. It would be more courageous and humane to insist on a planned migration of all the Hindus from East Pakistan coupled with a readjustment of the eastern boundary which would mitigate the horrors of their present haphazard exodus. Are we prepared to call the bluff here too! or are we to be condemned to practice appeasement to counteract the underlying bellicosity of our stand on Kashmir?

But worse still is in store. Even after the walk-out of all Hindus from East Pakistan, there is no guarantee of peace between the two 'nations.' Pandit Nehru is fond of repeating that the Muslim League is dead in India. Whether he is misled or not is beside the point; but he is defi-

nately misleading the country with such an assertion. Not only is the League very much alive, but it has been given statutory immunity. For the bulk of recent social legislation has specifically exempted the Muslim community in India from the operation of those laws which have been deliberately inspired by the desire to liquidate the Hindu community as we have known it in its historical setting. This setting up of a State within a State has not only passed by without any protest of consequence from the ranks of the victims; it has injected fresh life into the most insidious of the fissiparous elements sapping the body-politic silently and from within. Pandit Nehru is tireless in inveighing against communalism and casteism. The fact that he is repeating it in the eighth year of his reign as vehemently as in the first year of our independence leads only to one conclusion—that his deeds are at variance with his professions. An unreconciled, permanent minority in the body politic committed to irredentism both culturally and politically will by no means be a source of strength to us in the day of our trial.

Another source of danger to us according to Pandit Nehru himself lies in the military pacts which have had the effect of 'encircling' us. Pandit Nehru's references to the Seato and Baghdad pacts have been marked by an ambiguity which is obviously not accidental. Seeing that the sponsoring powers involved are America and Britain, both of which are ostensibly our friends too, the public has a right to know from Pandit Nehru what he means by making a bogey of them? What is he doing or what has he done to neutralise the plans worked out by those whose friendship he is apparently not quite sure of? Indeed one of them, Great Britain, has all the secrets of our defence services in the hollow of its palm. In the event of a show-down with Kashmir what would be the

worth of our defence potential seeing that it has been supplied, organised and disposed under British tutelage? Suppose they should prove 'duds' in the hour of our crisis?

Or can it be that Pandit Nehru is aware of the double game of the Western democracies and is proceeding in his own quiet way to hoist the engineer with his own petard? It is obvious that the Kashmir issue would be vetoed in the Security Council by Russia. That check-mates Pakistan in the diplomatic round. Have we entered into—(I hope for goodness sake, we have)—other commitments with our Russian friends to neutralise more dangerous moves that may issue from Pakistan? There have been talks of opening up a regular trade service between Russia and India through Black Sea ports. What prevents us from importing our defence requirements in addition to

the normal exchange of goods? After all, our policy has been eclectic; we have entered into pacts with both East and West. It would be elementary prudence not to trust all our eggs to one basket. For the essential thing is not to be caught napping.

The basic instability of the Indian situation is the result of the creation of Pakistan. It calls for eternal vigilance, but in abnormal conditions, partly of our own making. Pandit Nehru has cleared the air somewhat. He must improve the shining hour and take an equally firm stand to ensure that the hapless Hindus of East Pakistan are not treated as pawns in the game of power politics. He may be twitted with keeping Panch Shila for export. But let him take heart by recalling Emerson's dictum that "Consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."



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WANTED A HISTORY

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

THE absence of a history of Indian cricket has long been a serious deprivation. But it is not surprising that no scholar should have hitherto attempted to write one for the material is negligible and above all very scrappy. Yet it is obvious that there should be no further delay in the appearance of a history of India's national game.

The early authorities are particularly elusive. There is but one reference to cricket in Kincaid. He writes casually of the game having "won immediate popularity" in Bombay in the early years of the nineteenth century. The authorities, it would appear, smiled on it as "an amusement tending to counteract the effects of this enervating climate by raising the spirits from apathy." This is hardly promising, for later generations have learnt to interpret the functions of cricket in a much higher light.

Apart from this misinterpretation, the first match was certainly played in Calcutta, the earliest settlement of the British who, of course, brought the game with them. I remember a correspondence in the *Cricketer* in which Mr. T. C. Longfield, the old Cambridge Blue and until recently a prominent Calcutta cricketer, stated that the Calcutta Cricket Club was the oldest cricket club outside England. This is easy to believe.

While the foundations may be fixed with some certainty, though even here the details need to be collated, it is more difficult to follow the course of the game in the early years of the last century. It is a fact that not until the first M. C. C. team under Gilligan visited India in the 'twenties of this century is it possible to formulate a coherent account. Almost one hundred years lie in darkness. It

needs assiduity and patience rather than brilliance or genius to lift the veil.

As is to be expected, the three principal centres in the early epochs were Madras, Bombay and Calcutta. While the vision of six stumps and a bat first gleamed upon Indian eyes in Calcutta, the primacy soon departed to Bombay. The successive Triangular, Quadrangular and Pentangular tournaments were conceived on a vicious principle, but it is undoubted that they provided the only instance of first-class cricket in the country. The Bombay Cricket Association have published the scores of these matches until 1944. It is a fascinating record. Figures are never less drearily mathematical than in cricket.

The series was inaugurated, rather fortuitously, it would appear, in 1892 as a "Presidency match" between the Europeans and the Parsis. In 1907 the Hindus joined the contest, which then became "Triangular." Five years later, a fourth team, the Muslims, first participated in the matches. The scope was still further enlarged in 1937 with the advent of "the Rest". Soon after independence, it was felt that the principle underlying the tournament was vicious and the matches were given up. In any case, the Ranji trophy tournament rendered them superfluous. Nevertheless, during the formative period of the development of the game they were of the greatest importance.

The contribution which Englishmen have made to progress is now perhaps not sufficiently realised. One has only to glance through the scores to appreciate the great debt owing to them. The greatest personality in the early years was J. C. Greig, a remarkable individual. In the inau-

gural match, played on August 23 and 24, he made 94. This was but the first of a series of high scores, notably 184 in 1899. He had valuable auxiliaries in R. M. Poore and M. R. Jardine, father of the famous En, land captain. Poore was unbeaten with 100 in the opening match.

As the years passed by many, eminent England players took part in the series. It is thrilling to recall that Fry, Rhodes and Hirst were among them. In 1921 they assisted the Europeans to overwhelming victories in two matches. Against a Hindu team, which included Navle, C. K. Nayudu, Deodhar and Jai, Rhodes scored 156. He also captured seven wickets for 26 runs in the first innings, while Hirst, the formulator of swing, claimed six wickets for 33 runs in the second. The Europeans were even more invincible against the Parsis, who had earlier defeated the Mahommedans. Rhodes made 183, Hirst 62 and Fry 44. Rhodes was also deadly with the ball, capturing twelve wickets for 59 runs in the match. These triumphs were an example of the supremacy of the Europeans in the early years.

One later comes across names only slightly less eminent, such as Hosie, Parsons, Rubie, B. H. Lyon, Hudson, Meyer, Ward, and Rait Kerr, later Secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club. The bead-roll is completed by Compton, Hardstaff and Simpson towards the end. I have indicated enough to show that there awaits the student a fascinating theme should he devote his attention to it.

The Presidency matches in Madras belong to a less exalted strain, but their contribution to the development of the game in the south has been great. In a genuine sense these games were festivals, eagerly looked forward to. It is impossible not to deplore their discontinuance, though one realises that it was inevitable.

With the institution of the Ranji Trophy tournament and even more

assuredly with the arrival of a series of foreign teams, the task of the historian becomes easy. His difficulty is only that of selection from an abundance. But it is surprising that even this simple task has not yet been attempted. An equally fascinating strain is a study of the three great Indians who played their cricket in England, "Ranji," his nephew, and the Nawab of Pataudi. A biography of the Jamsaheb is particularly a desideratum.

Whatever the difficulties and obstacles, it is a reproach to Indian scholarship that there should not have so far been written a history of our cricket. It will be foolish to minimise the difficulties, but it is a task which must be performed sooner or later.

(Continued from page 8)

rescues. "One wife told me that for one of the rescues the lifeboat had to sail between the two broken halves of a ship on the Goodwin Sands in a gale force wind. And another said that when her husband went to jump over to an Italian ship in a storm he was caught by his oilskins and hung upside down over the side as the lifeboat was pressed towards the ship's side—eventually the coxswain hauled him back aboard. Those aren't pleasant memories for a lonely vigil on a winter's night," said Patricia Brent. But other memories were pleasanter. Last year Mrs. Cavell, wife of the Walmer lifeboat's engineer, was visited by a Harley Street doctor who, forty years ago when he was a baby and Mrs. Cavell's father was coxswain of the lifeboat, had been brought ashore from a wreck in the sleeve of an oilskin. Finding himself in Walmer once again he decided to trace the family to whom he owed his life. The personal meeting meant more to Mrs. Cavell than the thought of all the other eighty thousand lives that lifeboatmen off the coast of Britain had saved since the service began.

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ON THE COVER:

Kumari Meenathi Das, M.A., who has been awarded a scholarship by the Orissa Government, has joined The Indian Institute of Fine Arts, Madras, for further training in Bharathanatya.

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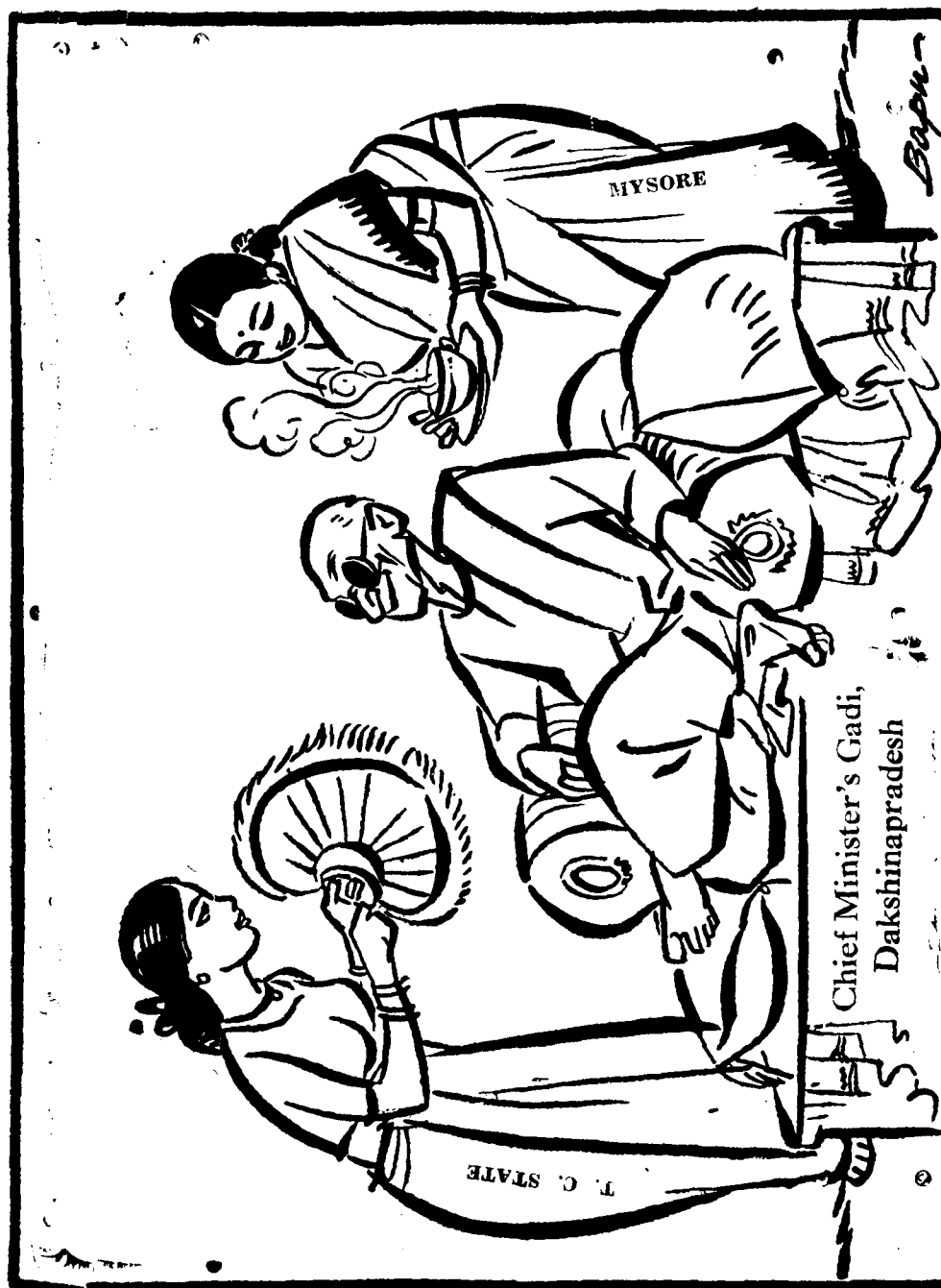
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PUNCTURING SEATO?

NEVER since the British conservative rout of 1945 under the redoubtable leadership of Mr. Churchill has any political group suffered more grievously at the polls than Sir John Kotelawala's United Party in recent general elections in Ceylon. The results have been the more surprising because none of the forecasts before the event really prepared the public for them. Whether the outside world considered Ceylon too small to count or whether local leaders themselves failed to feel the pulse of the electorate aright, the result has been hailed as little short of a political miracle. Mr. Bandaranaike has been swept into office and power on the crest of a wave of popularity which is so great as to make him, in a sense, a hostage to it! Although undoubtedly he has capitalised popular frustration and discontent with the previous ministry to his own account, he may find, when coming down to brass tacks, that he would have to explain away instead of trying to implement some at least of his more exuberant election promises.

Mr. Bandaranaike's platform was made up of a foreign and a domestic plank in both of which he has made large commitments. In regard to the former, he has declared that he would flatter our own Prime Minister in the sincerest manner, and secure the transformation of the status of the island into a republic. This is not half as revolutionary as it seems, to judge from what has happened to

India and Pakistan both of which have got out of the 'empire' without setting fire to the Ganges or the Indus or the Thames. What we have gained by our notional dissociation is anybody's guess. But it is significant that England has not suffered any inconvenience by it. Our rupee is still tethered to the Sterling, and our economic freedom is still pawned to the barons of the Bank of England. If a similar change takes place in regard to the constitutional status of Ceylon, Britain will have only foregone the shadow without sacrificing the substance.

As for Mr. Bandaranaike's alignment with our Prime Minister on other issues of foreign policy, it would seem to be a case of distance lending enchantment to his view. If he is going to play second-fiddle to him, it would be a case of exchanging one tutor for another. But if it means that he would take steps to liquidate Seato of which his country is a member, then he will find himself up against a very tough proposition indeed. The basic reality underlying Seato is not merely the vulnerability of the area to communist influence; it is, even more, the incapacity of the area to defend itself against communistic encroachment—whether peacefully or violently. Supposing for argument's sake Seato is disrupted, and Ceylon is free from all external control, a vacuum will be created which is unlikely to remain empty for any length of time. Th

consideration of realist politics will inevitably lead to the exploration of a *modus vivendi* by which the amour propre of awakened nationalism would be gratified while at the same time the strategic importance of Ceylon in the defensive chain of South-East Asia will not be affected. The threat of 'liquidating' foreign bases might be used now and then and always reserved like a rod in pickle; but it is unlikely to be played up, since there is every danger of its being played out!

As if to underline the vulnerability of Ceylon in an international setting, some astute people have already begun to start a novel but effective bogey. It is to suggest to the sensitive Sinhalese that India has perhaps no friendly designs towards her, and that with a considerable Tamil minority in the country, she might prove herself unequal to stand up to her bigger brother without outside help. It is a variation of the technique of divide et impera; but there is little fear of its not working in an emergency. Incidentally, it also unmasks the very restricted extent to which fruitful or friendly collaboration between the Prime Ministers of India and Ceylon can be carried on.

On the domestic plane too, we are involved in a painful if indirect manner. For the most controversial issues centering round the Tamils in Ceylon are both acutely political. Citizenship rights and official recognition of the Tamil language to ensure the cultural freedom of the minority are both hanging by a thread. It was at one time thought that Sir John was forcing the issue of an only official language to divert attention from his other infirmities as minister. But Mr. Bandaranaike has gone one better, for he has announced his intention of implementing the demand for making Sinhalese the official language. He has of course coupled it with generous

but vague assurances about giving all minorities in the island a fair deal and what not. On both these issues, we in this country must therefore resign ourselves to the prospect of all parties in Ceylon following the same policy without variation.

The issue of nationalisation affects native and foreigner alike; and it is noteworthy that Mr. Bandaranaike is found speaking in two voices here. He has by no means recanted, but let it be understood that it would be tackled last. This is to hold the Damocles' sword over the public with results which can only be assessed with the lapse of time. For the rest, the actual achievements of Mr. Bandaranaike up to date have been memorable enough, though not very urgent or relevant. He has orally interdicted the grant by her Britannic majesty of honours and titles to Ceylon citizens; he and his team have discarded the frock-coat and top-hat in favour of the djibbah and the dhoti. Above all, the new ministry has made its ceremonial obeisance to the saffron-robed hierarchy of the monks who thus emerge as a new and portentous factor in Ceylon politics.

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SIDELIGHTS ::

THE press is full of conflicting and sensational reports about the fate in store for the Ambar Charkha. The clash is at ministerial level and there is an amazing public exhibition of differences within the cabinet. The fact seems to be that Ministers T. T. K. and Deshmukh are ranged on one side opposing the Charkha and Ministers Nanda and Reddi are fighting back tooth and nail defending the Charkha. Prime Minister Nehru as usual talks much but says little. He is in the neutralist camp and advocates co-existence.

How many crores are to be spent upon the scheme is anybody's guess. Official patronage under the Five Year Plan will involve an expenditure of 200 crores. 80 crores by way of subsidy and 120 crores by way of "Capital" investment. There are non-official organisations like the Gandhi Fund and the Khadi Board whose purses are busting with monies and who wait eagerly for an opportunity to spend their accumulated crores in the scheme. It is a sad thought: all these crores will eventually find their way down the drain in this country of acute poverty and starvation of the millions.

I venture the guess that none of you who read these lines has ever looked at the Ambar Charkha. Strenuous enquiries by me at all the official directorates of information led to the discovery of the existence of one of the species at Madras. An official is in charge, of course, experimenting. A careful scrutiny of the model revealed the fact that it is just a replica of one unit in a spinning mill. It is a laboratory model which every inventor uses to explain his invention and might have been made

by the first inventor of the spinning mill. Instead of the huge power driven wheels which the mills employ to drive hundreds of spindles at a time, the Ambar Charkha employs a small hand driven wheel to drive just four spindles. The model may be used in a school to explain to the pupils the workings inside a mill. It can hardly be used for the serious purpose of producing yarn.

Just imagine, you visit an Industrial exhibition and look at a model ship at a booth. The model looks like a ship but it is not a ship. You cannot use it to cross a river, let alone to sail the high seas. But that is exactly what the advocates of the Ambar Charkha propose—the mad adventure in industrial production with a toy model! If you raise the objection that people cannot be prevailed upon to travel the ocean in a toy ship, the Ambar Charkha advocate says that he would use his political power and prevent the sailing of real ships so that people will have to take to the toy ship, or not sail at all! That is the meaning of the proposal to curtail the number of spindles in the mills so as to provide scope for the Charkha.

Another interesting feature of the proposal is that every body agrees that the Charkha is still in the experimental stage. An experiment is just an attempt to find if there is any truth behind the experiment. For every successful discovery, there have been millions of experiments that preceded it and failed. If the Ambar Charkha is just an experiment, there is a chance of only one in a million of the experiment turning out to be successful. What we are doing in India is to presume that the

experiment has already succeeded and to proceed to act on that presumption. Such an unnatural and precipitate action leading to the waste of crores of the poor man's money is unthinkable in any civilised country. Why not hold your soul in patience, and wait for the verdict of the scientist and his pronouncement that the experiment has really succeeded before you spend your crores?

All this wilful waste of public funds is committed in the name of Mahatma Gandhi. The Mahatma would never have countenanced this colossal waste, were he alive. He had his short comings and it is true he believed in the Charkha. But he worked the Khadi movement with funds supplied by the willing sacrifice of the people and not on governmental subsidies. He collected donations and appealed to the patriotism of the people to buy khadi. He did not impose khadi upon unwilling and helpless menials in government service. He was content to let the facts speak for themselves. He never loaded his arguments with fanciful theories and experimental probabilities. The people who claim to have inherited the tradition of the Mahatma are false to his message of truth.

Speaking of rushing ahead of the verdict of science, the advocates of the Ambar Charkha have a different code of morals for the utilisation of real scientific discoveries in India. Take the case of the B. C. G. vaccine. It has been acclaimed by the medical profession all over the world. But leading Congress men like Sri C. Rajagopalachari fight shy of the discovery and even lead political campaigns for its boycott. The B. C. G. is past the experimental stage. Although there is nothing like finality in science, medical men in most enlightened countries are adopting it. But Sri C. R. who would support the dubious experimental proposal of the Ambar Char-

kha, nevertheless raises his hands in holy horror at the adoption of the scientifically proved B. C. G. which in his opinion lacks fuller confirmation by further experiments. Why not adopt the same ultra critical standard for the Ambar Charkha?

The final verdict on the Ambar Charkha will be available after several hundreds of crores of the poor man's money will have been wasted. But prudence dictates the adoption of a skeptical attitude so graphically expressed by Sri T. T. Krishnamachari who declared that he kept a model of the Ambar Charkha in his room as a constant reminder of the difficulties in the way of progress in our country.

Ambar Charkha derives its name from Ekambaram, a Tamilian who invented it. Rumour has it that Ekambaram has been neglected by the Charkhawallas and is actually starving, while crores are being invested on his invention. He is reported to be contemplating the starting of Satyagraha to get justice. We advise him to desist from adventuring himself in that manner. Who knows that an angry people whose crores will have been squandered in such a reckless manner by this false "invention" might turn on the inventor and lynch him?

SETHU

LIBERTARIAN SOCIAL INSTITUTE

The Madras branch of the Institute was inaugurated by Sri H. D. Rajah, M.P., on April 19th. The Institute has its headquarters at Bombay and has branches functioning at Delhi and Bangalore. Sri S. Ramathan is the organiser of the Madras branch which is located at 9, Broadway, where there is a library and reading room. Members of the public interested in investigating new ideas are cordially invited to join the Institute.

PEDLAR'S PACK

IT has been pointed out that while Mr. Nehru went through Harrow and Cambridge, Mr. Bandaranaike the new Prime Minister of Ceylon is a product of the Oxford University. Both have discarded the 'School-tie', and both stand forth today in western eyes as the 'bogey-men' of the East. That the oldest English Universities should have produced two such 'leftists' is one of the ironies of history. Or rather, it is in accordance with the general rule that the makers of revolution have always come from the aristocratic classes. Oxford used to be known as the 'home of lost causes,' it must henceforth be dubbed the nursery of carpet revolutionaries! Cambridge has been noted for its 'Platonists' and dreamers. Pandit Nehru is the very antithesis of them, since he has evolved a mystic blend of secularism, rationalism, materialism and egalitarianism which he interprets differently according to differing circumstances.

The controversy concerning the potentialities of the Ambar Charka has now reached ministerial levels. The latest of the sceptics is the Finance Minister Mr. Deshmukh.

From Persian comes the word 'Firka' Which Gandhi enriched with the Charka.

But people began to shudder
At the mounting price of Khaddar—
Now improved and re-named Ambar
It's destined to add to our—lumber!

Mr. U. N. Dhebar has appealed to France to grant independence to Algiers. But he hopes our army will restore peace in the Assam border!

'Creation of more jobs: Mr. K. C. Reddy's confidence.'—News-item.
More Jobbery?

In the Lok Sabha, opposition was voiced to the sending abroad of 'cultural delegations' composed merely of dancers.
That is mainly to convince the outside

world that we too have got people with supple knees.

Members of the Indian Communist Politbureau now gathered at Palghat are reported to have expressed surprise at the news of the dissolution of the Cominform.

This may be taken as reasonable evidence that they were only accustomed to be dictated to.

Pak Digging Operations

Mr. Sadath Ali Khan, Parliamentary Secretary in the External affairs ministry, confirmed in the Lok Sabha today reports of Pakistani digging operations on the Indo-Pakistan border near Faalka, but added: 'it is not clear whether the work was intended for purposes of irrigation or some other purpose.'—News-item.

Our own view is that it is for purposes of irritation.

The death is announced of E. C. Bentley, the originator of the Clerihew.

The genius of Mr. Bentley
Worked leisurely but gently
He potted the lives of a famous few
In a form named after him—Clerihew!

It is understood that measures have been ordered to prevent the unauthorised flight of foreign planes reaching Goa through Indian skies.

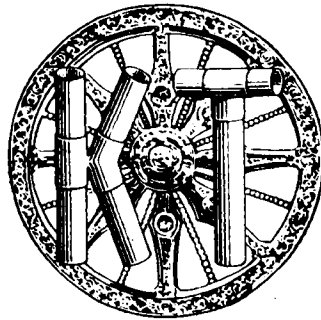
Our policy towards Goa
Is peaceful, but getting stricter,—
Like the ways of the Boa-
Constrictor.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth has nominated Earl Attlee to the Order of the Garter.

As a Commoner, Mr. Attlee
Disapproved of the Lords flatly:—
But Fate devised his thralldom
To an irresistible earldom;
Now he has fallen a martyr
To the Order of the Garter!

