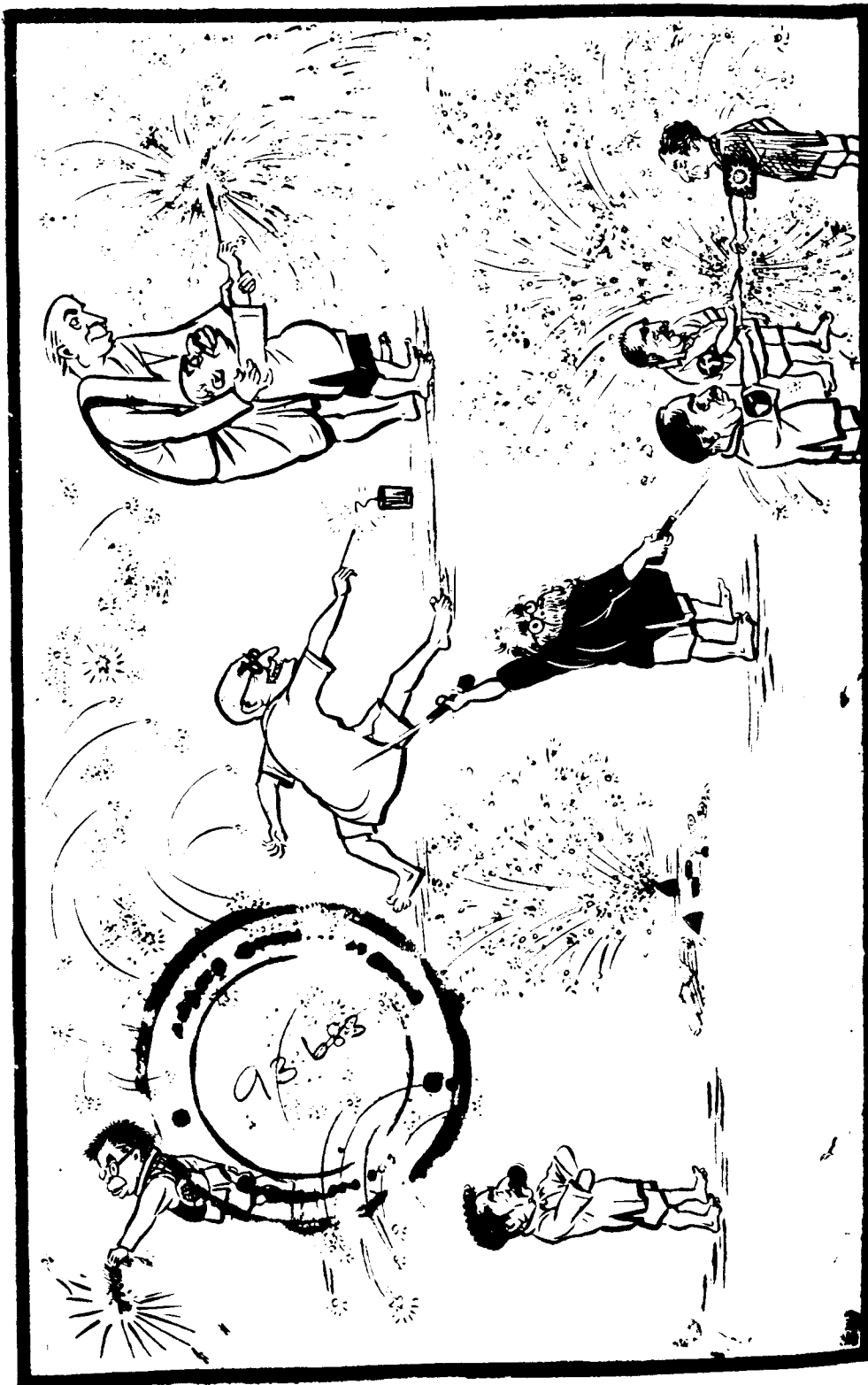




# SWATANTRA

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## HISTORIC NECESSITY

WHICH comes first, Freedom or Prosperity? Which is more necessary for man's existence? Whether in the life of an individual or that of a nation, freedom is of primary importance. Of course, economic prosperity is a necessary adjunct to happy living, and civilization in modern days is assessed at the comparative heights to which peoples have reached in their level of living. That is because political freedom is taken for granted in all such comparisons. There is no doubt whatever that without the enjoyment of freedom, life would not be worth living, however high the living standard may reach in a regime of regimentation.

In the India of to-day, great stress is laid on the Five Year Plans of economic progress adumbrated by the Government. Ours being probably the poorest country in the world and the economic level of living of our people having reached the lowest point, it is no doubt incumbent upon us to put all our energies into the effort to rear our industrial structure so that we may gradually reach up to the higher levels of living obtaining in other countries. But such concentration of national effort on an economic build-up, should not blind our vision to the fast deteriorating situation in regard to our political liberties. The one and only factor by which a free people is distinguished from the unfree is the ability of its individual citizen to participate in politics by the effective exercise of his vote, his influence, his individual preference in the

making of the Government of his country. In a democratic set-up, the voter has the choice to exercise his franchise in favour of one or other of the parties which contend for leadership and which will eventually shoulder the burden of administration. To make such a democratic choice possible there should be at least two contending parties at the elections, and there should be a reasonable chance for both of them to be in a position to form the future Government.

Such a situation does not obtain in India to-day. After the British, who exercised their despotic rule for over two centuries, left India, there stepped in, in the place of the foreign autocratic rulers, an indigenous class of rulers who have, during a period extending to a decade, exercised their own despotism in the name of Mahatma Gandhi whom the people worship as a god. It is true that the one-party rule exercised by the Congress in India is occasionally enlivened by the holding of elections which exploit all the features of democratic procedure obtaining in the free world. But considering the fact that Hitler and Mussolini also toyed with the electoral machine in a similar manner and that the Communist totalitarians are still enacting the farce of holding elections under their one-party rule, the maintenance of a costly electoral machine in India does not deceive anybody into thinking that there is democracy in this country. What we have is pure autocracy without any chance

of its getting abolished in the near future by constitutional means.

This is the danger to which leading intellectuals in India have been drawing popular attention. Mr. Jayaprakash Narain has tendered what appears to be the desperate remedy of electoral understandings between all non-Congress elements, ignoring their conflicts of ideologies and political programmes, so as to make possible the coming into being of one mighty opposition to the Congress. Other leaders have spoken in a similar vein. Dr. John Matthai and Mr. C. Rajagopalachari have drawn attention to the imminent need for facing up to the problem. The country is slowly awakening to the danger that, if the Congress one-party rule is not thrown overboard, all political rights of the people will soon disappear, life will not be worth living in this country and there will be national disintegration on an unprecedented scale. The lack of popular support for the prosecution of the Five Year Plan is born of the prevalent feeling that the plan benefits only Congressmen and not the people at large. The discontent against the Congress is so widespread that the chances are that, whether the non-Congress elements unite together in working out electoral understandings or not, the electorate will act independently to defeat the Congress in many places. There is the possibility that without any rival organisation formally functioning, there may be a landslide against the Congress and that party may be wiped out at the forthcoming general elections.

Congress leaders have sensed this danger of a popular upheaval which threatens to undermine their absolutist rule. Their reaction is characteristic of all autocrats who seek to divert peoples' attention away from the crying evil to some imaginary necessity or danger. If the Congress leaders were concerned to establish

real democracy in the country and guarantee the enjoyment of fundamental political rights to the people, they would have eliminated those factors in the make-up of their party which nurture totalitarianism and would invite all non-Congress political elements to a round table where a scheme for real democracy in India could be drawn up. But instead, at the first sight of danger ahead, the Congress leadership withdraws into its shell and cries out in holy horror that the precious Five Year Plan would be in danger if the Congress goes out of power. It pretends that there is a "historic necessity" in India for the continuance of the Congress rule because otherwise the bringing in of socialism would be delayed. The "historic necessity" is already there all the time as pointed out by Mr. Jayaprakash Narain and others, for the people to end the Congress one-party rule which has vitiated our politics.

Speaking at a rally of Congressmen at Jaunpur on October 29th, Prime Minister Nehru admitted that the roots of the Congress organisation had been weakened, as evidenced by the situation, arising out of States reorganisation, slipping out of the hands of Congressmen. He might have added many more instances of the failures of Congress rule like the scandals pertaining to many of the major projects under the Five Year Plan involving the loss of crores of public money. He might also have referred to the growing corruption in the administration which has its roots in the nepotism of men high in the ranks of the Congress hierarchy. He might also have referred to the ever-widening gulf between the people and the ruling party which is making it impossible for his party-men to move among the people without special protection by the security police. But he did not refer to these portents of popular resentment against the rule by his party and he held aloft before his

audience a pseudo "historic necessity" that the Congress should continue to exist and to rule. The "historic necessity" is there all right. But it is an altogether different line of action as indicated by Mr. Jayaprakash Narain, by Dr. John Matthai and by Mr. C. Rajagopalachari. It is a clarion call for the ending of one-party rule and for providing an alternative to the Congress Government of India. The "historic necessity" was there eight years ago when Mahatma Gandhi with his last dying breath called for the dissolution of the

Congress. There is no greater "historic necessity" that faces the nation to-day than the urgent and paramount need to end Congress rule. Five Year Plans, the ushering in of socialism, the solving of the food problem, the setting up of agrarian co-operatives, the building up of heavy industries and the pursuit of the community projects, these are laudable objectives. But these will be achieved all the quicker when once the creeping fear of totalitarianism is abolished and people breathe the free air of democracy.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

THE unexpected has happened. War has broken out. People have been expecting another war for a pretty long time. They expected it might be even on a global scale. But everybody thought that when it did break out, it would be as the final show-down between communism and the free world. But what has actually happened is an internecine war between non-communist countries. At the Security Council meeting, which considered this question, both the U. S. and the Soviet Union were of one mind, they spoke with one voice and indeed, used the same words. In the war that is now raging, there is no doubt whatever that the British and the French are the aggressors and Egypt is the victim. There is nothing remarkable in two such colonial powers, who still retain their colonial character in their economic make-up, engaging themselves in a war of aggression against a third power whose property they covet, especially when that third power happens to be militarily weak, as Egypt undoubtedly is, in spite of her recent import of arms from Czechoslovakia.

But the wonder of wonders is that neither the U. S. nor Russia is taking sides in this war. Indeed, both are acting the good samaritan condemning aggression, calling for a cessation of hostilities and offering their good offices in the cause of peace. The superficial explanation for this phenomenon is that the hands of both these powers are full at the moment, the one with a keenly contested presidential election and the other with a rising wave of rebellion among her satellite powers. But the real reason for the complacency exhibited by these powers, who have till now indulged in extreme bellicose language in regard to each other, is because neither of them is really interested in the cause for which Britain and France have gone to war against Egypt. There is no doubt whatever about the real cause of this war. It is oil. The canal is important only as an accessory of the oil wealth of the Middle East which is so essential for sustaining the standard of civilisation which the European nations have reached.

The U. S. is a producer of oil. She

is not only self-supporting with regard to her needs of oil but she is also an exporter. The Soviet Union is also a producer of oil; and although she may not have an exportable surplus she is self-sufficient. Both these Number One Powers are really in a comfortable position in regard to their basic need of oil and do not, therefore, realise the difficult plight in which nations like Britain and France are placed. These latter do not produce oil and are dependent for the supply of this vital commodity upon the Middle East where President Nasser is creating trouble not only by monopolising the canal but by consolidating Arab hegemony which threatens to cut the oil supplies of the West or to force the Western nations to pay through their noses for such meagre supply of oil as may be allowed to them.

A country like India, which is ill developed from the point of view of modern industries, depends a great deal upon oil for the maintenance of her essential services. Without oil, transport will be paralysed. Power supply will be impossible. The factories, small as well as big, producing all kinds of necessities of life will come to a stand-still. Machinery which runs on other sources of power like coal cannot be run without the necessary lubricant which is mineral oil. Life in the most backward areas inhabited by primitive tribes will be affected because kerosene is the source of lighting to which even primitive peoples have become accustomed and which they cannot dispense with. Without oil the level of living in India, miserably low as it is, will sink very much lower down. A highly industrialised country like England, where the level of life is comparatively high, cannot carry on for a day without its oil supply.

Prime Minister Eden of England makes no bones about it. He has

declared with remarkable candour that the life of the people of Great Britain would be intolerable if Nasser is allowed to have his way. Although only France has so far actively sided with Britain in this war there is no doubt whatever as to where the sympathies of other European countries lie. The Commonwealth countries like Australia were initially shocked at the unprecedented severity of British aggression. But now they are having second thoughts on the matter and are veering round to an attitude more consonant with their self-interest.

And what is the attitude of India? We seem to be the only people in the world who are carrying our idealism into practice. All talk of our second five year plan will be moonshine and the plan will not be worth the paper on which it is printed if the supply of machinery and oil is denied to us by the events happening in the Middle East. Prime Minister Nehru has already given forcible expression to the inveterate idealism which inspires his foreign policy. But it is up to him and the people of India to reconsider their attitude in the light of the hard facts of the inexorable necessities of our economic situation.

Mr. Eden tells the world that for him it is question of survival. In a struggle for survival the fittest succeeds, not the most moral. Ethics comes into play when the animal needs are satisfied and people feel comfortable, like the Americans and the Russians feel to-day. The hungry man wields his club to secure his prey or he roams the forest with bows and arrows to kill his game. The modern man uses jet bombers and guided missiles. His object has been the same. His morality is that of the cave man. It is a question of survival. All is fair in war.

SETHU

## PEDLAR'S PACK

NOVEMBER 1 has seen the chess boards at the State-level witnessing moves and removes dictated by the 'spoils' system. Governors have become chief ministers, chief-ministers sanyasins or ashramites or padayatrins or find a comfortable alibi in one or the other of the numerous Gandhian gadgets produced under an exclusive patent by Sri Vinoba Bhave. All this is sad to contemplate; for there is a deliberate if not cynical tampering with the weights and measures of public life. In the old era, there was a clamour for a separation of functions implicit in the terms *magister* and *minister*. Once a governorship is reached, it ought to be taken as the natural culmination of a career. We are among those who consider it a costly farce; but as we are pretty sure that even the Communists would keep it going as an instrument of their policy, the utmost we can hope for, would be a common agreement to draw the line somewhere or other.

The out-going M.L.As of the composite Madras State which suffered attenuation on November 1, were treated to so many farewell parties, teas, lunches and dinners that, as we read accounts of them in the papers, we felt ourselves in the throes of an acute attack of indigestion! In the speeches made by all and sundry on the occasions, there was a mutual conspiracy to lay it on with a trowel which was only to be expected. Two familiar terms—the Madras and Carnatic—must either go out of use or acquire fresh tints of meaning. North of the Vindhyas, we are all known as Madrasis only; the term Carnatic fell into desuetude with the death of Chanda Sahib, I think. Then it suffered a sea-change and became the hall-mark of one brand of music which had its provenance in the Cauvery Delta. Fervid speeches were made expressing the hope that the sundered South would come together again. But whether we are augmented or fragmented, it is to be wished that the new state boundaries will not crib or

confine adventurous spirits from exploring the wider and nobler prospects of Vishwa Bharat. In particular, we look forward to the ubiquitous Madras of the earlier era, comprising the Brahmin and Malayali, justifying their future by living up to their past.

In the course of a statement Sri Kamaraj Nadar has expressed the hope that the new Madras State though reduced in size would still play a great part in the country's progress. Thus his own part in it should be to depart!

The timing of the Israeli attack on Egypt has caught the world by surprise, and it has upset traditional alignments into the bargain. The rift between America and England is almost as portentous as the unnatural friendship which brought Hitler and Stalin to shake hands over the prostrate body of Poland. Israel in the classic role of David aiming his sling at the Egyptian giant may inspire the infantile; but it seems obvious that it is all a put-up job. For under the pretext of safe-guarding the Suez Canal, the British are mounting an act of blatant aggression. It seems to be a calculated risk which has been taken in a mood of cynical certainty. Or if a general world conflagration should result, Anglo-French diplomacy seems to be prepared to take it on. Nothing else has brought out the Jekyll-Hyde facets of British diplomacy so luridly as this predatory adventure. For the friendship of Britain for Iraq and Transjordan is only paralleled by her aversion for Nasser. But the best-laid plans of men and mice oft gang agley. The more's the pity in the present case because the Suez issue had been so dealt with as to ensure a substantial victory for the West over Nasser in essentials. Mr. Bevan who had been complaining that the Tories have been content to toe the American line too docilely cannot feel happy at the present exhibition of independent truculence by the Tories.

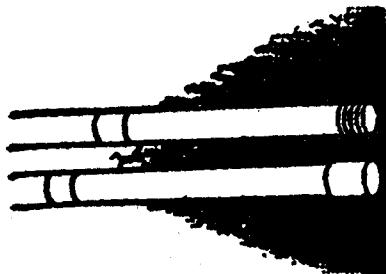
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## PROFILE:

## MR. V. K. KRISHNA MENON

By C. L. R. SASTRI

I have not yet had the good fortune of having seen Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon in the flesh. But that is wrapping it up in a small parcel, as the immortal Sam Weller would have put it. I have not yet had the good fortune of having seen many other famous men in the flesh, either. I do not, for instance, know to this day how the redoubtable "C. R." looks—"in his habit as he lives" and not in the innumerable photographic reproductions of him which confront the eye in the most unlikely places. That is no doubt why I sometimes wonder whether "C. R." is all dark glasses and not enough of *Homo Sapiens*. I have been impelled to mention "C. R." because I have long wished to see him—if not at very close quarters at least from a respectful distance. Those dark glasses have always intrigued me. One of these days, therefore, I must hasten to make a pilgrimage to Madras to have "C.R.'s" *darshan*.

### Perpetual Motion

But to which place must I hasten to make a pilgrimage to have the *darshan* of Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon? For, while Mr. Rajagopalachari can be relied upon to pitch his tent in Madras for some considerable time in the intervals of taking up duties of a Governor-General or of a Cabinet Minister in New Delhi, there is, to my knowledge, no city or village under the wide canopy of heaven where one can be reasonably certain that Mr. Krishna Menon will permit himself to "stay put" for so much as a week at a stretch. This plainly indicates that I too must become, at no distant date, either a roving ambassador or a Minister

without portfolio so that, in our ceaseless peregrinations around the world we may collide at some point on the habitable globe and exchange mutual civilities—I on my part, trying to make up leeway in the matter of having prolonged the profitable interview with him. But no soothsayer that I have consulted has predicted such a flattering prospect for me.

Mr. Krishna Menon is very much in the news now-a-days. The Suez Canal crisis has highlighted his name—only next to that of Col. Nasser himself. As a patriotic Indian I am properly proud of it: belonging, as I do, to an infant democracy, I desire, with all my heart, that my fellow-countrymen should be second to none in every field of human activity. During the last half-a-dozen years Mr. Krishna Menon's has been a name to conjure with in the highest political circles. I am not acquainted with his personal history very much and it is possible that he evinced signs of unusual cerebration from his earliest years. I leave it to his future biographer to furnish us with an interesting—and instructive—graph or diagram of his steady rise to fame. Speaking for myself my interest in him dates from the time he became our country's chief spokesman in the U. N. I am now one of his most fervent admirers, though it was by no means easy for me to forget that he figured prominently in what has come to be known as the "jeep scandal." He was our High Commissioner in London then and his name was closely associated with that infamous story. I know that there was no reason to be unduly alarmed for his personal fortunes because he had an

influential friend "at court" who could be relied upon to stand by him through thick and thin. Well, that influential friend stood by him valiantly and though the country lost heavily in that misguided transaction Mr. Menon himself contrived to lose not a jot or a title of Pandit Nehru's affection and esteem. That, perhaps, was all to the good because we could not, obviously, sacrifice a man of his intellectual calibre on the altar of a cheese paying economy. Any way what we lost on the financial swings we gained on the diplomatic roundabouts.

#### A Delusion

Mr. Menon is now a world figure and he is known in all the chancelleries. Their doors are swung wide open on their hinges on his arrival. I am not suggesting that every diplomat welcomes him with outstretched hands. I am not certain that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd does: not for that matter, Sir Anthony Eden. Mr. Menon himself is noticeably pro-British but I do not think that these two British statesmen, for instance, are pro-Menon or even pro-Indian. Probably it would be true to say that they see him and have long discussions with him not because their inclinations lie that way but because "the stream of tendency not ourselves" that regulates diplomatic conduct on this earthly terrain directs them to do so. It is true that Mr. Menon continues to fancy that they are on the *qui vive* to receive him and to request him to pull their chestnuts out of the fire. All of us have our delusions and if Mr. Menon also has his it is not a matter to worry about unduly: it only lends credence to the view that even professional formula makers are human in the final analysis, or at least reasonably human. But, then, the point of the story goes further than that. I am afraid that this anti-Menonism (on the part of the British statesmen) imperceptibly leads to anti-Indianism of a more or less virulent kind.

#### Situation—Still Tense

Let me explain myself. I am not afraid of this anti-Indianism. On the Suez issue I would myself go the whole hog in favour of Col. Nasser and would not be concerned over much if, in the process, I alleviated Tory opinion considerably. If the Tories, led by Sir Anthony Eden and the Marquis of Salisbury and the "Suez roughnecks," choose to be on the war-path because Col. Nasser decided to do a perfectly constitutional thing in nationalising the Suez Canal Company it is their affair and none of us, it seems to me, need go out of his way to soothe their ruffled feelings. I am not quite certain, even now, that there will be no war over the Suez issue—there is nothing to show that. In spite of the welcome Soviet Veto, the British and the French have dropped the "Dulles' Plan" of "international control" over the Canal—and we shall all do well (all of us, that is who are lovers of peace) to keep our fingers crossed until the "all clear" is sounded. Sir Anthony Eden's speech at the Tory conference at Llandudno the other day—just as the Security Council was going through the motions of pacification and was endorsing the "six-point" agreement, not all the points of which, by the way, were in Egypt's favour—and the subsequent outpourings of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and of Mr. Christian Pineau (the French Foreign Minister) are to put it mildly, not calculated to pour oil on the troubled water. The situation, so far as West Asia is concerned, is still tense and we know, to our cost that when the guns are there they are apt to go off themselves if we are the least bit unwary. And such being the case, it would be just as well if Mr. Krishna Menon did not occupy himself all the time with leaning over backwards too much to soothe the susceptibilities of his British friends.

#### Irreconcilable

But that is not the point. This article is not on myself but on

Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon, our second biggest international figure the first, of course, being none other than our beloved Panditji himself. Until he was appointed as a Cabinet Minister without portfolio Mr. Menon was (after relinquishing his post of High Commissioner for India in Great Britain) a sort of roving Ambassador and in that capacity, perhaps, he would have been justified in flying from one capital to another in his (and his country's) search for peace and generally keeping himself in perpetual motion. But I am strongly of the opinion that, after becoming a full-fledged Cabinet Minister, he should have called a halt to that peripatetic tendency of his and contented himself with a New Delhi postal and telegraphic address for some weeks on end. To be a Minister without portfolio is not tantamount to being a roving Ambassador. It may be a higher post or it may be a lower. It is possible that Mr. Menon—all other things being equal—would have much preferred being a roving Ambassador to being a Cabinet Minister (with or without portfolio). Our predilections were cast at our birth: those of Mr. Menon probably lay in the direction of being always on the move. But in that event he should not have accepted his present assignment—even to oblige his life-long friend, Pandit Nehru. I am not, I hope, being pompous but I hold the view that one should draw the line somewhere; and I draw the line at his second visit to London and his third and—at the present rate—his umpteenth.

#### The First Blunder

He did some valuable work during the first London Conference that started on August 16. His plan, not Mr. Dulles's, was acceptable to Egypt, but it was pointedly cold-shouldered by the Western statesmen, and, as against the 18 nations that supported Mr. Dulles's only four cared to range themselves on the side of Mr. Menon. A few more

nations might have seen their way to aligning themselves with the Indian plan, if Mr. Menon in the plenitude of his wisdom, had not delayed presenting it unduly. He presented it, eventually—only two days before the conclusion of the Conference; and matters by then had gone too far against Egypt (in Egypt's absence from the Conference table.) Almost every one had spoken, but not a word did Mr. Menon utter; and by the time he elected to rise in his seat and speak (on almost the penultimate day of conference) the fat had been in the fire. It was a blunder of the first magnitude, but Indian correspondents dutifully soft-pedalled it.

#### Mr. Wodehouse's Sketch

Mr. Menon's incessant palavers with the high and the mighty and his endless movings about inevitably recalled to me Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's hilarious sketch, "The first Time I went to New York", describing his literary agent over there, Jack Skoloky. He says:

"His (Skoloky's) generalship was, I admit, consummate. He never ceased to keep moving. All that day we were dashing into elevators, dashing out, plunging into editorial offices ('shake hands with Mr. Wodehouse'), emerging out, leaping into street cars, leaping out, till anything like rational thought was impossible."

It was the same with Mr. Menon's generalship. We expected that there might be some fire to all that smoke. But his plan was divulged to the world much too late, in the day and, by the time it was divulged, Mr. Dulles's plan had become a *fait accompli*.

#### Second London Conference

Let us strive to remember that India was not invited to the second London Conference on Suez. Let us also strive to remember that, as a newspaper report hinted, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd saw to it that Mr. Menon (who had, by then, arrived in Cairo and

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had been planning to visit London in a day or two), would not shed the light of his presence in London until that second Conference was over. All the same Mr. Menon persisted in making a further trip to London; and that, too, after Britain and France had taken the matter to U. N. He ought to have known that, in those circumstances, there was little chance of his gaining a hearing in London. It is true that he did contrive to have some discussions with some Tory members of Government, but he could not see Sir Anthony as he was in hospital (with "diplomatic fever" as some have imputed) and he could not see Mr. Lloyd as he was in New York—or on the way to New York.

#### Playing Return Dates

But was Mr. Menon daunted? No fear, for the third time he tied himself to Cairo, to London and finally to New York; and on his way back

to India, feasted his eyes for a fourth time on London and now there is no knowing when he will play a return date. Already he has dropped a judicious hint that he might be available at Geneva where, in a few days' time, there may be tripartite talks between Britain, France, and Egypt. India's chances of playing a big role in international politics are, at the time of writing, dim, indeed. Mr. Menon is now definitely unwelcome in London; and I, for one, am not so certain that he is so very welcome in Cairo, either. Mr. Menon's plans are tending progressively to be more pro-British and pro-French and less pro-Egyptian; and I think it will be only a matter of time when his last plan will be little different from the first plan of Mr. Dulles. Some may call it mediation: some may call it formula-making: but I am tempted to call it throwing dust into Col. Nasser's eyes.

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## GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS

By MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

SOME economic and social problems keep nagging at the public. All over the country, they take the same form. What are they? Traffic congestion, inadequate roads, overcrowded schools, juvenile delinquency, water shortages. Such matters have proven troublesome in many ways; above all, they seem to breed conflicts. Fierce battles are raging between warring groups of Americans. Some want "progressive" education; others want varying blends of the traditional. Some want socialism taught in the schools; others favour free enterprise. Some want religion in the schools, and others proclaim separation of Church and State. Some Americans want water fluoridated, and others want it unmedicated.

Is there anything special about water or schooling that creates insoluble problems? How does it happen that there are no fierce arguments over what kind of steel or autos to produce, no battles over the kind of newspapers to print? The answer: There is something special—for the problems of schooling and water supply are examples of what happens when government, instead of private enterprise, operates a business.

Have you ever heard of a private firm proposing to "solve" a shortage of the product it sells by telling people to buy less? Certainly not. Private firms welcome customers, and expand when their product is in heavy demand—thus servicing and benefiting their customers as well as themselves. It is only government that "solves" the traffic problem on its streets by forcing trucks (or private cars or buses) off the road. According to that principle, the "ideal" solution to traffic congestion is to out-

law all vehicles! And yet, such are the suggestions one comes to expect under government management.

Is there traffic congestion? Ban all cars! Water shortage? Drink less water! Postal deficit? Cut mail deliveries to one a day! Crime in urban areas? Impose curfews! No private supplier could long stay in business if he thus reacted to the wishes of customers. But when government is the supplier, instead of being guided by what the customer wants, it directs him to do with less or do without. While the motto of private enterprise is "the customer is always right," the slogan of government is, "the public be damned!"

Conflicts and bitterness are inherent in government operation. Imagine what would happen if all newspapers were published by government. First, because a government operation gets its revenues from coercive taxation instead of voluntary payment for services rendered, it is not obliged to be efficient in serving the consumer. And, second, conflicts among groups of taxpayers would rage over editorial policy, news content, and even tabloid *versus* regular size. "Rightists," "leftists," "middle-of-the-roads," each forced to pay for the paper, would naturally try to govern its policy.

On the free market, in contrast, each group finances and supports its own preferred product, whether newspaper, school, or package of baby food. Socialists, free enterprisers, progressives, traditionalists, gossip-lovers, and chess-lovers, all find schools, papers, or magazines that meet their needs. Preferences are given free rein, and no one is compelled to take an unwanted product.

Every political preference, every variety of taste, is satisfied. Instead of a majority or the politically powerful tyrannizing over a minority, every individual may have as much as he can afford of precisely what he wants.

