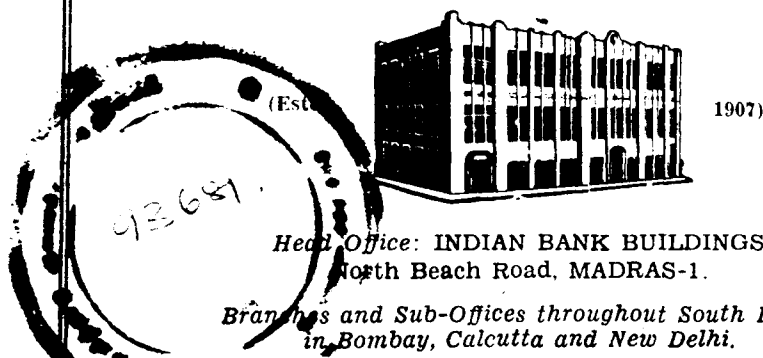


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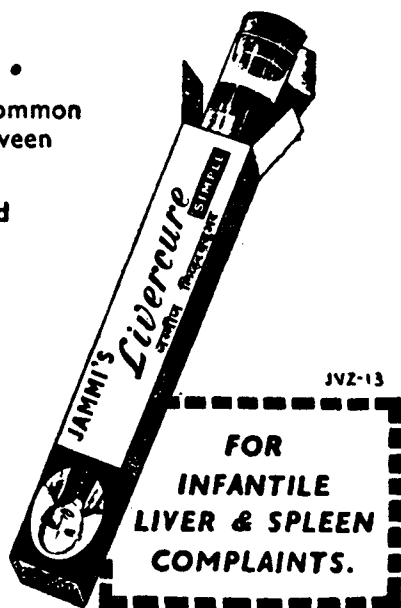
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SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday
Vol. X. January 7, 1956. No. 49.

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ON THE COVER:

Madame Soong Ching-Ling, Vice-Chairman of the National Congress of the People's Republic of China at the Avvai Home on her recent visit to Madras.

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

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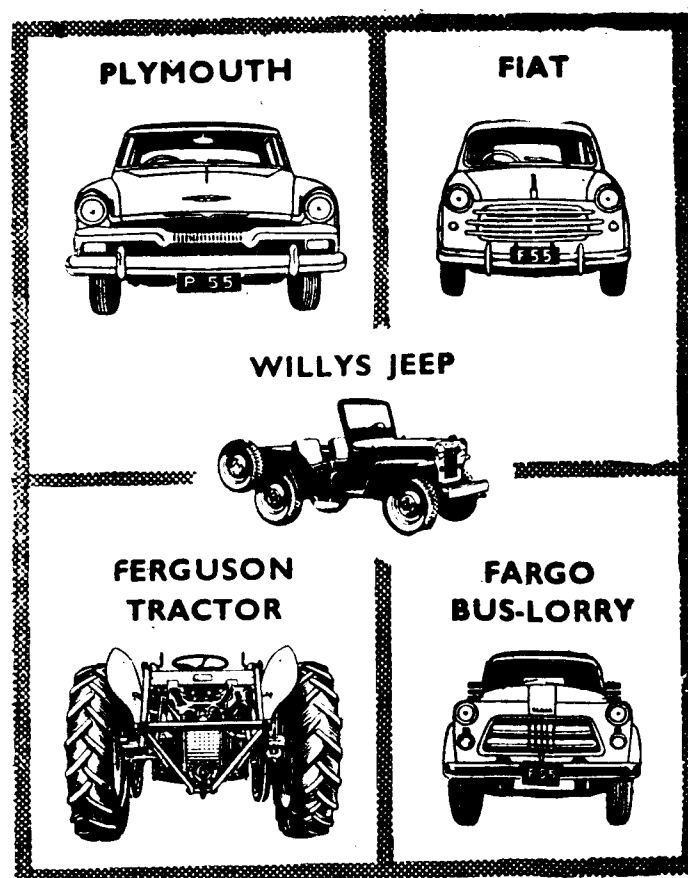
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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. JANUARY 7 SATURDAY 1956 No. 49

FERMENT IN THE MIDDLE-EAST

THE Middle-East has become almost unrecognisable. The Arab countries are becoming entangled in such a network of security pacts and defence treaties that if a general conflagration should be precipitated in the near future it would take some time to sort out who is on the side of whom and against whom. By the mere fact of permitting Czechoslovakia to send arms to Egypt the Soviet Union has ruffled an area which is in itself very unstable politically and economically. She stands to gain little immediately by such a parenthetical and mischievous intrusion. All that she could hope to do was expose the weaknesses of the Middle-East countries, the equivocal nature of the British hold and the oily foundations of American policy in the area. All of which she has done with admirable thoroughness. The Soviet Union, it is true, failed to disrupt the Grand Alliance in Europe or to "widen and deepen the Atlantic" to any harmful extent but the first round in Asia and the Middle-East which it has obviously chosen as its second line of offence, unquestionably goes to her. Though her verbal mischief-mongering in Asia has done nothing more irreparable than throw Mr. Dulles off his tenuous guard, she has certainly queered the pitch of the Western powers in the Middle-East.

A few years ago the Arab countries were a comparatively united force in that region. They came together as one man at least against the interloper, Israel. But for the fact that

both Britain and the United States were solidly behind the new Jewish state and the problem of Palestine had acquired esoteric nuances which had captured the imagination of a great part of the world, the Jews could have been wiped out of the Middle-East if the combined might of the Arab forces had been concentrated on their extermination. The Great Powers have till now been too busy saving Europe to bother much about the Middle-East—except about its oil—and left it more or less to the devices of the United Nations and its Armistice Commissions and its Peacemakers. The situation is changed now. The Middle-East is now weighed down by so many security guarantees that it has become one of the most vulnerable areas of the world. On the Arab League Collective Pact have now been superimposed regional treaties as those between Iraq and Turkey, Jordan and Iraq. Britain has agreements with Iraq, Jordan and Egypt. She now has made the Baghdad Pact with some of the Arab countries but without Egypt. The United States helps Saudi Arabia, Iraq and Israel with arms. Evidently the Western Powers have each their own individual interpretation of the 1950 Tripartite Declaration to preserve Arab-Israeli frontiers and maintain the balance of power in the Middle-East. The waters of Middle-East, never clear at the best of times, have now become too murky for political health. Arab unity has been split wide open. Western policy in this

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region lacks both integrity and equanimity. Where the UN comes into this confusion, or rather, where the UN being already there has a say in the matter, is quite incomprehensible. The question on the other hand is whether the UN has any validity at all in the Middle-East?

The important issue from the point of view of the Arab countries themselves is whether they can stand this degree of high tension on their home ground for any length of time. A mixture of British political influence, American dollars and Soviet arms altogether makes a tough pill to swallow. These small countries have not yet solved many of their fundamental political and social problems. Democratic institutions or governments as the West understands them are as yet little known. Some of the countries are monarchies ruled by autocratic despots of the familiar "oriental" pattern. Some are republics. Some have just achieved some measure of independence. The people are not quite awake to the realisation that geographically they occupy a pivotal position between the East and the West and that potentially their countries are invaluable to the rest of the world. Each of these countries needs to focus all its attention on national reconstruction and on regional problems like poverty, unemployment and inadequate means of communication. They can hardly afford to have their energies diverted into supra-national channels of ideological tension. It seems as if it is merely a question of time before the people of the Middle-East would wake up and try to shake off the burdens of feudal and outmoded institutions under which they have been suffering so long. The waves of current democratic thought have not yet flowed over this part of the world. Given time and without outside interference these countries might one day have evolved slowly and gradually and without violent revolution into more stable democracies. Undue

concentration on military preparedness will not be helpful in strengthening their internal regimes or in subduing internecine rivalries. So the danger to the Middle-East from outside against which the United States and Britain are trying to protect it for reasons not entirely unselfish, may well stem from within.

Wit In Preference To Wisdom

CONVOCATION addresses are merely a convention. It is good that young people should be offered some fatherly advice and warning as they embark on life's great adventure in the frail barks that the university endows them with in the shape of degrees and diplomas. It is the last solemn gesture which the university honestly feels called upon to make. The nice thing about being young is that one never feels in want of advice; sitting self-conscious and proud in their new clothes with the added dignity that the ceremonial gowns impart to them they feel the world is more or less in their pockets. They are conscious of the importance of the occasion, it is true, but even more conscious of the unique part they themselves are playing in it.

Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamayya delivering the Convocation address of the Osmania University last week in choice words of wisdom offered a panacea for the country's unemployment. Every family, he suggested, must spin its own yarn, weave its own cloth, hand-pound its own rice, hand-grind its ata, hand-press its gur. He argued that every time a rice mill was set up 2400 labourers went out of work. Carrying the ideal of self-sufficiency to its logical extreme, every family should grow its own vegetables, milk its own cows. For every dairy would deprive hundreds of shepherds of a life of adulation. By the same token, every time a man uses a spade he takes the bread out of the mouths of a

hundred people who might have done the job with tea-spoons. The speaker failed to mention whether such a family would belong to the private or the public sector. He, however, offered for contemplation by the distaff side of the audience the traditional ideal of the Hindu wife. She must partake of the qualities of a diplomat, a businesswoman, a nurse, a cook, a teacher, a politician and a glamour girl. How a woman after hand-pressing, hand-pounding and hand-grinding could run the gamut of the world's professions every day was evidently left to the appalled imagination of his gentle listeners. This is an ideal worn thread-bare with reiterated inheritance. It is a family heirloom; it means exactly nothing. Worse, it irritates. It touches the

reality of the present times at no point whatsoever. Dr. Pattabhi Seetharamayya should certainly have known better.

What the young need is not a spate of moral and spiritual pep-talks in unreal, outmoded idiom. They do not want drastic ideals to be dangled before them, but only a recognisable perfection within the reach of their young imagination. For most of them, in spite of the slick talk and the bold front and the immaculately creased trousers are merely bewildered young contemporaries striking out blindly towards what will hurt them least.

A word of wit, in preference to wisdom, would at least speed them on their way light and merry of heart.

Sotto Voce

OUR SOCIALIST SIDDHARTHA



A retired Tahsildar who had made his pile in his time went on an inspection tour of his broad acres. He found women labourers transplanting rice seedlings in a fine drizzle. "Who are these?" he asked. "They are all your humble servants, sir, recipients of your bounty," said the obsequious estate agent. The great man, who had been struck as much by their good looks as by their rags, snapped, "Why don't you give them umbrellas? It is scandalous that they should get wet. And let them all get a new saree apiece."

With a smirk the overseer promised it should be done. A few thousand rupees were in due course debited to the estate. But the agent's wife it

was who got the sarees, while the price of the umbrellas went into her husband's bank account. That Tahsildar, at least, was prepared to pay out of his own pocket for luxuriating in sentimentality. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, being a dyed in the wool Socialist, has no use for mawkish charity. Appalled by the famished looks of the cyclone victims of Vedaranyam he had an inspiration—let the mirasdar be bled in order to give them a blood transfusion.

Who would not be touched by T. T. K.'s transformation into a modern Prince Siddhartha? And the Buddha, be it remembered, never attained the Pisgah heights of Socialism; that was no doubt why his

Parents had to shield him from the sight of poverty, old age and death. Socialism evidently has the power of filtering reality and passing on from the retina to the brain only pleasurable images. How else could T. T. K. have, till he went to Vedaranyam, escaped the sight of a thousand ravaged faces every day as he sallied forth in his limousine from his Mylapore bungalow to his Thambu Chetti Street offices, not to speak of his salad days in Chintadripet, learning to buy and sell?

The Minister for Commerce coyly confessed that he had read *Das Kapital* and become an ardent Socialist almost on the morrow of the October Revolution. With consummate diplomacy he had kept it a well-guarded secret till the historic Avadi meet. But persuading the Sleepy Joes of the Congress that he was a harmless bourgeois must have been child's play compared to his heroic achievement as a camouflager who won his spurs in Indo-British trade. For many years he managed to retain the good-will, so profitable to both sides, of British Blimps who would respond as cordially to Socialism as the bull to the proverbial red rag.

People have wondered why it was necessary for the Union Ministers to go about the cyclone-devastated area a whole month after the tragedy, impeding the local officials who had a job of work to do. Their state progress must have been too uncomfortably reminiscent, to the poor folk who were thus slobbered over by the eminent, of another visitation three years ago. After the last cyclone C. R. descended on the ravaged countryside when the roads had been made safe for motor cars and brought the consolations of philosophy to those who would have preferred bread.

With a wry smile old Achilles in his tent must have followed the verbal

sallies of his erstwhile disciple and noted how well he had learnt his lesson. T. T. K. impressed on the people their good fortune in having Mr. Kamaraj for Premier. He asked them to observe that, unlike a certain predecessor in a similar crisis, he had rushed to their aid with rice and corn and cloth and oil. To the personal bouquet was added a nose-gay from the Union Government. Mr. Jain and he, said T. T. K., were there to testify to their immense regard for Mr. Kamaraj Nadar.

Is not all this rather less suggestive of an errand of mercy than of electioneering? Though every man who had lost his hut has been given Rs. 30 and each selected family that had lost its bread-winner Rs. 50, the desolated people are not likely to be persuaded by smooth politicians that we are living in Rama Rajya. Indeed the equation of one labourer=1-2-3 huts seems strangely erratic. Anticipating such criticisms, perhaps, T. T. K. ingeniously blamed Nature's caprice on that popular butt, the "parasitical rentier."

But where is the rentier whom T. T. K. has fixed with his basilisk eye? Not certainly in the ruined mud houses of the shabby genteel in which half-starved "landlords"—bless the word!—sit and cower, awaiting the doom that the Congress Sarkar has pronounced in the sacred name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity. If you must look for rentiers, you will find them in the scrip-holder (to whom T. T. K. has given a twentyfive-year *abhayam*), in the dubash, in the permit-chaser *et hoc*, who shelter under the protecting mantle of the great tribunes of the people. And there, as our Girondists and Keren-skys who light-heartedly prophesy Revolution will find to their dismay, some day the hounds of wrath may track them.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

IT has become customary now to plan for ceilings for everything—ceiling for land, ceiling for income, etc. The underlying idea seems to be that if larger possessions or larger incomes are cut, it will somehow make things easier for poorer people. The contemplated experiments are however extremely hazardous, and they may create more problems than they will help to solve. The difficulty about restricting the operations and depredations of privilege is the very troublesome fact that the task falls on just those who have themselves to be counted as members of the privileged orders. Nobody can be expected to initiate policies that will cut into his own wealth if he can help it. It is more likely that he will protect his own interests by raising a hue and cry against others in a less protected position. This is what is happening now. One by one, the classes that are not well sustained by voting strength and by the organisational power that belongs to vast multitudes, are dethroned from their traditional or hereditary positions by so-called crusaders in social justice who are adepts in turning the vote-catching opportunities of our modern democratic republic to their own political or economic advantage.

Take, for example, the suggestion of the States Reorganisation Commission for the abolition of Rajpramukhs. It is coupled with another for the retention of Governors. The Rajpramukhs have considerable historic importance as patrons of art, music and learning in their respective courts. They played a very creditable part in accelerating the integration of the territory over which they had been rulers, with the rest of the country. There can therefore be some excuse on historical grounds

for continuance of the Rajpramukhs, but there is none for retention of the Governors. In these ten years of freedom, the most depressing and demoralising spectacle in the constitutional set-up has been the Governor. He cannot be compared with the President in the United States who combines in himself the functions of Prime Minister as well, or with the President in France and in other similar democratic countries, who is a representative figure owing his office to election in some form or other. The political status of the Governor in India has been reduced to zero by the practice that has now become habitual of selecting time and again for the vacancies arising, persons defeated in the elections. The Governors have no work to do. For such little work as may fall to them once in a blue moon, the payments they receive are not only disproportionate, they are fantastically lavish. The pomp and ceremonial and the extravagances of snobbery that used to be maintained as adjuncts to imperial showiness in the days of British rule, still continue to haunt the Raj Bhawans. It is an economic iniquity that in a poor country such huge expenditure should still be incurred on the Governors who fulfil no social purpose and spend most of their time in inanities that do no good to anybody. This demoralising survival from the past has no place in any pattern of society that pretends to be Socialistic. And it reduces to a mockery the pretentiously egalitarian campaigns of the ruling party when it sets out to prescribe ceilings for property or earning power.

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(Continued on page 43)

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—CONFERENCE TIME
—ON REWRITING HISTORY
—THE ECONOMISTS' JARGON
—UNTROUBLED POLITICAL SURFACE
—END OF THE FAIR

FOR some inadequately explained reason, the end of a year becomes the occasion for a number of conferences all over the country. The newspapers are full of confusing pronouncements of all kinds in different columns, often defeating their purpose, which one may presume is to reach an audience much wider than the one before which the speeches are actually delivered. Economists, educationists, scientists, historians and the most ubiquitous of all—the politicians—have gathered during the last few days "to talk of many things." It is difficult to assess what precise contributions these gatherings make at the end of their annual deliberations; the official conferences, which are convened at hill stations during summer, at least succeed in issuing a communique, which, however cryptic and vague, leaves officialdom satisfied. Our academic leaders seem somehow incapable of talking to purpose; they often fritter their energies in procedural or conceptual wrangles and then end up by agreeing on the most commonplace matters leaving observers and on-lookers wholly unexcited. The interest which the Press attaches to these conferences depends on who inaugurates them; such interest often begins and ends with the inaugural speech because technical reporting has never been the forte of the Indian newspapers. There is room for a good deal of reform in this matter. Neither the historian nor the educationist can function in these

days apart from the conditions created for him by official policies; the scientist or the economist is still more closely dependent on Government. They all have in some measure to look up to official quarters and invite prominent politicians to inaugurate their discussions but they have also to try to invest such occasions with some other special importance. For example, it was Sardar K. M. Panikkar's provocative address to the Indian History Congress at Calcutta that has sought to define the new lines on which future historical inquiries may be directed. There was little evidence of such initiative for breaking new ground, coming directly from the scholars working in the field. Mr. Panikkar criticised dynastic history and the tendency to exalt parochial loyalties in the field of history. He also deprecated the tendency to chase the will-o'-the-wisp of political unity in Indian history by tending to identify individual dynasties and empires with this ideal. He characterised this as an "attempt to read back into Indian history a permanent motivation which was not only absent but which would have seemed to most people unnatural."

It was a daring suggestion to make at a time when under official auspices a process of rewriting our history has started with the object of giving a nationalist orientation to past history. There is the possibility, for example, of the history of the "sepoy mutiny" (to be prepared by next year

to celebrate its centenary, overdoing this aspect by depicting it as a glorious first war of Indian independence. There may be justification now for bringing to light many aspects of the struggle which hitherto has remained in the dark, and it is for the historian to judge whether the material when objectively assessed, would bear the new description that is sought to be given to it. This assessment, however, has not been left to historians; it has been assumed in advance. Mr. Panikkar, on the other hand, would feel content to discover the ideal of Indian unity in our common culture, civilisation and social structure, while assuming politically that India has long remained a country of warring dynasties and occasionally great monarchs. It seems sufficient to accept, as Mr. Panikkar has done, that British rule and other modern influences helped to superimpose political unity on the social and cultural heritage which had been common throughout our history.

Such provocative themes have been absent in the other conferences. The economists were, however, exhorted to find new themes for research with an Indian background by Prof. Ganguli, who presided over the annual conference of the Indian Economic Association at Poona. His speech was, however, characteristic; it revealed the tendency of the academic economist to indulge in the most abstruse jargon of his subject. One is often left wondering whether language was invented to conceal or to express one's thoughts. When scientists dealing with so mysterious a thing like the atom have shown no disinclination to descend to the level of the market-place to explain its possibilities, why should economists insist on mystifying concepts which are essentially based on human behaviour. Prof. Ganguli had an important point to emphasise to the members of his profession, but need he

have said it in such heavy-footed jargon? It justified Mr. Nehru's implied rebuke to all scholars (in his message to the Indian History Congress) that in a democratic age, historians must write in an intelligible manner. Obviously no professional can write with the ordinary layman in his mind. The task of reaching the ordinary reader must be transferred to the professional text-book writer and other writers who specialise in exposition rather than in the intricacies of a vast subject. But, at the same time, there is no need to overdo pedantry and conceal one's meaning.

Not even the U.S. reply to India's protest against the Dulles-Cunha Statement on Goa has disturbed the lull on the political front which has followed the adjournment of Parliament. It is clear that the reply does not meet in any manner India's objections. There seems to be very little that can be done about it except to say that we are not satisfied. Indians will, however, feel free to interpret it as America's readiness to support Colonialism whenever her diplomatic ends justify such support. It would be serious, however, if it is made an issue in Indo-American relations, especially at a time when the election year makes policies fluid in the United States and distorts perspectives.

In the domestic sphere, speculation over the future of Bombay continues but the idea of making it a second commercial capital may fade out. There was hardly any logic in this proposal; it was only an attractive name to justify central administration. It would be a good political solution if the Maharashtrians agree to the course. The debate on the S. R. C. report has spent itself out and the public seems to be weary of it, except where local wrangles are severe. The ground has been well prepared for the speedy passage of the Bill, if the Maharashtrians are

satisfied with the award of the High Command on Bombay City. The signs are on the whole hopeful both in respect of Bombay and the Punjab and a vexing problem may soon be out of the way not because of the ingenuity of the solutions accepted but because of lack of agreed alternatives.

The Indian Industries Fair has ended this week amidst great satisfaction on the part of the organisers and exhibitors. The Fair was one more example of India's capacity to undertake the organisation of big shows at various levels, of which other instances are to be seen in the Republic Day parades, the Congress sessions, like the one at Avadi, and the receptions accorded to foreign dignitaries. As a simple Trade Fair it had no place in New Delhi, where the spirit of a mela dominates every occasion, to the exclusion of all other aspects. The speeches made by the organisers at the concluding function this week revealed a refusal to learn by the experience of this Fair. More importance has been attached to the acquisition of a permanent site for such Fairs in Delhi than to the convenience of exhibitors or of those who wish to do business with them. The seaport cities are better suited for this purpose than the capital: they can accommodate visitors better than New Delhi has been able to do. The long duration of the Fair

disorganised Delhi's poor transport system and the sanitation and water supply of the city, which were never its strong points, broke down and caused an epidemic hepatitis which it would take long to control.

Delhi is neither an industrial centre nor an easily accessible city to Indian or foreign exhibitors. If it is considered that such fairs have an educative value for the Indian people, as this Fair is claimed to have had, then it is obviously better that people in other parts of India are also allowed to profit by such shows and become conscious of the possibilities of technical progress. It is surprising that, when there is talk about having a commercial capital at Bombay, there is this degree of infatuation with New Delhi for purposes for which it is utterly unsuited. It is, however, a tribute to the political spell which the capital casts on Indian leadership, whether in business or in other vocations.

It is possible that Indian business men have been struck more by the possibilities of such Fairs educating the men in authority at the Centre than the Indian public. When foreign exhibitors arrive with their impressive wares and display them to an eager public, which does not show equal curiosity in the superior virtues of the Ambar Charka, is there not some hope that our politicians will stop barking up the wrong trees?

A FANTASTIC DIAGNOSIS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SPEECH is silver, but silence is golden, says the adage; and the Sanskrit parallelism that reicence reicence even revolutions, brings out the idea admirably. Not without reason did the Rigvedic seer pray for speeches flowing with honey, which had been elaborated by the Gita ideal of words which do not annoy, which are agreeable and wholesome and truthful. The contrary had been the bane of our country. Speaking especially of recent happenings, more havoc had been wrought in India by speeches than swords in stirring up racial, communal and class warfare.

Speechmaking has now assumed unwieldy dimensions, whether it be a ministerial pronouncement or a convocation address, which by reason of its incursion into politics and pet theories, constitutes an ordeal to the victims who had just recently crossed the examination hurdle. So far as the ministerial utterances are concerned they have to embrace all topics and all activities ranging from music to pedagogy, religion and literature, with occasional tiffs on Castelism and Communalism. The daily press has naturally to be full of them—a feature to which pointed attention has been drawn by the Press Commission.

In respect of what are called post-prandial or off-the-record or impromptu utterances, especially of those emanating from persons in office or authority, it is time that a limit is put and a certain amount of restraint practised, since in the very nature of things, a casual word or sentence might have wide repercussions both nationally and internationally. One can very well advert to the recent speeches of the Soviet statesmen in our country, accusing the Western nations of

having abetted the invasion of Russia by Germany, which was neither agreeable nor truthful comment. A still more unfortunate instance is a pronouncement on the cause and cure of the recent cyclone in Tamil Nad by the Minister for Commerce and Industries at a city meeting.

Cyclones and floods are natural phenomena from which no country is exempt since the dawn of creation. A seasoned administrator and a vastly well-read economist Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, however, takes our breath away when he proceeds to account for the tragedies and prescribe the remedies for the victims of the Tanjore area. He would attribute the catastrophe not to the cold neglect these tracts have met with at the hands of the administration nor even to the fact that erosion had played havoc in this district in the past, swallowing ever capital cities like Kaveripatnam and damaging places like Tranquebar. He would rather attribute it to the blood suckers and the "parasites" going about the country. And who are these people? Not by any means the anti-social elements operating everywhere, manipulating prices, commodities, exports, imports (of whom he himself gave an instance recently), the usurer, the rack renter of house property getting 200 per cent on his investment, the speculator at the stock exchange, and people of that ilk who are responsible for creating scarcity and famine conditions in the country. He points out his accusing finger on what he styles the "rentier" class who leads a parasitical existence on the labours of those who toil—the landowner, whose position however is getting to be precarious day to day with threats to his life

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and property. They must, he says, be liquidated and for the success of the 2nd Five Year Plan, they must sacrifice themselves, for sacrifice is the law of life. He is positive that there is no other method of dealing with the suffering of the people except by the "redistribution of wealth" by abolishing this class. The fallacy of this argument at the outset is that in point of fact there is no 'wealth' amongst the members of this class to go round. If Mr. Krishnamachari had only taken the trouble to visit a few of these species and examined their budgets and their almost precarious existence, he would vouch for the accuracy of this truth. His ideal for the removal of inequalities in society is laudable but it should begin and even end with the top. Parasites abound everywhere. If it be a sin to do nothing and yet earn, the offending souls are the share-holder and debenture holder who do not know even the business wherefrom they draw their sustenance. Even otherwise there is no reason or justification to hang these rentiers up, leaving scot free, the planter, the miner and the millowner, who offer comparatively few amenities to the workmen and yet who could never be compelled to share their profits with them, for which they neither work nor labour.

Speaking generally, it may be stated that in this particular instance so far as relief to the unfortunate victims is concerned, it is the duty primarily of the administration to treat them as generously as the evacuees from Pakistan. There is nothing that the poor and petty landowners can do except to share in the misery themselves. As for the sacrifice they should make for the success of the 2nd Five Year Plan, Mr. Krishnamachari is strikingly inconsistent. He would not advocate austerity at the administration level even for a year and even for those with bloated salaries and amenities, special trains and saloons. They

must go on for ever; only the landowner must be wiped out. It is perhaps not unnatural that in his wrath against these exploiters, he should have missed the indicia making for the creation and distribution of wealth in a country. India is one of the biggest countries in the world but with the lowest export potential. Even Indonesia exports annually 1,600 crores of rupees worth of commodities. Export markets must be tapped or as in America internal competition must be stimulated. More goods must be manufactured and put into the countryside at competitive prices; and the internal market in a country like ours offers immense possibilities for national prosperity. The standard of living can be multiplied hundred fold only by increasing the purchasing power of the common man, not by reducing to destitution an already hard hit fraternity, which had come by its possession honestly. No doubt in the prevailing rage against this class, there is no room for calm and dispassionate consideration of both the practical and ethical aspects of the policy of expropriation. And that perhaps constitutes a dark chapter in the history of Indian rule and achievement.

PEACE—HOPE OF MANKIND

It cannot be a mere stilling of the guns—it must be a glorious way of life. In that life the atom, dedicated once as man's slayer, will become his most productive servant. It will be a peace to inspire confidence and faith so that all peoples will be released from the dread fear of war. In this new kind of peace the artist, teacher and philosopher, workman, farmer, producer and scientist will truly work together for the common welfare.

On all the continents and the islands of the earth, mankind hungers for peace. This universal hunger must be satisfied.—EISENHOWER

PUBLICITY

By Mrs. Z. PETERCROFT

RE-VISITING India after ten years it amazes me to see the progress being made all over the country. In every town new, modern blocks of flats; countless houses or bungalows and other new buildings of every type have as it were over-night sprung up. There are even colonies of small one story houses for the working and lower middle class and new towns have come into being to house the refugees.

Throughout the length and breadth of India I saw new, large and small factories making anything from locomotives to fountain pens, finding new employment for thousands of workers. Vast irrigation and power schemes were either completed or nearing completion and all over the countryside I could see those ugly but useful pylons carrying light and power.

Even in the rural areas on a more modest scale are to be seen minor irrigation schemes like earthen dams; wells and new tanks and numbers of new schools. Travelling along the roads I saw concrete bridges, along which the traffic swiftly flowed where formerly the crossing of the rivers they spanned was done by slow, hand-propelled, wooden ferries. On the railways too though trains are as crowded as they always were, on long distance runs there are comfortable air-conditioned coaches and new lines are being laid, to open up the countryside.

I agree that there is still much to be done in such a vast backward country. Millions of small houses must be built in rural areas and water from pipes and electricity given to them all; better sanitary arrangements are needed and more and better roads. Again hundreds of

small factories await erection to absorb some of the too many unemployed and find work for India's ever growing population. Despite all these needs, make no mistake about it, the young Republic of India has made a most credible start and so I pose you this query: who knows about all that she is doing? Free India has started in my opinion perhaps the greatest experiment any nation has undertaken and made a most auspicious start and yet I ask again, do the peoples of India or those in other countries really know what she has achieved and intends to do in the future and my own answer must be No.

As a friend of India for many years it might appear ungracious to criticise her now when she and her peoples have always been so friendly to me but my criticism is made in no carping spirit but only in order to ask those in authority to realise that they must no longer hide their light under a bushel but tell the world in detail about the progress she is making and her plans for the future.

Agreed that Indian friends I have re-met on my return to India have told me that both the Central and Provincial Governments have information services and that most of their embassies have information officers but I can only say that as far as I am concerned as yet they are not carrying out their functions successfully. Publicity work, unlike the art of buying and selling cannot have a sales chart making progress but it can have an impact on those it contacts if it is run on the right lines with the right type of officers in charge. In a country like India the amount of information pamphlets put out is no criterion of efficiency

especially as the majority of people in India are illiterate, nor are information services the media for publicising ministers or members of the party in power, their sole duty is to see that government policy and achievements are made known as widely as possible to the peoples of India and those in other countries. To do this besides pamphlets they must have an up-to-date reference section to answer enquiries and supply accurate statistics speedily, about the hundred and one activities going on, and most important of all they must not slant their information to suit government policy but give the facts and leave the seekers of knowledge to form their own opinions.

Now it is always easy to criticise but what is the remedy, I have often been asked and my reply has always been the same. For publicity work you need publicity minded officers with initiative, able to get away from their desks and overcome red-tape in order to contact the people. This sounds obvious and yet it is not so when candidates are chosen for this work. Publicity minded in my view means understanding your audience, in this case the illiterate masses, their outlook and how they comprehend things and then suiting your propaganda or publicity to meet their needs and not those of the educated classes. Talks in the local language aided by visual aids pay better dividends than any pamphlet.

For example I read the publicity given to the opening of the great Sindri Fertiliser Factory: columns upon columns were written in the press about the lay-out of this factory; the machinery used and the opening ceremony but how could this attract the interest of the masses? If I had been in charge of this publicity for any state in India I would have toured the villages to tell their inhabitants in simple words in their own language about the great factory which had been built to produce arti-

ficial manures, thereby saving foreign currency, as before it came into production fertilisers had to be imported from other countries and that these fertilisers would now become readily available for their use so that your crops can be increased and then you will earn more money from the same plot of land. I would then go on to say that the Indian Government under the leadership of Prime Minister Nehru wants to help you all and this is one of their methods of doing so.

Again what is the good of telling people in South India about great irrigation projects completed in the North, except to say one day you too will have a scheme like this because how do you expect any cultivator who has had no water or rain to irrigate his lands for several years, to show interest in benefits which other people get; he is naturally interested only in what he gets himself. Instead therefore of talking too much about big schemes, concentrate on wells being dug in the listener's own village; the bridges being built; new industries springing up to find employment for his children and all the other improvements going on in and around his district which he can see with his own eyes and then go on to say that all these are due to the planning and efforts of your government and you should be grateful to them for doing all these things to help you.

There must be hundreds of other examples like these to talk to the people of India about but surely this is enough to show that information officers who have had training as journalists understand the masses and are keen to make a success of their work, and can put across this type of publicity which will not only tell the people what is happening but also give them a pride in their country and their government.

As regards information work overseas, especially in the West where the press has high standards of journa-

lism, this must be done by high-grade journalists as otherwise badly written, non-factual material will only be consigned by the recipient to the waste-paper basket. No country must blame another for not publishing enough news about it, if the material it supplies, is only second rate, written in a biased fashion, ignoring facts in order to agree with policy.

Today when it is essential for countries to know more and more about each other in order to understand each other's problems, actions and thoughts, a good information service is essential as with knowledge and understanding comes friendship and with friendship comes more chances for a peaceful world.

INTER-RACIAL MARRIAGE

In a BBC talk Warren Fox, a Welshman married to an Indian, gave his views on marriage between people of different races. He and his wife first met in a settlement in the East End of London where they had arranged to live during their student days. "My first feeling on seeing her in her colourful sari was one of relief that here at least was one person who was likely to be, like myself, a stranger to metropolitan living, and as I had spent three-and-a-half very happy years in her country during the war, it was natural that I should begin our first conversation by talking of her home," he said. A close friendship quickly developed and they soon found that neither could fully enjoy an experience unless it was shared by the other but the decision to marry, always a serious one, called for much more thought when the proposed marriage was as unconventional as theirs. "We had heard and read a great deal about the difficulties we might have to meet. We had discussed the whole thing with as much objectivity as is possible between two young, healthy and mutually attracted individuals. When we

In conclusion, as a woman must, it is said, always have the last word, let me say that I sincerely wish India well but at the same time I do feel that by poor publicity methods Indians are not only minimising the great work that their leader Nehru and his governments are doing but they are failing to make their own people, over three hundred and sixty millions of them, realise that their governments, despite reports of corruption and mismanagement, which unfortunately always hit the headlines, have done and are doing an enormous amount to better not only the living standards of everyone in India today but also those of future generations as yet unborn.

set up our first home, together we had, I think, no personal misgivings as to our ability to accept each other's differences," said Fox.

Oddly enough the snubs and sneers, social ostracism, and other things of which they had heard of so much failed to materialise; neither of their families displayed the anxiety that they must have felt, and their friends resisted the temptation to give 'good advice'. There were many reasons for this for their marriage was perhaps not really typical of inter-racial marriages. "My wife's domestic and cultural background was broadly European rather than Oriental in character. Her family has a history of many generations of devoutly Christian faith. Her formal education had given her a knowledge and appreciation of the British artistic and cultural heritage deeper and more extensive than mine, and her command and use of both written and spoken English is more certain and confident than mine will ever be," he said. The marriage involved no sacrifice of her independence, and they were both content that she should continue in all respects to be an Indian and retain her sari. They

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did experience displays of prejudice but had suffered less than many of her people, perhaps because they had tried to avoid pre-judgment of individuals or anticipation of hostility in their social life. They both realised that many people would quite sincerely hold their marriage to be irresponsible and in some cases distasteful for in some parts of the world both of them, solely because of the marriage, would be considered criminal and liable to a prison sentence. He and his wife tried, while recognising that colour feeling did exist quite widely, to resist the temptation of attributing individual displays of rudeness or bad temper to this alone. And it was sometimes possible, with forethought, to avoid situations that might be embarrassing or painful. "In booking holiday accommodation, for instance, it is always necessary, and fair, to ask whether our presence would be acceptable to the management of the hotel or boarding house." Fox continued. On the whole they had no difficulty in securing accommodation and had lived happily in furnished rooms in both London and the provinces, being lucky in always having good neighbours and real friends. Although they had not met violent prejudice he had no doubt that it existed. He knew that it did, even in Britain, but could say with truth that people could contract a mixed marriage there and live happily within a society which still, unfortunately, possessed elements of irrationality sufficient to result in bitter unhappiness for innocent individuals. "It may well be that shared experiences such as ours and the lessons we and our friends and fellow citizens learn from them will, in time, help towards an acceptance of the coloured person as a fellow human-being—different, of course, but no less worth-while and no less sacred in the eyes of God than we white people believe ourselves to be," Warren Fox concluded.

THE PLIGHT OF THE EDUCATED UNEMPLOYED

By N. GANGA RAM

IN extent and nature the kind of unemployment that is prevalent among the educated classes of our country is undoubtedly unparalleled in history. Especially after the year 1950, the number of the educated unemployed has been steadily increasing and today the problem, having grown bad to worse, has assumed alarming dimensions. The Indian employment market presents an undesirable and uneconomical picture of too many Matriculates, Intermediates and Graduates chasing too few jobs. This phenomenon of too many educated and too few jobs can be explained this way. In the post-Independence era, there has been a heavy rush for admissions to educational institutions, which has necessitated the opening up of additional schools and colleges. Year after year, these institutions have been turning out educated youths in large numbers. The unemployed problem would not have been so acute and so intense, if employment opportunities had expanded to a corresponding extent so as to absorb the innumerable newly educated. Unfortunately in spite of the development schemes and programmes, avenues of employment have not kept pace with the increasing number of educated youth entering the employment market. Hence the phenomenon.

In the chase after too few jobs, if the needy and deserving had always succeeded there would have been at least lesser suffering and privation due to unemployment. Because of the forces of favouritism and nepotism, merit and ability have lost their

value and importance, and have ceased to be the deciding factors in the matter of selection of candidates for appointment both in public and private establishments. Consequently, an unemployed young graduate with good academic record cannot hope to get a decent job by merely sending in his application and doing well at the interview (which, incidentally, has degenerated into a mere formality and an eye-wash.) To be successful, he has to follow it up by approaching the most influential of his relations (woe to him if he hasn't any such!) for purposes of ingeniously pulling wires and putting in a word on his behalf. Here is an instance. Sometime ago, a First Class Honours Graduate gifted with a pleasing personality and an eloquent tongue, did splendidly well at a preliminary interview held at Madras and equally well at the final interview at Bombay. He was about to be informed of his appointment when a dramatic, last-minute phone-call from a big-wig (who had a candidate in view) doomed his chances of success and he returned home dispirited and disillusioned. It is not your degree but your pedigree that counts. High social standing and family background can more than make up for an inglorious and dull academic record. Even if you are a Third Class Honours Graduate (which, normally speaking means that you will find getting a decent job next to impossible) you can get into established firms or institutions provided, of course, you have this high social standing and somebody to push you in.

Because of the existence of the back-door, in the scramble for jobs it is invariably those who can afford to remain unemployed for sometime that get away with the jobs at the expense of those in desperate need of employment. These unfortunate unemployed have been educated by their parents at great sacrifice, foregoing sometimes even the necessities of life. They have put up with suffering, fervently hoping that their days of trial would be over when their sons finished their courses and got employed. But as ill-luck would have it, more often than not their dreams are shattered, as their sons meet with failure in their efforts to get employment. They become desperate. With the family facing the grim prospect of starvation and suffering, the unemployed, whether he be a Graduate or a double Graduate, will not hesitate to stoop to apply for jobs which require the services of S.S.L.C.s and carry a meagre salary. Recently, among the applicants for a few posts of proof-examiners in a newspaper office, there was a young B.A. B.L., who had research experience in International Law for two years. What a tragic and criminal waste of talent it would be if B.A. B.L.s with research experience became proof-examiners! In no other country does talent run to waste like this and go unutilised and unexploited: only in our country you can come across First Class Physics Honours Graduates rotting in A. G.'s offices as LDCs and UDCs.

As if to add insult to injury, our employment exchanges come out with their annual reports, proudly proclaiming that they have found employment for so many hundreds of the unemployed. Having got tired of renewing their registration cards once in two months, most of the edu-

ca ed unemployed have lost faith in these exchanges.

Already the unemployment situation among the educated has become worse, and any further deterioration will result in consequences of a very serious nature. The frustrated and desperate unemployed will turn into rebels and revolutionaries, and will fall victim to political parties and propagandists, out to exploit this sad situation. It is idle to expect patriotism and nationalist spirit from the unemployed with starving stomachs: they will naturally wish they were born in U.K. or U.S.A. or Australia (where jobs are going a-begging.) Moreover, the literacy movement will receive a set-back. The common man is sure to turn round and say: "If the educated can't get employment, what then is the use of your education and learning? Book-learning will not appease my appetite. Instead of wasting my time and money attending schools and colleges I can as well open a petty betel-and-nut shop and earn my living."

Hence it is imperative that the problem of unemployment among the educated should receive special attention from the Government. The provision of Rs. 5 crores recently announced (to be included in the Second Plan) for bettering the conditions of the educated unemployed is a step in the right direction, though one feels that the amount set apart is mere chicken-feed: compare it with Rs. 150 to 200 crores suggested by Shri G. L. Nanda, Union Minister for Planning. (In his article in the *AICC Economic Review*.) Unless ameliorative measures are drawn up and implemented immediately, the Government in power will have a hard time ahead—especially in the ensuing general elections.

THE HIGH COST OF BURMESE INDEPENDENCE

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

In the Chicago stockyards there is a decoy hog who lures each day to their slaughter thousands of hogs. The British conquered India with the help of Indian mercenaries. As if that was not bad enough these mercenaries helped the British to annex Burma which was, if not racially, culturally India's foster-child.

The Burmese race proves that the Creator has a sense of humour. On one side there is India, proud of her intellectual subtleties, on the other, there is China, inscrutable as much in her serious mood as in her light moods. In contrast to them both, there is Burma, gay, light-hearted, letting others go and get while herself happy in just being alive.

This race has always possessed a sense of the ridiculous; and no nation has the capacity to sublimate the ridiculous as much as the Burmese. Untouched by the solemnity or the realism of her two neighbours, India and China, Burma maintained her independence from the ninth to nineteenth century. Not only did Burma maintain her independence but she also made a few daring attempts to extend her border to Assam and Manipur and Slam. But what strikes the student of Burmese history is that these wars were not for territorial expansion as such, but were waged for reasons that have something of Alice in Wonderland in them. For example, Anawratha (1033-77) carried the offensive against the Mons and captured their capital in 1057 for no other reason than that the Mons had refused to share their Hinayana Buddhist scriptures! Compare 1066 or any other battle of the time and the so-called reasons for which these were

fought with Anawratha's war against the Mons. The Mons waited a long time to strike back, but when they captured Ava, the Burmese capital, Alaungpaya, the Burmese soldier-king, not only took it back, but captured Pegu, the Mon capital. That was in 1757.

Secure from attack by land because of formidable mountains, rivers and forests, and contemptuous of the cringing, fawning, merchant-adventurers, British, French and who else, who gladly crawled on their bellies if, in response to their persistent requests for a sight of the King, they were summoned to the Court, the Burmese never imagined they would have to submit to a foreign power. India has known subjection. The Burmese never—until by the most brazen violations of international rules the British, with the help of Indian sepoys, annexed Burma in three stages, 1824, 1852, and 1885-86. The last is usually referred to as the Anglo-Burmese war. It was nothing of the sort. It was a simple act of piracy in which Indian sepoys abetted the British who were greedy for Burma's teak, her oil and other mineral resources, and her rice whose export value was tremendous.

Two institutions had upheld the solidarity of the Burmese nation—kingship, and the Buddhist religion. The King's person was sacred: the word of the latter was Law. The British after capturing King Thibaw insulted him and his royal consort and the royal princesses trundled them in a bullock cart to the Rangoon harbour and thence shipped them to the Konkan coast in India. Later, the queen was given a

monthly pension of thirty rupees, the princesses ten rupees.

Having grabbed the country with the help of Indian troops the British called in to their aid the Chettiar land-grabbers to complete the economic ruin of Burma. There was not even the guise of "in Burma's life and part of it," in the way British capitalists set about exploiting Burma's teak, tin, tungsten, oil, rice and what-else. Their motto was: From Burma's Life and All of It."

Before the second World War British investments in Burma amounted to fifty million pounds. The income from these was ten million pounds annually. Add another million pounds for salaries of British officials. "Imperial Preference" was the order of the day. Burma's only contact with S. E. Asia was limited to her deals in rice with Malaya. But this rice was not their own.

Burma's annual rice exports sometimes touched three and a half million tons. But for whose good? Why, for the benefit of the Chettiers who lent money on interest varying from 18 to 48 per cent against the paddy lands. The B-C (British—Chettiyar) "Cartel" was one of the most scandalous forms of exploitation in the annals of Colonialism.

Under their kings the Burmese had known a 'single' society, under their respective headmen whose permission was necessary for any land dealings. And the whole society was dominated by Buddhist discipline. The established "Headmanship" was abolished by the British. A new class of servitors and middle-men was created by the British. Quislings were not the creation of the Nazis. Long before Hitler, the British in India, in Ceylon, and in Burma created the Infamous Order of Quislings on the greatest scale known. In this plural society, one community poised against the next, the Karens, Kachins, Shans and Burmese set against one another, the political emasculation of Burma kept pace with the economic exploitation.

By 1931 Chettiyars had grabbed more than a fourth of the land in Lower Burma.

It is against this background that one must view the coming into being of Peasants' Unions (Communist and Socialist), the Burma Student Movement, and, as a splinter group of the latter, the leftist *Dobamd Astayone* with its catchword *Thakin* (Sir). (Not the British rulers, but the patriots deserved the term "Sir": that was the idea of Thakin).

In the separation of Burma from India the Burmese saw a move to isolate them from the influence of the Indian Freedom Struggle.

Is it to be wondered the Japanese had such an easy victory in Burma in 1943? Had the Japanese acted with more understanding and restraint in Burma there would be today a different story in inter-Asian relations.

Events moved swiftly. Sir Reginald Dorman Smith, with a few favoured officials fled to Simla, there to enact (through blue-prints) the most laughable comic opera of all time—what to do after the Japanese were defeated.

Ba Maw's "Puppet Republic," U Saw's ("the-devil-we-know") manoeuvres and his execution for his part in the assassination of Aung San and six other Cabinet ministers, the appointment of Thakin Nu (Vice-President of the AFPFL) by the Governor-General Rance, to succeed Aung San, the Nu-Attlee Agreement of 17th October 1947, the declaration of Burmese independence on 4th January 1948, the feuds between the AFPFL and Thakin Than Tun's Communists (Than Tun was Aung San's brother-in-law) U Tin Tut's assassination, the continuing struggle between the present Government and the dissident groups, the general defiance of law and order—all this was the price of Burmese independence. But the future historian will agree that it was worth it.

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NKRUMAH—'MAN OF THE PEOPLE'

By FENNER BROCKWAY

I HAD been to a luncheon in Accra at the flat of a leading member of the Convention People's Party. Many members of the Cabinet were present. I was disappointed, though I am not sure that I had any reason to be.

It was the kind of luncheon one might expect in this country (The Gold Coast) whether the Cabinet Ministers were Conservative or Labour. Cocktails were followed by an elaborate meal.

That evening I went in a car to the home of Kwame Nkrumah, the Prime Minister of the Gold Coast.

The car pulled up by a wooden gate-way, which might have been the entrance to a builder's yard. An armed policeman, in blue and red uniform, stood at attention. We passed in to a short gravel entrance, with rough grass by its side. Scattered over the gravel and the grass were innumerable children and women, the younger children naked, the women about their tasks of washing clothes and hanging them out to dry.

"Is this your harem?" I asked Kwame, laughing.

He laughed in return and took me to an old lady reclining in a deck chair on the grass. She was his mother, and he introduced me with evident affection and reverence.

When we had mounted an iron stairway to a broad verandah, he explained who the population of women and children were.

"It is our custom," he said, "for an African who can afford it to provide hospitality to any member of his family who is in need. When I

became Prime Minister, even distant relatives descended upon me and they've remained ever since. I have only one room and this verandah. Now you understand why I could not invite you to stay with me."

This contrast between the living conditions of the Premier and of some of his colleagues is symbolic, because it illustrates how Nkrumah remains one of his people. This identity had been the secret of his popularity and power. He is utterly devoted to his cause and is indifferent to material circumstances.

I knew him first when he was one of Harold Laski's students at the London School of Economics. Even then he was inseparable from his fellows.

He would miss a lecture to take up cudgels on behalf of a new arrival from Africa who had been refused lodgings because he was coloured. He would come to me in his lunch hour about some disabled ex-serviceman in the Gold Coast.

I was not surprised when Kwame, receiving an urgent appeal to go to Accra to become secretary of the newly formed Convention decided to sacrifice his doctorate in law. He already had gained high academic distinctions in America.

When he took up his post with the National Front in the Gold Coast, he startled the lawyers and chiefs who dominated it. They regarded the Convention as an organisation of the influential. Nkrumah would have nothing less than a movement of the people.

He went into the peasant villages without any plan for bed or food. He slept on a mat in a hut. He shared whatever meal was offered. His

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oratory won political following. His fellowship won personal devotion.

So it came about that when he came into conflict with the Convention on policy, the mass of the membership and particularly the youth, followed him. He established the Conventional People's Party and, although he was in jail when the first elections with adult suffrage took place, his party was returned with an overwhelming majority and he passed through the prison gates to become Chief Minister.

I have been reading a biography of Kwame Nkrumah (Allen & Unwin, 16s.) by Bankole Timothy, the African assistant editor of the *Daily Graphic*, whom I met in Africa two months ago. Here we see Nkrumah as man, student, orator, statesman, and the story has added weight because it is sometimes critical.

My own criticism of Kwame would be that as a Prime Minister he has the fault of his own virtues. He has sometimes been too loyal to those who stood by him in his days of difficulty.

But Nkrumah's Government—as Mr. Timothy's book illustrates—has done wonderful things. In the last three years the number of children at school has doubled, increasing from 43 per cent to 86 per cent of those of school age. I saw for myself new hospitals at distant villages, technical colleges, teachers' training colleges. I saw a mass education movement, not only teaching adults to read and write, but teaching hygiene and child-care to mothers, road building to men in isolated villages.

Nkrumah and his party and Government are Socialist. For two hours one Sunday morning he told me of his hopes to plan and practise a "Socialism for Africa" which will be an example to the whole continent.

He has great difficulties to face. It is our duty and privilege to support him.

TWO FEUDING EX-PREMIERS OF FRANCE

By MARK GAYN

IN a country in which a cabinet crisis comes around every 180 days, most people have learned to take their politics calmly. In the early evening, when neighbours gather in their favourite bistro, the small talk is less likely to be devoted to politics than to housing shortages, the higher cost of imbibing, or the new model of the Citroen car.

This, anyway, is how it has usually been. One doubts, however, that the 40,000,000 Frenchmen will soon stop talking about or even forget the unhorsing of Edgar Faure's cabinet last month or next week's elections. What was involved now was not a routine government crisis but a deadly feud between two former friends; not run-of-the-mill politicking, but a no-quarter match between master sluggers who minded the Marquess of Queensberry's rules only in the breach.

Most Frenchmen still cannot understand how two such reasonable men as Faure and Pierre Mendes-France could have worked themselves into such a fabulous fight. Both had gone to the same school, both are intellectuals, both are lawyers, both members of the Radical Socialist party, which normally speaks for the well-heeled, clean-collared genteel middle class. Both are men of unusual courage, and Mendes-France, after a hair-raising escape from a Vichy prison in Africa, rose from lieutenant to colonel in the Free French air force and took part in 13 bombing missions.