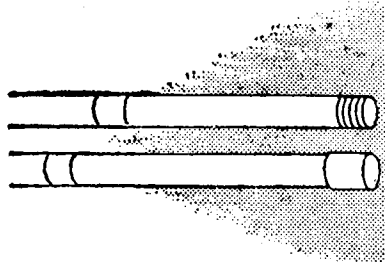
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ACI

ASIAN DILEMMAS

THE most exciting thing about Asian intellectuality is its critical grasp of the issues as well as the history and contribution of Western civilization. On various occasions in these pages we have endeavoured to take account of the work of Asian intellectuals—who, as often as not, are also Asian political leaders—and to show the ground for optimism regarding Asian affairs in the fact that Asians sometimes have a more penetrating view of what is going on in the world than have Western leaders. All that the East lacks, today, in comparison with the West, is the initiative in matters of military power, and it is far from plain that this limitation should be deplored. To be without military initiative because of an incapacity to succeed in modern war may be the greatest blessing that fate can bestow upon a modern nation. To have military power, these days, is to have a talent for obsession. The modern Damocles holds in his hand the sword that hangs over his head, and how can a ruler so situated exercise wisdom in difficult decisions?

This is not to suggest that the course of Asian decision is easy to determine. In *Thought* for Nov. 26 (1955), an Indonesian writer, Takdir Alisjahbana, said to be his country's leading novelist, examines the dilemmas of Asian intellectuals. The Asians of our time have the double task of "catching up" with Western civilization and at the same time of dealing intelligently with the problems which the West has created for itself and the rest of the world.

Gandhi was the first to wrestle with this situation, and for many he seemed to succeed only by grossly oversimplifying the issues. What we ought to take note of, however, in relation to Gandhi's judgments and actions, is that he was determined to

be effective at the level of the Indian masses, and that as a result he entered the arena of national decision with a mind blunted to all but ultimate moral questions. He could have moved the hearts of India's millions in no other way. But because he was successful—at least, relatively successful—he left the real problem of synthesis between Eastern and Western culture to his successors. His own synthesis appeared to be an Alexandrian one; he cut the Gordian knot with a dramatic stroke of rejection of the West, on virtually a religious basis. He did not reject the West as a vast complex of human beings, but as a cultural invasion of his own country which was unprepared to assimilate Western civilization without mortal hurt to itself.

The fundamental need of every human being, and every culture, is for self-respect. A people without self-respect is invariably a vulnerable people. Arms and technology will not help the culture which seeks outside for psychological security and reassurance. For Gandhi, the spinning wheel was a symbolic as well as practical means to self-respect. Sophisticated Westerners might laugh, and vulnerable Indians might echo their amusement, supposing Gandhi's educational tools to be ridiculous substitutes for modern technology, but Gandhi did not care about that. He did not care about technology or the West's version of "progress," because he saw that progress of this sort, however dramatic, would be useless to people who had been unable to regain their sense of independent dignity. The role of Vinoba in contemporary Indian history may be to continue the educational process begun by Gandhi, although at a somewhat different level.

But Gandhi got his message across to intelligent Asians. They see that the basic problems of their new coun-

tries are psychological problems, having to do with understanding and synthesis of widely separated cultural traditions. Mr. Alisjahbana points out that these countries have for centuries been in a "defensive" position in relation to the West, and during this period of subjection have sought comfort in the riches of their ancient, traditional culture. This habit of finding security in the past has not been suddenly reversed by the attainment of political independence. So, a certain ambivalence characterizes the aims of the people of these lands. They want to stand equal to the West, in terms of Western achievement, and to stand equal, also, or even superior, in terms of their own national culture. The Indonesian writer sets the problem clearly:

From this point of view, Asian intellectuals face a dilemma. On the one hand, in consequence of their education they are plunged into the modern age; on the other, in consequence of their birth, they live in an underdeveloped community, where the majority of the people are in the grips of national culture. Indeed the Asian intellectuals are in a difficult position because they belong to a land of contrasts. It can be said that even now Asia is living in thirty centuries at one and the same time. The stone-age runs parallel to the machine-age, feudalism and mysticism of the middle ages mix with democracy and rationalism of the new era, and communalism is to be found side by side with the economic planning of today.

It is the dualism of this situation which has made the position of the Asian intellectual so difficult. He participates in the modern progressive and international era which demands a broad vision. At the same time, he belongs to an under-developed nation of which the greater part is upholding the old values.

Now comes a perception of great importance:

In addition the Asian intellectual is fully aware that the modern world is itself facing a crisis, that its values are

menaced by a tide of secularism, scepticism and relativism. No wonder he vacillates between two crises; the crisis of the Asian community and culture as a consequence of the impact of the West which has not yet ended, either in his surroundings or in his own soul; and the other crisis, the crisis of the modern people, embracing the whole of mankind.

The criticism of Western culture by Western scientists naturally finds a ready audience among Asian intellectuals. It reinforces their inclination to remain within the sphere of old traditional culture. The knowledge of the West's criticism of its development is very useful to them. But however great the difficulties and problems of modern culture may be at the moment, can they escape them by going back to the past?

We interrupt Mr. Alisjahbana at this point to remark that the important thing about "going back to the past" is why you go. Gandhi went back to the past to find the roots of self-reliance and self-respect. But to go back to the past for reasons of rivalry with the West, or for psychological solace or reasons of national pride—this is a very different thing. The question is really, what is meant by "the past"? A man may find inspiration and courage in the past, but in this case the past will never isolate him from either the present or the future. To learn the lesson Gandhi was endeavouring to teach, the East must go forward into the future *while* it honors the past—not the static past of ceremony and traditionalism, but the past of ennobling conceptions of the nature and potentialities of human beings—all human beings.

Mr. Alisjahbana observes:

Asia has after all to master modern science and technique in order to achieve prosperity, health and all the benefits of life which one finds in the West. The problem of traditional and modern values is in point of fact that of a new determination of the meaning of life, paralleling a re-interpretation of the whole history of mankind.

This writer now offers an analysis of modern Western culture which is deeply suggestive of how such a "re-interpretation" may be begun:

About 500 B.C. in several areas tremendous progress had been made: In China lived Confucius and Lao-tse; in India appeared the Upanishads and the teachings of Buddha; in Iran Zarathustra taught about the struggle between good and evil; in Palestine the great prophets preached; in Greece lived Homer, Parmenides, Heraclitus, Plato, Thucydides and Archimedes. It is in these that all existing cultures have their origin; nations which had no connection with any one of these four cultures are still in a primitive stage. What we now call the modern world is the synthesis between the Greek-Latin and the West-Asian cultures, which after the middle ages and the renaissance gradually diffused itself over the world, simultaneously enriching itself with the contributions of the Indian, Chinese and primitive cultures. The heritage of our forefathers has thus returned to us through modern culture together with cultural values which have been created and gathered by the West itself.

The cultural history of man is growing not only in time but also in space. At present, in the sense of cultural history all mankind of the past have become our forefathers. The young Indonesians were indeed justified in issuing a manifesto some years back, declaring themselves the legal inheritors of the entire world culture.

Mr. Alisjahbana is telling his readers that the age of nationalism is dying, and that cultural nationalism has no more virtue or survival value than Western nationalism or imperialism. The ancient forms of national culture no longer have the same significance. He writes:

Dances expressing religious and social feelings of the past have become individualistic dances of modern men. Parallels can be found in the field of religion, philosophy and ethics. Everything has to be revalued. The Islam propagated by Iqbal and Syid Ameer Ali is a part of modern thought and culture and is far different from

the thought and culture of Islam of 1000 years ago. In Burma, the doctrine of Buddha has acquired a new meaning with its permeation by the theory of Marx and under the influence of modern science and technique.

Interestingly enough, while Western intellectuals—many of them—are urging their compatriots to re-examine ancient philosophies and religions, particularly those of the East, this Asian thinker is calling upon his contemporaries to stop their attempt to perpetuate the old forms of Eastern traditional values and to adopt an open-minded hospitality to Western achievement:

As a group which has enjoyed the benefits of the modern world's progress, the Asian intellectuals cannot escape the responsibility of helping to build up this society and to raise the material and spiritual standards of their people to the level of the modern era. In order to succeed in this task, they have seriously to face existing traditional values, because the education of our people must start with them. Only with the knowledge of old values and, if necessary, by utilizing them as educational means will we gradually succeed in liberating the Asian peoples from conservatism and introducing them to modern ideas—and thus avoid the spiritual vacuum into which they might otherwise fall. In this sense the traditional values have an educational meaning.

We can hardly quarrel with the mood of this discussion, since it is by no means a naive acceptance of Western civilization, but a measured appreciation of the roots of Western genius in the same soil that has nourished the East. Nor is it a culture-proud disdain for Western achievement. "It is no use," says Mr. Alisjahbana, "blaming modern science and technique for the troubles in politics, economy and ethics in the world of today . . . the unity of the world, secured as a result of the progress in science and technique, will bring about a widespread and com-

(Continued on page 14)

BANDARANAIKE, NATIONALIST SON OF AN IMPERIALIST

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

RECENTLY a mutual friend meeting my quondam friend, Mr. Krishna Menon in Madras, had asked him about me. Mr. Menon had wrinkled his brow, thought for a moment and had asked, "Oh, you mean that Ceylonese gentleman?" I knew the Indian envoy back in 1918 and very intimately for a period in England. I have known Bandaranaike even more intimately. I hope he wouldn't exclaim were this article to be brought to his notice, "Oh, that Indian gentleman!"

I do not think he would. For integrity, a rare thing among politicians, is one of his outstanding qualities. He has changed his public views in one or two instances. For example, his attitude towards Indian settlers in Ceylon has undergone a radical change. He has studied Indian affairs in general and the Indo-Ceylon issue more closely than any other Ceylon leader. Patriotic Singhalaya that he is he seems to feel that there is room in Ceylon both for patriotism and for the eight lakhs of Indian settlers.

Sincerity is another characteristic of his. On his return from Oxford he made a great impression on his countrymen by his sincerity, and during the last thirty-five years of his public career nobody has questioned his sincerity though his political fortunes have waxed and waned. Sincerity in politics is today out of fashion but it is a virtue that is bound to be found out in the long run. Once Gladstone despairingly asked John Bright how it was that his (Gladstone's) polished speeches failed to convince, and how it was that Bright's rugged unclassical language

evoked so much response. Bright's laconic reply was, "Sincerity."

Classical Scholar

Bandaranaike, of course, suffers from no such handicap as lack of a classical education. At Christ Church, Oxford, where his contemporaries were Malcolm MacDonald, Quintin Hogg (now Lord Hallsham), Douglas Woodruff (who was for some time editor of the *Catholic Tablet*), Edward Marjoribanks (who committed suicide) Robert Bernays (who wrote *Naked Fakir*), and Beverley Nichols, Tulsi Charan Goswami, and Lallamani Nadiu, he was a brilliant classical scholar. In fact during the first three or four years after his return from Oxford when he had more leisure the two of us would go away for weekends, driving in his Citroen which he had used in England, and find some out of the way Rest-House. He used to take along several books and he would read out to me now from the Greek classics, now from Poe, now from Pater.

Like all Oxonians of his generation he was much influenced by Pater and until he read out Marius the Epicurean I had not heard of Pater. He was also fond of reciting Poe's "Bells." He wrote a little verse. His prose, though somewhat mannered, was euphonious and lucid and, for all the Paterian influence, without purple patches. I remember reading a very fine piece he had contributed to the "Isis" on the annual *Perahera* (religious procession) at the Temple of the Sacred Buddha Relic at Kandy. Until I left for Santiniketan in 1928 Bandaranaike and I jointly edited a quarterly, *The Island Revi*.



Left to right: Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, Miss Mklini Vijayatunga, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, and Mr. J. Vijayatunga.

Bandaranaike is one of the best public speakers in all Asia. At that time he was utterly ignorant of his mother-tongue, Singhal, but he lost no time in getting a tutor and starting to learn it from the alphabet up. Today he is equally forceful as a speaker in Singhal and he is a great draw on crowds, both laymen and the politically-minded monks of Ceylon.

Bar and Public Life

It was to be expected that with his gift of oratory he should make a mark at the Bar. In Ceylon murder figures prominently and there is no surer road to public eminence than to be cited as a good counsel in murder cases. In no time he outstripped all the other famous counsel who were then prominent at the Bar. But it is no work for an intellectual and with his increasing public duties Bandaranaike gave up his practice at the Bar. He also renounced other frivolities. For example he was fond of hunting, and in those early years he bagged a

couple of elephants, and brought home the usual hunting trophies. (He was a Tennis Blue at Oxford and until very recently played a good game of tennis). But all this was to change.

The first transformation was in dress. He used to affect double-breasted suits, shirts with the then popular Duke of Windsor cut-away collar and he also liked to tuck his handkerchief in his coat sleeve. He also affected a slight drag on his right leg. Oxford sat heavily on him still. And badinage was on his lips. But at the same time that he put away his guns he put away his smart clothes. Instead he wore a white kurtha, a dhoty in the Madras fashion and a white chaddar worn around the shoulders. More revolutionary still he became a Buddhist. Solomon West-Ridgeway Dias Bandaranaike; the only son of Ceylon's most pro-British aristocrat became a Nationalist overnight. Oliver Baldwin's becoming a Socialist was nothing

compared to this. His one concession to convention was his marrying into the aristocracy. He married the daughter of Sir Edwin Ratwatte, then leader of the Kandyan nobles.

Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, whose statue stands outside the Turf Club in Colombo, modelled himself on an English squire. He looked like one. His manor at Horagalla, seventeen miles from Colombo, known as Horagalla Walauwwa, had all the appurtenances, minus a moat, of an English squire's mansion. He kept scores of retainers. He had married Daisy Obeyesekere, only daughter of Sir Christopher Obeyesekere, another outstanding pro-British squire, who was once Head of all the "Low-Country" Headmen. Later Sir Solomon succeeded to this post with the title Maha Mudaliyar. Sir Solomon was also the first Ceylonese to be appointed an A. D. C. to the British Governor. Young Bandaranaike's god-father was a former Governor of Ceylon, Sir West-Ridgeway. Sir Solomon used to make his periodical visits to England where he counted a large circle of friends. He had brought up his son to be an aristocrat, had taught him riding, sent him to England as soon as he passed out of St. Thomas's College, Colombo which was also the *alma mater* of the two Senanayakes, father and son.

His son's nationalism was a great blow to Sir Solomon but he held his silence. Sir Solomon himself for all his aristocratic hauteur was a very charming person and could unbend gracefully.

In the twenties Bandaranaike contested the Colombo seat in the municipal council, his opponent being Mr. A. E. Goonesinghe, then a labour leader and more recently Minister to Indonesia. He won, of course. Later he was elected to the Ceylon Parliament at the first general elections and was Minister of Health and Local Development. He was the logical successor to the Prime Ministership after Mr. D. S. Senanayake's death and that he did not

become Prime Minister then was as much a cause of disappointment to him as to the Ceylon public. He led the Ceylon delegation to the Asian Conference in 1947 and made a great impression upon Sarojini Naidu, who presided, and on Pandit Nehru.

The successful politician in any country has to be more concerned with the parish pump than with world affairs. Of Bandaranaike it can be said that in a country where intellectual attainments are more a hindrance to public favour than otherwise he stands head and shoulders above his colleagues by his grasp of world affairs. Under his leadership Ceylon is bound to gain in stature in international affairs.

(Continued from page 11)

prehensive culture capable of breaking through the walls erected by politics, religion, and modern ideologies."

But let us be sure to acknowledge that science has no more access to magical powers than ancient tradition. From the viewpoint of humane world culture, science has imposed a *time-table* upon the entire world, but it affords no guarantee that the universal civilization Mr. Alisjahbana anticipates will develop as a by-product of scientific advance, within the time allowed.

Nor can there be much doubt of the fact that already the uses to which the West has put its technological skill have made of Western man a captive of numerous neurotic compulsions which are rapidly moving him toward self-destruction. Man, and not technology, ought to establish the *time-table* of human development. It was Gandhi's idea that the East should adopt the methods of technology only as they can be assimilated in ways that supplement and fulfill the dignity of man. This is still the crucial aspect of any successful synthesis of East and West.—*Manas*.

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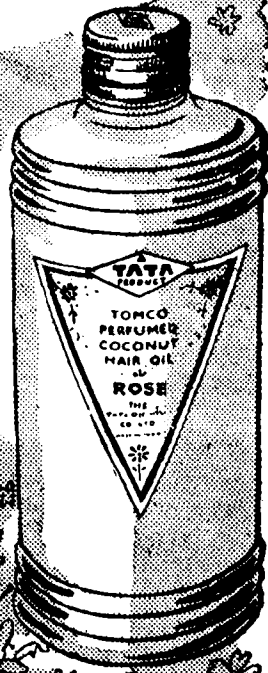
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THE NEW RUSSIAN POLITENESS

By ANDREW ROTH

BRITISH officials are no longer as surprised as they were at the success of the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit to India. They have been learning at first hand that the Russians have been stripping themselves not only of Stalin-worship but of the double-sided shirt they seemed to wear previously. This shirt, with hair on the inside and porcupine quills on the outside, made it difficult to avoid either irritating the Russians or being irritated by them.

The fact the Russians are ceasing to be their own worst enemies poses a new problem for Britain. Britain's comparative decline as a world power has been slowed by the fact that Russian (and American) international political intelligence did not equal its mounting economic and military power. Moscow seemed to specialize in uniting its enemies and dividing its friends, just as America still manages to irritate those it helps.

The Soviets have now apparently jettisoned this disadvantage, leaving John Foster Dulles as the principal member of the Foot-in-the-Mouth Brigade. This means a great increase in their effective international power, often at Britain's expense.

There was nothing superficially historic about Mr. Malenkov's press conference. There was the haze of still photographers up front that one expects at any big conference, and the forest of TV and movie cameramen on the sides. The only thing new was a rubber-tipped aluminum wand which TV cameramen used to tap unwanted people who got into their line of vision (followed up by a mighty shove in the case of one still

photographer who persistently refused to take a hint).

There was nothing very much in the category of "hard news" forthcoming from Mr. Malenkov, unless one includes his genial quashing of the story that he was related by marriage to "my good friend Mr. Khrushchev." Those who probed for an 'inside story' of how guilty he felt as a former right-hand man of the dethroned Stalin were fobbed off: "We decided to oppose the cult of personality because that way, while a person was worshipped and endowed with supernatural features, the whole thing belittled the role of the (Communist) Party as a whole."

Despite this, it was an historic occasion. Not only was this the first press conference ever in the Soviet Embassy in London, but it was the first ever given by Mr. Malenkov himself. He need not have given it. He had already garnered an incredible amount of favourable publicity by pinching babies' cheeks, allowing himself to be kissed by factory girls and generally saying and doing the sort of thing a brilliant public relations expert on Britain would want him to do. It was an impressive performance for an experienced Western vote-chaser, especially a party-raised Soviet bureaucrat who has never before visited a non-Communist country.

However, Mr. Malenkov's principal mission was assuredly not to look at British power stations, but to test Britain's political atmosphere for Messrs. Khrushchev and Bulganin, who are following on. For them a press conference would be necessary. How would it go?

By attendance it was certainly a success, attracting some 300 journalists and radio and TV men. Security measures were at a minimum. All you had to do is flash your press card and you were in, including one mild-mannered correspondent who had spent several years in a Siberian concentration camp.

It was impressive above all as an incredibly able public relations performance. After two or three decades of irritating, inept and clumsy Soviet propaganda, Mr. Malenkov sounded as if his favourite bed-time reading had been "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He showed all the human virtues: modesty, affability, patriotism, internationalism. He had a good word for everyone: Scots and English, Americans and Englishmen, Arabs and Israelis. When a Russian-speaking woman reporter asked him what he thought of English women, he quipped: "It is very difficult to make love to a woman through an interpreter."

But beneath this affable public relations virtuoso's polish there was the hard, solid core of the Soviet position, put as unobjectionably as possible, but nevertheless there. This was particularly true in handling questions about objections to the visits of Messrs. Krushchev and Bulganin, but more particularly to that of General Serov, Soviet Security chief, originally expected to accompany them. The campaign against the visit of Krushchev and Bulganin has been comparatively muted. The whole of the governing Conservative Party and most of the Labour Party are militantly anti-Communist. But Britain is a country with a tradition of hundreds of years of diplomacy, much of it dealing with regimes of which Britain disapproves. Moreover, British leaders realise that their aspirations to remain a Great Power, speaking to Russia and the United States on terms of near-equality,

require the freedom to be able to speak to the Soviets separately.

Sir Anthony Eden himself places high emphasis on the possible usefulness of "face-to-face" talks. On March 20 he told the House of Commons with great emphasis that "the primary purpose and object" of the Bulganin-Krushchev visit "is to discuss the many issues which today divide the world."

The desire to show hospitality at least in the formal sense explains why Malcolm Muggeridge, the highly individualistic Rightwing ex-Communist who edits *Punch* 'somehow' could not hire a hall in London to stage his protest meeting against the Bulganin-Krushchev visit. The meeting was not banned by the Government; this is a country of free speech; the Government simply frowned and somehow London hall proprietors would not let Mr. Muggeridge have their halls. He had to go to Manchester, where the behind-the-scenes influence of the Government is not so strong. The meeting itself was played down by the bulk of the British press, partly because a large proportion of those who supported Mr. Muggeridge's protests were refugees from Poland and other East European countries.

There was no such Government pressure to subdue the protests against the visit here of General Serov, the Soviet Security services chief. The first gasps of wonder at the fine new Soviet jet plane which brought him were soon drowned in the "Serov Go Home!" campaign in the press, which assembled a considerable dossier of his activities in mass deportations in the Baltic states and the Ukraine. The Soviet Ambassador and other Russians were as surprised and annoyed by this as American diplomats have been at the blast at J. Edgar Hoover and the Federal Bureau of Investigation by Bertrand Russell. They simply thought him a man doing a necessary job efficiently. But in behind-

the-scenes consultations the Foreign Office apparently persuaded the Russians that General Serov had become too much the symbol of the sort of Beria-style activities which the Russians themselves were now denouncing to be anything but an embarrassment to the Krushchev-Bulganin visit.

Bland Adroitness

There was no hint of these negotiations, or the decisions made as Mr. Malenkov handled these problems in his genially adroit manner. He opened by paying tribute to the "warm and friendly welcome accorded to us wherever we went." "There may be some persons who do not like the growing contacts between our two countries and peoples," he went on. "However we realise that it is a small flock that has no black sheep . . ." With this he gently dismissed the protests of Lord Vansittart equating these Soviet visits to that planned for General Goering in the appeasement days of the '30s, or those of Malcolm Muggeridge insisting it was a betrayal of those still fighting Communism behind the Iron Curtain.

He was equally adroit in handling the expected question on General Serov. He was asked on the day before the announcement Serov would be coming: whether, in view of the feelings of the British people, he would not advise his Government against a return visit by General Serov. Mr. Malenkov answered carefully that he had not been made aware of any unfriendly feelings toward General Serov, the clear implication being there was no popular opposition. The next day it was announced that General Serov would not be in the official party.

Little wonder that the *Manchester Guardian* has warned he is "a most able man and must be taken seriously as such." The removal of General Serov from the official party not only gives great satisfaction to the British Government, but removes a target for the shafts of the critics of the visit from the Rightwing of the Conservative Party.

It was perhaps a straw in the wind that one of those who asked for an autograph at the end of the Conference was an editor of a weekly who had, the week before, bitterly criticised Britain's C. P.!

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WHEN TELEVISION COMES TO INDIA

By Prof. ROLAND E. WOLSELEY

Delhi had an opportunity of viewing television for the first time in India. India would have its first TV service during the second Five Year Plan in Bombay. In this interesting and informative article Prof. Wolseley of the Syracuse University states what one should expect when TV is introduced in this country and how to get the maximum out of it.

EXPERIMENTS now are going on in Bombay, I learn from friends in India, intended to give India television broadcasts one of these days. It might be wise to put India's future viewers of this remarkable invention on their guard as well as to tempt them with the pleasures ahead.

The miracle that is television now is accepted in many lands. In the U. S. A. it has reached the point where about 32 million families, in a country with 48 million households, have receiving sets. Most of these provide images in black and white only, but gradually the public is investing in the more expensive full colour sets.

Unless someone discovers a cheaper way to manufacture them than at present, sets will be far too expensive for most Indian citizens. During the first few years, no doubt, the big hotels in the major cities will have television viewing rooms, clubs and Government enterprises will invest in sets, and a few thousand well-off individual families will purchase them.

But in the U. S. A., where the standard of living permits it, many families even in mofussil districts have receivers. A motor-car drive through almost any city shows the extent of penetration of this new means of mass communication. The roofs of large apartment houses are a net work of antennae. At night

some communities look as if most of the inhabitants were away from home. The houses are so dark. All that is happening is that the family is seated quietly in the living room staring at the television set, with all lights out but one, since little illumination is needed. It is like having a cinema theatre in your home.

This darkening of the home has led to many jokes, such as the remark of one of television's comedians that nowadays if a house is dark, people know the family's at home, but if it's lighted, burglars are at work.

Or, as this same jokester put it, now when you call on an American family, you are drawn into the dark house, with pleas for silence, seated quietly somewhere, sit there for two or three hours watching the screen, and then, when the telecast is over, you shake hands and go home.

This is exaggeration, of course. Such things happen only when the receiving set has just been installed, is a novelty. It has been found that during the first six months a family new to watching television, goes to extremes, taking in almost all the programmes. But, as with radio, the novelty wears off and the choice of programmes becomes more selective.

One must be selective about television viewing if one is to accomplish anything else in life. You cannot, with television, go on with your work, as you can with radio.

Wireless sets often are placed in shops and factories to provide quiet background music, mood music, as it sometimes is called, to provide a working rhythm. You don't have to look at a radio set to use it. But how long could you ignore a motion picture if it were showing in your sitting room? Television makes captives of its audience.

The resemblance to the cinema is no exaggeration, for the latest sets have screens 24 inches wide and half that depth. They can show images in either colour or black and white virtually as clearly as do cinema films. Motion pictures, in fact, constitute a big part of television's fare.

If television sets are a mystery to some reader of these lines, let me describe a typical one, my own. It is a box 22 inches wide, 19 inches deep, and 19 inches long, made of metal painted gold colour. This box rests on a slight stand, holding the set 20 inches off the floor. At the one end is the screen, 21 inches wide and 18 inches deep. This screen is recessed, as are shadow-box pictures. The controls are in an oblong section within the case and at the top, and so invisible, but are exposed by raising a lid. One knob turns on power and sound; another tunes in the telecasting station or channel. The whole piece of equipment weighs about one hundred pounds.