The standard government reply to charges of inefficiency or shortage is to blame the public: "Tax-payers won't give us more money!" The public literally has to be forced to hand over more tax money for highways, schools, and the like. Yet, here again, the question arises: "Why doesn't private enterprise have these problems?" Why don't TV firms or steel companies have trouble finding capital for expansion? Because consumers pay for steel and television sets, and savers, as a result, can make money by investing in those businesses. Firms that successfully serve the public find it easy to obtain capital for expansion; unsuccessful, inefficient firms, of course, go out of business. In government, there are no profits for investors and no penalty charged against the inefficient operator. No one invests, therefore, and no one can insure that successful plants expand and unsuccessful ones disappear. These are some of the reasons why the government must raise its "capital" by literally conscripting it.

Many people think these problems could be solved if only "government were run like a business." And so they advocate jacking up postal charges until the Post Office is "run at a profit." Of course, the users would be taking some of the burden off the tax-payers. But there are fatal flaws in this idea of government-as-a-business. In the first place, a government service can never be run as a business, because the capital is conscripted from the taxpayer. There is no way of avoiding that. (Finance by bond issue still rests on the power of taxation to redeem the bonds.) Secondly, private

enterprise gains a profit by cutting costs as much as it can. Government need not cut costs; it can either cut its service or simply raise prices. Government service is always a monopoly or semi-monopoly. Sometimes, as in the case of the Post Office, it is a compulsory monopoly—all competition is outlawed. If not outlawed, private competition is strangled by taxes to cover the operating deficits and raise capital for tax-exempt government operation.

There is another critical problem in government operation of business. Private firms are models of efficiency largely because the free market establishes prices which permit them to calculate, which they must do in order to make profits and avoid losses. Thus, free "capitalism" tends to set prices in such a way that goods are properly allocated among all the intricate branches and areas of production that make up the modern economy. Capitalist profit-and-loss calculation makes this marvel possible—and without central planning by one agency. In fact, central planners, being deprived of accurate pricing, could not calculate, and so could not maintain a modern mass-production economy. In short, they could not plan. There is no way to gauge the success of a product that the customers are compelled to buy. And every time government enters a business, it distorts pricing a little more, and skews calculation. In short, a government business introduces a disruptive island of calculational chaos into the economic system.

No wonder, then, that our economic problems center in government enterprises. Government ownership breeds insoluble conflicts, inevitable inefficiency, and breakdown of living standards. Private ownership brings peace, mutual harmony, great efficiency, and notable improvements in standards of living.—*The Freeman*.

## LINGUISTIC NOSTALGIA

By R. CHELLAPPA

IT is apparent that the Kher Commission proceeded upon a pre-meditated plan with a confirmed bias in favour of Hindi. The Constitution makes it very clear that the purpose of the Language Commission is to examine the progressive use of Hindi as the national language or the language of the Union of India. The way has been prepared during the recent past towards the increasing use of Hindi along with English, wherever possible, which is evident from the reports of Parliamentary proceedings, postal communications, official reports, etc. But one fails to understand why Hindi is sought to be made the official language of the Union Government so abruptly without bestowing the slightest thought on its serious impact on the administration of inter-state relations, not to speak of future education and international intercourse.

After the re-organisation of States on 1st November 1956, the language issue is bound to present a major problem, both to the Union Government and the Governments of the States. Failure to comprehend its seriousness will undoubtedly lead to chaos in the relations between the States *inter-se*. Linguistic re-organisation of States and the introduction of Hindi, far from solving out the language problem, will give rise to a series of new problems. It is said that we should have a national language as a *sine-quanon* of statehood. It must be conceded on the basis of history that the absence of a well-defined State language or the equal recognition of more than one language do not derogate from the patriotism of the people or hamper progress in any manner, whatsoever. To name a country by way of illustration, there is Canada where French and English are placed on an equal footing. In our country, a vocal section of Hindi

speaking people have been clamouring for doing away with English altogether as the language of the administration and introducing Hindi in its place. The movement for Hindi has been so fanatical that the protagonists of that language have gone to the extent of identifying it with their patriotism with the result that our nation today is beset with a linguistic nostalgia that has led to violent hatred of the English language and blurred the real perspective and approach to the language problem as a whole. What is needed now is rational thinking devoid of preconceived notions and prejudices about language.

### The Case For English

There is a *prima facie* case for the retention of English as the language of the Union Government, irrespective of the languages that may be adopted in the States. Three strong arguments stand out prominently in favour of English. Firstly, English has been for over a century a strong unifying factor among our people and many Indians have attained great proficiency in that 'foreign tongue.' Though it is a legacy of alien rule, it is a welcome relic that has brought our country many advantages. Again, our connections with the outside world have grown steadily since the attainment of our independence and India's role in world affairs through her membership of the United Nations Organisation and its specialised agencies has come to stay as a unique force tending towards the achievement of international tranquillity. A 'splendid isolation' from world affairs in an interdependent world, is well nigh impossible and inadvisable. Secondly, education in subjects like Engineering, Medicine and Law cannot be carried on through the medium of Hindi for many years to come since

text books and allied literature on these subjects are not available. Experts in these subjects, competent enough to teach them in the Hindi medium are yet to be produced. Thirdly, the ideal that has inspired the linguistic reorganisation of States is to confer an equal status on all regional languages with a view to enable the respective linguistic States to progress and develop in all spheres, consistent with the desire and genius of the peoples concerned. The real implication behind the whole scheme of States re-organisation is the gradual evolution of greater autonomy for the new States in the administration of their affairs. It is now clear that the regional language will become the official language of the States before long. Against this background, the non-Hindi speaking people may ask the unmistakable but pertinent question—what is the effect of such a scheme when its benefits pale into insignificance before the 'leviathan' of the national language which is bound to assert itself in a variety of ways against the State language? Of what avail, then, is the new status conferred on the regional language if its usefulness is nullified by the growth of Hindi? People are likely to entertain a genuine fear that the purpose of linguistic reorganisation will to a great extent be defeated

by the over-riding effect of Hindi as the language of the Union.

#### Need For Practical Approach

The proper approach then to the problem of the official language should be to take in the practical aspects and not be misled by doctrinaire considerations. The importance and value of English can hardly be over-emphasised. It is quite apparent that the retention of English is desirable and it is indisputable that Hindi is unsuitable as the medium for carrying on the administration of all India affairs in the same way as they were carried on in English in the past. An eminent Indian educationist has said "It is well not to ignore or oppose the inevitable claims of a tongue which owing to many historical and other accidents is rapidly becoming the universal language of today and has displaced most of its other rivals like Spanish, French and German." These words are worth pondering over. The case for English is self-evident and a duty is cast on all right-thinking men to popularise the cause of English in all possible ways, although a reactionary trend is set up in India in the opposite direction of jettisoning an invaluable instrument of international intercourse at a time when the world is tending towards greater unity, integration and co-operation.

## MOSCOW'S NEW WEAPON— THE ROUBLE

*B. and K. have replaced Stalin's heavy-handed strategy with the more subtle and dangerous offensive of soft words and billions of roubles.*

By THOMAS BALLARD

TO the long list of Moscow's weapons now add the rouble. It may not buy much at a Soviet store but, as employed by the Reds today in the market places of the world, it is hurting the West as much as anything ever devised by Moscow.

When the great rouble offensive was launched in the summer of 1955, the West took it for another replay of an old Red record. Within six months the indifference turned into a pained shock, when a "trade deal" put Soviet MIGs and tanks into Egyptian hands. Since then, as one crisis has followed another, the West has come to regard the rouble as a powerful weapon, used for political ends, and wielded by deft hands.

President Eisenhower was the first to ring the bells of official alarm when, last January, he cited the rouble menace in seeking broader U.S. credits for foreign aid. By June, Sir Anthony Eden was grimly warning Britons and the entire Commonwealth to prepare for a gigantic trade war with the Soviets. "We may be out of the cold war as such," he said at a meeting, "but we're witnessing the start of a trade rivalry the like of which we've never seen."

And, just the other day, a Senate committee in Washington concluded that the rouble offensive may have, in just 13 months, left the U. S. aid programme far behind. If the Americans had spent some \$340,000,000 in 1955-56 for "pure," or non-military, aid, Soviet spending in non-Communist countries was put at somewhere between \$440,000,000 and \$600,000,000.

The senate report only provided statistical proof of what has long been obvious. In a historic cold-war shift, Moscow has replaced Stalin's heavy-handed strategy with the more subtle and dangerous offensive of soft words and billions of roubles.

#### Mission to India

The shift should not have caught the West by surprise. Stalin's strategy had proved bankrupt in Korea, and was plainly due for an overhaul. At the same time, the growing economic power of the Red bloc made it clear that, at any moment, the Communists would start flexing their new muscles on the world stage. Still, the rouble offensive was a bold and dramatic move, for the Reds were in effect challenging the West to a fight with the West's own weapons—money, machines and technical know-how. And the drama was only heightened by the journeys of the new Soviet salesmen: (destined for fame as "B. & K."), Mikoyan (credited with being the mastermind behind the shift), and Shepilov, the newest Moscow heavy-weight.

Perhaps as portentous as the change in strategy was the change in Red targets. Moscow no longer concentrated on Europe and the Far East. Instead, it moved into the vast, poor, uncommitted areas where distrust of the West is sharp and nationalism is rife. The three new target areas are South Asia, the Middle East and South America.

It is impossible to list here the projects Moscow has launched in these regions since it opened the rouble

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offensive. They range from atomic reactors to football stadiums, from tile for mosques to second-hand "Stalin" tanks. In arranging these deals Moscow salesmen have shown great ingenuity, and a sensitiveness unknown under the "Old Boss." For instance, when they found Burma reluctant to take aid from either Moscow or Washington, the Russians made generous "gifts" to Burma, in exchange for the Burmese "gift" of rice. And as they handed out their largesse, the Russians kept up their refrain of "There's no string attached to our aid."

#### Russia's Key Areas

Typical of what the Russians have been doing in the three key areas are their activities in India, Egypt and Brazil. Starting from zero in India, the Soviets are now beginning to elbow their way into fields where only two years ago Western interests were dominant. Russians are now building the \$130,000,000 million-ton Bhilai steel mill, greatest in India. Last April, Moscow and New Delhi formed a joint shipping line that will operate between India and the Soviet Black Sea ports. Each country will provide six ships, and—to the dismay of Western rivals—the company will have first refusal on any cargo. A few weeks ago India concluded a similar deal with Poland, with each providing three large freighters.

Before this year bows out, India will have played host to some 500 Soviet experts. In fact, the country is being covered today by scores of Russian missions, probing for underground riches. A few weeks ago New Delhi ordered its third Soviet oil-drilling rig for exploration. Each rig, costing \$900,000, comes complete with a crew of 22 Soviet technicians. India has also bought 20-odd Russian rigs to help in her search for coal. The other day a Russian mission, headed by a vice-minister, finally took off for home after presenting Prime Minister Nehru with a plan for erecting heavy machinery

plants. Naturally, the visitors recommended the use of Soviet loans and equipment.

Hundreds of Indians are already being trained in Soviet technical schools, and Mikoyan has offered to raise the number to 5,000 this year alone. Moscow has been no less helpful in other respects. When India needed 1,000,000 tons of steel and half that much of cement, and could not buy them in the West, she found both in the Soviet bloc. When India could not get a desperately needed blast furnace expert in England, Moscow flew in a top-drawer man. The Russians have presented India with an Ilyushin transport plane—and India promptly offered to buy nine others. Russian experts explored India's diamond fields, and are now talking to India about setting up a plant for making diamond drilling pits.

In short, the Russians have been busy—and wherever they turned, they stepped on Western toes. The scale of their efforts is yet small compared to the \$360,000,000 surplus-supply agreement Washington has concluded with New Delhi, or to the \$350,000,000 worth of goods Britain sold India in the past year. Yet, as top German officials point out, the Soviets have been at it only a year, and they have already shown more ingenuity and drive than their Western rivals.

But if Western toes were hurt in India, in Egypt they were nearly crushed. It all started a year ago, with an arms-for-cotton pact between Moscow and Cairo. The deal put Moscow solidly in the heart of the Middle East, with political profits not even the Kremlin could have hoped for. Today Moscow has become a champion of Arab claims, the largest gun peddler in the Middle East, and a major economic influence.

#### Gains In New Field

Trade figures show some of the effects of the rouble offensive. Egypt's

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trade with the Soviet bloc jumped from \$85,000,000 in 1954 to more than \$140,000,000 last year. By late this summer a United Nations study showed the Reds were continuing their spectacular gains, while the West was slipping.

To his callers, Nasser now explains that he no longer fears Western threats because he has Soviet arms, promises of Soviet economic aid, and a Communist market that already takes a third of Egypt's cotton. He could point to other benefits. Russian engineers are setting up a nuclear laboratory for Nasser and training Egyptian atomic scientists. The Czechs are building ceramic and cement plants; Hungary, a power plant; Poland, an enamel-ware factory; East Germany, a shipyard, a sugar refinery, a motor vehicle plant, chemical factories. And two of Moscow's highest ranking planners—one in industry, the other in agriculture—have been in Cairo, helping the Egyptians with their economic blue prints.

So much for India and Egypt. As for South America, this is a brand-new field for Moscow's super-salesmen. Yet here, too, they have made huge gains. In Argentina the Soviet "Moskvich" car—a copy of the German Opel automobile—sells now for \$3,500, as compared to \$5,000 for the genuine Opel or most other small cars, and \$10,000 for a Ford or Chevrolet. The Czech Skoda cars have made their appearance on South America's roads. Argentina has imported her first large shipment of Soviet oil drilling rigs. Czech motorcycles are pushing Western cycles out of the Cuban market. And if you are a gourmet, Havana shops will provide you with Russian vodka and caviar, Hungarian ham, Polish sausage and Czech beer.

#### In Brazil

Brazil is a typical target of the rouble offensive. Here the trade with the Soviet bloc jumped from

\$15,000,000 in the first three months of 1955 to \$24,000,000 in the first quarter of this year. Brazil now imports Red chemicals, machinery, iron and steel shapes, cement, photo supplies, and fancy textiles—all goods not long ago bought in the West. Brazil does not love the Soviets. But she is deep in economic trouble, and the Red market alone seems to offer any hope.

Why is the rouble offensive so successful? One reason, of course, is the widespread belief that Moscow has changed its ways. But there are other compelling reasons. Most of the Soviet targets are one-crop producers—Egypt of cotton, Burma of rice, Lebanon of fruit, Brazil of coffee, Cuba of sugar. Today only a few of these items find a ready dollar market, and in many items these countries have to compete with the United States and Canada. Thus most of the countries wooed by Moscow find its offer of Red machinery for their wheat, or butter, or cotton almost irresistible.

Moreover, the free-enterprising West finds it tough to compete with the tightly centralized Red economy. The world Bank offers to lend money to Egypt at something above a five per cent interest; Moscow lends it at two. When the House of Krupp makes a deal with Egypt, it counts on a tidy profit. The Russians like to make profit, too—but they are ready to get along without it. Moscow, too, is capitalizing on the widespread dislike of Britain, France and the United States. And it profits when the U. S. Congress, instead of meeting the rouble offensive with a generous aid programme, slashes the credits sought by the President.

#### Panic Not Necessary

The rouble offensive, thus, is a real and growing danger to the West. Yet a sober reassessment is needed. It will show that if the Soviet Union has now become second only to the

United States as an industrial power, it is a very poor second. Moscow itself is a huge slum, and the other day Khrushchev admitted that four out of every five Soviet village homes have neither electricity nor running water.

Moreover, the Soviets are feverishly trying to expand production in precisely those items which they now buy from the target countries—cotton, wheat, sugar, wool, meat. Will Moscow suddenly halt its purchases of Egyptian cotton in three or four years because it can no longer use it?

Finally, there is nothing in common between these new bed-fellows but their hate for the West. Egypt's real need is not control of the Suez canal, but profound social reforms. Yet one finds little social progress in that country. This means that sooner or later social tensions will

begin to grow anew. Will Moscow spurn tomorrow's rebels in order to side with Nasser? Or will it back them against the officer junta? In either case, Moscow will run into trouble.

The West thus should not be panicky about the Soviet gains any more than it should be complacent. The fact is that though Moscow has started well, it is headed for uncharted and dangerous waters, and its resources are still limited. Perhaps the greatest need for the West today is a hard look at its own policies and methods on the new battleground. And when President Eisenhower the other day set up a top-drawer "citizens committee" to study steps to counter the rouble offensive he was only showing that Washington had at last begun to do the necessary rethinking.

## MEN AND IDEAS

# JEAN BAPTISTE SAY

By V. RAJAN

JEAN Baptiste Say achieved eagle height in the field of economic thought. He ranks high among the continental writers who applauded and applied the principles of Adam Smith. He made strenuous efforts to popularise the ideas of the great Scottish economist on the continent. The task of discrediting the first French school of economists and of facilitating thereby the expansion of English political economy fell on the shoulders of this French Economist.

Economists of a peculiar type doubted Say's originality that it was as English an article as a beef-stick. It may be true that Say worked round the clock of Smith. But at the

same time it should be borne in mind that it is quite unjust to regard Say as a mere parrot. He was not content with mere repetition of Smithian ideas. With much discrimination he carefully reconsidered, reviewed and almost filtered the ideas of his master. He toned the doctrines calmly, clearly and cogently with the proper tints. In short it is tantamount to saying that his greatness in presentation of the matter baffled many people of his generation. While Smith recognised a special productiveness of land only as a result of the co-operation of nature, Say held that not in agriculture alone, but everywhere, "nature is forced to work along with man."

Say like Condillac discovered a decisive argument against Physiocracy that the production of material objects does not imply their creation. Man can never create, but must be content with mere transformation of matter. Production is merely the creation of utilities or fashioning things to satisfy our wants. He stressed that all work is productive which achieve this result, whether it be industry, commerce or agriculture. The Physiocratic distinction falls to the ground, and Say refutes what Smith owing to his intimacy with his adversaries failed to disprove. Thus it is obvious that Say had run over a long path paved with tin cans by seeking a line of venturesomeness.

## Role of the Economist

Political Economy in the hands of Say became a purely theoretical and descriptive science. The role of the economist, like that of the savant is not to give advice, but simply to observe, to analyse and describe. "He must be content to live the life of an impartial spectator." Political Economy to him was the science of "spontaneous economic constitution," a study of laws governing wealth, a guide for statesmen and administrators. Political Economy, he says, is based on the model of an exact science with the laws that are universal, with principles derived from nature, not established but discovered and they may not be violated with impunity.

Say laid stress upon the role of an individual, the important personage in the economic world, the entrepreneur of whom Adam Smith had not even dreamt of. At the beginning of the 19th century the principal agent of economic progress was the industrious active, well-informed individual. It is the entrepreneur who directs production and superintends the distribution of wealth. Say was right in asserting "the power of industrial entrepre-

neurs exercises a most notable influence upon the distribution of wealth," the entrepreneur thus serving as the pivot of the whole distribution.

Say's scheme of distribution constitutes real progress. Say's classic exposition of the mechanism of distribution is much more exact and superior than that of the Physiocrats who conceived of exchange as taking place between classes only and not between individuals. It also enables us to distinguish the remuneration of the capitalist from the earnings of the entrepreneur, which were confounded by Smith. Say's theory gave to his French successors a clear scheme of distribution lacking even in Smith's work.

## Law of Markets

Say's contribution to economic theory is in fact, the real keystone of 'harmony' thinking, unimpaired by the growing scepticism of the school—the climax in the optimistic trend of argument initiated by Smith. That is, his major contribution to economic science is his law of markets. This grew out of his vigorous efforts to overthrow finally the supposedly untenable but lingering doctrines of the Physiocrats and to substitute in their place a somewhat modified Smithianism. His theory of markets was considered for a long time a first-rate one. "Products are given in exchange for products." That is, "once the exchange has been effected it is immediately discovered that products pay for products." Thus, just as every demand elicits a supply, so supply itself creates a demand. The interest of a country that produces much is that other countries should produce at least as much. Say thought that the outcome of this would be the advent of the true brotherhood of man. "The theory of markets will change the whole policy of the world," says Say.

In replying to Garnier's general congestion of markets, "nothing can be more illogical," writes Say. "The total supply of products and the total demand for them must of necessity be equal, for the total demand is nothing but the whole mass of commodities produced; a general congestion would consequently be an absurdity." It would simply mean a general increase of wealth, and "wealth is none too plentiful among nations, any more than it is among individuals." Say in his "Treatise on Political Economy," said that "there is no possibility of production outrunning consumption, so long as that consumption, is free." At first sight such an argument seems quite arbitrary dogmatism, with little relation to real events. But it is true that supply and demand can never be unequal because they are defined in such a way as to make them equal! Say wishes to emphasize the fact that the supply of one product can outrun the demand for it but the supplies of all products cannot outrun the demands for all; so we need never fear general over-production but partial over-production only, that too resulting due to the inefficient application of the means of production.

Say taunted those people who feared about the congestion of markets due to over-production, by questioning how it happened that among the most flourishing nations seven-eighths of population were without a great number of products regarded as absolute necessities. Say was thus successful in proving firstly that the dangers of general crises were chimerical, that such crises were impossible, and secondly that the crisis of partial over-production was momentary or transitional, and that equilibrium broken at times between production and consumption would soon re-establish itself.

Say was faithful in his transmission of the ideas of the great Scot-

tish economist. He left his mark upon French Political Economy, and had the English economists adopted his conception of the entrepreneur, in stead of waiting until the appearance of Jevons, they would have spared the science many useless discussions.

Say's ability was not that of the master's and may be called second rate, but it was not small. The history of political economy would have been different without Say. But for his presence, Political Economy would never have reached its present meridian. The economists of the present generation bear testimony to his miraculous profundity of exposition by keeping in memory his 'Law of Markets,' which smells sweet and blossoms even today in the history of economic thought.

#### A LESSON FROM THE GREEKS

"Throughout history colonies have been among the most powerful agents for the spread of the arts and sciences and ways of life that constitute civilization. For the future, it seems that mankind will have to learn to do without this ancient and well-tried method. I think mankind will have to depend, not upon force or domination, but upon the inherent attractiveness of a civilized way of life. The Romans when they overcame the Greeks were at a much lower level of civilization than those whom they defeated, but they found Greek civilization so attractive that, from a cultural standpoint, it was the Greeks who were the victors. Those among us who value culture and a humane way of life must school ourselves to learn from the Greeks rather than from Romans."

—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

## MY WALKING TOUR

By C. V. G.

NO one took me seriously but when they knew I was in earnest, most people thought I was crazy. A few did not, but they doubted whether I could do it and swore I could not. I myself was nervous despite my enthusiasm but I had already taken a decision. I was going on a walking tour of two hundred miles and I was going to do it in ten days. As a preliminary test I had repeatedly performed the 20-mile trek between Madras and my suburban town.

I had my own glorious vision of a tramp derived from the felt-hatted, flannel-coated, pipe-smoking, studious gentleman-walker in breeches and boots on the dust-covers of books published by "Wayfarer's Library". I decided to drip with as much elegance without however aping the gentleman-tramp. A thorough puritan, I had no use for a pipe. A broad-brimmed and well-frilled hat tailored in khaki, a pair of dark sun glasses, a thin cotton shirt with sleeves rolled up, and tucked into khaki trousers, a pair of crepe shoes, a haversack slung across the shoulders, decked me out on the road an early morning in June. I confess the exhibit on this outfit disappointed my expectations. A shock of thick black hair would have tilted that hat in a rakish angle, a ruddy, chubby face would have been gripped tight by the hat-straps and thrown in brighter relief by those sun-glasses, a broader chest would have been displayed flatteringly by the long taut straps of the haversack. Instead, the hat settled flat on my balding head invading a goodish part of my none-too-broad forehead, the hat-straps fluttered loosely on my angular visage with a plateau of high cheek bones and the dark glasses manoeuvred to match the yellowy pale of my complexion and hid my

none-too-spacious face. The long straps of the haversack did not have a long enough corridor across my bare 33-inch chest and so the bag at the end hung loose and weighed me down. So, instead of fleshy, substantial tramp into which I expected I would transform through the carefully selected outfit, a wiry wisp of a man strode the road on that June morning.

I set out at 5 a.m. and I thumped steadily on. The haversack, I wondered, whether it might misbehave and frustrate my project. The tramp travels light and so did I—and I was sure that the contents of the haversack conformed to my standards of lightness. I had no intention of being outdone by that studious tramp on the "Wayfarer's Library" books and the haversack had half a dozen books in it. I was going to be on the road for ten days and so had ensured against literary starvation. An extra pair of trousers, shirts and towels, soap, shaving set, a water bottle and a few odds and ends—the haversack was almost feather weight. Still why this uneasy feeling? I cheerily dismissed it and walked on.

I had come to the outskirts of my town and was stopped by writings on the wall. I could read them. It was a bright white wall and the writings were bright and neat too and meant to be read. The name of the town, the number of tanks, wells and schools it had, its area, population and all such statistics were inscribed and on top I read "Five Year Plan" and the writing was its mural manifestation.

I rode and read more on the road. I read off the first milestone which told me I had to do twenty miles for the day's halt. My reading material was however not merely milestones. A circular disc of tin,

with a red ring at the edges and erected on a post just said, "Fatal Accidents, 1954" and nothing more. "And so, you jay-walking, star-gazing, stone-deaf muf of a pedestrian, look out and don't stray into automobiles and accidents", was what I had to read into this mystery of circular discs which were spread between a few miles for quite a good distance.

By now it had dawned, the sun was out and it was golden all round. I looked at my watch as I approached the milestone; I had done not more than three-and-a-half miles in an hour. According to my calculation it should have been five and I had performed this feat as a boy scout—twelve minutes for a mile. And then I remembered. That rapid march was done in a group—it was done in two evenly divided rhythms of six-minute trots and runs. It was unsuited for a solitary reaper who, I was soon to realise, invited attention from a well-watching mob and so I couldn't break into runs in a six-minute interval without collecting a merry trail on my heels.

I was now in the countryside. Buxom brunettes and belles swaying lithely beneath burdens on their heads gaped and giggled as they exchanged whispers on the outlandish me in khaki and goggles and I reddened to the whites of my eyes while I pretended as though I had not heard them. Bare-bodied urchins in knickers made me uncomfortable with their mischievous twinkles and sly smiles, and at one village, rural attention became menacing. A seemingly gentle cow grazing harmlessly raised its head and gave me what looked a friendly look and as I drew near, darted forward for a ferocious butt and as I dashed away in haste to a corner, tried not to hear the gay comments on the frightened knight. A low growl from a stray dog rose into a chorus of barks as it drew its country cousins together.

The toot of a horn roused me from

my absorption in the sun-bathed scenery. The car went past me and stopped a few yards as its occupants alighted. They were going on a picnic and I sniffed at them. Gentle, delicate folk, of fat and flesh and rickety bones—who could not walk a few yards without panting puffing—what a contemptible pleasure-loving and decaying lot! The instinctive comparison was with the robust, tramping me who incidentally did not own a car and wouldn't mind using it if he had one.

I walked past the car and soon ceased to be alone. An old villager saw me and felt that I needed sympathy. "My good sir!" he exclaimed, "Why do you walk? Did you not get a bus?" and then followed a flood of angry phrases most of them unprintable, on bus conductors and drivers who wouldn't accommodate a poor walker. I tried to explain that I was walking because I wanted to. He agreed that I was very wise and as two more men joined us, he tried to convince them I was really very wise in choosing to walk. I was trying to see a bit of the country, he told them. And now the car with the picnickers raced past us. I pointed a finger of disdain at them and tried to impress the villager with the utter social depravity and hopelessness of the decadent coddlers inside the car. He was puzzled at my indignation but nodded that I was right.

I was indeed flattered by the companionship the old villager developed for me after my initial experience with the rustic young who found me funny. He did not believe that the English had left India. The Englishman is no fool, he assured me, and he is coming back and, mind you, all your politicians are going to look miserably silly, when he takes over again.

The villager kept me company for four miles and then we bade good-

bye. By now the morning had advanced, the day was bright and I was ten miles away from the town I was to halt at for the day. The straps of the haversack now claimed my attention and I bravely dismissed the notion that they were causing pain in the shoulder blade. A man pushing a wheeled glass case of cakes and biscuits reminded me that I was hungry and was pleased at the surprising and solitary customer on the lonely road. I munched the salty biscuits and drank off at one gulp from the water bottle. Thump, thump, went my legs but I could feel a sag and a drag in them. The coloured liquid in a village shop on the way drew me to it and without another thought I tossed a pice and guzzled it. The tramp and the trotter should have no alimentary delicacy.

A gust of wind blew off my hat and I started into a run as the wind wafted it. The straps of the haversacks rose above the right shoulder as I ran and then struck it and—it was indeed painful. I sat at a culvert and changed the straps to the other shoulder, rested a bit and walked on.

The sun was climbing up the sky and its beams rained down on me as I trudged on the road, now totally treeless and unshady. The light was blindingly brilliant even with my sun-glasses, and as I looked on either side of the road, the landscape looked cruel with cactus and weeds, a wilderness of burning sand and baked earth and rubble. And the road stretched on, an unending ribbon. It was June and the period of scorching summer in the south. I remembered my friends who had advised against a walking tour during this time and suggested December. I had ignored them. During summer one doesn't need much clothing or bedding to keep one warm during nights and one doesn't have to carry much. This would not be possible in December.

The straps began to press hard and I took out a towel and laid it across the shoulder to pad it against them. I then discovered I was not tramping light at neck. The books I was carrying were literally weighty—paper, print and calico were mightier load than cotton. An old man with a basket in his head was coming along the road and as I saw him, I attempted friendliness by muttering oaths at the hot sun. He smiled in deprecation. "My poor young man," he remarked, "If with so much clothing on you, you could not stand it, how about me with just my bare skin?" I couldn't argue with him that it was more difficult for me dripping with sweat and the wretched clothes sticking to me.