There are differences in temperament. Faure is a wit, master of the light repartee, the author of pretty fair mystery stories. Mendes-France

is the more brilliant, the more solid thinker, a man who hates to waste time. He finds diversion in reckless skiing (he has broken two legs and one arm in the past seven years), but he would rather sit up with a U. N. economic digest than with a sprightly novel. Yet both men are economists, both passionately love politics, and both—through the years of their friendship—had given each other a helpful boost. When Faure was Premier in 1952, he put Mendes-France at the head of a committee studying France's ailing economy. When Mendes-France became Premier in June, 1954, he made Faure his Finance Minister.

Triumph and Failure

The chain of friendship was snapped some time during the dramatic 19-day spell last Friday, when Mendes-France was knifed by his foes, and friend Faure calmly agreed to take over as Premier. There were personal meetings, from which the two emerged with drawn faces and pale lips. It is known that Mendes-France pleaded with his friends to "stand by me". But the bug of ambition had bitten Faure, and he went on to serve out his 298 days as Premier. He soon found in Mendes-France his most relentless critic.

All along, Frenchmen understood that Mendes-France was biding his time. When the Assembly tossed him out of the Premier's office last February, it showed him that no politician could survive without a national machine. Mendes-France learned his lesson.

In an unruly session in May, 1955, he took over control of his—and

Faure's—Radical Socialist party, and ousted his foes. He could no longer give his Saturday radio "fireside chats"—the famous *Causeries du Samedi*—which he gave as Premier, but now his young associates had given him a forum in the weekly *L'Express*. The people learned to look for "P. M. F's" short and bristling editorials, and the weekly (now a daily) became one of France's most-talked-about publications.

One day last month Mendes-France finally triumphed over Faure; but within hours he also knew he had failed. After holding on to power by his fingernails for two months, Faure was ousted. But his foes, led by the vengeful Mendes-France, pulled a boner. They overthrew Faure by such a heavy vote they supplied him with a technicality that permitted him to dissolve the assembly and call a new election. Mendes-France was not yet ready for the election. He wanted it only next spring, when his machine would have been perfected, and the tricky electoral law revised.

Right Or Left?

This is when the feud took on the semblance of a fight-to-death. Within a few hours, furious Mendes-France had Faure read out of the Radical Socialist party. Within a few days, he purged other "traitors". In speeches and in the press, the Mendésists reminded the nation that the last time anyone had dared to dissolve the Assembly was back in 1877, when France had a President with dictatorial ambitions.

Only two things are now certain. One is that, to most voters, Mendes-France is the issue in the election. The other is that the election will not end France's most celebrated political feud. This is unfortunate, for behind the fight and the two men's personal ambitions lie basic issues. In the heat of the campaign Mendes-France put them in these one-syllable vote-catching words: "The choice is clear. On the

one hand, the guilty, holding on to their jobs and privileges, and protected by the lobbies. In one word, the right. On the other, the left—that is, all the young, patriotic forces, all those who are for action, for motion, for the straightening out of France." If Mendes-France pulls left of the centre, Faure just as resolutely pulls right.

These labels do not mean that one is less anti-Communist than the other. What they do indicate is a vital difference in the philosophy and method of governing. Mendes-France, who last summer closely studied President Roosevelt's "fireside chats", wants for France the same kind of economic and social revolution that the "New Deal" brought to the United States.

Back in his constituency in the Jura department where the mountains are rugged, the men are individualists, and *L'Express* has few subscribers. Faure has insisted that France has been doing all right. At home, he has argued, the economy has been expanding steadily; in North Africa, his solutions have been no different from Mendes-France's. Faure is not without his backers—the small industrialists, the medium shopkeepers, the small farmers, the owners of bistros and vintners who had never forgiven Mendes-France his campaign for milk-drinking, the nationalists who feel Mendes-France had "sold out the empire," the Catholic party whose leaders have been waging their own private vendetta against Mendes-France. The latter has lumped them all as champions of "immobilism"—of going nowhere, and doing things as they always have been done. If France follows this road, Mendes-France has cried, she is doomed to decay.

Many a tough Frenchman now fears that though the election has been lots of fun, it will solve nothing.

TITO'S BRAND OF COMMUNISM

By ANGELA BURKE

(The writer spent some time in both Russia and Yugoslavia, and thus can make comparisons between the two brands of Communism she encountered.)

THE first time I saw Tito I would never have known by his actions and environment he was a dictator, and a Communist one at that!

He was playing host to visiting Greek royalty—King Paul and Queen Frederika—and before they arrived at Belgrade's main railway station, decorated in their honour with flags and bunting, and with an honour guard and band drawn up, Tito passed down the line of diplomats shaking hands, stopping a moment about one foot from where I stood. Jovanka, his third wife, 32 years younger than her husband, followed to stand at his side as they waited to greet two of the bluest bloods of Europe.

Tito himself might have been speculating on his meteoric career, which had carried him from one of the world's humblest homes to a prominence where he could meet royalty on equal footing. At any rate I was, for engrossing indeed is the thought that a man who has spent some 15 years in prison, and who for most of his life has been a Communist revolutionary, could now be hobnobbing with his most ancient foes, entrenched royalists.

But Tito's facility in walking the tight-rope, with the abysses of East and West both yawning to catch him as he totters, has stood his country in good stead. For actually his schizophrenia has pushed Yugoslavia from that of a spoil of great powers to the forefront of world attention and kept it spotlighted there, a position out of all proportion to Yugoslavia's development, economy and size (200,000 square miles and 17,000,000 population).

Cheerful Communism

Moreover, Tito's importance seems to be looming larger. With the Balkan alliance disintegrating over the Cyprus issue and one arm of NATO all but incapacitated because of internal dissensions, Tito stands somewhat like a colossus in bargaining power.

It also appears his schizophrenia is catching. Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt has now embarked on a parallel course and, if he is successful, there will doubtless be others.

Though Yugoslavia is definitely a Communist country, if one is to make distinctions in Marxism, Tito's brand is vastly more palatable than the Russian variety. Here there is a great deal more personal freedom than in the USSR. In fact, in this land of south Slavs, Communism is so remote from the type practised in the Soviet that on entering from Russia I felt as if I were re-emerging into Western democracy.

Nothing could be further from the truth, however, for if freedom of opinion is more evident, freedom of movement a fact, and a police force less obtrusive, Yugoslavia is still a dictatorship run on a one-party system which does not tolerate opposition.

As Attlee once observed during a visit here: "I am the leader of the opposition in the British Parliament but in Yugoslavia I cannot meet my opposite number." Mr. Attlee found the country's political life rather flat; "like a race," he said, "with only one horse."

But if Titoism is easier to digest, it is only since the Tito-Stalin smash-

up in 1948 that Yugoslavs have been getting back some of their lost freedoms. And with the new regime in Russia, the liberalizing process may now have been activated there.

Even high Communist officials seem proud of their new freedoms now and all showed pleasure with my answer to the standard question: "How do you find Yugoslavia after visiting the Soviet?"

"Far freer," I would say, for not only was it a true answer but the one they liked best to hear.

Perhaps, however, the most striking difference immediately noticeable to the visitor from Russia is the gay stamp of Tito's Communism. Here one finds cafes filled with gesticulating, talkative Slavs, getting together over their national drinks of slivovica (plum brandy) and maraschino, or over the one legacy left by Turkey's 500 years of Serbian occupation, Turkish coffee.

Here one does not find that unnatural dedication to work which is so prevalent among the younger educated Soviet youth. Yugoslavs, Communists or not, seem to look on themselves still as individuals rather than as self-sacrificing machines building for the future.

As the most avant-garde, too, of all Communist countries in their theories, Tito's party theoreticians began chiselling and adding to the Marxian doctrine. Actually the main party theoretician got so far off the Marxian track that he began advocating radical changes in party organizations and went so far as to describe Leninism as "outdated." This was too much and the expulsion of Milovan Djilas, 44-year-old Montenegrin and vice-president, became the cause celebre of Yugoslav politics two years ago and remains so today. Djilas now lives quietly in Belgrade, completely cut off from government circles and making a sketchy living translating books.

But he left his mark and, to paraphrase the outlook currently endors-

ed among Titoists: "Communism is an expanding, growing doctrine and not simply a list of rules, regulations and theories laid down by Marx and Engels a century ago."

If few Yugoslavs quarrel with Tito's foreign policy which has brought dividends in prestige and goods, his support on domestic issues is far less imposing. Of organized opposition there is none, for none is permitted. But even with consumer goods coming back on the market, Tito's popularity domestically is low, for the pocket-picking cost of living here has put many of life's necessities out of reach of the average industrial and office worker.

Economic Problems Intense

In Belgrade all the necessities are available today, and even tourists are catered to with stores full of attractive handicrafts. If one were to compare what is for sale here with that in Moscow, this place would be a shoppers' paradise. Of course, it is anything but that, but goods are on the shelves though the process got under way only three years ago.

According to the British brigadier and author, Fitzroy Maclean, who has been a regular visitor here since he first parachuted in as Allied liaison officer with the partisans during the war, Belgrade's show windows up until 1951 were filled with photographs of Marshall Tito and perhaps a sausage or two. Since then the sausages have grown more numerous and the pictures fewer. Today, the goods have crowded the marshal out of the window though he is still decidedly on display inside.

But what good are stocked shops when one cannot buy? And there is the crux of the Yugoslav worker's complaint. In Belgrade the average earner in industry makes 9,300 dinars or \$31 a month. But the cost of living for a man and wife with two children, say government statistics, is about 18,000 dinars a month, or \$60. This means that two of the

family must work a full 48-hour, six-day week in order to exist.

Food is by far the costliest family item, amounting to almost 9,000 dinars, and when you consider that 70 per cent of the Yugoslav diet is bread, you get some idea of living costs. Rents are extremely low—in fact, almost token—but, like the Soviet, living space is in very short supply. Almost all families share facilities such as kitchens and bathrooms.

A plain, untrimmed woman's cloth coat costs a man more than his monthly wage, a suit for himself something less. Among the luxury items are type-writers, portable and otherwise, which range from \$500 to \$1,000. Cameras run high, too, and government officials check each tourist in and out of the country who carry these items so the black market cannot flourish. Television is non-existent here, and few persons own cars unless, of course, the position is such that one acquires an automobile with the job.

Surprising enough, however, Yugoslavs manage to look well if not fashionably dressed. And by almost any standards the men here are the best looking per capita found anywhere in the world.

If townspeople suffer from high prices, the peasants are better off than ever before. Nevertheless, it is the peasant who is almost 100 per cent opposed to Communism.

Difficulties of Modernization

To explain their thinking, a Communist economist told me the story of a peasant who admitted he ate better, was clothed better and lived better than at any time in his life but he was still against the government.

"But why?" asked the official.

"Because," said the peasant, "I have no confidence this farm is my own. Why should I work hard when I know any time you want, you Communists can take it away from me?"

This type of reasoning has caused the plummeting of agricultural production. For instance, prior to the war wheat was always a Yugoslav export. Today it is an import, and a costly one, too, when the national diet hinges on it. Other produce has also fallen off, for forced collectivization of farms, far from being a successful experiment here, has been disastrous. Today many of the collectives have been disbanded.

Tito's main headache is, of course, this low production of agriculture. But until recently his attention has been virtually obsessed with building up heavy industry.

Along these latter lines his feats have been impressive. Faced with a terrific legacy of backwardness, and a country which in some areas seems almost to have been dragged into the 20th century, Tito has striven to make an industrial nation out of one with an 80 per cent peasant population. In 10 years, albeit at the expense of agriculture, he has built up the industrial workers from a former 20 per cent of the population to 34 per cent today.

Along with this, his financial position has steadily deteriorated. Part of the reason for this country's huge debt is the result of reorientating trade to the West after the Tito-Stalin collision which occurred when Yugoslavia was in the midst of her heavy industry programme. Furthermore, the upkeep of the armed forces is staggering, though it was probably the chief reason Stalin did not send troops marching in when Tito refused to conform to the satellite pattern. Here 22 per cent of the national income goes for the armed forces as against 18 in the U.S., 11 in the United Kingdom and 8 per cent in France.

If a vote were taken in Yugoslavia today, most people here say Tito would not win it. But then who else is there to vote for? And the answer, of course, is no one, for in Communism there are no alternatives.—NNF

... OVER A. I. R."

By M. KRISHNAN

WAS it Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari who said, at a recent musical function, that while he did not favour mikes because they amplify (or did he say 'distort?'), they made no difference to Srimati Subbulakshmi, whose voice was as sweet broadcast as heard direct? I am not sure if it was Mr. Krishnamachari, and am sure the remark was more in the form of a graceful tribute to the singer, but on the night of December 26 I heard a less pretty compliment to Srimati Subbulakshmi's voice, which, when you analyse it, is only an extension of Mr. Krishnamachari's tribute.

I was listening to the relay of her performance at the Madras Music Academy, when a ticket-holder walked in to listen to the broadcast with me. Asked why anyone with a reserved ticket should listen to a broadcast of the concert, I was told, in reply, that it was pleasanter to hear Srimati Subbulakshmi (and Kumari Radha) over a properly-tuned receiver than direct. Now that is not true—let me point out the fallacy in it straightaway. Nowadays you can listen to no singer in any public concert unamplified, for the mikes are always there, right in front of the singer, whether you listen from a front seat in the concert hall or from your radio-side easy-chair. All this talk about the superior audition of the concert hall is just so much hot air. But of course, it is worth the while everytime to go over there (if you can buy a ticket or wangle one otherwise)—but that is because so often, too often, what the eye does not see the ear does not hear, and you miss the nuances of what I may term, twisting a pompous educational phrase, a visional-auditory aids. T-V is still a long way off in India.

Actually, Srimati Subbulakshmi's voice was, till two or three years ago, the one voice that really suffered by the mike's conveyance. I can remember the time when this gifted singer had not yet found all-India fame, and was less ambitious in her musical culture. Those were the days when she could not sing intricate, difficult pieces, like *Tripura-sundari* in Suddhasaveri which proclaimed her virtu at the concert on the 26th; naive, artless songs, such as the one commencing with the words "Paavat-tam solaiyile mayil vandu vai-vittu-k-koovuth(u) ayyaa", were then in her repertoire. Connoisseurs shook their heads indulgently at her concerts and remarked that she had still far to go, and added, less self-consciously, "But what a voice!" Yes, Srimati Subbulakshmi's singing then lacked her present purity of culture, and was less reminiscent of other recognised exponents of Carnatic music. But there was an unqualified felicity in her voice, the magic of lightness and joy. It was no mere attribute of youth, you comprehend, it was there in her voice till recently—a quality that the most sensitive of microphones was apt to miss. That was why, writing in these columns two years ago about a broadcast of her concert, I exclaimed with Villon, "But where are the snows of yesterday?" I was misunderstood by many, as so often happens when one writes allusively. Actually, though I says it as shouldn't, it was the finest tribute paid to a singer who has had tributes showered on her by the greatest in the land. I shall explain no further and spoil the pleasure of the ballade for you, if you have not read it, or do not remember it—after all, it is there for you in any standard anthology.

We have strayed a long way from the point. The point, of course, is this: is A. I. R., Madras, doing the right thing in relaying music from so many concerts in December? I have not the slightest hesitation in saying, "They are." I applaud the idea, whole-heartedly. I have heard some feeble-minded criticism of these relays by a man whose intellect I suspect and who is, I further suspect, very likely the Secretary of some Sangeeta Sabha.

All I ask you is this: if A. I. R., Madras, did not offer this splendid service, how would I, and thousands like me, have listened to Ariyakkudi Ramanuja Ayyangar at his incomparable best, singing Thodi and Sankarabharanam at Annamalai Manram on the night of December 29? True he fell away towards the end, but it was delightful to hear the old master in such form. "Age does not wither nor custom stale" his infinite variety.

And it was pleasant, too, to hear Srimati D. K. Pattammal again after many years—I am entirely to blame for the lapse, for Srimati Pattammal has been singing, and what is more, broadcasting, quite frequently. Her singing on December 28 was very reminiscent of Dikshitar's sojourn in Banaras, and of long past times, when I was a child. She sang 'Kaaruvaaru' in Mukhari (a song beloved of old-time Vidwans, especially Vedanta Bhagavathar) and 'Koniyaadina' in Kambhoji, the latter the very first song I can recall hearing sung, when I was very young. Probably Srimati Pattammal was not born then; it was long ago. A distinguished Vidwan of those days, whose name I forget, was teaching the song then to one of my elder sisters. I can recall little else about that Vidwan, except his voice effortlessly rendering the many variations of the song, 'Koniyaadina'. But I also have the impression that he was a singularly tactful man. I believe he told my father one day

that he felt more and more convinced that he was merely an exponent, not a true teacher, of Carnatic music, and stopped the music lessons.

There is only one other relay from December city concerts I should like to mention, but perhaps it was the most interesting. I refer to the recital of Sri T. R. Mahalingam, on the flute; the specification, 'on the flute' is necessary, since this eccentric genius sometimes fancies himself a violinist. Mahalingam was quite himself—there were all the highly technical, repetitive, slightly-varied elaborations of a few 'swaras', the tempestuous 'alapana's and the incoherent pauses. During one of the pauses (not an incoherent one, though; it was while the Mridangam, Kanjira and Morsing had their opportunity), the interesting possibilities of having a receptive mike so close to the artist were fully explored. We, who, listened without seeing, overheard a conversation between Sri Mahalingam and some unseen acquaintance. Mahalingam confessed that he was tired, very tired. Then he added, prophetically, "There will come a day!" Sure, Mr. Mahalingam, the day will come. Your day and mine, we still await them.

NEW BOOKS

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OLD MASTERS OF THE TAMIL STAGE

By K. A. CHIDAMBARAM

DRAMA is a mirror of life. Life pattern changes from age to age. But the art of representation, character-portrayal and interpretation of emotions is basically the same. Nobody has added a tenth to Navarasas and humanity laughs and weeps in the same way in a given situation.

The Tamil stage has produced a number of actors whose histrionic skill gave an extra dimension to the dramatic art. Alli Parameswaran Srinivasa Pillai, Narayanaswami, Jaganmohana Ranjita Arangaswami Naidu, Chinna Sama, G. S. Muniswami, P. S. Rangaswami of 'Nallathangal' fame and Cunniah are names to conjure with. Among women Balamani, Kamalam, Kanagaratnam, Janaki, Balambal Aswathamma and Sunderambal gate-crashed into the man's domain, where even heroines were played by males. Balamani was for a long time staging in Kumbakonam, and shuttle trains from Cuddalore and Tanjore which reached Kumbakonam at 8-30 p.m. were called "Balamani Vandil."

Alli Parameswaran was a versatile character, though he got the title by playing the role of Queen "Alli." But his masterpiece was 'Kovilan' where he played the roles of Kannagi, Madhavi and Kali. A dancer of repute, his portrayal of Madhavi was peerless. While other 'Madhavis' garlanded Kovilan tamely in the dance scene, Parameswaran used to swing a necklace from a particular angle on the stage and it would unerringly fall on the neck of Kovilan. The emergence of Kali from the Kannagi scene was a blast of sound and fury. The story goes that in the

'Kali' scene a pregnant woman had a shock and delivered in the theatre. Afterwards a request was put in the notice that children and pregnant women should not attend Kovilan.

Cunniah was the father of the theatre movement and the credit for the discovery of S. G. Kittappa goes to him. He played the glamorous Surpanaka to hoodwink Rama. He wore brassiers and flashlighted them with tiny electric bulbs. He had more 'bras' than Milady in her ward-robe.

P. S. Velu Nair and Srimati T. A. Rajamani highlighted the stage after the First World War. My father used to speak of "Velu Chekkan" playing the heroine opposite to Ayya Bhagavathar with Alli Kittan as buffoon. Velu Nair was a man of integrity and he lent the strength of his character to the stage. Though there was a touch of the nasal in his Tamil accent he was a good actor. Rajamani's was lilting music which used to immerse the fans. After wasting midnight oil in our study for examination, we used to walk to the Royal Theatre late at night to hear her "Nondi Chintu" in Savitri.

The advent of K. S. Chellappa and K. S. Ananthanarayanan of Arya Gana Sabha on the Madras stage gave new life to dramatic art. Chellappa was a top class musician and introduced classical music to the stage. He never entered the stage without grace and usually 'Bhairavi' was his opening tune. A short figure with moustache and curly hair, he had a heroic stride.

Heroine Ananthanarayanan was a contrast to his brother and was shy

to a fault. He was the same on and off the stage. He was a born actor and lived up to his role. He changed saris in every scene and wore a diamond safety pin to link up his hair. This became the fashion among the ladies of P. R. Square. A Tamil scholar with flowing eloquence, he gave a new content to characterisation. He was at his best in 'Sarangadhara,' 'Sulochana-Sati' and 'Gnanasoundari'. Even at the age of thirty he used to play 'Gnanasoundari' with all the fun and frolic of a kid. P. C. Tagore who saw one of his plays classed him as a top artiste.

Buffoon Samanna and Pakkathirudan Nataraja Asari were class artistes of this period.

The halcyon period of the Tamil stage was reached with the appearance of S. G. Kittappa.

Still a boy in his teens he electrified the Madras stage on his very first appearance with the glory of his voice which has become a legend in South Indian music. Before he came to Madras he was playing in a theatrical company in Ceylon. There is a story that a Ceylon theatre owner who booked Sunderambal as the heroine was at his wit's end to get a hero who would be a match to her voice. Many veterans who played opposite to her mysteriously disappeared, as they were no match to the girl prodigy Sunderambal. Finally Kittappa was induced to join the company and Ceylon went mad over Sunderambal-Kittappa duets. In the initial stage in Madras, Kittappa played boyish roles like Dhruva, Cheruttunder and Markandeya and gave a foretaste of the shape of music to come. Cunniah who engaged him and his brothers Subbayya, Chellappa and Gaval S. Kasi was mightily pleased when Kittappa ushered in a boom in the company.

Learning that he had played the role of Nandanar in Ceylon, he sent him to a veteran actor for polishing and stream-lining his music, so that the premiere of Nandanar would

catch the eye of the audience. The veteran who was a master of Nandanar Charitram began to sing a few pieces. Afterwards he asked Kittappa whether he wanted to learn any of those songs. The latter replied that he knew most of them. When the master asked him to sing, he started with the former's last piece 'Nalai Pogamal Iruppeno'. The top notch in which he began, the spiralling and ballooning of the voice impressed the master and he sat aghast even after the piece was over. When Kittappa submissively asked whether he could sing another piece, the master was speechless but simply nodded. Taking the song 'Sivalokanatharai Kandukandu', he started with the third line 'Papa Bhayanagalai Pokki'. It was a blitz of music with crescendo finish. The master sized up the situation and laconically told Kittappa that it was enough for the day, that he would consult Cunniah and would send for him afterwards.

After Kittappa left, the master hurried to Cunniah and started a stormy exchange which took the latter by surprise. He asked Cunniah whether he sent Kittappa to humiliate him. It took a lot of explanation and apology on the part of Cunniah to convince the master that no insult was meant.

Kittappa's was not "his master's voice", but a master's voice. In volume he equalled Pandi; Omkarnath, but in pitch he was a sovereign without a peer. Displaying a variety of tonal shades brimming with melody, it was a spout of music enrapturing and bewitching all who came under its orbit. His music was intoxicating and his fans were numerous. Even his records are just reminiscent, but do not do full justice to the glory of his voice. South India has not produced his like. Probably, the Muses want to keep his memory ever green.

After a stay of two years in Madras, Cunniah and Kittappa produced Krishna Leela which was a marvel of scenic background, stage setting and decor. In a sense, it was a fore-runner of the modern stage. After Kittappa left Cunniah company, Sundarambal joined him and staged a number of plays. The last drama he staged was "Nandanar," a music marathon. There was something pathetic in the last act. He was ailing and was still appearing on the stage against medical advice. In the paring scene with the 'Vediyar,' when Nandanar was asked when he would return to the farm, he emotionally sang 'Tillavaliye Kalandukondaravar Thirumplyum Varuvaro'. This was a premonition, and Kittappa never returned to the stage.

K. B. Sundarambal is Kittappa's successor with a vow. She has won laurels on the stage, in music halls and on the screen. She mixes mysticism with music and when she sings a 'Viruttam' on 'Murugan', she

becomes a possessed soul and the audience is moved to tears. Such an exhilarating experience is the culminating point which one keeps to oneself as a proud momento. 'Avvalar' is still happily with us, as the link between the old and the new.

One of the strong pillars that sustained the Tamil stage on its forward march was a band of gallant amateurs who formed the brain trust of the 'Sugunavilas Sabha'. P. Sambanda Mudaliar, the lawyer turned dramatist and the dramatist turned actor, Rangavadivelu, Doraiswamy Iyengar, Venkatachalliah and Dr. Srinivasa Raghavachari shaped the theatre to a high standard.

The Tamil stage today is on the march. With a hoary past and a challenging future, it is reaching the 3-D. The accent has now shifted from music to action. T. K. S. Brothers capture modern trends in social plays, while Nawab Rajamanikkam regales us with new Puranic creations.

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A RAMAYANA DANCE DRAMA

By M. KRISHNA MURTHI

THOSE who had the pleasure and the privilege of watching a performance of Kalakshetra's dance-drama, "Ramayana—Sita Swayamvara" did enjoy a rare treat. It was probably inevitable that a comparison should be instituted between this Ramayana and Kalakshetra's adaptation of "Kumarasambhava." I for one found it difficult to evaluate them in order of merit. For a fuller appreciation of "Kumarasambhava" it is necessary that one should have a more than nodding acquaintance with Kalidasa's classic. In the case of the "Ramayana," however, the performance made it clear that the simplicity of the style in which the verses have been couched is of the kind which makes it the apex of all literary endeavour. Even a person like me whose knowledge of Sanskrit does not extend beyond the primers, could follow it verse by verse. Further, the Ramayana is so much part and parcel of our Hindu cultural heritage that even those who know no Sanskrit generally have no difficulty about following the epic events with breathless interest, events which neither age nor custom can ever make stale.

Another question which arose in the minds of several in the audience was whether the music to which this Ramayana had been set—composed by the great veteran Vasudeva-charya—could hold its own against the charm, lilt and grandeur of the music to which the *Kumarasambhava* had been set by the late Vidwan Varadachariar, the Tiger of Carnatic music. Here, again, I found evaluation on grounds of merit impossible. The music of the fourth

scene is still in my ears. In its orchestra the Kalakshetra has a really superb instrument and it would be true to say that Sri Pasupathi is the keystone of the musical edifice built with more than two hours of engrossing labour. Whether it is the grandeur of the five *gana ragas* he is tackling or the lilt of *Charumathi* his voice dominates the performance and the clarity of his Sanskrit pronunciation is a valuable ingredient of the whole performance. The superb ease with which he effects the transition from one raga to another without striking a jarring note, is noeworthy. In addition to providing the music he officiates also as the *nattuvanar* with assurance. Feminine voices lend him excellent support, along with instruments like the *mattala* and the *mukhavina*. The background music never struck a jarring note and one wishes one could say the same thing about the similar music provided for other dancers in South India.

In a pamphlet supplied on the occasion Srimalini Rukmini Arundel has explained the manner in which she has used both the *bharatha natya* form of dancing and the *kathakali*. Being no expert I am no purist either. Here, too, the test is whether the two blended naturally together or whether they struck an incongruous note in juxtaposition. I wonder whether anyone in the audience discovered incongruity. An occasional touch of comedy is essential in performances of this nature and *kathakali*, to my mind, is better suited to afford this rare relief. A *kathakali* Ravana, who expresses chagrin at his inability to string the

bow, is certainly more pleasing to the audience than would be a *bharatha natya* version. Similarly, too, in the case of the sage Viswamitra, a towering personality given to even more towering rages. This difficult role was played with complete aplomb by the dancer. Great care has obviously been bestowed upon the choice of the cast. Rama and Lakshmana were young, unlike, for instance, great actresses of more than forty summers essaying forth on the role of Juliet. Janaka was calm, as befits a philosopher-king. Dasaratha's affection, overwhelming, for Rama was well brought out. The burgeoning love of Sita and Rama was well exhibited, by the young people who played these difficult roles. Anxiety, timidity, shyness and then the final realisation that before them lies a life of mutual devotion: all this is not easy for teen-age performers to bring out. But they did so indeed. The choric band of maidens at the courts of Dasaratha and Janaka is a Kalakshetra speciality. The whole team worked together so well that many of us were rather surprised that Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, who presided on the occasion, should have forgotten to utter in public a praise of them, adding it to the thoroughly well-deserved eulogiums he heaped upon Rukmini Devi and Sri Vasudevacharya. It must have been a slip of memory. Even as a jest's prosperity ultimately lies in the ears of him that hears it, the fine work done by Rukmini Devi, Sri Vasudevacharya and the others of Kalakshetra depends ultimately upon the excellence of the actual performers. Here the Kalakshetra has every reason to be proud of its performers.

Something about the *decor*. From the time Srimathi Rukmini Devi inaugurated Kalakshetra, that institution has set the standard. Severe simplicity, added to a genuine gracefulness achieved with the minimum means and a vivid use of colours have

marked the dress and the settings. Vulgar and ostentatious display is avoided. The tinsel appearance of stage settings is excluded. As in the production of classical Greek drama, the accent is on the music, the dancing and the words and not upon clever and comprehensive stage settings. The audience has to cooperate with a willing suspension of disbelief. And Kalakshetra, thanks to the kind of audience it attracts, can always count upon this co-operation. Preserving the traditional in the midst of modern innovations is not an easy task: nor is it always likely to be applauded by the ignorant many. Blending rouses the wrath of purists, who are always apt to forget that the only permanent force in this world is change. This is where the value of the work done by Kalakshetra lies: in striking some kind of balance between several, rather conflicting, demands. In these days of growing disbelief the loving care bestowed upon this adaptation of the Ramayana is indeed praiseworthy.

Purely personally, I thought there should have been a depiction of *Thataka vada*. I don't know whether the scene, showing the progress of Viswamitra, with the two warrior princes towards Mithila, after the successful performance of the sage's *yaga*, should not be cut a bit. Nor did it seem necessary to have a *Lava-Kusa* prologue. Others may differ in opinion. We have been promised a Hindi and Tamil version of this dance drama: and their value cannot be exaggerated. I understand, also, that the nonagenarian Vasudevacharya is progressing as swiftly as possible with the composing of the music for the other subsequent stages of the immortal epic. In associating with itself the tremendous talents of men like Tiger Varadachari, Karakudi Sambasiva Iyer and Sri Vasudevacharya, Kalakshetra, under Rukmini Devi, is doing a magnificent job.

DIDIER BERENY: AN ARTIST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

PAINTING, during the last ten years, particularly in Paris, has undergone so many changes and has been subject to such a diversity of new directions, that at one moment, it almost seemed on the point of disintegrating. Almost anything that was advanced attracted attention, even when technically insignificant, while the serious artist, who after twenty five years of practice had become a master of his craft, was often considered to be out of date. There are many reasons for so decadent an attitude, the chief of these being, I think, the nature of the big city itself. The machinery for advertising and propaganda has today become so powerful that the masses can be persuaded to accept almost anything. Spurious and inferior art lends itself more readily to such conditions because it can be turned out much more rapidly a 'sine-qua-non' for the advertiser. Provided it be in the up-to-date fashion and fits in with the latest craze it will generally, when advertised, be made to have a commercial success.

The genuine and sincere artist however, has come to survey all this with something very like despair. If he be like Didier Bereny an independent character he will wash his hands of the whole business and retire into the country.

Bereny could have stayed on in Paris, in his early years and made a financial success, his family being quite influential, but he preferred in spite of several successful exhibitions to leave the capital and settle in Provence. The old fortified hill town of Vence, where he lives, is one

of the most beautiful places to be found in any part of the world surrounded by olive groves and the vine and fields of jasmin and roses. The Painter lives with his wife in his small villa or 'mas' known as 'Les 4 Vents' (the four winds) at the top of a hill from whence one surveys the sunlit landscape with the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the distance. It is many years now since the artist settled in this spot, and he has come to know the country around Vence much as Cezanne was familiar with the countryside around Aix.

It is not easy to convey the effect of vivid sunlight and the glint of its silver reflection on the olive trees in this crystal clear atmosphere. Bereny is one of the few who can claim to have achieved this. After many years of steady application he has eventually discovered the pictorial equivalent for this evanescent beauty. His use of light blues, greens and yellows when employed with a sense of subtle contrasts is one of the ways. He has given much attention to the technical side of his art. In his early years he made a close study of the chemistry of colours, oils, essences and varnishes, the preparation of the canvas and the different methods of employing the brush and the palette knife. It is natural then that he should give special attention to drawing which is the foundation of all sound art.

In a series of articles which have been appearing in the Paris art papers Bereny has called attention to the present day neglect of drawing. "The sense of proportion" he tells us "is an essential part of painting. To ignore it is to act like a



'The countryside round Vence'.

Didier Bereny

vandal and betray the great traditions of the past. It is to be hoped that every studio will possess a treatise on anatomy, which the artist can consult, from time to time, as a writer consults a dictionary." Such an attitude is opposed to the trend of our time, and Bereny, like other well known artists has refused to follow the decadent fashions of the hour. In one of his recent essays entitled "Town or country" he explains why the big city of to-day is no longer a fit place for the artist:—

"In the speeding up of modern life, drawing, colour, and form are no longer the fashion. None the less, it is these three elements that have always been the very foundations of painting. To draw one must have a stable model, to paint with colours one has to have light, to give to form its value one requires space. The city cannot offer the artist any of

these conditions. If he goes out into the street he will only meet crowds of agitated citizens and the sun is scarcely able to pierce through the fog, smoke and petrol fumes. The countryside is therefore necessary to the artist. It also gives him time and quiet with which to develop the spiritual side of his nature." It is just possible that the distorted and decadent side of contemporary art have their roots as Bereny suggests in the conditions of the big city. It is now twenty years since Spengler wrote—"Men are returning to forms of life that are simpler and nearer to nature. The great cities are becoming hateful to them. The strong creative talents are now turning to Hindu philosophies". This is certainly true of Bereny who has never regretted his exile from the capital. During this long residence in Provence he has had time to reflect seri-

ously over the nature of his art and to study the inexhaustible reservoir of natural forms around him. The region in which he has elected to live has much that recalls the beauty of ancient Greece—its architectural outlines, sculptural forms and the pellucid nature of the atmosphere. Here the hill towns evoke the acropolis and the olive trees the wisdom of Pallas-Athene. The architectural feature of such surroundings is admirably suited to the nature of his work, and the very hill on which his dwelling is built must often have inspired him to a sense of firm foundations. There is none the less a lyrical or baroque strain in his work which prevents his art from becoming static. This he owes to his close study of Greco, Velasquez and other Spanish masters in his early years at the Prado. At this time, when he was only 18, he had made quite a

reputation as a capable portrait painter both in Madrid and in London where he was educated. Many of his most attractive paintings are portraits or still lifes, of a luminous quality and convincing in their natural simplicity.

The architectural side of his nature has found its expression in two remarkable monuments—The Bereny Fountain, in the country suburb of Vence, recently inaugurated by the French Minister for Information, and an Oratory built by himself in which he has executed 120 feet of murals.

There is every reason to think that the healthy, sun saturated art of Bereny built up from classic foundations and a serious attitude to painting will outlive the ephemeral and decadent city fashions of the present day.

American Television

TOUR OF INDIA WITH CHESTER BOWLES

EX-AMBASSADOR Chester Bowles is continuing his good work to bring about better relations between India and USA as a private citizen. In USA the two big holidays are Thanksgiving Day and of course Christmas Day. On both these days one of the countries leading television stations, the National Broadcasting Company showed "Assignment India" which Mr. Bowles specially went to India to make. Millions of Americans viewed this with delight and enlightenment. Newspapers all over the country reviewed it with enthusiasm, which is very unusual. Here is what a leading American television critic thinks about it:

Ted Mills, its producer-director, broke from the established tradition of completely imperial objectivity by acquiring as narrator Chester Bowles

who spent two years in India as United States Ambassador.

Bowles who wrote most of his own material, brought to the show his own point of view, something denied to professional TV commentators who are supposed to remain completely impartial and also a wealth of backstage information that would be pretty hard for even the most competent reporter to dig up by himself.

The hour-long picture was shot in color in India. The colors of India are lovely indeed. As Mr. Bowles points out at the outset, it is the India of gaily caparisoned elephants and native bazaars and the flute players with cobras that he is primarily concerned with. It is the India of 370,000,000 people living in absolute poverty who are tasting freedom and a new sense of self-respect for the first time.

Appropriately, Bowles starts his tour of India in his own Connecticut

with some shots of New England church spires and the words: "When we Americans broke away from England in 1776, we said that all men are created equal, that they are born with certain rights and that among them is the pursuit of happiness. Today in India, half a world away, a great people is reasserting those revolutionary rights."

Then he moves into the villages where three out of four Indians are trying to wrest a living out of a land that is almost dead from overwork and under nourishment. There is a talk and a tour with a singularly dedicated young project leader, one of thousands who are now trying to teach the villagers better methods of agriculture, and as a constant reminder that this is no easy task there are the bullocks pulling the wooden ploughs through hard dusty earth and the ancient looms and foot treadles and other implements that are almost 2,000 years old.

Bowles, a genial, easy going narrator, escorts us through the fields, the villages, the cities, the schools with a flow of narration that reaches a high degree of literacy. It is his thesis that while India could do without

some of the more fanatic excesses of mysticism, it must achieve a twentieth century reality without entirely corrupting its ancient spiritual traditions. He is sharply critical of British-built schools still "under the influence of stagnant colonial ideals," and points out that India needs educated gentlemen less than it needs leaders willing to take their coats off and tackle the grimy task of building a nation. "Too many young graduates filled with the flame of new ideas, sit frustrated and idle in the parks, or listen to the subtle wooing of the Communists."

"It's a simple case of put up or shut up" he warns. "If the democratic government can't put up fast enough, these people will be looking for a new kind of government."

Underscoring the massive problems and the really respectable start India has already made toward "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," are interviews with Prime Minister Nehru and other Indian leaders which are filled with great hopes for the future. It's a truly fine educational documentary and NBC hopes to follow it with others of the same general nature.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE year 1955 is over. And it has been a memorable year for the films; it is the year in which the motion picture industry staged a grand recovery from a slump to prosperity. The collections started mounting up; the business in the case of certain pictures reached the top. "Nagin" set a new all time record in collections; and "Azaad", "Jhanak Jhanak", "Insaniyat" and "Shri 420" have also been top grossers of the year. Five big hits and at least twenty minor hits sum up the record achievement of 1955 which is almost as good as the achievement of 1945, the boom year.

On the artistic front also, the motion pictures continued to make good progress. Technically, our pictures reached a new height and some pictures like "Jhanak Jhanak" and "Shri 420" were comparable to foreign pictures in technique. And if the Bengalee critics are to be believed "Pathee Pancholi" is the last word in screen art and realism.

While the improvement in business and standard is most commendable, the producers are far from happy. The exorbitant rate of interest on which the producers are forced to borrow; the profiteering by exhibitors who in a place like Bombay have increased their hire by two thousand rupees a week within one year, the high percentage of distributors' commission and the heavy expenditure on publicity—all these factors make it impossible for a film producer to make money. Most of the producers are forced to make pictures to pay off their old debts; and with the vicious circle going on, there is hardly any chance of the

producer ever coming out of the financial mire. That is the great tragedy of the film industry today. And more than just a relief in taxation which would benefit the distributor and exhibitor, the producer needs some positive help from the Government, by way of regularization of theatre-hire, distribution commission and rate of interest. As long as the present chaotic freedom of enterprise continues, the film producers, barring a very few exceptions, would continue to be debtors and defaulters. Of course, nationalization would be one of the most effective remedies to all the ills of the legitimate producers; but if the Government is not prepared to undertake that risk, it should devise other ways to regulate the working of the industry so that the producers would be in a position to make better pictures. Indeed, if the Government could start the Financing Corporation, it would have a more 'positive' say in the choice of subjects and the quality of films than the Censors have today.

It is the working of the film trade that needs to be controlled and reformed first before any effort can be made to improve the contents and quality of films. That is the obvious lesson of 1955; and it is hoped it will not be ignored by the parties concerned.

Picture of the week

Out of the several adaptations planned of the successful Hollywood film "The Fabulous Senorita" which ran in Bombay for 12 weeks, "Albeli" is the first to emerge on the screen. And almost every sequence, every scene of the original has been incorporated in the Indian version. Even the characters are almost identical. Not since Karkar's "Baghi Sipahi" and "Jadoo" had an Indian producer been so faithful to the original Hollywood film in his adaptation for Indian screen.

As a result "Albeli" has turned out to be enjoyable fun with moments which

bring the whole house down with laughter. Of course, certain changes have been made in the transcription. To begin with, the original picture had locale of two nations—Argentina and U. S. A.; that distinction which lent a certain colour to the characters and their temperaments is missing in "Albeli." Then the hero has been made a music-professor; obviously, to give more scope for songs; but at the same time the costumes and the atmosphere have not been sufficiently Indianised. Then, Johnny Walker's role of sneezing suitor of the other sister has been developed further to give scope for the talented comedian. This is obviously an improvement on the original and Johnny Walker does his part with great zest.

Geeta Bali may not look as refreshingly charming as Estellita; but she is a versatile artiste and plays her role superbly. Indeed, it is her performance that enlivens the picture and makes it so enjoyable. Among others Om Prakash as a harassed father of two girls and Randhir turn in remarkable performances. Pradeep Kumar is sedate and wooden as ever. The music by Ravi is tuneful and catchy though some of his tunes are reminiscent of old hits. Devendra Goel's direction is competent and the production values are just average.

Providing as it does good fun, one wishes that while adopting the foreign idea, the author had succeeded in completely Indianizing it and giving it a purpose. As it is, it has turned out to be an inconsequential affair without any definite character; fortunately the inherent situations are so hilarious that the picture succeeds in forcing a lot of laughter and good music.

Personality of the week

A wellknown star of a decade ago came to Bombay, stayed for a week and went away without being noticed by the Press. The star who was once a rage of India was none else but the golden-voiced peti'e Khurshid who

left India after partition at a time when she was at the zenith of her career.

Since her 'migration' to Pakistan, Khurshid has almost gone into obscurity. For during the last eight years, not a single picture of her has been released; though I am told she is at the moment working in two films now being produced in Pakistan. But with the present state of affairs in Pakistan, she could hardly be expected to stage a comeback.

While her career seems to have thus been almost lost, in personal life she has also undergone a change. As is known, she has been round the world and what is more, after divorcing her first husband Lala Yakub, she has recently married a well-to-do businessman Mr. Yusuf Bhaimiya, who has been associated for a long time with the renowned firm of auditors—Ferguson & Co. It is learnt that Mr. Yusuf Bhaimiya who has also migrated to Pakistan has now become a partner in the above-mentioned firm of auditors.

Khurshid had come to Bombay along with her husband who had come on official work; and during her stay, though she did not meet some of her old friends in Bombay she spent a quiet time and did not discuss films. She may visit Bombay again along with her husband in future.

News of the week

Raj Kapoor is giving a reception on Thursday, Jan. 5th to the Uzbek artists now on a visit to India. Uzbek artists are giving shows in Bombay this week. Raj Kapoor who has gone to Madras for the shooting of "Chhori Chhori" will return in time for the reception.

Bimal Roy's "Devdas" was duly censored on 28th Dec. 55 and is being released in Calcutta on 6th. Dilip Kumar, Vyjayantimala and Suchitra Sen are expected to attend the premiere.

CAN GAITSKELL UNIFY LABOUR?

By MATTHEW HALTON

(No British statesman since Pitt has risen so rapidly to the top as Hugh Gaitskell, a man of great brilliance, integrity and courage. As the British Labour Party's new head, he believes the best way towards a better society is by trial and error; in other words, he is a pragmatic Socialist.)

ONLY 10 years ago a brilliant young economist named Hugh Todd Naylor Gaitskell entered the British House of Commons as a Socialist M.P. He was totally unknown to the general public and almost unknown in the Labour Party itself. Yet five years later he was Chancellor of the Exchequer. And now he has succeeded Clement Attlee in the leadership of the Labour Party and at the age of 49 he is a world figure. If and when Labour returns to power—it could easily happen at the next general election—Hugh Gaitskell will be Prime Minister of Great Britain.

"In this politically drab age of the bureaucrat and the managerial revolution," writes Randolph Churchill, one of Gaitskell's political opponents, "when advancement is almost exclusively reserved for the good boys and time servers, Hugh Gaitskell stands out as a first-class politician of patriotism and ambition who has fought his way to the top with speed, courage and tenacity and who deserves to be there because of sheer political guts and merit. If he can withstand the almost inevitable corruptions of power, his early arrival at the top should ensure him a memorable career and a place of distinction in British history. Let us salute him."

Aneurin Bevan, who was chief rival for leadership of the party, has described Gaitskell as "a desiccated,

calculating machine." He can certainly calculate but he is far from desiccated. Are there deep springs of moral passion beneath the disciplined restraint of his surface personality? So far it is true he has inspired respect rather than fervour. His critics have called him another Cripps, brainy but aloof and unbending. And they have doubted the warmth of his Socialism. Opponents in his own party invented the word Butskellism to indicate there was little difference between Gaitskell's moderate Socialism and the moderate conservatism of Tory Chancellor Rab Butler.

Equality Defined

The reply to the first criticism is that there is passion and courage in Gaitskell as well as a brilliant intellect. The reply to the second is that though he is a pragmatic Socialist—he believes in progress by trial and error, not dogma—he is deeply sincere. "Our problem," he says, "is to revive that crusading emotion for social justice that was our strength in Labour's earlier days."

"I stand for equality," says Gaitskell. "Equality does not mean that everyone should have the same income, habits and tastes. It does not mean a classless society in which differentials of income are based on acceptable criteria—such as skill, responsibility, effort and danger—and in which there is equal opportunity for all to develop."

To the charge of Butskellism he says, "There are absolutely vital differences between the Labour and Tory parties. We stand for equality of opportunity; the Tories are the protectors of privilege and inherited wealth."

Gaitskell is no revolutionary. What shocks him about capitalism, he says, is its waste and muddle, but these can be removed by intelligent planning—if society will use its heart as well as its head. Gaitskell has emotion in him, all right—perhaps even more than Aneurin Bevan.

This hour of triumph in Gaitskell's life is one of tragedy in Bevan's. Bevan is one of the most able, colourful and dramatic characters ever to appear in British politics. He has great talents, great eloquence and great charm. If the new leader had been chosen by plebiscite of the rank and file of Labour throughout Britain instead of by the Labour M.P.'s, Bevan would probably have won. But his inability to compromise has cost him his life's ambition. Bevan is 58, Gaitskell only 49. Though nothing is certain in politics, it seems now that Bevan will never lead his party and therefore will never achieve the Premiership. This is a bitter hour in the life of Nye Bevan.

Persuaded Into Politics

He was born and brought up in a comfortable middle-class home, the son of an Indian government administrator. He went to Winchester, one of Britain's two or three most famous public schools, then to Oxford. In his first year at Oxford he was regarded as rather a playboy. He was passionately interested in golf, he liked good wine, parties and dancing. In his second year he says he decided suddenly "to grow up and work hard." In that year, 1926, came the general strike which paralyzed the nation and brought Britain closer to bloody revolution than she had been for 100 years. Most undergraduates hurried to London to

drive buses, trains and trucks; Gaitskell offered his services to the local strike committee—he had become a Socialist.

When only 32, Gaitskell was appointed head of the Department of Economics at University College, London. He ran twice for Parliament unsuccessfully. Then came the war and he was snapped up into the government's brain trust. Within a few months he became chief adviser to the Ministry of Economic Warfare. He liked administration and when the war ended he was tempted to accept the offer of a top job in UNRRA, the U.N. agency for international relief and rehabilitation. But Hugh Dalton, his chief at the Ministry of Economic Warfare, urged him to go into politics. They argued one night at dinner and continued arguing until 3 in the morning. Finally Gaitskell agreed.

His rise then was spectacular. He entered Parliament in 1945, and two years later he was a Cabinet Minister. "He is sincere," said Attlee. "He has wonderful integrity and great courage as well as brains. He doesn't try to make the facts fit the theory. If the theory doesn't fit the facts, he changes the theory. He is not only clever and likeable, he is strong-willed and brave."

His first ministry was that of fuel and power, and he took it over in the midst of the fierce coal crisis of 1947. Sir Stafford Cripps saw that here was one of Britain's best brains, and as the economic crisis worsened in 1949 Gaitskell was made Minister for Economic Affairs. When Cripps fell ill Gaitskell—after only five years in Parliament—was made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now began a struggle between Gaitskell and Bevan for the leadership of the party. Bevan demanded a policy of more forthright Socialism. Gaitskell opposed it. Bevan opposed German rearmament within the

NATO system. Gaitskell supported it. Gaitskell argued his convictions without fear or venom. He stood up to Bevan—and won.

His big task begins immediately—the task of unifying the Labour movement after its five years of bitter controversy over policy. If he succeeds he opens the way to power for the Labour party and he opens the gates of 10 Downing Street for himself. If he fails, the party will split in two.

Big Problems

Gaitskell's problems are big ones. He must give the party the drive it

lacked in the last years of Attlee's leadership; he must revivify the party machine; he must gain the confidence of the rank and file who tend toward radicalism and Bevanism; he must produce a policy that will win votes by winning both hearts and minds. Gaitskell has some things working against him: His experience is limited, and he is impatient of criticism. But he has much on his side: Youth, vigour, splendid intelligence, courage, integrity and a happy home life. Finally, if I were asked to describe Labour's new leader in one sentence, I would say this: He will never do anything he thinks is wrong. —NMF.

(Continued from page 7)

of our schoolmasters. While land-holdings are curtailed, no restriction is placed on the amount of stock that one can own. In lotteries and on race courses fortunes are made without any share going to the tax-collector. Often it is not the least paid occupation that comes in for sympathy or redress but the one that can give the most trouble. All these factors tend to make official measures elaborately devised under the banner of the Socialistic pattern, go wide of intrinsic social justice. It is not unlikely that the income ceilings will only promote fraud, generating a new species of binami earners. In the case of land, modern agricultural techniques have vastly extended the acreage that can be cultivated by a single individual. It is a common thing in the United States at present for one farmer to manage 150 acres with the aid of machinery singly, without any hired labour. Land ceilings, it is to be feared, will tie up land foolishly, so as to make it impervious in advance to the wealth-multiplying capacities of modern scientific innovations. Official conceptions of interference with property rights and income limits seem to be totally unsuited to any national objective of increased pro-

ductivity. The desire for profit is an elemental human passion. It must be indulged if productivity is to be expanded. Instead of one source of employment, the State, there must be millions, as many as there are men with brains capable of providing work with wages for others through remunerative enterprises. The simplest way of drawing off excess wealth beyond the reasonable limit for the purpose of the Welfare State is by means of graded taxation. Free enterprise plus tax manipulation will produce the same results that Socialism sets out to achieve, but they will achieve them quicker and more substantially.

Pandit Nehru said at Agra on Tuesday that only those persons who believe as an article of faith in the Socialistic pattern of society, should be given Congress tickets in the coming elections. A week earlier he had said at Mangalore that in defining the objective as "a Socialistic pattern of society", the Congress deliberately used vague language. It is only fair that the vague language of the Congress objective should be made less vague and more clear before anyone is called upon to profess belief in it as an "article of faith."