In my home city of Syracuse, New York State, there are two channels. Other cities have up to six. Atop my set are two poles stemming from a base, connected by wires to the set. These poles are a yard long each, and form a V. These are indoor antennae. With them I can pick up the local station's pictures clearly; without them not so effectively; this is chiefly a matter of geography. My home is sheltered by many tall trees and is beside a small hill, which provide some interference. If I went to the expense of adding an aerial to my roof or even outside an upper storey window, I

could pick up the telecasts from nearby cities, but the programmes are not enough different to make this worthwhile. Most of the best programmes are relayed from city to city across the continent by what are known as the networks or telecasting companies operating on a national basis.

Other families here have sets that look like phonographs; it is possible, in fact, to buy a cabinet that includes a radio receiver, a phonograph, and a television receiver all in one. Prices of this equipment, depending upon size, range in the U. S. A. from Rs. 1,000 for the smallest sets, television only, up to Rs. 5,000, for the sets that receive colour telecasts and are in handsome mahogany or walnut cabinets. The three-in-one or combination of phonograph, radio, and television sets usually run to Rs. 10,000 or even more.

What of the programs? Here, it is to be hoped, India will learn from America's experience, as it seems Great Britain has not, judging by what is being telecast in England since commercial television has begun operations in competition with B. B. C.

Televising is so expensive in the U. S. A. that it can be presented at its present level only through subsidizing of many programs by advertisers.

This situation has both good and bad points. The good ones are that some magnificent plays, musical events and educational features are shown to millions of Americans who own sets, at no direct cost to them. For instance, in the few weeks before this was written, television brought the American people Sir Laurence Olivier and a stellar cast in Shakespeare's "Richard III." This took three hours to show one Sunday afternoon, at a cost to the firm that financed it, of Rs. 25,00,000 (two million five hundred thousand rupees). Tests revealed that more than 45

million persons saw this play on television; this number is thought to be more than all who saw it on the stage since Shakespeare wrote it centuries ago. Similarly, "The Taming of the Shrew" (a 'live' television performance, not a film, as was "Richard III") had a wide audience the following week, with Maurice Evans and Lilli Palmer as the stars. Then we had Shaw's "Caesar And Cleopatra"; the multi-million audience saw this in colour, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Caesar and Claire Bloom as Cleopatra. A few days later "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the play about Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, was performed for the television audience, with the leading American actress, Katherine Cornell, as Elizabeth, and the British actor and director, Anthony Quayle, as Browning.

On the other hand, there are many telecasts of inferior plays and innumerable trivialities, such as the endless quiz games, the most popular of which is the one called "The \$64,000 Question". A little of these goes a long way, but there is not a day on which there are not a half dozen such presentations, with their emphasis on money and on the memorizing of often useless knowledge.

News casting on television has been a disappointment to journalists except for an occasional bit of direct reporting by camera. Radio covers more news in the same amount of time but neither, of course, can satisfy news hunger as well as the newspaper can. Although improving, one of the worst features of American telecasting has been children's programming. Much of it is insipid and builds false standards of success.

Yet there are numerous high quality programmes in most areas of interest which one can find if one is interested. And, after all, no one is compelled to look at television. He

can turn off the set whenever he desires.

This is not easy to do in a family of mixed tastes. The conflict in desires can cause arguments. Therefore it is well to have an understanding as soon as the set is installed. Preferably, it should be in a room which will not allow it to interfere with other family life.

When television comes to India, India's citizens should expect, whoever is responsible for telecasting, to the highest possible standards. This cannot be done, however, if telecasts must be financed by commerce. It is not reasonable to expect businessmen to spend small fortunes on programmes that only a few persons will watch and act upon. The business world must sell its goods and to do so effectively must reach the largest possible number of persons. If a single-half-hour programme cost Rs. 1,00,000, as some do, a firm can hardly afford to spend that sum if only a few thousand people bother to watch the telecast.

The masses of India are no different from those of any other land in these matters. They prefer superficial, emotional and entertaining cinema to thoughtful cinema. They buy low grade publications instead of those directed to intellectuals. They would rather hear hummable but badly composed music to artistic music. If television is attuned entirely to the masses of the people, therefore, it will be a waste of much time and money, for the masses of India as of other nations are not yet prepared to appreciate the highest quality programmes.

As the level of public taste rises, as it is rising slowly in the U. S. A., programmes will improve, but the harm will have been done to many citizens, for this change takes years. It will require decades in India, with its huge population of as yet uneducated people.

ZONAL COUNCILS

By B. KRISHNA RAO

THE concept of zonal organisation of the different units of the Indian Union was first received in the country and in Parliament with considerable emotional satisfaction. The idea was conceived with a view to securing peace and reconciliation among peoples of differing languages and promoting economic development on the basis of the common efforts of multi-lingual groups and also fostering national unity by doing away with the parochialism and isolationism inevitably accompanying unilingual States. However a critical estimate of the proposed functions of the Zonal Councils may dampen the initial enthusiasm evoked by them.

It is mainly by reference to the principle of geographical contiguity that the fivefold zonal division of the country was decided in the States Reorganisation Bill. Each zone consists of the geographically contiguous areas which include the territories of the reorganised States and the Union territories. Every zone has a Council, an advisory body and a secretariat. The Zonal Council is the fundamental institution and is assisted by advisers drawn from the highest levels and is provided with a separate secretariat and an office. The Planning Commission too appoints an officer to advise the Council. The Council is presided over by a Minister of the Union Government, nominated by the President. The President also appoints to the Council the representatives for the Union territories. The Chief Ministers of the component States of course sit in the Council and each of them takes up, by turns, the office of the Vice-Presidency of the Council for the period of an year. In the case of the Eastern Zone the Adviser to the Governor of Assam for Tribal Areas is included in the Council obviously with the aim that he can

throw light on the special problems of the tribal people.

The Zonal Council is akin to a permanent regional committee on inter-State problems. It is in fact only an advisory body meant to exercise influence and sage counsel on the social and economic policies of its component units. It passes resolutions to appoint committees, discusses matters of common interest and thereupon makes recommendations. It may associate with any committee that it appoints Ministers from the Union or State Governments or other officers. It is charged with the responsibility of making recommendations on border disputes and problems of linguistic minorities which are likely to be prominent in the immediate future. Of much larger significance is their work with regard to the social and economic planning within the zones and adjusting inter-State transport.

The Zonal Council is not at all a super-State but a supra-State institution. It leads to the exchange of information within the zone. A single State by itself cannot make the Council discuss or recommend on anything it feels concerned about. A group consisting of some or all States or the Union and a State alone can move the Council into exercising its powers of discussion and recommendation. A large degree of uniformity can be achieved when the recommendations of the Zonal Councils are implemented and it is thus that they secure uniformity though not unity. In the present context of affairs of the country the Zonal Councils would do an incomparable service even if they succeed in merely reconciling the opposed interests of the member States. But on the other hand if they prove fertile grounds for difference and conflict there are no

bounds to the harm they can render. Until recently decisions on matters of common interest to the States have been secured at conferences of various kinds at various levels of authority. The Zonal Council is merely an institutional form on a permanent basis for this purpose at a considerable administrative expense. It may truly open the way for much political jobbery. But it nevertheless promotes thinking in

common on problems of common interest including taxation and expenditure and thus secures integration of State policy. The discussions may however be only of academic interest when political and technical changes take place rapidly in the country. The Zonal Councils are completely unnecessary in a unitary Constitution. As political institutions they have only influence, not power.

CIGARETTES AND CANCER

“THE evidence now available is sufficient to prove, beyond all reasonable doubt, that cigarette smoking is a cause of cancer of the lung,” writes a medical correspondent in the *New Statesman and Nation*. A relationship between lung cancer and cigarette smoking has been long suspected. Investigations in America and Great Britain indicated a statistical correlation between heavy cigarette smoking and cancer.

Deaths due to lung cancer are far more frequent now than they ever were after the turn of the century. Whereas in 1930 in the U. S. A. deaths due to lung cancer were 5.3 per 100,000 they reached the alarming figure of 27.1 per 100,000 in 1948. Another feature of lung cancer is the disparate death rates between the sexes. In the U. S. A., while between 1933 and 1936 two males died for every female, it is estimated that 8 to 9 men die to every one woman today. Though 400 or so substances have been identified as likely cancer-producing agents the increase of these substances has not approached anywhere near the raise in the incidence of cigarette smoking. In 1955, it has been estimated that the average American consumed 10.5 pounds of tobacco by way of cigarettes. This is an increase of 456 per cent in the volume of cigarette from the beginning of the century.

It was in 1928 that Dr. Herbert Lombard and Care Dearing of the State Department of Health of Massachusetts first noticed a definite connection between lung cancer and cigarette smoking. They discovered that the case histories of patients suffering from cancer invariably betrayed heavy smoking. The first scientific investigation in 1938 by Raymond Pearl indicated that “Of a given number of men alive at the age of 30, 66.6 per cent of the non-smokers will be living at age 60 as compared with 46.2 per cent of heavy smokers; at age 75, 33.8 per cent of non-smokers and 22.3 per cent of heavy smokers will be living; after 75, the differences become insignificant indicating that there are some people so impervious to noxious influences as to remain highly durable in spite of them.” Between 1945 and 50 a significantly higher percentage of heavy cigarette smokers were found among lung cancer patients. Objections were raised against these methods of investigation that they were retrospective, that is the conclusions were arrived at on the basis of a study of persons already known to suffer from cancer of the lung and that there was no known substance in the cigarette which could cause cancer. Both these objections have been met. The American Cancer Society carried out investigations of a prospective type with the aid of statistical experts

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which confirmed the findings of the previous studies and benzpyrene, a known cancer-causing agent, has been isolated from cigarette smoke. 187,000 men between 50 and 70 who were not known to have cancer of the lung included those who never smoked and those who smoked varying quantities of tobacco. After 18 months the first follow-up analysis was begun and it was found that among the deaths the cancer death rate among heavy smokers was 2½ times greater than that among the non-smokers. Heavy cigarette smokers died of heart disease at nearly twice the rate of those who never smoked.

"The death rates from cancer of the lung were at least five times higher in the heavy cigarette smoking group than in the non-smokers."

These facts are given by Dr. Charles S. Cameron, Medical and Scientific Director of the American Cancer Society. They leave no doubt as to

the causal connection between cigarette smoking and cancer of the lung. Though work of such extensive nature has not been done in India the little that has been done confirms substantially the results of the investigations in the U. S. A. and U. K.

Smoking being such a pleasant habit, the invariable tendency has been to shut one's eyes to the facts, to pooh-pooh statistics or to attribute motives. But as Dr. Cameron says, vaccination against small-pox was accepted on much less statistical evidence and on still less it was found long before Vitamins were discovered that the deprivation of lemons and oranges caused scurvy among ship crew. And so, as the *New Statesman and Nation* correspondent writes, "society should give some careful thought to this smoking business, for we can no longer look upon it as our harmless vice."

V. V. SRINIVASAN



RUSSIA'S REVOLUTION IS OVER

By ROBERT TAYLOR

Normalcy is the final phase of any revolution, and it is to normalcy that the Russian people are turning, conclude Canada's James Sinclair and India's Nehru, who visited the Soviet with unheard-of freedom.

IF India's Prime Minister Nehru and Canada's Fisheries Minister James Sinclair are right, we have been witnessing within recent months one of history's great turning points. For they believe that the Russian revolution is over. This would be an event comparable to the breaking up of the Arabian empire or the checking of the Golden Horde of the Mongols as they pressed toward the conquest of Europe.

Both Mr. Nehru and Mr. Sinclair have seen Russia in recent months as no non-Communist statesmen have seen it since March 17, 1917, when the Russian revolution started. They've seen many parts of Russia strictly barred to other non-Communists, talked to ordinary Russians with unheard-of freedom, and made close personal friendships with men right at the highest level in Russia.

Both men are experienced politicians and statesmen, skilled in judging people in the mass, skilled in asking the vital questions that really reveal. Neither has an axe to grind in any way in their joint and independent conclusion that today the revolution is over in Russia.

And, after all, revolutions do end. Men who have devoted years to studying the American, British, French and Russian revolutions find an amazing similarity in the different phases of each of these events.

First there comes the rule of the moderates, then the extremists. There is the rule of terror and then, the final phase of a revolution, the Thermidorean reaction period. This

name comes from the fact that the reign of terror in the French revolution is generally considered to have ended with the fall of Robespierre, July 27, 1794, or on the ninth of Thermidor in the renamed French calendar.

In the British revolution, the Thermidorean period is dated usually from Cromwell's dissolution of the Rump Parliament. Perhaps the Russian revolution will be dated by future social historians from March, 1955, when Malenkov was relieved of the office of Premier without at the same time being relieved of his head.

Desire For Normalcy Seen

Just what do they mean when they say, "the revolution is over" and, if it is over, what does this signify?

"In looking at the Russian revolution and at every major revolution where changes took place in a hurry, you will find that eventually there comes a period of gradual normalcy," Prime Minister Nehru explained to me in his New Delhi office when I was in the Far East not long ago.

"People eventually want a normal life as they did in the French revolution. The changes brought about by the revolution continue; nevertheless there is a desire for normalcy in all sorts of things.

"There is today in the Soviet Union a desire for normalcy which involves both internal and external conditions. I believe they (the Russians) think they can impress the world more by their internal achievements than in other ways," Mr. Nehru continued thoughtfully.

"It is just 38 years since the Bolshevik revolution started and during this period they have had two major wars, a civil war and the cold war. All the people of Russia have been living during this period at a high peak in effort and fear. As a result, now they want to live at a lower pitch and that is normality."

Mr. Nehru started this line of thought when I suggested his visit to Russia had brought about the friendly spirit shown by the Russian leaders at the Geneva summit meeting, the first great break in the cold war.

He disagreed. "I think all these things are deeper," he said. "Of course everything (like his trip to Russia) helps, or helps when the atmosphere is right." He thought the changed atmosphere in Geneva was brought about because the revolution is now over and "there is today in the Soviet Union an absolute and strong desire for an opportunity to develop their own resources and not divert them for war purposes."

Prime Minister Nehru made it plain he was thinking in broad historical terms when he said the Russian revolution is over. It is over, he meant, just as the American, English and French revolutions are over. It doesn't mean that the Russian people are now about to toss Communism aside.

"Always remember no one in the Soviet Union who is under 50 has not grown up in these changed circumstances, so practically everyone has been conditioned by their educational system and by their propaganda," Mr. Nehru explained. "Remember also that the Russian revolution has brought this change. It has converted the Russians from peasants to a technical people. They are tremendously technical-minded. All their education is directed to that end."

He told of seeing a children's playground where the children themselves had set up a miniature hydro power project that actually provided power for lights in the garden. "That sort of thing has made a tremendous difference to their whole outlook on life," he said.

"Another thing that must affect them is that the people have been made largely literate and fond of reading. There is little light reading in that country. Their reading is largely confined to their own particular angle, which is socialistic, but there are plenty of old classical works of their own and translations of foreign classics.

"All this reading makes you think occasionally. That has an effect on the public as a whole in their attitude toward the revolution and other things," Mr. Nehru concluded.

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Mr. Sinclair, who has travelled Russia as no Western politician ever has, from Leningrad on the Gulf of Finland to the Kamchatku peninsula on the Pacific, was equally certain the Russian revolution is over.

"Certainly it's over," Mr. Sinclair said. He saw conditions in Russia and the way Russians at all levels are thinking and acting as normal—normal, that is, for Russians and Communists. He feels that the Russians "accept" their government today just as the Canadians, Americans and British accept their governments.

There is strong evidence that the top-level Russians want to avoid anything that suggests the revolution is continuing. When Molotov, Russia's Foreign Minister, late last year published his surprising letter of self-criticism, it boiled down to this: His error was in saying the basis has been established for a Socialist State instead of saying the Socialist State in Russia is established.

The difference is important. The Russian rulers—and only briefly some years ago was Molotov in that class—want the Russian people to know they've had their revolution and it's over. Partly this would be to put the chill on any dreams of achieving the as-yet unrealized Marxist heaven by further revolutionary moves. Partly this would be to indicate that stability has been achieved and Russians need not fear individual insecurity which, under Stalin, developed into general social insecurity.

That the individual is more secure today in Russia than under Stalin is obvious. Malenkov is only the outstanding example of the fact that a man can fail today in Russia and not be executed. Talking to him in Russia, watching him joke with his fellow-rulers, it was easy to accept the view of Western diplomats in Moscow that he is genuinely happy to be out of his former job and running the vast hydro-electric programme.

Now what does all this matter if the Russian revolution is over? What if the virus of Marxism has run its course in Russia? What if the broad mass of people and the leaders of Russia do want normalcy, as Nehru finds they do?

History has shown over and over again that it is possible to reach a working basis with another people once the madness of revolution or of a fierce and intolerant faith has died down.

Step Towards Integration?

Almost everyone who has visited Russia in the last year can testify to the ordinary Russians having friendly feelings toward Westerners. That may have existed before then, but the striking change from Stalin's time is that today the Russians aren't afraid to show that friendly feeling quite openly. They don't fear that their rulers regard such friendship as treason to Russia.

The Russian rulers themselves have made important moves toward laying the foundations for a working basis with the West. The friendly attitude they showed at the Geneva summit meeting was not by any means cancelled out by their rigidity at the next Geneva meeting of the Foreign Ministers.

Some 2,300 delegations have visited Russia in the last two years, and they weren't mainly pro-Communists. Russian leaders have ordered their managers and technicians to study U. S. and Canadian and other foreign capitalistic countries' tendencies and adopt them.

This open friendship for the West at the highest and lowest levels, this praising of Western capitalistic techniques runs directly counter to the great stream of USSR propaganda for most of the period of the revolution. At worst, it represents Russian moral disarmament against the

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CASE FOR FRESH ELECTIONS FOR ANDHRA

By K. NARAYANA RAO

OPINIONS are sharply divided as to whether there should be fresh general elections for Andhra in 1957. Quite naturally the sitting members of the present Andhra Assembly, especially the members belonging to the ruling party, vote for the avoidance of any such general elections. But there are quite a number of other things which we cannot afford to ignore.

The question whether there should be fresh general elections for Andhra largely depends upon the further question whether the proposed bigger State is a new State or the continuation of the present Andhra State with Telangana added to it. The Andhra United Congress Party, which met recently at Kurnool, took strong objection to any reference to the proposed State as a 'new State' and the phrase was accordingly deleted from the Chief Minister's motion tabled on the States Reorganization Bill. In view of the vastness of the territorial adjustments involved it is more reasonable and more logical to treat the proposed bigger State as a 'new State.' Further if the Andhra members can contend that the proposed State is the continuation of the Andhra State with the Telangana territory transferred to it, the Telangana members can equally contend that the proposed State is the continuation of the Hyderabad State with the Andhra area merged into it, because Telangana undoubtedly stands for the residuary Hyderabad State and because its area is definitely not an inconsiderable one. Why not make a fresh start with the conception of a new State wherein the identities of both Andhra and Telangana are lost and a new entity, distinct from the two, emerges, wherein

people begin to speak in the name of the new State and not in terms of Andhra or Telangana, and wherein the controversy whether Telangana is added to Andhra or Andhra added to Telangana will be done away with?

Also on larger grounds there is a strong case for treating the proposed State as a 'new State'. Originally the Union of India was composed of twenty seven units. By virtue of the radical reorganisation sought to be effected throughout the country, territorially and otherwise, the component units of the Indian Union would be reduced to fifteen. The present units are not the same as the proposed ones. Their position and their powers are not exactly the same. The powers of these units will be modified in some material aspects. The Constitution itself is sought to be amended extensively to suit the changed pattern of the proposed units. In the light of these tremendous changes, are we not justified in treating these proposed units as new units, new States?

If the Andhra-Telangana State is considered a new State, fresh general elections to the entire area will become imperative because the emergence of the new State amounts to the extinction of the present Andhra State and along with it its Assembly as well, and consequently the members will be deemed to have vacated their seats.

Even without recourse to the "New State or Old State" controversy, parliamentary practice in other countries seems to demand fresh elections in all cases where vital changes occur. Thus, for instance, if there is an extension of franchise it is followed by dissolution of the legislature

before expiry of its normal term and fresh elections will be conducted. Similarly if the party in power wants to initiate any measure radically different from what it had canvassed during the elections, it will first of all get the House dissolved and go to the polls in solicitation of the blessings of the people for its new policy. The merger of the Andhra and Telangana territories is surely one such vital circumstance. The proposed State is one single and indivisible unit. It is highly anomalous to have part of the legislature receiving its mandate from part of the people in March 1955 and the other part of the House in 1957 from another part of the people.

If, on the other hand, the proposed State is regarded as the continuation of the present Andhra State as resolved by the Andhra United Congress Party, the present Andhra Assembly will be deemed to continue

and all the elections from Telangana to be held in 1957 must be deemed to be elections to the present Andhra Assembly—a good number of bye-elections. According to Article 172 (1) of our Constitution the life of every Legislative Assembly automatically expires after five years of its first sitting. Hence the present Andhra Assembly (which is also the Assembly for the proposed bigger State, if the 'Old-State' theory is accepted) which came into existence in March 1955, must cease to exist after March 1960. As the House itself dissolves in 1960, the members to be elected from Telangana in 1957 will also have to vacate their seats in 1960. Lest these Telangana members might resent such a short term of three years, which, of course, is inevitable if the 'Old-State' theory is accepted, it was proposed that, leaving intact the five-year term of the Telangana members, the term of the present

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Andhra State members should be extended for two years from 1960. This proceeds from gross ignorance of the relationship between the House and its members. Their line of argument seems to run like this: Because they were elected in 1955, they are entitled as of right to sit there for five years, that is, until 1960. Because the Telangana members will be elected in 1957, they are similarly entitled as of right to sit there for five years, that is, until 1962. And all that is required is the extension for two years of the term of the Andhra members. The fallacy of this line of argument is this: Our Constitution has provided only for the life of the House. The members of the House of the People and the Legislative Assemblies, unlike the members of the Council of States and the Legislative Councils have no specific tenure. How can there be any extension of the term of the members when there is no specific term provided for them? Our Constitution has neither provided the necessary machinery for that nor visualised such a situation. Further, the entire argument ignores the life of the House. It is the life of the House that is material. A member elected in a by-election is not elected for five years but for the remaining period of the term of the House. He cannot outlive the life of the House. Fantastic though it may look, the House can exist in contemplation of the law even when all its members resign and all the elections to fill the vacancies are not for five years but for the remaining term. If the Assembly is dissolved, as it ought to be in 1960 if the 'Old-State' theory is accepted, all the members, both from Andhra and Telangana, have to vacate their seats in 1960. It is impossible to have in our popular Assemblies the term of a part of the House expiring and a part remaining. Elections to be held for the Andhra area in 1960 will not be due to the fact that the five-year term of the present Andhra members will expire by that time but due to

the expiry of the term of the House itself. If the House itself comes to a close, elections for all the seats, and not merely of the seats in the Andhra area, will be inevitable. In other words, if fresh elections are avoided for Andhra in 1957, then there should be general elections in 1960 for the entire territory of the proposed bigger State.

Such general elections in 1960 for the entire area can, of course, be avoided, not by extending the term of the Andhra members which is an impossible task, but by prolonging the life of the House itself. But is the extension of the life of the House possible? Our Constitution has provided for such a possibility only in one case, namely, during the proclamation of an emergency arising out of "war or external aggression or internal disturbance" and that too for a year at a time. (Proviso to Art. 172 (1) read along with Art. 352 (1) and Art. 366 (18). Neither the State legislature nor even Parliament can extend the life of the Assembly in any other circumstance. The situation under review cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be fitted into the above proviso.

Hence, if the 'Old-State' theory is accepted the entire House must come to a close in 1960. The Telangana members will certainly resent going to the polls in 1960 just as the present Andhra members are reluctant to seek a fresh mandate from the people in 1957. To extend the life of the House until 1960 is constitutionally impossible.

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West. At best, it is the somewhat faltering start toward Russia's integrating herself in a peaceful world community.

The practical effect for the man on the street in Manchester and Minneapolis, Marseille and Moose Jaw, Moscow and Minsk may be real peace. —NMF.

INDUSTRIALISATION IN ANDHRA

By S. AMBIRAJAN

FROM March 26th to 29th, a Seminar was held in Waltair under the joint auspices of the UNESCO and the Andhra University, the purpose being to evaluate the impact of industrialisation and modern technology on the traditional culture patterns in Andhra.

Of the many papers presented or read at the Seminar, Mr. M. Pattabhiram's paper on "Industrial Development in Andhra," besides surveying the present position, indicates in general terms future possibilities. Whether Andhra's present industrial strength is compared with that of India as a whole or that of the old composite State of Madras, the position can give no room for satisfaction. According to the figures given by Mr. Pattabhiram, out of a paid-up capital of Rs. 575 crores in industry for India, Andhra's share is only Rs. 4 crores (less than 1% as against 6% of the population) and Rs. 67 crores for the old composite State. Among the industries now actually flourishing in Andhra, special mention may be made of the cement factories in the Kistna district, several sugar factories, the shipbuilding yard at Visakhapatnam, the jute mills at Nellimarla and Chittivalasa, and the tobacco industry controlled by the Indian Leaf Tobacco Developing Company.

Mr. Pattabhiram thinks that of the 3 basic requirements for industrial development—finance, power resources and transport facilities—Andhra can claim a fair share of the last two. Although at present there is no coal locally available for power production, when Visalandhra is formed, the Singareni coal fields

must prove a great asset. Likewise, when the Machkund, Tungabhadra and Ramapadasagar projects are completed, Andhra's hydro-electric power potential would probably be of the order of 7,00,000 KW. The present railway mileage is over 1800, the road mileage is 14,000, and navigable canals cover another 1000 miles. These must be deemed a very favourable factor in the context of industrial expansion, though it must be admitted that the Rayalaseema area is on the whole in a less advantageous position than the coastal districts.