My legs were lead and wood and every step forward was an effort. I staggered and struggled and almost dropped down in a collapse when I stepped into a hotel at the halt. As I removed the haversack, and tried to raise my right arm, I wondered whether I had lost it—for nothing rose. There was severe pain in the shoulder blades and the right arm was temporarily out of action. As I stretched my legs, they spread in directions I did not intend. And when I removed my shoes, I discovered I had become plumpy and ruddy at the ankles—what a lovely swelling! Things floated and sailed and danced before my eyes and as I sat down at a table for dinner, weary glances were shot at the weird diner.

I was running a temperature and the ten-day jaunt had to be drastically abridged into a one-day march. I entrained to my destination and reached it nine-days earlier to be greeted with a gleeful, "I told you so" by an irredeemably self-satisfied wife. But I wouldn't own defeat. I counted this as an experience. I was going on a walking tour again—with no books, no strapped haversack and with just a minimum change of clothes.

# COMBINATION MOVEMENT IN INDIAN INDUSTRY

By M. S. RAGHAVAN

**I**NDUSTRIAL combinations constitute an outstanding feature of modern industrialism. A child of the last fifty years of industrial evolution, the rate at which this movement has grown and the importance of those industries upon which it has secured a very strong grip, command our attention.

The industrial combinations owe their origin to the U. S. A., where the industrial organisation has taken the Trust form—the form of a government which places the decision of policy in the hands of a few capitalists and in some cases, almost amounts to an industrial despotism. On the other hand, in Germany, this recent development in the industrial field, has attempted to keep a degree of democratic government, so that the firms which combine, do not entirely lose their independence.

The field of industry, in which this tendency is discernible has been the one engaged in the manufacture of goods which are subject to strong competitive influences. Most of the Trusts and Kartels have been, in their origin, at any rate, defensive movements. There is no competition so keen as that between large independent firms, because the risks they carry are unusually heavy and the reward of successful competition is MONOPOLY. The fight for the market, wasteful expenditure due to long periods of selling below cost, and overlapping in the market lead to industrial depressions and break downs of credit.

Due to the U. S. A.'s policy of keeping a high tariff well, excessive capi-

tal flowed in for investment and new firms entered many staple industries, with the result that excessive production and competition soon demoralised the market. In such an economic climate was born the combination idea.

## The Trusts

In the case of Trusts, the amalgamating firms surrender their financial independence and merge into a large combine. One of the firms may buy up and absorb other firms or a new holding company may be created to buy all or a voting majority of the shares in all the firms. The parent company controls, directs and guides the subsidiary ones. To the government of a Trust may be applied the expression—'A state within the state.' From its central government, a Trust rules many local concerns and decides on problems of policy according to the circumstances of different localities. It decides where and when prices are to be held up, and where they must be kept low.

Under the Kartels, each firm retains its autonomy and produces according to its own policy but agrees to abide by a schedule of prices fixed for some specific period. It is an association of industrial units which adopt a uniform price policy for reaping high profits.

Combination movement in India has lagged far behind the one in Western countries. But what we see in India, is a combination here and an amalgamation or merger there according to the exigencies of circumstances. The most outstanding feature of combination movement in

Indian industry is that, it has grown mainly through expansion and not so much through amalgamation or absorption. The aim had been to establish a financial unit pursuing a unitary financial policy—rather than an economic unit. Its evolution is closely associated with the growth and the development of the managing agency system in Indian industry. The primary motive for unification in Indian industries has been the establishment of monopolistic control, rather than the elimination of cut-throat competition.

## In India

The managing agents of Jute, Paper, Tea and Cement companies started their own collieries, and floated their own inland steamer companies for transport and thus secured some of the economies of large scale operation. The institution of managing agency, has thus offered vertical and horizontal forms of expansion, securing for all the units under its jurisdiction, the economies of vertical and horizontal forms of expansion, without stripping them of their legal and financial independence. It was natural that the development of this form of industrial organisation should have led to the concentration of ownership and control and management of more than 600 industrial establishments in India.

Multiple directorships form one of the dynamic features of Indian industrialism. In the Jute Industry 20 persons hold 164 directorships; in cotton, 24 people hold 150 directorships. Central capital amounting to Rs. 2500 millions and assets worth Rs. 4000 millions are controlled by forty firms. This reflects not only the extent of managerial integration in India, but also the remarkable dearth of managerial ability in the country.

In the cotton mill industry, more than one-third of the productive capacity is in the hands of less than

30 graduates. In the Jute industry, one-fourth of the productive capacity is in the hands of two leading British engineering firms. There is an unmistakable tendency towards the concentration of ownership and control in the hands of the few firms.

In recent years, an interesting tendency is operating for the absorption of smaller Trusts by bigger Trusts. This tendency was particularly marked in the post-war period and can be attributed partly to the liquidation of British interests in India and partly to the anxiety of some business tycoons to dispose off their holdings at fabulous prices. The system in India bears close resemblance to the one in Japan, where financial power is mainly concentrated in the hands of a few big corporations operating under the aegis of certain families.

Another development has been the formation of "working partnerships" between Indian and foreign industrialists in the shape of '(India)' limited like the Nuffield-Birla deal, Ashok Motors-Leyland venture, the Studibaker-Birla combine, Chrysler corporation—Walchand Hirachand joint etc.

This movement has penetrated almost all the industries in India, like Jute, Sugar, Paper, Oil, Shipping etc. Even Banking and Insurance Companies have come under its sway.

## Growing Influence In India

In recent years, this movement has made rapid strides, with accelerated industrial development of the country. There are several reasons for the slow growth of combinations and the directions it has taken. In the first place, the presence of managing agency system acted as a check to its growth. Secondly, Indians are by nature prone to be individualistic. Where corporation might have proved to be of immense value, vested interests have always frustrated many a proposed combination. Thirdly, our

industrial development continues to be in its transitional stage—and the mighty colossus of public sector, swallowing one industry after another will gradually, uproot this seedling. Fourthly, strong, unfettered foreign competition prevented the rise of this movement. Lastly, one of the important facilitating forces has been absent, in as much as, the number of competing mills and firms has been too large for combinations to operate efficiently.

The above study reveals clearly that there exists an unmistakeable trend for the managerial, financial, and administrative integration of industrial enterprises in India. Here is the danger, that the State itself is being influenced by these industrial oligarchies to adopt measures incompatible with the principles of democracy and socialism which has now become a fashionable badge of our leaders at the helm.

## FROM DIVERSITY TO UNITY

INDIA has decided to adopt the metric system of weights and measures. The bill that is now under the consideration of Parliament seeks to establish the metric system uniformly all over the country, the existing weights and measures being replaced gradually.

The seer and maund are units commonly used in India. Grocery for the home is bought by the maund, milk by the seer; while travelling, luggage is weighed by the maund. But do all these terms mean the same to all of us? The seer stands for 24 tolas in Madras, 40 tolas in Madhya Pradesh, 80 tolas in Bombay, etc., the range extending from 8 to 112 tolas. There are often differences even between one district and another of the same State and within the district itself. Similarly, in Madras we find in use the 'Marakkal' of 12 measures, 8 measures,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  measures and 3 measures. For measuring land we have the standards of 'kani' and 'veli' in the South, the 'cotta' and 'bigga' in the North, beside the 'acre,'—a comparatively new nomenclature. The 'bigga,' itself is different in Bihar and Bengal. It has been estimated that there are more than 150 different varieties each

of weights, lineal measures and capacity measures in India.

It often happens, therefore, that every time a purchase is made the buyer and the seller have to convert 'candy' or 'maund' to one's own known standard in order to decide on the merits of the bargain. This naturally is an irksome task; it is an impossible proposition for the farmer who goes to sell his produce in the market.

### Confusion and Loss

There is widespread loss to the agriculturists as a result of the use of faulty weights and balances by the middlemen or purchasing agents. Such double-dealing is facilitated by the existing diversity in weights and measures, aided by the ignorance and illiteracy of the farmer.

The confusion caused by the lack of standards is not confined to rural areas. Even city-dwellers feel puzzled while dealing in uncommon transactions, such as purchase of gold and precious stones. There may be no cheating at all, but one never feels secure because of the unfamiliar jargon!

To end all this confusion, the Metric System is to be introduced as

the standard because it is simple and it is universal. If either the 'seer-maund' system or the 'lb-ton' system uniformly prevailed throughout the country, there would be less reason to look for a change. Since, however, there is no system it is necessary to introduce one; Parliament has chosen the Metric System.

### The Metric System

What is this Metric System? It is named after the 'metre,' a primary standard of length. The unit of weight is a 'kilogram' and that of volume (capacity measure) is 'litre.' The structure of the system is based entirely on the number ten. This is merely an extension into the units of measurement the universal system of reckoning numbers. Just as we reckon units, tens and hundreds, the Metric System deals in gram, decagram, hectogram, and Kilogram, each a multiple of the lower.

The chief advantage of the system is its simplicity. The scale operates in multiples of ten, up and down. 1 metre=10 decimetre, 1 decimetre=10 centimetre, 1 centimetre=10 millimetre.

1 kilogram=10 Hectogram, 1 Hectogram=10 Decagram, 1 Decagram=10 Gram.

1 litre=10 Decilitre. 1 Decilitre=10 Centilitre. 1 Centilitre=10 Millilitre. For correlation with known values it is enough to remember that a metre is roughly a yard; a kilogram is about a seer and a litre is a seer (liquid).

Compare this ten-unit system with any of the present ones, Indian or British.

5 tolas=1 chatak. 16 chataks=1 seer. 40 seers=1 maund.

3 tolas=1 palam. 8 palam=1 seer. 5 seers=1 viss. 8 viss=1 maund.

16 oz=1 lb. 28 lb=1 Qr. 4 Qr.=1 Cwt. 20 Cwt.=1 ton.

What is most striking is the variety of numbers,—with no correlation,—which one needs to remember, in any of these tables of conversion, namely 5, 16, 40; 3, 8, 5, 8; and 16, 28, 4, 20. On the other hand, the Metric System is the only one in which denominations are uniformly based on ten whether we deal in coins, liquid measure, length or weight. A metre is 10 decimetres, that is, 100 centimetres, that is 1000 millimetres.

### Simple to Handle

Ten is the primary number; there are 10 fingers on the hand. Dealing in ten and its factors, 5 and 2, calls for no special skill. Moreover, the decimal structure of the system enables the expression of any quantity in units of lower denominations, avoiding fractions. Thus, one kilogram, 6 k.g. can be written as 16 h.g.m., whereas 1 maund 6 seer will be (40 plus 6) 46 seers or in other areas (80 plus 6) 86 seers. 1 lb. 6 oz. will be (28 plus 6) 34 oz. Conversion tables again!

It is the simplicity of the Metric System that makes it superior to other systems. This has been recognised by more than two-thirds of the world; Fifty-eight nations have adopted this system. Asian countries, like China, Japan, Indonesia, and Persia have changed to this system within the last thirty years.

India will benefit by the introduction of Metric System in many ways. The present confusion of weights and measures will end and, as a result, the scope for error and fraud in transactions will disappear. There will be great simplicity in all calculations of all types. A uniform standard all over the country will promote national trade and unity. There will also be greater facility in international trade and in the purchase of machinery from abroad.

—P. I. B.

## Short Story

## SIMPLY EXPLAINED

Gerard Hewson

"THE cottage looks nice, don't you think so, Jack?" Nina murmured uncertainly, peeping up from under dark lashes at her husband. The couple were standing ankle-deep in weeds that had strayed in sodden profusion across the path. There was the heavy smell of wet decaying leaves in the air. Moss grew in verdant cushions between chinks in the tumbled walls. The ramblers were rankly unpruned. The strip of lawn was a meadow choking itself to death.

The new arrivals halted and stared about them. Jack Hudson was carrying a heavy suitcase, and Nina was burdened with a striped hold-all. They tried to find reassurance in the knowledge that they now possessed a home. Beyond a sombre line of autumn-tinted trees, rose the gaunt and gloomy battlements and towers of Meldyke Hall, of which Jack and Nina were now the caretakers. They were to live in the old lodge-keeper's cottage, and the iron gates set between stone pillars, had just clanged behind them. Neither the man nor the girl felt light hearted. They did not speak above a whisper. Both were town-bred. Nina's cheeks were too thin and pale, though she was pretty in a wistful-eyed, peeky style. Her young shoulders were bent with too many hours spent at an office desk.

Jack's health had not been good, and it was necessary for him to find a job in the country. It was Nina who had seen the advertisement. "Jack," she had cried, "look—a cottage goes with the job. We should just have to take care of this great

old house it speaks of. The family are never in residence. We shall have to show people round, you know. In summer, that would be. It's miles from anywhere. There'll be wild flowers in the woods I expect, and birds singing above the fields. I know it will be marvellous. Oh, Jack, do you think we stand a single chance of getting it?"

The young man had rubbed his chin. "We can try, darling," he had replied, not very hopefully. They had tried, and the warmth of the answer had somewhat surprised them. Apparently, applicants were few, although the wages were good. Secretly, Jack thought them suspiciously good. But Nina had been all enthusiasm, so here they were! The agent had given them the keys, so Jack unlocked the door, and with Nina following excitedly, he crossed the threshold.

Certainly the cottage must have dated back more than a hundred years. The soiled and cracked walls were blotched with damp. In many places the papered ceilings hung in tattered strips. The place smelt like the interior of some neglected church. The low, cobweb-smothered windows let in little light.

"Oh," Nina tried to keep the disappointment out of her voice, "I don't like it."

"Nonsense, darling," Jack said briskly. "Let's dump our things, have a bite to eat and then go to look at the old Hall." The huge country house raised grey turrets to the evening sky when, later, they did as he suggested.

"It's so quiet," the girl breathed uneasily. Jack unlocked a side door and they proceeded to explore. They moved almost on tiptoe through impressive apartments where the fine old furniture was muffled in ghostly white covers to protect the rich satin upholstery. Gloomy old ancestors in elaborate gilt frames peered down from the gloomy old walls. Stray shafts of light from the lofty windows fell on the carved balustrade. Everywhere there was silence, silence and dust. Nina shivered.

"Let's get back to the cottage," she begged.

For the next three weeks, the new caretakers were busy setting their small home in order. Brooms and scrubbing brushes were used to advantage. Rugs were cleaned and curtains washed, while, in his spare moments, Jack tried to cope up with the garden.

And then one night they heard, what they afterwards came to call, the hand at the gate! The gates were historic, two massive valves of intricate hand-wrought iron. It was said that once they had been the chief ornament in a wicked old castle where bloodstained adventures were enacted daily. The lower half was solid, but at shoulder height the scroll work was open as if to allow prisoners to peer longingly through.

It was a horrible night, for the sense of isolation was oppressive. The girl frowned, her eyes straying nervously to shadowy corners. Jack raised his head, listening. Someone or something was shaking the great main gates, possibly some late traveller seeking shelter. He caught up a lantern and went out; the swaying lantern threw long spiky shadows; darkness lurked in the soaked and dripping shrubberies.

"Who's there?" he called sharply, but there was no answer. There was no one at the gates after all. He went back to the kitchen, his face rather

grim. The following night the same thing happened again. They told each other that it was the wind, but neither believed that comfortable theory, for the same wind had been blowing all day. The third night was cold, but quite still, and there was no sound to disturb the two nervous people sitting by their kitchen fire. It was still windless on the fourth night.

"It must have been the wind," Nina said. "It used to come at about this time!" Then her fingers tugged at the opening of her dress. "Oh, Jack, there it is! It must be some Phantom hand, because we know that there is nothing. Oh, I am so terrified. Oh, Jack!"

"No," Jack cried, trying to speak convincingly, and failing, for he had discovered that the caretaker's job never was held for long.

"They will be always changing," the baker's wife informed him. "Coming and going. Of course, it is a lonely out-of-the-way place. Gets on folk's nerves, I tell. The only folk what ever stayed was a married couple that were there thirty years when I was a girl, but then they were deaf, so I suppose they got on all right."

What was it, Jack wondered, that deafness had prevented the old dears from hearing? He was dreadfully worried about Nina. She never had looked robust, and now she seemed really ill. Of course, she was fretting about this business. Enough to upset anyone. If only they could clear out—but back came the memory of grey streets. Here at least they were in the country and had a roof over their heads and a fire to sit by. He turned and met Nina's haggard glance. She got up and came running towards him; she plucked at his sleeve.

"Take me away, take me away! I've learnt to love this little cottage and even that great gloomy old house, but that hand, fumbling night after

night at the gate—that frightens me. And I have someone beside myself to think of now. I didn't mean to tell you so soon, but I've got to—I've got to!"

"My darling;" he took the over-cought girl in his arms, realising that something desperate would have to be done. A baby coming, no home but this lonely cottage shadowed by superstitious terrors, and his wife half frenzied by brooding and fear. She clung to him.

"I'll take you away," he said, forcing a confidence he did not really feel, "if you want me to. But, Nina, sweet, don't you think that love should keep us safe against it, whatever it might be? Why, if a little old couple could live here for thirty years, surely we can. Think, our son will be a grown man with kinds of his own by then! Look up and smile, dear heart!"

She obeyed and murmured half contritely: "I'll be brave, but you see," a fit of trembling shook her, "it's that noise, that very noise that is so horrible."

Nothing more was said that night, but while he smoked his pipe, Jack worried and pondered. Next morning he spoke out.

"Nina, I am determined to find out what that thing is, ghostly and supernatural though it may be, that comes to the gates at night. This evening I'll take an electric torch and wait in the shrubbery and watch." Her eyes grew misty, and some of the fear died out of them. Her head went up proudly.

"If you can dare to do that, so can I. I'll not be such a coward as I was last night. I'll come with you. Oh, yes, I will. You are right—we will face this thing together!"

So after dark, Jack and Nina huddled themselves in wraps and rugs and took up places in the shrubbery.

It was a stormy night; dark masses of dull cloud scudded across a dreary sky. The bulk of the great house loomed up frowningly. Somewhere a fox barked. There was an oppressive feeling in the atmosphere; one might readily have fancied the presence of weeping white Phantoms that wrung their hands for sorrows that the world had forgotten centuries ago. A chilly wind sent damp leaves scuttering, and little uncanny sounds constantly set strained nerves quivering—the creak of branches and the calling of an owl. Nina pressed her cold fingers into Jack's strong hand.

And then a dark shadow was seen on the bank of grass beyond the gates. It halted, slipped forward and halted again. Jack watched breathlessly. He gripped Nina's arm convulsively, for the thing had leaped to pause an instant in the open work space of the iron scrolling before jumping down on the other side. Its impact shook the gate, and again they heard that ominous sound which had haunted them. It slipped past them and into the cover of the bushes, but not before Jack had seen it clearly in the beam of his torch—seen the pointed ears, the lean lines of the body, the heavy tail.

"A fox," he gasped. "Nina, it was only an old dog fox on his hunting rounds. They said there was a huge fox hill near us. Probably Dan Russell has been coming this way for generations!"

Together they groped their way back to the cottage. The fire had burned up, but if there were shadows in the corners, they were friendly ones.

"The ghost is laid," she said happily. "I'll never be afraid again, never again. This is home—now—for always!"

"Yes," Jack whispered, "for always!"

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## FILM FINANCE CORPORATION

By "NAMBS"

THE British Film Industry was paying by way of entertainment tax £5,613,000 in 1939. The Government later increased the levy and today the tax is about 41 per cent on the average and the revenue is £37 millions. In the process of this increase in taxation, production in Britain went down to as low as 53 films a year, when someone in authority had a brain wave. While the industry had been all along pointing out how the major share taken away by entertainment tax was driving production into an uneconomic position and hence killing it, the government decided to prime the pump by putting some money of the public tax payers to general use under their auspices. This was a false step. Now, after seven years of experience, the British Government have realised that what the film industry needed was a fair share of its own revenues from the box office and not a mere dole to produce a few additional films. There are hopes in Britain that there will be a reduction in the entertainment tax very soon.

All this is noteworthy in the present context in India. The Government of India appointed a Film Inquiry Committee in 1949 which toured places in and outside the country. The Government of Britain had by then started their National Film Finance Corporation with five million pounds in 1948 and the failure of that venture was already evident. But the Inquiry Committee followed the British example since the political party in power is only too happy to have access to the control over a cultural and creative medium and suggested that by the Government having a Film Finance Corporation something could be done to help the industry. It also suggested a reduction in the entertain-

ment tax to a level of ten per cent from the existing exorbitant levels varying between 30 and 75 per cent. This latter suggestion the government has conveniently ignored. The Government of India have visualised that by having a Film Finance Corporation it could distribute its patronage to a few favourites. Toying with this idea the Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting announced the other day that he would be setting up a Film Finance Corporation with a capital of twenty five lakhs of rupees very soon.

The annual collections of films in India are said to be in the neighbourhood of 25 crores of rupees. Out of this the entertainment tax that the states collect is about ten crores. Now, what is the fun of a twenty five lakhs for an industry having to spend and collect twenty five crores of rupees? If it is not mere tomfoolery what else is it, one is tempted to ask? That the Indian film industry is deprived of its proper share of returns at the box office is a fact. The entertainment tax collected on pictures is more than twice what the producer himself gets as his return of capital. In most cases the producer does not get back his investment, but he would have paid more than his investment as entertainment tax. In this context we shall be benefited if we study what the results have been in England where the Government attempted to help films by financing rather than reducing the entertainment tax. Since the idea in India was inspired by it, it is necessary to see the woeful balance sheet of the project in England.

### The English Experience

The National Film Finance Corporation in England started in 1948 with five million pounds and progressed upto the end of the financial

year of 1955-56 to a sum of 12 million and odd pounds sterling. Of this less than 5½ million pounds were repaid. They have had to write off 4½ million pounds for losses. Their latest annual report shows that they have found it unprofitable to finance film making and the opinion in the trade is that in stead of providing finance to make films which will pay entertainment tax and ultimately lose, the proper course would be to reduce the entertainment tax itself. The Arthur Rank Organisation which sold its two studios when films were being thrashed out by heavy entertainment tax has had to divert its energies to markets abroad to keep things going. Only 62 films out of 152 financed during the period of four years ending 1956 were likely to be profitable, says the report of the corporation.

Mr. Lawrie, a banker who had no experience of films or film finance, was the chief of the Corporation when it started. The methods adopted by him to examine scripts deserve deep study. His office staff numbered fifteen. When a producer applicant sent his script, he would circulate it to all his staff members and take their opinion. If his own secretary disliked the script, then the loan was given; that was his test—namely that if his secretary disliked it, it was a sure hit at the box office! The results have shown that this doling out of help of a paltry sum has done a disservice to the industry. In these eight years, the entertainment tax collected by the Government would be nearly 240 million pounds. As against this, what is the use of a loan of 12 million pounds? A reduction in the entertainment tax was the proper remedy. Between 1952 and 1955 the films in England literally lost five million pounds, says Sir Michael Balcon, who has nearly twenty-eight years of experience in the movie world. And the entertainment tax alone in these three years went to 100 million pounds. This is

nothing but an anachronism. The industry is made to lose five million pounds in a period when they collect 100 million pounds as tax. The conditions in India have reached a similar stage and in stead of looking at the proper remedy the idea of a Film Finance Corporation is pure self-willed fanfare.

### Scheme will not help Industry

In Britain, out of this twelve million pounds, three million pounds went to a single company which ultimately had to be liquidated. So, in India if out of 25 lakhs of rupees twenty lakhs go to one person and is lost we should not complain. The sum of twenty five lakhs of rupees proposed is nothing worth mentioning because each of the pictures in this country, made to reach the largest audiences, have come to cost that much. Or as compared to the total of taxes paid by the film industry amounting to twelve crores also this sum of twenty five lakhs is insignificant. With this small token investment the government wants to pretend that they are anxiously helping the film industry. It is not a correct perspective. The results are foregone. By this Film Finance Corporation some favourites of the Government will have the power of distributing doles and the Government will get the chance to pretend that they have helped the industry. This will be only a method of blackening the name of the industry. Why does not the Government spend this twenty five lakhs to maintain the Films Division on a commercial scale in stead of the compulsory levy it is making to keep the Films Division going?

The real relief to the industry is the relief that it wants in entertainment tax. The entertainment tax is the first charge on collections at the theatres and this ultimately leaves the producer starved. In the United States of America the Government have passed a law

by which 17,000 of the 19,000 and odd theatres are completely exempt from entertainment tax. Even the remaining ones pay only ten per cent tax if the admission rate goes above 90 cents. Of the 17,000 more than 9,000 pay no tax at all; the rest pay only if the admission ticket costs more

than 90 cents. The Government have found that, on the whole, this policy helps to sustain the industry in the country and that wherever profits are made they get it by income tax. So the Indian industry would benefit by a reduction in tax. Will the Government look into this?

## CAPITALISM IN AMERICA

By FRANCIS WHITE

*U. S. Ambassador to Mexico*

THE United States occupies a little over six percent of the land area of the world, and the people who inhabit that land compose six-and-a-half percent of the population of the globe. Yet, this relatively tiny portion of the world's people produces between half and three-fifths of the world's total manufactured goods and nearly half of all the goods and services which mankind knows.

According to the report of the United Nations, the U. S. national income in 1955 represented nearly half the total income of the world—\$400,000 million out of a total of between \$800,000 million and \$900,000 million. And this economy is growing; indeed, it is expanding at a rate of from 5 to 6 percent a year. In the decade 1941-1950, the real gross national product of the United States was a little more than five times as great as in the decade 1890-1900, although the population only doubled in the intervening half-century.

None of this has meaning unless it is translated into terms which have personal meaning, the meaning, that is buried in such statistics as the following:

In spite of the considerable increase in population (nearly one-third between 1930 and 1954) and the influx of nearly two

million permanent immigrants in the postwar years, the real per capita income of Americans increased about 60 percent between 1938 and 1953.

### Successful Capitalism

Thus it appears now that we have in the United States—and in Canada, too, I might add—a form of capitalism that is successful. Is it successful because our country is so rich in resources and is so large? Well, other countries are larger, and their natural resources, per capita, are greater. No, there are larger nations and older industrialised societies in the world than the American. The difference which accounts for the American achievement lies in a difference in institutions.

American capitalism is the result of an act of will, as one European writer suggests; whereas the capitalism that has been less successful elsewhere is the result of an absence of will, or *laissez faire* carried into that anarchy and chaos which often seem to compel desperate adventures. The American economy thrives because it is an economy of freedom under law. It is integral with the constitutional freedom which characterises our society.

It has been well said that "absence of laws leads in the economic field exactly where the absence of laws leads in the political field—to dis-

order, chaos, the triumph of the strongest, dictatorship." The American economic system evolves from the same principles that guide it to political freedom.

Laws are made not to restrict the individual but rather to channel his energies into orderly creativity; they provide the environment in which he may best fulfill himself without harm to his fellows. It is for this reason that for two generations now there have been laws in the United States against monopolies—the dictators, so to speak, in the economic field. There are laws, or what we may call rules of the game, by which management and labour are compelled to work out their differences, but there is no law or governmental body that says precisely what that solution should be.

The government is empowered by laws voted by the people's representatives to take steps to make the economy stable—to regulate credit rates, for example, to adjust the tax structure, to draw up a national budget, to provide supports for farmers, to initiate public works, and so on. All these measures are designed to make it possible for the government to regulate the economic "atmosphere," so to speak, in which individual men and women go about their affairs. They are designed to prevent those violent upswings and collapses which characterised the old capitalism. In short, the laws are meant to provide a favourable environment in which the many active forces in American life can receive free play, so that the so-called countervailing power of the producer (although consumer and producer are two sides of the same individual, usually), the countervailing power of organised labour may vie with management, and so on.

### Consumer Must Have Purchasing Power

In our American society, producers have discovered that the consumer must have purchasing power, and so

wages are high and unit costs low because of mass production at low profits per unit. It has been discovered that there must be a willingness to scrap the obsolescent, to experiment ceaselessly to bring in new techniques and new things. For the important thing is turnover, change, creation and creative destruction, if the economy is to remain vigorous and to grow. This, then, is American capitalism. It cannot be abstracted as a system from the free political system in which it has evolved. Any pretense that one may have the benefits of this economic system, the most progressive and efficient in the world, without the political system of which it is a part is an illusion.

I am not sure that I have a title or a name for this economic system in the United States. Although I have thought about it much, I must admit that no name for it seems, offhand, wholly to encompass it—and perhaps this is a good index to its variousness, its manifold meaning. Some have suggested that we call it neo-capitalism, classless capitalism, consumer capitalism. Recently it has been suggested—and with much reason—that we call it People's Capitalism. For certainly it is a capitalism which, like our government, is, as Lincoln said, "of the people, for the people, by the people." Today everywhere we look, we see men in motion, man on the march. The past, the old capitalisms, the old imperial orders, are behind us all. We are, I should like to think, too busy to quarrel with the past, for as a great statesman has said, "When the present quarrels with the past, it is the future that suffers."

This capitalism which I have described is new. Its enemies have only old, empty names for it. Would it be presumptuous to admit that this is a people's capitalism, and that perhaps we might also call it New World Capitalism?



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## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

**D**IWALI is the time for stock taking. And the commercial year that ends with *Diwali* has been on the whole a good year for the film industry. In the show business, there is no guarantee of success or failure and it has so often happened that the pictures which raised high expectations prior to release have proved flops and vice versa.