SAKA

U. N. PRESIDENT'S TRIBUTE TO NEHRU AND MENON

Dr. P. G. Krishnayya, President and Managing Editor of the New York Publication World Capital, writes:

AT the conclusion of the 10th session of the General Assembly of the United Nations, the President H. E. Jose Maza of Chile called a press conference. Here I asked President Maza a question that I felt must be ventilated because the American Press had not mentioned it at all. It is concerning the effective intervention of Prime Minister Nehru that brought to an end the deadlock over the admittance of new member nations. The full text of my question and President Maza's gracious reply are given below:

QUESTION: There is no acknowledgement in any American paper except the *New York Post* about the effective intervention of Prime Minister Nehru, who induced the Prime Minister of the Soviet Union and the Secretary of the Communist Party, who were his guests, to compromise and withdraw Outer Mongolia from the package deal for membership in the United Nations. Of course, it resulted in the greatest thing under your Presidency, Mr. President, of all Member countries being accepted except Outer Mongolia and Japan. May I ask you, Sir, what you think was the contribution of Prime Minister Nehru and our Indian delegation to the admittance of these new nations to the United Nations?

MR. MAZA (interpretation from Spanish): First of all, may I give you some background. In the Security Council the applications for membership of the eighteen had failed. After the meeting practically all representatives were discouraged, and each spoke against the one he felt to be guilty of this deadlock. Some spoke against one country,

some against another country, and this went on back and forth. However those who came and spoke to me received the following answer: "This is the battle of Marengo." Somebody asked me "What battle of Marengo?" I said, "Napoleon's battle of Marengo. Napoleon lost in the morning and won in the afternoon. This battle of Marengo will be won in a short time." Then they asked me how long they had to wait. I said that I was not the keeper of the time, but that we will win it in due course. Then that night Prime Minister Nehru's great gesture came—that very evening. There were continuous movements of telegrams, telephone calls, radio messages, coded messages back and forth. Prime Minister Nehru, following the inspiration of Mr. Krishna Menon, this tremendous representative representing India here, whose capacity is unique and extraordinary, whose intelligence is awe-inspiring and who has great common sense—according to his inspiration that night the negotiations were carried out. When the head of the Soviet delegation asked me to meet him the next day and the permanent representative wanted to discuss matters with the President of the Security Council, then we were all astounded and surprised to find that the Soviet Union proposed the admission of sixteen countries. Everyone there was groggy at this unexpected proposal. Some of us who were in on the secret felt that this was the solution, but after that we had to achieve agreement. At that moment we could not divulge the secret, and I was the last person to divulge it. Now that it is common knowledge, I do want to take advantage of this opportunity to pay a well-earned tribute to the Prime Minister of India and to his representative in the United Nations.

Martha Graham—A First Impression

BY J. VIJAYATUNGA

I HAVE, in my time, met celebrities of the stage, in the writing profession, publicists, diplomats, politicians and those whose business it is to create first impressions. Most of them, by the time they have come into the public eye, begin to act. Some more: others less. A few impressed me by their sincerity and sometimes by their originality as well.

When Martha Graham walked on the stage at Madras I was instantly struck by her poise, self-control and by the atmosphere of a rarer world that surrounds her. If in my earlier days I had not been surrounded by people who were continually speaking about auras I should have said that there is an aura about her.

Her poise is primarily the poise of one who has thought hard, well, profoundly, who after a life-time of search and self-examination, had arrived at a philosophy of life, that is workable in the twentieth century, and that is applicable to modern man (and modern woman).

The control she has achieved over body is not the ordinary control of a dancer or an athlete. It is almost the control as taught in yoga. But a yogi's self-control and self-realisation are not communicable. A yogi initiates, he inspires him or her who aspires for perfection. Martha Graham's self-control and poise are communicable. She communicates it to you: she makes you aspire to reach the perfection she has achieved.

Necessarily, she has acquired her physical poise by the rigorous training that is required of a ballet dancer, intensified by the exacting tech-

nique which she has developed herself. It is clear that hers is not a derivative technique. Her technique is the outcome of her philosophy of the body and mind—the mind chiefly. I should say. This technique, the theory part of it, is somewhat similar to the physical aspect of yoga. But it goes further because its needs are wider than those required in yoga. The pirouetting and spiral movements of ballet acquire a new meaning in Martha Graham's art. Nothing worthwhile is easy: this is as much true in the sphere of art as in the realm of the spirit. Martha Graham's dance-technique, judging it from the little we have seen, is more difficult than any existing dance-form. It is more difficult not only because its aim is to make the body an instrument of the spirit, but also because it is an intense training for the mind.

Man's interior as explored by the psychologist is a vast jungle through which the sun's ray can be made to shine only after a great deal of clearing away and de-jungling. In the case of a few spirits living among us today they have not only carried out successfully this de-jungling, but have made it possible for the sun-ray to pierce through the jungles of others' minds.

Martha Graham, assisted by the company she has trained, is doing just this. She and her associates are bringing a real lasting sunshine into the hearts of many people. It is not that ephemeral temporary intoxication that some evangelists induce in people. It is an enduring kind of spiritual joy.

That we can regard her as one of the most advanced representatives of the human race, without associating region, latitude, country with her, is I think the highest tribute we can pay her.

Devan Of Ananda Vikatan

BY THANU

SRI R. MAHADEVAN, the new President of the Tamil Writers' Association, does need introduction—so shy has been the quiet creator of innumerable characters that have come to form part of the life of the Tamil-reading public, that 'Devan' has always seemed to nurse a decided disinclination to push himself before the public. He has at last been drawn to the centre of the stage by an admiring group of friends in his own profession.

In form and figure Devan is quite unlike the mercurial, not-so-hand-some Sambu, that God-helped detective, created by him, so indelibly impressed on the minds of avid readers of 'Thuppariyum Sambu', a humorous serial whose popularity still remains to be excelled. Mahadevan will seem, to anyone who sees him for the first time, as too heavy to have etched the 'sprightly' character Sambu. He has lavished much cunning and intelligence to create a complete dunce in Sambu, performing detections more miraculous and complicated than any Dr. Watson accomplished.

Though Mahadevan's enduring fame rests on his creation Sambu, his earlier achievements and inventions have not been less noteworthy. Readers will remember Rajamani and Vitthu with as much warmth as they will recollect their childhood memories. Many more portrayals of living types by Devan have been familiarised to vast audiences on the stage.

Soon after taking his B. A. degree in Kumbakonam College, Mahadevan joined Ananda Vikatan, and worked for years in close proximity to 'Kalki'. Though Mahadevan derived inspiration and encouragement from 'Kalki', it must be made clear he was no 'sedulous ape', his



Devan

style and mode have been different and distinct. The choice of themes has been unique too. In his own right Devan is a shining star of the Tamil literary firmament.

Artists and writers generally make poor executives. Devan is a striking exception. The burden of getting up the *Ananda Vikatan* and minding the innumerable details in bringing it out on time every week has been his, during and after Kalki's days. He bears it all quietly, seeming to thrive on work and more work.

Courteous to a fault, Mahadevan has never been too busy to receive friends and have lively chats with them. Devan in conversation is as much the great story-teller as he is in his writings.

Well-read in Sanskrit he now pursues an earnest study of the Vedas and Upanishads. Of a strongly religious bent of mind, he is a humble devotee of Sri Shankaracharya of Kamakotipeetam, who is a powerful factor in Devan's life these years.

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.

Operational Efficiency On Southern Railway

Sir,—The other day Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri, Minister for Transport and Railways, protested against the statement made by Sri Frank Anthony in the Lok Sabha, and claimed a 10% increase in operational efficiency of the Railways. Here is a sample of operational efficiency of the Railways.

On December 7, 1955, the Cochin Express left Arkonam at 7-25 A.M. and arrived at Central Station at 9-10 A.M. As per latest Time Table, this train is expected to arrive at Central at 8-30 in the morning. But it took 1 hour and 45 minutes to cover a distance of 42-1/2 miles. After leaving Arkonam, the train suffered detentions at no less than 7 places.

One of the reasons for the detentions is said to be the running of a local train from Trivellore to Madras just in advance of the Express train. Other operational factors also are said to contribute to these detentions. A passenger is not interested to know the WHY of these detentions. All that he is concerned with is that he should reach his destination in time.

From a lay man's point of view, the Express should have been allowed to overtake the local at the starting or at the nearest intermediate station. These irritating detentions and consequent delays, could be avoided if only the staff who control the movement of trains were men with the right type of ripe experience and bring into play cool common sense.

"WEARIED PASSENGER"

Recruitment To State Bank

Sir,—The State Bank of India have called for applications from educated young men of good "social standing" for

the post of probationary assistants in the Bank's service. Those selected are to undergo training for three years. The Imperial Bank of India, the State Bank's predecessor, had used these opportunities for giving jobs to the sons and sons-in-law of big persons connected with or know to the Management. The present emphasis on the high social status of candidates is in the same tradition even though we are supposed to evolve an egalitarian society of the socialistic pattern. The principle of equality of opportunity for all the social classes has apparently no use for the State Bank. What is the necessity for recruiting raw hands from outside and training them for three whole years at the Bank's expense when the Bank's clerical cadre provides well trained personnel to choose from? Have these employees lost their status when they became clerks? Where is the opportunity for them to rise up? Will the State Bank take a lesson from some of the English Banks where deserving clerks are promoted to the higher grades? The defunct Imperial Bank had their peculiar way of doing things but should the State Bank also ape their methods?

V. G. Row
President, State Bank Staff Union.

Hospitality To VIPs

Sir,—Now it has become the vogue for VIPs and others to visit each other's countries. Friendly conferences and meetings are held day in and day out. What good comes out of these gatherings we do not know. But we know that much of the poor tax payer's money is spent. Perhaps in our country this expense is part of the national development expenditure.

We are not misanthropes to deprecate all friendly meetings. Let there be many. But why spend so much, when we cannot afford it? It is said that when our Prime Minister met Dr. Ho Chi Minh, the latter gave a simple dinner, (tea and biscuits) in a thatched house stating: "Since our country is poor, we cannot afford big dinners." Dr. Ho did not consider this *infra dig*.

Quite contrary is the case in India. We give dinners in foreign style. We dare not give the foreign VIPs our delicious but cheap dishes. For example, our Government did not serve Idli and Sambar to

our distinguished Russian guests. How costly our virtues are?

E. U. ETHIRAJ

Cruelty To Animals

Sir,—I appreciate the sentiments you have expressed in your 'Sidelights' in the issue of 5th November. It is a pity that our conscience has been deadened to such an extent that we are not even aware of the cruelty inflicted on animals by confining them in small cages in the zoo. The lion which is the king of the forest is reduced to the position of a tame lamb, the ferocious tiger is given a mere fifty yards' space for his walks and the polar bear accustomed to an icy climate is forced to acclimatise itself to very different weather conditions—and all this for our amusement. However much we may try to arrange for natural surroundings, it is impossible for these animals not to feel the force of captivity and in course of time they lose all their natural characteristics and are reduced to the position of mere domesticated animals. I wonder what type of education we derive from this sort of "refined cruelty and barbarism," as you have so aptly put it. All these animals tell a sad tale of

woe which is clearly reflected in the pathetic look in their eyes. It is high time that people wake up to this fact and start a crusade for the abolition of all Zoos and in this matter yours has been a signal contribution indeed.

M. V. PATTABHIRAMAN

Begumpet

Rajaji's Southern State

Sir,—Rajaji in an interview to the Press at New Delhi is reported to have suggested a large Southern State and the fusion of Andhra and Kamataka with it at a later date. The suggestion, if it had stopped with that, would have been laudable; but he also said "one fault should not necessarily lead to a series of consistent errors." It is anybody's guess as to what was the fault, how it was a fault, whose fault it was and above all, who feels that it was a fault at all. Surely, the loser alone should feel so. That C.R., having so tactfully managed the whole issue, should still feel it a fault, indicates the gravity of the issues involved.

K. S. MURTY

New Delhi



Pandit Nehru visiting the Administrator's residence at Mahe. Also seen are Sri Kewal Singh and Sri Kamraj Nadar.

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. January 14, 1956 No. 50

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ON THE COVER:

Cave and Umrigar, skippers of the New Zealand and Indian Cricket test teams who played their last match at the Corporation Stadium last week.

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

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. JANUARY 14 SATURDAY 1956 No. 50

EISENHOWER'S PLANS FOR ASIA

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's appeal for long-term financial aid to Asia in his State of the Union message to Congress should come as a surprise to no one conversant with the current tumult in Republican circles in that country regarding the question of foreign aid. Though there was some talk there a few months ago of the advisability of a retreat to a controlled economic isolationism, it was well-known that as powerful a section of the governing party was in favour of increasing aid to nations in need as that which was recommending a cut in the dollars that went out of the country. The two sections are still violently at variance over this point but it is clear the latter have been fighting a losing battle since the tumultuous tour of the Russian ministers in the Orient.

Not computing the chances of the appropriation Mr. Eisenhower has asked for, being granted, the gesture itself is pregnant with meaning and significance. It is an agonising re-appraisal of America's Asian policy. In an election year when the party in power usually goes all out to prove to the electorate its indispensability in government, the President's plan for Asian advancement is tantamount to a confession that the United States Government's foreign policy in this part of the world has been, to put it mildly, pitched on the wrong key. This is a drastic admission to make to the taxpayer who is going to continue to suffer under an extension of the restrictions, and income and excise taxes for an indefinite number

of years to come. This would also probably explain Mr. Dulles' projected visit to India and his anxiety to develop a "relationship of respect" with this country. There is dawning in America the realisation that neither their official frowns nor their press has succeeded in browbeating, bamboozling or threatening our Mr. Nehru; that Panch Shila and Neutrality are not temporary expedients adopted or historical anachronisms dug up by unrealistic political leaders. It is also being suspected that by a whirl-wind and much-publicised tour and by the transparent subterfuge of taking India's side against everybody who has disagreed with her, the Soviet Union has done more to cement her friendship with India and a whole congeries of South-East Asian nations than America has done over eight years by sinking 500 million dollars in cash and kind in this country alone. Factually, we must remember, for every 100,000 dollars that Russia has promised to us, America has given to this country a sum 100 times as much. Mr. Sherman Cooper gently reminded his listeners last week on the occasion of presentation of the first consignment of American wagons to India, of the extent of American help to India since 1947. President Eisenhower's appeal is thus not that the Government should help Asia as that it should continue to help Asia to an even greater degree over a period of years. The kindness may be impersonal, the motives selfish—though there is no reason to suspect that they are

more designing than the Russian—but the help offered is very real, concrete and palpable and, from the point of view of Asia, very much needed and likely to be needed for years to come. The fault, we believe, lies both in the astonishingly little trouble the Americans have taken to understand the Asian mind as also in the casualness with which we have accepted American aid without considering ourselves obliged to feel grateful for it. It does not take away from the size or generosity of the gift that America is not doing anything different for us from what she is doing for most of the rest of the world or that she is rich enough to be able to afford it. India is a balancing factor in the power rivalry between the East and the West. America is just as anxious as, for instance, Britain that India should remain what she is—neutral without any leanings. President Eisenhower's demand to Congress is not necessarily an indication that America loves

Nehru more now as that she has not yet learnt to love the USSR in spite of Geneva and everything else.

American policy in Asia must become *personal* and her attitude less supercilious if a "relationship of respect" is really to be achieved. A nation like America preaching democracy, equality and freedom cannot afford to have many kinds of morality nor the willingness to compromise with its fundamental principles on political provocation. India is still young enough to be idealistic. America's habit of using the whole world as pawns in her game with the Communist countries has not exactly endeared that country to the Asians. America will get the respect and affection of Indians only if she is able to convince us that she is helping the country for its own sake and not to further her own political ends. The respect must indeed be mutual if any such relationship is to be established.

Sotto Voce

IN QUEST OF THE PRIMORDIAL TRADITION



WITH Mr. Nabakov and Sir Stuart Wilson, Mr. Jean Herbert forms a trio of distinguished European visitors whom Madras has had this winter. Tall, burly, with a thick and well-trimmed moustache that gives him the appearance of a Guardsman rather than of an academic, genial Mr. Herbert would be noticeable in any company. I am sure his personality as much as his extraordinary proficiency as a linguist served him well when for many years

he was Chief Interpreter of the World Organisation at Geneva. He has recently joined the University of Geneva with a view to carrying on his life-work uninterruptedly.

His literary fecundity has been amazing. He has published nearly a hundred works, many written or translated by himself, some in collaboration with others. They are mostly in French, naturally, but some have appeared in a dozen languages

ranging from Russian to Viet-namese. He has been specially attracted by the great mystics and sages of modern India. His edition (in French) of the sayings of Sri Ramakrishna is, I am told, the most comprehensive of extant collections. It draws on much manuscript material that has not been published.

Mr. Herbert's primary pre-occupation, however, is the interpretation of Hindu myth with a view to utilising the insights gained thereby as aids to spiritual endeavour. He has nothing in common with the ordinary run of Indologists whose interest in Sanskrit studies is predominantly linguistic or anthropological. He has, frankly, little interest in, or at any rate, little time for the purely literary or philosophical approach. He believes that the great scriptures—including in the term the Itihasas and the Puranas as well as the Vedic Samhitas—set out in the form of myths the multi-faced vision of Reality vouchsafed to the seers of the race.

He is convinced that a devout study of these, by a mind well prepared by meditation and informed by true humility, can bring untold riches. His technique is to examine the narratives dealing with the same myth in their entire provenance and intelligently correlate the sayings and the deeds attributed to the various *rishis* and supernormal personages that figure in them. For him the Puranas are not just fables interspersed with bits of history and allegory. He looks upon them as records of the deepest intuitions of mankind. He maintains that there is neither repetition nor internal contradiction here. If one could but discover the pattern, they would stand revealed in their completeness and perfection as the grand fabric of India's spiritual wisdom.

The study of symbolism is a dark

and fascinating subject. Myths, particularly those of India, have been approached from many angles. Apart from Anand Coomaraswami's researches on Vedic symbolism unfortunately interrupted by his death, Zimmer, Dr. Mees and others have done much useful work. Here, as in the complementary field of poetic symbolism investigated by Wilson Knight, Donne, Spurgeon, Auden and so on, there is the ever-present temptation to make the facts fit into preconceived theories. But Mr. Herbert has no use, any more than had his distinguished compatriot Rene Guenon, for the merely whimsical or personal preference. He knows that the Primordial Tradition may be rediscovered only by a patient enquiry which is itself *sadhana*. He is aware that many provisional conclusions may have to be rejected, that some formulations may have to be modified before they can serve as general laws.

His present visit to India (he has been here many times before) is in connection with two books he is writing, one on Kashi the eternal city, and the other on Sri Krishna. He has been contacting many scholars who have made a special study of *Srimad Bhagavatam*. He says he had to depend largely on translations, as he is not as sure of his Sanskrit as of his French, German or English. Seeing that he speaks English (and probably German also) as to the manner born, this may be taken as an index of his modesty rather than of his competency.

But I have one small fear. With the severely logical mind of the French, he believes in working intensively on a small patch. He concentrates on one typical myth, follows it in all its ramifications in the entire range of sacred literature and thus hopes to find the clue. But to a book

(Continued on page 48)

SIDELIGHTS ::

A parent who accompanied his son to Tambaram on 12th December last, to be interviewed there for employment by the Air Force authorities, and was present closely watching the selection from start to finish, gives this interesting account of what happened:

About 250 boys in all came up for the interview. The recruiting officer personally made the first round of initial selection. It should be said to his credit that his picking and choosing of candidates was very fair. Incidentally I may add that my son was disqualified within 15 minutes in the first round for want of sufficient height. The selecting officer wanted hefty boys; his yardstick was a good school record with 45 marks and above in English and Mathematics. In this way about 150 boys were examined and 40 to 50 selected, and sent up for "getting cracked," that is, for having their weight, height and chest measurements taken and then passed on to the third round of test.

At this stage, the Station Officer Commanding stepped in. He wanted the boys with 50 marks and above in English only to come forward. While selecting from this group, he accosted a boy.

Station Officer: "When did you come?"

Boy: "I came from Mambalam, sir."

S. O. (in a louder tone): "I say WHEN did you come,"

Boy (inaudibly): "I came from—"

S. O.: "Can't you understand English? How did you get 50 marks in English? I asked you at what time this morning you came here for selection."

This boy, who could not understand or properly reply to a simple question plainly put, was selected and sent up for getting cracked.

Presently another boy, tall, dark, with well defined features and decently

dressed, approached the Station Officer and produced his S. S. L. C. register.

S. O. (Looking at the boy and register alternately): "Where do you come from?"

Boy: "Nellore."

S. O.: "What is your father?"

Boy: "Landlord, sir."

S. O. (Looking at the register): "You have got very poor marks. 32 in English . . . What, Mister, even in Telugu only 29 marks!"

The boy kept mum.

S. O.: "Alright." He then handed over the register, indicating with his finger the room where cracking was going on. By about this time, a sergeant was calling out 5 or 6 boys from a list in his hand within the hearing of the S. O. and boys from all corners ran up to him to be cracked. These were not picked out from the open selection; and if comparative physical appearance counts for anything, these 5 or 6 boys had not the ghost of a chance. On discreet enquiries I understand that these names were given by the S. O. himself for selection.

Incidents like the one narrated above reduce the selection procedure for filling public appointments to a farce. I had occasion, twice, to sit on committees for selecting personnel for certain Government posts. It was remarkable how closely the results of the written test synchronised with those of the interview. When I spoke of this revelation to my fellow committeemen they said that intelligence would manifest itself equally in writing and in talk—and the fact that there was no discrepancy between the two was comforting evidence of the honesty of the selecting authorities. In the case of the public service commissions, unfortunately, it has sometimes happened that candidates who fared brilliantly in the

written examination failed in the oral test, and others who were placed in the bottom grades in the written test, achieved sensational success in the interview. The impression has somehow gone abroad that the interview has become a device for varying the just dues of candidates in accordance with the whims and vagaries of the examiners.

It is a pity that the conscience of the men in authority has not been touched by the duty of encouraging talent as the really patriotic way of serving the nation. They seem to be more happy if some whom they don't like are prevented from having their proper chances. By sheer accident I came to hear of an astounding example of this. It would appear that the Central Government wish to take over the Guindy Engineering College and run it as a first-rate national institution, spending over a crore of rupees for the purpose. Our Madras Government are willing to hand over the College but only on condition that control over admissions is vested exclusively in their own hands. The Centre have responded by agreeing to the State Government filling in all the seats as they stand at present, but claiming that additional seats becoming available under the expansion scheme should be subject to Central regulation. I am told the Madras Government are unwilling to concede this, and the result might well be that the advantages of the location of a splendidly conceived, valuable nation-building expansion scheme would be lost to the city. What is the use of the Ministers rushing frantically here and there pretending to be guardians of the public welfare? When concrete measures for training technicians to build up the national prosperity come up for endorsement, they are willing to let them go under the impetus of narrow, sectional considerations. The worst enemies of national prosperity

are to be found in the ranks of these killers of talent.

It is distressing to learn that John Hampson, the English novelist, has passed away. I saw him at Birmingham five years ago. He called at my hotel and invited me to his house at Four Ashes, a village near by. He said India had been kind to him and he felt it to be his duty to receive at his home such Indians as would accept his hospitality. The home he took me to was the quaintest and most comfortable I ever came across. John Hampson had a passion for old things and antiquities. Most people like to look modern and when they inherit or come into possession of old houses, they are a little ashamed of the oldness and seek to cover it up with facades of the latest fashion in twentieth century architecture. Not so John Hampson. The house he lived in was at least 400 years old and he delighted in its ancient origin as though it were the most precious heritage of his life. He preserved and cherished its appearance of age and nothing was allowed to besmirch the sanctity of its four-hundred year-old interior oddities and exterior encrustations. He devoted himself with rare affection to the Wilsons, a family from whom he had received much kindness in early life. He and the Wilsons lived together and he was their prop in many ways. Mr. Wilson died sometime ago and his daughter Marguerita and her brother are now the sole occupants of the house. In the day I spent with Mr. Hampson and this family at Four Ashes, I had delicious experience of the refinements of hospitality of an English home of lovable eccentrics steeped in conservative traditions. Hampson was a great friend of Sri Manjeri Isvaran and the two were planning to bring out a novel in collaboration.

SAXA

INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—THE UNPUBLISHED PLAN
—THE SOCIALIST GOSPEL
—CURBS ON CONSUMPTION
—THE FOURTH ESTATE

THE New Year has begun, as was expected, with discussions over the Draft Plan. Copies of the Draft Memorandum have been circulated among a small number of M.P.s and representatives of State Governments and the Press. The reason for all this hush-hush is not clear; the Planning Commission's Secretariat, like all bureaucracies, is like the owl, highly susceptible to sudden light. Anyhow, the more important or novel proposals have already made headlines in the Press and it is right to presume that more items have not been published only because they are well-known and too commonplace. Without the publication of the Draft, there is not much sense in the communiques issued after the discussions with the Economists' Panel or the Standing Committee of the National Development Council. There is no reason why these bodies should not benefit by public discussion, before they present their own views to the Government and the Planning Commission in the light of such discussion.

The suspicion that the Soviet system of annual planning has strongly influenced the Prime Minister has been confirmed when Mr. Nehru stated before the N. D. C. Standing Committee that the Draft was only a broad approach and that there would be precise plans for individual years. At no time did anyone believe that a Five-Year Plan was going to lay

down inflexible policies or certain targets; and between the hopes expressed in the last four budgets about the outlay proposed on the Plan and the realisation, there have been wide gaps, which, however, did not mean that planning had failed. The stress on annual plans, therefore, does not mean much except as a method of explaining away the totals which do not square, or the assumptions which, *prima facie*, seem too large at the moment.

It is now settled that Rs. 4,800 crores will be the maximum that can be contemplated at the present time as the total outlay on the Plan. If we remember that deficit financing is assumed to be Rs. 1,200 crores, foreign aid for Rs. 800 crores and the uncovered gap Rs. 400 crores, we can very well realise the area of uncertainty that is left in the Plan on resources. But it is out of question to cut the Plan further and show lower targets and so Rs. 4,800 crores has also become the minimum in another sense. Those who dread the consequent uncertainties—arising out of a shortage of resources—have urged that firm plans may be made to the extent of the resources clearly available, with projects in a second order of priority depending on the capacity to discover additional resources. The difficulty, however, lies in the fact that it is impossible for any Minister or State Government to come forward and accept that his own pro-

posals are not of the first order of priorities and may therefore be passed over. The *raison d'être* of the Planning Commission is that it should in such cases arbitrate or lay down objective tests of priority but its composition and procedure has made this impossible.

The Draft has made the utmost use of the Socialistic gospel. In a kind of willing-to-wound-but-afraid-to-strike attitude, the Memorandum seems to have urged some drastic proposals, apparently for consideration only, but actually to show proof of the equalitarian urge. For example, the suggestion has been made that there should be an annual tax on total wealth, on the lines of the tax in the Netherlands, Sweden and Japan. The Taxation Enquiry Commission considered this quite impracticable from an administrative point of view. These difficulties, said the Commission, would "appear to be decisive against the adoption of such a levy." Then, what gave the Planning Commission the courage to revive it for consideration afresh? The second major suggestion is reported to relate to the ceiling for salaries, which has been suggested to be fixed at Rs. 20,000 per annum, while a ceiling for all incomes is proposed at Rs. 30,000 a year. These are not sought to be justified on the basis of the resources they would muster for the Plan but on the necessity for curtailing conspicuous consumption.

Curbs on Consumption: This great act of homage to Veblen, whose great work on the Theory of the Leisured Class stirred American minds three decades ago, is indeed touching. But there seems to have been some doubts about the practicability of these ceilings and their effects on the incentives to work and leisure among those who are expected to contribute to the success of the Plan. It is very convenient for the official, certain of

his tenure of office, his perquisites and his pension, to suggest that there is no case for higher levels elsewhere as rewards for work, but it is quite surprising that non-officials do not see the obvious weaknesses of low ceilings on incomes. For example, is the Government ready to face immediately all the decline in employment involved in terms of domestic services and abandonment of luxuries like personal cars and chauffeurs? Is there readiness to follow up its logical implications that even the Indian Army is an expensive item of conspicuous consumption for a poor country and in any case too large because of her resolute anti-military attitude? There has not been any mention anywhere that our defence expenditure can bear reduction even by a small percentage in connection with the supreme effort needed for the Plan.

There seems to have been some moderation on the policy towards Prohibition. It is learnt that there would be no desire to prescribe a deadline for the States to achieve complete Prohibition. The State Governments would be left free to make their own arrangements, since the acceptance of the Prohibition Enquiry Committee would involve the Centre's reimbursing the States for the loss of revenue. There has also been a retreat on coal policy. The Production Minister has accepted that an outlay of about Rs. 100 crores, which would be needed if 15 million tons of coal were produced in the public sector, would be difficult and that the private sector can go as far as it can in raising the additional production. On the most vexed question of all, namely the role of village industries, there has been a reluctance to commit the country to policies which would involve heavy subsidies and transfer of incomes from one sector to another merely to prop up village industries which cannot have economic justifi-

cation. These are important concessions, if indeed they are firm ones.

The Calcutta session of the AINEC was notable for the provocative addresses of Mr. Panikkar and Dr. Sachin Sen. Mr. Panikkar repeated the now familiar criticism of the Indian Press that it tends to make the most of European events and devotes less attention to Asian developments. Indian editors are still not doing enough to meet this criticism, mainly because of financial considerations, except where they can find working arrangements with the news services of Western newspapers; but here again, the interpretation is all in the Western style. Mr. Panikkar's second criticism that comments are being made in India under a cloak

of anonymity or under various pen-names was also a valid one. On the one hand, most newspapers prefer not to reveal the identity of the commentator and desire to claim credit for their own "special" correspondents though this compels them to take the credit along with the discredit caused by bad reporting. On the other hand, there is a tendency in this country for politicians to resent criticism, however justified, and to nurse personal grievances against critics, making their position unhappy and their proper functioning difficult. Not all editors are generous enough to let their commentators acquire reputations in their own name. Dr. Sachin Sen's plea for the

(Continued on page 14)

INDIA'S ROLE IN ASIA

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

I DO not know who first used the words "raw material," but this ugly connotation has stood for Asia in the minds of Europeans, until quite recently. It still sums up Asia for most Europeans, but a few of them have begun to think of Asia, as Asia. And in this new concept India's role is both important and vital.

Asia is no longer Japan, nor China. Asia is no longer India only. No country in Asia, whether republic or kingdom, petty sultanate or sovereign State can any longer survive except as Asia.

Colonialism is one of those glib words which conjure up a very imperfect picture—the white man, pun-kahs, whisky and soda, Number One Boy, Liver, Swear-words, the White Man's Burden, the Brown and Black Man's yoke. But colonialism is none of these things. Colonialism is the rash which precedes the disease. The disease was Asian disunity. This is not to say that there has been complete amity among the European nations or that there have been no national hatreds and prejudices. But it can safely be said that no European nation would "sell out" or aid an Asian or African nation to subjugate a European country. They produce Quislings for home consumption. Asia produced them for export.

Mere retaliation of colonialism by nationalism would not help—not for long. Nationalism is not enduring. A love of one's inheritance and how to retain it and enrich it by contact with the flux of progress is something more than nationalism. British rule generated nationalism in India. It resulted in independence with the carving off of a portion of the country. Since independence Nationalism has been cool-

ing off, and its place taken by regionalism. If this too effervesces then India can settle down to constructive and creative work and thus set a helpful example to the rest of Asia.

Already India has certain achievements to her credit within the short time she has enjoyed independence. Chief among them is her strict adherence to the idea of a secular State. Even after the creation of a new Muslim State (Pakistan) out of her territory, forty million Muslims elected to live in India, where they enjoy perfect freedom of worship and enterprise. There are indigenous Fascist elements in India, as in any other country, and nothing would have pleased them better than to emphasise religious and communal distinctions. This the Indian Government has zealously discouraged, chiefly through the able statesmanship of Mr. Nehru.

Dependence upon the personality of an individual or the entrusting of a nation's welfare to a central authority is dangerous. But this is happening in India. It is happening all over Asia. Perhaps the greatest blow that British rule aimed at Indian society was that of dissolving the village self-sufficiency, both in administration and on the economic level. They did it in Burma, by abolishing the hereditary headmen. In India, now, we have got so used to the idea of the Sarkar (Government) as Ma-Bap (Mother-Father) that we are like a man who cannot move except on crutches. And now a socialistic pattern of society is looming on the horizon. This is to be welcomed more as a blue-print for the years ahead, and less as a practical proposition for immediate realisation. India's value to the rest of Asia, excluding China is that it faces

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certain problems in common with those countries which have just emerged from colonialism and which have traditions of village rule and agricultural economy in common with India. The British, for reasons of their own, broke up the village panchayats and imposed a superficial democracy which after 150 years of British rule has been unintelligent not to say uncongenial to the masses of this country. The building of roads, the introduction of cash crops, technological and industrial progress in general must be undertaken with caution. It is obvious that India's leaders are aware of these conditions and we can leave the working of such things as the second Five Year Plan safely in their hands.

Both India and other countries of South-East Asia, are somewhat in the position of the South American countries soon after they were liberated from Spanish rule. Spain did not prepare those countries for democracy with the result that they are still used to dictatorship. But we have to say this for British rule in India—that it introduced the rule of law. Legality and the legal profession have been rather top-heavy in the case of India, but if the socialistic pattern simplifies this superstructure then the tradition of the rule of law is helpful for India and India's will be a healthy example for the countries of South-East Asia.

India and these countries, all have had preference for clerical occupations rather than for manual work and technical training. Except in China, under the new regime, all these countries have elevated the man who sits at the desk above the man who works with his hands. This is wrong; and if India by introducing, in stages, a socialistic order displaces these meaningless social standards then India's role in Asia will be even more important for countries like Indonesia, Burma, and Ceylon.

In the short space of time that India has enjoyed independence she

has taken a neutral attitude in the conflicts among the Western powers, and a disinterested solicitude for the welfare of the countries of South-East Asia, and even of Africa. China's position is in a class by itself. Without clashing against China's aspirations India seems well-set for the leadership of the other countries of South-East Asia. The international reputation that India has achieved as a champion of the smaller countries is indeed a matter for pride; but, India if she is to prove really useful for Asia must achieve political solidarity and economic self-sufficiency within her own borders. But these are matters of domestic concern and India's role in Asia is not affected thereby. In a sense India is indirectly responsible for the successful outcome of the democratic experiments now taking place in such countries like Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon. Burma is still in an unsettled state and the power of the army in Burma, though it can be regarded as an expedient, is not at all a healthy sign. Indonesia has her own problems, problems in which political personalities and the fears of certain groups of islands regarding their treatment at the hands of majority rule by Javanese loom large.

No Matter how we view it India's role in Asia is growing increasingly important, and almost against her own wishes, India is being drawn into the vortex of world politics. At the moment under the able direction of Mr. Nehru India is steering for herself a course in international affairs that need not cause alarm. The only cautionary note that may be sounded is that India does not lose sight of her own internal problems which are, first, agrarian, secondly, regionalism and communalism. If the latter are solved speedily then there is no reason for anxiety as to India's ability in playing the chief role in Asia.—Copyright

THE NEW AMBER CHARKA

By G. SRINIVASARAGHAVACHARI

IN connection with the Amber Charka which is said to have a capacity six times higher than the ordinary charka, the question has been raised if it will meet the requirements of our handloom industry which requires only yarns of lower counts up to 40 and thus minimise, if not eliminate its dependence on mill yarns. As a spinner of about 30 years' standing, I can assert that such a thing is quite possible even with the ordinary kisan or other country charkas now in use, if only our people should retake to handspinning with religious fervour and pertinacity as in the heyday of Mahatma's influence. Experience has proved that the annual clothing requirements of a family of 5 members at 20 square yards per head, can be easily met by 2 of them devoting daily 30 to 45 minutes of their idle moments to spinning, which will enable them to spin 400 hanks of yarn required for 400 yards of cloth—no small thing for a poor or middle class family! After all, handspinning is such a simple occupation, and requires little or no capital nor much effort and can be attended to at one's pleasure and convenience, sitting at home with his or her own kith and kin. As Mahatma rightly remarked, we have cotton enough, idle hands enough, weavers enough and cloth scarcity is a mockery. It should be noted that during Mahatma's time the country did actually produce Khaddar cloth in such abundance that a sufficient market could not be found therefor.

The success of handspinning in the past was due not only to the active interest taken by Mahatma and his sincere associates but also to the organisations created by them which, besides carrying on continuous propaganda, arranged to supply to spinners, almost at their doors, all spin-

ning requisites including cotton lint and silvers, and to get the yarns spun converted into cloths which were either marketed by them or delivered to the spinners themselves after recovering the cost of weaving when so desired. With the exit of Mahatma and with his associates diverting all their time and energies to politics, the organisations passed into the hands of paid workers who lacked the necessary drive and enthusiasm and failed to give the required support to spinners, with the result that many of them who had developed spinning to the extent of competing with mill yarns were obliged to give up, much against their will, a useful subsidiary occupation which enabled them to meet their clothing requirements or earn about 4 annas a day. The activities of these organisations, wherever they still exist, are to be seen only at the periodical exhibitions where the several kinds of charka as also Khaddar cloths produced in various places are exhibited. Something of these activities is also to be seen in school rooms where boys and girls are required to do spinning work as part of basic education and in community project centres along with other items of work. Handspinning has thus now become spectacular, being propped up by Government.

Though it is true that, in this fast-developing machine age, there is general disinclination to do any kind of manual work, unless it is unavoidable, it cannot be said so in the case of handspinning, as several people belonging to the poor and middle classes are still prepared to take to spinning, provided necessary facilities are afforded to them as in the past. These facilities can now be best afforded by starting, at suitable centres, Government-subsidised co-operative societies for spinners as for weavers, so that such societies may enlist as members all persons within their jurisdiction willing to spin and give them all necessary help as the

organisations created by Mahatmaji once did. I have known one such private organisation started by a philanthropist and an admirer of Mahatmaji at Calicut with a large-funded capital and a magnificent building with a workshop attached to it, where all spinning requisites were got ready and distributed to spinners within a radius of 5 or 6 miles, and yarns spun were received and converted into cloths—all under a well-planned programme. This organisation was functioning admirably well and I presume it still continues. And if it does, it will be a good model for other organisations to adopt.

Our country is mainly an agricultural one; and agriculture, as a profession, is more often than not, a losing concern except perhaps in specially fertile and favoured areas, subject as it is to the vagaries of monsoon, attack of pests, fluctuations of prices, etc. This is evident from the large-scale emigration of able-bodied labour and intelligentsia from villages to urban and industrial areas in quest of sure means of livelihood. To arrest this large-scale emigration and to engage agriculturists in non-agricultural seasons and seasons of failure, suitable subsidiary occupations should be provided in villages. Hand-spinning being the best and simplest of such occupations, there is all the greater reason why it should be developed in all possible ways. Luckily our Agricultural department has found out by actual experiment that cotton can be easily grown even on our wet lands as a catch-crop and fertilizer, and the villager need not therefore go out of the village for raw material. I have known several women drudging in power-spinning mills from morning 6 to evening 6 for a high wage of rupee one and above, say that if they could get, by any means, in their own village an assured income of 4 to 6 annas per day, they would gladly return to their native homes.

As regards the Ambar Charka, it is

not known if it is simple enough for operation by a villager or is within his means to buy. From its description, it looks as if it could be operated only on a miniature factory scale. In regard to the dispute over Ambar Charka, I find a compromise has been arrived at by which it is proposed to give it a trial by restricting the licensing of new spindleage to 40 counts and over, reserving the counts below that level for Ambar Charka. In any case, if handspinning is to succeed, be it by Ambar or other Charkas now in use, it cannot be except through well-established organisations as suggested in the article, towards which earnest steps should be taken and that, without any delay. Mere supply or distribution of Charkas or speeches about the excellences of Ambar Charka and the importance of handspinning or exhortations to people will have little or no effect.

(Continued from page 10)

unlimited right of criticism and for the right of access to information will be endorsed by all men in the profession. The Information Services of the Government are not what they should be; they are often used as devices to obscure the news in a mass of handouts rather than to facilitate the gathering of news. On these aspects, however, there is room for initiative among the editors themselves. With more competition, the public fails to find differences between one newspaper and another because they all print the same handouts and the stereotyped report of the leading agency services. News editors are often desk-men who view their correspondents with a sense of distrust and superiority; and, like bureaucrats, they prefer the rule of safety and publish what they regard as incontrovertible. It is time that the leading journalists turned their thoughts to the much-needed internal reform.

THE MUSIC FESTIVAL

By RASIKAPRIYA

THE Music Festival has come to a close and the *rasika* carries with him sweet and precious memories of concerts and dance recitals by eminent artistes in their chosen line. The rich feast of music provided by Ariyakudi, Maharajapuram, M. S. Subbulakshmi, M. L. Vasanthakumari and Mayavaram Rajam, the superb Bharatha Natyam of Bala-saraswathi and Kamala Lakshman, the captivating Kathak of Biju Mohan, the sweet melodies of Pandit Ravi Shanker and his wife Annapurna and the celestial solo violin of Dwaram will long linger in his memory.

The discussions and demonstrations in the morning on musicology and music were well attended by vidwans and vidyarthi and provoked lively exchanges. The Tiruppavai recital of B. Rajam Aiyar, the rendering of three pancharathnas by K. V. Narayanaswami, the Ashtapadis by Balasubramania Bhagavathar and Radhakrishnan, the *neraval* exposition by Mudikondan, the recital of Swarakkadu Venkatasubba Aiyar's compositions by Needamangalam Krishnamurthi Bhagavathar and the kritis of Mysore Sadasiva Rao by the pupils of Vidwan B. Padmanabha Rao, Srimalathi Rangamma and Nagarathna were some of the distinguishing features of the demonstration.

Junior Concerts

The Junior Concerts held in the special pandal drew a large number of listeners and were relayed by the A.I.R. for an hour, providing an excellent opportunity to the artistes to put forth their best. Of the juniors who gave recitals, the concerts of P. S. Narayanaswami (Semmangudi's disciple), Sirkazhi Govindarajan (Swaminatha Pillai's disciple) T. Vembu Aiyar (disciple of Madurai Mant Aiyar) S. Kalyanaraman (disciple of G. N. R.) and the Villu players

D. Vimala and Lalitha, and Telli-cherry Raghavan call for special mention.

R. K. Ramanathan's concert with which the series began, was quite satisfactory and his rendering of kritis in Begada, Deepakam, Ananda-bhairavi and Billahari was noted for its *raga bhava* and *laya suddha*. His pallavi "Ananda Natana Madinar" in Kambodi in Thisra Triputa, was a fine effort. He was ably supported by Kumbakonam Ganesan on the mridangam and Tirukkodikaval Krishnamurthi on the violin.

The recital of A. Balasubramania Bhagavathar was noted for his exquisite rendering of an Ashtapadi of Jayadeva in Ganta and a piece in Atana by Brahmendrar while his Pallavi in Todi was much appreciated.

Swaramurthy Venkata Narayana Rao, the grandson of Veena Seshanna gave a pleasing recital on the veena in which he rendered, among others, "Nidichala" in Kalyani, "Karuninchuta Kida", in Sindhumandari, a Behag Tillana and a pallavi in Bhairavi.

The concert of T. Vembu Aiyar revealed his rich *gana Bhava* and traditional training under a great vidwan. His rendering of "Sarasaksha" in Kamavardhini, "Ne Padamule" in Bhairavi was competent while his "Budhamasrarjami", in Natakurinji was noted for its *ragha bhava* and *patantra suddha*. His pallavi in Kalyani which was characterised by rich manodharma was a highly commendable effort.

The recital of S. Kalyanaraman which drew repeated applause from the audience sailed in a very quick tempo leaving no time for the listeners to pause or think. His rendering of Begada Varna was full of verve, while his recital of kritis in Todi and Malavi was competent. His *raga alapana* for the Malavi kriti "Mangalam" by Pannasa Subramania

Aiyar drew a chorus of applause from the eager listeners. He concluded his concert with a pallavi in Sankarabharana which gave ample scope for his originality, culminating in a crescendo of birkas and kalpana swaras.

The concert of Sirkazhi Govindarajan was an outstanding one. His rendering of kritis in Paras and Todi was quite satisfactory while his recital of 'Koniyadi' in Kambodi sailed in a happy gait bristling with the numerous Sangathis of the brilliant composer. His pallavi in Kalyani was noted for its raga bhava and laya suddha and his concert was warmly appreciated by the vast gathering.

The Vellore sisters (D. Vimala and Lalitha) began their concert with a Varna in Nata and followed it up with a brilliant rendering of a Dikshitar piece in Natanarayini. Their pallavi in Simhendramadyamam was noted for its effortless fluency

and originality and was warmly applauded.

The music concert of P. S. Narayanaswami revealed the rigorous training he had undergone from a leading master, Semmangudi. He was constantly applauded by the listeners who were swayed by his sweet cadences. Among the kritis he sang, "Enduku peddala" was a gem and revealed the touch of the master, and a composition of Meesu Krishna Aiyar, "Dayapayonide" brimming with melody. He wound up his concert with a pallavi in Todi "Mamavaraghurama".

All these concerts were uniformly enjoyable, while some of them were outstanding, revealing the wealth of music potential in the south and the credit for providing a forum for these new entrants should go to the authorities of the Academy who had spared no pains to select the best among the available material.

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SIR ANTHONY'S NEW YEAR 'HANGOVER'

By ANDREW ROTH

ON New Year's Day Sir Anthony received a request which must have been as welcome to him as a reverberating gong at the ear of a man recovering from a drunken orgy.

It was the request of Hugh Gaitskell, newly-elected leader of the Labour Opposition, to confer with Sir Anthony on the export of arms to the tension-packed Middle East. It was an interview which Sir Anthony could not refuse without seeming unreasonable. At the same time it was an interview which could only benefit his Labour opponents. Sir Anthony was desperately seeking to patch together the outlines of a new Middle Eastern policy from the rubble left by the collapse of his Government's catastrophic effort to bring Jordan into the Baghdad Pact. Should he succeed even partially, Labour could claim it was due to its pressure: at the same time it was free to criticize any inadequacies.

This interview with Mr. Gaitskell (attended by Alfred Robens and Kenneth Younger) was more than a foretaste of a revitalized Labour Opposition. It meant, more seriously, that the collapse of Britain's Middle Eastern policy had emerged from the narrow confines of an argument between the two sets of Party leaders in the House of Commons to becoming a national issue.

The collapse of the effort of the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Gerald Templer, to bring Jordan, Britain's most heavily-subsidized ally, into the Baghdad Pact, was a diplomatic calamity of the first order. It brought the downfall of a substantially pro-British Gov-

ernment and one completely so. Further, it brought about a dangerous situation, as the *Daily Telegraph* delicately put it on January 3 "where British influence now faces the hazard of elections . . ."

This gross misjudgment of trying to bribe Jordan into joining the Baghdad Pact by dangling an extra armoured division before its Government and an additional £7,000,000 in military subsidies (apart from increased economic aid) was generally credited with being the final straw which caused Sir Anthony to unseat Harold Macmillan as his Foreign Secretary. Certainly the first act of Selwyn Lloyd, whom Sir Anthony then appointed as a Foreign Secretary more in his own image, was to recall all Britain's Middle Eastern envoys for conference. "Seven Characters in Search of a Policy would be an unfair title for this conversation piece," said the *Daily Telegraph*. It did not really think it unfair because it called for "re-thinking" and a change in policy. "We must recognize that the Northern Tier is a completed defensive cordon in itself. It is useless at present to try to merge it into a wider alliance . . . There is no chance of . . . stability and strength behind this line . . . so long as the Arab States are concerned with ending Israel than protecting themselves from Russia." (January 3, 1956).

These arguments among experts had little public impact compared with the discovery that hundreds of obsolescent tanks were making their way to the Middle East—and particularly Egypt and Israel—by way of Continental dealers in war surplus.

The sale of partially demilitarized tanks was nothing new, if little known. Some 12,000 of them had been sold since 1945. What was new was the feverish rush to buy them as tension mounted in the Middle East. Symptomatic was the fact that even surplus Chevrolet army lorries soared from £100 each to £1,500 in the last six weeks of 1955.

The fact that several hundreds of British tanks had been sold to scrap dealers in 1955, most of them destined for the Middle East, broke upon a troubled and increasingly disturbed British public. Most British adults who had grown up in the '30s had come under the influence of the theory that wars are encouraged by the "arms merchants." During the last week of 1955 a series of newspaper disclosures, spearheaded by the *Daily Telegraph's* dispatches from Antwerp, showed that a major traffic existed in re-militarizing in Belgium and other Continental countries, some hundreds of British tanks sold as "scrap" or demilitarized, occasionally converted into tractors. At least 190 Valentine tanks (16 tons) went through Antwerp to Egypt. Israel was assumed to have received about half as much. (*Daily Telegraph* December 28, 30)

An effort was made to minimize these shipments because of their obsolete character. "Any Egyptian regiment equipped with Valentines can expect to lose half or three-quarters of its strength in battle before the enemy fires a shot," sniggered a *Manchester Guardian* editorialist on January 3. "Breakdowns and stragglers will do more than the best enemy gunnery, and only a little of that, given recent anti-tank guns, would quickly finish off all the survivors. . . . These arms may be intended to scare the Israelis; they may only cause merriment in Tel-Aviv." Such editorialists, apparently trying to help cover Government embarrassment, ignored the value of even semi-mobile tanks as heavily-gunned bor-

der forts in an area where virtually all the fighting is on the frontier.

The *Daily Mirror*, with its unerring instinct for working class sentiment, played "The Great Tank Scandal" over most of its tabloid front page and on part of its back page on December 31, under the bold headline: "A VERY, VERY NASTY SMELL INDEED".

"Britain is up to its neck in one of the murkiest scandals in the murky history of armaments.

"An ugly story is going round the world about the latest trading venture of 'the nation of shopkeepers' . . .

"The story is that the British Government, while mouthing pious platitudes about the tense Middle East situation, is allowing old British war equipment to be sold to rival countries in the Middle East." This was a reference to the holier-than-thou attitude taken by Sir Anthony and Harold Macmillan toward the Soviet refusal to abide by the Anglo-American-French limitations on the sale of arms in the Middle East. But here was Britain, by muddle or design, ignoring the Tripartite Pact itself!

"This is diplomatic and political pimping on an astonishing scale," sneered the outspoken *Daily Mirror* on December 31. That same day Liverpool dockers found themselves loading tank treads, submachine guns and gun-barrels, some 400 tons of it, on an Egyptian freighter. They telephoned their local M.P. the thrustful Mrs. Elizabeth ("Battling Bessie") Braddock who communicated the facts to Hugh Gaitskell and the national press.

Attempt to Cover

That very day Sir Anthony, fearful of the impact of the mounting wave of indignation on his political reputation and on his "efforts to reach a Jewish-Arab settlement by secret mediation" (*Sunday Times*, January 1, 1956) did two things. First, he insisted on the imposition of an absolute ban on the export of surplus war

materials and an "urgent investigation" into the issue of export licenses for them.

Second, the "Government realized that the story of the arrival of British Valentine tanks in Egypt was spreading so widely and had become so embarrassing that official comment should be made." (*Manchester Guardian*, January 2, 1956)

As usual, the Foreign Office communique was evasive. It declared that export licenses for "any significant quantities of surplus war material" had not been issued "for several months." It turned out that the 780 or more Valentine tanks were shipped to Belgium in the second quarter of 1955 and all had left Britain by July, before the British Government became aware of their final destination.

In the course of cross-examining Foreign Office spokesman, something more damaging politically to Sir Anthony Eden emerged. "It is understood . . . that the British Government discovered as long ago as July that some of the surplus tanks . . . were not being used for non-military purposes but were being re-equipped and shipped to Egypt . . . It is understood that the Prime Minister himself directed that no licenses for the export of surplus war material should, for the time being, be granted." This information "has not yet been reported to the House of Commons" (*Manchester Guardian*, January 2, 1956) although there had been two debates on the Middle East in which heavy attacks had been made on those who made uncontrolled sales of arms in the area.