Nor is Andhra poor with regard to raw materials or mineral resources. Mica, asbestos and manganese; non-ferrous metals like copper, zinc and lead; granites, limestones and sandstones for structural industries; monazite, natural gas and iron ore deposits—these are no mean assets to a State that is set on the road to industrialisation.

Capital, then, is the main problem. Private enterprise and Government could both, in whatever proportion most convenient, put up the necessary finance. But in plan-conscious India, while on the one hand private capital is shy, on the other hand, Government, with many regions and demands to satisfy, may adopt a system of priorities not always quite fair to an industrially underdeveloped area like Andhra.

How, then, is Andhra's industrial development to be planned? Dr. V. V. Ramanadham (of the University Commerce Department), in his learned paper on "Industrial Development in Andhra" raises certain fundamental issues. He rightly thinks that the fact of Andhra's industrial

backwardness may itself be turned into an advantage in the long run. It may be possible to plan Andhra's industrial development in such a way that the evils that at one time had been considered inseparable from industrialisation may be avoided here. Need industrial development necessarily mean a few large-scale industries? Couldn't many small-scale industries, with less expensive equipment, bring about the desired end? Couldn't the dispersion of industries coupled with central marketing achieve as good results as the concentration of industries at one or two important centres? Apologists of one or other economic school may canvass the claims of the private or the public sector, the economically efficient or the socially satisfying system. But, even as all economies have become in a way mixed economies, all industrial systems too now-a-days try as far as possible to balance the economically efficient with the socially satisfying. In modern democracies, while the people's representatives run the Government, the Government in its turn controls—or regulates—the manifold activities of the people. So a merely doctrinaire approach to the problem will do no good to anybody. Whether the question be concentration vs. dispersal, or large-scale vs. small-scale, or the private sector vs. the public sector, the real need is to take note of the existing factors, the interests of the region and the people as a whole. The economic climate, which is now one of apathy or apprehension, should change, and capital should be coaxed into either the private sector by way of investment or the public sector by way of loans.

Among the other interesting papers read at the Seminar were factual studies of certain industrial communities in Andhra and also a study of the urbanisation of Visakhapatnam by Prof. K. Nagabhushanam. A team consisting of Prof. N. Srinivasan, Mr. B. S. Rao, and Dr. V. Jagannadham

of the History and Economics Departments of the University made an investigation of conditions at the jute mills at Chittivalasa and Nelli-marla, the shipyard at Visakhapatnam, and the I. L. T. D. depots at Rajahmundry and other places in the 2 Godavari districts. This series of first-hand studies of the jute industry, which is the oldest industry in Andhra, the shipyard which is the heaviest, and the tobacco industry which employs the largest number of workers, may be said to have some special significance. It is interesting in particular to compare the situation of an industrial community in a rural area (like the one at Chittivalasa) with that in an urban area (say Rajahmundry or Visakhapatnam). It can be put in a different way: who is happier—the industrial worker who is not divorced from his home, or the uprooted industrial worker, who is condemned to slum conditions? It is not quite unreasonable to draw the conclusion from the data available that whereas the industrial worker in a rural area is enabled by the higher wages he receives to raise his standard of life, the city worker finds that the higher wages are not really proportionate to the demands that urban life makes upon him. No doubt, if tidy buildings for the workers are laid out as at Jamshedpur or Tata-nagar or Gandhigram (near Visakhapatnam) or Sindhri or Harveypatti (near Madura), the industrial colony will have most of the rural amenities of urban life without its evils. In existing cities, too, overcrowding could be ended by and by, slums blotted out, and sanitation greatly improved. In the larger interests of the country, therefore, it would seem advisable as far as possible to locate any new industries that may be started in rural areas, paying attention to the housing of workers (where they have no houses of their own) and sanitation. The evils of the

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EMILE SABOURAUD

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

PARIS, during the last thirty five years, has been the centre for almost all the art revolutions that have taken place throughout the world. There were, of course, momentous changes in painting before this, but there have been more changes in this period than at any other time. It has been a period of revolution for the sake of revolution, full of uncertainty and instability, and to some extent a time of decadence. French artists are more or less aware of this but none, perhaps, more than Emile Sabouraud.

Born in Paris in 1900 Sabouraud began to paint at 18 years of age. Nearly all his work then, has been done during the unsettled years of 1920-1955. More than any of his contemporaries, Sabouraud has given expression to the anxieties of this period not only in his art but in his writings. In his early years a student of music, philosophy and literature and the son of a famous scientist it was natural that he should take a wider interest in the philosophic outlook of his time, than is the case with the average painter. In a series of writings he has explained the position of the artist to-day, faced as he is with the chaotic nature of our time.

"To-day we seem to have lost all sense of balance: we are haunted by a sense of the abyss and almost ready to plunge into the gulf under



'Still Life'

Emile Sabouraud.

the lead of the sinister Catalanian." Here Sabouraud refers to Picasso and to the destructive tendencies of the last two decades together with the general drift towards disintegration. And he concludes that it is only after grasping the totality of things, after the manner of Cezanne, that we can hope to endure.

Having acted for many years as professor at the 'Academie Julian' and at the 'School of Decorative Art

in Paris' Sabouraud has lived at the very heart of all the turmoil and chaos of these latter years. It is this which enables him to define the technical and psychological aspects of the art of to-day in a series of dialogues recently published. These show the artist's desire to keep pace with the rapid changes and constant fermentation of the contemporary art world:—"One has to be ever expanding in spirit, widening the outlook, otherwise our vision will have a tendency to shrink." As an artist, Sabouraud is definitely committed to the baroque formula in art, for he has come to the conclusion that painting in our epoch must necessarily be of a baroque order. If the latter represents the dynamic and changing element in life, in contrast to the permanent or static character of classic art, then the present period undoubtedly points towards the baroque. In his early years a pupil of Othon Friesz, he was at the same time a companion of Modigliani, Pascin, Utrillo and Segonzac and later on worked with Soutine in the south of France helping the latter to sell his work. The art of many of these painters was of a baroque persuasion and that of Sabouraud more than any.

When I saw his work for the first time, I was impressed by its texture, the quality of the brush strokes and the curious rococo elements in the composition.

The artist, himself, lays great stress on the vitality of the brush strokes in painting, indeed, it is one of the principle tenets of his teaching. In this there is much to recall the Chinese calligraphic manner of painting where the nervous expression of the brush or 'coup de pinceau' makes half the virtue of the writing, or the ink painting. Sabouraud has come to practice something of the same sort in his oil technique. His painting is built up in broad brushstrokes which impart their vitality to the scene or the still life he is depict-

ing. His work does not reveal its significance at the first glance, but requires time and familiarity before it delivers its meaning. Just what this is it might be difficult to define because painting has its own language which is independent of the subject itself.

A brass candlestick, with a wax candle, seen against a white cloth, conveys a special implication, after the manner of ritual utensils. Like these it has symbolic overtones but they are those of painting rather than of mysticism.

In this Sabouraud comes near to Cezanne who thought that painting should carry its meaning as a flower diffuses its perfume. In certain river scenes with wide stretches of water he succeeds in conveying a sense of springtime, of the green sap rising in the grass and in the trees. This he does by the free and dynamic character of the brushstrokes which impart their vitality to the landscape.

He is a member of the select group at the *Galerie Bernier* which has become a club of the best French painting of the last thirty years.

(Continued from page 34)

Industrial age have been summed up as squalor, ignorance, want and idleness. But these are not inseparable from a so-called capitalist system. This, then, is the real challenge to Andhra, and indeed to India as a whole. Can we efficiently industrialise—for without industrialisation the problem of our poverty cannot be solved—and at the same time avoid the evils of overcrowding, uprootedness, slum-life, bad sanitation, disease, ignorance, gross inequality in standards of life, and chronic insecurity? It is immaterial who runs the industry: the private limited liability company or the State or the two in partnership. By its fruits—and not by its look and the rustle of its leaves—shall you judge the tree!

PRIVATE HOSPITALITY TO MINISTERS

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

HOSPITALITY is a great oriental tradition. Till a few centuries ago it was more than a tradition. It was an institution as it were. The laws of hospitality were inviolable and binding on all people and so were the rights and obligations between the host and the guest.

It is a common sentiment that a guest honours the host by taking his hospitality. It is an equally common sentiment that the guest feels a bond of brotherly affection towards his host and feels bound to be of help to him in his hour of need. Tradition and sentiment apart, it is a natural reaction of human nature to feel obliged to those who are good to us and have given us a sumptuous feed and a pleasant time. Even in the most sophisticated societies of the West the value of hospitality to get people under obligation and influence their minds, attitudes and actions in favour of the host and his interests is well recognised. Even if it is not valued as an altruistic virtue, hospitality is deliberately and extensively practised all over the world as a means to furthering the interests of individuals, communities, institutions and even of States.

Potentialities of hospitality being what they are, it has never been and it can never be indiscriminate. Charity and accident apart, even the oriental host and guest are very careful and highly selective as to whom they are honouring and getting bound to by the conventions and obligations of giving and receiving hospitality. Even in the most democratic countries society divides itself into different social strata under economic, cultural, political and moral forces and a

man's social position, respect and influence are determined by the guests that come to his house and the hosts that invite him. The demarcation of social status is often so rigid that hospitality between persons of different strata is extremely risky and hazardous to those who attempt it.

Ministers, party bosses and high officials should be aware that apart from their private personalities, they have a public personality the authority, integrity and respect of which it is their primary duty to maintain and enhance by their social doings in the interests of good government and high standards of public morality. If Ministers on tour allow themselves to be guests of people involved in embezzlement of public funds and against whom police investigations are in progress they will not only be conferring on them a prestige and influence which their public misbehaviour does not deserve, but they would be demoralising the investigating authorities as well. Administrative efficiency, morale of the services, moral health of public life and political popularity of the party in power will all be at stake if Ministers fraternise socially with people under the cloud of public misbehaviour.

The affairs of the Electric Supply Corporation in Rajahmundry have been causing anxiety to the shareholders and the public for some years now because of the maladministration and misappropriation of its funds by its management. But the management continued to be in office till the High Court found it to be

guilty of misappropriation of funds and gross mismanagement last year. In the meantime the corporation got indebted to the Government to the tune of 3 lakhs, and its funds to the tune of 60 thousands have been misappropriated. Police investigations have been going on now for nearly one year in order that criminal proceedings for misappropriation may be instituted, but no tangible result have been witnessed. There is a strong feeling amongst the public that this state of affairs is due to the close social fraternization by Ministers and high Congress officials with the managing authority of the Corporation during all these years. Memories are still green in the minds of the local public of the way in which the Co-operative Central Stores was liquidated with total loss to the shareholders, without the people responsible being brought to book. It will not be the fault of the public if they feel apprehensive about the affairs of this Electric Corporation as well. The Corporation is being acquired by the Government and the tax-payer is interested in seeing that he is not burdened with avoidable losses.

Amenities for the comforts and conveniences of the traveller in modern times are such that there is no need at all for him to seek private hospitality. In most advanced countries seeking hospitality even from near and dear relatives is looked upon with disfavour. To spare their servants from the obligations of private hospitality Governments everywhere have provided well for the lodging and boarding of their men on tour in rest houses, and dak bungalows and give them adequate daily allowances. In a democracy it is part of the duty of public men to be in touch with the people and public opinion, and this is the purpose of the tours of Ministers in particular. Even so, they have Government agencies as well as their party agencies to bring them into contact

with responsible citizens representative of public opinion in properly arranged public receptions and parties. There is absolutely no reason, beyond close blood relationship, why Ministers should accept private hospitality unless they want to boost the individual's social and political prestige. Whether they intend it or not, this is what happens to their host when Ministers accept private hospitality. So much more the reason why Ministers should be highly selective in their hosts in the best interests of their party and government.

The necessity for a close liaison between the Ministry and the party in a democracy entails a greater responsibility on the party organisation for the local arrangements for the social doings of the Ministers on tour. It is significant that the Congress organisation here could not find a better host for the Ministers than one whose stock with the public is not quite high. Perhaps there is nobody in the Congress here who is rich enough and cultured enough to play the host to Ministers. It is most regrettable that the Congress here should be so poor in money and culture. May be, this town (Rajahmundry) is not an exception in this respect. But this poverty in the quality of the Congressmen cannot be an excuse for Ministers to reduce it further by fraternising with people whose public credit is not high. The prestige of the Congress is not very high here as shown by the last two elections. It is not likely to improve unless the quality of the rank and file in the Congress improves. Congressmen would be serving their party and the nation much better by using the prestige and influence of their positions to attract fresh elements with culture and character into their party than by trying to boost the declining prestige of discredited 'yes' men.

New Books

HAPPY ODYSSEY. By Lt. General Carton de Wiart. Pan Books Ltd., London.

THE book has a sub-title: The Memoirs of Lieutenant-General Sir Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. Carton de Wiart was reading law at Oxford, but very soon found that education made his blood toxic, and failing of course in his Law Preliminary, thought of joining the Foreign Legion. But, mercifully for him, the South African War broke out:

"At that moment, I knew, once and for all, that war was in my blood. I was determined to fight and I didn't mind who or what. I didn't know why the war had started, and I didn't care on which side I was to fight. If the British didn't fancy me, I could offer myself to the Boers . . ."

He was wounded twice in the Boer War, lost an eye in the East African campaign of 1914, was wounded eight times and lost a hand in the First World War, just escaped the Bolsheviks and the Nazis when they carved up Poland between them in the Second, and his plane crashing on a mission to Yugoslavia, was an Italian prisoner of war for two years. He ended up as Churchill's personal representative with Chiang-kai-shek when the latter was still on the mainland of China. All this time he was accumulating those many honours after his name which you read above, and rising to be a Lt.-General without ever having been to a Staff College.

The General says, frankly, that he enjoys himself only when there is a war on, and that he feels depressed and lost in the intervals of peace. It is a measure of how fast the world is changing that nowadays we think

such a character as out-of-date as Attila or Chengiz Khan. Even school-girls have become impervious to the romantic aura which Arms gave the Man till the other day.

The General is all of one piece; unlike Lord Wavell who bunched together other men's flowers, his only interest outside soldiering is shooting birds—which activity, curiously, the General calls sport. In Poland, on the vast estates of Prince Charles Radziwill, where he lived the twenty-odd years between the wars, he says he shot about 150 ducks everyday on the average, his highest score on any one day being 213. His special love was ducks, though he did attend to mallard, teal, pochard, snipe, cranes . . . Let us adapt Wyndham Lewis' crack to suit our hero: "He was a lover of birds. He had shot them in every country."

What makes these memoirs more depressing than that is the General's lack of perspective. He fought in two empire and two global wars, but for all that, his account of the part he played in them is so lacking in background, so devoid of a historical or even a strategical sense, that his chapters, especially those concerned with the First World War, are tawdry. He does not seem to have bothered about much else but what was going on right under his nose at any time in his life. The First World War is reduced to such a narrow local habitation in Passchendaele that it appears like a skirmish between a posse of policemen and some bandits. And we are made to understand that the Second World War must have been a bigger show than the First only because the General keeps flying from Chungking to London and back.

Too French And Too Deadly. By Henry Kane. Avon Publications Inc., New York 22, N. Y. 25 cents.

AN earlier book of Mr. Kane, called *Trinity in Violence*, was reviewed in these columns sometime ago, and it was then noticed that Mr. Henry Kane, though he serves up nothing very original in his who-dun-it stories, had created a very meetable kind of detective, Peter Chambers. We said, then: "... (the stories depend heavily on Chambers himself for their readability ... the conversation of Chambers spurts brightly in them like blood from the bodies of the thugs he shoots down." There is not so much blood in *Too French and Too Deadly* for the simple reason that he does not shoot so many thugs down this time—in fact, he shoots no one down. He contents himself by proving what appears to the police as a suicide "all sewn up"

to be a murder. This paucity of blood seems to have affected Chambers' conversation: it is not as slick as it was in *Trinity in Violence*. And the women in the earlier book who had "all of them hour-glass figures and very little brains" remain as hourglassish as before, but have apparently had their brains taken out, treated and put in again, since the two of them are 'cute' not only to look at, but also to watch in their not entirely puritanical careers.

Mr. Kane seems to have bothered himself a lot to keep his plot neat, but we wish he had bothered less with the plot and more with Chambers. He must be careful to see that his 'private eye' does not get anaemic. A little more blood and a few more women (there are only two in the book) would definitely bring out the best in Peter Chambers.

M.P.B.



is delicious



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JIM CORBETT— A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

By Capt A. S. SAJAN

IFIRST heard of "Kaarpat Sahab" (as he was affectionately called by the simple hill-folks about thirty years ago—in the dark days when the Chougarh man-eater had terrorised the entire area. To the people of Chougarh, he was of a page from the "Ramayana." He was a veritable Rama who had come to deliver them from the man-eating Rakshasa. I saw him for the first time in 1929 at Haira Khan forest house. He was passing that way and had dropped in to see my father, a forest officer, in connection with the man-eater. That day, the ambition of shooting tigers flamed in my child heart. I was not quite 12 then.

Years later when I had shot my first tiger, Jim was the first man I wanted to know about it. I went to his summer residence at Naini Tal. Though passage of time had left its mark on his face, I found him the same; over six feet of well-knit body, the same calm, kindly face without any semblance of the arrogance of a ruling race. His deep, blue eyes still inspired confidence and from them emanated sympathy and courage. It was at this meeting that he advised me to join the armed forces which I did and during the Second World War, I lost contact with him.

Edward James Corbett became a legend in his life-time. No man in the living history of our hills approaches him in the span of his fame as a hunter. In Kumaon folk-lore he is acclaimed as the spirit of Gang Nath. Garhwales sing of him as the spirit of Bhumiya, the guardian gods of villages in these parts. To many he was a Gora Sadhu (white saint). He was affectionately known as Kaarpat Sahib. He was adored not

because he was killing man-eaters and saving people's lives. Others also have done that and won fame but did not win the affection of the people. It was his dedicated, honest and simple life that touched the heart of the brave and honest village folk. Three factors moulded his personality—his family environment, Maggie (Margaret) his sister and the wide virgin jungles. The first made him intensely human. Maggie kept his interests alive. The jungles shared his joys and sufferings and made him a woodsman of an extraordinary class and a lover of beauty.

Corbett was born in 1875 and educated at Sherwood College, Naini Tal. He lost his father when he was only four years of age and thereafter his brother, Tom, the hero of his boyhood and the best rifle-shot in India, gave him all the affection and care he needed.

Maggie kept the house for Jim. This relieved him of a lot of worry. Like him she too had a great passion for welfare work. She helped the needy and the sick in many ways. To innumerable village folk she was a Sister of Mercy. She shared all Jim's interests and excitements and kept them alive. She had complete faith in Jim's ability as a hunter but could not help suffering from the tormenting anxiety of a sister whenever Jim went after dangerous man-eaters. And this was very often. She never for once discouraged him. In her Jim had found a brave and understanding comrade.

The jungle of Kaladhungi, in those far-off days, was teeming with wild life. In the vastness of jungles wild life moved freely. In such virgin forests Jim spent all his spare time, first armed with a catapult,

then with a pellet-bow and later with a double barrelled muzzle-loader that had "a gaping split in the right barrel" and much later with a modern rifle, absorbing his jungle lore. It is here that Kunwar Singh, the most successful poacher, and his brother Tom gave him his basic lessons in jungle craft.

Many incidents taught him unforgettable lessons. When a child, he and his dog blundered into a sleeping tiger and both had to run for life as they had never run before. On another occasion while stalking a red jungle fowl, eyes rivetted on it, he had put his bare foot on the coils of a sleeping python and had jumped as no child had ever done. Once in his anxiety to retrieve a leopard he had just shot, from the raging forest fire, he stooped and closed his hand over the hand of a cartman, who was with him, on the leopard's tail. As they dragged him, to their horror the animal opened his mouth and snarled. Jim tells us, "The cartman sprang away from me as though I had bitten him, and grabbing his pugree off his head, ran with it trailing behind him as no cartman had ever run before." But I am sure he himself was no less terrified.

So much time spent in the jungles was not ill spent. He had ample opportunities of learning "the opportunities which will never be enjoyed by another now," for pressure of increasing population has robbed the wild life the freedom of jungles. Their wanton destruction by self-styled sportsmen has made our jungles poorer.

The jungles held "unalloyed" happiness for him. That happiness he believed resulted from the fact that all wild life was happy in its natural surroundings. In nature there is no sorrow and no repining.

He was a true lover of wild life. To him no animal could be called mean and no animal that lived and faced the manifold dangers of dense forests could be classed a coward. He became

indignant at the expression "cruel and blood-thirsty as a tiger." To him a tiger was a "large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage." He felt sorry at shooting a sleeping man-eater. "The regret remains that through fear of the consequences to myself, or fear of losing the only chance, I might ever get, I did not awaken the sleeping animal and give him a sporting chance," he wrote. But he tells nothing of the chance he himself had taken in stalking the man-eater within five feet. True sportsman that he was, he always took a chance and wanted to give it too.

He was learning fast from the book of nature. His purposeful observation of the laws of the jungle and the different moods of nature had given mellowness to his thoughts and actions. The laws of the jungle he found better than the laws of the civilized world. He often thought that "had the Creator made the same law for man as He made for the jungle folk, there would be no wars, for the strong in man would have the same consideration for the weak as is the established law of the jungle." He had seen this happen more than once. He had witnessed a tigress stalk a small kid. On seeing her, the kid started to bleat and advanced to meet the queen of the forest. On meeting, both for some time stood nose to nose and then the queen turned and went away. The strong in her had shown consideration for the weak.

There are people who, with the sheer force of their personality, bring into play all that is good in others. Jim was one of them. He only saw virtue in others and placed his faith in their goodness. Acts of kindness with the least thought of earning gratitude were natural to him. There was Budhu, a labourer, who oppressed by a debt for three generations, had lost all zest for life. Jim, unknown to Budhu, arranged to free him of this debt and gave him his happiness.

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Then there was that unknown friendless traveller, suffering from cholera who had dragged himself to the bank of the Ganges to die. Jim brought him home and nursed him to life. When he completely recovered, he sent him home with a railway ticket and five hundred rupees, so that he may start life all over again. The cases of cholera he fought amongst his men unmindful of his own safety, comfort and money, had a Samaritan touch.

The spirit of adventure is overpowering. It has time and again compelled men to incredible hazards. It is a wine that can easily go to one's head. For him too it was a wine but it never went to his head. The compelling urge for adventure, coupled with his vast knowledge of junglecraft, became a forceful means to a noble end—"Service to those who suffer." The terror of expecting death in a horrifying manner behind every bush at every bend and under every shadow and the terror of feeling the cruel jaws close round throats even in sleep are ghastly prospects. People in Garhwal and Kumaon hills had experience of such deadly happenings. They had seen a tiger carry one of them by the small of the back still alive and screaming in agony. A shepherd had slept behind locked doors among his forty goats. Next morning a little far, behind some rocks, were found his remains. This was the man-eating leopard of Rudraprayag. A woman was closing her door and as she turned, great fangs tore her body and the jaws of death closed round her neck. This was the Panar leopard. These animals alone between them cut short no less than 961 lives, officially reported, in similar or more, tragic manner. Jim had lived amongst the people and felt their sufferings. His conviction was that "there is no more terrible thing than to live and have one's being under the shadow of a man-eater."

To free men from such a suffering

was his greatest aim. No matter where he was how he was or what he was doing, Corbett always found time to go after the man-eaters that made life a long nightmare to the people he so dearly loved. Time and again, he risked his life and on occasions escaped death by the bare skin of his teeth. "There have been," he tells, "occasions when life has hung by a thread and others when a light purse and disease have made the going difficult, but for all these occasions I am amply rewarded if my hunting has resulted in saving one human life."

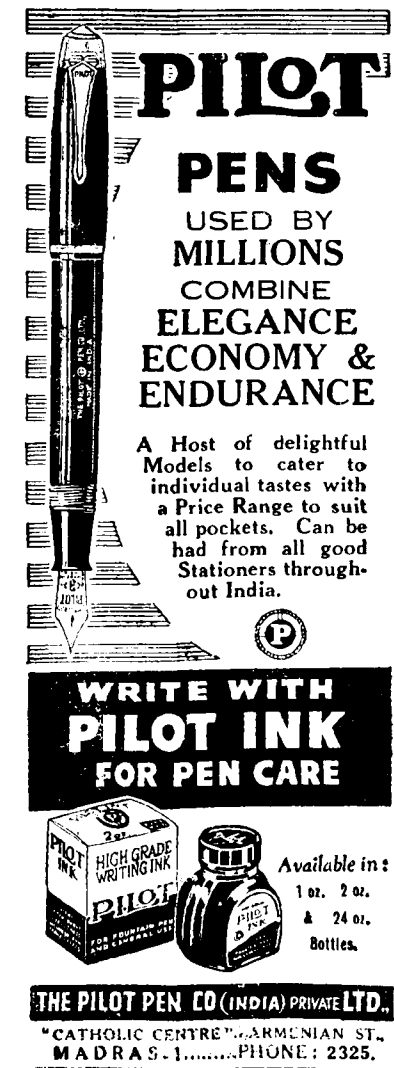
Even in these dangerous encounters with devilishly cunning man-eaters, he was conscious of the faith men had placed in him. This unquestioned faith in one man, where the entire Government with all its resources had failed, was flattering. But this always made Jim feel "a wretched impostor". There was no justification for such a feeling. He was utterly sincere. Perhaps the cause of his discomfort was the strange legends that grew around him. He was described as a Sadhu and a Saint with rare gifts and that embarrassed this gentle soul.

All his decisions were motivated by one powerful thought—his self-imposed responsibility to the people. His failures always brought him acute depression of spirit. The thought of leaving men to face another day of terror was painful. It was this feeling that one night drove him to gamble with his life in the hope of getting a shot at the Talla Pesh man-eater. For the great abscess in his ear, he thought, might burst into his brain that night and end his life before he settled his account with the tigress. The tigress had all the advantage over him. It was night and there was much swelling on Jim's head, face and neck which had closed his one eye. The pain was unbearable. With tears glistening on their cheeks, his men saw him walk out that night.