During the last twelve months, over one hundred and fifty pictures have been released. Out of them, more than half would cover their cost and some of them would be outstanding hits. During the last twelve months, the pictures to celebrate silver jubilee week at one theatre in Bombay were *Shree 420*, *Ek Hi Rasta*, *Seema*, *Hatim Tai*, *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baahe* which is now running in 80th week. *Bhai Bhai* and *Toofan Aur Deeya* were deprived of that honour. Their success was no less; in fact, they were as good as any jubilee hit. Of the recent releases, *Devta*, *C. I. D.* and *New Delhi* can be described as outstanding hits. The other notable successes were *Bandish*, *Naya Admi*, *Devdas*.

The year was noteworthy for the advent of Prabhat Kumar as the director and Satish Vyas and Nanda as stars of *Toofan Aur Deeya*. It was also noteworthy for the sensational debut of Suchitra Sen on the Hindi screen and wonderful performance by Daisy Irani in *Bandish* and *Ek Hi Rasta*. It also brought into limelight Waheda Rahman in *C. I. D.* Shubha Khote in *Seema* and Gemini Ganeshan in *Devta*. But for these few exceptions the producer depended on

old stars whose prices are soaring up beyond all limits. The picturegoers showed preference for social pictures and musicals. Music continued to play the dominant role in popular appeal. If the songs of *Shree 420* were popular a year ago, today the songs of *C. I. D.* seem to be leading in popularity. And even in *C. I. D.* the tune most preferred is the purely Indian *La ka Pehla Pehla Pyar*. The classical *Thumris* are most in vogue today. The success of *New Delhi* revealed that in spite of growing parochial tendencies the theme of unity had popular appeal.

*Pather Panchali* though produced last year continued to be the most talked about film in the last twelve months, thanks to its success at Cannes Festival and the excellent review it got abroad. It won the President's gold medal. Artistically *Aparajita*, *Ek Din Ratri (Jagte Raho)* created the greatest furore and both the pictures were tipped for national awards for 1956.

The Indian Film delegation visited Cannes, Berlin, Karlovy Vary and Moscow. The delegation for Moscow left only last week. The year also marked the beginning of the first co-production between India and the Soviet Union. An agreement on the basis of equal partnership was signed between Naya Sansar and Mosfilm. Script was jointly written and actual shooting began on 29th October at Mehboob's Studio with Soviet Star, Oleg Streezhenov and Balraj Sahni appearing in the first scene.

Apart from *Pather Panchali*, *Boot Polish*, *Munna*, *Naukri*, *Biraj Bahar*, *Bandish*, *Devdas*, *Teen Bathi Char Rasta*, *Shree 420*, *Mirza Ghalib*, *Waris*, and *Parichaya* were shown abroad and elicited praise. Raj Kapoor who was mobbed in Tehran only two weeks ago is undoubtedly the most popular Indian Star abroad, especially in the Middle East and Soviet Union.

During the year, the Film Division

released *Bharat Darshan*, a remarkable full length documentary on the Russian leaders' visit to India and made further advance in the field of documentary film with *Khajuraho*, directed by Mohan Wadwani as the best documentary of the year. Bimal Roy Production also completed *Gautam, The Buddha* a full length documentary on Buddha which is expected to be released on 24th November.

Along with this bright side, one must take cognizance of the darker side of the events. To begin with, though preparations were afoot no celebrations were held for the jubilee year of the talkie. Even Ardesher M. Irani, the man who produced the first talkie, was not honoured. And it was left to the film journalists of Bombay to observe 14th March 1956 as the jubilee year day and felicitate Ardesher M. Irani who was later presented with a purse of Rs. 10,000 by Nanubhai Vakil at the premier of his new version of *Alamara*.

The film industry also failed to get any financial help from the Government. The appeal for reduction in taxes proved futile; on the contrary the Government of Bombay increased the duty on higher prices of admission from 33.1/3 to 50%. The censors gave trouble even to such innocuous pictures like *Paisa Hi Paisa* and *Ek Din Ratre*. The Government only promised to form a National Film Board and start a Finance Corporation. As to the theatres, the Government of Bombay relaxed its control, but it remains to be seen whether the industry will be really benefited by this relaxation as it needs at least a thousand new theatres.

The production rate itself was erratic with the result that while some of the studios worked heavily, others remained idle. In fact, three studios in Bombay are closed down; and the three studios in Poona have hardly any work. So, though on

paper a record number of pictures were in the making, in reality the production rate was far from high. And there is a fear that the output may fall down after six months.

The stars and the theatres proved to be the great headaches while finance was available only at a fabulous interest. The producer's lot on the whole was far from happy. For, most of his earnings went to exhibitors, distributors, financiers and stars; and with almost a new production being born every week his future appeared to be as uncertain as ever. Consolidation of producers into combines, check on star prices and construction of new theatres—these are the three remedies which can bring stability to film production in India. But there are no such chances and the film industry seems to be destined to progress as erratically as ever.

On the social front, this year, the stars were in the news for their marriages and parenthood. The stars to become parents were Geeta Bali, Shammi Kapoor (whose son incidentally made his debut on the stage on Friday the 26th) Dev Anand, Kalpana Kartik, Johnny Walker and Noor.

#### News of the Week

Aditya four-month old son of Shammi Kapoor played a role of a newly born child in Prithvi Theatres' *Kisan*.

*Ek Raat* is the title of Daulatram's next picture for which Ali Sardar Jafar writes the screenplay. Vishram Bedekar is directing. The cast is expected to be led by Ashok Kumar, Bharat Bhushan, Bina Rai and Nimmi.

Vasant Jogekar is performing the muhurat of *Karigar* on 31st. He is the producer, director, and author of the film which stars Ashok Kumar, Nirupa Roy, Lalita Pawar, Ramesh Kapoor, Sumate Gupte and Om Prakash. C. Ramchandra is giving the music.

## NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

**R**AJAJI'S advocacy of a strong opposition party in India has come none too soon. Rajaji has at last discovered that the Congress Party, of which he was the shining luminary till the other day, is now a party of self-seekers. He should follow up his theoretical observations by making efforts for the formation of a strong united opposition to the Congress Party all over the country.

Independent thinkers all over India are now disgusted with the misrule of the Congress Party everywhere. The masses are in a state of despondency because of continuous exploitation over several centuries. The message of hope should be carried to them by those who are still capable of thinking—of whom Rajaji is one.

Rajaji, Jaya Prakash, Dr. John Matthai, and others should get together and save our country from the one-party rule for the sake of democracy. There is every chance of the progressive parties coming together under the leadership of such trusted leaders.

It may be difficult for the Communist Party to join the Praja Socialist Party and *vice versa*, but it will not be so difficult for both to join hands with some of the senior-most leaders of the national struggle for freedom. It is a salutary development that many within the Congress Party have come to realise the utter futility of Congress Party rule for India. The trouble is that the Congress Party is not a party in the sense in which the term is generally understood. Dr. John Matthai hit the nail on the head when he pointed out that the party

was trading in the name of a few top individuals, instead of having any basic programme or policy.

The way in which Congressmen are quarrelling among themselves for the loaves and fishes of office is a clear indication of degeneration and decomposition. Whether it be in Bombay or in Andhra, there is no principle on which two individuals stood for leadership. They merely stood because they wished to be Chief Ministers. The qualities of leadership of different candidates are never considered. In fact, candidates who have no qualities of leadership are preferred both by the Congress High Command and by the Legislature Parties themselves. The Congress High Command cannot tolerate a leader of the people, because he is not likely to be amenable to its instructions. The Legislature Parties do not want a leader because he is not likely to confer favours on them, and because he is not likely to let them indulge in nepotism and favouritism.

The Congress Party has thus tied itself into knots. It is impossible to cut them, even for Jawaharlal Nehru. The only solution lies in scuttling. But those who control the Congress Party are unwilling to dissolve it, although even the Mahatma had advocated its dissolution. Others will therefore have to take up this task.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU has at last indicated that he is not unaware of the danger of the personality cult that has been growing in India. By merely stating that he does not like

the feeling that nobody could do my job except himself, however, he does not do anything to put an end to that cult. Even Stalin had paid lip-service to the concept of collective leadership, but criminally perpetrated the cult of the individual. What is needed is the retirement of Jawaharlal Nehru from active politics, as suggested by Dr. John Matthai.

Mr. Saxena pointed out to Pandit Nehru at his Press Conference that the Indian masses, in their ignorance, voted for Pandit Nehru instead of to the Congress Party. "What would happen in the normal way when this old gang is dead and gone," replied the Prime Minister, "I do not know, but undoubtedly that is a powerful factor in favour of the Congress." He added, "I see no reason why I should accept the advice offered to me, to retire and look on, and see what happens. (Laughter)"

It is to the credit of the Prime Minister that so soon after resolving not to accept this advice, he threw out a hint that he has not yet given up the idea of leaving the office of Prime Minister, which occurred to him four years ago. If the Prime Minister thought that this would immediately give rise to a spurt of anxious reactions from the fourth-rate leaders of the Congress Party (since there are no other third, second and first-rate leaders), he must be sorely disappointed.

The Prime Minister has become a victim of the habit of changing his decisions that even his close associates do not any longer take his words seriously. Once bitten, twice shy. More than once bitten by his frequent changes of decision on the question of re-organisation of States with particular reference to Bombay, Congress leaders are a hundred times shy. A man who really wants to give up office does not go about saying that he is thinking of giving it up. He gives it up. He does not say that he is something more than the Prime Minister of India. Nor does he ask

people to shout "Jawaharlal Zinda-bad." He modestly points out that he is a mere servant of the people, and that any successes which he may have achieved are entirely due to the efforts of the Indian people. The shouting of his praise is best left to others, and there must be at least modesty on the part of the great leader and an effort to minimise the singing of his praise.

The emergence of younger leaders in the Congress Parties of Andhra Pradesh and Bombay has been the subject of a brilliant article published in the *Telugu Swatantra*. "Gauri Shankar" has suggested that this was in keeping with the dictum of Bagehot that Governments are tired from time to time, and should be replaced by others. Both Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi and Mr. Chavan are between 40 and 45, and this is an encouraging sign, that younger people are coming up in these states. But the argument that this in itself is likely to lead to any salutary changes of policies on the part of their cabinets is rather far-fetched.

The editorial of *Telugu Swatantra* on the election of Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi is more realistic. Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi does have certain qualities of leadership, unlike Mr. Gopala Reddi who has been propped up and then foisted on Andhra by the patronage of Mr. Rajagopalachari. *Telugu Swatantra* wisely refrains from putting too much hope on Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi, for it is doubtful whether he can withstand the pressure of the High Command to include in his Cabinet all the diverse elements, pulling in different directions.

It is doubtful whether Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi will give a good Government to Andhra. Bagehot was right in the sense that the Congress Party is a tired party of old men, although there may be in it some anachronisms like Sanjeeva Reddi and Chavan and even Gopala Reddi. A young man

who is in a Party of old men is something worse than an old man. The old men of the Congress Party today were young once, and they did good work when they were young. In fact, some of these old men are capable of more resistant thinking than the young men of the Congress, who seem to be constitutionally incapable of leadership. The leadership of India tomorrow must come from outside the Congress Party.

Old men like Mr. Rajagopalachari and Dr. John Matthai are, in that sense, better leaders of the youth of India than Mr. Sanjeeva Reddi and Mr. Chavan, who were no doubt born several years later. What is needed is youth in spirit, and not youth of mere body. Ability to think independently, to take risks in matters which may affect oneself personally, to do something which may result in the loss of one's office—these are the

signs of people who are young in heart and in spirit. Pandit Nehru does not leave the Congress Party today for one reason, and for one reason only: he may be deprived of the power which he commands as the Prime Minister of India. He seems to value this power more than anything else. If he were really something more than the Prime Minister of India as he is not tired of repeating, he would have kicked the office long ago.

Pandit Nehru has made many compromises with his opponents within the Congress Party, opponents who represented the vested interests. The progressives within the Congress Party have been betrayed by Pandit Nehru all along, and so have been the general masses. He has wavered, and weakened, and surrendered to the vested interests—only for the sake of retaining his job. There is no denying this.

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## EAST AND WEST

By ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

TWO thousand four hundred years ago Herodotus began his history of the war between Greeks and Persians with a half-humorous sketch of the origin of the feud between East and West. It began, he says, with their stealing each other's women. That led in time to the Trojan War, and that to lasting bad blood between Asia and Europe, of which the wars of his own day were an outcome.

Nowadays it is more usual to explain these things by rivalry over wealth than over women. It is a more plausible explanation; for, as Herodotus says, only fools make a stir about women who let themselves be abducted. Gold and silver, spices and diamonds, rubber and oil are a more serious matter.

Be that as it may, ever since those days there has been one long see-saw of alternating predominance between East and West. The East had a long start; for it was there that men first founded civilisations. But those first civilisations decayed, as things under the sun are apt to do. The Greeks and then the Romans turned the tables and set up their own empires—Aristotle justifying Greek imperialism on the ground that Asians were cowards and always the slaves of somebody or other, so that on the whole justice was done.

A thousand years after Aristotle the East had its revenge. The Arabs surged out of their deserts and set up the reign of Islam from the Pamirs to the Pyrenees. They proved quick learners, mastered and improved on Greek science, and introduced it to western Europe, where it had been totally forgotten. They forgave Aristotle his aspersions on their part of the world and translated him

into Arabic, with the result that the West renewed its acquaintance with him through translations from Arabic into Latin long before the Greek original became accessible. An impartial spectator in the Middle Ages might plausibly have predicted that the Moslem East would conquer and civilise poor, backward, ignorant Europe, where men lived in holy dirt and grovelled before phony relics of saints that made an enlightened Moslem spit with contempt.

Yet the impartial spectator would have been wrong. Poverty was forcing the West to live by its wits. Just because they had no vast empire from the Pamirs to the Pyrenees at their command, but only a confined space between Islam and the ocean—just because they had no unlimited supply of slaves from foreign conquest, but had to live by their own labour or any they could hire—Western merchants and master-craftsmen were developing free industry and the inventions that go with free industry. And when the Moslem East pressed them hard, and trade openings in that direction were closing, Western adventurers sailed round Africa, and then round the world, and took Asia in the rear.

From those days of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries until our own day the West has had its own way. The earth has been its football. America has been settled, North and South; Asia has been cut up into dependencies and spheres of influence; Africa has been partitioned. To the learned it seemed as if old Aristotle was right after all. To the less learned, who do not read Aristotle, but who know that gold and silver are useful and that cotton, oil and rubber pay good dividends and are indispensable to modern industry, it

seemed that the "Lord God of Hos's" had given them "dominion over palm and pine" in order that they might teach the "lesser breeds without the law" to live by honest labour to their own reformation and to the exceeding great profit of their masters.

And yet we might have known better. A study of history would have told us that the whole process was a see-saw, and that as invention and know-how had given a lead to the West, so the diffusion of invention and know-how must in the long run cancel the handicap and restore the balance. Today I learn (not from Communist sources—I should not cite them—but from the Washington correspondent of *The Times*) that more than twice as many scientists graduated last year in the U.S.S.R. as in the U.S.A. Twenty-five years ago our experts guffawed at the very notion that Russia could ever overtake the West in anything. Who looks silly now? And what Russia can do, China, India or any other part of Asia can do if it puts the same pep into the job.

It is against that background that we must see the Egyptian decision to nationalise the Suez Canal. The

Arab world no longer believes that Allah has given the West dominion over palm and pine, and refuses to see itself as a lesser breed without the law. I do not know how events will develop, but today I read (again in *The Times*) that all is orderly and quiet in the Canal zone. It is to everybody's interest that it should remain so. But it will not remain so if our public-school-educated politicians get their way.

What is a Humanist to do? A Humanist is not a Westernist or an Easternist or an Anglo-Saxonist. East and West have to live together or be destroyed together. It is everybody's interest, including the Egyptians', that the Canal should keep open and that goods should move freely through it. To imagine that Nasser nationalised it in order to stop our oil is plain lunacy. We can have our oil by paying for it—which after all is the most honest way to have anything. If we are afraid of Nasser raising the Canal dues (which he has not yet given any sign of doing) we can save money in other ways, for example by cutting the call-up and reducing armaments by all-round agreement. Force will save nothing and nobody, and may destroy us all. —*The Monthly Record*

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## PART TIME JOBS FOR MARRIED WOMEN

By VIRGINIA FLEMMING

ON Monday July 2nd *The Times* published an article called "After the University" which was about women. Amongst other things spoken of is the very short period of work which they give to the community before becoming engulfed in marriage and family. The same week *The Times Educational Supplement* reviewed a book called "Women's two roles" by Alva Myrdal and Viola Kleins. The reviewer considered this an excellent examination of the problem and approved changes called for by the authors. They maintain that society should expect women to work only part time outside their homes for a considerable period of their lives and plan work accordingly. Then women could the more easily return to full time jobs when they felt free to do so. They should not expect or be expected to have full time jobs sustainedly as men do.

At last serious sociologists and journalists are beginning to face the realities of women's lives, especially of those whom the state now sends in large numbers to our universities or to some other places of high level training. Such girls are supposed to work hard at educating and equipping themselves and to have some ambition about a career but in fact they are likely nowadays to marry young and have several children. Their desire to do this cuts across any other ambition they may have. Many work after marriage until their first child is in its first year but then they tend to give up. Complaints are heard that young married women do not pull their weight in schools and other places. No wonder, if they are supposed to be

doing a full time job as well as looking after a home.

But many married women crave some work outside the home along the lines of their other interests, especially after their children are out at school all day. Moreover they are needed. We shall not be able to staff our girls' schools with women teachers unless plans are made to utilise married women on a part time system. The same is true of hospitals and much social work done by women. It would be much better if industry and commerce would offer part time as well as full time work so that women did not have an all-or-nothing choice.

It seems strange that so simple an idea has not long ago been worked out in practice. But considerable changes of organisation and outlook would be involved, so that it is only likely to be worked out when society realises that there are not enough unmarried women to do its work. This position is rapidly approaching, for in 1960 there will be more men than women in the marriageable age groups. Then at last people will have to think and do what will suit married women and enable part time use to be made of their qualified services.

This is an extremely important matter, for if some scheme is not worked out the whole movement to educate girls may be reversed. As *The Times* article said: "Are we to return to the point where sceptics will once again ask if it is worth giving a woman a higher education, adding this time—at the expense of the taxpayer?"

By means of part time work during part of their lives women will not become Permanent Secretaries or

heads of Museums in large numbers. But they will be able to do much useful work besides bringing up their families during many years of their lives. They will be able to use an expensive and strenuous education after they are married and to work out for themselves a more supple and satisfying adaptation to changing circumstances. A balance of satisfactions will be open to them which is at present hard to find.

If we believe that it is a good thing for girls to be able to develop their varied capacities, if we think it good that there should be educated and highly trained women in society, if we think society needs the services of such women after marriage, then everything points to the determined organisation of part time work. At present some young women carry on until they are on the verge of a breakdown before relinquishing careers in the civil services whilst others throw up altogether at once. There is no compromise at present. Part time work would go far to solve the problem for society and for women in particular.

—News And Notes

### B. B. C. FEATURE PROGRAMME ON YOUNGHUSBAND

The late Sir Francis Younghusband, well-known explorer, is to be featured in a British Broadcasting Corporation programme entitled "The Twain Shall Meet", to be broadcast in the BBC General Overseas Service on November 12.

Among those who will contribute recollections of this remarkable man in the BBC programme are his daughter, Miss Eileen Younghusband; two of his successors as chairman of the World Congress of Faiths, Lord Samuel and Lady Ravensdale; the daughter of his friend, Lord Curzon; the famous philosopher Bertrand Russell; and Dr. T. G. Longstaff, well-known Himalayan climber and explorer.—BIS.



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## INDIAN SETTLER IN U. S. RUNS RACE FOR CONGRESS ELECTION

**I**N USA there are at least a thousand natives of India who are American citizens. All of them are either in New York City or in Riverside, California. In New York City, the bulk of them are Bengalee Moslems. In California the majority are Sikhs. Among the California group one such citizen has been receiving national prominence for trying to get elected to the Congress of USA.

Over 100,000 votes are raging between Jacqueline Cochran Odum, the Republican candidate to succeed retiring Republican incumbent, John Phillips, as representative in Congress from California's 29th district, and Judge Dalip Singh Saund, a thoroughly Americanized Indian and Democratic primary winner from tiny Westmoreland with a population of 13,000.

The contest puts the Blonde Florida orphan, who now dines with Presidents, against a dark hued immigrant from an upper caste Indian family—first of his countrymen to hold public office in the United States. The campaign has attracted unprecedented attention and expenditures in this area.

The Democrats, from National Committeeman Paul Ziffern on down, have promised Judge Saund as much help as he needs.

Recently Governor Frank Clement of Tennessee, hustled into speak for Judge Saund, and ex-Governor. Howard Pyle of Arizona, appeared at a Cochran rally. Paul Butler, Democratic National Committee chief, has boosted up the Judge's candidature.

Miss Cochran and her campaign committee spent a declared \$57,881 in the hot primary. Judge Saund and his backer, \$15,527 according to reports to the California Secretary of State. In topping all Congressional

candidate in the state, Miss Cochran spent \$3 a head for a total of 19,319 votes, Republicans and Democratic, in the primary. The judged polled 16,743, virtually all Democratic. Each cross-filled and ran on both party tickets as permitted by California law.

Realizing his best hope for victory in the Nov. 6th general election lies in a bigger Democratic vote, Judge Saund, his family and backers conducted a vigorous registration drive. It resulted in a democratic advantage of 66,261 to 59,441 in the district which embraces Riverside and Imperial Counties, an area of some 11,000 square miles.

But the business woman-flyer, wife of financier Floyd Odium, hinted that the last couple of weeks of the campaign would be her biggest.

Judge Saund, if elected would be the first native of India to serve in the United States Congress. He is fifty-seven, has a Ph.D. from the University of California in Mathematics and a fertilizer business that grossed about \$250,000 last year in agricultural-rich imperial country. He came to this country in 1920 and was naturalized in 1949.

Miss Cochran, who at forty-seven is internationally known as a flyer and cosmetics firm executive, stresses the value of her connections in Washington.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

### ELECTRONIC COMPUTER FOR MILKING CONTESTS

For the first time in any dairy show in the world, an electronic computing machine is being used to calculate points in milking trials. Three-quarters of the more than 370 cattle of 11 breeds entered in a cattle show in London are being machine-milked at the show.

## SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

Vol. XI. 10 November 1956. No. 41.

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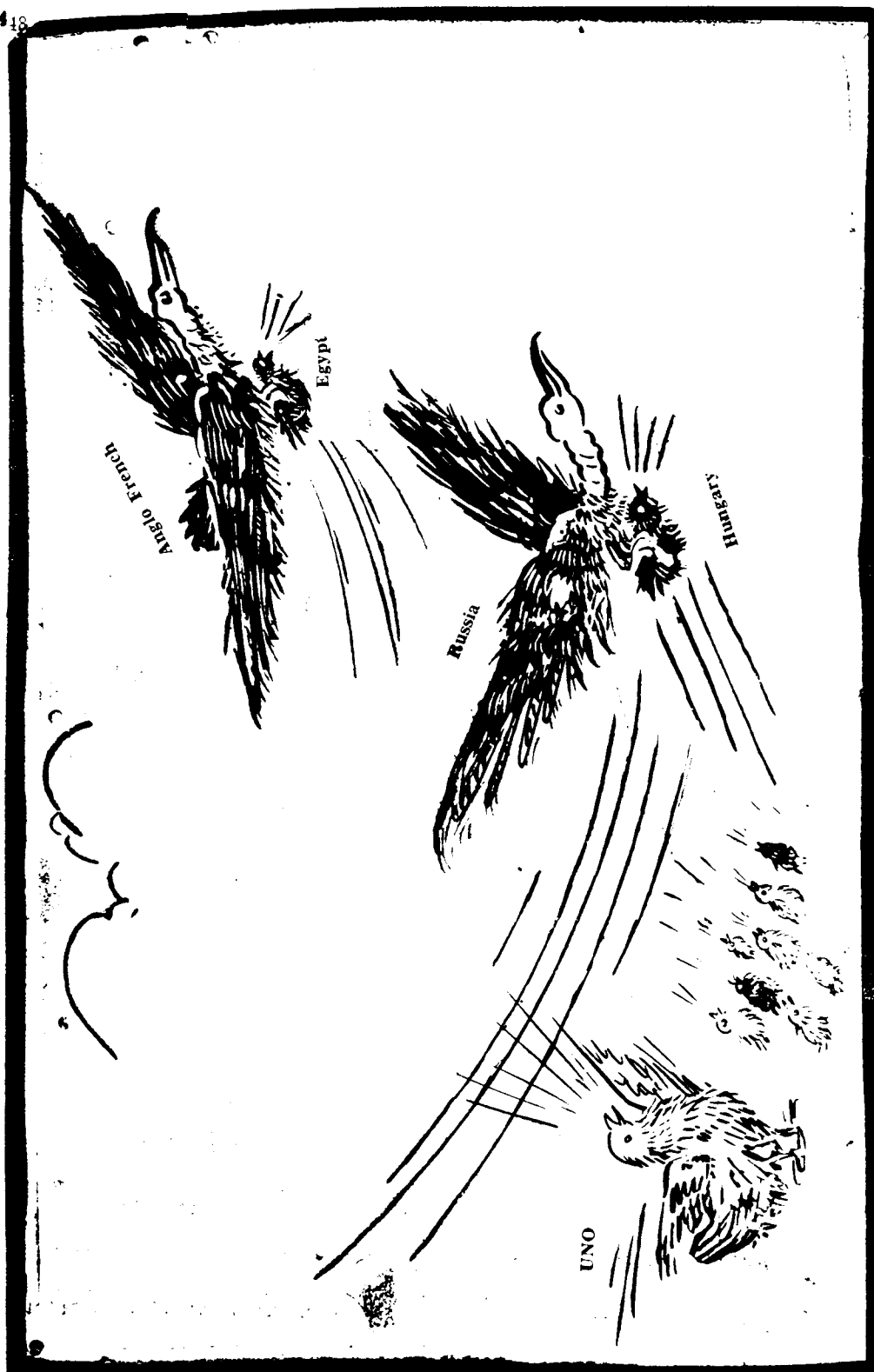
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UNO—"And we thought they were birds of our feather."



# SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER 10 SATURDAY 1956 No. 41

## AGGRESSION IN EGYPT AND IN HUNGARY

THE international situation has eased. There is a cease-fire in Egypt and, if official Russian reports are to be given credence, the shootings in Hungary have also stopped. But peace has not dawned after all the blood-lettings in these two areas. On the contrary, the aggressors have got away with it and the victims have lost everything. The peace that has been ushered in is that of the grave yard.

In the case of Egypt it was a calculated plan executed with brutal precision by Britain and France. They used Israel as a tool. They had drawn a blue print of their projected operations down to the minutest details. They timed their action to suit the exigencies of happenings in America and in Russia. They chose a moment when the one was involved in a Presidential election and the hands of the other were full in an involvement with satellite Hungary. When they struck the first blow they knew exactly what would happen, how the victim would react, what the rest of the world would do, and what explanations they should offer in justification of their pre-meditated but unprecedented aggression. They knew and had calculated before hand not only what further steps they should take but also when they should take them and when exactly they should conclude their aggressive acts and cry "cease-fire".

The British and the French have kept to their time-table. They have destroyed Nasser's military strength. They have captured the Suez canal.

They have made possible the Israeli conquest of the Sinai peninsula and finally they have stopped fighting when there is nothing more to fight for. They have pretended to obey the UN call for "cease-fire" and have thrown a further obligation on the UN to constitute an international police force which should take charge of the Canal before they themselves could be persuaded to leave. To all appearances, the UN is deemed to have succeeded in its object of maintaining peace; but, as a matter of fact, the UN will only hold the baby which has been brought into being by Anglo-French aggression against Egypt.

Looking at the events in Hungary, the incidents have assumed the familiar Soviet pattern. A satellite Power, subordinate to communist imperialism, ventured out in an act of rebellion against the paramount authority of Moscow. As a consequence, the vast machinery of the Red Army sprang into operation. The tanks and the machine guns went into action in the streets of Budapest and into the villages of rural Hungary. Rebels were liquidated and the communists regained power. Thousands have been killed and many more thousands have been maimed, displaced and exiled from their hearths and homes. The rebel Government has been suppressed and a new Communist Government, suppliant to the will of Moscow, has been installed in power.

These two acts of international brigandage by the leading Powers,

who have permanent seats in the Security Council of the United Nations, have spread a wave of cynicism throughout the world. These strange happenings have not only caused miseries of war and destruction among the victimised nations but have shaken the edifice of world peace, the UNO, to its foundations. These events are inter-related and flow out more or less from the same causes, the same weakness of human nature operating from different geographic centres. The aggression in Egypt was directly impelled by Anglo-French colonialism while that in Hungary was instigated by Soviet imperialism. While the former is old fashioned, the latter is new fangled. But essentially, they are the same. They seek to preserve in perpetuity their stranglehold upon other peoples less fortunately circumstanced, militarily less organised and, therefore, less able to take care of themselves. The independence of Egypt threatened the oil resources of the Anglo-French nations. The independence of Hungary would not only threaten the supply of uranium so essential for the maintenance of the Red Army in top form, but would cause a dangerous rift in the Soviet empire. London could not countenance the first and Moscow could not tolerate the second. Hence their acts of naked aggression which amounts to a savage exhibition of the predatory animal instinct.