Weak Position

Sir Anthony was thus in a weak position when he met Mr. Gaitskell on January 2 and had to agree to consider the latter's request that the House of Commons debate the new situation before he went to Washington, if necessary by advancing the reopening of Parliament. Sir

Anthony declined. Mr. Gaitskell also asked for a White Paper giving all details. Sir Anthony accepted.

Sir Anthony was reportedly very unenthusiastic about another Labour request. Mr. Gaitskell thought the British Government should take advantage of Marshal Bulganin's declaration that 1956 should see a further relaxation of international tension. In the light of this, he proposed, the Western Powers should publicly and formally request the Soviet Union to join with them in seeking to maintain peace between Israel and the Arab States.

Sir Anthony reminded his visitors that an initial approach along these lines had not been well received by the Soviets.

It is not known whether Sir Anthony or his visitors took into consideration that the Soviets, apart from their deep irritation with the Baghdad Pact, may well have known about the flow of obsolescent British tanks to the Middle East long before the British public, or, possibly before Sir Anthony himself. Being uncharitable people, Soviet intelligence chiefs undoubtedly concluded this was not simply a "muddle" as the *Daily Telegraph* described it but an "imperialist plot." They could scarcely be expected to enthuse about submitting to a Tripartite Pact which Britain itself seemed to ignore, under the counter.

Power resides in the House of Commons, but it is in the Lords that one finds effortless grace and elegance. The rebuilt Commons—it was bombed during the war—is snug and handsome and one can never escape the spell of its traditions and history. But the Lords' Chamber is a fairyland, as the lights glitter and reflect off a thousand points and cornices and mouldings and fluted columns of gold.—*Barnett Potter*, in a BBC programme.

FRANKLIN: CRUSADER AGAINST SLAVERY

By ANDREW W. SHAW

(Benjamin Franklin, whose 250th birth anniversary will be celebrated the world over on January 17, 1956, was perhaps the most eminent mind that has ever existed in America.)

Born in Boston the 15th in a family of 17 children, poor Franklin, with only two years of formal schooling, rose to independent wealth and fame in every field of endeavour—as printer, publisher, scientist, writer, philosopher, diplomat, statesman, economist and humourist.

He retired from active business at 42 and spent 42 years more in the service of the public.

His maxims in diverse fields are as valid today as two centuries ago. Among other things, he taught that each basic freedom carried with it a clear and definite obligation.)

FRANKLIN, like many well-to-do Pennsylvanians of his time, own-



Benjamin Franklin

ed slaves. His wife often employed Negro house servants. In 1750 Franklin had two slaves, a Negro woman and her husband, whom he hired out to his printing office manager. But usually the servants in his household were white.

Through private correspondence and the public press in America and England, Franklin used his influence in writing to condemn the institution of slavery. His views can be found in correspondence with such famous early abolitionists as Dr. Benjamin Rush and Granville Sharp.

Franklin did not confine his objections to personal correspondence alone. He expressed his views in newspapers and in formal writings. From an economic standpoint he attacked slavery in "Observations Concerning the Increase of Mankind, Peopling of Countries, etc." (written 1751). He said that "slaves peJORate (enfeeble) the families that use them. The white children become proud, disgusted with labour and being educated in idleness, are rendered unfit to get a living in industry."

In 1729 Franklin printed the anti-slave pamphlet for Ralph Sandiford and in 1736 the anti-slave pamphlet by Benjamin Lay. Both were active abolitionists in Pennsylvania. In 1762 he and his business partner, David Hall, printed the second part of "Considerations on Keeping Negroes," which was written by John Woolman, Quaker abolitionist.

Franklin knew very well that most Americans, talking about liberty and

well-being, left their slaves out of account. In "A Conversation between an Englishman, a Scotchman, and an American, on the Subject of Slavery," published in 1770, he said what he could say about the evil. "In truth there is not, take North America through, perhaps one family in a hundred that has a slave in it. Many thousands abhor the slave trade . . . conscientiously avoid being concerned with it, and do everything in their power to abolish it." British traders, he said, "bring the slaves to us and tempt us to purchase them. I do not justify our falling into temptation."

As Franklin grew older his interest in reforms and particularly in helping the Negroes increased. In 1772 he wrote from London to his friend Anthony Benezet, who belonged to the Society of Friends (Quakers) in Philadelphia: "I am glad to hear that the disposition against keeping Negroes grows more general in North America. Several pieces have been lately printed here (in England) against the practice and I hope in time it will be taken into consideration and suppressed by the legislature. Your labours have already been attend with great effects. I hope, therefore, you and your friends will be encouraged to proceed." It was Benjamin Franklin's first expression of hope that the slave trade might be suppressed by law.

After Franklin went to France as United States envoy, he had little time for attention to slavery questions, but he expressed opinions which indicate that he opposed it as a "detestable practice" as strongly as ever. In a letter to James Lovell, written in 1779 in Passy, he said: "Who would have thought a few years since, that we should live to see a king of France giving freedom to slaves, while a king of England is endeavouring to make slaves of freedom."

When he returned to America some years later he remarked, in "Maritime Observations," that transport-

ing slaves was clearly the means of augmenting "the mass of human misery."

In 1787 Franklin became president of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society. The society had been formed before the American Revolution. (It has the distinction of being the oldest society of its kind in the world.) John Baldwin was the first president, but during the war the work had to be suspended. In 1784, however, the society became active again, and in 1787 its constitution was changed when Franklin became president. The name was also changed to "The Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free Negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the condition of the African race."

By becoming president of the society, Franklin showed that he strongly believed in the doctrine of human rights expressed in the Declaration of Independence. This interest did much to justify his reputation as a great man. The society, as its new name indicated, was now not only trying to abolish slavery but also to improve the condition of the American free Negro. (As early as 1758 Franklin had suggested the establishment of a school for free Negroes in Philadelphia.)

In November 1789 Franklin, at that time 83 years old, signed an appeal for support and funds for the Society. It said in part:

"Slavery is such an atrocious debasement of human nature, that its very extirpation, if not performed with solicitous care, may sometimes open a source of serious evils. Attention to emancipated black people, it is therefore to be hoped, will become a branch of our national policy."

The last public act of Franklin before his death was the signing of a memorial to the United States Congress on February 3, 1790. This memorial was sent to Congress from



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the Pennsylvania Abolition Society. Franklin asked for "equal liberty" which is "the birth-right of all men" for the Negroes and also for the restoration of liberty to those "unhappy men who alone, in this land of freedom, are degraded to perpetual bondage."

A few days later—24 days before he died—Franklin issued his sharp last protest against slavery in a clever defence of the abolitionists, titled "On the Slave Trade." It appeared in the "Federal Gazette" and was signed "Historicus." It was clearly directed against a congressman who a few days earlier had claimed that "Christ admitted slavery."

Carl Van Doren, Franklin's biographer, calls Franklin's letter "a parody worthy of his liveliest years." He adds: "The dying philosopher feathered his last arrow with a wit still light and swift."

The methods of assisting the Negroes, suggested by Franklin and the Society may be seen in Franklin's "Plan for Improving the Condition of the Blacks." It called for a committee of 24 members, to be divided into four sub-committees:

1. To supervise the general conduct of the free Negroes and give advice, protection, and aid to such as needed them
2. To place young Negroes as apprentices.
3. To provide schools for the free Negroes
4. To provide employment for adult free Negroes

Thus, slavery was the last public matter with which Franklin concerned himself. There can be no doubt that his fight against slavery and for improvement of the condition of the Negroes exerted a great influence in bringing slavery into disrepute not only in the United States but wherever his name was known and respected.

ART AND THE RAILWAYS

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

A significant exhibition of paintings associated with the railroad has just opened at the Charpentier gallery in Paris. Perhaps it is only in France, where the different corporations are not so sharply separated as they are in other countries, that an attempt of this sort could succeed. The show is, in a way, quite convincing for we get the impression that the railway and the landscape through which it passes are now integrated like any other natural phenomena. It has taken more than a hundred years for this to have come about since the railways in France date back to 1837.

Turner was one of the first great artists to have depicted the locomotive and his "Rain, steam and speed" painted in 1844 is still today the most poetic version of this theme. Monet and Pissarro during their exile in London in 1871, must have studied this picture for, some years later, we find that Monet after his return to Paris began to paint railway scenes, the most famous of which was the "Gare St Lazare". After the Impressionists, a number of well known artists have turned their attention to the railroad and the present exhibition includes over 250 items.

These early locomotives on huge wheels, belching clouds of smoke, as they emerged from a dark tunnel, must have impressed the artist very much as a dragon coming out of a cavern. But the same train when seen afar off threading its way through a valley must have stirred up poetic memories and associations. The latest type of electric train cased in steel may possess a certain beauty of the sort that derives from the principle that "form follows function" but it is much more likely to correspond with the present day abstract

movement than with traditional figurative art. Indeed it is this rapid change and progress due to the advent of machinery and the industrial order that has disrupted all the arts, in spite of their independence. It is now more than thirty years ago since art historians such as Roger Fry went out of their way to show that there was not necessarily any close connection between art and life, and that art movements were distinct from religious or political changes and even from scientific discovery.—"Under certain conditions the rhythm of life and of art may coincide with great effect on both but in the main the two rhythms are distinct and as often as not play against each other."

Since that time science has advanced in an unprecedented manner and is rapidly transforming the natural scene in a way that must eventually effect the artists. The engineers of the National French Railways (S. N. C. F.) have staged their own show alongside that of the artists. By means of model trains they have marked the progress achieved in the last century in engineering. One might say that in this matter of transport that change has been almost miraculous. In 1857, that is in less than a century, the last stage coach was still in service near Toulouse. These coaches with a maximum of sixteen passengers exposed to rain, wind and mud took six days to go from Paris to Bordeaux, which they were not always certain of reaching. Today the electric train travelling at the world's record speed of 331 kilometres an hour, covers the distance in perfect conditions, in a few hours. This and the creation of aircraft moving at supersonic speeds has taken place during the lifetime

of an individual. There is nothing to equal this in all history, and we may very well believe that we are to-day at the dawn of a New Era. Art, on the contrary which does not lend itself like Science and Engineering to constant progress has not shown the same tremendous advance. There have been momentous changes such as the Impressionist movement and Cezanne but nothing to justify comparison with his stupendous Scientific-Industrial evolution. If we wish to find a parallel we have to turn to American architecture. It is possible that with time a new style may emerge in architecture, as it is beginning to show in the outline of cars, aircraft and much else, a style largely functional and adapted to its purpose. It has been said that the growth of the railways in the 19th century gave rise to the school of landscape painters that flourished about the same period. But this is to ignore the autonomous and independent nature of art.

The Dutch, for instance, long before the railroad was in existence, created the first great school of landscape in the West, as they moved around in boats or on skates.

The landscape movement of the 19th century was partly a reaction to certain limitations of the 18th century, so essentially urban, and elegant. That the railways opened up fresh scenes for the artist is just possible. Corot who travelled by stage coach in his early years profited by the coming of the railways to travel widely and in this way visited a great part of France. The great artist however does not need to be a tourist and he can if he wishes dispense altogether with the railways.

On the other hand the French Railways make good use of art. The present exhibition shows a series of posters made by many of the well-known French artists:—Aujame, Yves Brayer, Brianchon, Cavailles, Chapelain-Midy, Desnoyer, Despiere, Dufy, Waroquier, Friesz, Oudot, Planson, etc. These landscapes represent the different regions of France and are taken from the original paintings.

It is interesting to see that Art, in this way, enters into the movement of modern life and marks a decided change for the better when we consider the vulgarity of the average commercial poster.

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THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF BIRDS

By VANCE HOYT

BIRDS are incredible creatures in that there are few qualities and occupations in the human world which do not have a parallel in the bird world. They have worked out a marvellously well-ordered existence and fill all professions from sanitary agents to prima donnas.

Woodpeckers are store-keepers, yellow-hammers are owners of wine cellars; wrynecks are bakers of ant cakes. Some farm their own insects for provision. Others maintain labour unions and military organizations. Their best fishers such as the eider duck, can dive to a depth of 400 feet, swallowing pebbles for ballast. The Arctic goose likewise conquered a seemingly impossible situation by developing a special sack in which she can hatch her eggs in the extreme cold of the far north-land.

Certainly, the creatures of wing and beak have come a long way in mastering the art of living since their reptilian ancestors first took to the trees and the air more than 150,000,000 years ago.

Two-Toed Feet

During one stage of their evolution there was an epoch of giant birds, such as the running eagle, seven feet high, and the terrible hesperornis, a huge carnivorous and swimming loonlike creature with paddle-shaped feet.

The last of these terrible birds, the moa or elephant bird of New Zealand became extinct as recently as 500 years ago. It stood 14 feet high. The natives used to ship rum to Paris in its eggs that measured three feet in circumference and held two gallons.

The kiwis, a wingless bird with hair-like plumage, is its nearest present-day relative and the only bird known to possess true nostrils. It grunts like a pig, and possesses powerful feet which it uses as weapons.

But of the 25,000 forms of birds living today, the ostrich of Africa, the rhea of South America, and the emu of Australia are the largest. The ostrich is eight feet high and weighs up to 300 pounds. It is capable of dismembering a man, and can throw stones with its two-toed feet. On the other hand, the smallest living bird is the tiny hummingbird, no larger than a little brown-bee.

Of all non-human forms of life, birds are the most artistic and build the best equipped homes. They are particular of their personal appearance, constantly grooming their feathered coats. They all take baths daily in water or dust and oil their feathers with a sebaceous secretion which they extract with their beaks from glands situated just above the rump.

Missing Link

With its saw-edged bill the not-mot disfigures its feathers to improve the lines and shape of its tail. The nightjar and heron possess a toothed or serrated extra claw on the third toe which they use for a comb. The bitterns and some hawks have powder puffs, patches of feathers on the breast and thighs that crumble in dust for drying purposes.

One of the strangest of all birds is the hoatzin of Amazon valley. This creature is a "missing link" between the birds and their reptilian ancestors, just as the duckbill of Australia, which gives birth to its young, is

a "link" between the birds and the mammals. The wings of the hoatzin were originally fore-feet, like those of the lizard, and today its wing joints still have thumbs and two fingers. By means of these it combs and preens its feathers and climbs around in trees; rarely, if ever descending to the ground. It generally goes in flocks and feeds almost exclusively upon leaves; especially those of the arum, which give it a terrible odour that serves as a protective measure against other animals. For this reason it is commonly known as the "skunk bird."

Birds are marvellous architects and interior decorators. The nests of the Baltimore oriole and the hummingbirds are pieces of art. The dodo of Africa is an expert in weaving colour into the patterns of its nest with red, brown and green mosses and grasses. The tailorbird, a species of warbler, sew together with fibres the edges of a broad leaf, or two leaves, forming a dainty little deep cup of living green, lined with thistledown and dried flower petals.

Fairy Palace

Some species, such as the gardener-bird, and hammerhead, landscape the immediate surroundings of their abodes with gaily coloured shells, gaudy pebbles, dried flowers, rich feathers, and various bits of broken wood and pieces of red clay. The dwarf swift of Africa decorates the palm leaf on which she builds her nest by gluing her tiny babies to its surface where they sparkle like living diamonds as they rock gently in the breeze.

The baya bird, a member of the weaver family, builds a veritable fairy palace composed of several rooms, which are lit with the phosphorescent glow of flies embedded in its walls. The swallow uses its nest as a hermetically sealed sepulchre when its mate dies. Flamingoes locate their nests in shallow ponds, where the female can fish while sitting on her eggs. The Australian mallee bird

constructs a huge mound of gravel and vegetable matter, mixed with mud and straw, which produce sufficient heat to serve as an incubator to hatch its eggs. Its nest measures 13 feet about the base and is two feet high.

Born Robbers

But the hornbill of Africa and Asia, exceeding two feet in length, is probably the cleverest of the feathered nest-builders. This crafty bird, which possesses eyelashes and makes a noise like a train when it flies, chooses a hollow tree suitable for his purpose and serenely waits until his mate has started laying her eggs. Then, as she sits on the nest, he quickly seals her in the cavity of the tree with mud, leaving an opening only large enough to insert his beak when he takes food and water to her. There she remains, like a prisoner in her cell, until the young are old enough to fly, before the male tears away the cement and liberates his captive. Canny Mr. Hornbill takes no chances on a philandering mom!

Birds are natural hunters and warriors, and their methods of securing food and protecting it from their enemies are as unique and varied as the species. Among the true hunters are the hawks, eagles, owls and night-jars. Some like the osprey, are born robbers and hijackers. Others, however, are more subtle in capturing their prey.

The oyster-catchers, such as the courlan of Florida, feed on oysters and clams, and are able to open the shells with their powerful bills. In some localities, the courlan is known as the lamenting bird of crazy widow because of a piteous cry it utters at nighttime. The little rosy bee eater of East Africa rides upon the back of the bustard quail to better spy and catch insects, in the same manner as the oxpecker or rhinoceros bird rides on the backs of big game to garner ticks and flies. In North America the bird jockeys are the blackbirds and cowbirds that followed the herds

of buffalo, riding on their backs and serving as watchful sentinels for their hosts.

Blood Thirsty

Paradoxically, game birds are the greatest warriors, such as the cock pheasants and grouse that fight to the death. The small purple martin will attack the great black eagle, dropping upon its back and clinging there like a leech until the marauder flees in sheer desperation from its range. Even so tiny a winged elf as the hummingbird will not hesitate to attack or strike with savage ferocity.

The most terrible and blood-thirsty of the avian killers, however, is the kea parrot-eagle of New Zealand. These veritable despots hunt in great numbers like hungry wolves, attacking sheep, cattle and horses. Dropping upon the back of their hapless victim they tear away the wool, hide and flesh in search of the tender parts about the kidneys. Some live entirely upon the tongues and eyes of lambs which they pluck out of the living animals, well deserving the name of "winged hyenas."

Like all other forms of life, birds have many freak species. The penguin, which literally flies under water, and the kiwi-kiwi of New Zealand have lost their wings as completely as the serpent has lost its hips and legs. The beautiful umbrella bird of South America is crowned with a gorgeous crest of feathers which radiates on all sides, forming a dome or parasol over its head about four inches in diameter. The enormous mouth of the poor willet possesses a fringe of modified feathers with which to winnow insects. The road runner, or chaparral cock, of the arid regions of North America carries water to its young in the plumage of its breast feathers. It is also capable of leaping into the air from the earth to capture a swiftwinged swallow.

Aerialists

Such shore birds as the surf scoter can readily digest the shell of any

mollusc with its rockgrinding gizzard. The giant, black-and-white, scarlet-crested woodpecker of Mexico is capable of felling a tree. This great bird is more than two feet in length, and when once it attaches itself to a tree that offers food possibilities it generally remains on the job until it has brought the tree to earth in about two weeks.

But of all their incredible accomplishments birds excel in the arts of flight and song. Those of the sea, such as the albatross and the frigate, are the greatest aerialists. With wings that measure from 10 to 18 feet these master bird-aviators will follow a vessel for days without once alighting on the water. They soar among the clouds as giant biplanes and can breakfast in Senegal, French West Africa and dine in America.

The gigantic condor, of course, is the chief glider, remaining aloft on rigid pinions for hours at a time. The kite can anchor itself in the air over some likely prey by expanding its tail and moving it from side to side. Only insects can equal the manoeuvrability of the hummingbird in flight. It can dart in any direction in the time of a second and hover motionless for long moments at a time. This tiny aerial jewel is the only bird whose wings revolve in the manner of some insects.

Such clown birds as the longtailed chat and silky flycatcher have no equal in wing acrobatics. The flycatcher, with its glossy black plumage, black and white wings and startling red eyes, is an aristocrat of birdland in beauty, dignity and poise. During mating season this aerial gymnast will roam high into the air as if shot from a cannon, bounce and dart about in circles, then suddenly fall, swirling and tumbling like an airplane in a "fallen wing" descent to earth.

In their sustained flights birds show a well-developed sense of time,

place and distance. For more than 170 years the swallows of San Juan Capistrano, California, have flown away from their nests in the Old Franciscan mission each year at dawn on San Juan's day, October 23, for their winter homeland. Where they go no one knows, although popular legend has it that they winter in the Holy Land. But one thing is certain, they will return the next spring at sunset on St. Joseph's day, March 19, with clocklike precision.

When birds took to the air, their aesthetic endowment was further enhanced by voicing their joy of flight. Not all, however, became master songsters. Some are still incapable of uttering harmonious sounds. The little redbreasted "guld-guld" of Chile barks like a dog; the albatross screams like a braying ass; the bittern bellows like a bull by holding its beak in shallow water; the pinnated grouse howls like a coyote; the umbrella bird of South America blares like a trumpeter, the macaw screams like a crying monkey, and the parrots, crows and ravens chatter in imitation of any sound they hear.

Perfect Melody

Likewise, the rain crow, corn crane, grasshopper-warbler and the mockingbird are all good ventriloquists and mimics in order to lead enemies from their nests. But the song-birds

are the true vocalists of the feathered tribe. They give voice and life to the forest. No doubt the scenery has an effect upon the songs of birds, and each locality has its particular type of music. The mockingbird of Florida, for instance, sings in a different way from its northern brother.

Moreover, all singing birds have distinctive vocal characteristics peculiar to the individual as well as to the species. The Baltimore oriole sings briskly as he dashes off his songs of only one phrase—a perfect little melody. The robin sings with an eager insistence that suggests breathless haste. The brown thrasher delivers his notes with earnestness and emphasis. The cadenzas of the veery, the serene largo of the wood thrush, the more joyous adagio of the hermit thrush are to many people, the consummation of song.

In June the lay of the bobolink is an irresistible outburst of ecstasy and the joy of living. But the song of the meadowlark, a member of the same family, is quite different. One cannot listen to them in the same mood.

Of all the bird voices few can compare with the little canyon wren of the western mountain and desert regions. Its outburst of musical notes descending the chromatic scale is indescribably beautiful. Loud, clear and liquid its bell-like peal is the dawn psalm of the wilderness.

QUEER WILLS & POSTHUMOUS ECCENTRICITIES

By SUBHASH J. RELE

EVERY person has his reason for making a will. Without any fear or favour the will-makers speak out their minds and pour their hearts in their wills. They even give vent to their proclivities and eccentricities. No wonder wills often make bequests that verge on the ludicrous.

Not many years ago a queer old native of Finland stated in his will that all his property should be bequeathed to the Devil. Everybody was confounded by the will. Ultimately the State stepped in and took possession of his property. A lawyer in France left all his money to a lunatic asylum declaring that it was simply an act of restitution to the clients who were insane enough to employ his services.

Some time ago a wealthy man in New York's Wall Street died and left the following will: "To my wife, I leave one dollar and the knowledge that I wasn't the fool she thought I was. To my son, I leave the pleasure of earning a living. For 35 years he has thought the pleasure was mine. He was mistaken. To my daughter, I leave 100,000 dollars. She will need it. The only good piece of business her husband ever did was to marry her. To my valet, I leave the clothes he has been stealing from me regularly for the past 10 years. Also my fur coat that he wore last winter when I was in Palm Beach. To my chauffeur, I leave my cars. He almost ruined them and I want him to have the satisfaction of finishing the job. To my partner, I leave the suggestion that he take some other clever man in with him at once if he expects to do any business."

It is however not unnatural that testators often want to influence

legatee's conduct. Just because he preferred to live in Britain instead of his native U. S. A., George Bacon of Nottingham was left \$1 in his rich father's will. Another father, a Londoner, left all his wealth to his sons on condition that they did not become members of Parliament, undertake any form of public office, speculate on the Stock Exchange, marry outside the Jewish faith or embrace any other form of religion. If they did any one of these things, they would forfeit a fortune.

Wills also have an unusual knack of playing odd tricks. A wealthy man directed in his will that the five drawers in his desk be opened on the five consecutive anniversaries of his death. That was all; not a word was written about the disposition of a fortune. When four drawers were opened there was found in them nothing but a sealed letter containing this message: "Have faith and hope, you will attain unto the fruition of all your desires." When on the fifth anniversary the last drawer was opened a properly executed will was found, leaving the property to those who had expected it. Not long ago a man left his wife a mere farthing with the instruction that it should be sent to her in an unstamped envelope.

Will-making is no mere hobby. Invariably it calls for the wisdom of a Solomon. A native of France, Madame A. Clara Guzman, left rather a curious will. Under her instructions the first person who could prove that he has talked with or received a signal from a dweller on any heavenly body other than Mars, will receive a large sum of money. The amusing part of this will is that the amount

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still lies unclaimed. A French doctor who died recently left a fund to be set aside to give an annual prize to the local man or woman with what he called "the finest nose." The competition was to be open to people of any nationality except Russian and each competitor had to have red hair and black eyebrows. One Italian bachelor, Signor Pietro Bozzalia, left a very strange bequest. He bequeathed his luxurious house at Biella for the benefit of "old maids who have no hope of marriage."

Some testators take a queer delight in expressing the necessary requirements for their funerals and also the disposal of their dead bodies after death. A rich Californian expressed that if the grass growing over the grave turns yellow his vast trust fund will become void. An eccentric Frenchman in his will declared the French to be "a nation of dastards and fools". For that reason he devised his whole fortune to the poor of London, and directed his body be thrown into the sea a mile from the English coast.

Curiously enough, many testators make some provision in their wills to ensure their not being burned alive. The late John Blount, Price of Islington, desired that four days after his death two skilful surgeons should be paid £6 each to perform such operations on his body as would kill him in case he were yet alive. A Vienna millionaire seemed to have a horror of darkness. In his will he provided that his coffin should be lighted.

Large legacies have been bequeathed to animals. Some lucky bears in a Swiss zoo once had legal claims to a fortune. A cocker spaniel and a Cuban parrot once shared £3,000. In this case, however, the relatives of the diseased fought tooth and nail but all was in vain. Without a second thought 74 year old Mrs. Catherine Olberg left a fortune and a house to her five cats and a dog.

Odd as it may sound, wills have been made on pieces of furniture,

pebbles, oysters and other shells. An English solicitor actually wrote his will on ice. While skating he fell through the ice, but managed to support himself for a time. Then despairing of being rescued, he used his penknife to scratch a few words on the ice disposing his fortune.

Wills can be obscure and staccato. One eccentric testator took it into his queer head to write his will on a door. It was done in red chalk. Two witnesses signed it. The court however refused to admit a photograph of the door and the will. The executors however had no other alternative but to have the door on which the will was written produced in the court for probate.

Incredibly enough, wills have been written on flour bags, and even scratched in watches. Count Tolstoy wrote his will on the stump of a tree. Wills have also been made in Esperanto and shorthand. One of the most pathetic of all odd wills was written on a packet of cigarettes found in the clothing of a Hampshire man who was found lying face downwards in a river. He concluded the will with the words, "I can stand the strain no more". About the smallest will on record was written on the gummed back of an ordinary postage stamp. The writing though very tiny was decipherable with the aid of a magnifying glass. As this will was properly signed and witnessed, there was no difficulty about admitting it to probate.

The longest will on record was a 95,000 word epic penned by a woman who devoted about 20 years to the task. The ponderous manuscript was always comfortably at her side and her friends imagined she was working on a book.

Wills are not free from quaint phrasing. A man left part of his fortune to his wife and erratically commented, "As she has been troubled with one old fool, she should not think of marrying a second."

EVE OF THE WEDDING

Prabha hid her face in her hands . . . cancel the wedding, mother she cried.

"ARE you going out now, Prabha dear?" asked her mother, "I see you have already taken your hand-bag and umbrella. Have you forgotten that your marriage is coming off day after tomorrow and that our relations are arriving here by the midnight passenger?"

Prabha smiled. "Mother, the one great defect with you is that you still think me to be your baby in arms. Do you forget that I will be thirty-two next Thursday and that I was till yesterday secretary to the head of a biscuit manufacturing company? How can I afford to forget that I am to marry Maghnath, the widower with two children by his first wife, and that thereby I will be making my mother the happiest woman."

"There, there, my darling, you begin to mock at me again. Don't talk in that strain. You sound to me as if your heart is not in this marriage. You must be proud to marry Maghnath, dear. Indeed, any girl will be. Though he is forty years, he is very handsome and strong. He is manager of the biggest bank in the city and owns a bungalow and a car. He knows that you were running around with that blighter Ravindran. All the same, he says he likes you immensely and has promised every comfort to make you happy. Hasn't he, darling?"

Prabha looked bored though she respectfully listened. "Yes, mother, Maghnath is a very nice man and I have already learnt to like him. My only grievance is that he is not such a dashing debonaire chap as Ravin-

dran. He is a bit oldish, too. But then, mother, it is like the pot calling the kettle black. I am thirty-two and I am having great difficulty in hiding the streaks of gray in my hair."

"But you look as beautiful today as when you were in your teens, my precious darling. Whoever says that my daughter lacks charm or attraction is a blind fool," cried her mother.

Prabha embraced the old woman and laid her cheek against hers. "I know, mother, I am the only beautiful girl in your eyes. Well, won't you let me go and spend the last minutes of my pre-marital freedom as I choose? I am going to the 'Regal Talkies' at the outskirts of the city, where a fine Hindi picture is running. Leela, my friend, will be waiting for me there and she will return with me here for a cup of tea. I am sure to be here two hours before the arrival of our relations, mother. Won't you let me have this last fling, as you may call it?"

"All right, Prabha. Bring Leela here and we shall treat her to cakes, fruits and tea. I shall be expecting you by 9 p.m. sharp."

Rather keen was Prabha's disappointment when she did not find Leela at the theatre. But the picture was really superb and entertaining and she almost split her sides with laughter. The story revolved round a middle-aged heroine who wanted to marry a young man. She covered her partial baldness with a wig of hair and exerted all her charms and blandishments only to

discover that the 'young' man was not so young. His false denture which he had left in the bathroom for cleaning betrayed his age. But they ultimately married, each allowing for the other's shortcomings.

Prabha remembered that this was probably her last chance to marry. In the course of her career, first as a stenographer and later on as secretary she had met some young men including Ravindran and had fallen head over heels in love with them. She realised bitterly how they had flirted with her and let her down to marry some girl of their parents' choice. How great and noble it was of Magnath to assure her that he would never question her past and that it would be no concern of his. She wished she had asked him to take her to this picture. He, too, would have enjoyed it.

The tower clock was striking ten when she hurried to the bus stop. It had begun to rain heavily but she put up her umbrella and was waiting for the bus, looking wistfully up the road. She became rather apprehensive when she noticed that she was all alone at the stop. She had almost decided to walk back to the theatre three furlongs off and hire a taxi. The rain and wind had become furious; her flimsy silk umbrella could hardly battle with them. She still hoped that the bus would come and pick her up.

Just then the glare of the headlights of a small motor car almost dazzled her blind. She averted her eyes and inclined the umbrella down to shut out the light. Then she heard a familiar voice accost her. "Hey, Prabha! Don't you know that it is 10.30 and the last bus has gone to the shed? Come on, get in, I say."

It was Ravindran calling to her. He was sitting at the wheel of his Morris Minor and had somehow spotted her at the bus stop. She felt relieved and with exclamations of delight hopped in. "Thank you very much, Ravindran, for this timely

lift. I had been to the 'Regal Theatre' to see the new comedy but I shouldn't have stayed at the refreshment bar for half an hour afterwards. That was a stupid mistake and I missed the bus, as a result. For old times' sake, won't you drive me home, dear?"

She bit her lips at having foolishly blurted out the word 'dear'. Ravindran chuckled and stopped the car for a minute. "You haven't changed a bit, Prabha. You are as pretty and vivacious as you were five years ago. Don't you remember our midnight return in a taxi in such weather from Mahabalipuram? Come to the front and sit next to me, won't you?"

"I am drenched a little, Ravin, and the back seat is more comfortable."

"That is all right," said Ravindran, starting the car again. "I will drop you at your home in twenty minutes. I shall take the new road that runs through the fields and save seven minutes. Any news, Prabha? It is ages since I saw you."

"I am to be married to Maghnath, the bank manager, day after tomorrow. Aren't you going to congratulate me?" she asked in a loud tone.

"Ho, ho, ho!" he laughed and turned back just for a second, stretching his left hand. It proved to be a disastrous moment. The car skidded off the road, dashed into a field, turned turtle and came to a dead stop in a muddy pool of water. Loud was the woman's scream as she was thrown out of the car while Ravindran knocked his head against the wheel and was lying in a heap inside the vehicle. Luckily for them, the driver of another car which followed picked up Prabha and extricated Ravindran. With the help of a farmer living in a hut on the road-side, he went for an ambulance which rushed them to the hospital.

Three hours later Prabha recovered consciousness but was still too dazed to realise what had happened to her. The doctor who was a tall

man with a kindly face told her that she could go home after two hours or in the morning if she preferred.

"What of Ravindran?" she asked, suddenly recollecting the accident.

"Ah, the young man?" grunted the doctor. "He has not yet regained consciousness, madam. Something has gone wrong with his spine, I think. But I am sure his life is not in danger. He may have to remain in hospital for weeks. I presume you are his wife?"

How embarrassing it was for her to tell the doctor that she was only a friend of Ravindran? She was blushing to the roots of her hair as she was replying to the thousand and one questions that a police sub-inspector was asking her about the details of the accident, her relationship with the young owner of the car and so on. Her sense of shame was complete when her wailing mother and distraught relations crowded round her bed.

She recovered from the shock soon enough at home in the comforting arms of her mother and under the ministrations of her solicitous uncle, aunt and cousins who had come to attend her wedding. Early in the morning when a neighbour rushed in with the newspaper which carried a paragraph about the accident, announcing the names of the victims, Prabha hid her face in her hands and wept bitter tears of grief. "Cancel the wedding, mother and uncle," she shouted. "I can't bring myself to face him after all the publicity linking my name with Ravindran's. Tell him before he comes."

But Maghnath had already quietly entered the house and in the presence of all the gaping relations put his arms round Prabha's shoulders. Only then did she remove her hands from her face and saw Maghnath's eyes looking into her own. "Don't fret yourself, my darling. We shall offer worship at the Shiva temple in gratitude for your escape. What if

the news has been published in the papers? As I understand it, Ravindran gave you a lift while you were waiting for the bus and both of you were involved in the accident. I just phoned up the hospital and was relieved to learn that he has recovered his consciousness and that he will be all right after ten days. I shall visit him this evening, if permitted, and convey your wishes for his speedy recovery. Meanwhile, you go ahead with the arrangements for the marriage. It is to be a very simple ceremony, you know, and I am sure you will be well enough to stand the strain, won't you?"

Prabha now smiled in her tears and embraced her future husband. She was just able to nod her assent. A new warmth and a new love flooded her entire being.

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DEATH OF JOHN HAMPSON

DISTINGUISHED BRITISH NOVELIST AND CRITIC

Manjeri S. Isvaran writes:—

NEWS reaches me from England, of the death of John Hampson, distinguished British novelist and critic, on the morning of December 26, 1955, in a hospital in Solihull, warwicks, away from his home, Four Ashes, near Birmingham. He was seriously ill for eight days and the end, I am told, was so quick, that one couldn't think of a painful death. Hampson and I were in regular correspondence with each other for a period of seven years; a very close friend of E. M. Forster, he had a warm attachment for his friends made in India, and I had the privilege of being one among them.

John Hampson came out to India in February 1948. His visit to Madras, on the invitation of the Provincial Government, was in connection with the study of juvenile delinquency. On behalf of the B. B. C. he had made an extensive survey of what England was doing for her problem children; and while in South India he observed the progress of reforms the Madras Government was instituting with regard to the wayward youth (a detailed survey of this was made by Lieut-Col. Ford Thomson, then psychological adviser to the Government, in his book, *Ask the Children*, a 1950 Cassell publication), and Hampson gave his observations in a series of broadcasts from the All-India Radio.

John Hampson shot into reputation with his first novel *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* which was published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press during the Spring of 1931. This successful novel was followed by other successes: *O Providence* (1932), *Strip Jack Naked* (1934), *Family Curse* (1936), *The Larches* (1938), written in collaboration with L. A. Pavey, *Care of the*

Grand (1939), a non-fiction work entitled *The English at Table* (1947), in the Britain in Pictures Series, and *A Bag of Stones* (1952).

Here are two extracts about the man and his work: the first is from the Introduction by William Plomer to the Century Library Edition of *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, issued by Eyre and Spottiswoode:—

"The general flavour of his work is what may be called very English—because of its subject matter, its sobriety and directness, and its discovery of deep and unsentimental tenderness; it is also very personal, not because of any intrusiveness on the part of the author, but because nobody has written about the same themes in the same way."

And the second, from *The Whispering Gallery: Autobiography I*, of John Lehmann:—

"One of the most interesting sides of my work at the Hogarth Press was meeting the authors who were already published by the Woolfs, or who had very recently been taken on. Just about the time I arrived a remarkable manuscript of a novel by an entirely new writer had been accepted: *Saturday Night at the Greyhound* by John Hampson. The author of this book, which scored a hit at once and has since been reprinted in many forms, had had an extraordinary life and had finally settled in as a male nurse to the incapacitated son of an intelligent and well-to-do merchant in the provinces. His real name was John Hampson Simpson: he wrote to us always in a curious brown ink I have never known anyone else use, and informed us that he did all his novel-writing in the early morning, in bed, before the day's responsibilities began for him. It has always seemed to me that this was an excellent solution to the everlasting problem of how an author without private resources should earn his basic living, with only two drawbacks: one, the necessity of waking with the lark, and two, the inabil-

ity to move about, travel abroad, renew the store of impressions and experiences that a writer must never allow to become exhausted if he cannot—and who but the most exceptional genius can?—rely entirely upon the memories of childhood and early youth. Later on, I became very good friends with John Simpson, and out of his encyclopaedic reading in modern literature he wrote some excellent articles about 'the under world' for Penguin New Writing."

Hampson has also written fine short stories, some of which have been issued separately in limited editions: from experience gathered during his Indian visit he had planned a series of short stories; he did write a few, quite gentle and subtle, and four of these, "Undoubtedly the Goddess," "The Bad One," "Tribute to Siva," and "Village Beyond the Wall" have appeared in *SWATANTRA*. It is to be hoped that they will be collected

in one volume. Sometime during 1953 he wished I should collaborate with him on a novel with the partition of India as background; we had exchanged notes, drawn the outline of the plot, and settled some of the characters, but pre-occupations both for him and me, postponed progress on the work, and I hope one day it will be possible for me to complete it. In the middle of 1954, he had written to me to say that he had finished more than two parts of a novel to be called *The Spoiler*. "I feel pleased with it at the moment," he wrote, "though I am not at all sure I should not rewrite it from start to finish." He believed in hard work. His gift of friendship was wonderful, his understanding genuine and profound; his creative artistry is bound to endure when most of the bloated reputations in English letters today are a mere handful of dust.

SRI S. K. SUBRAMANIAM

A great writer, a great statesman or the far-seeing originator of a beneficial world movement may become a legend in his own lifetime and his name may experience an affectionate abridgement—as in the case of G.B.S., F.D.R. and B.P. But, we have not heard of any engineer passing through such an experience, except in the case of "S. K. S." whose sad and premature demise last week has left a big blank in the engineering world.

Sri S. K. Subramaniam was born in Tiruchirappalli and had his pre-engineering education in the S. P. G. College, Trichinopoly, (later called The Bishop Heber College). He was a brilliant student with exceptional aptitude for Mathematics. After graduating from the Engineering College, Guindy, with great credit, he joined Messrs. Gannon, Dunkerley & Co., Ltd., Bombay, as civil engineer in 1924. Within about a year, he returned to Madras as branch manager. Ever since, he con-

tinued at the helm of administration of the branch at Madras of Gannon, Dunkerley & Co., Ltd., Bombay. The business of the branch improved in rapid strides under his able guidance and in recognition of his services to the firm, he was included in the directorate of the company in the year 1943. Subsequent to the demise of Mr. Henry Gannon, the founder of the company, in 1945, the branch was separated and constituted into a new company, Messrs. Gannon Dunkerley & Co. (Madras) Ltd. Sri S. K. Subramaniam had since been the managing director of the new company. It has been flourishing under his direction, and is an outstanding engineering and contracting firm in South India.

Among the major constructions which had his direct guidance may be mentioned the construction of the Pugalur Bridge across the Cauvery (Trichinopoly), aqueduct at Gunnavaram across the Valtharni branch of the Godavari and the barrage across the Krishna at Bezvada. He belie-



S. K. Subramaniam.

ved in employing manual labour as much as modern machinery and while there were forces pressing him to employ greater proportion of machinery, he used to say always that work done with manual labour had the touch of the human emotion which would be a greater achievement than the mere completion of a project.

It may be noted that the firm has attained reputation for its engineering skill both in design and in the methods of construction. Being an engineer, he encouraged engineering talent among the younger generation. When unemployment faced young engineers in the 1930s, he took a bold step in recruiting graduates in engineering as members of the staff. This has placed the firm on a strong footing with regard to professional ability.

In all contracts pertaining to public institutions, he was particular that the work had minimum profits and quite often donations were given to such institutions. Among the many works which he executed for educational and charitable institutions, mention may be made of the Hindu High School, Triplicane, the National High School for Girls, Triplicane, Vivekananda College, the Madras Institute of Technology, the Andhra Mahila Sabha and Nursing Home, the Cancer Institute, Guindy.

Sri Subramaniam has been a member of the Minimum Wages Committee appointed by the Government of India to inquire into the wage structure of the labour employed by the construction industry as also of the Advisory Committee appointed by the Madras State. He was also the President of the Madras Centre of the Builders' Association of India.

He was a staunch believer in the traditions of our ancient culture, and a keen student of Sanskrit and Vedantic literature. He was a real Karma Yogin, who plunged into ceaseless and untiring activity for the common good, but always dedicated the results to the Almighty. Thus it appears appropriate that he should pass away at the feet of Lord Venkateswara with the Lord's name on his lips.

Numberless are the known and the unknown poor people, particularly needy students, who have received help from him.

KALYANASUNDARAM.

CRICKETER'S JUBILEE

By P. N. S.

THE Madras Cricket Association celebrated its Silver Jubilee during the visit of the New Zealanders to the City this week. Advantage of the opportunity was taken to extol the many services of the Association in the cause of cricket in the South, particularly in Madras. Naturally, on such an occasion memories are kindled of the long line of players who had contributed to the excitement of the game during the years—not only of champions like the Butt Brothers, C. P. Johnstone, H. P. Ward, Gopalan and Ram Singh, but also of those innumerable others who knew just to 'bat a bit, bowl a bit and field a bit', nevertheless forming the bulwark of the League Cricket Championship, the corner stone round which the M.C.A. had built its edifice.

'Umpire, wet-an-chef.' So saying the batsman moved out of his stance and pointed his finger at the bowler, about to deliver the ball. But none could make out the accusation and, player and umpire turned bewildering eyes at each other. The batsman then looked meaningfully at the bowler and repeated his charge; only, more perplexed looks. The batsman then advanced towards the bowler and pointed to a wet patch over the right-hand pocket of the latter's trouser; then, as the 'accused' drew out a wet handkerchief, the meaning of the accusation dawned upon everybody. The batsman was demonstrating against the use of a wet handkerchief by the bowler to moisten his hand before each delivery. It was then explained to him that the bowler had already secured the permission of the M.C.C. for such a use and there was no violation of rules. The hero of this piece was Dhanakoti,

who used to open the innings for the Corporation Sports Club. Dhanakoti was a robust stonewaller and the habit had become so ingrained in him that on the rare occasions he determined to go for a six, he could carry the ball only upto the mid-on or mid-off position; a "Dhanakoti sixer" has indeed, become a phrase of special import. The story is told, that he had also a peculiar manner of calling his partner for a run; when he said "Yes" it really meant "No" and when he said No, it meant the opposite.

A. P. Paramasivam, of the Triplicane Recreation Club, was another endearing figure who showed greatest in picking up talent and "encouraging" them. He had a fatherly affection for the members of his team and unashamedly spoke of a good performance. He had unbounded love for the game and was ready to suffer the rigours of the sun in search of the varied pleasures it offered on and off the field. He batted defiantly, thrusting forward his left leg as if to publicise this attitude; and when he bowled spectators watched him with amused pleasure. He would wheel and jerk his arm as he completed a 'weird' dance before shooting the ball into the sky for a donkey-drop. The poor batsman sensing a big hit off the innocent looking delivery would heave his bat at it; he would either miss the missile and get stumped or put up a dolly catch. In the shade of the pavilion, the veteran was no less enthusiastic; he would recount the old happy days when he was an expert footballer; he would recall with pleasure the loving care with which he had brought up somebody who had his baptism in big

cricket under him, and who since occupied a big place in the game. To good old A. P. P., the game mattered more than anything else.

'Flannel'd fools' on bicycles and a bus stops is a familiar sight in the city on Sundays and holidays during the cricket season. But the pedestrian must have been more than amused at seeing a figure, be-flannelled, with a wide straw hat, riding a rickety bicycle and a heavy cricket kit of pads, bats etc., tied to all parts of the vehicle. S. Vembu, the rider, is a passionate votary of the sport, and it is said that he was so much consumed by it that he once slept with his pads on in anticipation of the morrow's game. Enthusiasm marked every action of Vembu on the field. He would keep wickets with the gusto of a Duckworth; open the innings with the aplomb of a Hobbs; or stage the bowling with the fierceness of a Clark.

Then there was S. S. Manoharan of the Corporation S. C. who would greet his friends with a full-throated "Enna, brother." A giant of a man, Manoharan was immensely popular both with player and spectator for he exuded affection for everybody. And when, later in life, he donned the robes to preach the love of Jesus to his brothers, it came as no surprise. On the field, no bowler whether it was Gopalan or Ram Singh, held any terrors for him. He would clout any bowler for sixes and fours in easy style; and if he fell in the act, he would depart with a big grin and return the next time with an undiminished gusto for big hits. As a bowler, Manoharan used his full height to advantage and in one very successful season, he was chosen to represent the Rest in the Bombay Pantangular tournament.

The Kamyuth Cricket Club is one of the oldest teams in Madras cricket and the sustaining spirit of the club, V. Raghavachari is one of the veterans in the game today. Cricket caught Raghavachari in its

fangs early enough and though the years had diffused much of the bowling and batting prowess, it has not in the least cooled his enthusiasm for the game. In company with his teammates of brothers and friends, he derives infinite pleasure from the unpredictable vagaries of the game-taking success and defeat stoically. Raghavachari today is perhaps one of the slowest of the slow bowlers in the city, and one can envisage him one day labouring himself to the crease and delivering a ball that would perhaps never reach the other end.

Coming to recent times, we think of Vasudev Lillaram, who developed a sudden, albeit temporary, love for the game. And during this intercession, Lillaram lived mainly for cricket. He collected a band of youngsters around him and practised hard at the nets, with the result that, though rather rotund, he turned out a useful cricketer. And what a great temperament, he displayed in times of crisis! He would stand crouched at the wicket and put a dead bat resolutely at all balls that would hit it; others he would bravely receive on his body and turn a disarming look at the cluster of disappointed fieldsmen round his legs. Then, suddenly, he would come out of his shell and deal a mighty blow at the ball and send it careering towards the boundary, blazoning forth at the same time that his team had come out of danger and it was time for celebration. And when Lillaram was back in the pavilion, one could hardly touch his body rendered blue by the knocks, voluntarily suffered, for fear of causing him pain.

And so the pages of memory flick back unfolding may a familiar figure: A. V. Krishnaswami and M. S. Gopal, two of the grandest batsmen whose strokes poured delight into the hearts of the onlookers; P. S. Ramachandran, next only to Gopalan in deadliness of length and

pace, a great-hearted bowler who took successes and disappointments—he once captured all ten wickets against the T. C. C. and found himself dropped from the Indian team for the Presidency match chosen the same night—with the same serenity; G. P., also of M. R. C., one of the finest allrounders in the country, who led his team perpetually to victory more by deeds than by words; But, Baliah and Ramu, each representing a different facet of batsmanship; Karthikeyan and Sivanesan, the best opening pair of bowlers that the Railways ever possessed; C. R. Pattabhiraman, who was never afraid to put his left foot forward and bang the ball through the covers for a four; be-capped B. V. Ramamujam, who endeavoured to demonstrate in the middle his "preachings" off it, and later established the game in far away Tirupathi; C. K. Nainakanu, whose off-drive was worth

going miles to see both for its style and power; S. V. T. Chari, whose brilliance as a wicket-keeper was as dazzling as its unorthodoxy was inexplicable; R. D. Denniston, who forsook the comforts of the M.C.C. to play for Minerva and to regale his companions by his jokes; and a host of others.

The League cricketer—in the test match atmosphere of today apt to be dismissed with a sniff—really forms the backbone of cricket in the city. His plans for a whole week to hit up a hundred or bag all ten wickets might end up in smoke or a none for 100 runs, but his heroic spirit, which sustains him after this 'crisis' and goads him to re-plan for the next encounter is the driving force behind the activities of the M. C. A. And, so on the occasion of the celebrations of the Association, more powers to their elbow!

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Uzbek Artists' delegation's visit to Bombay will be long remembered by all those film people who attended the reception given by Raj Kapoor in their honour on the 5th instant at R. K. Studios. Several leading stars including Dilip Kumar, Motilal, Nimmi, Nirupa Roy, Balraj Sahni, Om Prakash, Suraiya, Agha Jan, Jagdish Sethi, Sajjan, Jalraj, Shammi, Smriti Biswas, K. N. Singh, Anwar Hussain and others attended the function. Bimal Roy, Vijay Bhatt, Kidar Sharma, Arjun Dev, Rashik, Inder Raj Anand, Hrishikesh Mukerji, Anil Biswas, Prem Dhawan, Salil Chowdhary and other noted film personalities were also present. Abbas and David, of course, took active part in the reception with David acting as the master of ceremonies.

After seeing the studio and watching reels from the past as well as forthcoming R. K. Productions like "Barsaat," "Boot Polish," "Jagate Raho," "Delhi Dur Nahi," the Uzbek artistes heard Mukesh sing "Awara Hun," the song that has been a craze in the Soviet Union. They also heard "Mera Juta Hai Japani," the song which was particularly mentioned by the deputy leader of the delegation in his speech.

The speeches by Raj and Nargis recalled their visit to Uzbekistan last year, their meeting with some of the artistes who were present on the occasion and the warm ties of friendship they had formed. Mr. Rahim Kaarev, speaking on behalf of the Uzbek artistes also recalled some of the happy incidents when the Indian Film Delegation had visited Tashkent; he stressed the importance of films and wished the Indian film

workers all prosperity and success. Galla Ismailova whose friendship Nargis had formed in Uzbekistan said that she liked India very much as she found great artistes in India and the people had song and dance in their blood. She added that though they will be leaving India soon their hearts would remain behind.

Later, Halima Nasirova rendered 'Sare Jahan Se Achchha' in a manner that the whole audience stood and applauded her. And a miracle happened as Atanizokov started singing an Urdu *gazal*. Inspired by the rhythm, dance director Satyanarayan started dancing in the court-yard. Galla Ismailova, Prem Dhawan joined him. And soon several Uzbek artistes and Indian stars including Raj Kapoor, Nargis, Suraiya, Nirupa, Nimmi, Smriti, David, Balraj Sahni were dancing with gay abandon. It was the kind of dance which Raj had described as the dance of Indo Soviet unity and friendship. The thrill of the dance which is so difficult to describe in words made this function memorable. Both Uzbek artistes and Indian film people will remember this occasion for years to come.

Incidentally, during their stay in Bombay Uzbek artistes saw "Nagin," met Vyjayantimala, Gopi Krishna and evinced keen interest in Indian music, dances and films.

Picture of the week

On 12th January, the films Division's first full-length color film "Bharat Darshan" is being released all over India. It is not just a news-reel record of Mr. Bulganin's and Mr. Khrushchev's visit to India; it tries to give us a glimpse of the new India—the India which our distinguished guests from the Soviet Union had the privilege to behold.