This brave, courageous and noble hunter hunted not for glory, profit or trophy but for the sheer joy of service. As a big game hunter, he was among the best. He started his man-eater hunting with the Champawat man-eater in 1907 and gave up rifle for camera with the end of the Thak man-eater in 1938. In these 31 years he avenged the life of no less than 1,222 victims, officially recorded, besides those that died of wounds inflicted by man-eaters and many killed but never reported. That he survived and won all his encounters without a scratch is a high tribute to his superb jungle craft, cool nerves and true aim. There are very few big game hunters that live unhurt to a ripe old age.

Jim died at the age of 80 at Nairobi in Kenya where he had gone to settle after India became independent. Why he chose to leave India is difficult to guess. The then Government honoured him with the "freedom of forests." Honoured, may be, for the service done to the people, or for arranging successful hunting trips for the high and mighty. Our Government unfortunately has done nothing to perpetuate his memory. A sanctuary for much-shot wild game in the U. P. hills would be a fitting memorial to this brave and noble man. At least his material gifts should be acknowledged. He made a gift of his lands to his tenants. The entire proceeds from the first Indian edition of his famous book, *Man Eaters of Kumaon* went into the service of Indian blind soldiers and now from his death-bed comes the bequest for Kumaon.

People will long remember him with gratitude. The Jim of flesh and blood is no more, but legends die hard. Jim has become a legend and song. The legends will go down from generation to generation and their Kaarpat Sahib will continue to live as long as gratitude remains ingrained in the nature of man.



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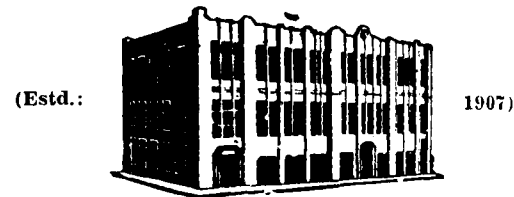
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The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Union Public Service Commission Selections.

Sir,—In recent years there have been many advertisements by the U. P. S. C. for highly technical posts and in more than ninety per cent of the cases North Indians only have been selected by the Commission. Everyone in this country admits that South India has produced many brilliant brains and so it cannot be said that none from the South has been found fit for any of these posts.

The selection of candidates by the Commission has become very formal and the heads of departments have found out an easy way to get their own candidates appointed to posts under them. Candidates are first appointed by the heads of departments and at the same time the U. P. S. C. calls for applications for these posts. The appointments by the heads of departments are made on an emergency basis and the existing incumbents also apply to the U. P. S. C. in response to the advertisement. Invariably, the heads of departments concerned or their representatives will be on the committee of the U. P. S. C. as adviser members. Their presence cannot but be an added advantage to the existing candidates and a disadvantage to others with equal if not more qualifications. More or less the appointments made by the heads of departments are regularised by the U. P. S. C. The selection by the U. P. S. C. becomes a farce in such cases. What an amount of waste of public money!

FAIRPLAY

Standing Passengers In Buses

Sir,—During the recent discussion in the Madras Assembly and in the City Council on the Transport department, no mention seems to have been made of the system of "standing passengers" in the city buses. It is a standing disgrace to the city.

The narrow passage between the seats or benches intended for the use of the sitting passengers, is fully packed with standing passengers. The standing passengers are allotted less space than the sitting ones. Even the conductor finds it difficult to pass through the standing mass of flesh. Much more difficult it is for the sitting and standing passengers to make their exit. The rule that they must enter the bus through the rear door and leave it by the front door is often cruelly enforced as additional torture, when the standing cargo block the whole passage.

Standing passengers really hang themselves to the bar or straps overhead; and they bang on each other while the bus runs and turns a corner. This leads to curses all round. The awkward position of women standing in this crowd and holding up their hands for balancing, is very deplorable.

Passengers often fail to see their destination through the wall of standing passengers and get down at wrong places. The conductor is irritated by the crowd and his rude orders offend the passengers. He takes a long time to issue tickets and causes delay owing to the crowd. In the hot days the overloaded bus is a hell.

Besides causing physical hardship, the standing system is an insult to human dignity.

The Government is exploiting the weakness of the people who suffer insult and injury in the bus rather than walk a few furlongs. Ministers complain against ticketless passengers, but they are not ashamed of having seatless passengers.

It will be vicious to argue that people willingly stand in the bus and must not be refused transport. The Government must abolish this demoralising and degrading system, which does not ensure complete service but leaves many persons disappointed at bus stops. There can be no harm if a few more people who now stand in the buses are also obliged to walk or use other vehicles.

In Bombay, if any passenger is seen standing for want of a seat, the bus will not move until he is removed from it.

P. A. SANKARA SASTRI

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SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Miss Anne Brunmer of Switzerland is now in Madras to study Bharatanatyam.

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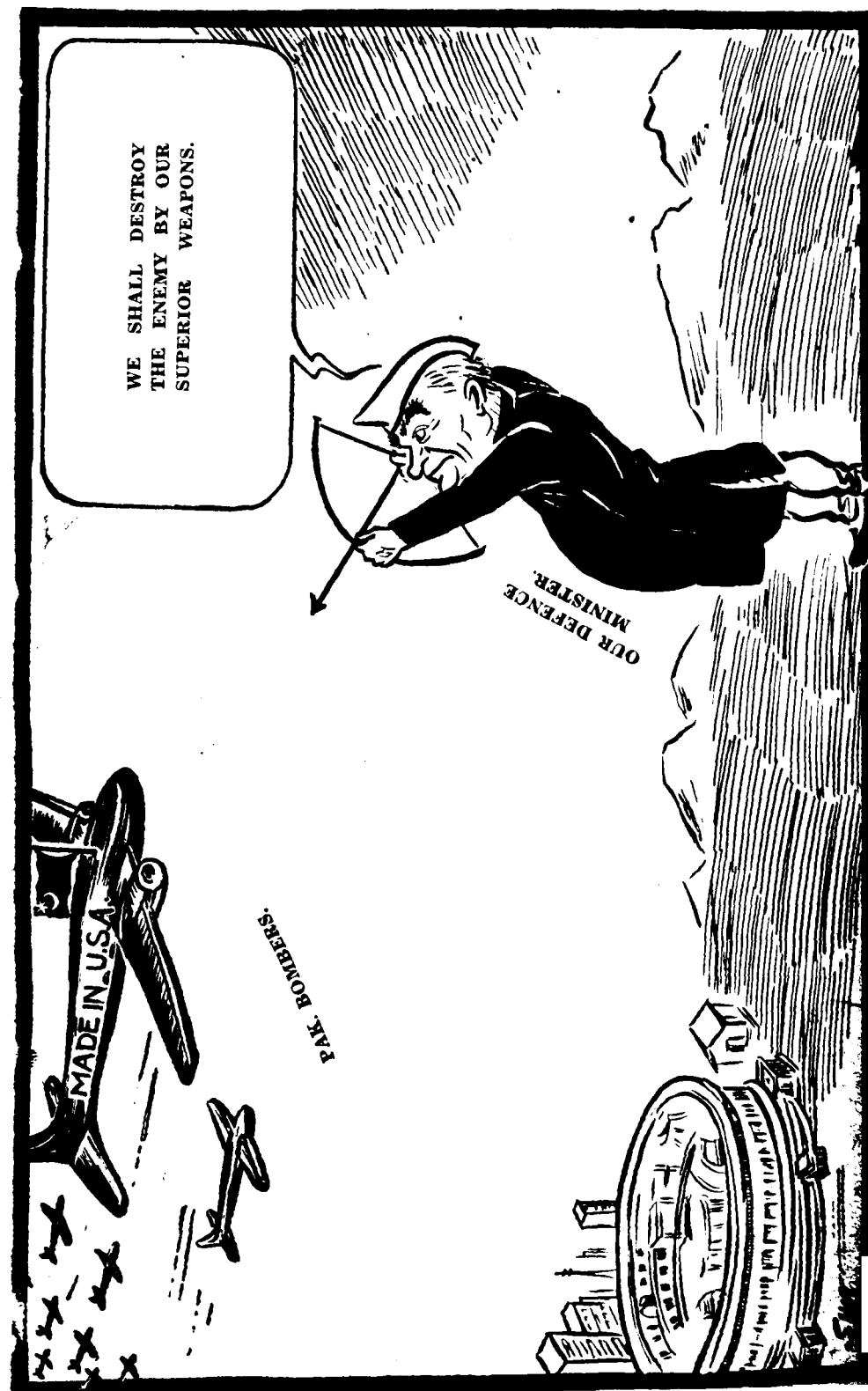
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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. APRIL 28 SATURDAY 1956 No. 13

THE BASIS FOR A NEW PARTY

MR. D. N. HOSALI, Master of the Bangalore Trades Association, said on the 24th instant that there was a need for the formation of a new political party in India to support private enterprise. He twitted the Congress party men for having fattened on the lavish support of the business interests in the old days, and now, after securing power, for having turned against the business class and trying to subject private business to government departments. The new party that Mr. Hosali visualises will assert the rights of private business as against the dominance of the public sector with which the country is threatened to-day. He intends calling the new party as the Gandhian Party.

We should give the warning to Mr. Hosali and others of his way of thinking that the bringing into being of a new political party is not so easy as he imagines, because any genuine political party can function only in a democratic political set up and in our country this essential pre-condition does not obtain. Calling the new party "Gandhian" will be no advantage because the patent rights for the use of the name of Mahatma Gandhi have been already reserved by the Congress Party which wields power. But we agree with Mr. Hosali that there is need for a popular effort to establish real democracy in India and the formation of a new political party. Such a party should have a wider basis than the business interests that Mr. Hosali has in view.

The fact has to be recognised that at present there are only two effective political parties in India today: the Congress and the Communists. All other parties are entirely negligible. Either their following, as in the case of the P. S. P. and the Socialists is entirely negligible, or, as in the case of the Jansangh, the Muslim League etc., they are based on religious or communal basis which is non-political.

In the old days, when Gandhism swept the country as a tidal wave, practically everybody was in the Congress; and until the British left the country, it can truly be said the Congress represented the entire masses of India. But, then, the Congress was not a political party. It was the spear head of a national upsurge against an oppressive and outmoded foreign rule.

The political party in a democratic set up must be based upon well-defined political principles expressed through a practical platform of action affecting the day-to-day lives of the people. The existence of such a political party implies the existence, side by side of that party, of at least one other similar political party likewise based upon principles embodied in a practical platform. Obviously, the two sets of principles and platforms cannot be the same and should not even appear to be similar. Democracy functions only when there is a clash of political ideologies for which rival political parties stand. At the elections, the people are given the choice to vote for the candidates of

either party thereby expressing their preference for one set of principles as against the other. If, in actual practice, the set of principles for which the electorate voted for proves to be a failure, it is open to the electorate to put the rival party in power by voting for the opposite set of principles at the next elections.

Judged by these standards, the Congress is not a political party and never was even in its heyday of glory when the Mahatma was alive and was personally directing its affairs. There was no opposition to the Gandhian Congress because there can be no opposition inside a nation to a struggle conducted for the attainment of national independence. True, there were the Liberals called "moderates" who opposed the extremism of the Congress under Tilak. But after the advent of Gandhi, who acknowledged the Liberal leader Gokhale as his Guru, the entire party of moderates in India vanished into thin air. In a sense, Gandhi beheaded the Liberals. There were, of course, the parties of the Muslim League and the Justicites, but they were not political parties at all because they did not conform to the definition of political parties we have given above. The Congress had the monopoly of political action under the British rule. It was not a political party but the Nation itself.

When the British left our shores, there was a revolution in the political set up and there was no longer any need or any meaning in a National party like the Congress. The National party could only lead a struggle against the foreigner and it had no function when there were no foreigner to struggle against. It was, therefore, obligatory for the leaders of the Congress, to whom power was transferred by the British, to constitute a provisional government to function until the coming into being of real political parties which would take over the administration and function as in other democratic countries. But unfortunately for India,

the Congress leaders were not willing to hand over power to others and were not interested in bringing into being a democratic set up. This was a denial of democratic rights to the people of India. The only man who could have set right this grave wrong done to the people was Mahatma Gandhi and his premature death at the hands of an assassin was a major disaster which put back the clock of political progress of the people of India. The result has been the establishment of a one party rule in India which functions as a dictatorship however beneficent the dictatorship may be. This fact is acknowledged by intelligent men inside the Congress party. But they try to escape from the anomaly by declaring that it is not the business of Congressmen to establish an opposition party to their own rule.

The fact that no opposition party capable of displacing the Congress at an election has been evolved in India is certainly a slur against the Congress and a proof of its inherent totalitarian tendencies. One party rule can be maintained only in a police state which is sustained not by popular support but by military might. Such a state is essentially weak in spite of its army and naval and air forces. Such a state is at the mercy of international politics and is swayed from one extreme to another by shifts in world tendencies. Its apparent strength is based upon the external support which it derives from its foreign allies and not upon the voluntary support rendered to it by its own people. That is the reason why Pakistan so heavily leans on the U.S. and India is driven to embrace Communist Russia today. A dictatorship is a structure without a foundation and can be maintained only by artificial external supports. Voluntary allegiance of the people to the Congress has gone on declining since the death of the Mahatma and is bound to decline in the future notwithstanding the impressive figures

it may secure at the elections. Germany under Hitler voted 99% fascist. Russia under Stalin voted 99% communist. The real supporters of the Congress today consist only of the official bureaucracy which fattens on the people and the party men who have established their own private empires over localities and over the industries. The common people are political orphans. This is the state of affairs not only in India today but in Spain and in other totalitarian countries.

But it may be objected that the people of India have the choice to vote for the Communists at the elections. It is true that such a choice does not exist in Russia and in other totalitarian countries. But, are the Communists an alternative party to the Congress? Apart from the fact that a Communist party government in India will only reproduce the Russian type of dictatorship, there is this further fact to be considered that the Communist party of India is today identifying itself not only with the foreign policy of the Nehru Government but also with the Nehru policy in internal affairs. Whatever differences of opinion on this point may be expressed by the delegates to the Communist Congress now assembled at Palghat, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Communist party as such has manoeuvred itself into a position where it cannot exist as an independent political entity if it opposes the so-called socialist measures adopted by the Nehru Government. Even as Pandit Nehru feels helpless in his foreign policies in regard to such vital matters as Kashmir and Goa and is banking heavily upon Soviet support, even so the Communist party has to lean heavily upon the influence they secure by supporting Nehru's internal policies. Therefore, the choice before the people of India to vote the Communists into power and thereby displace the Congress is not a democratic choice and the exercise of that choice will

not bring into being the life springs of democracy so essential for the enjoyment of political rights. It appears inevitable that India will be condemned to one party rule and the consequent dictatorship whether it be of the Congress or of the Communists and the people of India will be political orphans enjoying no democratic rights.

How long will this desperate situation be allowed to continue is a matter which must engage the thinking minds of India. Especially is it the duty of the intelligentsia to take up the matter in hand and devise ways and means for the establishment of democracy in this country. A necessary prelude to mass awakening is the regaining of the mental balance by the intelligentsia, who are the real leaders of the people in every civilised country. The Indian intelligentsia lost its self-confidence during the revivalist stampede of the Gandhian Congress which outlawed science and culture and induced in the people a fanatic turn back on civilisation which led to vain attempts to bring back to life dead industries, dead languages, dead customs and dead manners. This oppressive rule of the dead past and suppression of the living present has induced an inferiority complex in the Indian intelligentsia which has given up its ardour for research and learning. It is the uneducated party boss who occupies the seat of power. The Congress High Command wants only "yes men" in the legislatures. Men with culture, men with critical minds are at a discount. It no longer pays to be educated. It is against such gloom and despair that our youth must struggle. Our educated youngmen must regain their equipoise to enable them to assume their rightful leadership of the masses on the road to civilisation, progress and democracy. The intelligentsia must regain its lost liberty to think and to express its ideas. It must regain its *Swatantra*.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Academician Trofim D. Lysenko has been dismissed. This is stunning news from Moscow. This news is as important for the securing of international peace and the promotion of good-will between nations as the news of the debunking of the Stalin myth that reached the outside world from Moscow a few weeks earlier. Indeed, the one may be said to be a result of the other. Lysenko wielded Stalin-like autocratic powers inside the limited sphere of biological research as Stalin wielded in the wider field of politics. That same dogmatic assumption of omniscience and omnipotence which characterised Stalin's rule over the economic and political destiny of the people of Russia was reflected in the biological laboratories and research stations which were under the charge of Lysenko.

Lysenko propounded a theory of heredity applicable to animals as well as to plant life which had far reaching results in agriculture and in sociology. His theory simply stated is that acquired characteristics are heritable. This theory is in direct contradiction of the verdict of biological scientists in the rest of the world who affirm that such characteristics cannot be inherited. Academic and innocuous as this conflict in scientific theory may appear, nevertheless it is at the root of many oppressions and injustices perpetrated in human history. For instance, if Lysenko is right caste system in India is justified.

In the field of agriculture, Lysenko promised revolutionary and cataclysmic results if his theory were put into practice. By adapting the wheat plant to variations in temperature by a method called vernalisation,

Lysenko held out the hope that the entire surface of arctic Russia which was to-day an ice bound waste could produce a rich wheat harvest which could feed the entire world. Such a fantastic promise carried Stalin off his feet and he blessed the Lysenko theory as the special product of dialectic materialism of the Stalin brand and invested Lysenko with dictatorial powers.

Lysenko exercised his dictatorship in the true Stalin fashion and liquidated, that is to say, he physically annihilated his great rival Academician Nikolai I Vavilov, who was then the head of the department of Biology and who had the temerity to express his open adherence to the theory held by the scientists of the capitalistic world that acquired characteristics were not heritable. Vavilov was not only dismissed from his post but he was subjected to physical torture and forced to work in a slave labour camp where he died. Similar was the fate of all biological scientists who had risen to great eminence and held positions of honour in the international scientific world. They were all dismissed, physically harassed and finally liquidated.

The noteworthy feature about the controversy was that Lysenko succeeded as against his great rival Vavilov because his theory had the approval of Stalin who, in the name of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, declared that the Lysenko theory was in full accord with dialectic materialism. It was a most glaring exercise of political power in the scientific realm. In the words of Bertrand Russell, this influx of politics into science sounded

the death-knell of science in Russia. The fact that science, and technology based on science did not, as a matter of fact, die out in Russia, but made great progress, especially in the region of aeronautics and atomic warfare, shows that Stalin did not command the time and the resources to influence these other branches of science.

With the death of Stalin this political perversion of scientific research in Russia has ended. Lysenko has been dismissed and the successors of his great rival Vavilov have been restored to their rightful places in the Russian biological laboratories and research stations. If this change has not happened as the result of the death of Stalin and the debunking of the Stalin myth, who knows that Lysenko would not have succeeded in perverting science to such an extent as to justify the caste system and to establish among the Russian population a gradation of castes a la Manu Smriti.

Foreign travellers in Russia used to bring news of Lysenko's failures in the giant experiments to grow winter wheat in Siberia. But, such failures in the field of science and technology are never acknowledged by political fanatics who seek to guide the growth of science. The millions of roubles wasted by Lysenko in his pseudo-scientific ventures were justified and condoned by the Communists on the ground that it was all in accordance with the political orthodoxy of dialectic materialism. When political prejudice distorts the vision, the scientist is unable to obey facts and subscribes to theories which are perversions.

There is a Lysenko movement afoot in India which is perverting science

and wasting crores of public money. It is known as the Ambar Charka and is sustained by a political orthodoxy called Sarvodaya. Whether called Sarvodaya or dialectic materialism it is political prejudice which invades the scientific sphere and distorts facts. Such exercise of political prejudice science has had to contend against in all ages. It is the greatest impediment to progress and civilisation. Russia has narrowly escaped from the menace by a major operation on the people's mind debunking the Stalin myth. Such a major operation is yet to be undergone by the people of India before the Ambar Charka and its connected myths could be debunked.

SETHU

(Continued from page 47)

will be adversely affected. So the situation can be easily envisaged, deprivation of produce to the owner by effecting a ratio of 60:40, loss of benefit without diminution of responsibility to pay kist, freedom of Government to rely on uncertain income in place of a sure source so far, progressive pauperization of the proprietorship class materially, mentally and morally, and progressive pauperization of the Government as well. It is a matter of common knowledge that a good per cent of the intelligentsia in Government service as well as outside it, in the States or in the Central Government, has been largely drawn from the petty landholding class in the district of Tanjore. While the position with regard to agricultural production is bound to deteriorate, the moral, material and mental welfare of the Madras State is sure to be undermined. And the Ministry will have this inglorious record to its credit. It will be writ large in the pages of history that the Congress party in its rage for reform did not pass beneficial reforms and the rent legislation of 1956 was certainly a suicidal measure.

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OUR FOREIGN POLICY

THE recurrent debates on 'Foreign Affairs' which Pandit Nehru initiates in the Lok Sabha whenever he feels bored are getting more and more flat, stale and unprofitable. Like the Bourbons of old, he seems incapable of remembering anything or forgetting anything. To hear him one would think that he alone continues to wear the button-hole of blameless purity in a world largely in the grip of crooks and cranks; that while it was not for him to butt in where he was not wanted, his services were always at the disposal of those who were unable to compose their differences except with the help of third parties. His lynx eye spots out potential danger-spots from Mongolia to Morocco, but he can neither see nor estimate at their proper value developments that are taking place inside the country and almost under his very nose. The anomalies and inconsistencies of his domestic policy are legion. But the most disquieting of them centre round Indo-Pakistan relations which are ripening to explosive possibilities.

Pandit Nehru has been compared by friends and admirers no less than critics to all the colossi in fact and fiction. But in our view he bears a striking family resemblance to Ramsay MacDonald—another great idealist of modern times gone to seed. One of the minor achievements of Churchill's mordant eloquence was his classic description of that 'boneless wonder' in the course of a debate in parliament. Commenting on MacDonald's fondness for woolly thinking and vague utterance, he said: 'I shall say very little of the Prime Minister's oratorical style. We are familiar with it here. We know that he has, more than any other man, the gift of compressing the largest number of words into the smallest amount of thought. We have heard him on so many topics providing us

apparently with an inexhaustible flow of vague, well-sounding exhortation the precise purport of which is largely wrapped in mystery and which, so far as it can be discerned, can be understood differently in different quarters according to taste.' How remarkable that this passage should hit off our Prime Minister almost to a T!

Top-ranking diplomats of the big-powers have done us the honour of visiting us and exchanging views with our leader on current international issues. We know that Seato has been in action for some time notwithstanding our declared opposition to it. The explanations and assurances given by Messrs. Dulles and Selwyn Lloyd about the innocuous nature of that alliance make it clear that our protests have had no effect in modifying its terms or scope. Indeed Mr. Dulles has gone off at a tangent to praise us for being uncompromisingly anti-communist, and embarrassing us with the dubious compliment of having imprisoned the largest number of communists of any Asian country. It is incredible that he should be so ill-informed as to the torrential spate of expropriatory legislation which the Centre and the States are initiating in competitive emulation. If he was so sure that we are solidly anti-communist why all this sedulous bolstering up of Seato and allied pacts? It can't be to save us or our neighbours in spite of ourselves!

Not only have we done nothing to generate counter-sanctions to the challenge of Seato, but what is more disquieting we are treated to unmistakable proofs that Seato has gone to the heads of our Pakistani brethren; for there has been an alarming increase of 'border incidents.' Referring to them, Pandit Nehru oscillated uneasily between

blatant inconsistency and childish complacency. In one breath he said that they were not certainly inspired, but perhaps the exuberant expression of trigger-happy hot-heads. In the next breath he acknowledged the possibility of American arms aid having created a new psychology in the minds of Pakistan's policy-makers based on the doctrine of 'negotiating from strength.' Close on the heels of such a serious announcement, he appeals to the country to be prepared for all eventualities. Does it mean that we have entered an arms race with Pakistan? If so what becomes of Panch Shila?

Next to the gravity of the border incidents, a running sore in Indo-Pak relations has been the mounting tempo of Hindu migrations from East Bengal. It is amazing that Pandit Nehru should have made no reference to them at all. In fact he has been adopting a policy of hush-hush in regard to this chronic contribution to our economic and political instability. From a monthly average of 20,000 till recently the figures are said to have shot up to more than 50,000 for the current month. It cannot be pretended that this too is a casual, isolated or insignificant phenomenon. Very much the reverse, we fear. Quite patently, the Pakistan government or its agents in East Bengal have been deliberately and insidiously exploiting the hostage principle in its treatment of its Hindu minority. It has been emboldened in this course by the certainty of its conviction that Pandit Nehru would not take any vigorous measures to call the bluff. For what is Pandit Nehru's answer to this steady and sinister turn of the screw? The more that he promises asylum to the dispossessed the more is the stream itself swelled to the proportions of a flood. Can he exorcise this ugly development by merely shutting his eyes to the reality? It is singularly inept to refer in the present context to the spirit of the people and to the ultimate strength residing in them.

It is, we fear, both unpopular and thankless to draw attention to Pandit Nehru's innate and acquired flaws of temperament and character which unfit him to ride the whirl-wind or direct a storm. His build-up into a super-man by the deleterious arts of mass propaganda in which foreign guile and indigenous immaturity have played equal parts has dealt a shrewd blow at the integrity of the national moral which is unperceived in the current glorification of the Prime Minister as the quintessence of scholar, statesman, scientist, economist, philosopher and historian. 'Leave it to Psmyth!' we say,—in a chorus of multi-million voices through which we have shoved our responsibility on one man clearly unequal to a task of infinite delicacy and complexity. His failure to rise to the occasion has naturally been unique!