Each aggressor points his finger of scorn at the other. It is the pot calling the kettle black. In the midst of the shambles of the war the Soviet Union summoned the hardihood to send an ultimatum to the Anglo-French Powers threatening to decimate Paris and London by guided missiles if they failed to withdraw from Egypt immediately. There is a theory widely held that the sudden order to cease-fire passed by Britain and France was inspired not by the resolutions of the United Nations but by the threat held out by the Soviet

Union. It is true that the Soviet Union has mastered the atom technique. She has already got the Hydrogen Bomb. She has probably evolved a guided missile to carry these super bombs and deliver them at long distances. Hitler used such weapons against Britain during the last war. It is certainly within the range of possibility that London and Paris can be bombarded from bases situated from behind the Iron Curtain. It is no secret that the units of the US navy based in the Mediterranean are equipped with aircraft carriers which can deliver atom bombs deep into the Soviet territory. It is natural that the Soviet Union which is well aware of this menace to her safety has already built up bases within her territory capable of delivering similar attacks on West European nations if not on America. This threat of war by guided missiles is, therefore, already there and such a world war may be touched off at the slightest provocation.

If such a conflagration bursts out, while it is possible that the safety of the world itself may be endangered there is the certainty that the Soviet hegemony will be utterly destroyed. Such a combat will be a trial of strength between the technical equipments of the combatants. At the present moment, the West which includes the US, is stronger than the East which, from the military point of view, consists only of the Soviet Union. If the world is not destroyed in this third global war, America will have a chance of survival. There will be no chance whatever for the Soviet Union to survive. The chances of survival for the Anglo-French nations and for the Communist countries are even. Probably it is this knowledge that induced Sir Anthony Eden to pull out from Egypt before Russia would strike.

The above fantasy may not be true, although it is infesting peoples' minds all over the world to-day. The

more realistic assessment of the situation will be that the Soviet Union was merely bluffing and that she delivered her ultimatum to Britain and France on the off chance that she might be taken seriously in the panicky atmosphere now prevailing in the West. Whatever success might have attended Soviet experiments in nuclear physics her achievements have not so far yielded practical results as those of the US. In any case, the capacity to manufacture atomic weapons on a massive scale by any nation is directly proportional to the totality of the industrial potential of that nation. There is no doubt whatever that the US to-day is incomparably the mightiest in regard to her industrial potential. Well aware of his weakness, therefore, Mr. Bulganin was merely bluffing and tried to work up the nerves of the Anglo-French people with a view to create a fear complex which might result in a general stampede towards peace.

Whether the war in Egypt was called off as a result of the fear of Bulganin's threat to bombard London and Paris or not is a moot question. Now that the threat of war has receded, people will argue either way and will take sides to suit their political predilections and their ideological allegiances. But the fact remains that the war has ended at both the fronts, in Egypt as well as in Hungary. The Anglo-French aggressors have accomplished their objects although they have earned a bad name in history and the Soviet aggressors have succeeded in regaining their stranglehold upon their rebellious satellite and have also contributed to the stopping of the war in Egypt by bluffing about their guided missiles. Will the aggressors be allowed to retain their ill gotten booty? Or, will the UNO act as the conscience of humanity and will gather the strength to right the wrongs that Egypt and Hungary have suffered?

## SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. EISENHOWER is re-elected as President of the United States of America. There was a landslide in his favour and, as admitted by his rival Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the American voters not only extended his Presidentship for another term of four years but gave an overwhelming vote of confidence in his leadership. This election in America will go down in history as the one most influenced by foreign happenings. It might be an accident that the election was held at a time of the Middle East crisis. Or it might be, as some suggest, that Sir Anthony Eden timed his attack on Egypt to synchronise with the US elections so as to take advantage of the hesitation that any American Government, involved in

the uncertainties of leadership amidst an election, would feel in taking timely action against the projected aggression. However, all through the crisis and the anxieties of the situation at home and abroad, it is greatly to the credit of Mr. Eisenhower that he stood unflinchingly as a rock, maintaining the moral leadership of the world and affording hope and protection to the victims of aggression who looked up to him for solace and guidance. His victory at the elections is undoubtedly a tribute of the American people to this unflinching attitude exhibited by him in a time of crisis. His opponents of the Democratic Party committed the grave blunder of trying to cash in on the Egyptian crisis.

They attacked the President's foreign policies which have since won admiration not only of the Americans but of the whole world. Democratic opportunism reached its nadir when it sought to bag in the Jewish votes by truckling to Israel. Just a few days before the date of polling, not only Mr. Stevenson but also Mr. Truman and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt delivered speeches supporting Jewish aggression against the Arabs. The American people retorted in a magnificent manner to this low cunning by bestowing on the Democrats a resounding defeat. Let us hope that Mr. Eisenhower will act during his second term of office as the Chief Executive of the most powerful nation in the world today in such a manner as to deserve that vote of confidence.

Speaking at Delhi on November 7th, Mr. Nehru deprecated what he characterised as the "coat and tie" mentality of Government officials which he identified with the bureaucratic approach and the bossing attitude. He enjoined upon the officers not to go to the people fashionably dressed in Western style as "Bara sahebs." It is a pity Mr. Nehru did not specify how exactly the officials should dress themselves. In the place of the coat and tie, should they put on the khadi shirt and the white cap? We wonder if Mr. Nehru realises that in the India of today, where the writ of the Congress party runs, the khadi and the cap have supplanted the coat and tie as the emblems of the "Bara Sahebs." All the toadies and the sycophants who in former days betrayed the interests of the people in the service of the foreign Government have now, after the foreigners left our shores, discarded their coats and ties in favour of the white cap. Every successful black marketeer is invariably dressed in white khadi and Gandhi cap, and often, when the common man meets such an individual he whispers to his neighbour "there goes

a money grabber in the black market." If one is not to frighten people with the idea that one is a "Bara Saheb" one should certainly avoid dressing in khadi and the funny cap.

Since the khadi clad people are not obviously endowed with the gift to see themselves as others see them, it is high time that somebody ventured to tell them. If the Five Year Plan is really intended to pull up the level of living of our people it should also pull up the quality of dress worn by our leaders. Even as our masses are the poorest of the world's population, our politicians are the most ill-dressed. Some of them during their peregrinations in foreign countries have the good sense to cast off their peculiar department and adopt the dress of the people amongst whom they sojourn. But there are quite a few who stick to their khadi and enjoy the curious grin on the faces of the on-lookers as a tribute to the spiritual eminence of a denizen of Gandhi's country. They are dense enough not to recognise the contempt beneath the polite facial grin. The Khadi cap is certainly an ugly thing. It reduces the wearer to the sub-human level of the monkey. It is true that it has somehow got attached to it the name of Gandhi. But Gandhi himself did not encourage it. The cap represented a stage in the progressive nudism that he achieved in the latter half of his life. The Gujarati turban which he wore during the major portion of his life was a long winded affair, yards and yards of a narrow strip of cloth going eternally round and round the head. When he thought of simplifying his dress his ideal was the achievement of the semi-nudism practised by the agricultural worker in South India. It was at Madurai that he discarded his shirt as well as his cap and with only a light lungoti on he achieved his cherished identity with the Harijan. There was nothing unnatural in the dress worn by Gandhi in his last days. It was beauti-

ful and an eloquent testimony that the wearer was one with the people, the vast majority of whom were as poorly clothed as he was. But the khadi jibba cum white cap is neither here nor there. The poor cannot afford it. The refined cannot tolerate it. It is a monstrosity. People with refined taste who look at photographs in the press of our national leaders dressed in that style have to hang down their heads in shame. There is not one man among those who sport that dress who believes in the message that the Mahatma intended to deliver through khadi. Khadi is a symbol of superior patriotism of which the wearer is innocent. It is worn to hoodwink the ignorant masses.

—SETHU

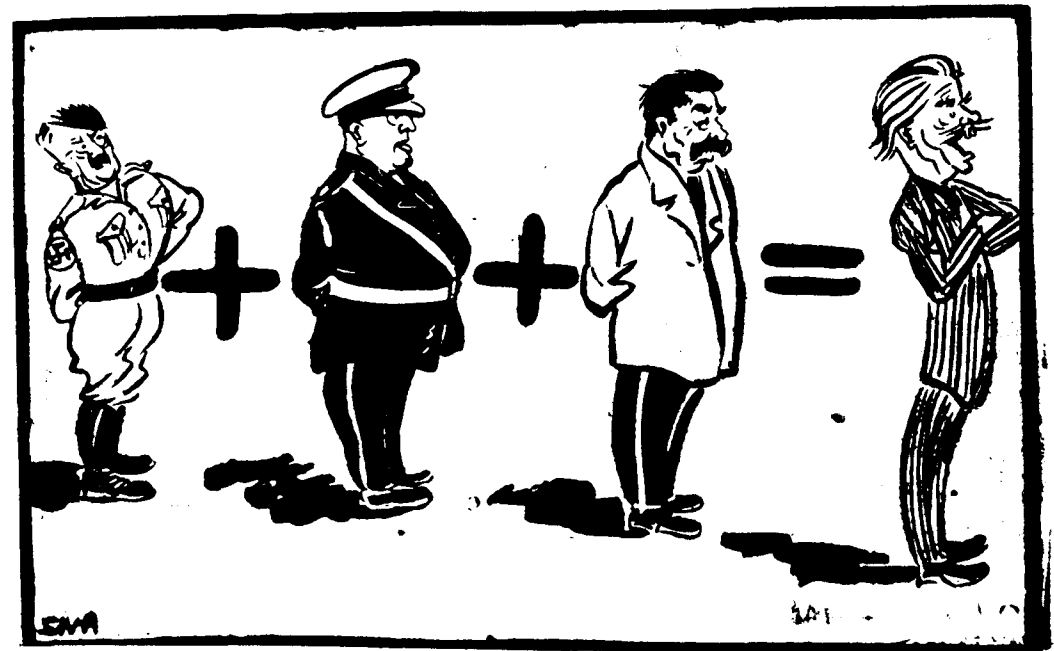
#### WASPS CONTROL HORNWORMS

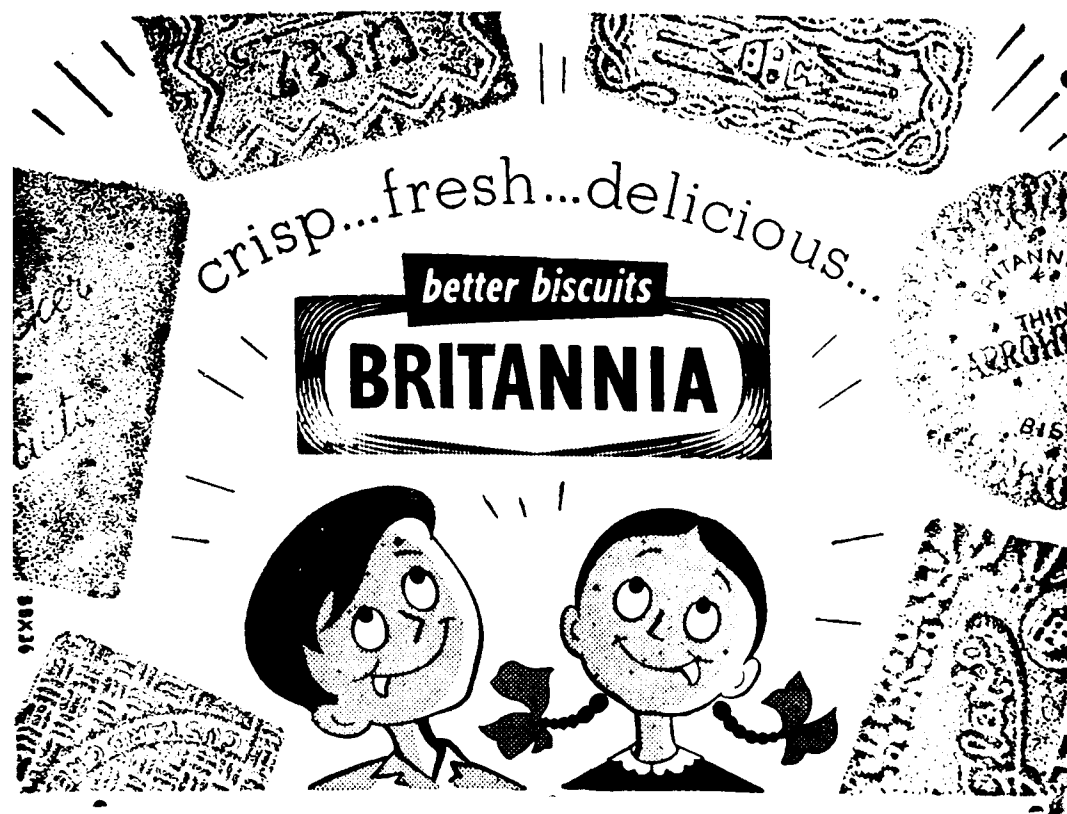
Farmers in the tobacco-growing areas of the United States are beginning to build shelters for wasps, known as paperhanger wasps, in and

near their tobacco fields to reduce their pest control costs and combat the tobacco hornworm. The programme follows successful tests by the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the North Carolina Experiment Station.

The beneficial insects have long been known to U. S. entomologists as natural enemies of tobacco hornworms and, to a lesser extent, of budworms and other tobacco plant pests. Research has developed types of shelters to give the wasps better cover and weather protection than they had in their natural surroundings in grass, brush and wooded areas bordering tobacco fields.

Tobacco hornworms, common in the cotton areas of the U. S. South, feed on the leaves of tobacco plants. But two hornworms to 50 plants can damage about 500 leaves in an acre. Since each tobacco leaf is worth about a cent, considerable damage can be done by even a few hornworms.—USIS





*Your Son ...*

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

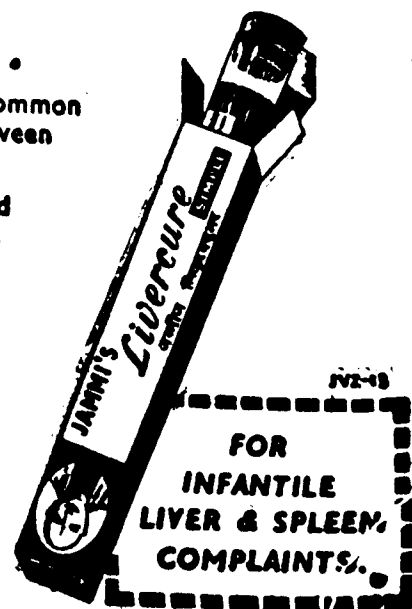
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November 10 1956

SWATANTRA

## BRITAIN IN THE DOCK

By L. N. S.

THE Anglo-French diversion in the Eastern Mediterranean has left a bad taste in my mouth. It has upset all my cherished illusions and delusions about the English nation and the British character which have grown on what they fed me on—namely books. It is as if on Derby day the favourite horse should be out-distanced by a rank outsider, or as if the bright student, expected to top the list, should be guilty of malpractice at the examinations. I was at college and glowed with vicarious patriotism when Asquith drew the sword to vindicate, as he said, the rights of small nationalities. I did gratuitous propaganda against the unspeakable Bosch, taking my cue from the outpourings of English writers who sharpened the sword's edge with the point of their pens. Even in the worst days of our national struggle when my antipathies were exclusively reserved for Britain, I pitted against her her own choice and master-spirits and condemned her out of the mouths of her own children. It had become axiomatic with me that Britain would always 'play the game' and put the other fellow in the wrong, and then act either in self-defence or in defence of the world's under-dogs. But alas, alas,—for what has happened!

Now she has gone and committed the unpardonable sin, something far worse than a crime—a blunder! She has roused the Grundies of the world to Pharisaical fury, while the Peck-sniffs have formed into a solid phalanx and are plastering the villain with the greatest concentration of opprobrious epithets. Our own Prime Minister wearing the white flower of blameless purity, and functioning for our time as the composite Avatar of Buddha, Bruno and Bayard, has spoken for outraged

humanity by declaring that "in all his long experience he had not come across a grosser instance of naked aggression." The cheers of the world that greeted this pronouncement are still ringing in my ears, so to speak. But I am afraid I must tell the Prime Minister that his 'slip is showing.' In the first place there are no gradations in nakedness—either you are naked or you are not. We may be clothed well or ill, more or less according to the length of our purse and the fashion of the day. But there are no fashions or classifications in nakedness. This is no less true in a figurative sense. A man may be buttoned up to the chin, but still go about without so much as a rag to cover himself with. Or you may come across Sadhus and Mahatmas clothed comprehensively in nothing but a habitual and benignant smile.

### Instances of Aggression

Further it is simply not true to assert that this has been the 'grossest' instance of 'naked aggression'. Other episodes in recent history can claim priority in calculated cynicism and meditated malevolence. When Italy invaded Abyssinia, the aggression was more starkly naked, though Shaw raised his solitary but strident voice in support of it. The Japanese affair in China dragged on for years, but was never once dubbed a war. In Korea it was no less blatant aggression—each side blaming the other as the villain of the piece. Coming nearer home, what has been our own record since the achievement of our independence? At the risk of treading on the sensitive toes of three hundred odd millions of my countrymen, but in the interests of historic truth, I must regale public memories (which are proverbially short) with a now completely forgotten episode from our recent past.

When the British power decided to withdraw somewhat hurriedly from our country, it queered the pitch for us in two ways. It not only rent the country in twain, but also released the feudatory states from their long-endured incubus of paramountcy. The practical consequence of it was that each of them was given full freedom to go to India or Pakistan or Coventry or—the devil! The Maharajah of Kashmir came to us primarily to save his skin for which purpose he pawned his country to our troops. We gave him the *abhaya* of our sovereignty in its newest gloss under cover of a legality which deceived none—not even ourselves. Under identical conditions, the Nizam committed the folly of wishing to stand alone and in splendid isolation. The result of it has been to put him into future history books in indissoluble association with the year 1948 even as one of his remote forbears is immortally associated with the year 1748. The Nizam first defied us and then bowed to the inevitable, and has just now been hanged for a sheep. Had I been in his place, I would have preferred to be hanged for a goat (at the hour when destiny knocked at the door) by resisting the big battalions of Bharat to the bitter end and gone down fighting. I would thus have presented Pakistan and the Islamic world with a modern martyr who would have fulfilled the mission of Hussein by bringing Shia and Sunni to beat their breasts in unison and mourn over my grave as the patron saint of Islam in the modern, resurgent world. There was neither legality, nor equity nor morality behind our action. It was naked, unashamed, grim and determined aggression, though we called it a 'police action' exactly as Eden did doubtless taking a leaf out of our own book! So, it cannot lie in our mouths (at any rate) to denounce British action against Egypt in tones of real or simulated indignation.

#### The British Action

But I know that two wrongs cannot make a right; and therefore it is that I deplore the action of Britain as destructive of such progress towards civility that our species has been making tentatively and painfully through the aeons. I mourn the fall in British standards, though I take heart of grace at the vigorous denunciation of the British policies by Britons themselves. The rest of the world can only echo them with varying degrees of uncertainty. I don't know the cosmic scheme—if any; but nations like individuals are perpetually called upon to pay for their pleasures. The Hebraic moralists were not far wrong when they declared that righteousness alone exalts nations. But the offending Adam makes the whole world kin. When Christ asked the censorious crowd which had brought an adulterous woman for judgment to find out the sinless one among them so that he might throw the first stone at her, he did not by any means condone vice. But he emphatically ticked off the pedlars of copy-book maxims, the 'unco guid' as Burns calls them, who have always been the secret props of all cant and humbug in the world.

Speaking personally, I deplore this aberration of the traditional British genius acting out of character. It is as bad as imagining Portia behaving like a blend of Mrs. Quickly and Sarah Gamp. I must almost believe that the celebrated legend about Sir Philip Sidney was a fabrication, and that the imperious aristocrat must have snatched the cup of water from the lips of the dying soldier saying: 'My need is greater than thine!' For Eden's doctrine of necessity cannot convince the world. If Middle-East oil is essential for the standards of British life and the Suez canal is their life-line, then the future of Britain is bleak indeed. After all taking a strictly objective view of the case, the necessity of

British survival cannot be proved to be indispensable to the survival of the world. We are all actuated by self-interest—more than less. But there is an ancient convention that it should be swathed, bandaged and camouflaged in high-sounding and unexceptionable generalities which, like soothing syrups, send the sensibilities of refined people to sleep. It is the Tory fall from these well-established *convenances* that is more deplorable than their alleged fall from theological grace.

#### Nasser's Suicidal Gusto

And then I must also express some astonishment at the build-up of Egypt in the role of the lamb led unresistingly to the slaughter. My sympathies with Egypt do not blind me to the fact that Nasser almost asked for it with a well-planned, suicidal gusto. The arm-chair moralists and carpet-orators who now declaim against the decline of conscience and the enthronement of the law of the jungle have put themselves out of court by their earlier acquiescence in the rampagings of Egypt. Not one of them denounced the act of nationalisation as essentially immoral; they took refuge in law and fooled poor Nasser to the top of his bent,—what time he luxuriated in magalomaniacal visions of the Arab world being greater than the rest of the world, and of Nasser himself being the best emanation of the Arab spirit. Egypt had been in a state of war during the last seven years with Israel; not one of her present friends ever persuaded her to bury the ancient hatchet and live at peace with her own historic cousins. We in particular have been hawking *Panch Shila* to the wrong housewives, and patting ourselves on the back as the planet's peace-makers, *par excellence*. We thought—so did Nasser—that world opinion would be solid as the rocks of Gibraltar and halt aggression even in thought. Actually we had been building up a barrage of words which had no more

potency and cohesion than a sack of potatoes emptied on the floor. Seventy three nations are now egging on Nasser to commit *hara kiri* by smothering him under their asphyxiating sympathies!

But what I can't understand is the pathetic faith of the Egyptian leaders and their idle supporters all the world over in the cult of violence. Next to us, the Egyptians had (and still have) an ideal opportunity to demonstrate the efficacy of non-violence. The latter-day humanitarians who want all war to be abolished and the atom bomb to be dismantled have unfortunately no faith in non-violence. That is not half so ghastly as their inability or unwillingness to go to the help of the victim of unprovoked aggression. In the Spanish civil war, both sides received military and other kinds of help from all over the world. If the conscience of the world has grown more sensitive since then, as claimed, how is it that no country has come forward to organise and send brigades to fight the brigands. Even other kinds of concerted action (such as economic or cultural) against the watchmen turned burglars have not been canvassed. It is a strange kind of support which the world is extending to Egypt in its hour of travail, for beyond words and resolutions and demonstrations in which other people's property is destroyed, not a mouse is stirring where action is called for. It is an unfortunate hang-over of an outmoded way of thought that a weaker party to a struggle should go on fighting with a view to avoid the taint of surrender. A little bit of Falstaff's philosophy might have been more to the point than Nasser's *Hector-Percy* in the present context.

#### The Future

What the future has in store for the parties concerned is any one's guess. But one thing may be asserted confidently. The Golden Age is not yet round the corner. Nor have we reverted to the jungle as lugubri-

ously claimed by some of our leaders. Britain has often been in the classic situation of sinning and repenting for her sins—both with equal thoroughness. Henry II connived at the murder of Becket, and then went in sackcloth and ashes to atone for his deed. In the case of Egypt, British statesmen were at first most unwilling to intervene, and sacrificed a fine soldier to vindicate their ideological correctitude. But when at last she came to occupy the country, she left it the other day better than she found it. For ironical as it may seem, the breed of the world's revolutionaries in the present generation are the children of the Anglo-French heritage of rational liberalism and political democracy. Why, Arab nationalism which is now marching to the shambles, was coaxed into life by British diplomacy—not disinterestedly of course, but with an imperial axe to grind! Britain has maintained cordial relations with all those countries with whom she had been condemned by force of circumstances to fight. France the traditional enemy of a thousand years is her bosom-brother today. It was British propaganda that dubbed Turkey the 'sick man of Europe'; and it is the same source that has now set him up rejuvenated and strong.

But in the unlikely event of Britain and France being bundled out ignominiously from their trespasses in the Middle East, depend upon it, it would be a case of King Log being superseded by King Stork. For funny as it may sound, the selfishness of Britain is largely condoned by the necessities of all other Western nations. They would see to it that the Arab world and Middle-East oil do not upset the basic alignments of nations in the world.

#### The Way To Peace

There are other morals as well

which may be deduced from the present episode. If, both sides to a quarrel put their faith in 'reeking tube and broken shard', then that which has more of them will always win! What has led to the present cease-fire was not the *matinees* at Lake Success but Bulganin's brandishing the atom-bomb against the background of America's unwillingness to take up the challenge. Secondly small nations must realise their smallness. You cannot increase your height by taking thought or by walking on stilts. In the latter case, there is a very real danger of your coming a cropper. Thirdly he who blusters must take care to provide himself against blisters. Finally peace hath its horrors more ghastly than those of war, and exploitation is not so heinous an offence as evasion. The whole world is a colossal and delicately constructed glass-house, and there are too many immature people about playing with brickbats. Accidents therefore happen which lead to casualties which are equally to be deplored whether they are the result of bombing or lotus-eating.

More topically, nationalism is not enough, just as an earlier generation discovered to its cost that patriotism is not enough. All the people own all the world. Sovereignty is a delusion and a snare; and if a world-police force could come into being on the graves of the dead in Egypt it would be a step forward in the liquidation of xenophobia masquerading under deceptive *aliases*.

And so while mourning the decadence of British chivalry, let me conclude with the hope that it may, Phoenix-like, spring from its own ashes and rehabilitate itself by repairing the damage it has caused to the spirit of erring but still hopeful humanity.

## CHILDREN'S THEATRE MOVEMENT

By V. KRISHNAMURTI

CHILDREN are much in the news these days and Children's Theatre has recently come to occupy almost universally a very significant place in the mental, emotional and physical education of children. The origin and history of the Theatre Movement afford a fascinating study of a phase of human evolution and performance.

In the ordinary sense of the term, it is just understood as "children acting to children or to adults in the proscenium form" or as "a place where children amuse or entertain themselves." Of late, however, it has acquired a more definite meaning in that its real significance has shifted from merely 'sitting and watching' to the child 'acting and learning.' In this latter sense, the Movement has a purpose to serve and a promise to fulfil—in every country.

#### A Form Of Child Education

Peter Slade, an authority on the subject, holds that Children's Theatre is nothing but a phase of "Child Drama"—which inculcates in the child a habit of purposeful and restrained expression of its feelings; affords an excellent opportunity for speech-making; promotes team-spirit, co-operation and discipline and fosters a happy teacher-pupil relationship. Above all, Child Drama broadens the sympathies and outlook of the child by enabling him to place himself in the role of another character. In most of the Western countries, the Theatre is increasingly recognized as a medium for promoting education among children and theatrical training forms parts of their school curriculum just as the other humanities like literature, music, painting and so on. It has been realised by experts

that this type of child education compares well, if not better, in stimulating imagination and a certain degree of interest in national, cultural and literary traditions; and what is more, it ignites their spirit of initiative, leadership and self-confidence.

It would appear that factual information is lacking as to how, where and when the Movement originated. Nevertheless, it could be safely averred that the time-honoured religious and cultural festivals and pageants in which rural and urban communities participated, formed the basis of the concept of Children's Theatre. Sports, pastimes and community entertainment also brought children and adults together, particularly on festive occasions. With the passage of time and progress of research, educational institutions and their imaginative administrators gave a tremendous fillip to the Movement by organising formal celebrations of social and State functions. The teachers and the parents who had a jealous eye on the welfare and personality of children, were not slow to realise that if children were to attain their full and complete stature of psychological development, dramatic activities should form part of their school curriculum. It was thus that the Movement gained momentum and popularity.

#### The Theatre—Its History

The Theatre claims a high degree of development in U.K., U.S.A., U. S. S. R. etc. though France is the recorded pioneer in the field. The French process was much the same as of the Kindergarten, to start with, but it was subsequently adapted and modified suitably by the others.

In U. K., the first attempts were made in early 1930. Two notable

companies viz. the Glyndebourne Company and (latterly) the Young Vic Company widely toured the districts presenting popular shows. An experiment, however, is now in progress to concentrate on themes for children under twelve years only.

Experiments in Children's Theatre in the U.S.A. started about 1930. The Jack and Jill Players of Chicago (1930), the Pittsburg Children's Theatre (1933) and the Seattle Junior Programmes (1940) are pioneers in this field. At present there are a large number of Children's Theatres in almost all parts of the U. S. A. There are about 500 producers of plays for children in that country. Besides professional groups, the Children's Theatre Movement has received co-operation from the various amateur theatrical societies, educational institutions, educational and recreational departments of some municipal bodies, social organisations (e.g., the American Association of University Women and the Junior League) and commercial and industrial organisations (e.g., the I.B.M. Children's Theatre, New York and the Racine Children's Theatre Council, Wisconsin). During 1954 a conference of those connected with Children's Theatre in the U. S. A. and Canada was held in Canada. The conference discussed how best to promote the growth of dramatic activities for children throughout the two countries.

#### In Russia

In Russia, where the Movement started even in the twenties of this century, all the important cities, towns and collective farms have made remarkable headway in founding Children's Theatres. Zealously patronized and sumptuously financed by the Government itself, the Movement gets a steady flow of child-actors, trained in special schools.

While Czechoslovakia and Canada deserve mention for their commendable achievements in this direction, the famous "Puck" of Holland is the

only Company of its kind wedded solely to the cause of the Movement.