And as I watched the film at a preview last Friday, I felt that this is the India which I and perhaps millions of Indians have also not yet seen. Hence I felt that the title "Bharat Darshan" is very apt and the Gevacolor definitely lends an

additional charm to the whole impressive panorama of the new India that is being built during the last eight years.

The film depicts the various grand and rousing receptions given in honour of our guests; but it does not emphasise the speeches made at various functions. In fact, some of the receptions like the one given by Shri Morarji Desai in the Council Hall or the civic reception in Poona were deleted from the feature film which emphasises only the things that our distinguished guests saw; and especially the various new irrigation, industrial projects undertaken by Free India like the Machine Tool Factory, Chittaranjan Locomotive Factory, Damodar Valley, Sindri, Bhakra-Nangal Project, Aarey Milk Colony, etc. And the commentator gave a lively and inspiring account of all these projects. The film also depicted the cultural diversity as well as unity through the dances and songs presented in honour of our guests; the film presented the historic monuments and the natural beauty of our land in a really colourful manner.

And the film left one in no doubt that our guests from the Soviet Union were given a warm and genuine reception wherever they went and that the guests were very cordial, friendly and very much interested in all the things they saw, in India. Without making it obvious the film stressed the friendship and goodwill created by this visit of the Soviet leaders.

The background music was very apt; and it was a brilliant idea to introduce songs in Punjabi, Marathi, Kanarese, Tamil, Bengalee and other languages to signify the province the guests visited.

When the picture was over, I felt that thanks to Mr. Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev, I have an opportunity to see my own country—as it is being built today through this colourful full-length film produced by the Films Division.

Personality of the week

Ever since the play-back system was introduced the artiste who can sing has become a rarity. Today but for Kishore and Talat Mahmood, who is essentially a playback singer now turned film artiste, there is perhaps no male artiste on the screen who sings. And yet there was a time when Motilal and Ashok used to sing themselves; and I am sure had there been no 'playback' Raj, Dev and Dilip also would have been able to sing for themselves.

Hence when I met Motisagar, a rising artiste, and he told me that he sings his own songs I was rather surprised. Motisagar who is a cousin of both Motilal and Mukesh seems to have something in common with both of them. Starting his career as a radio-announcer in Delhi he joined the films much against the wishes of his family which wanted him to become an 'advocate', and has appeared in "Mother," "Dharmapatri" and other films.

Now he feels that his period of struggle is over; at the moment he is working in three films "Shikar," "Abroo" and "Diwali ki Raat." And he is confident that he will soon get the break that will skyrocket him to stardom. Meanwhile, while waiting for that 'lucky' day he is content with playing sincerely any roles assigned to him. Tall, lean and handsome, Motisagar is a married man who looks serious and sincere about his work; and one hopes one of his pictures might click and his career would be made.

News of the week

The Government of Bombay, it is learnt, has exempted students and children below 18 years from entertainment tax for the picture "Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baahe."

The release of Bimal Roy's "Devdas" was postponed from 6th to 12th January at Calcutta. Raj Kapoor left for Calcutta on Saturday the 7th January 1956.

THE EXPENDABILITY OF MR. NEHRU

By SANTHA RUNGACHARY

THE overwhelming fact about the public life of the country at present is the indispensability of Mr. Nehru to the stability and the safety of the political and the social situation in the country. He is the fountain-head of all activity, relevant and irrelevant. From him emanates every policy statement, every vital declaration. No seminar or conference or anniversary or exhibition can do without him. He is the ideas man both of the Congress Party and the Government. He has only to think aloud but the thought is picked up before it falls to the ground, carefully upholstered into an idea, cherished, nourished, given publicity, decked out with a halo and exploded in public life as State Policy. The zonal division of the country is a case in point. In a vain effort to make two wrongs seem like one right, Mr. Nehru gave voice to the idea of this visionary contrivance to prevent people from isolating themselves within their linguistic enclaves. Within days the idea grew into a Recommendation, soon received official Party sanction, was trotted out into public life as a Government Project. Soon it may become a Fact.

What does all this prove? That the people and the leaders are helpless without Mr. Nehru and need his guidance at every step or that he believes he is the man of the hour who only can guide the nation's destiny?

Too engrossed in long-range plans for health and prosperity, for full employment, for making the deserts fertile, too busy with the blue-prints for our mammoth Plans, we are pay-

ing scant attention to this one ominous fact of current Indian history which has grown right in front of our eyes unrecognisably out of all proportion. Mr. Nehru is fast ceasing to be a man and becoming an institution. The emotional grip which he has come to have on the nation has become a strangle-hold on our thinking. To us Mr. Nehru's word is guarantee, his cause is right, his statements are irrefutable. While trying to establish mature political institutions we are all behaving like immature people where the Prime Minister is concerned.

It was said of Shaw that he could speak about anything. It is equally true of our Mr. Nehru. There is not a subject in contemporary life which daunts his remarkable mind or his eloquent tongue. And we encourage him. We want him to inaugurate conferences, lay foundation stones, cut ribbons, open institutions, preside over benefit performances, distribute prizes. He is the most ordered about man in the country. He is too the most photographed and publicised. Every Indian News Review stars him. There pours forth into newspaper offices every day pictures of Mr. Nehru being garlanded by children, stroking animals, flinging bouquets to stampeding crowds. There has grown a stupendous collection of publicity stills about Mr. Nehru. Our most popular film-stars would not, even if they stood on their heads, be able to draw an infinitesimal fraction of the crowd with which the Prime Minister is surrounded almost every waking moment of his day. In fact, crowds and Mr. Nehru feed on each other. If there is un-

rest anywhere in the country Mr. Nehru has to be sent. When there is a tricky political statement to be made, Mr. Nehru has to make it. He makes long and arduous personal appearance tours up and down the country to quell trouble, to discipline Party workers, to infuse new enthusiasm into comrades whose spirits are flagging. With perhaps only half of this amount of physical activity, the President of the United States had to put himself in the care of a heart specialist.

The consequence of such overabundance of the Nehru personality in our lives is that the Nehru magic is getting stale. It is not surprising. No other man one could think of could have stood even for this length of time a life so crowded, a life lived at such a pace, at so many levels and on so many fronts. His heart is as big as our country. His energy and stamina are a perennial wonder to most people. But our abuse of them is flagrant and unforgivable. The Kalamandalam in Kozhikode was not the only place or occasion when the Prime Minister has dropped off into a light doze out of sheer fatigue. He is 65. No man can forever continue to be the God that did not fail. He talks too much. He talks beautifully, but still he talks too much. He has never been known for his ability to keep to the point of his subject in his speeches. His is the meandering style. It is probably because his head is so full of the problems and doubts to which he has to find an answer that even in moments of relaxation he is unable to dissociate a single thread from that density of cerebration. Often his reasoning is a veritable *padmavyuham* in which he loses himself hopelessly. His speech at the Indian Science Congress was the speech of a tired man who, because he had nothing significant to contribute to the deliberations of a highly specialised gathering, tries to say it as emotionally as he could. After exhausting his eloquence in the

first half of his peroration urging the scientists to remember that the end of all scientific discovery is the welfare of the human race, he whipped himself into a lather of fluency in the next half on the subject of Means being More Important than Ends.

The probable effect on his health of this ceaseless demand on his time and person should not be hard to predict. The effect on his ego, not unexpectedly, is alarming. To call him a dictator would be easy and it has been done. But to do so would be to admit our own weakness. For the power of a leader is exactly equal to the absoluteness of a people's adoration. It lies in the submission and demands of those who crave to be guided, controlled and dominated by it. There is no doubt, it is true, that our need of him is sore at present. Now more than ever, in the state of political, social and economic flux which exists in our country, there is need for an integrating influence on divisive elements, of a cementing force which will keep us all together long enough for us to become a nation one and indivisible. We need the emotionalism which he imparts to the politics of the country, we need him for our prestige abroad and peace at home.

But we are prodigally overspending our Mr. Nehru. We are doing him and ourselves an ill turn by making of a great leader a mere god.

"As the world shrinks, the first thing it loses—and we begin to miss—is contrast. In a world no longer without end, but of already foreshortened dimensions, mechanised and regimented, there can be no room for many of the delightful differences that still are half the spice of life. For contrast indeed is no less than that. It is the essence of comedy, the food of love, the secret of art, and the best of a holiday—which 'makes a change,' as the saying goes, because it affords us a pleasant relief from the dull daily round." —John Marks in a BBC Programme.

U. S. NEGRO PRESS

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

THE EBONY magazine is ten years old. When it first rolled off the presses in November 1945, it had only a circulation of 25,000, but the readership has mounted so fast that today there are over 500,000 subscribers.

Besides providing delightful reading, the EBONY magazine by its success is proof of the progressive role the Negro plays in the life of the United States. Opening its glossy pages, the reader is at once astonished and happy at the evidence of better living among Negroes all over the United States. Page upon page of illustrations, stories, and advertisements give the lie direct to the theory that the Negro is denied the good things of life. In the words of the publisher in the tenth anniversary number of the publication, "On the whole, the Negro has had a good life in America . . . and reporting on his activities has been, for us, both a privilege and a pleasure."

EBONY, which has a larger circulation than any other Negro publication, is published by John H. Johnson, the publisher of another successful Negro monthly, NEGRO DIGEST. This magazine with a circulation of 100,000 was started in 1942. Articles by Mrs. Roosevelt and other outstanding Americans in a series called "If I Were a Negro," brought this pocket-size magazine national attention. The profits enabled the 27 year old publisher to undertake EBONY.

EBONY's editors show the American Negro as an average citizen with most of the interests of white people. EBONY and NEGRO DIGEST are owned and produced entirely by Negroes, but the firm declared that inclusion of about 10 percent white personnel, several in executive positions, is in the interest of democracy.

The anniversary year of EBONY is occasion to consider the important rôle of the Negro press in the United States. Most of the Negro publications endorse the "credo for the Negro press." Among its clauses are: "I will knowingly print nothing with malice nor permit the exploitation of my columns by self-seekers and narrow special interests. I shall mold public opinion in the interest of all things constructive." Another section of the credo reads: "I shall be a crusader and an advocate, a mirror and a record, a herald and a spotlight, and I shall not falter." Enjoying the freedom of the press in America, Negro editors often discuss racial problems. One of their tasks is to tell their readers of Negro leadership in America.

There are about 280 Negro publications in the United States. The newspapers and magazines—two thirds of them are weeklies—have a total circulation of close to 3,000,000. Twenty-seven exceed 20,000 each.

Negro newspapers are led in circulation by the COURIER, published in Pittsburgh, with 280,000 copies distributed over 13 editions. The DEFENDER, a weekly published in Chicago, has a circulation of about 200,000. The AFRO-AMERICAN appears not only in Baltimore, its home town, but also in three other States. The Baltimore edition alone has a circulation of over 125,000.

Of the illustrated magazines EBONY (published in Chicago), and OUR WORLD (published in New York City), often print 60 pages, with two color covers. Popular weekly newspapers, like the AMSTERDAM NEWS (published in New York City, circulation 63,000), and COURIER, usually have from 20 to 32 pages. Since they have only a small percentage of space sold to advertisers, their customers are richly rewarded for their 10 and 15 cents.

Besides the weeklies and magazines with mass circulation, there are

more than 100 small weeklies in the United States.

All these figures showing the strength of the Negro press clearly prove that the 15,000,000 people who constitute the Negro population of America are well served with news and views. More important, the non-Negro population has an interesting media of information to turn to.

HOUSING SCHEME FOR LOW INCOME GROUPS

By S. SRINIVASAN

THE housing scheme proposed by the Central Government under the second Five Year Plan whereby a decent sum of Rs. 120 crores will be placed at the disposal of the State Governments to finance building of houses by members of the low income groups will be widely welcomed all over the country.

Presumably in pursuance of this housing scheme the Madras Government have come forward to offer loans to co-operative house building societies upto the extent of four times their paid-up share capital if they are formed on the individual ownership system and eight times their paidup share capital if they are formed on the co-partnership tenancy system. The amount of loan admissible to individual members of building societies is not to exceed eighty per cent of the estimated cost of the house inclusive of the value of the site subject to a maximum of Rs. 8,000. The period for the repayment of the loan is fixed at 20 years normally and at 30 years in certain special cases.

Among the draft rules submitted by the Registrar, stipulating the conditions for grant of loan to members of building societies, one is that twenty per cent of the loan will be

advanced when the member concerned is possessed of the site and has invested one-fifth of the cost of the house inclusive of the site value as shares in the society; fifty per cent when the construction reaches the plinth level and the balance when it reaches the roof level.

The rules of the co-operative building societies as at present are prohibitively hard on the low income groups. They insist upon members investing one fourth of the cost of the house exclusive of the site value. If the amount invested by the member is inclusive of the site value, the rules require that he should show an initial construction at his own cost so that this together with the shares paid by him in cash can amount to twenty-five per cent of the estimated cost of the house. Thus a member who wants to build a house costing Rs. 5,000 has in the first place to acquire a site costing about Rs. 500 to Rs. 1,000, then to invest Rs. 1,300 in shares of the society, besides incurring other incidental expenses, before he can become eligible to get a loan for his house building. This comes to about half the amount of loan or the estimated cost of the house proposed to be built. It is quite obvious the low income group will find it practically impossible to find this relatively big amount for initial investment. That is the reason why the co-operative building societies have not been so far of much help to those who belong to this group. The actual position in regard to this is a glaring contrast to the profusely verbal expression of concern for the welfare of the common man made so often by the authorities both in speech and in writing. As a result of the hard condition imposed on building societies, townships started years ago under the Co-operative system have not developed to any appreciable extent. To give an instance, in the Co-operative township area near Katpadi, which was laid out into 1,500 plots for building residential

quarters, only 150 houses have been built so far though most of the plots were sold out to members eight years ago. By their own cautious illiberal and rigid rules in regard to conditions of aid to house building, which favour the rich more than the poor, the Government have laid themselves open to the charge that they are partial to a particular class.

The new rules which the Registrar of Co-operative Societies has proposed in respect of loans, though, a little less hard than those that now exist, do not go far enough to encourage house building by people of low income. The condition that one-fifth of the cost of the house inclusive of the value of the site should be there as initial investment should not be rigidly enforced. Where a member has a fixed and guaranteed income or can show a reliable and proper surety, the amount of initial investment may be even one tenth of the

cost of the house. The loan amount, instead of being limited to 80 per cent, should cover the full cost of the house. The Government should ensure proper utilisation of the loan and its regular repayment by an over-all control to be vigilantly exercised rather than by niggardly terms in regard to advancing loans. Any housing scheme that does not take into account the economic resources of the low income group must remain a mere paper paradise. It is important to note in this connection the observation of Sardar Swaran Singh, Union Minister for Works, Housing and Supply: "In regard to housing under the second Five Year Plan, the Government's policy will have to be conditioned by the basic fact that the housing bear a close relation to what people could afford to pay for it and must not be unrelated to the physical and material resources at their command."



Asharya Narendra Dev and Sri Jaya Prakash Narayan at Madras last week. V. Radhakrishnan and Vijayalakshmi are also in the picture.

T. N. Krishnan: Young Violinist's Meteoric Rise

BY RAJASREE

THE music of the young violinist Sri T. N. Krishnan whose rise to fame has been phenomenal, answers, I think the description of music given by Schopenhauer!

"Music possesses the power to elevate us above the strife of wills. The effect of music is more powerful and penetrating than the other arts for they speak only of shadows while music speaks of things. It differs too from the other arts because it affects our feelings directly and not through the medium of ideas; it speaks to something subtler than the intellect."

Born on 6th October 1929 at Tirupunithurai in Cochin State, Krishnan belongs to a family of reputed musicians. His grandfather Appadorai Bhagavathar and Sri A. Narayana Iyer were famous musicians. The boy's original name was Triyambakeswaran but his father called him "Krishna."

One day Krishnan was attempting to play on the violin. His fingers were moving freely on the key-board. This attracted the attention of his father who immediately decided a musical career for his son and gave him a violin. Thus began the musical training of this young boy who was hardly five at that time. Sri Narayana Iyer was a very strict disciplinarian. He never believed in half measures and hated slipshod methods of practice. He taught Krishnan the complete finger and bowing technique. From 1934 to 1939, Krishnan received the most perfect and systematised music education at the hands of his father which laid a solid foundation for a great musical career. At the age of 10 Krishnan was given a chance to play in the children's programme from A. I. R., Trichy.



T. N. Krishnan

In 1940, Krishnan came into contact with Semmangudi who took up the threads of his destiny into his hands and became the chief architect who built the great musical career for Krishnan. The years from 1940 to 1943 were very important, for it is during this period that Krishnan was looked after, taught and encouraged by Semmangudi. In 1942 when Krishnan was a boy of 13, he accompanied Ariyakudi, the doyen of Carnatic music, on the violin at a performance in Pudukkottai Chettinad. This was indeed the chance of his life time. Krishnan seized this great opportunity and made the best use of it.

In 1944 Krishnan migrated to Madras. During that year, he got his big chance to appear in public in the great metropolis of Madras when he accompanied Maiti in the Rasika Ranjani Sabha. A week later he accompanied Semmangudi in the Parthasarathi Swami Sangeetha Sabha, Triplicane. Music-lovers who heard both these performances were greatly satisfied and paid warm

tributes to Krishnan for his grand display.

Krishnan owes a debt of gratitude to Sri Parthasarathi Iyengar, a leading advocate of Alleppey, a friend of the family. He evinced a great deal of interest in Krishnan. In fact Krishnan is regarded as the adopted son of Sri Parthasarathi Iyengar. Three persons stand out prominently in shaping the destiny of young Krishnan but for whom, he would not have been what he is to-day. They are, first, his father who laid a solid and unshakable foundation by means of rigorous but systematised training; secondly, Semmangudi who took the young boy under his care and opened the gate for a great career by means of continuous encouragement and proper guidance; and finally Sri Parthasarathi Iyengar, who poured out his affection for Krishnan and looked after him as his own son.

Krishnan can produce from his violin a tone that is not to be ordinarily found in the playing of most of the present day violinists. For cleanliness, sweetness, smoothness and quality, there are very few who equal Krishnan. There is great warmth in his playing. He has cultivated a style which is capable of innumerable variations. His interpretations are as impeccable as his phenomenal technique. He has established himself as an outstanding and much sought-after accompanist.

This has prevented him from being a soloist in which capacity also he could have won great fame if he had chosen to do so. Probably he is the only South Indian musician who has had a maximum number of national programmes to his credit—a unique achievement for a lad of 26 years.

Krishnan is a robust young man with radiant health and buoyant spirit. His modesty creates an impression that he is too reserved. But when one gets to know him well that impression goes and one finds a very

lively conversationalist in him. He seldom talks about his achievements and it is almost impossible to get him to talk about his successes. He prefers to keep away from controversies of any kind. Another outstanding trait in him is that he displays none of those silly signs of temperament that some musicians believe to be impressive. In fact he is the most placid young man among the musicians of today.

Krishnan's father does not accept anything and everything that Krishnan plays. He always makes it a point to din into his ears that he is still a beginner and that there is much more to learn. This great quality in Krishnan's father has been responsible for creating in Krishnan a thirst for more knowledge, an urge for attaining greater perfection and an eagerness to acquire more mellowness in his playing. A glorious future lies ahead and fresh laurels are in store for this brilliant young violinist. It is indeed pleasing to note that his sister and three brothers are all very good violinists.

(Continued from page 5)

like the Bhagavatam which speaks to different levels of experience there is not just one clue, but many. It is an inclusive scripture, and the insights it offers are valid on many planes—metaphysical, ethical, aesthetic, and above all on the plane of mystic experience. Mr. Herbert's summation of Narada as "the greatest champion of individuality or individualisation" and of his mission "as co-extensive with the continued existence of creation and *dvandvas*" is brilliant. But it is not the whole explanation. And if the Protean Narada found that Sri Krishna "does not abide our question" shall we be able to compass Him in a formula?

VIGNESWARA

SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. January 21, 1956 No. 51.

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ON THE COVER:

Two members of the artistes' delegation from Uzbekistan who were in Madras last week are seen with Miss Ameena Ahmad the interpreter accompanying them in their tour of India

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

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year; Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-16sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. JANUARY 21 SATURDAY 1956 No. 51

STATES REORGANISATION MESS

THE Government of India have committed a fatal blunder in deciding that Bombay should be Centrally administered. Administration of distant areas by the Centre is a denial of local autonomy. In the old days when India formed part of the British Empire, London was the Centre and the whole country was Centrally administered. The contemplated Central administration of Bombay reproduces the imperial and colonial conditions against which the freedom movement directed by Mahatma Gandhi may be said to represent a historic protest. It is not surprising therefore that the Government's announcement should have resulted in riots in Bombay. When disturbances are caused by official actions repugnant to traditions of freedom maintained in the past at great sacrifice, they will not be disposed of by repression and the arrests of selected leaders. This also was another fatal misjudgment of the old British rulers. They came to grief through it. The essence of freedom lies in local management of local affairs, while over wider areas representation of the population concerned in a central ruling authority is arranged as a counteracting principle to set right the mischief of non-local men being admitted to executive power. No control without representation may be defined as the basic test of freedom. In the Government of India, the representation of Bombay is quite negligible compared to that of the rest of the country. It is as if the destinies of Bombay are handed over to a body in

which the voice of Bombay does not prevail to the extent it should. An undemocratic imperial principle has been introduced in the innovation that the Government of India has now decided to inflict on Bombay City and its effects are bound to be disastrous. It is a pity that Pandit Nehru who played so glorious a part in the freedom movement should now arrive at the stage of denying the basic essentials of freedom to India's most important city.

A very careful balancing of local, regional and central interests is required if our infant democracy is to avoid rough weather and survive against the squalls threatening its existence. The most important thing is that the sentimental pull impelling people into separatist ways should be counteracted by constant incentives to a more powerful emotion contributing to national solidarity. There will be an end of cohesion between the various States into which the country is divided if some of them should manage to secure at the Centre an aggressively dominant position. We are already witnessing the disruptive frenzy of linguistic fanaticism. The gratuitous steps taken by the Government to encourage this atmosphere were wholly uncalled for. If it is considered that the movement for linguistic States has already gone too far and Government are powerless to check it, they should at least summon such resources of wisdom as are available to them to come to their aid with suggestions to minimise the disastrous effects of the present trends.

Let them invoke the succour of the statesmanly talent of which there is plenty in the country to extricate them from the mess into which they have fallen in their pursuit of States reorganisation. This should not mean just one more addition to the list of peripatetic committees going round from place to place at enormous public expense canvassing controversies over issues that can never be solved by agitation. The Government of India seem nowadays to have fallen into the habit of letting a committee loose on the country whenever they are unable to solve a problem. The committee goes about inviting and publicising conflicts of interest on the widest scale, accentuating the Government's vacillation in the process, until eventually the strongest agitators are allowed to have their way after of course stern preliminary admonition by the Prime Minister that pressure tactics would not have the least effect on him.

We need a multi-lingual corrective for the prevailing linguistic lunacies.

The zonal idea, if explored further to its logical limits, instead of being held in suspended animation at the anaemic advisory level, will restore to some extent possibilities of cooperation between linguistic communities for urgently desired economic ends. The dead weight of excessive centralisation with its resultant delays and inefficiencies and also of too many sinecure jobs, is pulling the administration down. We have too many Governors despite the fact that we can get on with no hurt to the public interest without any Governor at all; we have far too many "sovereign" legislators pledged to parochial mentality; and quite an abundance of high courts and public service commissions. Speedier improvement in national economy could be achieved if the energies now being frittered in duplicating processes are more advantageously organised under a more economical administrative system, and to this end the zonal plan can prove valuable if pursued without nervous inhibitions.

Sotto Voce

THE WAIL OF THE ONCE-BORN



SAMUEL SALT, records the faithful Elia, dropped a brick, as the modern slang has it, by absent-mindedly remarking to the company assembled for dinner at the house of a relative of the unfortunate Mrs. Landy on the day of her execution. "It is a gloomy day; Miss Blandy must be hanged by this time, I suppose." Sardar Panikkar has no use for futile absent-mindedness. And he is a monument of tact. If he thought fit to regale an audience in Baroda

assembled to do honour to the memory of a great Prince with an anecdote which must have struck many of his listeners as singularly unseasonable, we may be sure it was done from a theory.

He evidently agrees that unrighteousness (which is history in a nutshell, according to the Gibbonian definition) can be made more easily readable than its opposite but too often is not. It is certainly intriguing

to learn that Sayaji Rao Gaekwar told the Aga Khan so long back as 1908, when they were both sitting one day in the lounge of Bombay Government House, that he foresaw Swaraj as a certainty which he might not live to see but which his *vis a vis* would. And he impressively urged him to be sure to tell the triumphant nation then to send "these rubbishy Princes" packing. Mr. Panikkar, not being a dry as dust Stubbs, did not mention his source.

The reference is to page 301 of the Aga Khan's recently published *Memoirs*. Certain details are different. Thus the old Gaekwar spoke not of "rubbishy Princes," but of "rubbishy States." The conversation took place in Poona, not in Bombay. He did not say that "there would be no freedom so long as there is a Princely Order" all he said was that there would be "no Indian Nation" a different matter. But enough of such niggling criticism. Deep calls to deep. Mr. Panikkar who in 1922 said that "the same heroic glory belongs to Imperialism as to Napoleon because they both inspired their enemies' resistance, is evidently of the same athletic type as the Aga who admired Jinnah while declaring that he was the one man in India who reminded him of Mussolini.

But I for one find Mr. Panikkar's own political evolution far more interesting than this rather damaging anecdote about a class in whose service he was as zealous for a score of years as he has since been in the service of the Socialistic Pattern which is scrapping them. He has welcomed the Union Government's decisions on the S. R. C., including the one regarding Bombay, as "undoubtedly the wisest decision that could have been made" in the circumstances. That shows aplomb of no mean order. For that particular decision is a flat rejection of the one major recommendation on which this mys-

teriously-named "high-power" Commission plumed itself.

But the proposal to scrap the Rajpramukhs has his enthusiastic support. As the expert on the Princely States his authentic touch is all too plain in the sentence of hanging without benefit of clergy which the Report passed on the Rajpramukhs. The Sardar did not always think so poorly of them. In a pamphlet on the States written in 1942, he said that the Princes "provide in relation to India a major aristocracy which has never failed India in any important matter." Far different language this, no doubt, from the fiery denunciation in his book on "Imperialism" published in 1922. But you must make allowances for that calf-love for Democracy which distinguishes aspiring youth.

The Sardar in fact reveals enviable talent in managing his ambivalent attitude to Democracy. His book on "The Indian Princes in Council" published in 1936 is a remarkable record of the manner in which the then Maharaja of Patiala as "the elected spokesman of a privileged Order", discharged his solemn duty of doing everything in his power to safeguard the interests of those who have put their trust in him." That Ruler's speech to the Chamber in 1935 reveals, unless I am much mistaken, the Roman hand of the Minister of Patiala in its contemptuous dismissal of Democracy. "If British India is hoping to compel us to wear on our healthy body-politic the Nessus shirt of a discredited political theory, they are living in a world of unreality."

But while the Latin Secretary was thus flaying Democracy the progressive politician was as enthusiastic for social Democracy as Bloomsbury. In a Hogarth Press pamphlet on Caste and Democracy, published in 1933 Mr. Panikkar sings the paean of Demo-

(Continued on page 44)

SIDELIGHTS ::

SRI B. G. KHER won all hearts at the Woodlands party given in his honour last week. It is impossible not to admire Sri B. G. Kher. More than twenty years ago when I was in Bombay on the staff of the *Free Press Journal* I found that the name of Kher was pronounced by everybody with the deepest respect. He was regarded as a personification of justness, integrity and independence. He seemed to have set up a record as a man in the greatest demand as an arbitrator to settle disputes out of court. There was never any whisper of suspicion anywhere that he did or could deviate by a hair-breadth from the straightest path of rectitude in the awards he delivered. When, after the advent of freedom, he participated, along with brother Congress leaders, in the responsibility of governing the country that devolved on the Congress, he set up another even more unique record. Contrary to the common practice of successful politicians, of clinging to office and never letting it go, he voluntarily gave up, first the post of Chief Minister in Bombay, and then the High Commissionership in London, when there was apparently no compelling necessity for relinquishing the posts.

Coming with the high prestige that acts of renunciation never fail to confer in our acquisitive world on the choice spirits capable of such feats, Sri Kher was listened to at the party last week with a reverent receptiveness that our chronically critical Madras audiences are not usually disposed to accord to distinguished visitors from other States. He spoke elaborately on the language issue and swept his listeners off their feet, more by the ringing tone of sincerity in his words, than the eloquent power of his utterance. In such an atmosphere, analytical assessment of the

contents of a speech is out of the question. There was only one very small portion of the honoured guest's exposition to which I could not extend the enthusiastic approbation which it seemed to receive from everybody else present. He said, in the midst of plaudits, that in a visit of his to Dublin his hosts spoke in Gaelic and he replied to them in Hindi, neither of course understanding the other. If it is realised that the purpose of language is to convey understanding, there would never be any fight over a language issue. People would then never talk to each other in a language that neither understood when the power of mutual communication through intelligible common speech is easily within their reach. All the trouble over language issues arises from their getting mixed up with sentimental effusions, mainly of pride, that have no relevant bearing on intelligibility, the basic purpose and objective of all language as such. Let any language be official—provided officialdom does not turn its back contemptuously or in hostile spirit, on persons that cannot speak that language and deems it its duty to seek to understand them also, no harm will be done.

The sanctity of age does not entitle any language to be inflicted on those that do not know it. Languages of hoary antiquity are known to have perished in the course of history. In the modern world, it is the extent of the intelligibility of a language that determines its usefulness as a fit instrument for humanity's needs. There are limits to the power of legislation to make a language go. The unassailable puissance of the English language lies in the fact that it is spoken by the largest number of

(Continued on page 48)

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Detailed Programme

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Sesha Vahanam	..	17-2-56 (Night)
Bootha Vahanam	..	18-2-56 (Night)
Elephant Vahanam	..	19-2-56 (Night)
Rishabha Vahanam	..	20-2-56 (Night)
Kailasa Vahanam	..	21-2-56 (Night)
Horse Vahanam	..	22-2-56 (Night)
Car FESTIVAL	..	23-2-56; 24-2-56
RISHABA VAHANAM (Morning)	..	25-2-1956
THEERTHAVARI in MAHAMAKHAM TANK	..	

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By midnight of the day following the date of issue or the date of commencement of the outward journey in the case of tickets issued in advance.

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INDIAN AFFAIRS:

By SARANGA

—OFFICIAL INDECISION

—POLITICS OF THE PUNJAB

—SLOGAN ON CEILINGS

ONLY a month ago, the climate seemed propitious for the implementation of the proposals on States' reorganization. Wholehearted agreement was not expected but there was hope that no strife or bitterness would result if certain decisions were imposed, in the absence of agreement. The award on Bombay city announced on Monday was preceded by a round-up of troublesome elements and, in the case of the Bengal-Bihar boundary, the Government is reported to have changed its decision and conceded more to West Bengal's demands than what they were prepared for at first. There have been some curious developments in the last three weeks. Suddenly the opposition of the Vidarbha leaders to joining Maharashtra or a large bilingual State grew stronger and Telingana spokesmen are enthusiastic over remaining separate. These are the results of that strange spell of indecision on the part of the Congress leaders who were charged with the task of finding solutions. This indecision gave room for intrigues to gain ground. There was no rhyme or reason in Mr. S. K. Patil going on a roving mission at this stage to Hyderabad and returning with a one-man assessment of the state of opinion there on joining Vishalandhra. If there were doubts about that opinion, it was for the four-man sub-committee to re-assess the situation. All these events gave the impression that the main questions were still in the melting pot and could be influenced by agitation.

The Prime Minister's broadcast on

Monday ended abruptly the uncertainty over Bombay City. Central administration may be resented by Maharashtrians as the outcome of pressure by influential persons but they cannot overlook the fact that this is the most favourable way of solving the deadlock. Bombay City will not have to spend its revenues on maintaining a costly apparatus required to give it status as a separate State; there will be assurance, to both the contending groups on this issue, that control over the City will not be used to the disadvantage of either. The decision is also in accordance with the views of earlier enquiry committees on Bombay. It is almost certain that if this decision had been announced three weeks ago there would have been a different atmosphere from the one now prevailing in Bombay.

While it was entirely right that the democratic process should have been allowed to work freely on the question of State boundaries before decisions were taken, a halt should have been made when Parliament had concluded its debate. It was clear that the Maharashtrian leaders thought it their privilege to keep turning down every compromise solution. Similarly, second thoughts on Vishalandhra should have been avoided when the resolution of the Congress Working Committee was clear and appeared acceptable on the whole to the concerned groups.

The Punjab problem remains and considering the state of agitation six months ago, the situation has been

quiet until last week when a sudden change was effected in the Ministry. Mr. Bhimsen Sachar's resignation was a sudden development and the Congress High Command must have been struck by the opportunity it has provided to make a great gesture to the Sikh community by securing the election of Sardar Pratap Singh Kairon as the Chief Minister of the State. Prima facie, this appears homage to expediency rather than to principle, but when was politics divorced from considerations of expediency? Mr. Sachar's handling of the Akali agitation was far from satisfactory, even though he brought stability to the State in the last three years. It is believed that Sardar Kairon has a sufficient following in the Punjab and is also in a position to make himself acceptable to the politicians of PEPSU when that State is merged. There is no doubt that this is a satisfactory solution to the problem of this area; but the group rivalries in this area can often be carried to excesses, and in the new contest, they may be given a communal complexion. With the amalgamation of PEPSU with the Punjab, there is a real danger of a Hindu-Sikh rivalry for control within the Congress leadership and there are two communal organisations ready in each case—The Akali Dal and the Jan Sangh—to cash in on the discontent of either group with the Congress organisation.

Ceilings on incomes may well become the main slogan of the socialist pattern of society, next in importance only to the 'public sector'. It has caught on with an astonishing rapidity and would no doubt fortify the courage of its sponsors. The Taxation Enquiry Commission also made a similar proposal but the Planning Commission's endorsement has made a great difference, not because the latter had more convincing arguments. Though put forward in a bland and uncritical manner which

does little justice to the thought bestowed on this subject in other socialist climates, the Planning Commission's suggestion has been accepted last week by the Informal Consultative of Parliament, with more enthusiasm than argument. All those who matter in our politics being socialists, the principle is above question; but, even its practicability has now been left unquestioned. The Consultative Committee is reported to have urged that ceilings on incomes should apply in the public and in the private sectors and that ceilings should be so phased that they come into operation before the end of the Second Five Year Plan. And soon the Committee will be joined by a larger chorus till the idea becomes irresistible; indeed, how could it be resisted in a country of have-nots? But the majority in any country has consisted of the underprivileged and if socialist leadership elsewhere has regarded income ceiling as not feasible, there should have been more to this question than what the Planning Commission is prepared to find out. But the pros and cons of the question have hardly been put forward now; there are no doubts or fears about consequences. In this state of bliss, there is perhaps no point in raising deeper issues about the social implications of income ceilings. Whoever is not with it will presumably be regarded as against it; and with this convenient assumption the rest of the argument will proceed to its natural conclusion.

By reducing inequalities in income we cannot reduce the inequalities in the ownership and possession of wealth or in the power which they bestow on those who control it. Western socialists have generally preferred to tax wealth at the point at which it passes from the person who acquires it, while leaving sufficient incentive for the acquisition itself. This system has reconciled the need to provide incentives while preventing extreme inequalities; together

with larger welfare and higher productivity the position of the under-privileged member has been raised in these countries. On this principle, there may be ground enough to tax wealth, if it is administratively feasible, at a rate that would not seriously discourage accumulation and encourage current consumption. There is also probably much scope for raising estate duty rates, especially when estates pass to remoter heirs but at no point can anything be done which would discourage capital accumulation, by depriving the incentives therefor. It is no answer to say that all the money will be mobilised in the public sector and invested, because what would come into the pool would be a steadily diminishing quantity in course of time. What is contemplated is not total socialism, with every activity concentrated in the public sector. If our socialist pattern should be a system of private enterprise within the framework of a fairly wide public sector, the present accumulations cannot be wholly dissipated. There has been no convincing or clear-cut solution for this dilemma and the readiness with which our leaders are prepared to rush into this scheme of equality of incomes is therefore a matter for concern.

What would be the satisfactions open to those who have exceptional merit to offer for the community's needs? In an age which has abolished all the non-material satisfactions and rewards it is difficult to find an answer. Those whose special talent or skill is scarce would want some of the amenities of life or at least the freedom from some of the daily chores to devote their time and attention to their vocation; they would need quiet to think, travel to broaden their outlook and leisure to work out their ideas and not all these can be provided by a paternal state even if it can avoid favouritism. There is also no reason why some persons should seek the more responsible jobs

involving intense strain and heavy personal responsibility in taking decisions when they can make the same money in less strenuous jobs. It would not be surprising if the more intelligent choose the public sector, in preference to the private, because responsibility in the former is more diffused and less personal. What a Secretary cannot transfer to his underlings can be decided by committing the Minister to agree; the Minister himself would be protected in all vital cases by the approval of a cabinet or its sub-committee or of a parliamentary or non-official committee of enquiry. In the private sector on the other hand, the executive has to act on his own initiative and then convince a board or the general body of the rightness of a course, if it turns out to be a failure. Moreover, perquisites in the public sector can be larger than in the private where it is meticulously calculated and taxed. If competent men are thus to find reward in leisure or in professions which offer other satisfactions, like university posts, the scarcity of managerial talent will only be accentuated. This is no idle conjecture, to criticize a socialistic measure, but a real danger. With less inequality, there may be less discontent at lower levels, but the corollary may be that there may be less desire at the middle levels to seek the thorny upper reaches which do not promise very different material rewards. Those who are consumed by a great personal ambition may still seek them for the prospect of power, but in their hands it cannot be a good.

Even if we cannot discover a cure for the ills that we may be inflicting on future generations, we ought at least to take trouble to find out what they are, so that we can decide how far we shall go in running up biological debts which our descendants have to pay.—C. H. Waddington, Professor of Genetics, University of Edinburgh.

is not at all certain that fixing a certain minimum price will secure for the average farmer a fair return. For one thing, where the purchases are not made direct from the farmers themselves as in the United States and the Government makes purchases only in the important markets, the benefit of the guaranteed price goes only to the few farmers who can afford to wait for the best time and market their produce themselves and mostly to the middlemen who usually buy up the output of the smaller ryots. A policy of price support, therefore, largely fails to benefit those for whom it is intended. The largely subsistence nature of agricultural operations in India also restricts the benefit of price support to a comparatively small section of the agricultural community. That is to say, the large majority of farmers who sell only a small part of their produce—and that too to the middleman—gain very little from price support and will not stand to lose much in its absence. Their lack of knowledge of market conditions and their lack of bargaining power even if they have the knowledge due to their indebtedness also stand in the way.

When we try to assess the cost of a programme of price support, we may be misled by the fact that so far no large outlay has had to be incurred. Nature has fortuitously come to the government's rescue this year as well as the scale on which deficit financing has been undertaken during the current financial year. But, with the contemplated increases in agricultural production in the Second Plan, the policy may have to face a real test. Consumption may not go up to the extent expected because consumption targets have been fixed with reference to what is desirable rather than with reference to what is possible, having regard to likely income levels. If for any reason there is inadequate supply of some of the other

consumption goods and a consequent rise in their prices, people may decide to economise on their food budget as much as possible to be able to buy the other necessities. In such an eventuality the task of maintaining the prices of farm products may involve too heavy a burden.

It must also be pointed out that price support must cease to be selective if the object is to help the farmers. The benefit will be more generally shared in the case of commercial crops since all output is for the market, but for that very reason the financial implications will be more serious. If there is no general price support programme, there is bound to be a shift in production in favour of commodities enjoying support. Needless to say, this will mean overfulfilment of targets in the case of some agricultural commodities and underfulfilment in others. If the latter are commercial crops there will be a chain reaction leading to shortage of manufactured consumption goods and rise in their prices. If price support were to be comprehensive, it will give an incentive for increasing the production of all farm commodities. What disastrous consequences this may have is well illustrated by the grave political issue farm prices in the U. S. has become. With ten billion dollars of surplus commodities on hand, the Government there is afraid to take a decision because the political and economic interests conflict.

It is, of course, a far simpler task for the U. S. Government to continue price support for any length of time than it will be for the Government of India to do so, if it has to. With agriculture contributing just about seven per cent of the national income and employing eleven per cent of the working population, the impact of price support on the rest of the American economy is not very serious. Government revenues also total a fifth of the gross national pro-

duct. In India, on the other hand, the burden of implementing price support will fall on the non-agricultural population which is less than thirty per cent of the total. It is also this section which is paying most of the commodity taxes since the rural sector is still largely non-monetised. Can the Government afford to levy any special taxes for this purpose? Or, if it cannot, can it afford to spend a part of its revenues on this programme when the Second Five-Year Plan is showing a yawning gap in its resources position? It must be borne in mind that, though the money spent on buying surplus grain is investment in stocks, the stocks cannot be sold so long as prices do not rise. Since price support acts as an encouragement to increase production, the stocks cannot in practice and under normal conditions, as in the U. S., be sold at all, so that the programme is self-perpetuating. As early as 1932, the U. S. Federal Farm Reserve Board came to the conclusion that "no measure for improving the prices of farm products other than increasing the demand of consumers can be effective over a period of years unless it provides a more definite control of production than has been achieved so far." Control of production in India with its millions of farmers is quite out of question.

The protagonists of price support may point out that this policy can be successful since only a small portion of the output is marketed, and marginal intervention can suffice to hold up the price, as indeed events have shown. But can it remain as marginal intervention or will Government have to extend its operation? For one thing, Government cannot shirk the responsibility if there is to be a larger crop this year, as many agriculturists might have planned their operations on the basis that at least the "support" prices can be obtained. If Government is to confine itself to marginal operations,

it can only succeed in ironing out seasonal fluctuations. It is also possible that deficit financing may not take place on the scale now proposed, in which event demand will not go up as much as expected.

Since price support without production control will be ineffective, some scheme on the lines of the "deficiency payments" system in force in the U. K. may have to be thought of, if the Government is determined on subsidising the farmers. Such a scheme has also the merit of encouraging the improvement of quality instead of mere increase in quantity. Otherwise a scheme of taxation of foodgrains at 10 or 25 per cent of the "deficiency" compared to the "fair" price, whenever the market price falls below the fair price, can be introduced as a source of additional revenue for financing the Plan. Since the decline in price will largely be due to the implementation of the Plan and the tax is for the further execution of development schemes, the proposal is not likely to meet with much opposition. At any rate there will be no robbing of Peter to pay Paul.

PHONES OF THE FUTURE

A new signalling system for telephone dialing, so fast that it may do away with the dial itself, has been developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York.

To take advantage of the speed of the device, called a polytonic coder, the present dialing system would have to be replaced, perhaps by a push-button system. A person making a call would punch out the number on buttons on the phone's base before removing the receiver from the hook. As soon as he picks up the receiver, the phone of the person being called would start ringing. Results of laboratory tests with the signalling system have been so encouraging. Bell Telephone Laboratories reports that arrangements have been made to try it out on New York City circuits.

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BRITAIN'S 'FRONT MAN' KICKED FROM REAR

By ANDREW ROTH

ON the eve of his departure for the U. S. Britain saw the spectacle of Sir Anthony Eden, long-time 'front man' for the Conservative Party and now Prime Minister of Britain, being kicked from the rear by his own supporters.

It is part of the game of politics to be belabored by your political opponents. Therefore it was to be expected that the Labour Party, under the more youthful leadership of Hugh Gaitskell, should exploit the gross administrative blunders which permitted uncontrolled exports of even obsolescent tanks to Egypt at a time of Middle Eastern tension.

A large and diverse party like the Conservatives also has its cranks and pressure groups. Therefore one always discounts in advance criticisms from that leading Empire-minded Canadian crank, Lord Beaverbrook, trumpeted by his *Daily Express*. The criticisms of *The Economist* had to be credited more seriously because increasingly that weekly has tried to become the Conservatives' 'Brains Trust' with a viewpoint basically representing the financial interests in the City.

It was when the *Daily Telegraph*, the 'Old Faithful' organ of the Conservative Party Bible of the middle class commuter opened up on Sir Anthony that everyone realized that a full-blown campaign was on. "In the first seven months of its life the present Government has lost both decisiveness and prestige," it complained.

These criticisms have reflected a certain loss of popular support. For the first time the end-of-year public opinion polls showed the Conserva-

tives running slightly behind the Labour Party. People were showing increasing dislike for the dear-money policies followed by the Conservatives to limit internal spending and expand exports. Not only had they forced up rents but they had put 25% on the cost of buying your own house in this "property-owning democracy" of the Conservative slogans. Since fully 4,000,000 people are in that position, mostly Conservative lower middle class types, resentment within the party had to be given its safety valve.

The crucial thing in the present situation is that this widespread discontent has been channeled into a campaign to convert Sir Anthony Eden into an instrument for the "get tough" group in the Conservative Party. They had to lie low in the 1951-55 Parliament because the Conservatives had a very narrow majority, which would have been wiped out in the 1955 election had they shown their bare knuckles.

Now they are shaking these knuckles under Sir Anthony's nose despite the fact that it was his 'fronting' for them which won them their substantial election victory in May 1955. Sir Anthony has been a useful 'front man' for the Conservatives ever since his handsome face became associated with League of Nations activities in the early '30s. It was characteristic that although he was actually deeply involved in the negotiations to appease Italy over Abyssinia, his public character was spotless. Therefore when the Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare, was drowned in the public outcry over the Hoare-Laval pact, Prime Minister

Stanley Baldwin could save the Conservatives' reputation by putting in the seemingly idealistic young Anthony Eden as his successor. Even Eden's resignation over Neville Chamberlain's continued appeasing of Mussolini in 1938 was popularly considered to be a more principled gesture than the full details now available show it to be.

Sir Anthony performed most brilliantly as the Conservatives' 'front man' last May. He lulled Labour voters into staying away from the polls. Whereas in 1951 they had feared Winston Churchill might do something bellicose, they had no such fear about Eden the diplomatic technician who had ended the Indo-China war at Geneva. Whereas long-memoried trade unionists could recall Churchill's belligerently anti-working class role in the 1926 General Strikes, Sir Anthony had never been associated with anti-Labour activities. If not quite the 'father figure' that President Eisenhower presents to many Americans, Sir Anthony came to be trusted as an attractively decent gentleman. At the height of his popularity last summer, after the "summit" talks at Geneva, he had the support of 70% of British voters, over 20% more than his party. He still runs 15% ahead, with 60% of popular support while the Conservatives have under 45%.

Too Soft

The real died-in-the-wool Conservative has appreciated Sir Anthony's vote-pulling power but has always considered him as somewhat "weak." This is somewhat a personal evaluation, partly a comment on his desire to be liked, by the people around him, by the general public and even by his moderate Labour opponents. But basically it is an antagonism to his role as a comparatively liberal, bi-partisan Conservative. He is perfectly suited to Britain of the mid-1950s; his Conservative critics subconsciously yearn for

the first decade of this century before the decline of Britain's power became apparent.

Sir Anthony is genuinely pro-American; his Conservative critics are publicly pro-American and privately blisteringly critical of the swaggering, blundering, gum-chewing upstarts. Although insufficiently sensitive to Asian and African nationalism Sir Anthony is intelligent enough to prefer walking out gracefully to being booted out forcibly; therefore he negotiated the withdrawal from the Suez Canal zone under a drumfire of protests from the "Suez rebels" in his own party who urged that he "get tough with the Wogs" even if it meant taking Cairo. One of the reasons these "get tough" Conservatives are up in arms is that they realize he now feels compelled to concede self-determination to Cyprus if a face-saving formula can be worked out while they demand he jail Archbishop Makarios with all the vigour with which they once demanded the jailing of Gandhi.

The thing which has really infuriated these "get tough" Conservatives was the dropping of Harold Macmillan as Foreign Secretary and his replacement by Eden's protege Selwyn Lloyd. Macmillan had shown himself too "tough". He had scrapped the "Eden plan" for a semi-militarized, semi-neutralized Germany under minimum pressure from Bonn, Washington and Paris. He had high-pressured the organization of the Baghdad Pact as though the Middle East was still in the time of T. E. Lawrence. He apparently favoured dropping the invitation to Bulganin and Krushchev in reply to their attacks on colonialism in South Asia.

The fury of the "get tough" Conservatives with the dropping of Macmillan as Foreign Secretary was most nakedly reflected in *The Economist* of December 24. Attacking the appointment of Selwyn Lloyd, "obviously intended to be the Prime Mi-

master's mouthpiece," it declared "No one doubts (Sir Anthony Eden's) enormous experience and great tactical skill. But what is needed now is to think out a firm policy, based on first principles, and then to stick to it—not rigidly indeed but with hard consistency through thick and thin and despite all the wayside temptations to quick and easy deals. This does not come easy to the *ad hoc* mind (of Sir Anthony), to the experienced operator revelling in his technical skill, or to the man who instinctively prefers negotiation to policy . . ."

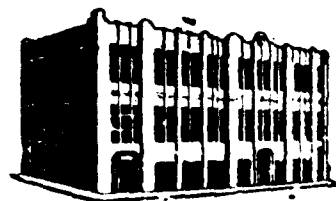
The policy of this "get tough" school boils down to a simple "first principle": don't negotiate with anyone, be it Russians, Cypriots, Americans or British trade unionists unless

they guarantee in advance they intend to concede to your viewpoint. They hearken back to a world which died with the opening shots of World War I.

If Sir Anthony had a theoretical rather than an *ad hoc* mind such boastful sentiments might appeal to him. But he is "weak" in that he responds to the pressures which comprise the *real* world. He knows Britain is not strong enough to antagonize simultaneously the Russians, Cypriots, Americans and British trade unionists. So he concedes when he must and puts the best face on it, in the best tradition of enlightened British conservatism. But actions which preserve conservatism are seldom appreciated by full-blooded Conservatives.

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WAS SHAKESPEARE MARLOWE?

BY SANTHA RUNGACHARY

TO the British age and antiquity are endowed with sanctity. As George Orwell said they like to stick to everything out-of-date. This is the one ungraded snobbery which every class of Englishman takes pride in professing. Solemn discussions are held even in the Mother of Parliaments over the delay in the repair of an old Roman wall or the broken south window of a medieval church raising its steeple above a village sixteen miles from anywhere. And for the mending of that wall and the restoration of that window nothing so modernistic as cement and glass are ever used. In fact it would be considered sheer profanity. But a peer of the realm who has spent forty years of his life in a study of the trends in British architecture from the time of Charlemagne to the four Georges will happily go forth at a grateful Government's expense to an old Dutch village to locate a faded centenarian who and who alone can supply England with the materials necessary to patch up the crumbling derelicts so that they may continue for a few more decades to preserve their ancient appearance.

It comes, therefore, as a surprise to learn that the Constabulary of Chiselmurst has given permission to have the tomb of Sir Thomas Walsingham, one of the lesser luminaries of Elizabethan drama, opened for the express purpose of having one of England's most cherished literary monuments smashed. The surprise indeed turns to shock when we learn further that the permission has been accorded not to an English eccentric but to an American critic. Mr. Calvin Hoffman hopes to find in the tomb of Sir Thomas, now under the sod for more than three hundred years, proof of a gigantic fraud perpetrated on the British public in the

time of good Queen Bess. Shakespeare, he claims, was not Shakespeare at all but Marlowe. Marlowe it was who wrote those immortal plays known the world over and sired them on a character known as Shakespeare. In fact we may presume it to be doubtful whether a man called Shakespeare ever existed at all in Elizabethan England outside of the imagination of Christopher Marlowe. How Sir Thomas Walsingham was posthumously implicated in this gigantic deception has not yet been disclosed but we may certainly hope for further elucidation on this subject after Mr. Hoffman has held communion with the worms which have most certainly fattened themselves on the sacred relics of the man and the material. What satisfaction Mr. Hoffman hopes to drive from this exposure, one cannot perceive even dimly. One can only infer that it is a kind of literary perversion or, at best, an unhappy sense of humour. Trying to disprove the authenticity of the great or unearth something derogatory to the reputation of the distinguished is a not uncommon preoccupation of a certain class of frustrated writers. We may almost take it for granted that two centuries later a dusty little man with spectacles would spend a whole lifetime trying to prove that Mr. Bernard Shaw was really Mr. Chesterton.