Arising from the Kashmir issue and indeed exploiting it fully, Western diplomacy has succeeded in isolating us ideologically and immobilising us practically. What has been Britain's role as between us and Pakistan? Is it honest broker or agent provocateur? Instead of offering military aid to Pakistan directly—for that would have roused all our apprehensions—she has got her major partner, America, to do so. She has thus established an alias which has completely convinced all those who were already converted. Britain continues to be our sole means of equipping ourselves with a modernised army, navy and air-force. What the value of this equipment would be—financially and qualitatively—God alone knows—and of course the supplying agents. Even if the 'Jeep affair' were an isolated instance, it gives us ample room for anxiety as to the quality of the supplies we are getting exclusively from Britain. The spectacular collapse of the Egyptian army in its war against tiny Israel was mainly due to the damp squibs with which it was equipped by those who organised and

shaped it. Further the dispositions and blue-prints of our defence system are in the hollow of the hands of a handful of British technical experts still in key-positions in our army. There is a permanent liaison between the British high command and our own defence services. Witness the inspired sycophancy of our reception of the Earl of Mountbatten! For the ancient warning still remains true: timeo Danae dono ferentes. We have good cause to suspect the gifts of Britain. This may seem an alarmist view, the irresponsible vapourings of an anti-British megalomaniac without status and without credentials. Let our leaders look to it that we do not suffer through misplaced complacency.

The basic weakness of our position is our continued association with the British Commonwealth alias empire. To obtain our unrestricted freedom of action an initiative, we must first walk out of that Commonwealth without notice and without ceremony. Pandit Nehru will never do it. It would put an end to a constitutional freak to begin with—the uneasy and unreal yoke-fellowship of an imperium and a republic. An automatic consequence of it would be the emancipation of the rupee from the thralldom of the sterling. We must next proceed to buy all our requirements in the cheapest and sell our surplus in the best market available. Only thus can we get full value for our commodities in exchange with the goods of the world. Since independence, there has been a mass invasion of India by consortiums of British industry and enterprise; not all of them could have been inspired by undiluted benevolence and disinterested philanthropy! Here is the old drain which Dadhabhoy deplored more than a century ago—more substantial and pervasive than ever. The emergence of the manufacturing and

industrial potential of Japan to which Dulles made a friendly reference and of Germany which is already dreaded in England offers us an open and illimitable field from which to secure our requirements without being cribbed, cabined and confined to the orbit of the Commonwealth. Unless we take advantage of these opportunities, we can never hope to break the monopolistic hold which Anglo-American diplomacy has managed to secure over vital sectors of our national life.

Is Pandit Nehru equal to the dynamism of such a radically altered national policy? Because of his obstinacy over Kashmir, he has been forced to appease the intransigent Muslim elements wherever it has impinged fanatically and fascistically on the Hindu minority. That is why he has been soft-peddalling the problem of the exodus of Hindus from East Bengal. That is why he caught hold of the proposed merger of Bengal and Bihar as offering a capacious asylum for the victims fleeing from the wrath in the East; it was like the gesture of a drowning man catching at a straw! We have had neither a foreign policy nor a domestic policy all these years. What has passed for it has been a thing of shreds and patches, the pitiful zig-zagging of a self-centred egoist with an imperfect understanding of national traits and an abysmal ignorance of the secret springs of national character. But even now at this late hour, if he can adapt himself to the urgent needs of the country, and is prepared to embark on new and hopeful lines of action, he would achieve a miracle in which we would be the first to rejoice for the sake of the country.

For what has actually been our foreign policy? It has consisted in fagging for Britain, nagging America, now and then and always bragging about our own moral superiority. An

indelible blot on our scutcheon has been our connivance at the British government's recruitment of hired assassins from Nepal to kill the so-called terrorists in Malaya. Pilate did not wash his hands more publicly and unctuously of all responsibility for the shedding of Christ's blood than our leader has in regard to the employment of Gurkha mercenaries to safe-guard the interests of British investors in Malayan rubber and tin. We kow-tow to the Arab world and get more and more distant from our nearest neighbour. Why in the name of commonsense not take a leaf out of Arab diplomacy which has liberated its currency from the tycoons of Threadneedle street and is doing a roaring trade with the countries of East Europe!

Thus our foreign policy has to be reoriented in the interests of our national security and survival. By

walking out of the empire, we do not necessarily antagonise or estrange Britain. We can still be friends but with an awareness of heightened mutual respect for each other. Only thus can the arrested revolution of 1947 be put through peacefully and honourably and to its logical conclusion.

Panch Shila is good; so are the Decalogue, the Sermon on the Mount and the distichs of the Kural. But in addition to them we must also keep our powder dry; for that we need a national policy, not the impulsive improvisations of one who is not quite sure to which camp he belongs. Let us repeat again: Indo-Pak relations are the acid test of our statesmanship; and they cannot be straightened out either through procrastination or appeasement.

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AGRICULTURE IN THE SECOND PLAN

By M. S. PARTHASARATHY

THE draft outline of the second Five-Year Plan allots Rs. 365 crores for agriculture in comparison with Rs. 282 crores in the first Plan (of which Rs. 39 crores was for local development works). But the total outlay has increased from Rs. 2356 crores to Rs. 4800 crores, indicating that the emphasis has shifted away from agriculture. In part this has been facilitated by the progress made in the last five years in imparting stability to the agricultural economy. Agricultural targets, in particular in regard to food, have been realised beyond expectations, and from being an importer of nearly 5 million tons in foodgrains in 1950, the country now requires no imports for current consumption.

Agricultural development in the second Plan will, therefore, not be confined to increasing food production, a problem which dominated the first Plan. Progress will be many-faceted and will, in particular, depend on three bases—community development, for which a separate allotment of Rs. 200 crores has been made, the development of co-operation and, most important of all, land reform. Thus the programme for agriculture will be more broad-based and envisages a radical change in the relationships in and organisation of the rural economy.

Even of the total amount set aside for agriculture, a far-reaching change in the pattern of the distribution of amounts for the various sub-sectors is visualised. In contrast to the 80 per cent allotted in the first Plan for exclusively agricultural schemes out of the total for the sector, the second Plan proposes only

Rs. 164 crores for such schemes reserving Rs. 186 crores for other purposes—for example, animal husbandry and dairying (Rs. 61 crores), forests and soil conservation (Rs. 48 crores), co-operation (Rs. 47 crores), fisheries (Rs. 11 crores), horticulture (Rs. 9 crores). This is indicative of the objective of providing a more balanced diet to the people. Even in regard to purely agricultural schemes, greater importance is attached to increasing the outputs of commercial crops like cotton, jute, sugarcane and oilseeds, which are expected to go up 31.0, 25.0, 27.6 and 27.3 per cent respectively while food-grain production is to go up by only 15.4 per cent.

This change is a significant one. The first Plan saw a rise in food production, but the benefits to farmers have not been uniform. The over-emphasis on food production gave rise to the problem of ensuring a minimum return to farmers when prices began to slump. Price support has been successful as a temporary expedient in holding prices, but the farmers themselves are to be helped in meeting such crises in future by the development of co-operation—in credit, storage and marketing. The diversification of agricultural production and the development of the other sub-sectors in the rural economy will impart the much-needed stability and resilience to the agricultural economy. The all-round development contemplated will enable the farmer to carry on his operations with greater confidence that his effort and investment will not be altogether wasted.

But the most important change contemplated concerns to relationship between the land-owner and the tenant. Not only is the landlord's share of the crop to be restricted to a fifth, but the amount of land he can own is also to be limited, to three family holdings, a family holding being defined as the holding which brings in an annual gross income of Rs. 1600 or a net income of Rs. 1200. It is obvious that not only ownership but even the area under a single management is to be restricted to this size, with certain exceptions as in the case of plantations. In the short run this may be justified as a measure designed to absorb as much of the unemployed rural population as possible in agricultural pursuits and to provide more work for the under-employed. But the long-term interests will be served only if there is no legal barrier to the formation of more economical units of management. The proposal to enable tenants to acquire rights of ownership in the lands they culti-

vate can also be theoretically advanced as calculated to strength incentives by giving the tiller an interest in the land he cultivates. But this may remove the only source of finance for our farmers, should the development of cooperation fail to maintain the pace expected. Not only this. In many cases, landowners who lease their land to tenants have no other means of livelihood and, in the absence of any proposal to resettle them in suitable occupations, the plan to settle landless labourers on lands that may be acquired from them seems ironical. The enforcement of the ceiling, along with the proposal for enhancing the tenant's share of the output, will leave the landlord with a poor income indeed.

This is not to deny that some reforms in land tenures are urgently needed. But the sort of reforms in land tenures are urgently needed. But the sort of reforms undertaken should not, while helping the solution of one problem, create another in its place. There should be a note of caution in what is undertaken, since the precise effects of these changes on agricultural production are difficult to evaluate. Even without them the targets of the First Plan have been exceeded. It is likely that, with the greater development in the rural areas contemplated, classes which may lose their lands will find other employment. But humane and human considerations alone should make it obvious that no proposal which neglects them can be recommended; and where it is also likely to effect the present rural credit structure, and consequently agricultural operations, until a system to take its place has been devised, it is patent that it is unadvisable. The aim should be to "hasten slowly" with land reform over a period of ten or fifteen years without giving rise to hopes of overnight changes, non-realisation of which may throw up acute problems affecting agricultural operations and production.

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NOT THAT IT MATTERS... By Santha Rungachary

SOCIALISING THE SADHUS

MINISTER Gulzarilal Nanda has discovered a new source of potential labour to help in the carrying out of the community projects and development plans of the Government. Evidently the message of *Kurukshetra* has not been able to penetrate deep into ruralia. Mr. Nanda now feels he can achieve the double miracle of turning a social liability into a political asset and rousing the people to fresh and further effort to help themselves by mobilising the 10-lakh strong sadhus and sannyasis into a liaison corps operating as the Voice of Government. The recent Bharat Sadhu Samaj Convention at Rishikesh saw the birth of this new conception. But Mr. Nanda is over-ambitious. He not only desires material benefit out of the services of the sannyasis but he hopes to make them the nucleus of a crusading force which is expected to bring about a spiritual renaissance in the country. "These ascetics," he said with great feeling at the Vedanta Sammelan in Bombay, "can teach us what millions of words of printed matter cannot do." Too true. Some of the Sadhus have certainly already taught us a lesson. The gist of it all is that sadhus and sannyasis whom Mr. Nehru brackets with the "idle rich" in that they "fattened on others and, what was worse, were proud of it," are to be put to work. This must come as welcome news to the ordinary citizen whom the exploits of professional exploiters of public guilelessness and credulity in matters connected with religion, have left bitter.

There is a droll irony in the idea of turning the sadhus into a secular army. The sadhu or sannyasi, according to the Hindu tradition, is the

man who has graduated to the last stage of spiritual evolution, beginning with the *brahmacharya* through *grihastha* to the penultimate stage of *vanaprastha*. He has lived the first two *asramas* in the strictest discipline performing meticulously the domestic rites and ceremonies enjoined on him by the *sutras* and spent the third phase in quiet contemplation among surroundings free from the stress and strife of life. His life has been given coherence and direction by a synthesis of restraints which while giving the fullest scope for the pursuit of emotional, intellectual and physical pleasure, always kept him in the path of *dharma*. At the last stage the ego and with it all that is implied by the possession of it, is cast away. The sannyasi is above distinctions of caste. He belongs to all; he belongs to none except himself. He possesses nothing; he possesses the world and his own soul. He is the man without a home, he is the voluntarily dispossessed; the universe is his home. He has no appetites, he has no attachments, he recognises no man-made or State-made law. He performs no *samskaras*, he practices the rites of no religion. He is a *parivrajika*, a wandering teacher who lives outside society, above government, unaffected by any human condition. He is the humblest, he is the nearest to zero. He is king among men, being a king over himself, *svayam eva raja*. In the words of Kalidasa in *Malavikagnimitra*, he represents the ideal which can be described as "owning the world while disowning himself." He is under no pressure, either external or internal. All is *santhi*, tranquillity. But it is not the tranquillity akin to death. He is full

of the Life Force as Shaw called it or the Elan Vitale as Bergson called it or, as Shakespeare put it simply, the divinity that shapes our ends." Or again, as Sir S. Radhakrishnan says, "his element is fire and his mark is movement." Ramakrishna Paramahansa describes him as the man who has renounced "woman and gold" Woman being embodiment of Primal Power and the reason for all dissolution. He carries only his staff, water pot and begging bowl. The *Dhammapada* calls him a *bhikshu* and defines him as he "who controls his mind, he who controls his feet, he who controls his speech, he who is well controlled, he who delights inwardly, who is collected, who is solitary and content" and who also "never identifies himself with name and form and does not grieve over what is no more."

It seems a pity to turn over a creature so evolved and so near fulfilment to the cause of rural development. But the Gita itself sanctions it, as long as the sannyasi *anasritaha karmaphalam karyam karma karothe*. Under work which is duty to oneself should be included, in the case of a modern democracy, duty to government. As is said earlier in the same Gospel the *karma-yogin* can perform actions with body, with mind, with intellect, even with the senses as long as he abandons attachment and works for self-purification.

Hinduism has offered such a variety

of fare to suit such a variety of tastes that it should not be difficult for it to accommodate the sannyasi preaching self-help to a people on a material plane. But it seems a pity that a country which has always had a strong religious predilection and which has always held up for worship, not its statesmen, its kings, its poets or its artists, but its Buddhas should now find it desirable to divert the comparatively few who have any strong religious faith left into channels of material progress and development. All over the world there is the beginning of a desperate turning away from materialism and a blind groping towards some form or symbol of stability and permanence.

But one can't help suspecting that what Minister Nanda implied by sannyasi was not the developed man but the wandering mendicant who, harmless and ineffectual, lives on charity. He is a cut above a beggar, he has an attitude of quiet resignation to the world's ills, he sings Ramdas *kirtans* and is free from acquisitory passions. But he is not a sannyasi. He is the homeless flotsam which life throws up from time to time.

Whether it was the one or the other, this is the kind of thing which the Hindu Mahasabha would lap up with great gusto. In their hands it will acquire a political complexion and we might soon have—God forbid!—another minority problem on our hands.

LAND REFORM

DANGERS OF DEMAGOGIC RADICALISM

By V. RAMAMURTI

Former Convenor, T. N. C. C. Land Reforms Committee.

HUMAN beings count for a great deal, I suppose, in a liberal democracy. The sacredness of human personality is, therefore, the first concern of a liberal humanist in a country which is noted for its traditional reverence even for dumb animals and inanimate objects. So, it is not surprising that Prof. M. L. Dantwala, one of the chief architects of the Planning Commission's land policy, whom I have had the privilege of knowing, thinks that "land policies should enable each member of the society to retain his individuality and dignity and should not treat him as a mere means to an end" and that "they should create conditions in which it will not be possible for one man or a group of men—economic, social or political—to exploit the other." He is emphatic that "these two objectives are fundamental to our value system and with them there can be no compromise."

Vicious Social Climate

Prof. Dantwala is a high-souled radical whose idealism is shared by many other honest agrarian reformers throughout the country. In a mature democracy their radical idealism may be expected to inspire the liberal leadership to launch land reform measures of a genuinely humane, beneficent and progressive character although even they may have their own unforeseen reactionary consequences. But India is not a mature democracy yet, and the enduring value of democratic compromise and adjustment of conflicting opinions is yet to be appreciated by our political leaders in general

and the Congress leaders in particular. It is deplorable but true that the dominant political combination which has been heading, knowingly or unknowingly, to a monopoly of power is increasingly resorting to an authoritarian disposal of social and economic conflicts—a kind of disposal which is either unduly favourable or unduly unfavourable to the more well-to-do sections of society. A monopoly of power does not carry with it a monopoly of patriotism and benevolence, or of knowledge and wisdom; but this truism is not likely to go home to those technicians in power—power for its own sake or as a means to a variety of ends. The men who are expected to uphold Prof. Dantwala's grand value system are thus wielders of political and administrative power of a somewhat ruthless sort, and they are down-to-earth realists with an unerring instinct for using noble ideals for purely political purposes which are mostly not coincident with the humane purposes of genuine agrarian reformers. If it is generally true that idealists in India can have no illusions about where their grand value system stands in the politicians' grand power scheme, it is more particularly true of the basic agrarian sector which holds a little more than two-thirds of the entire population. For, in the peculiarly vicious social climate that prevails especially in this part of the country any reform measure which is ostensibly devised to satisfy a felt human need inevitably takes on a distorted course, and appearing to solve the land problem (which, to some in authority, looks well-nigh

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insoluble) is today considered even more necessary than actually solving it or promising to solve it.

Competitive Demagogy

Even the more cautious ones among the Congress leaders have probably no choice in the matter, for the unfortunate fact remains that Communists concede neither the time in which dispassionate consideration of conflicting issues is possible nor that sense of stability which makes for balanced and generally acceptable solutions with the result that the Congress is led to hurry through reforms after hurried studies (and, sometimes, even without studies), forgetting that even hurried reforms at one stage require hurried stock-taking of the ones in the preceding stage. The resulting situation of competitive demagogy (or competitive deceit?) explains the all-too-unusual readiness of the powers-that-be to put through legislative or administrative measures in such quick succession that practically nobody could see through their intended or unintended reactionary purpose—a purpose which, at any rate, cannot evoke any admiration from a social pragmatist like me or from any humanist for the matter of that. That there could be a brand of radicalism which is as reactionary as it is demagogic, need surprise nobody. Perhaps the men in power are not themselves to blame for this state of affairs. Perhaps they do not have in them the requisite Gandhian moral force to plead for moderation and still be able to win the hearts of disaffected sections in the agrarian sector. Perhaps they have necessarily to play for safety in a certain situation of incipient social reaction—a situation which they are powerless to nip in the bud. Or, perhaps they have come to acquiesce in it as the only promising way of consolidating their own power, for “the appetite for power,” as Aldous Huxley says, “grows with every successive satisfaction of that most alluring and pernicious

of all the lusts.” Whatever may be the truth about men in power, I am here concerned only with the fact of social reaction—a fact which cannot be concealed any more than a whole pumpkin can be concealed in a pot of rice. This social reaction, or what the 20th century world has come to know as Fascism, is right now only in an initial stage and is largely agrarian in origin, and I could clearly see some of its symptoms.

Inventing a Scapegoat

These symptoms particularly in Tamil Nad are: Inventing a scapegoat for social and economic ills on the typically Nazi model and sustaining it in a dozen insidious ways including so-called reforms; demagogic exploitation by the dominant power group of egalitarian slogans and ideals for its own power purposes without itself believing in those ideals; an almost hysterical anxiety to remain in power for ever on the part of leaders who are even more keenly alive to their political insecurity than other sections are to their economic insecurity; a growing tendency, on the part of the men in power (who, while ostensibly welcoming constructive criticism, still want only constructive praise) to resent even fair and reasoned democratic criticism; a certain impatience, on the part of the ruling party, with parliamentary elections which are becoming increasingly expensive for its members on account of adult franchise and unwieldy constituencies; the virtual disappearance of traditional moral and religious standards without any worthier standard taking their place; a kind of crass materialism bordering on hedonism and superimposed on the narrowest possible selfishness on the part of some rich and powerful sections; the cynical indifference of some privileged sections to human misery and suffering which is largely economic in origin and an equally cynical contempt on their part for the poor and the lowly; a general absence of no-

tions of enlightened self-interest and economy of high wages from the minds of bigger propertied classes; a virtual retreat from the Tamil traditions of charity and humanitarianism; a rapidly vanishing faith in human ability to solve human problems in a humane way; an exaggerated sense of fear and insecurity gripping the minds of some richer sections and providing free scope for blackmail by interested politicians whose proverbial dilemma is how to get the rich man's money and the not-so-rich man's vote; the intellectual bankruptcy of experts and permanent officials who are unable to devise reform measures that do not create new tensions in the place of the old ones and that do not necessitate further official interference in moral human relations; soul-consuming jealousy and frustrations of all sorts distorting the perspective of an immature and rootless intelligentsia which, even otherwise, is slowly surrendering its freedom of fearless thinking; the exaggerated fears and hopes of a middle class which is grumbling at the rich and trembling at the poor and always groping for security for itself; the jealousies, hatreds and sadistic impulses of successive sets of adolescent youth, sections of students in schools and colleges and unemployed men who have not yet settled in life constituting “that fringe of the human species that tended by nature to turn against its human environment and to seek fulfilment of its own ego in the defiance of all that others believed and cherished”; the continuing vitality of feudal notions of landlordism in the vital agrarian sector on which half the agricultural population of about 20 million in Tamil Nad has to depend for its bare survival while a substantial part of the other half too is in no very great comfort; the vindictive sullenness of non-landowning agriculturists who are nearly as numerous as landowning agriculturists in Tamil Nad and most of whom do not

have security even at the level of poverty; and above all, the general atmosphere of insecurity which provides ample scope for all sorts of parasitic agitators and demagogues to mislead and exploit the unsophisticated and peace-loving rural rich and poor alike and which is imperceptibly inducing a mass inclination to barter away freedom for security.

Congress, a Pattern of Social Reaction

These major symptoms, to which a few minor ones could be added, are unmistakable and they constitute, in the context of existence of the powerful Congress Party which is no less determined than the Communist Party to have a long lease of monopolistic power, a pattern more of social reaction than of social revolution. Poverty does not necessarily or always produce a Communist revolution. This is particularly true of Tamil Nad notwithstanding the fact that there is going on a progressive impoverishment of a traditionally large rural proletariat whose ranks have been augmented in recent years by about a million people belonging to the families of uprooted customary tenant-cultivators. The Communists who, with all their vaunted ability to analyse social conditions and trends objectively, have proved themselves utterly incapable of sizing them up on a single occasion in India, might mistake the symptoms for so many revolutionary ones, forgetting that it is in the very nature of social reaction to appear in deceptive revolutionary or radical colours in the twilight before its firm entrenchment. If they believe that hasty and ill-conceived reforms, which they so joyously welcome, will have their own disintegrating effects with a revolutionary impact on the anaemic agrarian order, they are only living in a fools' paradise and they will be the first ones to pay the penalty for such folly while at the same time they will have, wittingly or unwittingly helped reaction along. For, the agrarian revolution that started in spite

of them has already spent itself out without producing any significant change either in men's minds or in objective conditions, and agrarian reaction is unmistakably setting in, which gets reflected in every statutory measure of land reform clothed in the garb of spurious radicalism. Sweet reasonableness alone on the part of rural proletarians whom the Communists are largely leading today can now constitute a natural barrier to the possible onward march of social reaction. The Tamil Nad comrades won't listen to me of course, for they are living in a world

of illusions. Whether Communists are themselves reactionaries or not, I have no doubt in my mind that, by their activities, they are playing into the hands of reactionaries in this part of the country.

There is no risk involved in a frankly moderate progressive approach to agrarian problems; if anything, it is the safest course for landlords themselves who are likely to be in an even worse plight in a possible Servile State which might well become a probability if they and the Communists continue to be unreasonable.

NEHRU'S VISIT TO U. S. WHAT IT MEANS

WASHINGTON Reliable Washington sources report:

Two extraordinary aspirations are behind Premier Nehru's decision to come to the U. S. early this summer.

The Indian leader accepted President Eisenhower's invitation expressly in the hope of being able to persuade him on the following major changes in Far Eastern policy:

The Chinese Nationalists to give up their strongly fortified coastal outposts on Quemoy and Matsu islands. The U. S. is against that.

Hold elections this year on the unification of South Vietnam and Red-ruled North Vietnam. South Vietnam is vigorously opposed to such a ballot for the present and the U. S. is supporting that stand.

This is what the President has been told by Secretary Dulles, who recently had two long conferences with Nehru totaling more than six hours. Dulles gave Ambassador Cooper credit for prevailing on Nehru to come to Washington in July. The former Kentucky Senator is highly esteemed throughout India.

Dulles reported he held out no hope to Nehru that the President can be won over on these far-reaching "missions."

But the Indian Premier was not discouraged by this frank advice. With equal candour he argued with Dulles that only by such action can the U. S. assure peace in Southeast Asia, and effectively counter Communist tactics and propaganda among its former colonial peoples.

The SEATO alliance and increased military aid to Pakistan were cited by Nehru as "particularly glaring provocations" that he proposes to discuss with the President.

As a militant neutralist, Nehru has persistently spurned SEATO, although accepting hundreds of millions of dollars in economic aid from the U. S. That is now averaging upward of \$50,000,000 a year. Pakistan is a member of SEATO, and gets both military and economic aid from the U. S.

Congressional leaders acted quick and sharp when informed by Secretary Dulles of Nehru's urging Nationalist withdrawal from Quemoy and Matsu islands.

"It is his contention," Dulles related to the legislative chiefs at the White House conference, "that the Nationalists' evacuation of these coastal strongholds will clear the way for solution of the whole For-

mosa problem. Nehru believes that could be dealt with far more easily."

Instantly Senate Republican Leader Knowland demanded, "What position did you take? What did you tell him?"

"That giving up Matsu and Quemoy islands is out of the question at this time," replied Dulles. "I made it clear the Nationalists are determined to retain these offshore positions, and that we support this policy. I further pointed out to Nehru that if the Chinese Communists will renounce the use of force in the Formosa area, a solution of this issue can be worked out. But they are refusing to do that, and until they do we are standing firm on our present policy."

House Democratic Leader McCormack, raised the point of continuing aid to India despite Nehru's pro-Red neutralism.

"Many members of Congress," said McCormack, "who have been hearty

supporters of the foreign aid programme are fast losing patience with Nehru and his lack of appreciation for what the U. S. is doing for his country."

"I have lost patience at times, myself," said Dulles. "But I don't feel that should cause us to deny India economic aid. That would be a grievous mistake."

Despite occasional Red artillery and other attacks on Quemoy and Matsu islands, Dulles stated that American military commanders doubt a full-scale attempt will be made to seize them.

Dulles also told the Congressional leaders that he ran into the same question in virtually every country he visited during his Far Eastern trip.

"Almost everywhere I went," he said, "I was asked if the U. S. intends to keep ahead of Russia in military arms and strength."

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IT WAS HARDER FOR GIRLS

By MARK LEWIS

Virtue which must be ever guarded is scarce worth sentinel.