#### The Movement In India

Nearer home, the Children's Little Theatre of Calcutta was founded in 1952. From all evidence available, there was nothing akin to this before though certain traditions did obtain in some of the Scouts and Guides organisations and Kindergarten schools while some others did impart training for girls in dancing and music. The attempts of a few zealots were beset with various handicaps but flinch they would not. Two earlier bids, one in 1950 and the other in 1951 respectively in Calcutta and Shantiniketan, had been made and so encouraging was their success that it goaded the proud organisers to realise, in October 1952, what was till then their dream, the Children's Little Theatre, India. The Children's Little Theatre's Constitution provides a distinct departure from the Western type, in that only those upto the age of twelve years are catered to by this institution, though the general emphasis falls again on the nursery children. The branches, one each at Calcutta and Delhi, specialise in Rhymes and Steps, Music and Dance. Running a training centre which has started functioning since July 1953 and holding children's festivals are two of their main activities. In the short span of its life, Calcutta and Delhi shared between themselves three such Children's Little Theatre festivals and one demonstration which won not only national, but international recognition and kudos. Apart from these, the Children's Little Theatre also organises Children's Art Exhibitions during festivals. It has constituted three Committees viz. the Music Committee, the Publicity Committee and the Art Committee.

Another important development has been the inclusion of drama in the programme of India's premier cartoon journal, *Shankar's Weekly*,

for the encouragement of both aesthetic faculties of the child. The International Art Exhibition for Children launched by this Weekly several years ago has today become the most important annual feature of its kind anywhere in the world. In 1955, Shankar also organised music and drama competitions for children. In this first effort, naturally, only the children of Delhi and surrounding districts could participate. But the variety of realistic plays, musical dramas and symbolic presentations by the children was a revelation to adults. Like the National Drama Festival of 1954, this children's dramatic festival gave a glimpse of the tremendous potentialities lying hidden in our country.

#### Blue Print For Development

While we say "best of luck" to this noble venture, we must seriously remember the essential conditions for their continued success, if we want this great and useful Movement to progress as it should, on healthy lines. It is agreed on all hands that as far as possible the association of the professional actor with children has to be scrupulously avoided. The conditions for proper development seem to be as follows and may apply universally with only slight changes:

(1) We must strive for the presence of a large number of teacher-actors, endowed with a keen sense of observation and child-psychology and with a sense of sympathy for their failings. For this purpose, nationwide training centres are urgently required; this will also facilitate the flow of child-actors being maintained at a fair level.

(2) We must create a net-work of advisory committees on Children's Theatre, composed of only such men as are intimately connected with children's welfare and personality.

(3) Existence of a large number of theatre buildings has to be ensured. But it should be remembered that these buildings should not conform

to the conventional type but be oval-shaped and provided with galleries (around the rostrum) wherefrom the audience could have, so to say, a bird's eye view. Besides these, as Peter Slade observes, "chairs might be kept in side rooms ready for the occasional formal show. A good canteen, comfortable changing-rooms, bright colours, a size-convertible auditorium, good air-conditioning and plenty of rooms off, away from the main hall, to chatter in and continue improvisations, are important characteristics."

(4) Supplying the needs of Child Drama literature by publishing suitable play-pieces, ballets, musical scores and stories is very necessary. And even more necessary it is to ensure that such literature is widely distributed to the pupils and others connected with the Movement. It is appropriate to mention here that in U.S.A. alone, there are 500 producers actively engaged in this work.

(5) Active assistance from the Amateur Theatrical Societies could be secured and these can indeed contribute a great deal. It is up to them to emulate the worthy example of their counterparts in the Western countries.

(6) Only where it is absolutely necessary and profitable should professionals be harnessed for assistance and co-operation in the scheme. Since the Movement is still in its infancy in this country we cannot possibly do without them as in fact, the West has not been able to do even today. As already observed, however, their role should be kept to the very minimum. In utilising their services, it is better to remember that one or two shows per year for children of twelve years and above is not very harmful, while it is certainly harmful for children below twelve years.

(7) For the expansion of children's activities, festivals could be convened

(Continued on page 37)

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## SOME REFLECTIONS ON NON-VIOLENCE

By J. B. S. HALDANE

WE have to consider two facts. The Gita, which is an exhortation of Arjuna to violent conduct, was the favourite poem of Gandhi, the great exponent of non-violence. War has changed its character completely in my lifetime. Modern war has two principal forms. One form is characterised by the wholesale massacre of defenceless civilians with atomic bombs and other weapons. The other, which is going on in Algeria, Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, and other regions, is characterised by the use of ambushes and individual murder by the less armed side, and the killing of prisoners and the enslavement of whole populations by the more strongly armed side.

Modern war does not evoke any of the *Kshatriya* virtues except courage. But yet these virtues are absolutely needed in modern life, as Gandhi saw. The contradiction is, of course, latent in Hindu mythology. Not only Rama and Krishna, but even Buddha, the great preacher of non-violence, were *Kshatriyas*. But Parasurama, the son of Jamadagni, another avatar of Vishnu, had devoted his life to the extermination of that caste. How then can we combine the *Kshatriya* virtues with non-violence? Gandhi gave one answer to this question. There are other answers, quite compatible with Gandhi's answer, but in different spheres. Gandhi was always concerned in struggles between human groups. He did his best to eliminate violence and hatred from them.

There is another kind of struggle. I quote St. Paul's letter to the Ephesians, the translation from the Greek (from memory) being my own:

"For our struggle is not against blood and flesh, but against first principles, against powers, against the *lokapalas* of the *kali-yuga*, against the spiritual sources of evil in the heavens." I translate his word *kosmokrator* or world governor, as *lokapala*. The phrase translated as *kali yuga* means literally "the darkness of this age." I think that the notion of the *lokapalas* had reached Western Asia from Buddhist sources in St. Paul's day.

### Struggle Against Natural Forces

Some of us struggle against the natural forces which in India are too often worshipped as minor deities, for example cholera and small-pox. My father was mainly concerned with such matters as the ventilation of factories and mines which is important both in safeguarding health and preventing explosions. When he wished to investigate why men died after colliery explosions when they had received no physical injury, he first examined dead men and horses after underground explosions, convinced himself that they had died of carbon monoxide poisoning, and then proceeded to poison himself with this gas. That is to say he breathed a known amount of it until he had fallen over unconscious, and a colleague pulled him out of the gas chamber. In this way he found out how long it takes for a given amount of this gas to overcome a man. He also found that small birds are overcome much more quickly than men (and recover much more quickly). He was however averse to experiments on animals which were likely to cause them pain or fear (carbon monoxide poisoning causes neither).

He preferred to work on himself or other human beings who were sufficiently interested in the work to ignore the pain or fear. His experiments on the effects of heat could perhaps be called *tapas*. He found that he could live in dry air at 300 degrees F. At about this temperature his hair began to singe when he moved it.

But I do not think his motivation was that of an ascetic practising *tapas*. He achieved a state in which he was pretty indifferent to pain. However, his object was not to achieve this state but to achieve knowledge which could save other men's lives. His attitude was much more like that of a good soldier who will risk his life and endure wounds in order to gain victory, than that of an ascetic who deliberately undergoes pain. The soldier does not get himself wounded deliberately, and my father did not seek pain in his work, though he greeted a pain which would have made some people writhe or groan, with laughter. I think he would have agreed with the formulation that the *atman* or *buddhi* in him was laughing at the *ahamkara*.

#### Non-Violent Approach to Experimental Biology

I have tried to imitate him. I have drunk or breathed considerable amounts of various poisons, certainly more than half the fatal dose in some cases, and have done similar experiments on other human volunteers, including my wife. For this reason I feel a certain annoyance when I am excluded from a temple of Siva, who, according to a well-known legend, drank poison to save the other gods. If Siva exists, he may be more pleased by such an action than by the recitation of a lakh of *mantras*.

I believe that this non-violent approach to experimental biology is a fruitful one. I do not condemn those who do experiments on animals which involve their death, or even

moderate suffering. But I have never done an experiment on an animal of a kind which I have not previously or subsequently done on myself; and I hope I never shall. I have dissected dead animals. But I have left instructions that my own body should be dissected by medical students. And if I die in India I hope some future Indian doctors will have the unusual experience of dissecting a European.

One great advantage of working on oneself or a friend is that far greater accuracy is possible than is usual in experiments with animals. If an animal is in pain or fear, for example, its heart is likely to beat faster and its rate of breathing may also increase. This will make it impossible to measure the effect of a drug on its pulse rate or breathing with great accuracy. But when one has done a number of experiments on oneself, one can do them on animals with some confidence that the results will be as accurate as if they were done on men.

When we were in India in 1954 my wife and I did a number of experiments of this kind on three *koi* fish. When these fish are put in foul water containing little oxygen they swim up to the surface and breathe air. We teased our fish in various ways by altering the composition both of the gases dissolved in the water in which they swam and the air above it which they breathed. I don't say these fish never suffered at all. To judge from my own experience they may have had severe headaches for some minutes. But they were certainly not seriously injured, for all three of them are alive and well in London today.

#### Attitude to Animals

I am not at all a saintly person. I have killed animals and eat meat, though not very much. My attitude to animals is more like that of Yudhishthira. He had killed and eaten

plenty of deer. But when he was asked to enter *Svarga*, leaving the dog which had been his companion on his last pilgrimage to die on the mountain, he found, perhaps to his surprise, that this was something which, as a *Kshatriya*, he could not do. No more could I or my wife have given the *koi* fish which we had watched for two months to someone else to kill and eat.

I want to urge that this kind of attitude to animals should commend itself to Indian biologists. Unfortunately it is rather rare. I think that it should be the rule. But of all the Indian biologists whom I know the man who comes nearest to it is a Muslim, your great ornithologist, Mr. Salim Ali. He is prepared to admit that he has occasionally shot birds, but he greatly prefers studying them when alive.

Frankly I regard his attitude is a challenge to Hindu biologists. There is a very great opening for non-violent biological studies in India, and, what is important, they require no complicated apparatus. Let me give some examples of what could be done. Do your song birds sing their songs if they are brought up from the egg by human beings? Or do they have to learn their song as a human being learns a language? In Europe and North America we know that some birds must learn their song, while others produce it untaught, as some mythical Hindu characters were born with a knowledge of the Vedas. If they have to learn, some species learn from their fathers. Our English robin sings very little while helping his wife to keep the eggs warm and to feed the children which emerge from them. But when the children are just learning to fly he bursts into song again for a few weeks. This may be an expression of paternal pride, but it gives his sons the chance to learn from him. Other birds do not learn till they are nearly a year old, when they learn

from other males. To bring up young birds till a year old requires an aviary where they can fly about, and a great deal of devotion. The latter is common in India, but it is commoner among illiterate people than among biologists.

#### Animal Genetics

If ever I settle down in India I hope to continue the study of the almost non-violent branch of biology called animal genetics. If, for example, I want to breed ducks, the conditions in many parts of India, including much of West Bengal, are ideal. One would need some wire netting to prevent unwanted matings, and perhaps a balance, a tape measure, and a chart of colours, but no other apparatus. One would of course need land with small tanks, a certain amount of food, but above all, assistants who would take the greatest care of the ducks. Such work would certainly yield many facts of biological interest, and probably increase the egg production of your ducks. Genetics is not, of course, completely non-violent. We breed a lot of flies in my laboratory, of a species which normally lives on say from injured trees. If we let the surplus ones out in London they would starve to death. We therefore anaesthetize them and drown them in oil before they recover from the anaesthetic. I sympathise with, but do not share, the Hindu practice of non-violence to insects. They will die in any case, but they need not suffer. I am ashamed if I cause an insect suffering, but not if I kill it painlessly. It would be quite possible to practice insect genetics without offending the scruples even of a Jain. But it would mean liberating animals most of which would starve to death.

Thousands of Indians die of snake bite every year. But the cobra is one of the most beautiful of animals, and I should be very sorry to have to kill one. It is just as possible to immu-

nize the rural population of India against the poisonous snakes which live in their neighbourhood as to vaccinate them against smallpox. But the methods for doing so safely and on a large scale have not been worked out. This is a task for non-violent Indian biologists. Two or three of them might die of snake bite before the process was fully worked out. If so they would not have died in vain. At a later date it might be possible either to breed cobras whose poison did not kill men, or men who were not harmed by the bite of a cobra. Meanwhile I should like to meet even one Indian biologist who had immunized himself (or herself) against all snake poisons, and was prepared to answer a telephone call and remove an unwanted cobra or krait from a house without killing it.

Politicians may not like this article. They may say that it calls for a diversion of effort from important to unimportant fields. I do not agree. In my experience kindness to human beings and to animals usually go together. Those who ignore suffering in animals find it easier to ignore human suffering, and conversely. I think that Indians who love animals are often perplexed because they do not see how to give practical effort to their love. I have made some suggestions, and venture to hope that some of them will be accepted. India has made many contributions to world culture. Perhaps the greatest is the ideal of non-violence. Europe's greatest contribution is the scientific method. If these can be married, their offspring may raise mankind to a new level.—*The Mankind*

## THE FOUNDER OF CYBERNETICS

By HUGH MARSDEN

**M**OST people must have noticed the word cybernetics cropping up from time to time, and many who tried to satisfy their curiosity must have shuddered and passed on. It is not the name of some new fad from California promising a longer life, a more beautiful complexion, and a super-consciousness in tune with the infinite. On the contrary, it is a new and perfectly respectable branch of science which nobody who is ignorant of mathematics can hope fully to understand.

Very roughly, cybernetics is the study of the sort of mechanisms which are needed for automatic factories and the electronic brain. It opens up a vista of a world in which the most disagreeable jobs are done by robots, and the chief problem for human beings is how to spend their

leisure. This is no longer a fantasy of science fiction, but a state of affairs towards which we are almost certainly moving. It is real enough already to worry hard-headed Trade Union leaders.

Norbert Wiener, a sixty-year-old professor of mathematics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, coined the word from the Greek *kubernetes*, which means steersman, although he did not know at the time that he was not first in the field. In the early nineteenth century, the French physicist Ampere used a similar word in a sociological sense.

It is obvious enough that the new ground opened up by electronics and self-regulating machinery is sufficiently large to engage full-time specialists. But Wiener has extended it even further by applying his theories

to men as well as machines. One of the discoveries to which they can be applied is that the brain gives off electrical waves. Their movements can be charted and the graphs give information, for example, about epilepsy.

A great deal of work on this subject has been done by Dr. Grey Walter, who constructed automata he called 'turtles,' capable of very complicated behaviour. When they moved about they avoided colliding with each other. They simulated hunger when their storage batteries were exhausted and moved like rabbits to a hutch where they could feed themselves on electricity.

Wiener himself made a mechanical moth which would automatically steer itself into the light. Naturally this gives rise to speculations about whether living creatures, not excluding man, have a similar self-regulating mechanism in the nervous system.

The view taken by Wiener was that the nervous system works on much the same lines as a computing machine. It stores information and uses it on the principle of what engineers call 'the feed-back.'

In his latest book, *I Am a Mathematician* (Gollancz, 21s), he expresses this as follows:

We are so used to feed-back phenomena in our daily life that we often forget the feed-back nature of the simplest processes. When we stand erect it is not in the manner in which a statue stands erect, because even the most stable statue needs to be fastened to some sort of pedestal or it would fall over. Human beings stand erect, however, because they are continually resisting the tendency to fall down, either forward or backward, and manage to offset either tendency by a contraction of muscles pulling them in the opposite direction. The equilibrium of the human body, like most equilibria which we find in life processes, is not static but results from a continuous interplay of processes which re-

sist in an active way any tendency for them to lead to a breakdown. Our standing and our walking are thus a continual ju-jitsu against gravity, as life is a perpetual wrestling match with death.

At this point many lesser men would plunge into philosophical speculations, but Wiener resists the temptation. It is primarily as a mathematician that he feels challenged by the riddle of those impulses which run along the nerves, to and from the brain, giving rise to electric waves. The rhythms can be plotted but not yet deciphered. Faced with the electroencephalograph, the physiologist is in the position of the baffled Egyptologist trying to read hieroglyphics before the discovery of the Rosetta Stone.

What a triumph it would be if mathematics could be applied to the mind. Meanwhile, another fascinating avenue of more immediate significance is being explored, and cybernetics has provided suggestive ideas for medicine.

Work has been done, for example, on leukemia, a condition which results in excessive growth of white blood corpuscles. On the older view, the problem would be approached by studying the obvious results of the disease—the multiplication of white cells. But from the point of view of cybernetics the cause is likely to be found in the failure of a more general mechanism of the body.

### A Disease of Homeostasis?

It is more and more recognized that the health of the body depends on what are called 'homeostatic' processes, which tend to keep temperature, blood pressure, and so on stable. When one of these controls breaks down there is a reaction in the opposite direction, as though some central agent were determined to maintain an equilibrium. This automatic response when the balance is upset works in just the same way as the engineering mechanism called a feed-

back. The interesting idea that emerges is that here may be a disease of homeostasis, or a breakdown of an overall process which could not be found merely by studying the failure of individual parts.

Enough has been said to indicate the wide scope of cybernetics. It is yet another step towards the unity of science. By showing the parallel between self-regulating machines and the human body it raises hopes that the tools which have been applied with such success to the one may come to be applied with even more remarkable results to the other.

But it should not be thought that Wiener is merely offering a new version of the sort of mechanical materialism which nowadays is generally discredited. When he studied mathematical logic, he found himself unable to believe that the real universe was a neat rationalistic system. What had to be accounted for was the fact of change and the possibility of freedom.

It is a world of process, not one of final dead equilibrium to which process leads, nor one determined in advance of all happenings. 'Knowledge,' he writes in his autobiography, 'is an aspect of life which must be interpreted while we are living if it is to be interpreted at all. Life is the continual interplay between the individual and his environment rather than a way of existing under the form of eternity.'

That anyone who has played such a part in the development of automation should write like this, and express in passing a certain debt to Kierkegaard, is perhaps an example of the very mechanism of correcting the balance which is such a feature of cybernetics. So, too, is the emphasis Wiener lays on the purely aesthetic enjoyment of mathematics. It no longer seems odd, regarded in this way, that the man who dreams of replacing human labour by the machine should himself detest dic-

tating his books to a machine, and prefer to spend his long vacations in a house without running water.

Although his critics may accuse him of dehumanizing man, this is the very last thing he wants to do. The story of his life which he has told quite frankly in two volumes shows that he is an extreme individualist—not of the rugged type, but one with great sensitiveness.

The son of a Jewish professor, he was dominated by his father even after his marriage. He was driven hard as a child and had the dubious fortune of being regarded as a prodigy. The usual emotional disturbances followed and he made several unsuccessful attempts to gain relief on the analyst's couch. Matters were further complicated by the anti-Semitic prejudices which he encountered.

But he has never lacked the courage to pursue a lone trail or express unpopular opinions freely. He has been fearlessly outspoken in his views about the atomic bomb and the deplorable effect on scientists of being placed under police surveillance. He also has the individualist's mistrust of the super laboratory and teamwork which is the trend of the times, particularly in America.

He regards himself as lucky to have been born and to have grown up before the First World War. 'From the bottom of my heart I pity the present generation of scientists, many of whom, whether they wish it or not, are doomed by the spirit of the age to be intellectual lackeys and clock-punchers', he writes.

Norbert Wiener is undoubtedly a great pioneer and a man of far-reaching vision. It may be that others will reap the harvest that he has sown, but at least he has the reward of knowing that he has added new territory to our expanding knowledge—and the final satisfaction of his own complete integrity.

—The Humanist

## THIS PARADOXICAL WORLD

By S. P. SHARMA

A paradox is defined as a statement, person or thinking conflicting with preconceived notions of what is reasonable or possible. The proverb, "Hell is paved with good intentions," is an example. But we need not go so far as hell to seek paradoxes. This world of ours is bristling with them. At every step, we are confronted with paradoxes which shatter the seeming finality of worldly values and things.

Long ago, St. Francis of Assisi said: "It is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned and it is in dying that we are born to everlasting life." But then religion and religious men have seemed to speak to us in a language which has always been strange and obscure.

For all of us, youth is the spring of life and 'to be young is very heaven' and old age is the gloomy evening of life, the verge of the dark night that is death. Yet Robert Browning wrote:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life for which the first was made."

And Hervey Allen, in 'Anthony Adverse' says: "The only time you really live fully is from thirty to sixty"—that is, exactly after you cease to be youthful.

After the ravages of two world wars, when statesmen of the world are racking their brains to explore ways to a lasting peace, read what Voltaire in his 'Candide' says: "In those towns which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace and where the arts flourish, men suffer more from envy, cares and anxieties than a besieged town suffers from the scourges of war, for secret vexations are much

more cruel than public miseries." It is common knowledge that, in wartime, people of a nation sink their differences, make sacrifice for others and great acts of courage, selflessness and heroism are witnessed. Would Winston Churchill have come to be ranked with the world's greatest men but for the War?

If poets and novelists too seem to you to live and speak from some other world, let us see what more mundane people of eminence have unravelled.

These are days of calories, balanced diet and nutrition. But the great Napoleon is reported to have held that 'however little a man may eat, he always eats too much. One can get ill from over-eating, but never from under-eating.' Benjamin Franklin, who died full of years and honours and who had known both poverty and affluence in his life, went a step further. Recalling his younger days, he wrote in his Autobiography: "Living on meals which often were no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's and a glass of water, I made greater progress in my studies from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking."

Speaking again of Napoleon, the hero of a hundred battles, who swore by the way of the sword, proclaimed when in exile: "Force is no remedy, the spirit of man is greater than the sword." "Do you know," he said, "what amazes me more than all else? The impotence of force to organize anything. There are only two powers in the world: the spirit and the sword. In the long run the sword will always be conquered by the spirit." Then again, "War is an ana-

chronism; some day victories will be won without cannon and without bayonets."

But coming to modern times, when one of the attractions of being rich is the additional care which it will enable us to bestow upon our children, child specialist Dr. Josephine Baker says: "Children of wealthy parents, though often overfed, are as often undernourished, and being too carefully guarded against contagion, establish no immunity and are prey to every germ."

Again, who would think that ill-health and disease have any beneficial effects on one's body? But Dr. Martin Gumpert, M.D., avers that 'disease, by forcing the body to strengthen its defences, may contribute to increased vitality.'

How far does higher education im-

prove our personality? Dr. Henry C. Link, the famous American psychologist, after extensive studies, made these startling discoveries: "That, in personality traits, people with practically no education equal college graduates; that people who have the highest scholastic intelligence are just as likely as not to be lowest; those who are lowest in intelligence tests are just as likely as not to rank highest; that although the personality of some students improves during the high school and college ages, that of others deteriorates, so that the net result is zero. In other words, *there is no average improvement of personality due to education.*"

In such a bewildering, paradoxical world, isn't it more wise to take life as it comes and keep our heads up with a smile at its vagaries?

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## THE PRESS AND THE MIDDLE EASTERN FLARE UP

By N. GANGA RAM

NEWSPAPERMEN itching to splash sensational news stories have made capital out of the Israeli invasion of Egypt and the Anglo-French aggression. This is but natural. For sometime past they have been starved of exciting news (except, of course, the Deshmukh revelation and the Ahmedabad *tamasha*) and had to be content with dry second plan debates, election propaganda palmed off as condemnation of communal organisations and subversive, disruptive forces, pointless border agitations and the like. Now happily however the flare up in the Middle East and the consequent developments have amply rewarded their patience and waiting, and summoning their professional prowess and skill they are making the most of the situation.

As a result, our newspapers have now become very readable, full of thrilling news as they are. They have succeeded in rousing the interest of even the habitually lazy readers who give their papers nothing more than a casual glance at the headlines. News-presentation has vastly improved and the headlines are very arresting and remind us of the last World War:

WAR IN EGYPT: SUEZ CANAL  
BLOCKED

FRIGATE SUNK BY U. K.-FRENCH  
BOMBERS

ISRAELIS REPORT CAPTURE OF  
SINAI BASE

UPROAR IN U. K. PARLIAMENT:  
SPEAKER SUSPENDS SITTING

CLEAR & NAKED AGGRESSION:  
RETURN TO THE PREDATORY  
WAYS OF THE 18TH CENTURY

ARABS BLOW UP OIL PIPELINES

Small wonder that the Middle Eastern flare up has become the talk of the day, the nation and the world. Observe news-stands in the morning and in the evening. You will find them crowded with readers anxiously awaiting the arrival of the newspapers. By the by, even milkmen seem to be greatly interested in the issue. I overheard a milkman the other day: driving his milch animals and holding milk cans, he was telling his colleague: "I say, heard the news? It seems a great war is going on somewhere overseas. Just like the last World War which broke out when we were supplying milk to the Ambal Cafe . . . Yes, we will all gain when a war breaks out. Prices will go up. We can sell milk at Rs. 2 a measure, and then I think I'll be able to repay that loan of Rs. 250 . . ." Oh, what selfishness!

It is interesting to note that, sensing the gravity of the Middle Eastern situation, some of our conservative newspapers have come out of their traditionalist shell. They have been impelled to run banner headlines. One newspaper has had the bright idea of issuing what it has called a Special Supplement, on November 2nd on which day it had announced there would be no issue on account of *Deepavali*. That Friday morning this scribe was a little out of spirits for he had to spend the day without the newspaper and somebody's reminder of the clumsily worded notice, " . . . There will, therefore, be no issue of . . . bearing the date November 2, 1956," further depressed him. He was feeling as though he had missed his morning cup of coffee

when the newsboy appeared. He thought he had come for *Deepavali* tips but to his thrill and joy, he handed over the special edition of the paper. This surprise has been well conceived and has to be appreciated. Perhaps this newspaper could not sit back when Egypt was being bombarded and in order to give the news to its readers a day earlier, hit upon the idea of a special supplement. It should have summoned some of the members of its editorial and printing departments to the office to prepare the issue, when perhaps they were sharing a joke or a formality with their kith and kin in a holiday mood. The staff would have been at their desks, editing copy and correcting sheets of proof when their families were enjoying the delightful tunes of *Chori Chori*. But I don't think newsboys would have relished the idea of a paper on a holiday: at least our newsboy didn't. He told me, "Oh, why ask me about that supplement. I was in deep slumber, dreaming about the picture I had planned to see that afternoon when our boss, the news agent, roused me up, and hurriedly told me, 'Here's the bundle. Please go and distribute. Quick.'"

The enormous importance of the Middle Eastern issue has outshadowed the regular news-items, and elbowed them out to the background. The issue is enjoying front page publicity: it is being given the pride of place. And this is the most opportune time for aspiring politicians and statesmen who would like to have newspaper publicity. All they have to do is to think up some pungent biting words and phrases and condemn the Anglo-French aggression. They can have the pleasure of seeing their words in print the next morning.

The worst sufferer on account of the flare up is perhaps Cricket. The minds of most people were so full of the Middle Eastern issue that they

almost forgot all about the Third Test. Before such an international issue of first rate importance, cricket seems to have paled into insignificance. Even when somebody reminded one of the latest Test score one simply said, "Oh, I see," and stopped with it. Normally speaking that would have been the beginning of an enthusiastic discussion on the performance of rival teams, their past accomplishments, vivid accounts of Test matches they have witnessed *et cetera*.

If cricket has suffered, the AIR has gained. Many people have pleasantly discovered that the AIR broadcasts news-bulletins every day at 8, 1-30, 6 and 9. The newspaper reports on the issue have created an inordinate thirst to know the latest developments and naturally people are tuning the wireless. They are happy that most of the time is being devoted to the Middle Eastern conflict and that accounts relating to the peripatations of Union Ministers, Bhakra Nangal and the Cultural Delegations are being kept out.

From the newspaper reports it is clear that a down right atrocity can incite leaders to give their best. We have been treated to vigorous emotional outbursts and condemnations of the British action. People whom we suspected to be calm and sober have got excited and called the British move a mad act. The net result is that the prestige of Britain has gone down and down to rock bottom levels. Some feel happy over this: "Britain deserves all this and more for having practised colonialist tyranny."

Perhaps it is human nature to seek sensationalism, and sensational news reports are necessary once in a way to break the dull monotony of stereotyped news-items headlined, "A GREAT TYAGI: NEHRU'S TRIBUTE TO GANDHI", "KEEP OUT OF POLITICS: PANT'S ADVICE TO STUDENTS" etc.

## THE RUSSO-JAPANESE PEACE TREATY

By ADITYA PRASAD SEN GUPTA

FUNDAMENTALLY the second world war centered round two powers. One was Nazi Germany and another Fascist Japan. Though at last they had to surrender unconditionally, there exists even now serious difference of opinion in respect of interpretation and application of the measures which ought to have been followed regarding Japan and Germany as per the terms of both the Yalta and Potsdam agreements. Now Russia dominates over Eastern Germany while Western Germany lies completely within the orbit of Anglo-U.S. influence.

At present the two parts of Germany exist as two independent states, each dependent on one of the two opposing power blocs. It has not yet been possible for the Allied Powers to conclude a peace treaty with Germany. On the other hand though post-war Japan unlike post-war Germany was not divided into two different spheres of influence there existed considerable ill-feelings between Russia and the U. S. A. in respect of the post-war developments in Japan. Russia abstained from participating in the Peace Treaty with Japan which the U. S. A., Britain and other Powers signed on September 8, 1951, because at that time Japan's fate was completely at the mercy of the U. S. A. which had exclusive rights of stationing troops in the Japanese territory.