For more than a hundred years now various kinds of doubts about Shakespeare have been raised with unfailing regularity, but nothing deleterious to the reputation or genius of that incredible Elizabethan has ever yet been proven. Shakespeare, happily, has continued to be Shakespeare and the legends round his life, loves and his literary creations have acquired a more golden hue with the lapse of time. There is a whole library of Shakespeareana not only in England but in practically every European country. Shakespeare's birthday is a day of almost

ritualistic rejoicing in Stratford to participate in which men and women from all over the world make a pilgrimage to England in April. Shakespeare has long ago ceased to be a name and become a symbol of the nearest human approximation to literary perfection.

Why shouldn't we henceforth extend to the dust of this dead poet the indulgence we are prepared to accord even to sleeping dogs?

TAPE-RECORDED HEALTH TALKS

DOCTOR'S HOBBY HELPS MILLIONS

ONCE a week, with self-imposed regularity, an American doctor drives to the nearest airport to send on its way to the other side of the world a package containing a tape-recorded medical talk. In this way Dr. Clifford Anderson, currently on the staff of Glendale Sanatorium and Hospital in California, has for the past three years given medical advice to countless thousands of people in South Asia, Africa and Indonesia.

Within a week of the dispatch of the tape recording from the American airport, a villager in Ceylon, a gardener in Japan, a tribesman in Northern Burma or an Arab at some desert oasis may listen as Dr. Anderson's words—in English or in native translations—are voiced over a radio or some village loudspeaker.

Dr. Anderson's voluntary task of supplying weekly tape-recorded health talks began three years ago while he was serving as staff physician at Washington Sanatorium and Hospital. At that time one of his patients, the wife of a missionary on furlough from India, attended community health talks on preventive medicine given by Dr. Anderson.

"Why," she exclaimed, "that is exactly what is needed in India! Simple instruction in such health principles, as cleanliness, right eating and

caring for babies would spare the lives of millions if they could only hear it."

Then the woman had another idea. "My husband knows some officials of Radio Ceylon," she told Dr. Anderson. "Will you record some health talks on tape and let us send them to Ceylon—just to see if they can use them?"

Six trial tapes entitled "Your Radio Doctor" were prepared on a borrowed recorder and air-mailed to Ceylon. By return cable came the reply: "Delighted with programme. Send more tapes."

In a matter of weeks "Your Radio Doctor" became the most-listened-to programme on Radio Ceylon and letters started pouring in from all over southern Asia, Africa and Indonesia. Soon other stations asked for the programme. The Burmese Government requested permission to broadcast Dr. Anderson's talks on its entire network, both in the original English and in translations.

The fever spread to Europe, where Radio Luxembourg first broadcast the programme, then to Australia and Japan, and finally back to North America, where Mexican and Canadian stations began broadcasting the programme. Recently several radio stations in the United States have asked for the recordings.

Today Dr. Anderson has more requests for his programme than he can possibly fill. And he has not the faintest idea where it is going to stop. He built and equipped a recording studio in the basement of his Washington home, and in Glendale—where he expects to spend at least two years doing postgraduate work along with his hospital assignment—he has also set up a home studio.

Mrs. Anderson, who is just as enthusiastic about the project as her husband, devotes approximately 40 hours each week to mailing out tapes, answering letters and acting as the doctor's recording engineer.

The unusual thing about the "Your Radio Doctor" programme is the fact that Dr. Anderson has made a hobby of it. He pays all the expenses, putting some \$5,000 of his own money into producing the programmes each year.

Dr. Anderson follows medical ethics consistently. He never attempts to treat patients over the air or to diagnose. His primary emphasis is on preventive medicine—instruction on how to live healthfully and where to go for professional help when needed.

A typical programme begins like this:

"This is your radio doctor." There is a swell of music and, as it fades, Dr. Anderson's words—in English, Turkish, Coptic, Spanish, Persian, Greek, Indonesian, Japanese or some other tongue—are heard: "The great throbbing centre of all human life and activity is the heart. No other organ carries so much responsibility for the well-being of the rest of the body . . ."

During the programme simple sound effects are provided by a stethoscope held near the microphone or by a conversation with a typical patient—all of which add life and interest to the programme. Sometimes Mrs. Anderson plays the role of a nurse in a small drama to add further interest.

One of the best results achieved thus far from the programme has been a marked increase in distribution of authoritative information in language the layman can understand—particularly in areas where the literacy rate is low.

Although the doctor is a practical religious man, the subject of any particular faith hardly enters into his broadcasts which go around the world. These are mostly limited to practical matters of health that apply equally to Mohammedan, Confucian, Taoist, Buddhist or Christian.

How many listeners does Dr. Anderson have? He has no way of

knowing. But frequently information filters back to him about someone somewhere who has been helped by listening to his recorded health programme.

"Then Mrs. Anderson and I are very happy," the doctor says. "We know all our work has been worth while, and that we have made a contribution to humanity."

'GOVERNMENT PRESSURES ON THE PRESS'

A STUDY BY THE INTERNATIONAL PRESS INSTITUTE

ONLY four out of forty non-totalitarian governments do not restrict freedom of the press in one way or another.

This is the outstanding fact established by the International Press Institute's latest study, "Government Pressures on the Press." It is even more striking because totalitarian countries, where press freedom is a lost cause, were not included in the study.

This unique collection of case histories demonstrates what methods are used by governments to curb freedom of the press. Defense of this freedom is the major concern of the International Press Institute (IPI), a world-wide organization of newspaper editors.

Some of the countries included in the IPI study are traditionally democratic, others have just won their freedom, others are on the verge of dictatorship. But they all have opposition newspapers, which may be subject to varying degrees of pressure from official quarters.

Dangerous constitutional clauses, stringent penal code provisions and restrictive special laws are listed on a country-by-country basis. There is no lack of examples to illustrate their effectiveness. But the study is not limited to legal restrictions, it also examines administrative, politi-

cal and economic pressures employed by governments.

In some countries, government news is deliberately withheld from opposition organs, in others they get only a meagre share of government-controlled newsprint imports. Apart from outright subsidies, some governments distribute well-paid official advertisements—but only to “friendly” newspapers.

In a few countries, which are democratic in name rather in fact, journalists are subject to arbitrary arrest, and government-induced mob attacks on newspaper plants are not uncommon. In such countries, there is of course no favourable climate for the expression of opinion. In other countries with a traditionally free press, newspapermen may be intimidated by administrative measures directed against Communist subversion.

One of the discouraging findings reached by the study is that press freedom has been on the decline since the end of World War II. The study pays particular attention to the worsening climate produced by the Cold War and by special issues such as racialism in South Africa.

There is an increasing tendency on the part of governments to abuse the concepts of “national security,” “national prestige” and “national interests” in order to muzzle the press.

One of the most serious conclusions of the report is that “new forms of government pressures have emerged in countries which are democratic by tradition and which have a long history of freedom and of parliamentary life.

“These pressures are all the more disastrous because of their insidious nature. They are often the result of an atmosphere of tension, the consequence of an unhealthy political climate which affects a journalist mainly in effectually; his freedom of expression may suffer just as much as when the pressures are of a more direct kind. The free press therefore has a long fight before it.

“But the free press can also boast of some resounding victories. Its vigilance, together with that of a section of public opinion, enlightened by it, led to the crushing in the Federal German Republic, Italy, Japan, Brazil and elsewhere of a resurgence of some forms of authoritarian control. . . . It should be stressed that these victories were won thanks to the combined efforts of the local press, public opinion and to a greater or lesser extent, the foreign press.

“It is therefore of capital importance to keep public opinion in the free countries constantly on the alert, and at the same time to strengthen the bonds of solidarity within the profession.”

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YVES BRAYER, MAN OF THE MOMENT

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

THE position of the French artist who wishes to be creative and, at the same time, continue the pictorial traditions of the past is by no means easy. For almost half a century now, the world of art has been witnessing one revolution after another, until today it has reached those abstract and amorphous stages where further revolution seems rather difficult. To be new at almost any price has become a craze, even when it involves, sometimes, something very near to charlatanism.

The commercial character of big city organising is one reason, for it almost compels art to line up along with the other changing fashions such as dress, cars and scientific outfits. Today there are fashions and mannerisms in art and if they are not renewed every spring like those of the ‘haute couture’ none the less they are apt after a few years to be looked upon as out of date.

Amidst all this effervescence and excitement where one novelty follows on another there are the serious painters whose work changes but slowly and then only inwardly.

Yves Brayer is one of these. His art has remained more or less what it was twenty five years ago, since when, it has passed through gradual changes that have not altered its essential character although they have tended to simplify its structure.

At the age of twenty three Yves Brayer was awarded the ‘Prix de Rome’ which might very well have tempted him to continue in the spirit of the ‘Beaux Arts’ with an eye to commercial success. He has too much vitality, however, to settle down to an academic career. From the very first

he began to travel from one country to another and record his first impressions. Rome where, for some years, he resided at the Villa Medici was, naturally, the first big city to attract his attention, and the early paintings which were both colourful and spontaneous are among some of the best things he has achieved. His ‘Seminarists in red’ painted in 1932 when he was twenty five shows two young priests conversing in the streets of Rome. The whole canvas is composed of a blaze of vivid scarlet, a daring scheme at that time and even today somewhat unusual. It is now in the Museum of Modern Art in Paris. Another large canvas ‘L’Atelier’ which shows the artist’s studio in Rome has a spacious quality which is typically French. Yves Brayer who is the son of a French General was born in Versailles and was thus familiar from his early years with great architectural ensembles. This sense of ‘envergure,’ to use a French term, or large scale planning is a quality of the Mediterranean races and diminishes in proportion as one goes north. Brayer has always shown this predilection for great spaces and his recent paintings of the Camargue admirably evoke it.

In his early years he travelled widely, not only in Italy but in Spain, North Africa, Greece and Turkey. By means of rough sketches and rapid brush strokes he succeeded in capturing all the colourful sights and moving aspects of these countries in a more or less impressionist manner of a decidedly baroque order. It is a style well suited to the rigid notation of shifting appearances being fresh and spontaneous as a water-



'Provence in winter'

YVES BRAYER

colour. For it is the movement of life that attracts Brayer rather than æsthetic theory or research. While other artists often devote a lifetime to the concoction of some new technique Brayer has continued to express his delight in the spectacle of life and what is more, has come to make others share it. This, after all, has a certain importance since the role of art is to delight and elevate and not depress. One can well imagine the extraordinary impression made by Italy, for the first time, on a young artist of twenty five, and Brayer has recorded it in hundreds of paintings, watercolours and sketches made at Florence, Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Bologna, Sienna, Perugia, Assisi as well as at Rome.

But there is another side to his nature which expresses itself in more sober colour schemes and in a less cursive style and this, one might perhaps term the Spanish side. The arid nature of the Spanish scene, that

African sense of the desert that pervades Spain would seem at a certain moment to have entered into his painting. This is perhaps natural enough since Brayer, on his mother's side, has inherited a certain amount of Spanish blood. There is also the influence of Spanish painting of Velasquez, of Greco and Goya which the artist must have assimilated in his frequent visits to Spain. In his painting of Cordes, a small hill town in the south of France, where Brayer resided after being demobilized, there is something that recalls Greco's view of Toledo. But there is also, I think, a psychological reason for this severe and disciplined aspect of his art. It may well be in some sort a subconscious reaction, on the artist's part, to all the distractions of the great capital. For Yves Brayer is the most Parisian of all the painters and there is scarcely an event of note, in the art world, in which he does not take a part. For more than ten years now he has been one of the leading artists

whose decors and costumes for the Opera, Opera Comique, Theatre Francais, and the Ballet have been the most remarked. In the literary world he is equally well known for his lithographs, drawings and woodcuts for many of the great French writers such as Claudel and Montherlant are masterpieces of book illustration. Moreover he is professor at the "Grand Chaumiere" and organiser of the big Salons. It is only when he can get away from Paris to the south of France, therefore, that he is really free to work as he wishes. For some years now Brayer has become the painter of Provence, one of the most delightful regions in France and particularly the Camargue that flat lying stretch of marshland at the estuary of the Rhone. No one has known so well as Brayer to depict the droves of horses that roam wild through this region, their tails always ruffled by the wind. Indeed the whole region is a Brayer landscape.

The artist who, in his early years was destined to a military career was prevented by a serious riding accident from entering the army. But his love of horses dates from this period. To-day he is the foremost French painter of horses. In the last fifteen years his art has moved away from the early baroque style to a more stable and classical form. The beauty of these Provencal landscapes with the olive groves and the vines is something that reminds us of fine porcelain.

At the present moment the big collection of the artist's work on show at the Galliera museum and his large panoramic landscape and smaller works exhibited at the Galerie Charpentier show that he is the man of the moment.

This has its significance. For twenty-five years now Brayer has resisted those disintegrating forces that threatened the French tradition, and Paris, at last, has recognized it.



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Short Story

By Atri

FINESSE

As the car began to glide into the darkness Sundar was seized by an audacious impulse.

THE auditorium was filled to capacity. The danseuse—a new find—was giving an exposition of Bharata Natyam which consisted of a complex sequence of movements to the accompaniment of gestures in which the uninitiated became poignantly aware of the mute orchestration of her face, arms, breasts and hips to promote an erotic motif. The cognoscenti averred that she had interpreted in an unconventional manner the longing of the individual soul for union with the infinite. The performer was on the threshold of womanhood, and looked the perfect picture of that ardent, naive yet timid expectancy with which adolescence tiptoes into the world of rude reality. The dress she wore was decorously formal, yet discreetly suggestive. For it set off the dainty grace of her young limbs against the virgin gloss of her face. Her lithe springy steps suggested the image of a bounding roe rather than a woman clogged with the corporeal materiality of legs . . .

The hall was growing stuffy with the emotional upheavals of the audience which experienced *en masse* a furtive, cerebral orgy under the stimulus of the artiste's exhibition. Sundar Ram who was lying limp in his chair stirred uneasily, took out his handkerchief, dabbed his temples with it and murmured in rapt tones: 'Wonderful, marvellous'. He turned to his wife for aesthetic communion, but found her gazing vacantly with parted lips. She was a handsome woman with a lovely figure and a

clear complexion and was accustomed to the exhilaration of being looked at twice by those who beheld her. Her dress and ornaments bespoke opulence and taste. But 'art' was not her strong point, and she acknowledged the deficiency with a demure insouciance which concealed a cat-like awareness of her more compelling assets. She smiled at her husband but in such a tentative manner that he turned to his left for a more congenial response. Shanta, his wife's friend gave him a look of being stirred to her depths. 'Wonderful, marvellous, isn't she?' he repeated in undertones. 'Perfect—specially the syncopation of the music; few of these creatures have voice and figure to match.' 'Exactly what I thought!' replied Sundar, 'the flexions and the inflexions!' Thus he paraphrased her idea and coolly appropriated it to himself. 'I wonder if we should not get away now,' resumed Shanta, 'for I think she has reached her climax for the day.' 'Right-o,' he chimed in, and turning to Padma said: 'Shall we make a move?' 'Why?' she asked mystified, 'the show's only half-through.' 'I know' he replied smiling pleasantly, 'as Shanta says, this is the right time to get away.' 'Oh, Shanta says so, does she?'—and curling her lips ever so faintly, Padma added: 'Alright, I don't mind either way; so please yourself and—her.'

Shanta had been her friend from college days, and had a double-dose of brains which heightened her 'Charm.' She was a foil to Padma in the unadorned simplicity of her dress. She was quiet and self-pos-

sessed and could talk as well as hear. She could sing divinely and without any of those simpering affectations of the amateur which make informal parties of people in cultured circles such a bore. In short she had the sort of face and figure and deportment which grew on one with acquaintance. She threw up a teacher's job out of disgust for her charges, and risked a marriage with Nilkant who was hailed as a great—genius by the latest school of youngest writers. They were all in their middle thirties and were considered young, because they had not yet set the Coom on fire, but were expected to any day.

Nilkant was a Bohemian consciously training himself for the role in Indian conditions. His hair-cuts were like angels' visits—few and far between; and he looked like a bird of prey undergoing an indefinite course of fasting. He smoked like a chimney and dressed in a blend of styles which revealed an eclectic taste for discord. He was particularly famous for his short stories in which he showed a flair for the portrayal of the labyrinthine abnormalities of perfectly ordinary people. Because they appeared in print once in a blue moon, he was credited by his admirers with unusual artistic preciousness; but the truth was that a stray editor would relent now and then, as it were to expiate for too many earlier rejection slips he had been forced to send him!

Thanks to Padma's loyal devotion to Shanta, Nilkant found himself installed in the office of a posh trade monthly in which Sundar Ram had a controlling interest. Sunder had started as an 'intellectual,' but having 'struck oil' became a big noise in commercial and social circles. As memorials of his earlier devotion to the things of the mind, he continued to build up a library in which the latest books on literature and the arts as well as much leftist, political and economic writing were conspicuous. In fact the library became a

sort of annexe to the trade monthly, and Nilkant had the run of it in the interests of the magazine. But though it was a busman's holiday to him, he enjoyed it none the less. That was how Shanta gravitated into the Sundar household, and soon became a *persona grata* with both husband and wife. There was besides an aesthetic basis which on suitable occasions came to be ostentatiously displayed in public.

They filed out of the hall with Sundar leading. Though it was the interval, most of the audience continued to sit in their places. Quite a number of those whose knees they knocked against or whose toes they trod on stared at them curiously, sardonically or resentfully. Some even exchanged smiles with the air of conspirators in possession of an open secret. As soon as the trio came out into the open and waited for their car to come up, they felt the nip in the chill December air which was in bracing contrast to the foetid atmosphere they had left behind them.

They got into the rear seat of the car which was one of those long, sleek sedans which have plenty of room. Sundar found himself again between the women as formerly inside the theatre. As the car began to glide through the darkness of the night with the silent puissance of an eight-cylinder engine, he was seized by an audacious impulse, and fanned out his arms on both sides in search of the waist-lines of his companions. Padma was unmoved, but Shanta was irritated by the impromptu. To Sundar the joke lay in the fact that neither of them could guess his approach to the other! Suddenly, he edged a little closer to Padma, but she anticipated him and foiled his move by withdrawing into the cushioned felicity of her corner. 'By the way,' she broke the silence after a time, 'drop me at our gate.' 'Why, what's the matter?' asked Sun-

dar curiously rather than anxiously. 'Oh, nothing, I think I need an aspirin; it was awfully stuffy in there.' 'Alright' replied Sundar, and told the driver to get into their bungalow first. But Padma asked him to stop before the gate, got down saying 'Let me stroll in' and was soon lost amidst the shadows of the winding drive.

The car picked up again, and sped towards Shanta's house a few blocks further off. Sundar then sidled up to Shanta and before she realised it had kissed her on the nape of the neck where a delicate growth of down clung to her smooth skin. He then murmured in her ear: 'The new artiste is an absolute find—and so are you! What a drab life was mine until you swam into my ken!' She pushed him away with silent rudeness, and sat stockstill bristling with unconcealed but unseen annoyance. He felt reproved, but remained unabashed.

The car came to its destination, and both got down silently. Shanta opened her front-door and put on the light in her bed-sitting room. The cottage was small and compact—one of these new functional 'homes' in which utility is the basic consideration, and where the genteel poor can make the drudgery of cooking and scrubbing seem a nice and profitable hobby. Sundar seated himself on a chair and remarked with exaggerated formality: 'I hope I don't intrude. Tell me when you want me to go'—but he seemed in no hurry to leave. 'If that's so, I shant detain you at all. Good Night!' and she moved as if to go in. 'Why,' he asked more hurt than angry, 'what has upset you dear?'

'Sundar' she replied with cool deliberation, 'I've no patience with you. You're getting to be crude—and loud. No finesse. What made you sit between us at the show? And you kiss me in the car—' 'I shall withdraw it now if it has displeased you.' But the pleasantry was ignored. 'I shouldn't

wonder if the driver saw us; I'm getting it in the neck indeed!'

He felt guilty, but only for a moment. 'But my dear,' he began eagerly. She cut him short saying: 'I see what it is: Familiarity...'

'Darling' you're unjust—cruelly so. I worship the very ground you tread on. As for drivers and such like, you make a bogey of them.'

'Perhaps I do' she replied rather sharply.

For answer he got up and with outstretched arms said: 'I thought you were adventurous, dear. Finesse—why, that was the very thing, I had in mind. However, forgive me for this once. Give me your 'do's' and 'dents' for future guidance, and I shall remain yours docilely for ever.'

At that she thawed a bit, but again sought to dismiss him saying: 'Alright, that'll do; get along. I must get the dinner ready; it's time for Nilkant's return. He ought to have been in this time—it's his turn today.' 'Ah, yes, feed the brute—do you know it's the surest means of keeping it tame? So he cooks too, can he? I hope his dishes are simpler than his yarns; amazing how he spins them from the clouds while the bare truth lies unnoticed almost under his nose. I suppose that's the mark of a genius.' Shanta frowned, and then smiled after a pause adding drily: 'It's perhaps as well that he's so obtuse. Good night' she concluded more peremptorily.

On the way back home, he felt as if he had been rapped on the knuckles. True; she had not ticked him off for the first time. But on all earlier occasions, she had sent him away with some consolation prize. This time he felt as inconsolable as a child that had been denied its accustomed gingerbread. Something has upset her, he reflected, and sought for an explanation in irrelevant directions. Presently his mind switched back to Padma—his secure, unencumbered, exclusive possession, and much the

more beautiful of the two, thank heavens, he exclaimed to himself...

As the head-light of his car lighted up his compound wall, the driver hooted his horn and slowed down to negotiate the gate. In the middle of the drive, he saw a tall, lean figure edging up to the side; it was carrying a bundle of books and journals in its arms.

'Hello-o, Nilkant! Got the books?'

'All but one. I couldn't lay my hands on 'Planning or Plotting?' I understood that you wanted it boosted.'

'Yes: I must have left it in the office then. Shall send it on tomorrow. Cheerio...'

Sundar went upstairs in search of his wife. Except for a light in the landing, the rooms were in darkness. He went into his room, changed and then went into his wife's boudoir remembering that she had come back complaining of a headache. 'Hullo, Padma dear,' he called as he put on the switch. 'How are you?' Padma lay curled on a settee surrounded by cushions, moved and blinked in the sudden glare. 'Oh, it's you,' she murmured. She was in dishabille. 'How are you, darling,' he repeated, 'feeling better?' His voice was gentle and solicitous as he went and sat by her side. He caressed her face with his right palm, and felt her skin warm and clammy to the touch. There was a spot of retreating pink on her cheeks, and her eyes looked drowsy. He bent down closer to her wondering uneasily if she was going in for a fever. 'It must be the exposure' he murmured, and then finding that she was draped indifferently in a filmy voile which exposed more than it hid, added: 'You should have put on something warmer'. 'Oh, I'm alright—I mean, I shall be alright soon. Just a headache that's all.'

Suddenly he sniffed the air like a dog that has picked up a familiar scent. In a moment, he had placed it. It was the aroma of cigarette smoke. Funny that he should have

spotted it as he bent over Padma! 'Hum,' he exclaimed as suddenly, 'who has been up here? Was it Nilkant by any chance?' 'Yes,' she replied languidly, 'he's left a note for you there. Said something about a missing book.' 'Oh, that's o. k.' he replied patting himself on the back for a piece of smart deduction.

Again he bent down impatient for his long-deferred but lawful kiss, and tried to gather her in his arms for the ritual. 'Oh, bother,' she cried petulantly and with pouting lips, but she quickly added in a more coaxing voice: 'bide a wee, dear; give me forty winks, wont you?'

It was his second rebuff for the day—or night. As he got up glumly to go, she cooed: 'Please switch off the light, there's a dear'. Sundar had his finger on the switch when Padma, wishing to settle down more comfortably, turned over to the other side.

As she did so, he saw in a split second that she was without her brassiere and that her bare breasts quivered and fell one over the other eager like her for rest.

As he put out the light, a vague fear seized him.

COSTUMES

I

In the spring twilight passes a gardener and his dog,
A poacher, gamekeeper, man of the open air,
Dressed in deerskin, with a moleskin collar,
His dog a setter, with brown ears listening
To the sound of the wind.
Both to be found in Virgil and in Constable.

II

Then comes the man of the city, the scientific,
Dressed like an advertisement, quick as machinery darting in a straight line ahead,
With car, white collar, arithmetic.
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EXPORT OF MONKEYS FOR VIVISECTION

By M. P. S.

THE Krishna Menon Committee appointed by the Government of India, to investigate the adequacy or otherwise of the existing laws in the

Merely a pin-prick



A chimpanzee inoculated with syphilis for 'research' purposes.

(By courtesy: "Doktor", Copenhagen)

country for the prevention of cruelty to animals, has in the past few months collected considerable data. Having obtained much valuable in-

formation by way of replies to its questionnaire. It has also been touring the country in the past few weeks, recording oral evidence and gathering impressions of the institutions so far visited. It is also learnt that, at its sittings in New Delhi, under the presidency of Srimathi Rukmini Devi, the acting Chairman, Dr. Lane-Petter of the British Medical Research Council was examined on 30th November last in regard to the use of monkeys for "medical research" and preparation of vaccine for controlling poliomyelitis.

It is relevant in this connection to emphasise two important facts: firstly, that Dr. Lane-Petter has been in India from October last "to facilitate increased export of Rhesus monkeys for vaccine purposes", and, secondly, that from 11th March to 31st September, 1955 about 73,000 Rhesus monkeys—52,223 to the U. S. and 20,794 to other countries—were exported from India, as an official statement furnished in answer to interpellations on the subject discloses. From a survey conducted by the Public Health Service of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare in the U. S., it was stated (on Aug. 26, '55) that 100,000 monkeys would be required to produce vaccine and conduct medical experiments. So the requirements of the U. S. and other countries together might be up to anything between 100,000 and 150,000 monkeys—and not less. Presumably, therefore, the Government of India (the Commerce Ministry in consultation with the Health Ministry) is now agreeable to allowing such colossal export of monkeys, ostensibly for purposes of

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medical research—neither to get rid of a nuisance nor to earn dollars for the country, as had been obliquely hinted at one time. That is the meaning of the "partial relaxation" of the export regulations in India, over which Dr. William Perry of the Department of Biological Standards (U. K.) seems to have expressed gratification in September last. But it is all a mystery as to how the Government of India came to be persuaded to amend the Exports (Control) Order, all to oblige the U. S. Government, and in such indecent haste, particularly as the subject was within the purview of the Menon Committee's inquiry, and allow the export of monkeys on such a prodigious scale during the year ending June 30, 1956. Is the suspicion wholly unjustified that the Government of India had yielded to the combined pressure of foreign medical research institutions, exporters of monkeys, foreign pharmaceutical concerns which had invested considerable money on their projects, and the U. S. Government?

It is otherwise difficult to explain the Government of India's change of front. It need only be recalled that, following the shocking accident in London Airport on New Year's Day last year, when 394 monkeys out of 457—part of a consignment of 1,600 intended for "rocket and polio research" in the U. S.—were found dead when about to be transferred to a plane bound for America, and Indian sentiment was outraged at the indifferent handling of the animals during their transit, the Government of India felt called upon to issue a notification (March 11, '55) prohibiting the export of monkeys "except with its previous permission." But it soon became apparent that the new regulation was only intended to "ensure satisfactory conditions for the handling of monkeys", the Government not having the slightest intention to stop the use of monkeys for "medical research."

According to the agreement reached



Monkeys packed in crates for export.

between the Government of India and the U. S. State Department, it is stated that export of monkeys from India will continue to go through regular exporters approved by the Government of India. It is relevant to recall that, when in the House of Commons (Nov. 15, 1948) Mrs. Leah Manning asked the Minister of Supply to say for what purpose he intended to use the monkeys imported in considerable numbers, Mr. G. R. Strauss replied: "The animals referred to are required for research purposes, the nature of which it would not be in the public interest to disclose." If there is such a heavy curtain over the nature of such experiments in the United Kingdom, it is difficult to believe that it is all an open book in the U. S. laboratories. Indeed Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, the Commerce Minister, has had to confess in Parliament that he could not furnish information as to the purpose for which the monkeys had been used prior to the adoption of the licensing system.

Mr. Leonard Coulter, writing in the *Daily Herald* of London on January 15, 1955, mentioned some of the "uses" to which American experimenters put these monkeys. He wrote:

"Monkeys are used as passengers in interplanetary and space trials.

The record is held by two monkeys called Pat and Mike, who miraculously survived a journey which took them more than 36 miles up.

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SWATANTRA

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Miraculous? Yes, the speed of the ascent reversed their bloodstreams and paralysed their brains—and they lived.

At Maryland University, research teams have been drilling holes in monkeys' teeth and filling the cavities with polio virus.

At Illinois University, a doctor who suspects that tight-fitting corsets cause stomach ulcers in women has kept a school of monkeys in spine-crushing plaster-casts for months on end.

At Yale Medical School Dr. Jose Rodriguez drilled holes into the skulls of Rhesus monkeys. He jabbed electrodes deep into their brains, hooked their wires to a small battery and gave the animals paralysing electric shocks, to study changes in their behaviour."

Other ghastly uses to which these creatures are put have been listed by Dr. Beddow Bayly in his article in *World Forum* (Summer 1955). These are some of the "experiments" in "medical research" which the Government of India does not want to hamper. Monkeys are in great demand, just at present, for investigations into poliomyelitis and the production of Salk vaccine which is being used in the U. S. as a prophylactic against that rampant disease. According to Dr. Henry Kumun of the American National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, from one pair of monkey kidneys enough vaccine could be obtained to immunize about 1,000 to 1,500 children, and the U. S. had a programme of immunizing 61,000,000 children by the end of last year!

Time and again, India has rightly taken a high moral stand in international affairs. Shall India fail to be true to her tradition in this matter of the monkeys? The world looks to India for a lead in this matter. In any event, it is surely not difficult for the Government of India to refuse to be a party to inflicting inexpressible cruelties on these helpless monkeys which mutely cry for mercy and protection at human hands.

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PST 140

THE GREATNESS OF ARUNAGIRI

By S. PARTHASARATHY

"SWAMIJI," I said, "last time you said you would speak another day about the greatness of Arunagiri. May it be this time?"

"Why not? Listen with devout attention. I will not go in great detail into the traditional story of Arunagiri's life. Briefly, it amounts with minor variations to this: That Arunagiri was a person of loose morals and having lost everything, he had not, at a time, the money to satisfy his lust which appeared irresistible. He indulged in some introspection during this state of deep depression. He saw the futility of the life he had led, a life engaged in the pursuit of the pleasures to be derived from loose women's company and forgetful of the enduring happiness to be had in God's company. He decided to end his sinful life and was about to dash himself to death, by jumping from the Ballala Gopura of the Tiruvannamalai temple to the ground beneath when Muruga appeared, held him in his arms and gave him Grace."

"In true life, Arunagiri was from his young days a great bhakta of Muruga and though sex was a formidable obstacle to his spiritual progress, he yet never gave up hope. On the other hand, he always prayed to Muruga to wean him away from the bondage of sex. When his bhakti was ripe and he could surrender himself to Muruga with all his merits and demerits, Muruga appeared before him and made him his own. Hear in his own words how Muruga made His appearance before Arunagiri.

"Kinkini, Thith thime, Thith thith.

The anklets on His dancing feet jingled.

A sound that to other sounds Closed my hearing.

The Kadamba garland that He wore

Suffused me with its cloying fragrance

And my breath was held.

His moon-like countenance and tender smile

Caused such cheer and ecstasy

That my mind was lost.

For a moment He looked at me.

A cool liquid light poured out

From His long and lotus eyes.

It filled my heart tasting like nectar

And I was lost to Him for ever."

So much about his life, for what Arunagiri did thereafter belongs to the world. Did I say that few have understood Arunagiri's greatness? Yes, but I must exclude true yogis from the category. Swami Sivananda of Rishikesh places him among the Acharyas (Lives of Saints, Vol. 2). When I said that Arunagiri's life after he obtained prasada from Muruga belongs to the world, I was referring to his compositions in praise of God, the chief of them being the Tirupugazh. It is only from these that one gets a glimpse into his later life. No other material exists which contains an account of what he did, I mean what he thought and preached."

I interrupted: "Does it mean that Arunagiri was just a great bhakta who sang praises of the Lord and not a jnani? How then are we justified in classing him among the Acharyas?"

"I do not know where you pick up all this nonsense about a jnani and a bhakta being different," comment-

ed the Swami. "Arunagiri was, much more than either a jnani or a bhakta if there is sense in making such a distinction. Before his time the Kapalikas and the Aghoris had brought Hindu spiritual life into disrepute by their horrid practices. The bhakti movement of the Vaishnavites in North India had its counterpart in the South and it included in its scope Saivism also. The Alvars, the Nalwars and the early Nayanmars had brought about a revival of the true religion of the Hindus and had stemmed the rot. But no sooner had one disaster been averted, then another raised its head and threatened to engulf the religion. Controversies broke out creating doubts in the minds of the devotees about the relative merits of worshipping a particular God, whether it should be Shiva, Vishnu, Surya, Ganesa, Sakti or Kumara. Bitterness was greatest between the followers of Shiva and those of Vishnu, resulting often in persecution and violence. Arunagiri was a devotee of Muruga. But that was a personal preference. He was no sectarian in the matter of worship. He visited the temples of other Gods as well and has sung praises of the Deity installed in them. In no uncertain language he has disapproved of futile discussions about the relative merits of worshipping particular deities. Again many methods of attaining Godhead were in vogue. There were the karma, jnana and bhakti yogas, there were the pranava, kundalini and hata yogas and there were various vama-chara practices which also received spiritual sanction from some religious leaders. He condemned them also. There was the brahmin ritualism which demanded adherence to agamas and other prescriptions in the matter of worship. Arunagiri had no faith in them or in tantric observances."

"Arunagiri saw God as Premarupa or embodiment of love. To love Him



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was to attain Him. Hear how Arunagiri was moved by Divine Love.

What shall I?

My love will not contain;

It overflows my heart.

With strings of love

I shall bind the lotuses

Of my mind.

I shall fashion a garland of art

With my words.

Like the Bee that round it buzzes

I shall intone the Hring, expression

Of my peace.

And when all is done, I shall lay

At your coral feet

That exquisite garland, an offering

Of my self.

"What you call the Divine Love, is not bhakti?" I asked.

"No" replied the Swamiji, "bhakti as understood ordinarily is regard or respect. It connotes a distinction of inferior and superior, of separate entities, of pleading and prayer by one of the parties and a condescension and bestowal by the other. In Divine Love, the separateness of entities is sought to be got rid of, in order that there may be merger or dissolution of personalities. You may call Divine Love as Parabhakti. When Sankara sings to Bhavani,

I know not merit or pilgrimage;

I know not mind control or way of mukti

I know not bhakti

But I know this much

That you are my sole refuge, O Bhavani!

Sankara is responding to the call of Divine Love. It is not just surrender, for you may surrender to another out of fear, out of helplessness or out of weakness of mind. Divine Love is not the same as human love. Again see how Sankara sings to Bhavani.

"Father I have not, nor mother, nor comrade, nor son, nor daughter, nor grandchild, nor wife, nor servant, nor master, but I have you as my sole refuge."

Sankara's love for Bhavani transcends therefore all human relation-

ships which only create bondage and which we call 'love.' Hear how beautifully Sri Aurobindo describes Divine Love: "It is the result of the meeting of the inner being with that which calls it towards a Divine joy and union; it is, once it becomes aware of itself, something lasting, self-existent, not dependent upon external satisfaction, not capable of diminution by external causes, not self-regarding, not prone to demand or bargain but giving itself simply and spontaneously, not moved by misunderstandings, disappointments, strife and anger, but pressing always straight towards the inner union."

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(To be continued)

THE INDIAN BANK LTD.

We are informed that, subject to audit of accounts, the net profit of the Indian Bank Limited, Madras, for the year ended December 31, 1955 after meeting expenses, providing for contingencies, paying about Rs. 2,30,000 to clerical and subordinate staff towards arrears payable under the Industrial Disputes (Banking Companies) Decision Act 1955 and paying bonus to staff, is Rs. 20,28,934-14-6. This sum together with Rs. 1,30,785-0-11 brought forward from the previous year's account makes a total of Rs. 21,58,819-15-5. Out of this sum the Directors have made the following interim appropriations: Paid an *ad interim* dividend at the rate of 5% and a bonus of 1% (both free of Income-tax) which absorbed Rs. 3,48,000; To pay a final dividend of 5% and a bonus of 1% (both free of Income-tax) thereby making the dividend and bonus for the year amount to 12% Rs. 3,48,000; Provision for taxes Rs. 5,50,000; Transfer to the Reserve Fund Rs. 4,45,000; Transfer to Sinking Fund Rs. 2,87,864-14-0; Transfer to Buildings Fund Rs. 30,000; Carried Forward: Rs. 1,44,955-1-5; Total Rs. 21,58,819-15-5.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

A PART from financial worries the stars continue to be a great headache for producers. For some of the stars who are in demand are over-worked as usual and it is difficult for producers to adjust dates and production schedules. Pradeep Kumar, Vyjayantimala, Meena Kumari, Nargis, Kishore, Geeta Bali, Ashok Kumar, Nimmi, Nirupa Roy are some of the stars who have too many pictures in their hand and do not know how to adjust their shooting schedules. Only Raj and Dillip are working in few pictures.

Pradeep Kumar is perhaps the busiest star in Bombay today. And he has been working two shifts a day almost continuously. As it is, he is working in two pictures of Filmistan giving a fortnight to them and he has to adjust his programme to other producers within the remaining period of the month. So he works from 10 to 6 in one picture and 6 to 12 at night in another picture and thus keeps the shooting going. Meena Kumari is another busy star; as a result even her husband Kamal Amrohi is finding it difficult to adjust her dates for the new picture he is launching on 17th January 1956. Nargis who has only recently started free-lancing also finds it difficult to keep to her schedule. At the moment, I am told, she is booked up till the end of March 1956 and is finalizing her programme for April.

So, the need for new stars is as urgent as ever; and it is to be hoped that in 1956 we will have at least half-a-dozen new promising stars to relieve the star-shortage and ensure quicker and more efficient working. Hence one hopes that efforts of Raj

Kapoor and other producers keen on giving chance to talented new-comers will bear fruit.

Picture Of The Week

But for "Dr. Kotnis" no film biography of a contemporary Indian has been brought on the screen. And as far as film world is concerned Saigal is the first film star whose biography he been filmed, in "Amar Saigal" which was premiered on Thursday the 12th January 1956 under the auspices of the Saigal Memorial Committee.

"Amar Saigal" is a brave and sincere effort to present the life of Saigal. But sketchy presentation and narration adapted in the film robs it of almost all its dramatic value. As a result the picture emerges more as a collection of Saigal's favourite songs and scenes from his famous films than a coherent biography. For, though the drama inherent in the struggle of Kundanlal Saigal is indicated, it is never presented in dramatic form. Thus, for instance, his initial failure as an artiste in the first picture produced at New Theatres and his later success in "Chandidas" is covered only through commentary. This shortcoming is perhaps due to the poor choice of a newcomer to play the role of Saigal. Indeed the film-biography of Saigal could have been memorable had G. Mughari who played his role been as great an artiste as Saigal was. This disparity between the man who plays the role of Saigal and Saigal himself is further emphasised by the inclusion of many original scenes from pictures in which Saigal had acted.

This combination of scenes from other films and biographical scenes shot for the first time is far from happy. It creates a jarring note and gives an air of unreality to the picture. Then, the introductory scenes and the method of narration adapted are not particularly brilliant. Benoy Chatterji has not been able to bring out the drama of Saigal's life; his

approach is more documentary than dramatic.

Indeed, there is only one sequence in the film which stands out for its human and dramatic appeal. When he was twelve Saigal heard a woman singing "Thumri" in the adjoining house and later it is the rendering of this song that earns him his first laurels at a music conference. His dramatic meeting with the same woman in Calcutta when he reached the Zenith of his fame and she is ailing is very touching and remains the highlight of the film.

Apart from this sequence, the songs sung by Saigal and interesting scenes from "Devdas," "Chandidas," "President," "Dushman," "Lagan" "Shah-jehan" (the only Bombay picture to be included in the film) form the main attraction of the film. And it must be said to the credit of the scenarist and director that they have tried to use all the popular songs of Saigal in an excellent manner.

Personality of the week

On 18th January 1947 Saigal died at Jullunder. His eighth death anniversary was observed by his fans on 18th January 1956; and appropriately enough a function was held to commemorate the occasion at the theatre where his film biography is being shown.

While the popularity of film stars is always fluid and most of the stars who shone along with Saigal have now gone into obscurity Saigal's popularity remains unchallenged even eight years after his death. Even today hardly a day passes without his songs being broadcast from All India Radio, Radio Pakistan and Radio Ceylon.

Saigal has been the first film star whose name proved a box office draw. To see him and hear him sing, picturegoers flocked in thousands. This does not mean that all of Saigal's

pictures were unmixed successes. A number of his pictures both in and outside New Theatres have failed. But Saigal could hardly be held responsible for the failures. As a singer, as Chandulal Shah said, at the premiere of "Amar Saigal," he was next only to Tansen! But he was also great as an artiste; his diction was his greatest asset and his mobile face registered every emotion. Indeed, Saigal's acting was almost as great as his singing; and that is why even in the 'play-back' days he reigned supreme in the accepted sense of the term as the hero of the Indian screen. His face may not have been handsome but it had refreshing radiance, a human glow which endeared him to millions.

Recounting an incident from his life Chandulal Shah said that Saigal always reported to duty at 10 A.M. One day as a result of the previous night's hectic drink party he was late; but being a 'gentleman' he felt ashamed of himself and avoided meeting Chandulal Shah lest he be admonished for delay. Today most of the stars if they come late, do not even bother to apologise; they think that they have a right to come when they like.

And as Motilal said at the premiere Saigal was one of those artistes who gave away everything he had to the people. He recalled the fact that on many occasions when people met him and asked him to sing, he sang without any inhibition. Saigal's singing brought peace and contentment to listeners, averred Motilal. How true! As one heard the voice of Saigal again in "Amar Saigal" one felt the same way. That is the secret of the everlasting appeal of his songs which are even today heard with rapt attention. To quote Motilal again people like Saigal do not die, they through their art remain with us forever!

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NETAJI SUBHASH CHANDRA BOSE

By SUBHASH J. RELE

WHEN the history of the Freedom movement of India comes to be written by impartial historians, the name of Netaji Subhash Bose will occupy a most enviable position among the martyrs and fighters for Indian freedom. He heroically fought from within and without, with non-violence and violence and all the means at his disposal for the achievement of the goal of complete independence.

Pa riotism, for Subhash Bose, was not merely a mission. It was a religion and the religious streak was pronounced in him from early days. There was something mystic in his personality which even his closest friends could not fathom. The motherland to him was a real mother, the divine shakti incarnate and in her worship he never spared himself. He was contemplating day and night how to devise ways and means to smash British imperialism and then to liberate the nation from the intolerable domination of the foreign power. With this patriotic object in view, he planned to leave India and on 26th January in the year 1941, he, in the disguise of a Pathan, left Indian soil, unnoticed. He reached Berlin by land via Afghanistan, Persia, and Iraq, stayed there for some time and when the time came, sailed for Singapore in a submarine. There, he dedicated himself to the liberation of his country.

Netaji Bose did not grow overnight into a hero. Intense religious devotion fired his early imagination. The teachings of Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Swami Vivekananda were the rage of Young Bengal. When hardly seventeen Subhash stole away

from his home one quiet night in search of a Guru. It was lucky for the future of the country that Subhash only met bad coin in his wanderings in the Himalayas. None of the 'holy' men that he saw had the image of the Maker.

Young Subhash had always been the disturber of the Conservative world. In his undergraduate days, he was rusticated from college for the best part of two years, for leading a students' strike and attempting to thrash an English professor, who dared to insult Indians. He nonchalantly cast aside the most coveted Government post by resigning from the I.C.S., for he was firmly of the opinion that while serving the British he could not serve his own people. On return from England, he jumped into the movement for national freedom and instantly became the right-hand man of Deshbandhu Chittaranjan Das.

Like the famous younger Pitt of England, Subhash Bose carved a niche for himself in the political pantheon of the country, while quite young. In 1928, the plenary session of the National Congress was held at Calcutta under the presidency of Pandit Motilal Nehru, where Subhash Bose proposed a resolution on complete independence for India and also another resolution for the formation of a parallel government. The former resolution was passed at the next session of the Congress at Lahore but the latter resolution was opposed. In 1932 he was imprisoned but was later released on account of ill health. He was elected President of the 51st session of the Indian National Congress held at Haripura

and again for the second term for the session at Tripura in 1939. But due to certain misunderstandings with Mahatma Gandhi and the Congress High Command, he could not continue to work with them. So he resigned the Congress Presidentship and formed the All-India Forward Bloc.

Fully convinced that India could not achieve her independence without external aid and bent on securing this aid he mysteriously escaped the strict vigilance of the British police and reached Germany. From there he unceasingly worked for the cause so dear to him. The magnitude of the task which he undertook required rare audacity and an elan of heroic proportions. From early youth Subhash displayed a rare genius for leadership which combined bold courage with amazing capacity for painstaking study.

"Give me men who steam at the head", said Holmes. Subhash's head was always on the steam. He had the quality of fearlessness in an unusual degree. It was this quality that roused a whole people to march forward regardless of consequences and storm the citadel. Indeed, the whole spirit of his politics was military.

On July 8, 1943, Netaji Bose announced to the world the formation of the Indian National Army. The next day at a mammoth mass rally of Indians numbering well over 50,000, he initiated a programme of total mobilisation of men, money and material to win Indian independence. The Provincial Government of Free India was promptly recognised by nine world powers including Japan and Germany. Suffice it to say that the bravery and self-sacrificing spirit of the I.N.A. evoked the pride and admiration of the three million Indians in East Asia and compelled the respect of the British. The battles of Kohima and Imphal are well known to the people of India.

It was a great invasion with Delhi as the target.

There were many in India who were opposed to his mix-up with the Axis powers. Many disapproved of his assessment of the military and strategic situation. Many openly remarked that he had become fascist. In a radio talk given by Netaji Bose from Berlin in May 1942 he declared: "I am not an apologist of the tripartite powers. That is not my task. Britain's paid propagandists have been calling me an enemy agent. My whole life is one long uncompromising struggle against British imperialism. All my life I have been the servant of India and until the last hour of my life, I shall remain one. My allegiance and loyalty has been and will ever be to India alone, no matter in what part of the world I may live."

It is true that Netaji Bose had a very hard time with the Japanese. In any case he never contemplated or designed a situation wherein Japanese soldiers would be on Indian soil as an invading army, because he had no illusion about the Japanese. The Indian National Army could not brook to see India under the heels of any foreign power. They fought for the freedom of India and for the freedom of India they laid down their lives. Not even the bitterest enemies of Netaji Bose can deny him the honour of having protected Indian lives and property in a hostile country. He was violently anti-British. He was an illustrious patriot not inferior in his love of the country to Gandhi or Nehru. "To-day I must die", he said before his mysterious disappearance, "that India may live and win freedom and glory." He was neither a fascist nor a Communist or Socialist. He had always been a nationalist to the core. He did single-handed on one side what Mahatma Gandhi and the Indian National Congress did through their "Quit India" resolution.

THE FINAL TEST

AT the Corporation Stadium, Madras on Wednesday January 11th at 2-40 p.m. India defeated New Zealand in the final Test by an innings and 109 runs, and thus won the rubber by two matches to nil. It was a poor Test match. India proved superior in all departments of the game. So, it was an unequal 'test' of strength between two ill-matched sides.

When the New Zealanders had a tough time in Pakistan it was explained that they were without first-class practice for a long time and that a change to matting wickets from their turf wickets was to their disadvantage. However, their performance in India proved their all-round weakness with emphasis. They were easily the weakest side to have toured India so far.

To belong to a losing side saps one's morale and confidence. It adds to the merit of Sutcliffe and Reid that they completed 1000 runs apiece on the Indian tour in spite of all the setbacks and difficulties they had to face and the burden they had to bear.

The visitors did not possess really fast opening bowlers. On the two

(Continued from page 5)

cracy as the St. George that will vanquish the dragon of caste and enhance equality. There is not a word here about the Princes. But there is an oblique reference to the Maharajas of Travancore being "ceremonially reborn through a golden cow." But these "Soodra Maharajas" never felt such observances as sacerdotal tyranny. Whereas poor Mr. Panikkar bewails "the demoralisation of those whose lives are considered to be of less value" under the caste system. Clearly he has not been able to escape the taint.

VIGNESWARA

days that the New Zealanders fielded not even a single ball got up more than stump-high and it is noteworthy that they did not bowl even a bumper while Phadkar wasted his energy by bowling at least two bumpers per over.

The Stadium wicket is well known for its helpfulness to the bowlers and none expected the match to last five full days. When the S.J.O.C. team played at Madras year before last and lost the Test to India the match was over around 2 p.m. on the last day and there was a long and huge crack across the pitch at the garden end. Gulam Ahmed used it to great effect. So when the New Zealanders lost the toss they had virtually lost the game.

The failure of India's opening batsmen to force the pace on the opening day was inexplicable. The wicket was easy paced and the bowling was innocuous. If the bowling lacked plan or penetration the fielding was never quite upto Test standard except for Sutcliffe and McGregor, who shone by contrast. While the usually safe Reid spilled two catches, Leggat stole the show by repeated misfielding. The spectators discussed the question whether he or Bert Ironmonger was the worst fieldman to have visited India.

Many new world records were set up on the second day. But the batting was not worthy of the occasion. Roy never truly mastered the bowling. Mankad, who plays in the Lancashire League, should have treated this bowling with the same abandon. Out of 173 made by Roy only one stroke, off the back foot to the cover boundary, stood out. Mankad's placing of strokes was much better and he revelled in his delectable late cuts and sweeps to the leg. The opening stand realised 413 in 475 minutes. The scoreboard did not show the sketchiness of the display.

Unmrigar at No. 3 cleared the suffocating atmosphere by a breezy knock. The long suffering spectators were definitely thankful for this mercy.

Every one expected Unmrigar to apply the closure at least half an hour before the close of play. When minutes went by and nothing of the sort happened everybody was perplexed. India could have forced the issue by claiming a wicket or two if the tired New Zealanders had been forced to bat on Saturday evening. Nobody came forth with any plausible explanation.

It should be said to the credit of the visitors that they stuck to their job nobly. Leggat proved his usefulness to the side by his sound though ungainly batsmanship. Sutcliffe and Reid played their part well. It was our misfortune that we did not see Sutcliffe at his best. One of the greatest batsmen in the world, he had to do his duty on a burning deck, and his restraint was heroic. On former occasions Madras did not have the opportunity of seeing Headley bat, though he made the trip. Simpson did not come to Madras and Sutcliffe had to put the shutters on his game now. Reid played with sumptuous grace.

Forced to follow on, the tourists were all out for 219 in the second

innings out of which Leggat, Sutcliffe and Reid made 164 between them, ably supported by Cave who played a Captain's innings of 22 and delayed the end. These figures speak volumes about the inestimable value and the priceless part played by four men in the side. The efforts of the other men with the bat, to say the least, were puerile.