—GOLDSMITH

FROM sunny Brisbane comes report of contemporary Comstockery, the banning of feminine sun-suits from certain sports-grounds. An incident perhaps insignificant, but in line with tendencies apparent in many lands today—Belgium, Spain and South Africa. As usual, the church influence is strong in such campaigns. It is ironical that the Church, securing the greater part of its congregation among women, makes its most vehement attacks upon women and what they wear. The attitude remains ascetic, in the tradition of Chrysostom who described woman as "a desirable calamity." Our younger people are frequently unaware of how recent are many of our present freedoms, how newly won and how threatened, unless we exert unceasing vigilance. Not a few Muscular Christians would have us back in Elizabethan days when the village beadles drove the peasantry willy-nilly into church each Sunday.

It seems that we shall always have with us those critics who wag heads and tongues over the Rising Generation, especially the female half of it. Sadly they relate how different things were in their day. A Sir Richard Livingstone will deplore the sex-ridden times, overlooking the frightful conditions of vice in the heyday of prudery, that 19th century well described by the Hammonds in their "The Bleak Age" (Pelican Books). In that period moralists were castigating the New Woman, bloomers and "A Bicycle Built for Two," positively shattering to Victorian complacency. Older readers, and not so old, will remember the Battle of the Beaches

which took place just prior to the war in this country, when ladies' backs and gentlemen's chests were officially held to be indecent. Even into the twenties certain American beaches insisted that ladies in bathing costume wear full-length stockings. Melbournians were forbidden "to sit, lie or loiter" in bathing costume on the beach, and park gates were closed at sundown. Argument raged when hussies revolted against the side-saddle for horse-riding. It was but yesterday that the godly fumed when brazen lassies took to discarding stockings.

Writing in his "Impressions and Comments," Havelock Ellis says: "I always recall as significant the first occasion on which I observed a young woman in a London street pausing a moment to adjust her stocking without embarrassment and without going a step out of her way. I had been brought up in the Victorian period when if a woman even of the poorest class, (though for that matter it is the women of low social class who are most prudish), wished to pull up her stocking, she retired into the darkest alley she could find with her face to the wall. The difference is typical of a revolutionary change in the whole attitude of women. The whole series of changes as far as women have been concerned were the outcome of a single movement; the movement for making them the companions of men."

Moralists usually fail to make an intelligent comparison between past and present being mainly concerned with prophesying that humanity is heading for "the demnition bow-wows." The fact is that the annals of the past reveal such facts as those told by Fynes Moryson, that in certain parts of 17th century Ireland

high-born ladies could go about in the nude. Pepys relates how certain eccentric folk did so in the streets of London. Of the 19th century, Ellis states that Woman was treated as "a cross between an angel and an idiot." In the "Woman's Question" we read another impression of the Good Old Days: "The brawling mass of mankind on the racecourse or the stock-exchange is degrading enough in all conscience. Yet this even is hardly so painful as the sight which meets our eyes between three and four in the afternoon in any fashionable London street. Hundreds of women, mere dolls, gazing intently into shop windows at various bits of colored ribbon . . . Perhaps nothing is more disheartening than this except the mob of women in these very same streets between twelve and one at night."

Bebel, in his book on Woman, complained that "the notion that women require strength, courage and resolution is regarded as very heterodox." He contrasts the position with ancient Sparta where the greatest attention was paid to physical development, boys and girls being trained together in exercises, games and wrestling. The poet, Walt Whitman, drew a picture of a woman who could "Swim, row, ride, wrestle, shoot, run, strike, retreat, defend herself." In contrast to this ideal, a prematurely modern one, Bebel told of the condition of many women in the days when "respectability" ruled. "Injudicious training, miserable social conditions (food, dwelling, occupation), produce weak, bloodless, nervous beings incapable of fulfilling the duties of matrimony. The consequences are menstrual troubles and disturbances in the organs connected with sexual functions, rendering maternity dangerous or impossible. Instead of a healthy, cheerful, companion, a capable mother, a helpmate equal to the calls made upon her activity, the husband has a nervous, excitable wife permanently under the doctor's

hands and too fragile to bear the slightest draught or noise." Edward Carpenter forecast that "the poor little pinched ideal of the 'lady' which has ruled society for so long will fade away into distance and obscurity." Of course there were healthy and happy families, as in any period, but the woman's lot, even in better-off homes, was unenviable. Dr. Norman Haire describes the position in his own childhood, in a home financially secure and with adequate domestic help—"But consider the plight of my mother. For eighteen years she was never without one baby she was either pregnant or suckling—often both at the same time. For eighteen years she was never without a baby under two years of age—nearly always there were two. For eighteen years she could scarcely have had a night's unbroken sleep." Our clerical casuists will attempt to impose this condition upon woman kind in the interest of the Heavenly Harvest!

For the woman who desired a career the barriers were formidable. Virginia Woolfe tells the story for those who are interested in "Room of One's Own." We have only to consider the opposition to women voting, entering parliament or professions. The prevailing opinion was that expressed by Mrs. Humphrey Ward: "The political ignorance of women is inescapable and is imposed by Nature." Opposition to emancipation was not confined to mere men, many women abused those of their own sex for striving for the liberty of all.

Today women are accepted as the comrades of men. Would any healthy-minded person care to return to those days when a leg was delicately termed a "limb" and girls suffered from "vapors," result of tight-lacing and starchy diet? (We note in U. S. A. today that certain entrepreneurs are endeavoring to make the feminine hips an object of conceal-

(Continued on page 35)

NAGARJUNAKONDA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

ANDHRAS have a past of which they can be proud. They had mighty kings, and powerful dynasties even if these were shortlived. From ports like Masulipatam they carried on an extensive sea-borne trade with Java and Sumatra, and they were (for that time) well-known navigators and ship-builders. Even if they did not travel so far as Asia Minor and Rome, Roman and Phoenician merchants and sailors called at the many ports on the Andhra coast. (In Arikamedu, close to Pondichery, Roman wine jars, crockery and similar articles have been excavated.)

* * *

The capital of the Ikshvakus was Vijayapuri, the site of which is now identified with Nagarjunakonda, a little over one hundred miles from Guntur.

The Krishna flows past Nagarjunakonda, as it flowed past Vijayapuri then. Except for the hot months the Krishna river must have been a deep swift running river, (as it is now) and the smaller sailing ships certainly cruised up the sixty miles from Masulipatam to reach Vijayapuri. Excavations at the water's edge at Nagarjunakonda reveal that a long jetty running parallel to the river had existed then. Assuming therefore that it was a bustling river port and that Scythians, Pheonicians, Romans rubbed shoulders with Chinese, Javanese, Singhalese, Bengalis, and Andhras, it must have had the features of an international mart. But unlike as at other ports where harlots and drinking bars were the first sights that greeted the strong-muscled, red-blooded sailors here at Vijayapuri they were confronted by

a temple*, its steps laved by the ripple of the wash of the waves, and in and out of which crowds went in orderly array. Mixing with these crowds and their many-hued dresses were serene monks dressed in plain yellow.

One of the excavations now going on at Nagarjunakonda have laid bare at this temple, the steps, on left and right of it, for exit and entrance. Even the lowly, utilitarian short flight of steps has artistically carved sides, carved out of the local marble. The steps are of just the right height to enable women and children to move without effort. Long Cuddapah slabs, some of them six feet long and two and half feet wide, cover the floor. Work on this excavation is still in progress and further speculation must wait.

Let it not be understood that our ancestors seventeen centuries ago, or their contemporaries from other lands were perfect, sinless people. They must have been as much addicted to the pleasure of the body as we are. But they were susceptible to nobler instincts than we of today. They lived at a time when healthier influences prevailed. So their spirits were not unwilling even though the flesh was strong.

No doubt as at any port there were courtesans and there was music and drinking at Vijayapuri. But the traditions established by Nagarjuna and his saintly brotherhood prevailed over the grosser tastes of Man.

* Dr. R. Subrahmanyam, Superintendent of Archaeology, Nagarjunakonda Excavation Project, believes this to have been a part of the palace itself, and not a temple.

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For that river-side temple was only one of the many that dotted the saucer-shaped valley around which are a series of hills. The highest hill, also called Sri Parvatha, gives the name to the place because it is believed that Nagarjuna spent the last years of his life in a rock-cut cell on this hill.

A short distance away from the river-side temple are the signs of a Hindu temple and stone Lingam. A pillar from the Buddhist temple lies horizontally and must have been used as a step over the threshold to the Shiva temple. We attribute vandalism wrongly to Mahmud of Ghazni and other Muslims. We have been as thorough vandals as any. In fact we, living in Independent India in the year 1956, are the worst vandals, as I shall prove at the end of this article.

It is conjectured that the versatile Nagarjuna—he was versed in many Shastras besides his erudition in Buddhism metaphysics—lived at the time of Satavahanas. It was a tradition among Buddhist monks for them to adopt the name of a revered Guru and maintain the reputation of a particular school. While, therefore, there might have been successor Nagarjuna, Nagarjuna, whose fame had spread far and wide over Asia and to whose University Monk-scholars and law-scholars from "Kashmira, Gandhara, Cheena, Chilata, Tcsali, Aparanta, Vanga, Varanasi, Yavana, Palura, Damila, Tambapanni" flocked was he who lived at Vijayapuri when the glory of the Ikshvakus was at its height. Reference to nuns like Bodhisiri suggest that there were establishments for them as well at Vijayapuri. As in the case of the Pala and Sena Kings of Madhyadesa whose wives were Buddhist so in the case of the Ikshvaku Hindu kings their queens were Buddhist or patronised the monasteries and temples at Vijayapuri.

When the Ikshvakus were superseded by the Pallavas, and these by

the Chalukyas the University of Nagarjunakonda together with the attached temples, chaityas and monasteries suffered an eclipse. But this was gradual and Nagarjunakonda evidently survived Amaravathi (twenty one miles from Guntur) as a centre of Buddhist learning and worship.

The wars of various Indian dynasties, the decline of these kingdoms, inter-racial bitterness among Indians—all these were responsible for the silence that fell over this vast valley from the third century of the Christian era till the beginning of this century. Nagarjunakonda and its valley became the home of primitive shepherd tribes like the Lambadies and Chinnis.

At the beginning of this century a school teacher of Macherla (which is thirteen miles from Nagarjunakonda) while on an excursion saw the projection of a statue. He scraped away the mud and discovered more of the sculpture. Dutifully Sri Surapuraju Venkataramayya (that is his name) reported his find to the Government of Madras. Shri Rangaswami Saraswathi of the Epigraphical department was sent to investigate. His report led the archeological department to take some interest and in the course of the last thirty years British and Indian archaeologists have laid bare enough to make us pause, wonder, and go fanatic almost over the immensity of the Nagarjunakonda seat of Buddhist culture.

Railing slabs from chaityas, sculpture, pottery, beads and coins and, even Buddha relics, have been collected and are now housed in the Museum. Several Mahastupas together with the usual adjuncts of living quarters for monks have been excavated. More are in the process of excavation.

The valley covers an area of 2750 acres and only a fraction of it has been marked and mapped out. The Archaeological department is the Cinderella of the Government, more

so now under *Swaraj* than it was under British rule. Until archaeology, painting, and sculpture, and the fine arts generally, are removed from the present baleful jurisdiction of the Education Ministry and constituted under a separate Ministry of Fine Arts, the public and the Government will continue to regard the market value of castor seeds and Guntur tobacco as more important than slabs of sculptured marble and statuary dating back to 200-300 B.C.

Recently when the Prime Minister was scheduled to visit a place near Nagarjunakonda for laying the foundation of a barrage across the River Krishna, two Andhras concerned about the fate of Nagarjunakonda had approached the Chief Minister of Andhra to get the Prime Minister to include a visit to Nagarjunakonda in his programme. The Chief Minister had asked them "Is the Prime Minister a Gongura to go and look at some pieces of Stone?" (Gongura is the humble leaf which Andhra peasants grind into a *Chambal* (chutney) to eat with the millet.

However the Prime Minister did visit Nagarjunakonda, and I do not know what thoughts ran through that sensitive mind of his when he saw the excavations and the exca-

vated sculpture and other objects and realised that in another four years this particular valley of Nagarjunakonda will be one vast sheet of water, 2500 acres in extent.

Why? Because we have T. V. on the brain. Thanks to Noble there is enough dynamite, and thanks to local marble and the cheapness of labour there will be enough cement. And there is the inoffensive River Krishna. Give us more rivers to dam say the cement tycoons and the contractors and the Water, Power and Irrigation Commission. And the Education Ministry, lukeworm as it is about archaeology bows in submission. And members of Parliament, except for two M.P.s, who were present at the debate had not evidently heard of Nagarjunakonda. But the Prime Minister came and saw it only the other day, after he had sealed the fate of Nagarjunakonda by "foundation-stoning" Nagarjunasagar. And we talk so much of culture. So much of "AKADAMIS".

If the British had mooted a project like this there would have been a howl. As it is there is only a whimper. And that is mine, because I am a Buddhist, and because I value a chipped bit of sculpture more than ten thousand Tennessee Valleys.

THE CASE FOR THE METRIC SYSTEM

By M. S. PARTHASARATHI

WHETHER the country should change over to the metric system or not has been discussed for well nigh a century now, and the passing of the Decimal Coinage Act by Parliament in August last year set at rest once for all one of the most hotly debated issues that came down to us from the pre-independence days. That there is need for reform in the system of weights and measures in use over India has been well known for long and attempts at reforms were made as early as the middle of the last century. Once the need for standardisation was accepted, the logic and simplicity of the metric system made it the obvious choice, as the basis of bringing about uniformity. As long ago as 1871, the then British Government in India agreed that the metric system was the one which should be introduced in India to replace the confusion and chaos that the various units in various parts of the country present. The need for some sort of system which will have the same meaning everywhere in India having been realised, the comparative merits of the various systems had to be considered. Some idea of the present bewildering state of affairs can be gained from the fact that the *seer* stands for various amounts ranging from 8 tolas to 160 tolas and the *maund* has one hundred different meanings and altogether there are 143 different systems in the country. The situation is not very different in regard to the measurement of volume.

One of the major obstacles to greater trade between the various regions of India which is bound to develop as the second and subsequent Five-

Year Plans get under way may well be this chaotic diversity in the measurement of volume and weight. This is not with regard to the big wholesale deals which may not be so much affected as trade in some of the less important commodities which may be exchanged on a bigger scale and inside ever-widening regions.

Obviously as trade transactions increase the number of sets of weights and measures in use will increase. Considering that national income will go up by 25 per cent in the next five years as indicated in the draft outline of the Plan, such trade transactions will also increase by at least 25 per cent, though very likely much more, and, at least as many new sets of weights and measures it can be roughly assumed, will be required. The cost of replacing the present sets of weights and measures in use with merchants and traders all over the country has not been calculated, but it can be safely taken to run into a few crores of rupees. Assuming that the rate of growth of national income in the third and subsequent Plans will not be far greater than 25 per cent, the cost of a change-over in weights and measures to traders and merchants will increase by about 25 per cent every five years or by 5 per cent every year. In fact the cost will increase at a faster rate, since the share of the non-monetised sector in the national economy is declining and the proportion of the national product coming to the market is going up. It is clear that now is the time for reform if there is to be reform at minimum cost.

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The adoption of the metric system will make calculation a simple affair as it is based on the decimal system. It is also the most international of all weights and measures systems as it has commended itself to the whole of Europe with the exception of Britain and Ireland, to the whole of America barring the U. S. and Canada, and to Japan, China and Africa. Even in Britain, Ireland and the U. S., the metric system is legally optional though not in common use. It is true that in the initial stage, there will be difficulties arising from lack of understanding and misunderstanding. But the Government has proposed to bring about the change over a 15-year period, though only two years are to be allowed for decimal coinage to become sole legal tender. But coins and currency can be easily replaced as and when they come to a Government treasury, post office or railway booking office, whereas the change in weights and measures will not be so easy to effect. Only constant use over a few years will familiarise the people with the new system, and since some reform is needed, it is unlikely that any change will appear as minor, and consequently a radical reform will in no way appear less strange than a less far-reaching one.

It has been claimed by protagonists of the foot-pound system that India's foreign trade will be adversely affected by the adoption of the metric system since countries like Britain and the U. S. which are on the foot-pound system account for a large part of our foreign trade. But this is a meaningless argument since there seems to be no difficulty in trade between England and France.

It is unlikely that our domestic system of weights and measures can have any significant adverse effect on our international trade since our

foreign transactions are on the basis of any system which is found to be convenient.

Within the country itself, the Postal, Railway and Defence departments may be affected by the change-over. The first two will have to revise their rates on the new basis and it is indeed convenient that decimal coinage will also be coming into force to facilitate the revision of rates on the basis of grams and kilograms. But the revision of railway and postal rates can be undertaken in one step, the new decimal coinage rates being based on weights and distances according to the metric system. This will not only minimise the labour involved in the change-over but also help to familiarise the new system to the people at points where they come into contact with official quarters. Industry may also have to lay out something on making the change particularly in ordering new machinery to replace old machinery before they become obsolete. The cost of this change may be less than the cost of obtaining spare parts, etc., on the old system and of ultimately making the change at about the same expense for new machinery but some years later. The Railways and Postal department may have to spend one crore of rupees each on replacing the weights and balances in use in their offices all over the country, but no estimate is available of the probable cost to industry and trade. It may amount to a few crores of rupees. But the expense now will be much less than at a later date and the reform will simplify the system. The example of Britain, which is unable to contemplate any reform on account of the outlay involved, should serve as a warning to us and to other countries to adopt the metric system while the country is still on the threshold of industrialisation.

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THE LURE OF COSMETICS

By S. VIJAYALAKSHMI

FROM the dawn of history woman has used every artifice to appear perpetually youthful. The latest addition to her repertoire is 'Plasma Paint' announced from Japan. This new Cosmetic has human blood as its chief ingredient and is said to take 'years off middle-aged women'.

The history of Cosmetics is as old as the history of mankind. From earliest antiquity woman has adorned her face and body by the use of coloured earths and perfumed ointments. The primitive woman who paints her cheeks with stripes is prompted by the same desire to make herself more attractive as the civilized woman who uses lipstick and rouge. Although the term Cosmetics comes from the Greek 'Kosmetikos' meaning 'skilled in adornment' the use of Cosmetics had its origin in the East. India and Egypt have traditionally been the lands of perfumes and incense. In the earliest records they are associated with religious ceremonies. When the tombs of the Pharaohs were unearthed, beautifully carved vases in Alabaster used for storing Cosmetics were found. The contents in some of them dated about 1350 B. C. were said to have retained a fragrant aroma even after so many centuries. Cleopatra was noted for her skill in making and using Cosmetics. The Egyptian ladies of the Court specialised in embellishing their eyes. By painting the underside of the eye green, and the lid, lashes and eyebrows black, they brought about a striking effect.

In India the use of Cosmetics was treated as a fine art. Among the sixtyfour arts to be acquired by accomplished women was included the art of Cosmetics by which one

might appear more beautiful than she really was. Henna was used by rich and poor for dyeing fingernails, palms of the hands and soles of the feet. Women dyed their lips with Alaktaka (lac-dye).

The use of Cosmetics is recorded in the Bible. "Ointments and perfumes rejoice the heart. (Proverbs, chapter 27, V. 9) In 2 Kings, ch. 9, 530, it is said "When Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face and tired her head, and looked out at a window". In the Koran the use of eye-paint is mentioned "And theirs shall be the Houris with large dark eyes like pearls hidden in their shells".

In Britain Cosmetics assumed an important role, as is to be expected, in the Court of Queen Elizabeth I. The routine practice of the royal ladies was to take a very hot bath to open out the sweet glands and then wash the face in wine to make the face fair and ruddy. Mary, Queen of Scots, was said to have bathed in wine and to have demanded an increased allowance for keeping up this practice. The younger ladies of the Court could not indulge in this luxury as wine was very expensive. They had to rest content with milk!

In the seventeenth century, however, when Puritanism was holding sway in England, people did not look upon Cosmetics with favour and a bill with the following drastic provision was sought to be introduced in the British Parliament.

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony any of His

TOWARDS STANDARDISATION

By PRATAP C. DUTTA

CONDITIONS has been chaotic in the past and every walk of life calls for new standards. For respectable development of trade, industry and commerce, standardisation is as necessary as good health is for man.

It is a guarantee of good quality and holds a promise for the customer. The lay purchaser now judges the quality by the price he pays for an article. The buyer and the seller approach each other in a spirit of scepticism. They meet as two opposites, each trying for an advantage. The sellers being well organised, the buyer is kept to the windy side. He tries to higgie out a bargain but is outwitted. WHY? The reasons are not far to seek. Goods are not made to standard specifications in all cases, the finished products bear no specification mark as to their quality; third-rate substitutes fill the market. The customer is inexperienced and there is no hard and fast indication that the thing he purchases is a standard product in every sense of the term. Standardisation on a national scale is the best way to foster a healthy understanding among the manufacturer, the middleman, the customer each of whom can have the confidence that the commodity produced sold and purchased conforms to standards which can be safely relied upon. Standardisation is a thorough-going process and its benefits do not end with the consumer alone.

In the field of production, standardisation envisages simplification of methods and machinery. Fewer processes mean saving in labour and lay-out. In this sphere, the experiences of other countries are quite encouraging, huge savings having been effected by industrialists through standardisation of scales, sizes and

designs. Economy of materials results from simplification of productive processes and reduction in the number of models, their shapes and designs. The net result is more productivity at less cost. The business administration feels quite at home in recording and executing orders covering a manageable range of products. Expenditure on advertisement is consequently reduced. The advantages of all this to the producer, distributor and ultimately to the consumer need no emphasis. The advocates of simplification are not kill-joys. They know variety is the spice of life and that, in a country like India inhabited by millions, very many different tastes (these differ with the disparity in incomes and other factors) have to be catered to. But, in the name of variety, uneconomic production is not to be permitted. At times, the difference between the two varieties is that of tweedledum and tweedledee. Standardisation eliminates such superfluities with much gain to all concerned. A few standard products of unquestionable quality are better than a multitude of superficial varieties. In the case of articles of daily use, standardisation is still more called for. Here, adulteration creates new varieties and however discerning a customer, he is baffled by the whole plethora of genuine products and fakes flaunted before him. It is interesting to observe here that the investigations of the Indian Standards Institution have revealed that, in the case of crystal sugar which has thirty-five varieties, there should reasonably be no more than fifteen. The Institution has also directed its research to edible salt—the basic need of man. For this reason, it is unfair to allow its sale in more than one standard quality.

Apart from internal trade, the application of national standards ensures smooth-sailing in the markets abroad. With the expansion of international contacts, this question has assumed an added importance. As Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru said at the foundation-stone-laying ceremony of the I. S. I.: "OUR INDIAN PEOPLE MAY, OUT OF SENTIMENT, BUY STUFF OF INFERIOR QUALITY. BUT NO FOREIGN COUNTRY IS GOING TO TOUCH ANYTHING THAT IS BELOW THE GENERAL STANDARD. SO WHATEVER WE PRODUCE SHOULD BE OF GOOD STANDARD QUALITY." No doubt, the exported products are our silent ambassadors abroad. They will speak for what we are.

Standardisation as a national enterprise has been launched for the first time and the task is performed by the Indian Standards Institution which functions under the Union Ministry of Commerce and Industry. In the words of SHRI T. T. KRISHNAMACHARI "THE INSTITUTION OCCUPIES A VERY PROUD PLACE IN THE GALAXY OF INSTITUTIONS." Formulation of standards follows analysis and research. The experience of all other interests—the consumer, the technologist, the distributor, the producer, is richly drawn upon in hammering out new processes. A good many standards have already been issued. These cover a large number of goods such as Domestic Radios, Receivers, Cycle frames, shoes, rugs, woollens, chemicals, dyes, sugar, salt new storage structures and what not. These storage structures for villagers are proof against loss of foodgrains of which ten per cent is now damaged by pests, moisture and dampness. Similarly the home-manufacture of tea-chests will save us a tidy sum of five lakhs hitherto spent on their import from abroad. For considerations of space, it is not possible to enumerate all the standards on which there is much to write home about.

To mention a few, the Draft standards cover the shapes and designs for such popular articles like hurricane lamps, kitchen knives, spoons, rim latches, doors, windows, ventilators and so forth and so on. It is noteworthy that the standard for our national flag was also devised by the I. S. I. The cloth and the colour scheme have been standardised so that we can be sure that the colour of our flag, like its glory, will never fade.

The question that comes to the fore every time is whether national standards should continue to be voluntary. The passage of the Indian Standards Institution Certification Marks Act is a step in the right direction. But, in its present form, it is only an enabling measure. Uniformity is the essence of standardisation and this can be only be ensured through universal application. The present state of affairs is somewhat illusory and the best way to reach out full benefits to the man in the street is to launch national standards with legal sanctions. Standardisation and its nation-wide utility may remain a far cry till there is country-wide enforcement.

(Continued from page 24)

ment, to the greater profit of the corset industry). Compare our active, streamlined girls with old photos: they are not burdened with the excess flesh of the short-winded beauties of a bygone age. But the battle is not over by a long-chalk. Much remains to bring the message of health and joyous living to all, in the face of opposition from those of whom the poet sang:

The Puritan through Life's sweet garden goes

To pluck the thorn and throw away the rose.

However we have come a long way since the days of "Daisy Bell." Fifty years ago it WAS "harder for girls!" —*The Australian Rationalist.*

CALCUTTA NEWS LETTER

IT is a fanciful question; all the same, it is being asked, at least to twitter those in favour of the Bengal-Bihar merger proposal. Will the merged States have no border problem? The problem, for instance, of Seraikela and Kharasawan on the Bihar-Orissa side and of Tripura and portions of Assam on the Bengal side? These have all along been contested areas and rival claims have been put forward with some reason and a lot of passion. Will the merged States accept the present boundaries or, on their combined strength, plead for more slices from the neighbouring States?