### Soviet Policy

Friendly attitude to Japan was a marked feature of Soviet policy formulated after the death of Stalin. In conformity with this policy, Russia started negotiations with the representatives of Japan in London in June 1955 in order to conclude an agreement, but in vain. Even the

negotiations carried on later in Moscow with the Japanese Foreign Minister in this regard also ended in failure. In view of these events, the success crowning the diplomatic efforts in October 1956 deserves welcome from lovers of peace all over the world. The joint statement bearing the signatures of M. Bulganin, the Soviet Premier and Mr. Hatoyama, Prime Minister of Japan, embodies a ten-point Soviet-Japanese agreement. This agreement requires the return to Japan by Soviet Russia of Habomai and Shikotan Islands and the establishment of Soviet-Japanese relations on the basis of the fundamental principles of the United Nations in terms of which every country has a right to defend itself either individually or collectively.

The joint-statement states that Russia will claim no reparation from Japan and a treaty of friendship will be concluded in future in respect of trade and commerce, and the passage of ships owned by both the countries.

It has already been pointed out that there was a proposal in June 1955 to conclude a Soviet-Japanese agreement. That proposal did not materialise. But fundamentally, the terms of the agreement proposed then differed very little from those which have been incorporated in the agreement concluded in October 1956. It seems to us that the conclusion of the Soviet-Japanese agreement in June 1955 was rendered impossible as a result of opposition from those who actually controlled the destiny of Japan. Besides, the establishment of friendly relations between Russia and Japan at that time depended greatly on the solution of the

questions in respect of Japan's territorial claims to the Kurile Islands and the repatriation of the Japanese war prisoners held in detention in Soviet Russia. According to the terms of the Yalta agreement, Japan was under obligation to cede to Russia South Sakhalin and the Kurile islands. In terms of the Peace Treaty signed in San Francisco also, Japan gave up her claims to these islands. So, there was no legal basis behind the claims put forward by Japan to South Sakhalin and the Kurile islands.

#### The Treaty

In the year 1955, Russia agreed to return Habomai and Shikotan islands in view of the fact that they adjoined the Habomai islands. As regards the Japanese war prisoners she made her policy clear in 1950 when it was stated on her behalf that all the prisoners had been repatriated to Japan excepting those who were found guilty of heinous crimes. In 1955, the Japanese citizens held in detention in Soviet Russia numbered only four hundred and fifty. But the Japanese Government did not accept that figure and was of the opinion that the Japanese prisoners in Russia would number several thousands. Consequently, all the negotiations conducted in the past to establish friendly relations between Russia and Japan ultimately ended in a fiasco and the questions relating to Japan's territorial claims and Japanese war prisoners could not be satisfactorily solved. But, at last, the way has been opened for establishing normal relations as a result of the Peace Treaty signed on the 19th October, 1956. One of the most important terms of this treaty is that Russia and Japan will refrain from interfering, directly or indirectly, in the internal affairs of each other.

Commenting on the Russo-Japanese agreement, the *Asahi Shimbun*, one of the largest circulated dailies of Japan observed: "We should approve what they (the Japanese delegation)

had done in Moscow but if Mr. Hato-yama and Mr. Kong (plenipotentiary and Agriculture Forestry Minister) think they have done a great deed, it is mere self-satisfaction." It seems to us that the ending of the formal state of war between Russia and Japan as well as the conclusion of the Soviet-Japanese Peace Treaty have greatly contributed to removal of bitter feeling among the two Powers, resulting from the Second World War and have strengthened the chances of peace in the Far East. Japan is now assured that her application for U. N. membership would receive Soviet backing.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED

We have received the following books and publications:—

How Madras Fought the Cyclone (Published by the Director of Information and Publicity, Government of Madras).

Indonesia At A Glance. By J. Radhakrishnan.

Museums and Collections in Poland 1945-1955. By Stanislaw Loreniz.

Mural Art in Poland 1945-1955. By Alexander Wojciechowski.

Polish Decorative Art. By Alexander Wojciechowski.

An Air Cadet's Letters To His Mother (The Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India).

Tobacco Lac And Pepper.

The Future of Education in India (A symposium published by the Publications Division).

Indian Handicrafts.

5000 Years of Indian Architecture. Festivals of India.

Triveni—July 1956.

India Quarterly. July-Sept. 1956.

Mankind—A monthly. November 1956.

Administration Report of the Department of Industries and Commerce for the year ending 31st March 1954. Government of Madras.

## HUMOUR IN POLITICS

By SUDHAKAR RAJE

**A** PART from the fact that in India politics is itself a huge joke, we Indians take the business of politics too seriously, and rarely allow ourselves a smile or a joke in the welter of propaganda, polemics, and legalisms. But in other countries politics often accommodates the flashing wit and the quick repartee, and many an eminent politician has made name as much for his sense of humour as for his statesmanship.

Notable among these are the Prime Ministers of England through the centuries. Lord North, for instance, was accustomed to sleep during the parliamentary harangues of his adversaries, leaving Sir Grey Cooper to note down anything remarkable. During a debate on ship-building some tedious speaker entered on a historic detail, in which, commencing from Noah's Ark, he traced the progress of the art downwards. When he came up to building the Spanish Armada Sir Grey inadvertently awoke the slumbering Prime Minister, who inquired at what era the honourable gentleman had arrived. When Grey answered, "We are now in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," North said, "Dear me, Sir Grey, why not let me sleep a century or two more?"

#### Disraeli and Churchill

Disraeli, on his part, was not so gentle in his humour. When Palmerston declared Disraeli would die either of some foul disease or on the gallows Disraeli calmly replied, "That, Sir, will depend upon whether I embrace your mistress or your principles." Disraeli's modern peer is, of course, Churchill. When a lady M.P., in a towering rage, told Prime Minister Churchill, "Sir, if you were my husband, I would give you poison," the Old Bulldog retorted without

hesitation, "If you were my wife I would gladly take it!" Even when he was no more Prime Minister, political defeat had not stilled Winston Churchill's talent for acid political comment. When asked why he thought Prime Minister Attlee had postponed his trip to America, Churchill replied: "When the mouse is away the cats may play."

But in British politics it was not that the Prime Ministers had a monopoly in humour. Sheridan, the famous wit, playwright and M.P. once declared on the floor of the House that half the members of the House were asses. There was a clamour in the House and Sheridan was asked to withdraw the un-parliamentary remark. Calmly he said, "I apologise. Half the members in the House are NOT asses." Then there was Miss Wilberforce, the sister of William Wilberforce, the slave liberator, who made speeches on behalf of her brother and succeeded in getting him elected to Parliament. On one occasion, when she had concluded her oration, some enthusiasts in the crowd shouted: "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The lady stepped forward. "Gentlemen, I thank you," she said, "but believe me, I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever!"

#### American Presidents

The quickness of wit of British Prime Ministers is also found in American Presidents. One day President Lincoln, who was as simple as he was great, was polishing his shoes when his Secretary came in on an urgent mission. Surprised at the great man's activity he enquired, "Mr. President! You shine your own shoes?" Lincoln looked up quietly and said, "Yes. Whose shoes do you shine?" This gentleness is not found

in Truman, whose career as President was not very smooth. One of the Mexican show-places President Truman once visited was the new fiery Paricutin volcano. As he viewed it with keen interest President Aleman of Mexico asked what he thought of it. "It's quite a volcano," replied Truman, "but it's nothing compared to the one I'm sitting on in Washington."

Then there was President Theodore Roosevelt whose son, Archie, was once asked by another boy what sort of a man his father was. "Oh," said Master Archie, "he's the sort of man who, if he went to a wedding would want to be the bride, while if he went to a funeral he'd want to be the corpse."

Humour in European politics was not limited to Britain but also found an echo in France and elsewhere. When in England on a mission during World War I, Marshal Foch was button-holed by a noisy Westerner who launched into a tirade against French politeness. "There is nothing in it but wind," he sneered. "There is nothing but wind in a tire," politely countered the Marshal, "but it makes riding in a car very smooth and pleasant." It was again in France of the Revolution that people chanted "Bread! Bread! Bread!" and Marie Antoinette joked, "The people have no bread? Then let them eat cake!" The joke, too cruel for life, led her to death. During the Second World War, the Rome-Berlin Axis was far from popular in Italy and Italians remarked, "things were better in Italy—under Mussolini!"

#### Humour in Communism

Can Communist politics allow humour? Well, there are quite a few anecdotes going the round of Europe, making fun of communism. Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt were going to the Teheran conference in a staff car when a large cow was seen blocking the way. It refused to budge. Neither Roosevelt's nor Churchill's efforts seemed to have any effect.

Then Stalin got down and whispered something in the beast's ear. The animal immediately bolted for the woods nearby. When asked, Stalin simply said, "Psychology, my dear friends. I just told her I was going to put her in a collective farm."

In a certain "People's" Democracy, the Commissar for Culture wanted to ascertain whether a particular skeleton in a museum really belonged to Attila, the Hun, and deputed an officer to find out. After a while the officer reported back: "It is indeed Attila, the Hun, Comrade." "How did you find out?", the Commissar asked. The officer replied, "He confessed".

These two anecdotes may or may not be true, but this one's straight from the horse's mouth, as it was told by Khrushchev himself during his recent visit to London. He was revealing Stalin's misdeeds in his famous speech before the Supreme Soviet when an unsigned note was passed on to him: "What were you doing when all that was happening?" Khrushchev casually inquired, "Who wrote this note? Please speak up." There was silence. With a broad grin Khrushchev said, "That is exactly the reason why I did not speak up."

#### In the U. N.

During a bogged-down U. N. Security Council Session in London Sir Alexander Cadogan, suave, senior diplomat of the British Foreign Office, offered a point of order. "His Majesty's Government," he said, "would propose a short recess at which it would be happy to serve as host for a small libation—perhaps scotch-and-soda." The President noted general approval around the Council table, except for the scowl on Russia's Andrei Gromyko. "Does the delegation of the Soviet Union object?" he asked. For the first time Gromyko relaxed his features, and in perfect parliamentary usage replied, "The delegation of the Soviet Union will NOT abstain."

Even in turmoil-ridden Asia the flash of wit does at times brighten up dark depths. In Japan's Diet (Parliament) bloody, hand-to-hand fights between M.P.s. of opposing parties are not infrequent and those injured have to be taken out on stretchers. Once a motion was passed after a typical fracas and a commentator remarked, "The motion was carried—and so were some of the members."

Nearer home, Iraq's young King Feisal is not unfamiliar with the telling word. While eleven years of age, he once sat in at a round table discussion of scientists and technicians in Britain. In the course of discussion one expert said, "I always find I can think much quicker when I am riding a bicycle." Asked the boy-king: "Why don't you ride a motor-bike and think twice as fast?"

In India, as already said, politics is too grave a business for smiles. Still once in a blue moon one does come across a genuine joke—as distinct from the fake ones heard in our Parliament. Recently, according to a news-item, Marathi journalists of Bombay attended a spiritual *seance* in which the soul of the departed Gori martyr, Hirve Guruji, was called on the planchette and made to answer questions about this, that and the

other. Finally, Hirve Guruji being a PSP leader, somebody wanted to ask him about the PSP. But a voice inquired in the dark, "Then why not call the PSP itself on the planchette?"

#### War And Humour

You might say humour in wordy battles is all right, but can humour find a place in war, the grim culmination of politics? Well, not long ago it has. P. G. Wodehouse, the famed humorist, was captured in World War II when the Nazis overran France, and made at pistol-point to tell England over the Berlin Radio how mistaken the Britishers were about the Nazis. But faced with death the humorist took advantage of the Germans' ignorance of the English phrase, "Tell it to the marines" which means "it's all nonsense."

Wodehouse spoke in a moving tone: "The Germans are treating me with the utmost consideration. They respect the individual's rights. We prisoners are like guests. The German Government is most civilised and humane. This is a truth all must know. Speak of it to all your friends. Publish it to the common people. Proclaim it to the home guards. Announce it to the army. Declare it to the Air force. Tell it to the marines."

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## YEHUDI MENUHIN

**M**ENUHIN, who has been an international figure for more than thirty years, is one of the rare instances of a child prodigy maturing



into one of the world's great musicians. The son of Russian-Jewish parents, Menuhin was born in New York in 1916, but moved to San Francisco in babyhood. At the age of two he smashed his toy violin because it would not "sing," and at four his serious music studies began, at first under Sigmund Anker and then under Louis Persinger. At seven he appeared as the soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, and at ten made his debut at Carnegie Hall, New York. In Europe he studied under such great masters as Georges Enesco and Adolph Busch, appearing in some fifteen to twenty concerts each year. In 1935 he made his first world tour, and appeared in 110 concerts in 63 cities. Immediately afterwards, in the full flood of success, he retired from music for two years to his ranch in California. When he returned to the concert stage in 1937 he found himself immediately fully booked for several years ahead to appear as soloist with the outstand-

ing symphony orchestras of the world.

During the war Menuhin devoted the greater part of his time to benefit concerts for the Allied Forces and the Red Cross. After the war he defied personal attacks to play for the Germans in Berlin "to further tolerance and the brotherhood of man." Menuhin is constantly on the move touring continent after continent. He made his first tour of Japan in 1951 and of India in 1952, and shortly after recording his "Personal Call" for "London Calling Asia," he left for South Africa. Menuhin has restored several rare and neglected classical works to the concert repertory through his research, and has commissioned important new works from such composers as Bartok and Walton.

He has frequently broadcast for the BBC both on sound and television, and made a notable contribution this year to the BBC's celebrations of the bicentenary of Mozart's birth by playing all Mozart's violin concertos in a series of broadcast recitals.

Those who meet Menuhin are struck by his gentle, serene manner, and the sincerity of his devotion to ideals of tolerance, social justice and humanity that cut across considerations of nations, races, classes and religions. —BBC

### NAKED DEFIANCE OF LAW

"Not long ago in France a girl was riding side-saddle on a motor scooter behind her boy friend when they passed a police station. At this point her dress caught in the back wheel and she found herself suddenly naked. With proper presence of mind she ran into the police station to borrow some clothes. They lent her something—and then they told her—firmly and courteously, no doubt—that she would be fined—not for indecent exposure—but for the new offence of riding side-saddle."

—MAURICE WHITBREAD talking in a BBC programme.

## RAJAJI IS RISING

By KONGOT

**T**HE first among us to climb and reach the Everest of our gubernatorial Himalayas, an altitissimo for the present, only an Indian National Congressman need covet, is yet rising, yes, rising in his concept of the political creed he belongs to and the hugger-mugger of a democracy that creed of his has conjured up. Rising, he continues sitting in the same seat, the Congress.

There are people, more among the *white caps* themselves who impute motives to whatever Rajaji thinks, speaks and does. Thank God, no one has yet come up with the discovery that he has, at the back of his crusade against the Bacillus Calmette-Guerin, the machinations to become an Hon'ble Minister for Health or go on a medical mission to Minneapolis 14. And now when he calls from house-tops to form an opposition party to the Congress, the good old pensioner is just pegging for the Chief Ministry. May be or may not be. In either case, it matters very little in the teeth of a bigger evil, the Congress totalitarianism.

To me, however, the fact appears to be that the venerable Congress veteran, torn away from the glamorous constellation that once circumscribed him when he was the Governor-General and the Chief Minister and now cast into the common lot and commingling with the masses, has become more perspicacious. Perhaps in the public streets of the Republic he sees what he was not allowed to see while sitting as a Governor-General in Council; outside the constricted cubicle of a state cabinet, his bespectacled eyes seem to be getting a better penetration into men and matters.

### Rajaji's Call

It is not a mere prattle, a platitudinous parable or a piece of any *panchatantra* that the ex-Governor-

General of India and Chief Minister of Madras State has mouthed in his speech at Gandhigram and reiterated the same at a public meeting at Madras; it is not like Dr. John Mathai asking the top leaders of the ruling party to keep away so as to allow the dissentient individuals to crystallise into an effective opposition party; it is not like Sri Jayaprakash Narain counselling electoral alliances among all the leftist parties; it is not like Pandit Nehru himself hot-gossiping for an opposition party. Rajaji is even now a congressman, as much top ranking as any other congressman. He has had no occasions to get disgruntled or be crest-fallen. He is a man who has had the full measure of his life. And when such an old guard gives a signal to the country to fall in, in opposition to his own rank and file, it is dire drivel for others to dissipate their enthusiasm to try to detect motives.

When one great congressman thunders that the Congress has still a historic task to perform in India, and without the Congress there would be a sort of political fragmentation . . . and the Congress should continue in office at least for another two or three decades, another Congress chief, none other than Rajaji, reiterates that 'it is necessary to have an opposition party if we want to save the country from totalitarianism.'

### Nehru's Thesis

Pandit Nehru observes that the Congress alone has the 'largest bunch' of progressives. It all depends upon how you are pleased to define the term 'progressives.' He may be right in his self-glorification of his own party, as much right as the eucalyptus-wallah getting into our third class compartments and reciting an eternal concatenation of ailments capable of being cured by his eucalyptus oil and his eucalyptus oil alone. Sri

Nehru appears to want the continuance of the Congress, not on account of its own intrinsic indispensability, but due to the absence of a second best party to deliver the goods. And what Rajaji now wants is for the formation of not only a second party but a *better* party. Anyone opposing the idea of an opposition party as sponsored by him does so, absolutely apprehensive of the possibility of his own disappearance from the field or discomfort to his doings otherwise.

Surely, Rajaji wants an opposition to the all India Congress party and not to the Congress of Sri Kamaraj in Madras State alone. But, does he want an opposition to take its root from the soil of the Congress itself? If so, how this could ever happen, one does not understand. Rajaji cannot pretend not to know that as soon as a congressman severs his connections with the Congress fold and forms a party, he becomes a doctrinaire or a reactionary if not a rascal. Where did Acharya Kripalani, one of the staunchest Gandhians, hail from and form the Kisan Mazdoor Party? Where was Sri Jayaprakash Narain before he formed the Praja Party? Who are or were the progenitors of the P. S. P. or the Forward Bloc? They were all not only congressmen with white caps on, but men who at one time or other presided over the sessions of the A.-I.C.C. It is a part of their vitality also that is still flowing in the veins of the present Congress and not the sole vitality or dynamism of any particular individual alone.

To quote a very recent instance of walk-out from the Congress, Mr. Jagat Narain, former Education Minister of Punjab, is reported to have resigned his primary membership of the Congress to form a new party to fight the Congress in the coming elections.

#### Multi-Party System

Leaders of the rebel Congress group in Travancore-Cochin are reported to have decided to form a new poli-

tical organisation called 'Kerala People's Party'. When triangular and multi-angular electoral contests are ruled out for the victory of the opposition over the Congress, such mushroom parties are anathema. Every new party would be an addition of strength to the Congress.

We have already enough of parties and more and what is now called for is not one more party but one less if possible. One should set out like Sri V. K. Krishna Menon, meet the different Nasseris, Dulleses, Edens and such others in various parts of India and evolve a sort of 'Rajaji's formula' to cement all the parties and build up a common one out of the conglomeration. Or, alternatively one should form a party, a super-party capable of gravitating to it all thinkers, intellectuals etc., even from the other parties of the country. But where is that 'ONE'? I think the answer is Rajaji.

I wish there were some clause in the Constitution to operate as a deterrent to the ever increasing number of parties. One thing, however, I feel inclined to suggest: the Constitution should demand that before a man takes it into his head to form a political party he should produce himself before the highest judge and jury of the land and swear that he would at least once in his life time, after he comes to power, be honest and will not indulge in the game of digging the graves of others. Capital punishment shall be awarded for any violation of the above oath.

#### Personality In Politics

Our people also are responsible for the multiplication of the parties, they being like clay, from the point of literacy and discretion. Unfortunately in the political amateurism of our country, patriotism is blind devotion to a personality and that personality is the party. One has to doubt whether the masses in the days of Gandhiji knew more about him or about the Congress. To them Congress was Gandhiji and that meant

Gandhiji moving about, Gandhiji launching satyagrahas, Gandhiji fasting and breaking fasts, Gandhiji meeting the viceroys, Gandhiji courting arrests, Gandhiji holding prayer meetings, so on and so forth. And now it is all Nehruji. And the personality cult that is at its worst here will certainly persist until such time as the masses grow to be a bit mathematical to do some political calculations before they prostitute the precious privilege of adult suffrage they possess. The best man to undo the "personality cult" is the concerned personality himself. But who ever will cut down the branch on which he sits?

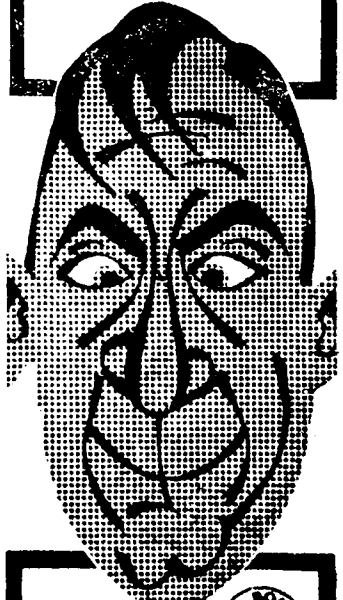
Rajaji appears to be nearer the truth when he urges the need for good legislators, good executives, good magistrates etc., for a good government; that the members of political parties should not live on politics and should have their own livelihood or occupation; that an opposition party is necessary to prevent the government from going totalitarian . . . ; that Nehruji who uses all the platforms he stands on now-a-days to sing songs of praise of the Congress that ten lame men cannot make a perfect man; that the Congress has the largest bunch of progressives; that he and his colleagues are the continuing relics of the Indian revolution; that the Congress should continue for a few more decades if the country were not to be politically fragmented . . .

Rajaji has said something to make every thinking man and woman sit up and think. He has taken a step forward and that is why I say Rajaji is rising. But will he rise to the occasion—the occasion being the next general elections—to sanction or not to sanction another lease of power to the party which he is afraid is going totalitarian and needs to be curbed by an opposition party? The answer lies with the future.

WHEN  
YOU CAN'T  
**THINK**



**TEA**  
CLEARS  
YOUR  
MIND



BUY TEA  
ONLY FROM  
RECOGNISED DEALERS



PST 164

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IT was a novel sight at Mahboob Studios. Two artistes were talking to each other; but in two different languages. One of them, a Russian star spoke the dialogue of Afanasi Nikitin in Russian; the other, our own star, Balraj Sahni, spoke in Hindi. Their bilingual conversation was recorded by Indian and Soviet cameramen and recordists. Of course, on the screen, this difference will not be noticed, as for the Hindi version, the Russian dialogue will be dubbed in Hindi and *vice versa*. This practice, so far as India is concerned is being followed for the first time though this is not the first time that the foreigners have worked in an Indian studio.

At the time of the shooting of *Jhansi ki Rani*, I watched American technicians working at Minerva Studio. There, only last year, Indian and American or British stars worked together for Filmistan's *Bombay Flight 417*; but all the artistes spoke the common language, English. Hence this experience of watching a Russian and Indian artist conversing with each other in their own language on the sets of *Pardesi* was quite novel and reflected the change of times.

Talking to the Soviet cameraman, director, producer, star and other members of the crew, one gets the impression that to them at least this picture is not just a routine film but an opportunity to present the story and greatness of India to the whole world. And especially to the people of the Soviet Union. They are keen to present the beautiful landscapes and monuments of India as well as the

great people of India and it is proposed that the major portion of the film will be shot outdoors.

While the newspapers are full of the news of strife, riots and civil wars, the films alone can play quite a significant part in promoting peace, friendship and understanding between the nations of the world. The Indo-Soviet venture is a right move in that direction.

### Picture of the Week

The action costume dramas continue to dominate the Indian screen; the latest addition to this category is Bhagyodaya Pictures' *Insaaf* starring Nalini Jaywant and Ajit. While Ajit has appeared in several costume dramas of this type before, this is perhaps Nalini's first picture in which she wields a sword and even puts on a man's attire in the style of the stunt queen.

But Nalini is no stunt queen; and though her portrayal of Ayesha in *Durgesh Nandini* won her plaudits, her portrayal of Nazir's daughter is hardly likely to bring her any credit.

And yet, considering other pictures like *Nagab* and *Halaker*, *Ansaaf* is above average. It has a good story: the only thing against it is that it is not original. Basically, it is almost the same as *Muninji*. The role that Nirupa Roy played in *Muninji* is played by Durga Khote in this film.

Durga Khote is an ordinary woman whose husband is inadvertently killed by the king who gives her refuge. A son is born to her just when the queen also gives birth to a son. The queen dies; the king is told by an astrologer not to see his son's face for twelve years. So Durga Khote is assigned the job of bringing up the prince. After this period of separation is over, she passes off her own son as prince.

The real prince remains a devoted son to her and devoted to the cause of the people, while her own son, as

a prince, becomes a drunkard and debauch. When the king goes away, he rules with the rod with the result that the real prince revolts against him. The tyrant is out to destroy all opposition—even the king and his mother who ultimately kills him and reveals the truth, restoring the real heir to the throne.

Anyone who has seen *Muninji* will notice the similarity in the plot. Only unlike Dev Anand, Ajit does not play a double role. Nalini has almost an identical role in both the films. Kamal Kapoor plays the other son who becomes a tyrant. The acting is good; even Tiwari, Kamal and others do well in supporting roles. But it is Durga Khote and Johnny Walker who carry the picture on their shoulders.

Production values are average. Direction by Kedar Kapoor is competent without being distinguished. Chitragupta's music is pleasing and the beggar song sung by Mohamad Rafi is tuneful. The picture is bound to receive popular appeal.

### Personality of the Week

Prithvi Raj, the only film artiste, who has the distinction of being the member of the Rajya Sabha, is in the news these days. For on the one hand he has started the shooting of the film version of his play *Paisa* and on the other he has launched a new play entitled *Kisan*.

Though Prithvi Theatres and Prithvi Raj have a claim on many artistes including Raj Kapoor, Shammi Kapoor, Premnath, Sajjan, Kumud and music directors Shankar and Jai Kishen, it is worth noting that Prithvi Raj has not exploited any of these star names. Only those who are now working in the play are appearing in the film which is being shot at R. K. Studios. Compared to R. K. the progress of this film is very fast. For the artistes are fully prepared. They not only knew their dialogue by heart but they knew their

movements and everything else. Only the camera position and lighting takes time. Hence the shooting is rapid. Watching it, the technicians feel that if only other producers and directors had their script so well rehearsed by the artistes, considerable time would be saved on shooting and thereby reducing the cost of production.

Prithvi Raj's new play *Kisan*, written by Shah, is not a great drama. In fact if one were to read it, one would find it rather poor. But the presentation is so sleek and colourful, the set so realistic and the acting so natural that one is carried away by it for over two and half hours. This play which is so weak in its dramatic construction reveals Prithvi Raj's showmanship and technical skill at its best. Given good modern plays, Prithvi Raj would make stage-history; but the tragedy of Prithvi Raj and rather the entire theatre movement in India is that today we have no playwrights at least in Hindi or Urdu who can deliver the goods.

Anyway, Prithvi Raj who has proved himself to be a good showman on the stage is now shooting his first film and it is to be hoped that he will prove an excellent showman on the screen as well.

(Continued from page 15)

and public approbation and awareness sought thereby. But such functions should be non-competitive and the convenors should not only not seek limelight to the exclusion of children but should themselves remain totally obscure!

If the foregoing is faithfully remembered and fulfilled in the right spirit by all concerned who can deny our Indian children their rightful share on the "World Stage" of the comity of nations?

## POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI

QUITE the most interesting item of news last week—barring, of course, the Suez episode—has been the announcement by Mr. Bhimappa Naik, Minister in the new Mysore State, that the Chief Minister, Mr. Nijalingappa, had decided that Ministers should not receive addresses or caskets from the public in future. He also revealed that the Chief Minister had decided to do away with the usual 'insignia and regalia' attached to ministerial offices and that no mace-bearer would precede the ministers in future. Mysore Ministers would, further, draw a reduced daily allowance of Rs. 10 instead of at the existing rate of Rs. 25.

In holding the example up as one worthy of emulation by others similarly placed, we are not moved solely by considerations of economy. The amounts likely to be saved in this fashion will be a drop in the ocean of Government spending; there will be a favourable effect created on the public mind by the elimination of the purely ornamental and obtrusive adjuncts of office.

### During British Regime

In the olden days British officials kept up a certain formal dignity. Whether this was done for reasons of prestige or on more tangible considerations, most aspects of pre-independence ceremonial were both appropriate and congruous. The Governor, on State occasions, drove out in a landau drawn by four horses and his mounted equestrian bodyguard in their spick and span uniforms made a splash of welcome colour in the drabness of everyday life. The ceremonial used to vary, depending on who was the occupant of the Government House. When the late Lord Willingdon was Governor of Madras,

protocol reigned supreme and Lady Willingdon, the impact of whose forceful personality was felt in all spheres of activity in the province, when she queued it in Mount Road, Guindy and Ootacamund, introduced many novel changes in gubernatorial routine. Whenever the Governor or his lady went out in one of the fleet of Sunbeam cars (Lady Willingdon was a brassy) a smart little "tiger," his smart uniform ablaze with buttons, would be sitting on a small seat specially put up for him on the running board and jump down and open the door as soon as the car came to a halt.

In Government House, again, a tall pole was erected on the roof and two red electric lamps attached to it bore crimson witness to the fact that both Lord and Lady Willingdon were in residence.

### Informal Celebrities

Other Governors were not such sticklers for etiquette and were poles apart from the Somerset Maugham Commissioner who dressed for his dinner every day in Darkest Africa and opened only the "correct" copy of *The Times* every day although a bundle of a week's or fortnight's issues had been delivered to him. There was Lord Erskine, for instance, pleasant of disposition and pleasantly informal, who would not think twice about buying himself a tin of cigarettes in the interval in a local cinema show. Sir Archibald Nye was another Governor who was no "stuffed shirt" while, in more recent times, Sir Arthur Hope carried *bonhomie* to an extent that was sometimes embarrassing to people present on the occasion.