Reid's batting in the second innings was much better than in the first. Everybody prayed that he should make at least a hundred which he so richly deserved, and thus prolong the innings. Not unnecessarily weighed down by the situation he showed that run getting was to him a passion and an appetite.

Though the Indian bowlers did not experience much opposition from the batsmen, the spinners bowled with guile and venom. Phadkar was much below his best and very little pace was in evidence.

Unmrigar's captaincy was adequate without being brilliant. Obsessed with the notion of a combined pace and spin attack his changes in bowling were so mechanical that two overs in advance everybody knew what changes he was going to effect. It was only on the last day that the double spin attack was used with evident results.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

New Books

RETREAT FROM REASON. BY PETER NATHAN. William Heinemann Ltd., London. 15 s.

THE intellectual climate of the twentieth century has been characterised by a capacity for excruciating self analysis. This analysis of the self is one of the consequences of the splitting up of the individual into various branches of study. Marx treated of what may be called the economic man, Freud the psychic individual. This separation of the individual into various watertight compartments, while it may have its own virtues in the development of science, has most certainly resulted in the disintegration of the individual. In this respect, the differences in the evolution of Europe and Asia which have produced two distinct types of individuals are wide and noteworthy. In considering the intellectual life of our time it is necessary to take note of this difference in the history of the two continents. Peter Nathan's book which is subtitled, *an essay on the intellectual life of our time* begins with a discussion of the causes for the contrary nature of the growth of the two continents.

Dr. Nathan considers this difference to be one of the main reasons for the rapid development of Europe in the sciences whereas in a country like China almost no advance has taken place. He traces this divergence in evolution to the extrovert nature of the European which is in marked contrast to the inward turning temperament of the Asian. The necessity to eke out a living by a constant struggle with his environment has made the European an extrovert and an experimental scientist. Post-Renaissance Europe saw the encouragement of the experimental method in science. The author describes the changes that took place in

Europe immediately before the Renaissance and after it. But he does not explain why a patriarchal culture should suddenly relinquish its conservatism and give way to rebellious youth: "In this post-Renaissance Western Europe, where rebellion is permitted, intelligence is permitted to work for scepticism, and not only for credulity." Dr. Nathan does not discuss how this situation has come about, what were the external factors contributing to this change in the character of a civilization, he only narrates what has happened. But as a brief history of the cultural changes in Europe the chapter describing these events is unsurpassed.

To understand the modern intellectual a knowledge of various disciplines is necessary. Economics, sociology, anthropology, psychology each has an important element to contribute. It is the responsibility of anyone attempting to analyse the modern intellectual to integrate the results of these various sciences. Dr. Nathan who seems to be an expert in all these subjects has not failed the reader in this respect. He considers the changes which have been wrought in the intellectual life of our time by the alteration in the social set-up. The emancipation of women, universal franchise, the emergence of trade unions, the cinema, television are some of the factors which have influenced the intellectual life of our time. The groups in which the individual moves, the organisations to which he belongs mould the individual and decide his mental growth. A certain lack of the sense of security has been the fate of the modern intellectual. He feels lonely in a crowded world.

A strange phenomenon of anti-

Intellectualism has been noticeable among the intellectuals of Europe which has been reflected in its literature and art. Finding that science has been put to the most horrible uses they have turned away from it. The ambivalent uses of reason has led them to fly away from reason and logic and discover virtues in illogicality and irrationalism. They seek the consolations of religion, the comforts of philosophy and many of them end up on the psychiatrist's couch. "The anti-intellectual attitude also becomes manifested in a pretended dislike of civilisation, and in an often real dislike of urban life and of all the products of our technical ability. It is thought that man should live in the country. Extremists take their clothes off and climb trees naked, they refuse to use the fruits of medical research and prefer to go to medicine men calling themselves nature-healers, and they eat vegetables and nuts." If this were all, the anti-intellectual intellectual would be dismissed as a harmless crank. But this tendency had ugly consequences in the field of politics. Fascism was not the least harmful of them. In art, in philosophy, in every aspect of human life this attitude has had repercussions. Dr. Nathan has traced all the ramifications of the anti-intellectual attitude into the various aspects of life and it is impossible to do full justice to the able manner in which he has done it in such short space.

Novelists may at once be considered to be mirrors of reality and the focal points of the progress of society. Dr. Nathan, realising this chooses Turgenev as a representative novelist of the nineteenth century and dissects his novels to discover the intellectual climate of that century. The characters created by D. H. Lawrence and Sartre are examined. These characters are symptomatic of our intellectual situation. As pieces of psychological analysis Dr. Nathan's comments are

unexceptionable but the tendency to make the individual novels starting points of a psycho-analysis of the author—in the case of Lawrence—is rather irritating. For, while this may afford an insight into the private life of the novelist it does not contribute anything relevant or rewarding to the main subject.

The author raises many controversial problems in the philosophy of history in his later chapters. "If we want to understand the world, we need always to distinguish two things: things as they are, and things as we would like them to be." *Things as we would like them to be*—this dream of great men has been the cause of both magnificent advances in history and a lot of suffering. Since the dreamer is a member of the class of intellectuals an insight into the factors contributing to his dissatisfaction with society, the forces in his environment shaping his thought processes, his family life and his early childhood is of some importance.

"There are two main attitudes towards the history that is being laid down every day: one may have an observing attitude towards what is inevitable, what may be called 'realist'; or one may seek to organise social, political and economic phenomena according to thought-out imagined ways based on wishes; this may be called utopian." The author does not say what he means by "an observing attitude towards the inevitable." If it is inevitable what is the use of merely observing it? Realism, one fears, is not of much service in the face of the inevitable. After his observation on the 'realist' attitude towards the 'inevitable' Dr. Nathan's cheerful assumption of a "coming war between America and Russia" is not likely to set the readers' heart at rest. By way of guidance the author says at the end of the book: "A very wise man does not act; but maintaining an impassive countenance, he

awaits the unrolling of events until he sees what must inevitably take place."

V.V.S.

SURRENDER TO LOVE. Charles Boswell and Lewis Thompson. *Popular Library, New York.* 25 cents.

THE authors have reconstructed the crime and trial of Carlyle Harris, a medical student, in the closing years of the last century. The crime was the murder of Helen Potts, a girl whom he had secretly married, and on whom, it came out at the trial, he had performed an abortion, because he did not want the fact of their marriage known before he had gone through his medical school. The crime was cleverly committed, and Harris most ably defended at the sensational trial. The battle of wits between the prosecution and the defending lawyers is interesting enough for us to put up with the sordid nature of the crime and its perpetrator which makes the rest of the book rather distasteful to medium-strength palates.

M. P. B.

MADRAS CRICKET SOUVENIR

The Madras Cricket Association have completed twenty five years of splendid service in the cause of cricket in the State. To commemorate the occasion, they have brought out a souvenir under the editorship of Mr. S. A. Govindarajan, Assistant Editor of *The Hindu*.

The publication is not only worthy of the occasion but also of its contents. The place of honour naturally is given to an article sketching the growth of the association by Mr. S. K. Gurunathan, who has managed to compress into a comparatively short space a wealth of significant detail as well as a running commentary on the development of the game in Madras by gifted individuals as well as clubs. In a reminiscent mood, Mr. C. Ramaswami touches upon

some of the outstanding events in the once famous series of Presidency matches. His description of the many famous players who took part in these games is quite interesting. Mr. M. Krishnamurthi recalls the visits to Madras of English, Australian and West Indian teams. Mr. J. Subbuiswami, who was an umpire himself, has written on "The Umpire."

Other contributors include Mr. S. P. Foenander, Mr. K. S. Narasimhan, Mr. V. N. C. Rao, B. Alagannan, R. T. Parthasarathi, N. S. Ramaswami and J. V. S. Rao.

Appropriately enough M. J. Gopalan and A. G. Ram Singh, two stalwarts who have done yeoman service to Madras cricket, give valuable advice on batting and bowling and fielding.

The Souvenir, which runs to two hundred pages, includes, besides interesting articles, a number of photographs of old and young cricketers, and of those selfless workers who have built up the Association from scratch. It is printed on fine art paper and is very well-produced. The price is Re. 1.

(Continued from page 6)

people in the world. It is recognised as a source of power and cultivated as such in every country. Looking back, it is now clear that the luckiest thing that happened to the Negroes was to be sold in slavery in the United States, because it brought them the inestimable blessing of access to English, through which they could establish themselves as the equals in knowledge and intellectual worth of the world's most advanced races. If this and similar other lessons of history are worked into an intelligent policy to suit present needs, all the conflicts and controversies surrounding the language issue will fall into their right proportions.

SAKA

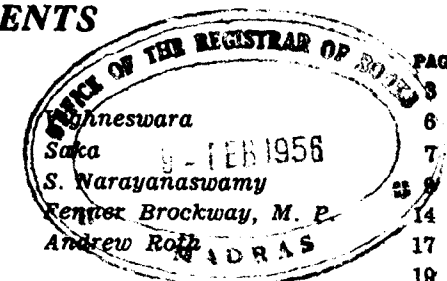
SWATANTRA

On Sale Every Saturday

Vol. X. January 28, 1956. No. 52.

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ON THE COVER:

Miss Jennie Lee, the British Labour leader and wife of Aneurin Bevan who was in Madras last week.

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

Subscription rates (including postage); for one year: Inland Rs. 20; Foreign, £1-18sh., or \$8; Half-year: Inland, Rs. 10; Foreign, 18sh., or \$4.

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Vol. X. JANUARY 28 SATURDAY 1956 No. 52

SOCIALISM FROM THE WRONG END

THE nationalisation of Life Insurance by an Ordinance of the President provides some indication of what the Socialistic pattern of society resolved upon at the Avadi session a year ago will turn out to be in concrete terms. Pandit Nehru told us at Mangalore in his last South Indian visit that in defining the objective as "a Socialistic pattern of society" the Congress deliberately used vague language. "Vague language" implies not the dynamism of constructive social purpose, but emptiness of conception. Nobody, it is clear, can build his faith on a vacuum. Yet Pandit Nehru, after having made a virtue of the purposeful vagueness of language of the Congress objective of Socialistic pattern, delivered the stern admonition a week later at Agra that only those persons who believe in that objective as "an article of faith" would be given Congress tickets in the coming elections. Faith has to do with something postulated in concrete terms, and it is difficult to make head or tail of the Prime Minister's insistence on so patent an absurdity as faith without the believer knowing what he has to put his faith in. Perhaps second thoughts awakened in Panditji some comprehension of the intellectual impossibility of the command he had issued to Congressmen on pain of forfeiting their election tickets if they failed to comply. We therefore find him now expatiating on the urgency of giving a precise meaning and definition to the objec-

tive so carefully and with such purposeful intent left shrouded in vague language till the other day. The nationalisation of Life Insurance is the first instalment of the endeavour of the Prime Minister to fill the emptiness of the Congress pattern of Socialistic society with precise content. It has all the stamp of hustle, confusion and chaos that a sleeper suddenly awakened to run a race may be expected to reveal. Of course neither the Congress party nor any responsible body in the country has ever deliberated on the pros and cons of the step, and no pretence of democratic procedure has ever been made for arriving at it.

All the world over, the failure of political democracy to tame economic power has been the cause of the fascination exercised by Socialism on men's minds. Political democracy has given men the freedom to vote but it has left undisturbed vast concentrations of economic power in private hands. The Socialists, coming on the scene as apostles of an egalitarian society, have held aloft the banner of economic equality, pleading for State control of the means of production and of the resources and manpower by which wealth is created. Actually the application of Socialism has meant only the transfer of economic power from private hands to an oligarchy of formidable bureaucrats which made life impossible for its subjects except through favour won by obedi-

ence. The British have relaxed the dictates of Socialism to reconcile it to the needs of freedom. In the rest of the Socialist world, Socialism has meant State regimentation, bureaucratic tyranny, and misery for the people rendered bereft of initiative and freedom of enterprise.

The world may be ripe for Socialism when a new species of saints and angels descend down from heaven to administer men's affairs. In India, where we have Governors paid the highest emoluments just to maintain a facade of pomp, where armies of chaprasis infest the secretariats to emphasise the sanctity of liveried servility, where the roads are cleared of people to provide exclusive right of way to visiting potentates, and all the Imperialist paraphernalia of extinct British rule is still maintained in undiminished splendour, Socialist planning is often a deceptive cover for bureaucratic exploitation, or else a device for placing on velvet the remotest relatives and hangers-on of some of the planners.

Spiritual welfare is each individual's personal concern, but in the pursuit of happiness of whole communities, the duties of a government are limited to the promotion of full employment and an economy of plenty as the means to prosperity. The United States has outstripped every Socialist country in the realisation of the Socialist objective of human economic welfare. This has been done by combining with the fullest freedom of enterprise a policy of scientific tax-gradation for ploughing back surplus wealth into national social security schemes. When prosperity is the aim we must profit by the example of a nation that has to its credit the achievement of the highest level of prosperity in the world.

In a monopolist system of State-controlled employment, official favour is the key to advancement and only

bureaucrats and their favourites will flourish. Others will be reduced to want and slavery. Already the nationalisation of Life Insurance has meant the installation of Custodians whose one anxiety seems to be to throw out of employment as many as possible and get hold of all the cars they can for personal and family use. This sort of nationalisation is sheer depredation and it means simply planning for poverty. The country will have to pay a very heavy price for the ill-digested and grand-sounding slogans and nostrums which our rulers have got into the fashion of parading, with little relish for the one worthwhile task of enlisting the energies of the whole nation into more creative work so that there may be more wealth to go round for the comfort and contentment of all.

Fog Thickens Round The Plan

TILL some six weeks ago we could almost persuade ourselves that we could perceive, though dimly, the general outline of the Second Five-Year Plan. Since then, however, the whole picture has moved out of focus. It looks remarkably as if the Plan has got out of hand and become unmanageable. It has ceased to be vision and become visionary. On the feeble foundation that present-day conditions offer, even taking into consideration the thin veneer of success that the First Plan achieved, the Second hopes to build a massive structure which is being designed by too many architects each with his own pet magnificent obsession. When Prof. Mahalanobis prepared the Plan Frame, his formula sounded fairly simple. One could see at least the vague outline of the dream-house. The dream-house has now grown into the spectre of a mansion which is acquiring adventitious balconies, bowers, corridors and alcoves by the hour. A variety of commit-

tees and panels of economists have talked about the Plan and round the Plan and looked at it from every angle and through some of the loopholes. We are warned of a "gap," of "a measure of shortfall in expenditure" which, in layman's language, means that what we have to face now is not deficit financing but deficient financing. "The only limiting factor is our resources," as Mr. T. T. K. put it with great suavity. Hence this spate of talk of "ceilings" and "methods of economic regulation" and appeals to the public to be prepared to bear the "stress and strain" and make "sacrifices" and reconcile themselves to a period of austerity and control. People would not mind making sacrifices if there is a guarantee of equality of sacrifice throughout the country. But the question at this stage is also whether it is too early—or indeed too late—to expect that relevant people should make more clear, concise and precise statements about something which is mainly an economic proposition.

The Consultative Committee of Parliament—of mysterious origin and unknown validity—set up recently two other committees to discuss it further. These have just concluded their sittings and have suggested a multiplicity of ways and means to raise some fresh money, from salt tax to a rather vague "annual tax on wealth." Now Mr. C. D. Deshmukh is understood to have revealed Government's intention to appoint a high power committee to tour the country and suggest economies. A quick and sudden decision has already been taken to cut the allocation to the railways though we have been warned by Mr. Sim, President of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, that the Plan would stand or fall by the performance of the railways and of transport. No one is able to predict the chances of the

Plan's success because it is built on a mosaic of 'ifs'. If national income goes up as planned, if the amber charka works as efficiently as hoped, if unemployment figures decrease progressively as per design, if the necessary markets emerge for the expected torrent of production from both sectors, if prices behave themselves and do not precipitate inflation, if a blackmarket does not get its strangle-hold on the national economy, if the S. R. C. Report does not upset the whole apple-cart . . . and so on, we would all most likely be better off five years later. The Commerce Minister promises that we would go along fine till up to the third year or so, after which, we might have to work our foreign exchanges up to capacity and also consider "other sources." If there should be any austerity, he added, it would probably be only in the last year of the Plan. Which year, may we ask, is the estimated last year? Not the fifth, because it seems to be fairly generally agreed that the Plan would have to spill over beyond the prescribed five years.

Why are we trying to do too many things at the same time? Why are we spending money on the development of atomic energy now? Why are we talking of nationalisation now? We are trying to achieve Socialism, Gramrajya, Lokrajya, Ramrajya—and what else have you—all at once. Carrying the Plan in its present size and shape is going to break our backs. There used to be an old adage that it is wise to cut the coat according to the cloth. Would it not be equally wise then to build our house only as big as our resources will allow? If we impoverish ourselves and liquidate our credit by insisting on building too high into the clouds, it might later turn out to be a millstone round our necks or, worse, might have to be mortgaged to a third party.

Sotto Voce

A PLAN FOR APPALAM



WITH this issue SWATANTRA stands poised for flight into its second decade of adventurous living. The very first *Sotto Voce* expressed concern (appropriately, as you will no doubt agree, with a glance at the masthead) over Pudukottah's decision to ban *iddalis* in hotels for the duration. In this last *Sotto Voce* of the decade the reader will note an even more pronounced gastronomical preoccupation, thanks to the Government's passion for ordering our lives. It sings the Plan for Appalam.

From denying *iddalis* to the hungry to planning State production of appalams for the millions—what could be more magnificently symbolic of the Revolution that free India has achieved? True, there has been no public outcry about any dearth of appalams. The "aunts," male and female, who make our bland Tamil wafers and their salty Kerala cousins, the pappadams, enjoy among us the respect due to pioneers. Only the inspired victualler who put curry powder and mulligatawny on the Anglo-Indian (old style) map could justly claim precedence in the art of commercialising the housewife's kitchen recipes.

But in the Socialistic Pattern there can be no place for the profit motive. A production unit, which starts modestly in Triplicane but is clearly of Imperial scope, is to give the coup de grace to capitalistic Ammamis. The dough will be prepared hygieni-

cally, no doubt under the expert supervision of plastic chemists, "perandai" specialists, physicists armed with screw-gauge and callipers, and so on. It will be handed out to poor women who will prepare the appalams, either during spare hours in their own homes or at the unit headquarters as they choose. They can earn eighteen annas in a five-hour day, producing 150 wafers. Not perhaps a princely wage for back-breaking work: but Mahalanobis should be pleased.

Reflect for a moment what it will mean in terms of employment. If every mother's child in this land of 350 millions is to have a modest allowance of four appalams a day our production would have to be of the astronomical order of 525000 millions. It will provide subsidiary occupation for ten million widows and represent a total annual earning of Rs. 4000 million. If it be objected that a provision of Rs. 25 per head for appalams in the family budget would rather smack of Marie Antoinette's prescription of cake for those who had no bread, surely we can make the world appalam-minded. What commodity could more auspiciously inaugurate the Government's monopoly of export trade?

Alnascher's dream empire will be ninety per cent Proletariat, nine per cent Salaried and one per cent "Com-

(Continued on page 46)

SIDELIGHTS ::

WITH this issue, SWATANTRA completes ten years of its existence. It synchronises with the completion of sixty years of my own life. At sixty, such things as ownership, possession and control become meaningless, and one feels a sense of urgency about arriving at some sort of equilibrium with reality as comprised in values that are not fleeting but eternal. SWATANTRA was never a prosperous or profitable concern. Poised on precarious finance, it was confronted perennially with critical climaxes, and its survival has been a miracle, rendered possible only by the unique generosity of well-wishers who, curiously, came to its rescue of their own accord, impelled thereto by some intuitive comprehension of its need time after time. It has also had the singular advantage of having had its pages adorned by Vighneswara. In the whole field of journalism in India or abroad conducted in English, I know of no feature that can hold a candle to *Sotto Voce* in its rich variety, brilliance, scholarship and precision and perfection of phrasing. Except for six weeks when Vighneswara was out of reach of the post, he has never failed in all these ten years to delight the readers of SWATANTRA with a weekly essay of scintillating wit and wisdom. A garland of 516 precious gems of superb craftsmanship (counting two Leap years) has been so far prepared by this greatest of writers of present-day India to serve as an imperishable monument to the journalistic genius of his country. And all this was done wholly as a labour of love. If for nothing else, for having been the instrument of Providence to unveil to the elite the resplendent vision of a decade's masterpieces of Vigh-

neswara, I feel blessed and content beyond words.

Having witnessed lately friend after friend dropping by the wayside, it has been evident to me for some time that by being too much tied up with me dependently, SWATANTRA might get engulfed in the mortality which has drawn so much nearer to me now than before, and of which I see many signals of advancing approach. We get overfond of the things we have nursed, into which we have poured out our love and energy without stint, and to separate from them, or concede to another the first place in the pleasure and privilege of nurturing them, is like tearing out one's flesh and bone. But this too is our mortal human kind's heritage of duty. No parent should think too much of himself when the offspring's fate is at stake.

Pondering painfully over these and cognate issues, and the increasing strain of making both ends meet, I had no doubt that if I left things to drift, a day not far off would come when all the labour of the past ten years would crash suddenly leaving not a trace. Entering with great kindness into the spirit of my apprehensions, Sri H. D. Rajah came forward with an offer to take over the business side of SWATANTRA. He and I have formed a limited company of which we two are the directors and he is to be the chairman from now on. I have known Rajah for a quarter of a century. When I first knew him he was as little endowed with the world's goods as anyone could be. But his courage, grit, and intrepidity made him, at any rate to me, an attractive figure, and these qualities shone the better for the per-

petual hardships that beset him unremittingly in those days. Since then he has made a fortune in business. Wealth has cast a mist over the old qualities that do not appear so distinct now as they once did, but I believe they are only dormant and will blossom into full vigour under the impetus of an emergency, should one ever arise. He has all the attributes that I lack for the achievement of commercial success. My association with him for the running of SWATANTRA is an act of faith on my part.

Under the new arrangement I will continue to be the editor with quite as full a freedom in editorial matters as heretofore. Freedom of thought and expression is the breath of life to journalism. Business however impinges far too unavoidably on editorial autonomy in the newspaper economy of our day. I am not therefore unaware of the possibilities of a dichotomy in the affairs of an institution like SWATANTRA, distinguished for ten years by internal harmony and outstanding integrity of purpose, when two persons so dissimilar as Rajah and myself get yoked together for conducting it. He is primarily a politician with an intensive business experience accentuating political ambitions. I am an unbusinesslike scribe steeped in incapacity for exploiting any situation to advantage. In politics, especially party and parliamentary politics, the source of strength and the secret of influence lie in organisation, in what is called discipline, that is, the compact sailing together of individuals who have surrendered their wills to the central direction of a leader who takes possession of their souls and consciences and proceeds to command their votes. It makes no difference to the principle of partisanship, of operation by command or collective pressure, actuating the party system, even if the aspiration for freedom and escape from rigid con-

formity is implanted in every human breast within its orbit. In journalism the source of power lies in detachment, objectivity, reliance on one's own judgment, a refusal to be influenced under pressure, and above all, readiness to lose friends in the pursuit of social or public duty and for its sake ploughing if necessary a lonely furrow abandoning the comforts and consolations of gregarious safety. It is a daring adventure for me, with a lifelong habit of disinterested and often defiant individualism, to get harnessed now to a different sort of force of which the traditions are mainly political and not those of journalism. I have embarked on the adventure, nevertheless: and for two reasons. The first is the faith I have in the new chairman, strengthened by many years of invigorating experience in which I have had glimpses of human nature at its best, when he acted with amazing magnanimity. Secondly, in the relations between living beings, it is fear that breeds distrust and discord. What need has one for fear at the pedestal of sixty, where all disillusion are dissolved in advance in a detachment of truly cosmic significance, bridging the present and the hereafter, the known and the unknown worlds, even life and death?

I expect increased prosperity will dawn on SWATANTRA in the forthcoming second decade of its life; and that, with it, all the virtues of prosperity will permeate its staff and workers, just as a proud fortitude in disregard of privation has sustained them till now. I have no doubt Sri Rajah's advent will import a new dynamism into the office. As for myself, I hope to serve the paper I love, if not defeated by infirmity or other difficulty, for some time longer, with all the independence and rectitude and increased philosophical insight of near-mortality.

SARA

January 28 1956

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NATIONALISATION OF LIFE INSURANCE

By S. NARAYANASWAMY

AN Ordinance issued on Thursday the 19th by the Government of India made Life Insurance companies the property of the people of India. This is further evidence that the looms of Avadi have been working three shifts turning out the Socialistic pattern of the social fabric. Nobody can now complain about the slowness of the pace or perfunctoriness of implementation of the momentous resolution; not even the Socialists of diverse shades, who incidentally must be inwardly resenting the brazen manner in which the Congress is stealing their clothes, as it were on the instalment system.

The Finance Minister has not been too elaborate in his statement on the subject. Being a person of considerable mental agility, he is aware of the capacity for reconciliation which the business community has recently cultivated. So he spoke of the need to mobilise resources for the Second Plan and how the resources of Insurance houses could help and how here and there, there has been monkeying with Insurance funds by the managing groups. There is no doubt that recent happenings right in the capital of India accelerated the pace of official action.

However it is idle to pretend that the Ordinance did not take the country by surprise. It was a closely guarded secret and was jumped on the public on the night of the 19th and quite convulsed the managerial class. This has nothing whatever to do with the canvassing or probabilities of Insurance nationalisation which has been going on since the nationalisation of the Imperial Bank was announced a year ago.

There has been some public criti-

cism of the use of the Ordinance-making power by Government for putting this through. Once a decision to nationalise had been taken, Government felt it was not in the public interest to wait for the slow process of parliamentary action to take charge of the business. They had to reckon with possible hustled action by managing groups in the matter of investment of funds, appointments to office or purchase of real property or other large commitments to the disadvantage of the policy-holder. It is perfectly true that by and large, Insurance managements in India have shown a high sense of their fiduciary responsibilities in comparison with other fields of business. The few who by their short-sightedness and rapacity brought obloquy on Indian insurance administration are but a small number indeed and nationalisation is the price the insurer community has paid for the folly of a small minority. But if Governmental promptness with the measure has been directly provoked by minority behaviour, they have naturally to reckon with what the minority might feel tempted to do—if there is a time lag between the decision to nationalise and the implementing of that decision. It appears therefore that there is little substance in the complaint that the issue of an Ordinance is arbitrary circumvention of parliamentary procedure. Far from being a circumvention, a regular bill will come before Parliament shortly, setting forth the detailed provisions of the nationalised department.

The pertinent question is: How does Insurance nationalisation help the Second Plan? The Insurance Act (Act 4 of 1938 which superseded the

1912 Act) laid down in the clearest possible terms the frame-work of investment of Life Insurance funds. The relevant section of the Act, known even outside Insurance circles, (Section 27 with its elaborate clauses A to S), leaves little room for mischief. The Section lays down how the "controlled funds" of a Life Insurance company shall be invested and "controlled funds" generally mean about 98 to 99 per cent of the assets of a Life office, and where it is a composite company, of the assets of the Life department.

Let us see what has in fact been the pattern of behaviour of Life Insurance companies in recent years within the framework of the Act. The Act lays down that not less than 50 per cent of the assets of a Life office shall be invested in gilt-edge securities. At the end of 1953, according to the Indian Insurance Year Book not less than 64% of the funds of the Indian Life offices and 71% of the funds of non-Indian Insurance companies operating in India had been so invested. It is very amusing to read the following remarks in the 1953 Year Book (page 22 para 43):

"It will be observed that the total investments in Government and other approved securities were considerably in excess of the statutory requirement of 50%. This feature was not confined to those who had complied with the provisions of Section 27 (1) of the Act. Even those who were in default had, as a group, investments in those securities much in excess of the statutory requirement . . ."

So it is observed that, if anything, there was over-compliance with law in the sense of over-investment in approved securities by Life offices.

What was the investment of Insurance offices in the private sector, being investments under clauses (e) to (1) of Section 27 A (1)? They consist of first mortgages on immovable property, debentures of various descriptions, preference shares and ordinary shares. At the end of 1953 these amounted to 11% in the case

of Indian Life Offices and 6% in the case of non-Indian offices.

The aggregate assets of Indian Life offices and foreign Life offices operating in India (and where they were composite companies, the assets of Life business only) were Rs. 301.33 crores at the end of 1954. Against 25% required by law to be invested in Central Government securities, the total investment made in such securities by all the offices was 41% or Rs. 123.50 crores. The aggregate of gilt-edge investment including the loans of Part A and B States, in municipal, port and improvement trusts and other local authorities, loans and in British, colonial and foreign Government securities at the end of 1954 was 58.8% or 168.10 crores. This was a year in which an effort was made by insurance companies to secure higher return on their investments to meet the mounting expenditure of offices, because Life offices were caught between the Scylla of higher cost of procuring business and employees' clamour for higher wages on the one hand and the Charybdis of statutory limits on expenditure ratios on the other.

At the end of 1954, the total of investments of Life funds in debentures of joint stock companies was 6.5% or 19.44 crores; in preference shares 3.3% or 10.03 crores and in ordinary shares 6.3% or 19.10 crores. The aggregate of such investment represented 16.1% of the total Life assets or 48.57 crores. Another pertinent and revealing figure given in the 1954 Year Book (1953 figures) it may be useful to quote before we take leave of statistics in this article. The amount permitted to be invested in "non-approved investments" amounted in 1953 to Rs. 36.46 crores and out of this vast sum, only a sum of Rs. 5.96 crores (about 1/7th) was actually so invested—which shows that managements of Life offices did not actually clutch at opportunities to mis-invest moneys even within

the limits permitted. Out of 160 insurers in 1953, there were, according to the 1954 Year Book, only 4 insurers who failed to comply with the requirements of Section 27A and the aggregate of such irregular investment was only Rs. 11.25 lakhs out of the aggregate investments of Rs. 257.46 crores or .04 per cent.

A number of questions arise out of nationalisation. What is the extra quantum of Life office resources which Government expects to deflect from other investment to the needs of the public sector by nationalisation? Mr. Deshmukh has said that it is not proposed to cripple investments in the private sector by nationalisation, though one wonders where our resourceful Finance Minister will lay his hands in the pattern of insurance investment if not in the private sector investment. Among the other modes of investment in 1954, mortgages on properties amounted to Rs. 15.07 crores, loans on policies to Rs. 26.62 crores, other loans to Rs. 1.47 crores, buildings to Rs. 15.90 crores, deposits to Rs. 13.47 crores and loans on shares to Rs. 6 lakhs. Agency balances were Rs. 7.33 crores and miscellaneous assets were Rs. 4.74 crores. Even if Government cut out or realised most of these items of investment, the aggregate of such deployed funds would not pay for a single steel project under contemplation. It was safe and realistic to assume therefore that private sector investment of Life funds is bound to shrink in the future and the present volume of investments will be subject to an unwholesome squeeze—though the intentions of the Finance Minister may be not to injure the private sector.

Capital formation, has in the past, depended on Life offices for taking up their fixed-interest issues at least and in the recent past this tendency has been strong—and Life offices have been underwriters of sound debenture issues. The capital market has indeed lost a dependable and

towering friend in Insurance being nationalised.

The fluidity of the giltedge market has been in great measure rendered possible by the support of Insurance houses and by their frequent rehash of portfolios of investment. What is proposed to be done on this front under the new dispensation is a matter presently of melancholy conjecture. One can only hope transactions in giltedge will not be book-entries between the Reserve Bank and the Insurance Department, but will be put through as is now done by the State Bank of India—which joined the free masonry of nationalised institutions barely a year ago.

Coming to social repercussions, what will be the position of the field staff who heretofore felt a pride in the Life offices they represented and had received the incentive of attractive commissions, facilities and frequent encouragement from the companies? In a field from which competition has been lifted overnight and statutory monopoly imported, what is the likely need for canvassing? The field force did the double job of selling insurance and selling the insurance of the particular company they represented. The second was a tough job where the company was a small one. Now the second half of the sales-talk has been rendered unnecessary. A formidable army of fieldmen, who in the past helped to build the great business of Life insurance in India await with anxious concern the announcement of Government as to their future. It would be a distressing irony if, after the Mahalanobian estimate of 12 million jobs at the end of the Second Plan period, the field force of Insurance business is dis-employed and asked to try their fortunes in other fields.

There are numerous other questions that arise. Will nationalised insurance take the form of an *ad hoc* corporation? Will all offices not be merged and one consolidated Central office be created in each important

centre? Will not advertising have to cease from now on? How is business going to be procured? What is the principle of compensation to shareholders in the case of shareholding companies?

Has the policyholder reason for jubilation because he is told that St. George has arrived and slayed the dragon of Insurance management? Is he going to be better off because the claim is made that the cost of insurance procurement and administration will come down? Of course there will be no bonuses. What would be the Department's incentive to settle speedily the claims of beneficiaries and assignees under policies of Life Insurance? It is difficult to see there will be the same incentive which the companies have today for promptly settling claims, because of the publicity value such promptness carries with it. Is it likely a Government department will be overcome by a desire to help the widow

or orphan in distress and to cut through the red tape? All we have known of the heart-breaking delays and waits in regard to any financial claims on Government, however clear and procedure-conforming, points to probabilities of procrastination which one hates to contemplate.

The public wait for answers to questions and forebodings which are likely to be provided not when an act of Parliament replaces the present cryptic Ordinance, but when the Department or Corporation has started functioning and lived down the fears which the policy-holder ing public has reason to entertain. Any belief on the part of the policyholder that under nationalised Insurance, he is straightaway going to be better off after what he has known of Government institutions, would conform to Dr. Johnson's definition of second marriage—the triumph of hope over experience.

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GOA BELONGS TO INDIA

By FENNER BROCKWAY

(Mr. Fenner Brockway is a member of the "Friends of Goa Committee" which a group of British Members of Parliament have formed. Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, M.P., is Chairman, Mr. George Craddock, M.P., Secretary, and other members include Mr. Reginald Sorensen, M.P., and Mr. Ernest Fernyhough, M.P.)

Mr. Brockway in the course of this article says that Goa is imperialism's last outpost in India and adds, "The great historical liberation to which Britain contributed so decisively by its withdrawal from India will not be completed until all India is free.")

INDIA did not achieve independence when the British withdrew in August, 1947. There were still States ruled by Rajahs and Maharajahs scattered over its territory. There were still the French dependencies, notably Pondichery. There were still the Portuguese dependencies, Goa and Daman and Diu.

The Indian States became incorporated in the new India by a combination of popular pressure from within, generous concessions from the Government, and wise acceptance of the situation by the princes. Only in Hyderabad did it prove necessary for Indian troops to go to the support of the people against an obstinate ruler.

The French, after some demur, bowed before history and withdrew. But, Goa, Daman and Diu remained and still remain Portuguese colonies on Indian soil.

Goa is a half circle in the middle of the west coast of India. It is smaller than Cornwall, a fragment in the vast sub-continent. Daman is surrounded by Indian territory and can with difficulty be found on the map. Diu is an island of only 14 sq. miles. The total population of the three dependencies is less than 650,000. They are inseparable from India.

The people are indistinguishable from Indians in appearance, habits of life, and language. I have never been to Goa, but photographs I have seen of a Goan market, of peasants working on the land, of a religious

bathing festival might have been taken anywhere in India. They are India.

The Portuguese got their foothold in Goa in the sixteenth century by methods similar to those of the French in the seventeenth and of the British in the eighteenth centuries. They went as traders, exploiting the rivalries of Chiefs to acquire territory, taking by force of arms what could not be won by cajolery. It is not a pleasant story.

Alfonso de Albuquerque, extolled as founder of the Portuguese colony boasted how he had incited the heir to a chieftom to poison his father, and this is how in 1510 he reported to the Portuguese King the capture of Goa:

"I then burnt the city and put everything to the sword and for days continuously the people shed blood. Wherever they were found and caught, no life was spared to any Mussulman, and their mosques were filled up and set on fire. We counted 6,000 dead bodies. It was, my Lord, a great deed, well fought and well finished."

Diu and Daman fell in the same way. Nuno da Cunha, the Portuguese Governor reported that his forces butchered every man, woman and child on the island when he invaded Diu in 1551. Daman resisted heroically a series of annual attacks, suffering wholesale massacres of civilian populations. When in 1558 Viceroy Braganza finally occupied the territory, he ordered the demolition of all the mosques and the killing of all who resisted.

The familiar painful story of Imperialism followed. For fifty years the people were too crushed physically to revolt but before the end of the sixteenth century uprising began. There is a record of forty rebellions put down with ruthless brutality, between those early years and modern times. The last took place in 1912.

The Portuguese now claim that their dependencies have become Christianised and alien to Indian thought and culture. An Indian Christian is no less an Indian. Indeed, Christianity in India dates back to the first century A. D. several hundred years before Western missionaries visited its shores. I have seen the ancient church in Madras where it is claimed that the body of St. Thomas rests. I have lived with the Christians of that city and found that they shared entirely the national aspirations of India. There are over eight million Christians in India today, of whom five millions are Catholics, no less devoted to the church than the Portuguese converts in Goa.

In fact, the majority of the people of Goa, Daman and Diu cling to the religion of their land. Of the total population, 61 per cent are Hindus, 36 per cent are Christian, 3 per cent Muslim. Even if it were true that Catholic converts cease to feel themselves Indian—and it is not true—they are a minority.

Goa is a part of India economically as it is ethnically and geographically. Although the dependencies are predominantly agricultural, rich in fertile soil, they rely on India for supplies of rice, wheat, fruit, vegetables and meat. Many of the common articles of daily consumption—cotton textiles, soap, tea, coke, tobacco—come from India. In return India takes Goa's fish, salt, coconut and betelnut. The Portuguese Prime Minister, Dr. Salazar, had admitted that 20 per cent of the imports and 40 per cent of the exports come from and go to India. On the other hand,

only 7.67 per cent of Goa's trade is with Portugal or Portuguese territories. Even the greater part of the currency is Indian; it is two-thirds of the whole.

Politically, Goa, Daman and Diu are the last outposts of colonial domination in India. Subject to the control of the Overseas Minister at Lisbon, the Portuguese Governor General has supreme powers and can override any authority, whether executive or judicial. There are 14 district administrators appointed by the Governor-General and a twelve-member Council, seven of whom are nominated and five elected by a mere handful of rich residents. The Council is purely advisory. No member can table a resolution without the consent of the Governor General.

If no other reason existed for the union of Goa with India, this outdated dictatorship would prove decisive. Since gaining independence, India has become entirely democratic from village councils to the National Assembly. This democratic urge has not left the Portuguese dependencies unaffected. Among the people the same passion for democracy is arising. Portugal cannot meet the popular demand for the simple reason that Portugal itself is not a democratic State.

Why does Portugal defy history by clinging to the possession of Goa? Partly the explanation is tradition and prestige, partly the vested interests of colonial administrators and property-owners and traders. The most substantial reason now lies in the two natural harbours in Goa; Marmagao and Panjim. Their value has from the earliest times been recognised by merchants. Now they are cherished for strategic reasons.

India, independent of both the power blocs and determined to keep out of war, has reason to be apprehensive of Western possession of important ports on its coasts. In the Second World War they were the

refuge of German merchant ships and became a centre for the transmission of meteorological and other reports to the German navy. In any future war they would be naval outposts of the West inviting attack from the Russian-Chinese bloc. Indian territory could scarcely escape.

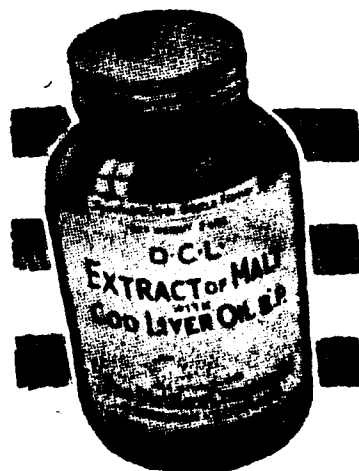
The strategic value of Goa to the West is no doubt the reason why America has championed Portugal's rights to these colonies. The declaration of Mr. Dulles has been deeply resented in India.

Britain has no direct responsibility, but the British Government has a great opportunity to contribute

towards the solution of this ugly situation on the Indian mainland. India is a valued member of the Commonwealth. Portugal has been an ally of Britain for 250 years. And there is an historical precedent. It was George Canning, British Foreign Secretary, who negotiated a settlement of the conflict between Portugal and Brazil, then a Portuguese colony, which led to the independence of Brazil in 1808. Can not Britain repeat this service in Goa today? The great historical liberation to which Britain contributed so decisively by its withdrawal from India will not be completed until all India is free.

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PANIC OVER LIBYA

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON. Nothing illustrates the blue funk into which colonial-minded Westerners have fallen over recent Soviet moves in the Middle East than the recent panic over Libya.

Although one of the most important staging areas for the strategy of Anglo-American retaliation should Soviet forces move into the Middle East, this desert kingdom is not normally newsworthy.

Suddenly the Conservative *Daily Telegraph* front-paged on January 9 the news that Libya was the "SOVIET 'ADVANCED POST' IN N. AFRICA—MISGIVINGS IN LIBYA OVER NEW ENVOY—DEAL BEHIND BACKS OF WESTERN ALLIES—FRENCH FEARS OF EFFECT ON REBEL MOVEMENTS."

The reason for this panic was the arrival in Tripoli of the first Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Generalov. Western journalists and diplomats apparently think of Soviet diplomats as supermen. This new diplomat, apparently, is expected to upset Anglo-American strategic plans, speed insurrections in French North Africa and, in his spare time, organize all of Libya's workers into unions!

"Not only will the Soviet Embassy be 15 minutes car ride from the biggest United States strategic air base in this hemisphere," warned the *Daily Telegraph's* journalistic panic-monger, "but it will be on the fringe of French North Africa, where Russia is also anxious to encourage the national aspirations of anyone working against the French authorities."

"In French quarters it is feared that Algerian rebels in need of cash, arms and advice will also be among the new Soviet envoy's more frequent visitors. Since 1947 there have not

been Russian missions in French North Africa. Mr. Generalov's headquarters will be on the very doorstep of both Tunisia and Algeria . . ."

One could just conjure up a picture of the new Soviet Embassy. "Apply Here for Visas" would be the sign on one door. On the next door: "Apply Here for Arms, Cash and Military Advice."

These Soviet 'supermen' are also miraculous trade union organizers, apparently. "It is expected that Mr. Generalov will shortly apply for permission to open a Soviet Information Center here similar to those maintained by America, Britain and Egypt."

"It may be presumed that among those who will absorb Soviet culture at this centre will be members of the electrical, bakery, docks and transport workers unions and Libyan employees of the United States Wheelus Field Air Base."

"All these have recently taken part in strikes which failed for lack of adequate organization and strike funds. Others who may well benefit from Soviet tuition are the local employees of the British barracks in and near Tripoli. (Tut! tut!)"

"The well-worn argument that Communism cannot succeed in Moslem countries is a dangerous piece of self-deception," the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent insisted in one of his rare approaches to intelligence. "The arrival of the Soviet mission is extremely popular here, especially among the poverty-stricken workers, and with only a moderate amount of tact Russia will find ready converts."

"It is not the tenets of Karl Marx which the Soviet envoys are preaching to the Arab world; it is the glorious future before the resurgent

Arab nations and the extinction of infidel influence in North Africa and the Levant. There could be no finer selling line."

A Subsidised Colony

Perhaps as the first Soviet propaganda effort in Libya the Soviet 'supermen' could reproduce photo-stats of the *Daily Telegraph* article, with an Arabic translation. This would be guaranteed to incite any Libyan against Britain because of the insulting condescension which is its basis.

Key to British pique is the fact that the Libyans agreed to exchange Ambassadors with the Soviet Union "behind the backs of Libya's Western allies."

"Negotiations with the Russians were initiated in the Libyan Embassy in London and concluded in Cairo. Neither the British nor the American Governments, who supply the major part of the country's national income, nor the French Government, which also contributes to her exchequer, were aware of the discussions until September 25. On that date a communique announced the impending establishment of Russo-Libyan diplomatic relations.

"The official (Libyan) explanation was that Russian consent to Libyan admission to the United Nations had been thus bought—a superfluous deal, as events proved.

"In fact the Libyan rulers, under the influence of the Arab League, and impressed by Russo-Egyptian relations, saw in the Soviet mission a welcome counterpoise to the Western Powers' dominant influence."

Little wonder, if the British (and presumably the American) position was that their subsidies were meant to buy a colonial subservience in a nominally independent country.

The Anglo-American contribution to the poor desert country's finances is certainly sizeable. The British pay £1 million yearly for the bases they lease in Libya and another £2.75 million toward balancing the Libyan

budget. The Americans pay \$40 millions over a period of 16 years beginning in 1954. More important, the total expenditure on establishments built within Libya and on Anglo-American personnel based there, equals more than half the total national income of Libya as estimated by the UN! In most years the income from Anglo-American military establishments alone is about 50% higher than Libya's total exports. They have usually employed a quarter of the entire male labour force working for wages.

"There is no cause whatever for the alarm shown in some Western quarters," the Libyan Prime Minister said. "We are not turning Communist. We are simply imitating the example of our great allies, Britain and the United States, who both have large Soviet Embassies in their capitals, yet there isn't much evidence of Communist influence in their countries."

Asked why negotiations with the Soviet Union had been kept secret from the Western powers, he replied: "It is not our practice to inform other powers about confidential negotiations unless their interests are directly involved. Libya is a sovereign country and is fully entitled to conduct such discussions without reference to other Governments."

He punctured, with similar dispatch, the reports which the local French were spreading as fact, including the shipment of arms through Libya to Algerian rebels. "We have no knowledge whatever of such traffic, nor do we countenance it. The French have never given us the slightest concrete evidence on which to base inquiries."

Asked about the alleged activities in Libya of the Algerian nationalist Ben Bela, who had spent three months in Tripoli on an Egyptian passport, he replied: "This man lived here quite peacefully in an hotel, where a Frenchman tried to murder

him. The Frenchman (Tunis-born colon Henry David) was, unfortunately, later shot dead during a chase by the police." These police, under a British officer, returned fire when David opened fire on them.

France, Libya's Prime Minister pointed out, is always up to date with her ladies' fashions. "Why doesn't she become more up to date and

realise, as British did in India and elsewhere, that the domination of other peoples against their will is outmoded?"

Not only the French, but the majority of British Conservatives have still to be converted to the new freedom-line considered fashionable by even the youngest and poorest of States.

Economics Of Peaceful Coexistence

THE economics of coexistence was eloquently discussed by two economists at the Srinivasa Sastri Hall on Saturday last. Prof. Oskar Lange, the distinguished Polish economist was cool, analytical, precise and logical; the brilliant professor from Stanford university, Dr. Baran, held the audience enthralled by his rapier like sarcasm and scintillating persiflage.

Coexistence has become the major problem of twentieth century politics. Amidst voices of despair, war cries of negotiators from strength, and men who push the world to the brink of war it was refreshing to listen to two economists from such different countries as America and Poland demonstrating the need and possibility of coexistence. Prof. Lange pointed out how it was only those who were unwilling to envisage the growth of the Socialist countries that were interested in the erection of barriers to international trade. By limiting the supplies of industrial goods to Socialist countries they compel them to resort to the diversion of all their productive channels to the manufacture of machinery instead of consumer goods. Similarly, he said, by resorting to the manufacture of armaments on a heavy scale in their own countries the capitalist nations force the Socialist countries to manufacture weapons of war to the detriment of peaceful development. Prof. Lange said that

co-existence was possible and could be encouraged if in the economic field there was more free flow of trade. He warned the capitalist countries that a war would only hasten the advent of Socialism on a world-wide scale.

While Prof. Lange elaborated the implications of economic co-existence and traced the connection between the political ambitions and economic subterfuges of the nations of the world, Prof. Baran concentrated his attention on the American scene. The American Government, he maintained, do not represent the attitude of the American people. Full employment policies sustained on armament production euphemistically called defence programme enabled that government to create a stake for the worker in supporting the defence programme. The resources of the Press, the radio, and television were used to create a state of warmindedness among the people. The U. S. Congress would not vote for any expense more willingly than for an increased rate of armament production. The American capitalist, the speaker said, had enormous vested interests and one should not overlook the fact that these interests would not be given up without a struggle. Prof. Baran pointed out that without any strain on its present resources the United States' production schedule could be doubled and this, combined with the amounts spent on armaments, could easily enable the U. S. to help all the under-developed nations to a better and more prosperous life.

WORLD BANK LOANS IN 1955

THREE loans made during the last quarter of 1955 brought the total of World Bank lending for the year to \$406.5 million—the largest volume in any calendar year since the Bank's \$497 million of European reconstruction loans in 1947. The three loans made in the final quarter were for steel manufacture in Japan and for the improvement of transportation services in Honduras and South Africa. Altogether, the Bank has now lent some \$2,470 million to help finance more than 500 separate projects located in 41 countries and territories.

Further progress was made towards the establishment of an International Finance Corporation, the proposed new affiliate of the Bank. To come into being, the new Corporation requires a minimum membership of 30 countries with capital subscriptions totaling at least \$75 million. By the end of the year final action had been completed by six countries—Australia, Canada, Ecuador, Egypt, Iceland and the United States—with prospective subscriptions totaling more than \$41 million. Forty-one other countries have indicated their intention of joining the Corporation, and the prerequisite legislative action has been completed in several of them, including India and the United Kingdom. The purpose of the new Corporation is to stimulate the growth of productive private enterprise, particularly in less developed areas of the world.

The management of the Bank, and representatives of the United Kingdom and United States Governments, carried on discussions in Washington with Mr. Abdel Monem el-Kaissouni, the Minister of Finance of Egypt, concerning the financing of the High Dam project on the Nile River. In October, Bank technicians visited Egypt to assist the Government in its study of problems relating

to the organization and administration of the project.

India and Pakistan continued to use the good offices of the Bank in an effort to work out a comprehensive plan for the irrigation use of the waters of the Indus system of rivers. The two governments and the bank have agreed to extend the terminal date for their discussions to next March 31. During the quarter, delegates from the two countries meeting at Bank headquarters in Washington signed an *ad hoc* transitional agreement covering the use of the waters during the winter crop period, following the same lines as a previous agreement covering the summer crop season.

The Bank's lendable funds were increased in November by the public sale, through a group of leading Swiss banks, of an issue of bonds in the amount of 50 million Swiss francs. The Bank now has outstanding more than \$700 million of United States dollar bonds and \$156 million worth of bonds in pounds sterling, Canadian dollars, Netherlands guilders and Swiss francs.

The three loans of the quarter amounted to some \$35 million. The latest loan in Japan, of \$5.3 million, will help to modernise the steel plate rolling operations of the Yawata Iron and Steel Co., Ltd., Japan's oldest and largest steel enterprise. The Bank's funds will help Yawata replace three outmoded mills on Kyushu Island with a modern steel plate mill. The loan was made to the Japan Development Bank which will re-lend the funds to the Yawata Company.

In December the Bank made its first loan to Honduras, a credit of \$4.2 million to help set up and operate a highway maintenance organization in that country. The loan will also finance engineering studies for

improvements and new construction along two key trunk roads. The Honduran road programme is expected to open up new land to cultivation and increase agricultural production.

To South Africa, the Bank lent £9 million (\$25.2 million), in a joint transaction with the private capital market. Simultaneously with the Bank's loan, the South African Government sold its first public bond issue in the United States, amounting to \$25 million, through a group of American investment banks. The proceeds of the Bank loan and the public offering will be applied to a programme being carried out by the South African Railways and Harbours Administration to improve rail and other transport.