As I said this is only a fanciful question and I wish it remains so; for, even otherwise, there is a longer list readily available of why we should not merge than why we should. This is a pity and the blame for this state of affairs should be largely borne by the Pradesh Congress. Here is a proposal quite presentable on its merits but going by default on account of sheer inefficiency of the sponsoring party to rouse public imagination and enthusiasm. I am not including the West Bengal Government in the charge-sheet. As a Government its procedure is circumscribed by rules and conventions. At best it can meet the opposition's arguments only within the legislature. That is and should be an easy task once the party has done the necessary spade work. Unfortunately the party is on the defensive on this issue as it has been on many in the past. Possibly this time it is divided among itself also. I understand that some members who have not been bold enough to oppose Dr. Roy individually now contemplate getting together to submit a joint protest. However that be, the Congress Party's lack of touch with the public is obvious to any citizen. Whereas there are mass rallies, processions, meetings at the street cor-

ners, statements in the Press and, in short, every medium of effective publicity put to the utmost use by those who oppose the merger, we find but a few pusillanimous efforts on behalf of the Congress Party to explain its advantages. In the context it appears to be very silly to meet the opposition challenge, now, as before, from the Communists, by saying that their strength in the new State will be much less than at present, especially in West Bengal, and hence their discomfiture. There may be some truth in this as otherwise it does not explain the strange behaviour of this self-styled progressive group which by all reasons must be in favour of the States being brought together to satisfy their economic requirements or at least to check inter-state rivalry. Yet the sponsoring party would be showing itself up if it is to rely on this single argument (which, let it be said here, is tactical and so applicable, on occasions, to all political parties) in support of a move which outside the State has such a large measure of approval.

Something more than the local Congress's prestige is also at stake; it is the prestige of the All-India body itself. As an illustration, I recall the excitement here a few weeks back when the newspapers reported that the Government of India's sub-committee on States reorganization would (by amending the S. R. C. report arbitrarily) deny West Bengal even its meagre claim to adjacent areas. It was a tense situation and the worst about the members of the sub-committee were believed with little questioning. The plea for the unity of India, so the people vociferously said, was only a camouflage; what was really meant was a hegemony of the Hindi speaking states. Also that with the U. P. predominance in the sub-committee, no other linguistic area than the Hindi speaking would

get justice. 'India that is Bharat that is the U. P.' was the most popular misquotation of the Constitution.

New Delhi perhaps sensed this in time but put it all on the local correspondents of some of the newspapers in Bengal. On other scores also there were criticisms regarding the extremely provincial sentiments to which emphasis was given in some of the English and most of the Bengali daily papers in Calcutta. Generally, however, it is doubtful whether these newspapers did anything worse than others elsewhere in the country. Also, when there was a general fall in the standard of political thinking in those days, why single out newspapers alone who are supposed to reflect public opinion anyway?

Recently there has been another development here and the Press is again the victim. A charge has been publicly made at a meeting of those opposing the merger to the effect that some dailies by so much being enthusiastic about the merger have alienated themselves from popular opinion and that they should take heed and correct themselves before it is too late. This has in turn set the Press thinking. A resolution was passed by some important proprietor-editors deprecating this attempt at coercion. Indeed, this may not be the last we hear of this unfortunate episode, but a matter of principle, far beyond topical interest, is involved and I will put it this way: If according to a newspaper, public opinion or, at least, the expressed part of it, on any particular issue, is palpably wrong, can it take up the opposite view, charge the public for its gullibility and still lay a claim to public support? In posing this question I am not thinking of the personal newspapers of the old. Some in Bengal, I am aware, have built up their very reputation on the missionary spirit of their sponsor-editors by championing unpopular, if not lost causes. But in the present con-

text it is not this high moral question that troubles the average reader, but the suspicion that when there is a clash of interest between Authority on the one side and the people on the other or between the revenue-giving advertisers on the one side and readers on the other, the Press, with honourable exceptions, more or less, chooses the safe side.

Will you like your music to be served to you in small assimilable doses or will you take it all in a gluttonish manner and still enjoy it? I confess my constitution will not tolerate the latter without the risk of serious indigestion and similarly I think many others should be feeling. We per chance prefer to sit by the radio for the sheer facility of switching it off when we have had enough. From this develops my personal liking for the concert of one musician, say, once in a fortnight, rather than for a series and all of them of an exceptionally high standard. In the Thyaga Brahma Mahotsavam arranged by Calcutta's Rasika Ranjana Sabha, I am one of those few (I will not say more than that) who felt to have had too much of a good thing all at once. For a week or more now the top class artistes, vocal and instrumental, of the south have been entertaining the music lovers in the city and the programme extends well into the middle of next week. In the last two days, the popular Travancore sisters will give special performances, the collection to be devoted to the Sabha's 'building' programme. My information is that already a good sum has been collected, which is encouraging; but in these inflationary days one is never sure of the ultimate cost of building a hall, in an accessible place and fit to cater to the large audience which invariably collects whenever there is a chance of listening to wholesome music.

There is an element of inappropriateness in the current festival in honour of Thyagaraja being held

days after the function at Tiruvayar. Perhaps the two cannot be synchronised for the reason that all the musicians of note will be assembled at Tiruvayar and are not open to other engagement for the duration. But this difficulty did not discourage a group of enthusiasts here who arranged this year a local artistes' music week right during the days of the Tiruvayar function. I am glad to report that it had great support and I should think it has come to stay.

Each civilization has its own diseases and if we did not consider high blood pressure and thrombosis as important before, we have to reckon them perhaps as the two outstanding death pedlars at present. Recently, for instance, Mr. Jnananjan Niyogi, a prominent social and political worker, collapsed at his desk.

And now the city mourns the death of Dr. Meghnad Saha who was also a victim of blood pressure. Active to the end, each in his own sphere of work, I doubt whether either would have preferred any other form of death. It befits them also that both should have been busy thinking of making other men's lives possible and happy even as they met their own sudden death. But is it not a social malady that while the old and the comparatively old show a rare vigour of life, which perhaps hastens their own end, the youth of the country should be indolent and easy-living, a charge so frequently made these days by the educationists?

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THE ECONOMICS OF MR. DESHMUKH

By AZAD

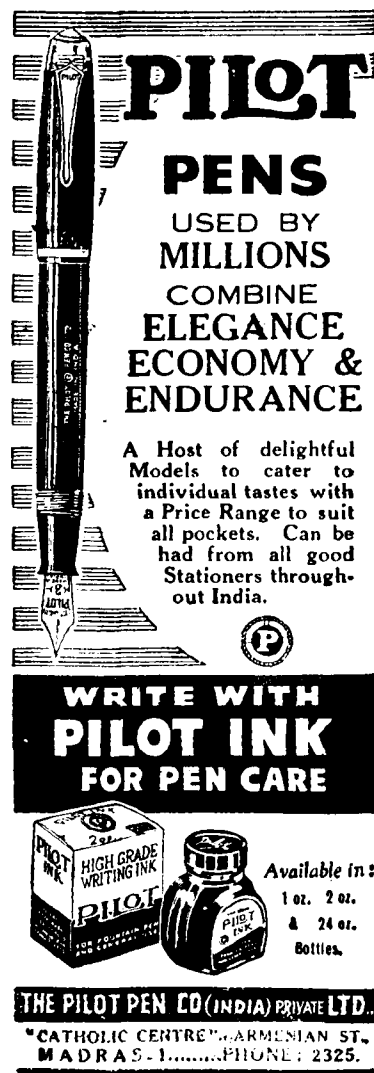
REPLYING to the debate on the Finance Bill, Mr. Deshmukh spoke at some length not only defending his specific taxation proposals but also elucidating the Congress party's ideology in regard to the economic issues facing the country. The evolution of a 'socialistic pattern of society' is the grand objective; planning is to be the means of achieving that end. 'Soaking the rich' is to be one aspect of that planning, while the production of more and new wealth is to be another aspect of it.

As broad generalities indicating the shape of things to come, they are unexceptionable enough. But it is the manner of implementing them through concrete measures that has led to a state of instability and insecurity among the people on the one hand and of unpredictability in regard to the moves of the government on the other. One of the generally accepted tenets of democratic government is that the party in power should act for the country as a whole, and not bend or pervert the machinery of administration to promote the interests of any group at the cost of the whole. It would be the thin end of the wedge of totalitarianism, and so should be exposed even in its incipient stages.

Referring to the tax on deisel oil, Mr. Deshmukh admitted that it was bound to hit the agricultural consumer. But as, according to him, there is no way of isolating him from the urban or industrial consumer of it, it has been decided to mulct both those who can and those who cannot pay! Got, it is said, sends rain to the just and unjust alike; but Mr. Deshmukh would penalise the rich

and the poor alike on the ground that his coffers must anyhow be filled. The possibility that he might have chosen a wrong commodity on which to levy a tax has not crossed his mind; for what he has done is opposed to the elementary principle of taxation: 'From each according to his ability.' This measure thus illustrates the principle of an unjust and indiscriminate levy.

The next point on which Mr. Deshmukh holds untenable views is the problem of tax-evasions. He refused to admit that evasions have been resorted to with a view to circumvent the high levels of taxation now in force. Had they been reasonably lower, private initiative would have had greater incentives and the turnover for the government too would have been larger in the uptake. Mr. Deshmukh on the other hand propounded the unflattering theory that there is a natural and inescapable conflict of interests between the government and the public, and that it is a perpetual trial of wits between the two. This is a variation of the concept of the class struggle with a vengeance. It is besides a demoralising view of human nature to suppose that men are naturally prone to cheat, and that they must be prevented from getting away with it. It is this very mentality that puts the back of the public which is quite willing to play the role assigned to it, and, what is worse, scores over the government almost all along the line! After all, the government which consciously assumes such a punitive attitude towards the people is not composed of demi-gods from another sphere but is run by ordinary folk whom accident has put in



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the seats of the mighty. If the ideals of government are low and are vitiated by partisanship and prejudice, it is not to be wondered at if the intangible assets of devotion and loyalty to it in the minds of the people should be reduced and dissipated in course of time. The real trouble is that in the western countries (whom we are eager to emulate where it suits us) a long period of time, was allowed for private enterprise to vindicate itself and enrich the nation. There were not merely people belonging to a wealthy class in being, but they had developed by their efforts an economy which continued to pay dividends which could be taxed up to very high levels. On the other hand, the tendency in our country is to devise legislative or administrative measures which, while preventing the emergence of the rich, would at the same time not scruple to tax them ruinously. The effect of this kind of levelling down would be to ensure that ultimately, we achieve the equality of penury and of lowered standards instead of insuring the chances of plenty and prosperity for all.

But worst of all the congress attitude to the questions relating to the disposition of land is riddled with inconsistencies and puerilities. A ceiling on land is theoretically justified on the ground that there is not enough of it to go round. At the same time it is stated that measures must be devised to increase the extent of individual holdings. This obsession with the question of redistributing the land is at bottom inspired by a sentimental attachment to it. The Western nations which have advanced industrially, and have thus brought into existence other kinds of wealth have no such problem to tackle. The communist objective in Russia was land for the simple reason that there were no other tangible or productive symbols of wealth at the time of the revolution. The expropriation of land in Russia was followed by two measures both of which

were drastic, but neither of which we have apparently any intention of adopting. They were the liquidation of the small land-holder known as the Kulak, and the organisation of collective farms capable of being worked with the aid of scientific and mechanical labour-saving devices. If our rural holdings are to be bigger than they are, then there is a clear case for integration which is but another name for collective or co-operative farming. And yet, we have not heard up-to-date of a single instance of any such experiment being tried out in any part of the country.

At the same time, Sri Vinoba Bhave has—notwithstanding his good intentions—drawn a colossal red-herring across the path of a rational solution of the land problem. He is said to have obtained about 5 million acres of land, of which not even half a million have so far been distributed. Just as the government speaks of a mixed economy in other spheres, so too why not use this impressive figure of 5 million acres to organise collective farms worked according to the latest methods borrowed from the West? Until we are in a position to point to other kinds of productive national activity—whether in the public or private sector—which would absorb the energies of the people and lead to fruitful results, this question of land would continue to be an explosive factor in our midst. The cultivating tennat is being everywhere given occupancy rights amounting to de facto ownership. It still remains to be seen whether the over-all output of agricultural produce in the changed conditions would register an improvement on the old order of things. The government's lack of a clear-cut, realistic policy in this matter is in painful contrast to the exuberant certitude with which it has thrown its weight about in many other directions to force the pace of so-called nationalisation.

Credit has been taken by the government for the alleged successes of

the first Five-year Plan. But the achievement of self-sufficiency in our food requirements is more notional than real. On the other hand the vast net-work of planning directives and the controls which they have brought in their wake have given us the intolerable ills of inflation and corruption. The disparity between the price-levels of essential commodities which are creeping up day by day and the meagre but fixed income of the salariat and the petty bourgeoisie is growing wider day by day. Mr. Deshmukh belonging to the upper ten has no notion of the grinding effects of the present inflationary spiral on the most considerable and least vocal sections of the community. With an inexcusable complacency he dismisses it as a passing phase, leaving the victims to fend for themselves. 'Jam tomorrow' is not a consoling enough slogan to justify the immolation of the present generation in the interests of an unending Congress holiday.

CEYLON AND SEATO

A READER has protested against the implication in the leading article in the last issue of the SWATANTRA that Ceylon was a member of the SEATO. It is quite true that Sir John Kotelawala, the former Premier of Ceylon, did not explicitly commit the Island State to formal membership of the SEATO, though he made fiery speeches in support of the idea that led to the formation of the SEATO. There is no meaning in Ceylon's formal non-adherence to the SEATO so long as she permits naval bases inside her territory to be maintained by Britain which is the only power whose interests are threatened in that area. If Mr. Bandaranaike succeeds in abolishing the British naval bases, he would thereby not only have given meaning to Ceylon's non-adherence to the SEATO but would have given content to the political independence of his country which so far appears to be an empty formality.

PEDLAR'S PACK

IN one of his recent references to Pakistan, Pandit Nehru attacked its present leaders and said that they had not fought for the country's freedom. He however acknowledged the services and sacrifices of the Khan Brothers.

Strange that he should have made no reference to Sheikh Abdullah who is still languishing in jail for his love of freedom!

During the course of the swearing in of new members elected to the Rajya Sabha some of the new-comers are said to have touched the feet of the Vice-President, in token of their reverence for them.

Another theory is that they wished to find out if he had feet of clay!

During their visit to the University of Oxford, the Russian leaders were said to have been given an exuberant and noisy welcome. But the ragging seems to have been entirely non-violent. It is interesting to recall in this connection an entirely different kind of reception given by Oxford under-graduates a generation ago when the great prohibitionist leader 'Pussyfoot Johnson' of America visited it. He was so savagely man-handled that he lost one of his eyes. But the British press laughed it off as a pardonable exhibition of youthful animal spirits, and as conceived and carried out in fun. But it very nearly ended in a—funeral! Had any untoward developments taken place in the present case, it might have led to the accidental fall of an atom bomb somewhere outside Russia! But let us be thankful for small mercies; either Oxford has become more civilised or the Russian leaders overawed British youth more effectively.

Russia has objected to the use of mandated territory by America for the explosion of nuclear weapons as contrary to the spirit of the U. N. Charter.

There is however no foundation for the report that she has offered the Siberian desert to America for the purpose,

chiefly to demonstrate her faith in co-existence.

Mr. Kailasnath Katju our defence minister said, after inspecting our defences in Kashmir, that our fighting forces are very popular there.

Pakistan's complaint has all along been that they have too populous there!

Because she protested that no woman member of Parliament was included in the Select Committee, Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan succeeded in getting herself nominated.

Serve the other women M.P.'s right!

Things which might have been put differently:

Notification:

'Short Refresher Courses in Venereal Diseases—Applications Called for—' Govt. Advt.

What a refreshment!

'Rajkumari Amrit Kaur declared that in the matter of family planning, results could not be shown over-night.'

We agree; only the experiment can be initiated then!

Mr. Suhrawardy of the Awami League in Pakistan is said to have had talks with Senor de Cunha the Portuguese foreign minister, and later on with Senor Salazar the Portuguese dictator.

Did Suhrawardy discuss Kalazar

With President Salazar?

We feel them as a lacuna

In the report of his talks with Cunha.

Pleading for free trade in strategic goods as well, M. Khrushchev said that there was not much point in exchanging Russian crabs for British herrings.

How dull and drab

To offer to sell crab!

Have you nothing more stirring

For export than herring?

For even out of edible foods

We can make strategic goods!

(Continued on page 45)

Short Story

"THE LURKING TEARS"

By V. K. Subramanian

"THERE is a tear drop lurking at the corner of your eyes, mother! Do you recall some one who was dear to you?"

"No child. It is because I stayed near the fireside too long that my eyes are moist. These are not tears."

"Your face belies your words, Mother. I am sure some painful memory is haunting you . . ."

"What memory can there be for this wretch, who has outlived her usefulness to this world? What memory?"

"Don't you think of the old days when you were young?"

"Yes, I do at times when the spring season is on and the flowers are in bloom, I think of the past when I was a girl and I used to walk about in the garden and watch the doves making love to each other and the boatmen row their boats in the river."

"Don't you have sons?"

"I have."

"How many?"

"Don't ask me that question child; don't ask me!"

"Mother, all on a sudden you seem to be tormented with some inscrutable pain. I won't ask you, if it pains you."

"If there is pain, it has to be borne, child. Don't leave me yet and go. Hear my story. Then you'll understand why there is this lurking tear drop in my eyes."

"I have five sons, child."

"All of them alive?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you grieve, Mother?"

"I had one more."

"What happened to him?"

"He is dead!"

"When did he die?"

"He did not die, he was killed!"

"Who killed him?"

"I—I killed him!"

"Mother, I cannot believe that you killed your own son!"

"You don't believe? You won't. It was because of me that my son got killed. I could have saved him. But I didn't. I didn't! I was cruel to him from the moment he was born. He never knew what it was to have a mother! As a child, he couldn't suck at my breasts. I didn't lull him to sleep. He must have cried many a night for the warmth of the mother's lap. But poor boy! I denied him motherly love. His own mother was not a mother to him!"

"Calm yourself Mother! Let not sorrow make you excited!"

"The first time he knew I was his mother was on the banks of the river where he was offering his prayers. His face was turned to the East, lost in meditation. I stood behind him and watched my son. How near he was to me and yet how far!"

How ashamed I felt that my own son did not know me. When I told him that I was his mother, at first he did not believe me. When he felt convinced, he asked me in righteous anger: "Why did you neglect me—"

when I was young? Why did you deny me your love?"

How could I answer his question? How could I subdue his anger! The guilty woman that I am! The cruel woman that I am!

I remember the day when my son was humiliated because he knew not his parentage. I was there, cold and helpless, unable to own my son, when his brother jeered at him saying 'Who is your father? Who is your mother? We won't mingle with you until we know who you are.'

How he bent down his head in shame and remorse and agony! Why didn't I shout to everyone: "This is my own son, my darling boy, whom I bore in my womb. Jeer not at him. Own him as your own. If you pain him, it'll pain me." Why didn't I? Even when he lay dead killed by his brother, I couldn't keep his bleeding body on my lap and wail out my sorrow, while his brother exulted over his death. I had to conceal my sorrow. Why didn't I shout to him then

"It is your own brother that you have killed, your own brother!"?

If only I had told every one the truth in time my son would be living today.

My son! Child, his feet were just like mine, curved and tapering. When he used to smile a dimple would appear on his cheeks. His face was like the morning lotus—red and noble and dignified. My son never parted from truth, he never shirked his duty, he never broke a promise, he was loyal to his friends till he died. Only his mother betrayed him...

Before he cast his first recognising smile at me I threw him away to the mercy of fate, to be brought up as an orphan, while I his mother lived."

"Why did you do it, mother?"

"Don't ask me that question child, don't ask me..."

I am Kunti, the accursed mother of the Pandavas. This lurking tear drop in my eyelid is for my son Karna, my own child, my darling first-born Karna!"

TWO BLUNDERS

IN the Kashmir affair, from being a complainant India has become a defendant. The issue which was taken to U. N. O. for decision as to who the aggressor was, has been ignored. India is made to feel that she was unwise in taking the matter to the World Organisation. Pandit Nehru committed a blunder in consenting to a plebiscite when legally and constitutionally Kashmir had already acceded to India. It was a needless gesture which was fully taken advantage of by Pakistan and it has come to hit India like a boomerang. India is made to appear that she is resiling from her previous position when she demurs to the holding of a plebiscite under the changed conditions. The Prime Mi-

nister could explain even this seeming inconsistency by putting forward the plea that the whole of Kashmir was a single unit and as long as a part of it was under the forced occupation of Pakistan conditions necessary for the holding of a plebiscite were non-existent. If only he had kept on to this stand, no one could cavil at India not implementing, according to Pakistan, the agreed understanding. But, it came as a surprise to many when he declared that the Kashmir problem could be solved by letting Pakistan have the part of Kashmir, called Azad Kashmir, as an integral part of Pakistan. This was a volte face and the manner of its announcement did nothing to assuage the feeling of shocked

surprise that the public felt. A policy pronouncement of such importance should have been made first in the peoples' representative body, the Parliament, and its opinion sought. Pandit Nehru has prescribed a desperate remedy for a disease which baffles his intelligence. It would have been better if the Prime Minister had taken the nation with him.

In their anxiety to stem the tide of Communism which, in their opinion, would rapidly engulf the greater part of the world if not resisted betimes, the U. S. A. are seeking alliances which will help them to have their air bases and their military equipment near and around the Russian spheres of influence. By joining the SEATO and making a military pact with the U. S. A., Pakistan has played her diplomatic cards so well that she has made U. S. A. feel obliged to back up Pakistan in her stand against India in regard to Kashmir. The rightness or otherwise of India's contention is by-passed and the matter is sought to be decided on extraneous considerations.

Goa is another blunder of the Nehru Government. It bids fair to become a perennial source of irritation to the people of India. That we cannot tolerate a foreign pocket in our midst is an oft repeated statement of the Prime Minister which is no longer sufficient to enthuse the people or liberate the territory from the grip of the foreign power. The reference to Goa as a "Province" of Portugal in the joint statement issued by Mr. Dulles and Dr. Cunha, the foreign Minister of Portugal, is a pointer to the attitude of U. S. A. in the matter though Mr. Dulles tried later to water down its significance. And, now, Pakistan is wooing Portugal in order to hold up Goa as another matter in which India is intransigent. It is a pity that the people's zeal for the cause when they organised batches of satyagrahis to march into Goa three months ago

should have been allowed to cool down and melt into nothing. The service of non-Congress parties should have been taken advantage of and their offer to organise more participants to march into Goa territory should have been availed of. People cannot help feeling that, in this matter, the Government were not acting fair but were actuated by a desire not to let any party, other than the Congress, to get the kudos. On the other hand, the Government should have exhibited to the world at large that, on this issue, all the parties in India are of one mind and are prepared to make a united effort. Be that as it may, it is time that some concrete steps are taken to resolve the dead-lock. That the Goans themselves should be the first to take measures to liberate themselves goes without saying. But, to expect them, unarmed, to wrest power from the hands of a military junta which shows no compunction in the methods used to terrify and to kill, is well nigh impossible.

The Goans are Indians, though they happen to be Portuguese subjects for the time being. It should not be considered *infra dig* if other Indians go to their help in a matter of life and death for their fellow country men.

K. N.

(Continued from page 42)

Referring to the appointment of women constables, a government spokesman has stated that every attempt would be made to safeguard their dignity.

The simplest way of achieving this would be to post a male constable as guard!

* * *

Explaining about the significance of our national flag, Dr. Radhakrishnan says that there is nothing national about it.

Can this be the reason why it is not yet fully honoured in the country?

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

Removal Of Ban On Private Study

In an article published in SWATANTRA of 16th April 1955, the writer pointed out, with convincing reasons, the need and urgent of the removal of ban on private study imposed by the Madras University, with a view to enable intelligent boys and girls who, for want of means or other special causes, could not join recognized schools and colleges and others who were obliged to enter public services with lower qualifications, to qualify themselves for higher positions, by passing higher University Examinations by private study. This was followed up by largely-signed memorials submitted to the Minister for Education, Madras by the afflicted class of people referred to above, requesting the removal of ban as has been done by several universities in this country and elsewhere.

Seeing that no orders had been received for a long time some of the members of the legislature were addressed to find out the action taken by the Govt. by means of suitable resolutions or interpretations and none of them has chosen to send any reply. As the removal of the ban is necessary not only in the interests of individuals referred to but also in the larger interests of the country by way of inducing intelligent young people who are now congesting our cities and towns, to stick up to villages where their services are badly required, the Govt. and the Committee of Legislators recently appointed by Govt. to advise on Madras Educational Policy will do well to consider

this question of ban on private study and arrange for its early removal. It should be noted that several retired educated people and educationists who are obliged to stick to towns, will in the event of the removal of the ban, settle down in their villages and coach up their boys and girls for examinations in their rural environments and be of help to villagers in various ways. It is hoped that some of the members of the legislature will move the Govt. in the matter.

A PARENT

The Rent Bill

Sir,—Perhaps no better illustration of the worst defect of party system can be seen than in the recent land reform bill of the Madras State. The Members in the name of the party surrender their freewill and judgment and are enslaving their mentality making a fetish of party discipline and solidarity. It is an admitted fact that for long centuries most landholders in the Tanjore District have been peasant proprietors though belonging to different castes and these belong to the middle class society. The kist amount paid by them has been a steady and sure source of land-revenue and can by no means be considered negligible. The proposed legislation by awarding a 60 per cent waram to the tenant (petty land-holders not excepted) robs the land-owner and is surely of an expropriatory character. The owner while retaining the right of ownership is bound to lose the substance of property and the tenant or cultivator will be in an advantageous position of enjoyment without possession on the principle, "Sweet are the pleasures of enjoyment without the responsibilities of ownership." The kist will be paid by somebody and so the cultivator will be the master of the situation.

Above all, the Government is sure to lose the mainstay of revenue and finance and pauperize itself by pauperizing the petty tenant proprietor. What is more, the members of this class (let them belong to any caste) happen to belong to the class of mental alerts. If stomachs are starved their intel-

(Continued on

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