The South African transaction was the third joint lending operation of the Bank and the capital market. It brought the total of these trans-

actions to \$141 million, shared about equally between the Bank and private investors. At the same time, direct participations by private investors in the Bank's own loans, and sales of previous loans to private investors, continued during the quarter, and the total of all sales and participations reached about \$225 million at the end of the year.

During the quarter, the Governor-General of Pakistan officially opened the new Sui Gas Pipeline, financed with the help of £5 million lent by the Bank. This 350-mile line carries natural gas from the Sui field in Baluchistan to Karachi, and in September began providing fuel to factories and to the Karachi Electric Supply Corporation. In its first year of operations, the pipeline will save an estimated \$3 million worth of fuel imports, and the rate is expected to grow in later years to \$12 million annually.

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Short Story

By N. R. Gopalakrishnan

ON A GODLY RACE

"I was sweating and swearing that I should have been made such a fool, such a tool."

"HEY, you." I knew by instinct that it was my grandmother wanting my attention. Among her grandchildren she was known as the adjutant grandmother. "You are to go to the *Mangotu Kavu*," she barked out her orders: "It is a long time since anyone went to the temple. I know the Goddess is angry and hence this endless illness in the family." Perhaps detecting a smile of indifference on my face which I promptly suppressed she continued: "You are to start this evening. Go to Vadakkancheri and stay there overnight. Proceed to Alathur well before dawn. It is a short distance from there to the *Kavu* which you should do on foot."

If you knew my grandmother as well as I did, you would not bother to argue any more. She spoke but little and whenever she spoke, hers were orders, to be countermanded only at peril. So, when I was obediently setting out that evening, came the final instructions which brought back the barrack life to my mind all over again: "When at Vadakkancheri avoid that accursed cousin of yours; the godless vagabond. Go to the temple on empty stomach. For heaven's sake leave off smoking till after the noon *puja*."

I should have been greatly mistaken if I thought that she would leave me at this. Even as I was protesting, she handed over to me a ten-rupee note, with a list of items, which she recited off orally, on which I should spend the amount at the temple. And at the gate, up to which she walked with me, she looked

squarely at my face and warned: "Don't try any monkey tricks on me. If anything goes wrong don't think you will escape detection. Remember, the astrologer is always close by."

So it was that I found myself that evening in a rickety bus taking me from Trichur to Vadakkancheri on the first lap of my trip; and that, within a mere three days of my coming home after an absence of seven long years, during almost all of which I was no less relentlessly ordered about from station to station in the Indian Army.

No doubt, I did not myself like to continue for long to be left with my adjutant grandmother. Certainly I wanted to escape. To do otherwise, I well knew, would be nerve-racking and worse than the army life. But to go to *Mangotu Kavu* was another matter. From Alathur no vehicle would take me there. What my grandmother chose to describe as a short distance from Alathur was, I was aware, nothing less than eight miles. To do it early in the morning on empty stomach, without even the consolation of a smoke, as she detailed the itinerary for me, was of course bad. But you should believe me when I say that this did not daunt me. Nor did the prospect of going without food the whole day. Nothing of human necessity, I knew, would be available at this deserted outpost. Food of any sort was therefore out of the question till I got back to Alathur or Vadakkancheri after re-doing the eight weary miles on my return. Not even this, I

say, daunted me. But it was something else.

The association of this temple in my mind, I may now confess, has never been happy; which is putting it in very mild terms, if you understand what I mean. For some time, I distinctly remember, I had nightmares. I had faced a serious mental and physical collapse. It is only time and the completeness of my escapade that has of late cured me of my nerves. But to have to go physically to that temple again, with all the horrid memory of my earlier venture—that I say, was a bit too thick.

It was some fifteen years ago that I was sent to this identical temple on an identical mission by the identical adjutant grandmother. But two things were different. One was that the starting point was not Trichur, but Irinjalakuda—a matter of a few miles more to be done in the bus. The other, and considerably more important, was that the 'accursed' cousin, whom my grandmother had unqualifiedly wanted me to avoid now, was then with us at Irinjalakuda and was a party commissioned to accompany me. One other point relevant here is that our instructions were that we at the *Kavu* should dedicate a four-foot bell metal standing lamp. That my grandmother said, was a special *vazhipadu* for the blessing of the *Bhagawati* in curing a case of smallpox at home. Among her final instructions, as usual, at the gate, was the avowal that we should try no monkey tricks on her. Fifteen rupees, she said, handing over the amount, should be enough to see us back.

I feel this is the appropriate context at which I should introduce my cousin. Of my age, he was then and, as I am told, even now, what you might call, the devil's own. He never did well at school nor to my knowledge in the college. By that I do not mean that he is a dunce. Far from it. He is one of that rare spe-

cies which relies entirely on their wit to fend for themselves today, tomorrow and every day against every odd. I don't think anyone in the family liked him particularly. Loafer, vagabond, godless, were some of the terms used by the elders in naming him. But I am only being fair to him in saying that he warmly reciprocated the sentiments expressed in these terms; never would he put up with any high brow in the set-up, and not at all my imposing grandmother. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when he was called upon by her to accompany me and that too to a family temple on such a special mission. I do not know what was in my grandmother's mind but probably she wanted to send him away on some pretext or other.

When we started from Irinjalakuda my cousin was perhaps as much confused as myself regarding the probable developments on our trip. Would we reach the place at all? Would it be ungodly if we did not? Should we spend the fifteen rupees on an unexciting visit to the temple? well, whatever be his initial state of mind, my cousin had no doubt when we reached Oorakam, four miles from Irinjalakuda. There he bid me get off the bus; and the subsequent things happened in a matter of few minutes. We bathed in the temple tank there, put up the lamp to the *Pujarin* as a dedication to the local deity and prayed as sincerely as we could in His presence that we might never be detected. At this distance of time I do not remember how exactly we spent the fourteen rupees and odd left with us. All that I know is that those were days when prohibition was not the fetish that it is to-day in these parts.

The memory of this event was still haunting me all the way to Vadakkancheri that evening. I dutifully stayed overnight at this place and thought myself extremely lucky that

I did not run into my cousin at all. Probably, I thought, he had not yet heard of my having come home. Few letters passed between us. No one else would bother to inform him.

Perhaps I over-slept at Vadakkancheri: for, when I woke up, it was broad daylight and the first bus to Alathur had already left without me. A lorry driver was, however, co-operative enough to offer me a seat on the top of a full load of hay in his vehicle and within about a quarter of an hour I was trudging along the narrow path among the paddy fields on the way to the Kavu.

Up to now, I had strictly followed by grandmother's instructions. I was determined to be as convincingly religious this time as I could. The few people that I came across on my way were truly rustic and all the use I had of them was to get direction to the temple. At half the distance I was already weary and the dip in the river in that raw morning did not improve my temper. The prospect of the return trip on a still empty stomach was already exercising my imagination. So I was not pleased at all when at the temple a voice from its dark interior told me that the main *pujarin* was not in there at the moment and absent. This I said to myself was bleakness itself. The Goddess, my grandmother would say, was surely angry with us, and what might not be in store for us if she was angry. More, I was displeased that my trip should end in such an anticlimax. For a brief moment, for no reason, I reflected on the result of a journey, purported to be to this place, fifteen years back.

I had not gone far in this strain when, lo, from the darkness the possessor of the voice emerged and who do you think it was? My cousin! Both of us had not words at first and in the subsequent few minutes we narrated to each other as briefly as we could the circumstances that led us to the eventful meeting. He, I understood, was officiating as an

assistant to the main *pujarin*—making garlands, sandal paste, etc., in return for food and a few annas every day. I was astonished that he should be following so meek a profession, and I refused to believe that it was religion that turned him over to this.

We had not spent much time in personal reminiscences when we heard at the outer gate of the temple a loud wailing and crying, clearly of a woman. We could soon see her at a distance, gesticulating, beating her breast, falling on her feet, wailing all the time. Obviously she had come on some sad mission to be related to the *velichappadu* and to get the reply of that worthy deputy to the Goddess.

I could not know what came to my cousin but in a moment he had gone to the complainant and come back with a determined look on his face. "Brother", he called, "do you have the same regard for me as you had in the past?" A silly question, I thought, for I had not lost any of my old sneaking admiration for him. "Yes" I blurted out. "Then," he said, to my great astonishment, "you should do something for me now which perhaps you will never have an occasion to do in the rest of your life." He was getting mysterious. But I was hardly left with any chance to argue. He dragged me into the side room, put on me the red robes of the *velichappadu*, his anklets and other ornaments, and gave me the awe-inspiring sword. With the final instruction that I should continue to be shaking from head to foot as one possessed and never bother to be coherent in whatever I said, he pushed me to the front of the temple to face the wailing woman. There I was, the possessed, deputising for the Goddess. The devotee's complaint, as my cousin reverently interpreted to me at my side, was that she had been beaten up by her husband's brother in a quarrel. I vaguely remembered what on such occasions the reply from the *vel-*

chappadu should be and I was about to give her, through my cousin, a handful of ash from the stand kept near, touched by the tip of the sword, mumbling a few words of unidentifiable import. But then came the protesting words from the devotee: "O Goddess," she said, "I am not satisfied with your promise of curing me of the ache on my body. That any village physician will do. What I came to you for is to see that the man who beat me is also equally mercilessly beaten up. You should use your unknown power for this purpose." These were terms I had not bargained for. Usually the *velichappadu's* were awards which the devotees accepted without protest or complaint. Rarely had an occasion come to my notice when he was told to his face what he should do. While I was in a momentary confusion, my cousin at my side had quickly gone to the woman, mentioned something in her ears and come back to me reverently suggesting that I should hold

out that promise to her. So I did, as best as I could, and promised that within forty days the man who beat her would himself be beaten up.

I was sweating and swearing in the sideroom that I should have been made such a fool, such a tool. To all which, my cousin had a consoling, all-knowing smile, the meaning of which I did not know till we got out of the temple after the noon *puja*. He thrust in my face two ten-rupee notes, which he said if I had not acted the way I did, would have been appropriated and shared between the greedy *velichappadu* and the chief *pujarin*. "You did well, cousin," he patted me on the back "and you have well earned your share. In fact, you could adopt a *velichappadu's* career if ever you think of quitting the army."

I had that ten-rupee note when I went back home. I heard subsequently that the family astrologer, on consultation, said that the Goddess was mightily pleased by my visit.

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Short Story

By K. Bhupalan

HER NEW HOME

Only one woman smiled in triumph . . .

WITHIN four months after her marriage Vasantha was a disillusioned young woman. Life in her father-in-law's home was clearly no bed of roses. Of course, her husband Satagopan was devoted to her. He brought her on the sly whatever she wanted. But into a rented four-room portion of a house a family of fifteen members had to be squeezed. It had taken some weeks for the bride to reconcile herself to the absence of privacy in her new home. From the bungalow of her father who was an Assistant Engineer in Madras, to the dark, ill-ventilated tile-roofed building in Kanchipuram, it was, indeed, a far cry.

Vasantha's father-in-law, Narayanan, was a retired railway official, who pinned all his hopes of a bright and prosperous future on his six sons. Only two of them were employed after graduation and the other four were still studying in school. Narayanan had three daughters besides but only the eldest of these was married. The old man had seen better days; his forefathers had been rich landlords. On his father's death, Narayanan inherited two big brick-built houses in his village and paddy fields that filled his huge granaries with golden grain. But he was an absentee landlord. His job as an overseer in a section of the railway, two hundred miles from his village, led to gradual neglect and apathy, and when there was a sharp fall in the yield he regretfully decided to sell out all his land. And the family was moved to Kanchi where the children could go to school. All his money

evaporated when he married off his four sisters and he had run into deep debt and difficulty even before he retired. Gopalan, his first son, was a senior clerk in the railway office in Madras City. Quiet and obedient, he did not relish the idea of setting up house separately and travelled every day by train—fifty odd miles up and fifty odd miles down. He had married his aunt's daughter. How could Narayanan ask his own poor sister for dowry when she demanded that Gopal should marry her daughter?

Satagopan's marriage brought new hope and a ray of sunshine into the family. The bride brought a dowry of five thousand rupees and a number of silver vessels. It was two years since Satagopan had passed his B. A. examination in the first class and was lucky to have got a teacher's job in the local high school. When Seshadri, Vasantha's father, met the young bachelor through the good offices of a marriage-broker, he was much impressed by his handsome figure and winsome smile. There certainly was a bright future before such young men. And when his photograph was shown to Vasantha she gave her ready, though silent, consent. Within a week the negotiations between the parents were carried through and in the week following the marriage was celebrated.

In the first flush of happiness, the bride did not quite well realise the series of adjustments that she had been forced into, in her new home. No cook brought her bed coffee. What she drank at eight o'clock was an

apology for that beverage. She didn't like the food either. She couldn't stomach the coarse rice and the brinjal curry nor the smelly buttermilk and the too hot pickles. But she was much amused when her sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law wrangled over them and kept on asking for more, to the embarrassment of their mother. Vasantha remembered the biscuit tins in her home, the split-bamboo basket that was bursting with mango, apple, orange, and banana, the dish of sweet-meat that her mother would urge her in vain to take, and, above all, the excellent meal of polished rice and fresh vegetable, and the hot cow's milk, served to her, on retiring to bed. Here, in her new home, there was hardly enough food or liquid to go its round.

Every Sunday evening her father would come to Kanchi in his car and chat with his daughter and her father-in-law. He realised his haste in having married his darling daughter into a poor home. But he put on a brave face as did his daughter, though she never once talked about this change in her life. And during every visit of his he would bring her fruits and sweet-meats, which she would dutifully pass on to her mother-in-law, to be shared out among all members of the household including herself.

It was eight o'clock on a Saturday night. A splitting headache had sent Vasantha to her bed in the front room. Her husband had not returned from school as yet. He had been delayed unusually. There was no light in her room but the young woman was wide-awake, listening to the voices on the doorstep. Her mother-in-law was talking to some friend of hers, whom she had not seen for some months.

"How do you do, Alamelu?" I returned from Banaras only this morning. I am told that your second son Satagopan has married a rich girl. Is she an M. A. or a B. A.?"

"No, auntie, she was reading in the first-year class in college when the proposal came but I told her father firmly that on no account must she continue her studies."

"My daughter tells me she looks very pretty and fashionable. Does she not assist you in the household chores?"

Alamelu laughed. "Oh, auntie, you must have been here the first day my daughter-in-law came, and watched the fun. I asked her to wash the dishes of the children and rinse their clothes in soap suds. She did it all so clumsily and with her wrist watch on, that my daughters and little sons laughed and laughed. And she wept the whole day."

"It is curious, really. But you must be more considerate, I should say. And what have you done with her dowry of fifteen thousand rupees? Why not marry off your second daughter, Rukmani, with part of that sum?"

Alamelu snorted in indignation. "Who told you that lie, auntie? They gave us only five thousand rupees though we had demanded ten. And, Auntie, come nearer and I will tell you this secret. My daughter-in-law is asleep next door. Twice or thrice a week she suffers from a terrible headache. You know, auntie, we have been incurring heavy debts all these fifteen years and we have had to pay twenty rupees every month by way of interest on the loan. So my husband took my advice and paid off two creditors. All her money is gone. But what is the good anyway, Our liabilities have only been reduced, not cleared."

"I am sorry to learn that your daughter-in-law is out of sorts. I wanted very much to have a good look at her and offer her some advice. How are your daughters disposed towards her? They are friendly with her, I suppose?"

Alamelu chuckled. "My daughters are perfect angels. The whole world

knows this truth, auntie. But my daughter-in-law is too cold and reserved with them. She talks only when she is talked to. And she grudges them her things when my daughters want to borrow them. Last Sunday evening, my eldest daughter Padma took one of Vasantha's gold necklaces and put it round her little girl's neck. She went to the temple that evening with the darling, and took part in the procession that followed the deity. She returned home wailing that someone had stolen that gold necklace. My daughter-in-law was so angry with all of us that she wouldn't touch her food the next day. I have never seen such a perverse creature. Oh, auntie, we shall talk more about it all tomorrow evening. My daughter-in-law is going back to the city with her father tomorrow to have her eyes tested. She needs glasses evidently. Fashion and blindness go together, don't you know? Come this time tomorrow, won't you, auntie? And, see, here comes Sata-gopan from school . . . Ah, my dear boy, here is our family friend, good old Auntie Kuppammal, enquiring after you and bursting with eagerness to see your wife. But she has gone to bed with the usual headache. My! you are looking so flurried. There is nothing wrong with you, I suppose?"

Satagopan coughed and cleared his

throat. "Mother, I fear I have got some bad news. Where is father? I must consult him at once. The headmaster wanted me to see him before leaving school today. He showed me the Inspector's directive that the school should have trained teachers only. You know, I am an untrained graduate. My services have been dispensed with from today. And I must go to the city to study for L. T. But I wonder whether Father has any money left out of that dowry."

Kuppammal shook her head gravely. "This girl has not brought good luck, that is evident. Now the family is robbed of one good source of income," she whimpered.

"So my son is expecting his father to finance his education—till the end of time! It is a fine proposition, indeed. I think, auntie, this wretched son will run away with his wife to her father's home and leave us in the lurch. It will come to that, I tell you. How can I feed the wife of an unemployed fool?" shouted Alamelu in mounting fury.

Only one woman smiled in triumph. It was Vasantha. She could return to the city and live happily and freely with her husband until he completed his training course. "My silent prayers have not gone in vain," she murmured to herself.

SPORTS

LEGGAT AND OTHERS

By N. S. RAMASWAMI

WHEN Julius Caesar expressed a preference for fat men, it may be believed that he did not have in mind their tribulations at cricket. There can be unfortunately little doubt that this perverse game is mainly for the Cassiuses of this world, at any rate men, who whether they sleep o'night or no, are undoubtedly lean, if not scraggy. The genial qualities commonly associated with avoirdupois avail little on the cricket field.

These reflections must have occurred to many who enjoyed the felicity of watching Leggat, the New Zealand player, in action in the final Test. Learned controversy at once arose whether this cricketer or Ironmonger has been the most inefficient fieldsman belonging to foreign teams to have been witnessed on Indian grounds. But, as Dr. Johnson remarked on a different occasion, there is no settling the precedence between a louse and a fly. It is wise not to press the odious comparison.

In fact, it may be doubted whether the rigorously utilitarian way is not out of place in the case of Leggat. Efficient fieldsmen are to be encountered in depressing plenty, but there is only one Leggat. It was a sight for sore eyes as he panted after the ball while it speeded away from him with cruel pertinacity. It was always an unequal contest. There were no signs that the fieldsman awaited the onset of the ball with any happiness. There was no doubt an air of bravado about him as he rolled about, much like a sailor, at mid-off before the

ball was delivered. He appeared then very much like Mr. Pickwick who, by some strange mischance for which his witnessing of the immortal match at Dingley Dell could not have prepared him, had found himself in a Test match. He exuded an air of bonhomie and geniality which appeared a living force even from the stands.

But it was vastly different when the ball chose to cross his path. It was obvious that he awaited its advent within his vicinity with trepidation. Should he have succeeded in arresting its further progress no one could have been happier, even though the welkin rang with the astounded joy of the spectators. It was frankly an act of faith with him that the ball should have been stopped.

But, if the New Zealanders sighed with relief, that successful performance was a sore deprivation to those who do not set much store by efficiency but who seek colour and drama. It was little to the purpose to argue that such an incompetent fieldsman should not have appeared in a Test match. The fact was that Leggat was a pure joy, a spectacle in himself. The Test had little to offer despite the world and other records. But, it may be believed that long after the achievement of Mankad and Roy is forgotten a vision of the portly gentleman tolling after the ball in vain will sustain and fortify those who had the felicity of having watched the performance in all its plenitude and its intricacy.

If Leggat conferred inestimable benefits as a fieldsman, he was un-

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doubtedly a wearisomeness of the flesh as a batsman. He has reduced obstruction to a fine art. This is not to say that he is not gifted. As his scores in the two innings indicate, he is opportunistic, for he always took toll of the ill-directed ball. But of the graces one associates with opening batsmen, a place of romance and honour, there was no trace. He confronted the bowler, whether he be one of speed or of guile, with pertinacity and doggedness. As the bowler ran up to the crease, he must have been awed by the portentous sight at the other end, a huge man-mountain squatting grimly and purposefully. If New Zealand lost the Test by an innings, it was not because Leggat was not prepared to sell his life dearly.

Cave, the captain, belonged to a different strain. He could well have figured in a Wessex novel of Hardy. A sheep farmer by profession, he appeared to look on the world with a benignity and calmness that was not a little appealing. He seemed incapable of bearing ill-will to anyone, not even to the batsman at the opposing end. His bowling, if it may be said without insult, was bucolic. It rested on simple expedients; it cherished the time-honoured principles of length and direction. It made no pretence to any modern fal-lal. His balls did not diverge violently in flight and they did not break alarmingly back or otherwise. A simple man, he relied mainly on simple means.

Racial characteristics had undoubtedly asserted themselves with the New Zealanders. Mainly English in origin (the exception being Scottish in the case of McGregor and McGibbon and Irish in that of McMahon, to judge by the names), the players were not flamboyant or ostentatious. Reid may be considered an exception to this general anonymity. There was a fascinating strain of alien grace as he moved with suppleness. His batsmanship was instinct with what can only be called a handsomely dark spirit. It was powerful,

it was resplendent, but, to my mind at least, there appeared to be something macabre, as if his bat had been tarred with the brush of the devil or some other less diabolic agency, if there should be any objection to His Satanic Majesty. He scorned the fundamentals. He alone of the New Zealanders exuded an air of hostility and aggression. The others, not excepting Sutcliffe, succumbed to their fate meekly. But Reid in a spirit far removed from that of the mere obstructionism of Leggat, bade defiance to spin and such pace as Phadkar and Ramchand could muster. I almost came to believe that his bat was that of a warlock. It was a great surprise that an off-break should have penetrated his defence in the first innings and a leg-break glanced off his bat into slips' hands in the second. One would have thought that he would have contrived to turn the offending ball into a hedgehog or something objectionable.

Apart from these personalities, the two most interesting players were not seen in action in the Test. No cricketer can be more determined or serious about his pursuit than Alabaster or Harris. Both of them appeared at the nets every day determined to perfect their art. It will be unkind to remark that there was much scope for improvement. The slow bowler, despite frantic exertions, could not get the ball to turn much, while the batsman was strangely fallible against off-break. Nevertheless their devotion must be admired. This contrasted glaringly with the indifference of the Indians, apart from Gupte.

The Test match has not in the main been an exalted event. It did not stir the passions or set the blood coursing in one's veins. It was pre-eminently an adornment of the records. Still, the memory of the geniality and affability of the New Zealanders will linger in memory long after their comparative inefficiency is forgotten.

INDIA WIN RUBBER

By P. N. S.

HAYES, the New Zealand fast bowler, rushed up to the wicket and delivered an outswinger and Mandkad, moving across, pushed the ball to mid-wicket and took a single. Four days later, Gupte tossed up a ball to McMahon, visitors' stumper, who played for a leg-break and had his stumps broken by a googly. These were the starting and finishing points of the fifth and final test match between India and New Zealand, which the former won by an innings and 109 runs. Between these two balls was "packed" the most sluggish display in a test match that Madras has had to witness.

It has now become the habit of officials and critics to take the crowd to task for making "noises" while the play is on. Really, such noises, except when they exceed limits, form part and parcel of the game. Imagine a throng of about 20,000 men and women sitting in deathly silence for hours on end; add to this the monotony of batsmen playing pat-ball with the bowler, shunning all initiative and enterprise, only time enabling any addition to the score. Such an atmosphere is sufficient to drive away cricket's most ardent admirer. If anything keeps the scene alive in such a setting it is the "noises" of the crowd.

Instead of attacking the spectators, who have paid to see the game properly played, it will be better if the powers that be remind the players now and then that cricket is a game and not grim business, and that the bat is primarily intended to hit the ball with a *foi de verve*, as was used to be done by C. K. Nayudu, Amar Singh, Amarnath, Merchant and Mushtaq Ali.

The authorities can also direct that only sporting wickets should be pre-

pared for test matches. In fact, the dominant feature of the test now over was the utter lifelessness of the wicket. The Stadium is in all ways an improvement over the Chepauk ground. There is accommodation in it for nearly double the number of people and it is more centrally situated; there are also better facilities for movement of traffic. However, in one vital factor Chepauk was superior; its groundsmen never wavered from the ideal of preparing a wicket that gave equal chances for bat and ball even from the opening day. And cricket at Chepauk was always lively, and the memory of the days spent there full of joyous and daring deeds. It had always kept the crowd in proper spirit and earned for it the approbation of all players, Indian and foreign. And unless the Stadium wicket is modelled on the Chepauk pattern memories of the game played on it will always be dull and painful—even record-breaking scores will not evoke as joyous a reverie as a hundred or even a fifty at Chepauk. It is not enough—it is also not for the good of the game—that a wicket is made to last the full period of a match and bring good "games." It is essential that it must be conducive to good cricket, even though the match may end earlier than the allotted time.

Another important factor that added to the distress of the spectators during the test was the frequency with which "drinks" were brought to the field. There is no reason for departing from the salutary rule of providing drinks once before lunch and a second time before tea. It was indeed difficult to refrain from swearing when, with only fifteen minutes left for close of play, the "mobile canteen," sometimes with cups of milo, tea, sandwiches etc., moved in,

and the players slouched round it as if it was a picnic rather than a test encounter.

Now to the game proper. In spite of the records that Mankad and Roy broke and established, the test will be remembered mainly for the batsmanship of J. R. Reid, who touched his best on the final day. Though somewhat chained by circumstances, Reid produced an array of strokes that spoke his class. With quick footwork he was able to counter the wiles of Mankad and Gupte and produce drives—mainly off the back foot—and pulls of power and beauty. True, Reid did not sally out of the crease to these bowlers but the reluctance might have been due more to the occasion than any lack of skill. His masterful cricket really regaled the spectators, starved of its many excellent dishes most of the time of the test. The grand ovation they gave him at the end of his display testified to the mood in which Reid had put them.

We must be really disappointed that we did not see the best of Bert Sutcliffe, one of the finest left-hand batsmen today. He stayed long at the wicket in both innings but revealed his class only by the easy manner in which he played all bowling.

We failed to see in full his strokeplay for which he is famous.

Despite his record-breaking innings it was Mankad's bowling on the final day that one will always cherish. So poor was the New Zealand attack and so lifeless the wicket it was evident that Mankad, with all his experience, could have gone on batting till he got himself out. But his bowling rose to its best in spin and flight and was mainly responsible for the victory, which India was not so sure of achieving at start of play on the last day. Roy's century against the M.C.C. about a couple of years ago was a greater effort than his 173 runs; however, it is happy that this innings, following his century at Calcutta, has got him back definitely into our test teams.

Naturally we will pat our backs on winning the rubber. But our exuberance should not blind us to the fact that the skill of our opponents was very limited—only to that of Sutcliffe and Reid in batting and Cave in bowling—and that there are many gaps, especially in our bowling, to be filled up before we can face the might of Australia or England with any degree of confidence. Mankad is ageing, and only the little figure of Gupte and his devastating spin puts some heart into us when we think of the future.

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DULLES BUILDS A BRIDGE FOR SIR ANTHONY

By ANDREW ROTH

LONDON: However fanciful as history or lunatic as diplomacy were John Foster Dulles' 'disclosures' in *Life*, they served one constructive end. They emphasized the re-emergence of the 'big bomb' school in top circles in Washington and London as the co-existence hopes of last summer have been shadowed by the continuing disagreement over Germany, the Krushchev-Bulganin propaganda tour of South Asia and the telling Soviet blows at Western influence in the Middle East.

Mr. Dulles' interview demonstrated that the man who was willing to go to the brink of total war over Dien-bienphu has never changed his mind. He simply faded into the background and let President Eisenhower talk 'co-existence' for a while. Then he and Harold Macmillan, then Foreign Secretary of Britain, helped to wash out the possibility of co-existence at the end of September by jettisoning the 'Eden plan' for a semi-neutralised Germany. Harold Macmillan, who became the darling of the British 'get tough' school, also pushed ahead at full speed with the Baghdad Pact arrangements, which combined a maximum of provocation (for the Soviets and Israelis) with a minimum of military effectiveness. He was reported also to have proposed cancelling the invitation to the Soviet leaders in retaliation for their speeches in South Asia.

It was primarily to rid himself of this 'get tough' advocate that Sir Anthony transferred Macmillan to the Treasury. This was demonstrated by the shrieks of protest from all the supporters of this school.

With the Dulles disclosures it seems clear that President Eisenhower has precisely the same problem. Therefore the Washington talks have taken on a new significance. The key problem is whether Sir Anthony and President Eisenhower are able to form a firm alliance between moderates such as themselves to exclude from decisive influence the Dulles-Macmillan advocates of provocative action which can only strengthen the most provocative elements among the Soviets.

Changed Emphasis

This completely overshadows the original emphasis of the Washington talks. They were originally intended to gird Sir Anthony Eden with new Anglo-American armour for the Soviet visit in April. The British have always favoured Anglo-American talks before approaching the Soviets. This desire was heightened by the mounting fear that the Soviet leaders will use Britain as a platform for denouncing American influence. A public love bout in Washington, it was hoped, would make it clear to Americans where Britain's heart really lies, however poor the manners of its guests might be.

It was thought, too, that this would be an excellent opportunity to iron out differences in policy, particularly in the Middle East. In the autumn of 1954, the British and Americans came to an agreement that the U. S. would not criticise the British in the Middle East (over Cyprus, for example) and the British would not criticise the U. S. in the Far East (over Quemoy and Matsu). But this heightened cooperation did not stand up to the crises of 1955. The British would like more sup-

port for the U. S. in bringing pressure on Israel to make border concessions to the Arabs in exchange for a guarantee; they are not very hopeful of getting it in an election year. The British would also like the U. S. to be more helpful in the Baghdad Pact. Above all, the British want to get the U. S. to use all its influence to curtail the tendency of the Saudi Arabians to use all the Aramco oil royalties money they have left over from buying Cadillac cars and air-conditioned harems for the King's relatives to finance anti-Baghdad activities. British diplomats say that it is the combination of Egyptian political leadership and Saudi Arabian bribes that is tearing places like Jordan out of its pro-British Moorings.

The British have other complaints which Sir Anthony thought might better be settled in face-to-face talks. They want the embargo on exports to Communist China eased more rapidly than the Americans desire. They

also feel that the U. S. is not living up to its agreement on exchanges of technical information. Specifically they cite insufficient information on the recent Soviet H-bomb explosion.

Although intended as a demonstration of Anglo-American solidarity, the subjects to be covered in the talks allowed for the possibility of hurt feelings if frankness was the keynote. American diplomats feel the British have acted like lunatics in Cyprus and Jordan. The British are furious over American lack of control in Saudi Arabia.

Perhaps it is lucky that Mr. Dulles' waving of the big bomb will set Sir Anthony and President Eisenhower at least to looking for points of agreement to strengthen themselves against their own more provocative advisers. Certainly, if his British delicacy would not forbid it, Sir Anthony would fly to Washington wearing a mammoth button saying: "I LIKE IKE".

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New Books

THE WONDERFUL STATES. BY BINOD RAO. Citizen Enterprises Ltd., Secunderabad. Rs. 7-8.

BOOKS of travel can cover very wide ground from the drily factual to the silly tendentious. Some are so heavily documented and become so unreadable that the bored reviewer damns them by praising them as 'invaluable for purposes of reference.' There are others in which a pre-determined point of view is set off amidst an impressive array of selected facts. There are still others for which there is no need to go on a tour at all, but which can be fabricated with the help of cribs at arm's length from one's study table.

Mr. Binod Rao has achieved a tour de force but with a difference. With a cool audacity which we cannot but admire, he has chosen to weave an account of a trip to the United States round the greatest assortment of the oldest chestnuts culled from the tail-ends of journals with an assiduity which can only be described as amazing. A feeling of initial irritation or annoyance at being palmed off with jokes as old as Noah gradually gives place to a kind of factitious titillation at the prospect of meeting almost in any sentence one of these perennials giving a new look to paragraph after paragraph which we cannot but admire at last. At any rate since no one has had the guts to do this sort of thing on an extended scale to make up a whole book out of them, we may congratulate the author on his unique achievement.

But unlike the professional jester, Mr. Rao wears his cap and jingles his bells to ulterior and wholly admirable ends. He pays a very warm yet discriminating tribute to the human side of the Americans, and keeps on reminding us that their vices are also our own. Even more significant, he interpolates almost on every page

a choice, meditated and memorable love of his own land, its strong as well as weak points in periods of unforced eloquence. Huxley wrote a travelogue and called it *Jesting Pilate* with the cheeky self-consciousness of untried youth. But Mr. Rao makes no pretensions; he quite frankly places his cards on the table. If therefore you do not feel entertained and edified, you are quite clearly one of that fraternity whom R. L. S. calls 'long-faced Barabbases!' Mr. Rao in short wears motley; but it is sure, not in the brain!

MY THREE YEARS IN PEKING. By Ko Ling (A Chinese housewife). Translated by T. H. Yang. Siddharta Publications Ltd., Delhi. Price Re. 1.

THIS is an unpretentious, almost pointless, account of the experiences of a Chinese woman who finds the changes introduced by the Communists in the life of the nation retrograde and reactionary. Ko Ling returns to the parental roof with three children after a long period of absence, and finds the life of the capital being reconditioned according to the categorical imperatives of the communist regime. The only features that are stressed are the extent and thoroughness of regimentation which she observes. Of the more scarifying horrors of interrogation or liquidation which are the twin bogeys of communism, she has little or nothing to say. We get faint intimations of the changes wrought by a great revolution—of the old bosses being replaced by younger, ignorant and even incompetent parvenus—of the mistakes and inefficiencies of red tape and of the entire system being in the melting pot. With a pardonable feeling of nostalgia she

laments the passing of the good old days with which her own emotional existence was identified. The fact that she was allowed to travel in and out of the capital, and no questions asked should testify to the comparative mildness of the revolution. She concludes with the hope of returning to Peking again under happier conditions. This can be said with equal truth of all other places and countries in the world.

The translation is in a kind of snappy journalese and gives us no inkling of the character or outlook of the authoress, as an individual.

BULLS OF PARRAL. By Marguerite Steen. Collins, London. Price 15sh.

BULLS OF PARRAL is a story of family life, set against a background of Andalusian splendour and bovine gore. It is one of those novels whose titles are to be taken quite literally; for, under the pretext of narrating the story of an ambitious Spanish girl and her husband and a few other characters, Marguerite Steen confronts us with a bull-filled plethora of melodramatic twists and happenings.

Aracea, daughter of Don Luis Parral, is an only child who is taught to think that next to her father, she is the most important person in the world. For him she has a kind of love that amounts to worship; but her mother Leandra, with her Castilian primness and womanly pallor, inspires in her only a sort of contemptuous pity. Aracea's enthusiasm for the bull-fight is that of a man; and her childhood friends are boys. There is Paco Ribera, with good looks as well as prospects, and the assurance of family backing; and there is Ildefonso Garcia, hungry in appearance and disreputable by parentage, but a born matador to his fingertips.

Into this strange childhood of Aracea comes an English governess. She is Mary Carpenter, Catholic by choice, with rather uncertain political leanings and an infinite love for

Spain. Among other things, she teaches Aracea to eat with her spoon and fork, and ultimately turns the latter's mind into a confusing mixture of Spanish enthusiasm and British prudery. Neither this upbringing nor her father's sudden demise succeeds in subduing her spirit. Aracea leaves for England with Mary Carpenter. She spends a brief interlude in a convent there, but returns to Spain on hearing that Senora Leandra has become a nun. Aracea marries Paco, and settles down to the job of making him the perfect matador. But Ildefonso in the meantime has come up the hard way. Paco has health and courage and a considerable amount of acquired talent. Ildefonso is weak with dissipation and possesses cynical indifference in place of courage. And yet he is a born genius. The rivalry between these two men forms the theme for the greater part of the novel.

Paco is ultimately convinced that Aracea with her English ideas has turned him into a healthy showman instead of an inspired artist. As a last resort, he turns to dissipation, and finds that instead of making him a genius it has turned him into a pitiful wreck. The climax occurs when both Paco and Ildefonso appear in the same arena. The former tries to prove that he is as great as the latter; and in the process, is gored to death by one of the "brave bulls". Almost simultaneously, a son is born to Aracea, and the story closes on a conversation between her and Mary Carpenter; closes, not with a bang, as one would expect in a novel of this kind, but with a whimper.

As a novelist, Marguerite Steen does not lack experience, and this is quite obvious. Her characters are realistic and convincing and she draws them for us with an unhesitating hand. She can make one situation grow out of another with facile ease; and her theme has great potentialities. And yet, the novel as a whole fails to impress.

The author, like Mary Carpenter in the novel, is a Briton first and foremost. As in the case of the latter, her outlook on "exotic Spain" is coloured by the naivete of a fourteen-year-old. It is probably this lack of maturity in outlook which prevents *Bulls of Parral* from achieving the greatness which it really deserves.

A TIGER IN THE NIGHT. Dell Publishing Co., Inc. New York 16, N. Y. 25 cents.

IT is to be feared that Hollywood will be filming this book before long. The story has all the elements that delight the hearts of its movie moghuls and their hare-brained audiences. The Prince of Endapur (which is deep in India's heartland!), Rashid Mohammed Abdul Mohammed Khan, is vacationing in Europe when his father cuts off his allowance to force him to return to his country. Prince Rashid apparently anticipates his father's death and the ensuing rebellion of starved peasants led by Communists in Endapur, knows that it will cost 4 or 5 million dollars to restore despotic rule in his country and accordingly pays court to Miss Texana North, who is an oil heiress in a position to buy up one or two states like Endapur and think nothing of it. Being magnetic and practised, the Prince sweeps Miss North off her feet, marries her and flies to India to take over the throne. They have a narrow escape at the airport when a murderous crowd breaks through the police cordon to get at their Prince's throat. From then on, it is pandemonium in Endapur, and manna for the Moghuls. We can hardly do justice to the 'splendours' that follow in a short review, but—yes, the tiger-hunt is there, and so are the dancing girls, the cobras and the kraits, the maddened elephants, the useful though mediaeval *burkha*, the Commies; the hidden treasure in an inaccessible fort guarded by fanatic fakirs, the harem, the tortures, Rashid's first wife, the enlightened American girl trying to defy

age-old taboos, the assassinations, the poisonings . . .

TAMIL

TAMIZH NAD DIRECTORY: YAR-YAR 1955-1956. Keesay Publishers, Madras 5. Rs. 3-8-0.

THIS is a combined directory, gazetteer and who's who, but by no means exclusively devoted to Tamil Nad. There are matters of all-India and even world-interest side by side with information pertaining to the various districts of Tamil Nad proper. But there seems to be no recognisable or understandable principle behind either the inclusions or exclusions. Thus, we have a small section purporting to give us a list of the wonders of the world. On perusal it is found to be made up of the nine wonders of the old world and six chosen at random from the modern world. The New York State building is there, but not the Niagara falls. The Taj is of course there, but not Ellora or Ajanta or the rock-cut wonders of Mamallapuram. A like unpredictability may be noticed in the lists of Who's who; the big guns and small fry rub shoulders in the columns. Satyanarain Sinha is included but not Lord Sinha—our unique contribution to the strength of the English peerage. Educational and technical institutions are not listed at all. Nor are cultural and educational or religious organisations of the Muslims and Sikhs included. The Bandung conference is mentioned but neither the Baghdad nor Seato organisations. Such curiosities may be multiplied almost ad infinitum.

We would however commend the enterprise for being a pioneer venture in the field of Tamil, and would suggest that it be made factual, objective and full in subsequent issues. To give it an individuality, it would be worth while to specialise in furnishing complete information about Tamils abroad. The issue may thus be made both informative and indispensable in course of time.

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POLITICIANS, PUBLICISTS AND PRESS IN INDIA

By D. V. RAMA RAO

BESIDES a contributor, SWATANTRA too in its issue of 31st January 1955, editorially commenting on how, while the zonal idea, earlier propounded by Sri H. D. Rajah, was treated with indifference, a modified version when presented by the Prime Minister was loudly greeted, remarks: "This is an indication that many of the members of our legislature judge issues not on their merits but from the standpoint of the individuals fathering particular ideas." It may be noted that among others from time to time, Sri V. V. Giri also made a similar suggestion and that the Prime Minister's varied pattern, vaguely though, seeks to reconcile both the linguistic and zonal principles. The shaping of an idea may be, at times, the result of the deliberations of more than one person, but, as the contributor referred to above remarks, chivalrous acknowledgements are rare in politics.

That apart, the attitude of not only legislators but even the Press generally of paying attention to anything said or suggested not on merits but largely, if not solely, on the basis of the prominent position or political influence enjoyed by the concerned person, has become so common a feature of our country's public life that it is, indeed, surprising it has escaped notice so long. This strange and somewhat servile attitude raises far more important issues than that of chivalrous recognition of merit irrespective of accompanying status or influence. It indicates the longstanding but urgent need for a proper understanding and assessment of the respective roles of the politician, the publicist and the Press in India.

In a democracy functioning effectively, the shaping of national policies should be preceded by a well informed public discussion enabling the discerning public to have a clear understanding of relevant issues thereby helping to form an enlightened and fairly definite public opinion. In this preliminary but important discussion, it is the publicist, that is, the thoughtful writer on public problems, and not the mere politician (though occasionally a politician may also happen to be a publicist) that deserves greater attention.

The primary role of the publicist is to apply his mind, thought and unbiased study to public problems with a view to a clear analysis of relevant issues, helping towards practicable and equitable solutions consistent with the general public weal; while that of the politician is to shape sound policies based on a thorough prior discussion and to see to their satisfactory implementation. So, the roles of the publicist and politician should be complementary in a democracy. This state of things obtains generally in all advanced democracies. In England, for instance, publicists like the Fabians and in America competent columnists and feature-writers have an honoured place and get adequate attention and recognition from the Press and the public and even the politician, much to the general advantage. Only at the stage of policy-statements following a well informed discussion, the politician gets deservedly proper attention.

But in our country anything said, however well merited, even with regard to the understanding of a

problem, is not heeded unless it comes from a prominent politician or at least an official expert. There is scarcely a problem or matter whether relating to land, linguistic issues, ceilings, the roles of private and public sectors, the socialistic pattern, nationalisation, controls, prohibition, planning or foreign policies about which a politician's utterance, however incoherent, receives wide publicity, which has not been dealt with more clearly and competently long before by one or more publicists, but had been ignored by the legislators and the Press, and consequently the public too. The public tends to judge issues mostly by the measuring rod of Press publicity. This attitude not only chills and frustrates the efforts of less prominent but often more thoughtful and painstaking publicists but, what is of greater import, it is positively detrimental to the public interest because of the failure involved to focus adequate attention at the right time for a clear understanding of the relevant issues before policies are determined. No wonder, our national policies continue to be vague, confused and devoid of clear principles, having no hearing or a prior well-informed discussion either at the public or even party level, being based mainly on the personal predilections of a few men at the top.

Our leading politicians may have good impulses and intentions—which sensible and responsible citizen has not?—but often the politician has not the time and, not unoften, the required intellectual aptitude, to make a detailed study of the various problems, and so tends to rely overmuch on chosen official experts. The official expert may be efficient and his services valuable, though as a rule in a limited sphere, but he cannot be expected to supersede the services of the public spirited thinker which is the essential role of the true publicist. Several worthy publicists belong, or have close affinity, to the ranks of responsible journa-

lism. Often one finds the editorial comment, a special feature or contribution appearing in some esteemed journal, on any matter or problem, better informed, more thoughtful, unbiased, analytical and profitable to the public generally than speeches by politicians inside or outside a legislature—in our country. Yet, ironically enough, the Press itself continues to unduly glamourise the politician and to treat the publicist with indifference.

In other enlightened democracies no politician indulges in authoritative utterances, or is invited to do so, on a subject unless he is familiar with it, or has made a special study of it. But in our country almost every conference, scientific, cultural, educational, agrarian, philosophic, industrial, economic, social reform, Bhoodan—indeed what not?—is invariably opened or presided over by a politician irrespective of competence, and every word spoken by him is widely and fully reported. Anything well informed or thoughtful or of the nature of a precise policy statement, no doubt, requires to be widely and fully published; but why give undue publicity to anything uttered by a politician irrespective of value? In the matter of Press interviews and, to some extent, broadcast talks and the like, the views of the politically prominent on any subject on earth seem to command more value than those of the merely competent! Whatever news value prominence may have, certainly competence has some 'views' value. The role of the Press in a democracy is not confined to news service, but includes that of facilitating an alert and enlightened public opinion by an efficient and sound views service as well.

To illustrate the nature of current trends, let us take the issue of Bhoodan: Everyday we find in the papers monotonous exhortations in support of the move by this 'leader' or that, but never once critical remarks, however relevant, are circulated and published equally widely

unless they come from another prominent politician or 'leader.' Even the highly relevant views of one like Mira Ben, as ardent a disciple of Gandhiji as any one else, do not get countrywide publicity. Unless relevant and cogently expressed views—as distinct from mere sermons or denunciations—both from supporters and critics are equally widely presented to the public, how can we have a well informed countrywide basis of judging issues?

Our news agencies and the Press for the most part seem to subserve the politician more than the public. Our papers, as a rule, never reproduce, even in summary, editorial comments or articles, however desirable, from one another, though at times they reproduce from foreign journals. Suppose a very well informed and timely editorial comment or article on an important issue appears in a journal; however important the journal might be, its reading public would be practically confined to a limited region. Unless a summary at least of salient points is either reproduced or circulated by some agency, how can a countrywide, uniformly well-developed public opinion be expected to be shaped? At present only politicians' views get countrywide publicity. If the Press were to play the role of 'democracy's university', to quote the phrase of the Editor, SWATANTRA, the Press attitude has to be radically changed. Sound and efficient syndicated feature services will have to be developed to make available to the public the gist of any well merited contributions or views and to present the relevant issues, may be from different viewpoints, clearly and brightly.

Our Press has to seriously consider if by allowing the politician to usurp the place of the publicist, it is not letting down the public as well as its own cause. Indeed, politicians in our country tend to be so cocksure of their own importance and wisdom that they seem to assume

the role of the Press and the publicist to be one of giving exclusive publicity to themselves besides, perhaps, supplying helpful hints for their speeches! Our politicians constantly appeal for constructive suggestions; but does a politician ever gracefully acknowledge, his debt to a journal or publicist, however helpful it might be? Why is the Press content to play second fiddle to the mere politician or the 'prominent' individual even in the matter of views publicity, ignoring the publicist allied to its own ranks?

It is a welcome sign, however that the Press is at last becoming aware of these aspects. Dr. Sachin Sen, Editor, *The Indian Nation*, has pointed out in his presidential address at the recent All India Newspaper Editors Conference that it was not a healthy sign that the Press in our country gave more importance to professional politicians and less to creative thinkers. He has suggested that equal importance should be given to men of thought. An enlightened Press and public opinion can help more to bring about a real Welfare State than a particular system of socio-economy. Indeed, under an alert and enlightened public opinion, capitalism itself may well come to be, to quote again the Editor, SWATANTRA, 'socialised'; whereas under an unwary Press and public opinion, dominated by the politician rather than guided by the publicist, theoretically the most radical system itself may prove to be superficially fanciful if not dictatorial.

Today under the obscure concept of the socialistic pattern and in the general absence of clear notions of social equity and sound principles of economy, the essential duty of the Press is to help in putting the politician in his place and saving the public from their political vagaries and unhealthy encroachments. That would be possible only when the Press comes to recognise the rightful place of the publicist in a democracy.

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THE ART OF MOZART

By W. WOLFF

(The music world is celebrating the 200th birthday of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, one of the greatest if not the greatest composer of all times, on 27th January.)

WHILE reflecting one day upon some works by W. A. Mozart, my wandering mind suddenly crystallized into a striking vision:

The art of Mozart can be compared with the art of ancient India. In both, by mere approach we feel great respect and admiration; grandeur and beauty reveal themselves instantaneously to the senses. Upon close contact we feel literally overwhelmed and overpowered. Each stroke of the brush or of the chisel and equally so each bar of the scores reveals purity, perfection, beauty and magnitude: they reveal LIFE and UNIVERSALITY. Not a single detail is mere embellishment; everything has an inner meaning. The simplicity that created the atmosphere at first contact unveils, step by step, depth and wisdom of unique significance of everlasting truth and freshness.

Goethe said "Architecture is frozen music." Mozart's last three symphonies have a great spiritual and intellectual similarity with the three Hoysala temples—Belur, Halebidu, and Somnathpur. The symphonies and the temples are absolutely unique and inimitable. And there is more to it: Mozart wrote these three symphonies within the extremely short time of eight weeks. It is said that the three Hoysala temples were



Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

erected and completed in one single night.

These facts seem to be unbelievable and yet they are correct and true if we take into account the labouring creative mind of the master. Long before he wrote them down on score paper, Mozart's works were ready in his mind and in his heart their creation was complete with all details. And while the virtual erection of the three Hoysala temples in one night must remain a pious myth it is thinkable and equally probable that the artist conceived them with all their details in that one night.

There is still another parallel that seems to complete this vision: The Hoysala temples not only show details in their various aspects but they comprise as well all manifestations of human life inclusive of highly realistic love scenes which are considered to be obscene—by hypocrisy. The numerous letters of Mozart are famous for their revealing synopsis of musical matter and equally so of human life and aspects in all its manifestations. Among these letters

(Continued from page 6)

missar"iat. We shall take away land from those who have and give it to those who have not. If the monsoons fail, or rinderpest takes toll of the plough-cattle and the "tiller," most reprehensibly forgetting his duty to his benefactor the State, just lies on his back, they will no doubt consult the oracle at the Statistical Institute and ask you to tighten your belts. After all the important thing is the cutting down of tall poppies, not what happens to the *disjecta membra*.

With a stroke of Mr. Deshmukh's stylo we have nationalised insurance. It may be that this will not put appreciably more money into his hand for feeding the Second Plan than he has had all these days. Expenses, no small headache even under private management, may snowball up under the impersonal extravagance of the State. Or the milch cow may go dry; for Insurance does not sell like postage stamps, as the Government seem to imagine, judging from the conduct of Postal Insurance, where indeed all the arts of bureaucracy are used to repel the audacious proponent.

In their zeal for roping in the rural masses, the Government may set the whole Revenue establishment canvassing insurance policies. The Finance Minister has been using dark language which suggests

are the sparkling 'Baesele Briefe', letters that he wrote to his beloved cousin—and they comprise passages so realistic that they never have been published in full in the original language because, here too, hypocrisy considers them to be obscene.

The attitudes and approaches of creative artists, East or West, may be different—and they do differ, but the ultimate goal is one and the same. The creative genius knows no man-made boundaries and frames.

that if the prentice salesmen fall the tax-gatherer may take the field, camouflaging insurance as "compulsory savings" imposed on those who have not enough to eat. Then indeed the apotheosis of the Welfare State (Indian version) will be complete. While taxing you in the beginning, in the middle and in the end,—with an annual capital levy, as well as higher estates duties, supertax, expenditure tax, and God knows what else—the State will nationalise key-industries, atomise the factories, socialise (through the *via dolorosa* of compulsory 'Co-operation') the cottage industries and still strenuously pretend that the private sector exists and flourishes!

Our Planners, who live in Cloud-cuckoo-land, have long imagined that they have merely to give the sign for the Indian people to jump into fire if need be. Their marching orders for taking the Socialist Heaven by storm received their first check three months ago. Today, thanks to the Mahratta war-whoop the Congress Mumbo-Jumbo is beginning to suspect that the sun and the stars are not held in their courses by his edict. His education has still a long way to go; SWATANTRA, one hopes, will go on doing its modest bit. The Indian elephant is not a prize pet or a circus performer. With its age-long wisdom it shall not be stampeded into folly or led away by gladiators, so please.

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