Ceremonial cannot be completely

discarded and indeed it has more than its apparent uses. It was a shrewd Roman Emperor who gave the Roman masses bread and circuses in full measure. The shows in the arena blunted the edge of the peoples' dissatisfaction and left little opportunity for the organisation of rebellion against authority. But it is neither seemingly nor necessary that our ministers should have a *chaprassi* sitting next to drivers of their cars or that the national flag should be flown on the bonnet. It is in human nature to envy and in a democracy, at least in theory, the infant born in the log cabin can hope to take up residence for a term in White House. In actual fact, this has happened only once and the betting would seem to be a mil-

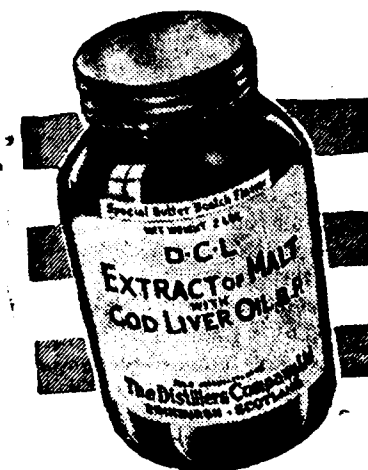
lion to one against its happening again in the foreseeable future. But hope is one of life's major consolations and it is poor psychology on the part of Congress leaders to flaunt their successes in the faces of their followers, many of whom have enough intelligence to realise that although every private in Napoleon's army carried a marshal's *baton* in his knapsack, there was only one Ney, one Soult, one Berthier, one Murat and one Bernadotte.

Incidentally, did Mr. Nijalingappa discuss this self-denial matter with the other members of the Ministers' Trade Union? It does not look as if he did, and if our guess in this matter is correct, he will have to look out for squalls.

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## A NEW PARTY TO PROMOTE FREE ENTERPRISE

By S. NARAYAN

**T**HE need for a political Opposition Party to the Government of the country, sufficiently strong to take over the Government in the event of the electors becoming dissatisfied with Government policy and if Government of the people, for the people and by the people is to become a living reality in India has received widespread recognition in India especially in recent months. While democracy is not necessarily to be identified with a two-party system of Government, and a multi-party Parliament may more accurately reflect popular opinion in the country, the experience of democratic Government in other countries tends to show that two-party division is a more practical and a better working arrangement and is capable of forcing the Government of the day to conform on matters of policy to properly expressed trends in popular opinion.

A number of ideas have been adumbrated as to the best way that this country should go about if a well organised opposition nearly as strong as the Government both in Parliament and the country should materialise at the earliest possible moment. The ideal condition for this prevailed almost immediately after the attainment of independence, when the Government depended on two men, each with an extensive and powerful following, both of whom had a well established and universally recognised reputation for integrity of purpose, who were reputedly pulling different ways on matters relating to political and economic policy. The splitting of the Congress Party in 1949 into a strong Government under Jawaharlal Nehru and a powerful opposition under Vallabhai or *vice versa*

would have furnished the ideal solution to this problem of the proper growth of democratic institutions in India. Of course, it is open to doubt that, if a break had occurred about that time, it would have taken place with the smoothness, orderliness and decorum necessary to have arranged the opponents into a properly constituted Government and Opposition parties respectively. Anyway, that was not to be.

### J. P.'s Move

Jayaprakash's remedy of electoral pacts between the various opposition parties may conceivably lead to a slight addition to the numerical strength of the opposition parties and a corresponding reduction in the massive size of the Congress party and to that extent is good; but in view of the fact that the opposition parties have contradictory policies on most if not all public questions of the day, it will still leave the Congress in the same dominant position as now. In one or two of his recent public utterances, Jawaharlal Nehru has unmistakably shown that if anybody had depended on him as the "Thyagamurthi" of non-cooperation days to put country above party and to come forward with an effective contribution for the evolving of a real two-party system in Indian politics, they are indulging in day dreams and that our Panditji is not after all above that "last infirmity of noble minds" and he is a politician first and foremost and all along the line. It must at the same time be admitted that to expect the leader of a great political party at the zenith of his power and his political fortunes, who thinks he holds almost top world rank as a statesman by virtue of his position as undisputed leader

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SWATANTRA

of India to even partially surrender that position in the interests of some theoretic necessity for the proper growth of democracy in the country is quixotic to say the least of it.

The only conceivable solution to the problem is for certain trends of opinion in the Congress fold to get out and make common cause with like-minded people outside to form an opposition Party. Rajaji was reported to have made some such suggestion at a recent meeting, but at a subsequent meeting at the Lakshmipuram Young Men's Association, he repudiated the idea with bell, book and candle as the saying goes. We need a practical solution to the problem of founding an honest opposition party in India, that is the essential starting point. If conscious efforts are not made now by the thinking section of Indian citizens in that direction, the natural development will be that when the Congress grows a little more unpopular than it is today a general election will result in sending to the legislatures a swarm of "Independents" who will have to haggle with one another for political support leading to greater demoralisation of public life than obtains at the present day.

### The Sinews of Congress Power

What then would be the convenient dividing line on which the break should occur so that (1) the differences between the political parties will be honest differences of opinion (2) the division would result in the resultant parties being approximately of equal strength in the total of the constituencies as well as in the Legislatures of the Central Government as well as of the various States? To consider this problem objectively, it is essential to analyse the various factors that go to constitute the impressive showing that Congress is able to put up both in the Legislatures and the country generally. The professional and commercial classes are traditionally Congress for under

British rule they felt the pinch of racial discrimination most and while making a show of co-operation with authority they largely supported Congress in its fight against the British rulers. The rural vote goes Congress for lack of a better alternative. The Government servant vote which is quite considerable and grows in strength from day to day takes the direction of the ruling Party, while Labour supports Congress because of Nehru's socialist policy. The Socialistic Policy followed by Congress in the political and economic fields represents in fact not the majority view of the Congress Party, but is largely Pandit Nehru's individual policy which a majority of Congressmen are just putting up with as a price for securing the prestige of Nehru's leadership and all the manifold advantages that that leadership entails which they know they would not otherwise command under any circumstances.

The weak point in the socialistic policy followed by the Government of India is the phenomenal inefficiency under Indian conditions of every form of Government organisation for purposes of co-ordinated work of any kind and particularly of industrial work and the flair of the Indian Government servant for issuing and passing on orders and avoiding all work and responsibility. While it is difficult to bring this truth home to Government servants and Labour in general, the commercial and professional classes are already keenly aware of it as it affects their interests.

Earl Attlee remarked more than once during his recent Indian holiday that Nehru's Congress Party represented the nearest equivalent to his own Labour Party in Britain, the party of change in a very extreme form. It is unreasonable, therefore, to expect that either the Praja Socialist or the Communist Party, which both stand for a more violent pace of change than the Congress Party,

will ever muster enough popular support to enable one or the other of them to become the majority in Parliament and take over the administration. An alternative Party must perforce be one which will lay emphasis on calling a halt to some of the steps that have been and are being taken in the name of progress and consolidate such reforms as are really proved to be in the public interest. But for the phenomenon of Pandit Nehru, the Congress might very well have been that party and a more advanced party might have been the desideratum. But in view of the fact that in the industrial field particularly Pandit Nehru has dragged Congress and the Government of India so far in the Russian direction, an opposition party has to take a conservative direction at least on the question of the expansion of the Public Sector in Industry.

#### Programme for a New Party

Any opposition Party that emerges will be well advised to take the line that it is in agreement with the Government on the need for Government to plan industrial progress, to regulate and control industrial, commercial and public utility services, that it is prepared to go further if necessary in the direction of soaking the rich and providing better living conditions for all than the Congress has done or seems prepared to do but that it does not see Government organisation as the proper instrument for getting the industrial work of the country executed satisfactorily that even if it owned all the means of production including the land, it would not try to run the whole show with its own monolithic organisation but would lease out the work in compact units to individuals or organisations on reasonably long terms and fair independence of action but under present conditions, while it would keep planning, control and regulation of all industrial activity in its hands, it would not try to run

through its own agencies any kind of industrial, commercial or public utility service work. It would concentrate all the administrative talent at its disposal in running the major Governmental functions properly, in regulating and controlling Industry to see that the small man gets a square deal as against the heavy weight, in preventing with a heavy hand all forms of evasion of taxes making lower rates possible in order to get the same revenue. Instead of complaining, as Mr. T. T. K. once did that the Private Sector has let "me" down, it will use all the resources at its disposal to give the industrialist and the entrepreneur, big and small, the proper conditions in which he can give of his best to the industry and to the country, the idea being not to help the industrialist but to get the work of the country done to the maximum advantage of all concerned.

If a person of the standing of Rajaji or the political weight of S. K. Patil of Bombay were to sponsor a Party with such a programme the chances are that it would attract the bulk of the commercial and professional classes who are disgusted with the Congress programme and even more with the manner in which it is being implemented. A fair proportion of the rural element which is in fright over the vague land reform proposals of Government may also be attracted by such a programme and lend such a party its support. Organised Labour won't look at such a programme while the tribe of Government servants would prefer the present Congress programme and policy. Some of the communal parties that know they are in the wilderness indefinitely may also see in coalescing with such a Party a prospect of some usefulness in the political field. A party of that kind given proper organisation could really challenge the Congress Party on equal terms in all parts of the country.

## NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

FIVE of India's outstanding artists held a rather novel kind of Art Exhibition recently in Delhi. The exhibits were works that were not bought by the Government. This has been wrongly described as a "Salon Des Refuses." The five artists are: Mr. M. F. Hussain, Mr. Dhanraj Bhagat, Mr. Biren De, Miss Amina Ahmad and Mr. Satish Gujral. There can be no dispute about the quality of the work of any of these artists. None of them can produce a really bad work.

Having said that, it must be pointed out that what they have exhibited cannot be described as a "Salon Des Refuses"—except in the case of Mr. Biren De. The works were not offered to be put up in an exhibition. They were offered as designs for sale to the Government. They were very rough sketches, and were offered for the consideration of the Art Committee or the Decoration Committee, or whatever it was. It was distinctly understood that the designs would be paid for as preliminary sketches, whether the work was finally accepted or not.

The works were not works of art. They were in the nature of commercial art at a somewhat respectable level. It is, therefore, surprising how these great artists could have been persuaded to exhibit their works, especially when the artists themselves do not claim any great artistic value to their works. What is worse, every

one of the artists has tried to make a compromise by giving to the Government a design which they suspected would meet with approval from the official Committees! In this effort, they have obviously failed.

Mr. Biren De has a just grievance because his work was rejected for an exhibition on Buddhistic Art. Mr. Satish Gujral's work was actually presented to the Punjab Committee—which was rather unfair, because that is bound to influence the Committee to some extent. It is to the credit of the Committee that they rejected this work, especially after his threat that he would bring the Prime Minister down to reverse the judgment. I very much regret that Mr. Gujral's work has lost the touch of integrity and genuineness which prevailed it before his sojourn to Mexico. Of all his recent works, the most shocking in this respect was his portrait of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, because it is meant to flatter.

Dhanraj Bhagat was asked to submit works with a floral motif. He was also informed that he could submit other designs also. He gave some designs of his own, which were not considered suitable for the purpose the Committee had in mind. Mr. Bhagat did not think that his works were actually rejected, because he knew that they did not satisfy the specifications. All the same, he sent his sketches for the "Salon Des Refuses."

## MILITARY PACTS IN ASIA

By M. V. KRISHNA RAU

**H**ISTORY is and must be an unfinished story. It can never have a neat, conclusive happy ending, nor an unhappy ending, unless the H-Bomb should write one. "History shows us that previous generations have sought to solve the problem of war by three different approaches: the domination of the world by one power, a balance of power between nations and voluntary union." "Collective security" is the Western Nations' favourite method of preventing war. In the present state of the world, one cannot persuade oneself to think what is practicable in the way of "collective security" offers much hope of peace. Collective security, as a method of preventing war, cannot succeed, according to some statesmen, unless there is an international armed force, under the orders of an international authority, and sufficiently strong to be able to defeat easily any probable combination of rebel states. Without such a force, it seems impossible that war would be permanently prevented. There must also be an international executive and an international legislature. And, if these institutions are to work, there must be a strong public opinion in their favour. No mechanism, however perfect, will work unless it is supported by a strong public opinion. The establishment of an international government will not be successful unless most of the civilized nations have become persuaded that unrestricted national sovereignty involves disaster. International Government will be the road to peace and will give real security, as soon as a considerable majority of mankind have come to favour it.

Some statesmen have considered alliances only from the standpoint of the prevention of war. But in the

minds of some the chief motive for concluding them has always been not peace, but victory. "Alliances do indeed make great claims on the wisdom, patience, loyalty and good humour of statesmen and more especially of the people they represent". Alliances become a cause of war when the forces on each side are about evenly balanced but and owing to patriotic self-confidence, each side thinks it has a preponderance. This was the case in 1914 and it may again become the case at any moment. One would be forced to the conclusion that there is no valid argument for alliances which divide the countries or even continents into groups.

### "Bull-headed Repression"

An alliance which was called into being, presumably to resist aggression from one quarter, is now endangered by yielding to the threat of aggression from a member of the alliance itself. We can take the recent Israeli attack on Egypt as an example of this kind. The fundamental error, according to Aneurin Bevan, in the Western strategy consisted in the fact that it took no account of the opinions and the political and social aspirations of the populations among whom naval and military bases were established. In Western Asia, Britain and France are, therefore, caught, as the United States will soon be caught, in a web of difficulties partly derived from the false assessment of the nature of the threat they had to meet and partly from the fact that they attempted to ground the foundations of their strategy in unstable political conditions. There is no sign that they have thought out the answer to these errors. On the contrary, in the words of Bevan, both France and Britain seem committed to nothing

more intelligent than bull-headed repression. The lesson has not yet been learned in London, Paris and Washington that if their defensive policies cannot adjust themselves to the demands and aspirations of the populations concerned then they are founded on shifting sands.

The Asian nations have realised that a regional pact cannot be framed and upheld by outside powers who might get a chance to intervene, just as Britain and France intervened in the battle between Egypt and Israel. A decision of great importance has been reached by the Arab States; they are standing out of any regional defence organisation sponsored by the West. It is not merely because the Arab League has prepared a collective security scheme of its own but because the West has so far failed to give any guarantee about discontinuing arms aid to Israel. The Arab States' decision is perhaps influenced by the extended argument over SEATO.

### Baghdad Pact Wholly Unprovoked

The purpose of the SEATO and the Baghdad pacts, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, U. K.'s High Commissioner in India, said was "first to protect the freedom and independence of the small nations in the areas concerned." Secondly, "the military clauses of the pacts are wholly defensive. They will never be used for aggression. So if other governments do not attempt military aggression, these clauses will never come into operation and be used as instruments for waging war." The British reply that the Baghdad Pact was necessitated by aggressive Russian designs and militant Communist advance in the Middle-East has not been accepted by neutral nations like India. It is India's contention that the Baghdad Pact was concluded after Russia had settled her frontier dispute with Iran and publicly renounced her claim to Turkey's eastern province. It is also pointed out that in no country in the Middle

East has there been any Communist activity in recent times and Communist parties in many of these countries have already been suppressed. It is to be noted that Czechoslovakia's supply of arms to Egypt is the result and not the cause of the Baghdad Pact. In effect, it is India's case that the Baghdad Pact was entirely unprovoked.

According to Mr. Mohammad Ali, the then Prime Minister of Pakistan, "SEATO is not for duplicating the work of the UN but for supplementing it, the purpose of which is to provide collective security with a specific object." It is this specific object that is open to suspicion and has given rise to similar efforts on the other side of the Iron Curtain. Mr. Ali cannot deny that the Manila Treaty visualises "action" without prior sanction of the Security Council and promises only to inform the latter of the steps taken in pursuance of the specific object. How then can he claim that SEATO is a supplementary organisation and not a superfluous one?

### U. N. And The Pacts

The regional arrangements contemplated by Article 52 of the U. N. Charter should spring from local initiative or at the instance of the Security Council. While Article 53 insists on the prior authorisation of enforcement action, the Manila Treaty authorises prior action and subsequent intimation to the Council. To the question whether the United Nations could not do anything to prevent military pacts which resulted in the aggravation of international tensions, Dr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the U.N.O. said that "the question of regional military pacts was an open one. The majority view was clearly to accept the regional pacts as compatible with the Charter. The United Nations cannot and should not do anything. Everything depended on the aims of these regional pacts and their working." "If such pacts remained

within the terms of the Charter, why should not the member-Governments join them?", asked he. The Canadian Foreign Minister's argument that, since the U.N. has not been able to provide the degree of security desired, members are justified in evolving their own defence arrangements overlooks the fact that these members have themselves been responsible for this weakness in the World Organisation. According to him, the fear of war explains these regional pacts, but might it not be said for Russia that a similar fear has led to her making similar arrangements?

According to Walter Lippmann, what the Russians are doing is to exploit the reaction to the Western policy of military alliances. As the Western nations have backed Pakistan, the Russians have backed India and Afghanistan and as the Western nations have backed Thailand, Russia backed Burma. As they backed the so-called northern tier with Iraq and Iran, Russia backed the southern tier with Egypt, Syria and Saudi Arabia. By making their military pacts with certain countries, supposedly countries on "their side," the Western nations have opened the door for the Russians into the countries which are supposedly not on their side.

#### Need for Voluntary Action

Collective defence for countries that have suffered during the war appears a luxury out of their reach. Burma, India and Indonesia cannot work up enthusiasm for Mr. Dulles's plan to warn China off from South-East Asia. Military alliance, Mr. Eevan says, poisoned by wounded national pride and a sullen civic spirit, is a poor basis for "negotiation from strength" that has become almost a totem for the Western powers.

The need for international co-operation is greater today than ever before in human history, but it can be accomplished only as a voluntary movement based on recognition of its own worthwhileness. It cannot be imposed from without. In Asia, a tentative approach and voluntary principle are being applied. In Europe, Britain and France, are victims of blatant bullying. In blunt words, the SEATO, Baghdad Pact and MEDO might pave the way for the return of Western colonialism through the backdoor of the military alliances. Above all, as instruments to fight communist subversion, they seem grossly ineffective. It is a pity that Asian problems are still treated as playthings of western diplomacy.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretary.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

### AN EPITAPH.

TO THE SACRED MEMORY  
OF BRITISH HONOUR  
WHICH SLIPPED ACCIDENTALLY  
OFF AN AIR-CRAFT CARRIER  
AND WAS BELIEVED DROWNED  
SOMEWHERE IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN  
ON THE NIGHT OF THE 31st October 1956.—

As well as in  
sad commiseration of  
British Prestige  
Which wandered distracted for the  
Next six days divested of its body  
And forlorn of its soul at the end of which  
It committed *felo de se*,  
Unable to withstand the threat of Nuclear Nemesis  
Delivered by Russia on behalf of the lovers of peace  
Nestling quietly in the dove-cotes of the  
Kremlin.

Nothing else could be salvaged of either victim  
From the depths or the heights but  
A tattered school-tie  
a battered brass-hat,  
and two set of bristles  
Which when pieced together  
Suggested a walrus moustache.  
These relics of the departed  
Were given a suicide's burial  
At the cross-roads of East, West, North and South  
Of the Globe  
Midway between Aden and Port Said.

No human or living mourners assisted in  
the Melancholy function.  
The cortege was preceded by the shades of  
Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington and Gordon:  
The pall-bearers were led by immortal King Arthur  
and the gallant spirits of the Round Table  
Followed by  
Shakespeare, Raleigh, Scott and Byron,  
while the ghosts of Palmerston and Disraeli  
Brought up the rear.  
"Nothing became the deceased less in life  
than the manner of their leaving it."

This sole monument to their one-  
time exploits and fame has been  
reared by an obscure and alien  
admirer on cheap newsprint  
but in what is guaranteed  
to be indelible INK.

LIBRA

## 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.

## Nehru On Congress &amp; Socialism

At the recent open session of the Uttar Pradesh Congress Provincial Conference, Pandit Nehru was reported to have posed the question as to how many Congressmen understood the term, 'Socialism.'

If a majority of Congressmen as well as countrymen have hazy ideas about socialism, it is largely due to the hazy notions of the leaders who sponsored the the 'socialistic pattern' move. The term was never clearly defined, nor its acceptance as the 'country's goal' at the Avadi Congress preceded by a serious and well-informed discussion, as to its precise implications, either at the party or public level.

Politics in our country are dominated more by personalities than principles. As one who has been in the Congress fold for decades, I can say that Congress members of humbler rank have little say in, or opportunity of, shaping Congress policies. Well informed discussions prior to declaration of policies are hardly encouraged. Suggestions, however well merited, rarely receive response unless sponsored by prominent leaders. Prominence rather than competence counts in the counsels of the Congress as is the case generally with the public and even the press in our country.

A good number of politically ignorant persons are enlisted as Congress members to swell the numbers. Such members can hardly be expected either to enhance the representative character of the Congress or to follow the implications of terms like 'socialistic pattern' or the principles underlying Congress policies. The Congress could be more representative and clear-minded with lesser but more responsible, public spirited, effective and well informed members.

The 'open sessions' of the annual Congress and A.I.C.C. conferences have more a gay and pompous carnival atmos-

phere than that of sober and methodic deliberations of a mature political body. The real cause for the complaint of Pandit Nehru can be removed only if the Congress exerts to become a compact and businesslike political party instead of assuming to be all things to all people and acting in a cavalier fashion and presenting rather the odd spectacle of a showy and unwieldy conglomeration of all sorts of utterly opportunistic and ignorant people.

D. V. RAMA RAO

## Red Pancha Shila In Action

A turning point in Moscow's relations not only with Poland but with all the other Russian satellites in East Europe appears to have reached the logical climax of the "de-Stalinisation" programme initiated by the Soviet leaders. The political ferment has been steadily growing in East European countries, particularly in Hungary and Poland against the increasing Russian interference in their domestic affairs.

The surprise visit of the Russian leaders to Poland, Mr. Khrushchev's threat to bring in Russian troops if the Polish Communist Party dropped Marshal Konstanty Rokossovski from its new politbureau, and the reported Soviet troops' movements towards Warsaw from East Germany clearly expose the faith of the communists in the principles of Pancha Shila. It is for the Polish Communist Party to decide whether it should drop Marshal Rokossovski from its new politbureau or not and Khrushchev has no right to dictate to the Poles as to who should sit on the Polish politbureau. The Polish Communist Party is perfectly justified in not allowing the uninvited Russian leaders to attend its plenum.

The recent Chinese aggression on the Wa and Kachin states of Burma is an instance to show that the communists are more dangerous as friends than as foes. The Chinese communists have committed an aggression not on foes like the members of the SEATO but on a friendly state like Burma which signed the pact of Pancha Shila only very recently!

The recent Chinese aggression on a friendly neighbour like Burma and the Russian intervention in Poland are the two very recent instances of the Red Pancha Shila in action.

SUMANTH BANKESHWAR

## SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER: Mr. Eisenhower who has been re-elected President of the U.S.A.

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# SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER 17 SATURDAY 1956 No. 42

## WHICH WAY?

THE recent meeting of the All-India Congress Committee at Calcutta issued a lengthy statement on the economic objectives of the Congress Party. As was to be expected, the statement was a rehash of the prominent features of the Second Five Year Plan. In the main, the statement was an appeal to the people of India to tighten up their belts in a desperate effort to fulfil the objectives of the Plan. The statement betrays a callous indifference to the acute sufferings that the people are being subjected to by growing scarcity and mounting prices. Where is the room for any further tightening of the belt when already the common man's middle is at the vanishing point? The Congressmen who participated at the A.I.C.C. meeting thought only of themselves and their friends and relations who have monopolised all the wealth of the country and occupy comfortable seats of power as members of the Congress Party hierarchy and of the administrative bureaucracy. When they talked about a further tightening of the belt they thought only of their own bloated and privileged bellies and not of the vanishing middles of the toiling masses. With the growing unemployment among the youth and with the threat of inflation in the economic horizon, the ruling party would have been well advised to cry a halt to its mad adventure with nostrums and to pay heed to the urgent need to grant economic freedom to people which is the basis of all prosperity and of all

progress. What is the use of crying hoarse about the need to increase production when people who can produce have lost heart and have given up the effort under a threat of overhanging totalitarianism which has expropriated all the incentive and all the interest in industrial enterprise?

The statement rightly lays emphasis upon agricultural production which is basic to all other production and which regulates ultimately the trends in prices and the fluctuations in the money market. But do Congressmen realise that they have queered the pitch for the agricultural producer? In an expansive mood, the Prime Minister cries down the fragmentation of agricultural holdings. But he does not know that the recent legislation passed by his party men in the various States have been primarily responsible for the fragmentation of agricultural holdings to the size of postage stamps. He talks glibly of collectivization of agriculture and the introduction of the co-operative movement in agricultural production. It is tragic that the Prime Minister and his party have not yet understood the lessons of history in this matter. The example of Russia stares us in the face. All impartial observers are now agreed that Stalin's attempt at collectivization of agriculture dealt almost a mortal blow to Soviet economy. It was only the ruthless exercise of force and the resolute mechanisation of all processes of agriculture that saved food production in Russia from utter extinction. It is very

fashionable in India now-a-days to quote the Russian precedent and to affect to walk in Stalin's footsteps. But these pinchbeck Stalins forget that they do not command the power, the authority and the determination that inhered in Stalin's personality. The Iron Ruler of Russia was a man of few words. He knew his mind and his brutal acts spoke eloquently for him.

But our Nehru, who has acquired fame as the modern Hamlet, wobbles eternally and indulges in non-stop talk which amounts to nothing although it fills columns in the newspapers. In spite of all their deliberate efforts, the Congress party cannot rule India with an iron hand as the communists under Stalin did and under Krushchev still do in Russia. They will not succeed in collectivising agriculture in India because that will involve the exercise of an amount of force which will not be available to the Congress Government.

It is idle to talk of co-operation in connection with production. Such success as the co-operative movement has already attained in India as well as in other countries is only in the region of distribution. Purchase and sale of commodities, exchange and banking are the legitimate spheres of the co-operative movement. But to run a factory with all its intricacies and involvements which require the exercise of expert knowledge on the managerial as well as on the technical side is well-nigh an impossibility, especially under conditions of illiteracy and primitive economy that prevail in India. These difficulties will be multiplied a hundred-fold in regard to agriculture. It is possible to run a State farm in India today. Because, running a State farm is just like running a Governmental office with a hierarchy of bureaucrats with the tillers reduced to the position of *chaprasis*. The Governmental office is not a business concern. There is

no question of profit and loss. The question is only of promotions and salaries. Its function is to exercise authority which flows from the top. But a co-operative farm, if it means the giving of democratic rights to the agricultural worker, would soon turn into a bear garden inviting the intervention of the police and the military who would ultimately restore order and in the process would paralyse the co-operative. While the Congress party men will continue to talk through their hats—rather, their white caps—about collectivisation and co-operation in agriculture the production will steadily go down year by year in India and the population will go on increasing.

Pandit Nehru said at the Calcutta A.I.C.C. meeting that when he thought of the Five Year Plan what stood up before his mind's eye was not the report with its prosaic tables and ugly figures but the men and women of India, the future generation, engaged in a heroic endeavour to better themselves. Men and women there will be and Nehru's vision of a numerous progeny of his children and grand-children will no doubt be fulfilled but his expectation of a better life for them free from the poverty and the misery that were the lot of their forbears will not be fulfilled. They will continue to wallow in ignorance, disease and privation.

If the Congress in India would tread the path of the Communists in Russia they should copy not only their objectives but their methods. The Communist methods were steeped in violence and they used force on an unprecedented scale to liquidate the small land owners called *kulaks* who were the backbone of Russian agriculture and who owned not only their small plots of land but the seeds, the animals and the implements which were indispensable for farming. When Stalin forcibly collectivised land and deprived the *kulaks* of their ancestral acres, the *kulaks* struck back with equal ferocity and killed the

animals, ate up the seeds and dismantled the implements. The result was the phenomenal fall in agricultural production and the recurrent famines which reduced the urban and rural workers to utter starvation until comparatively recent times when mechanised farming made sufficient progress so as to supply a modicum of the needs of the people. The growth of agriculture in Communist Russia is essentially the growth of mechanised farming through giant estates owned and managed by the State. The co-operatives are pale imitations of the giant state farms and are of minor significance. Russia takes pride in her success at mechanised agriculture and looks down with scorn at the kind of co-operatives which Pandit Nehru and the Congress party have in view. Speaking at the ninth session of the UNESCO Conference at Delhi Mr. Kernenov, head of the Soviet delegation, said with reference to agricultural progress in Russia: "Pre-revolutionary agriculture was carried on on the basis of primitive implements and the use of cattle. Agriculture was mechanised to the extent of only one per cent. Socialist agriculture is equipped at present with highly developed modern technique and is mechanized to the

extent of 94 per cent." Here in a few words is the authentic voice of Russia giving directions to its chela of India to follow in her footsteps. If India is to tread the path of Socialism, as professed in the A.I.C.C. statement, there is no alternative for her but to mechanise and collectivise agriculture and pattern herself closely on the model of Soviet Communist totalitarianism.

The present wobblings in tenancy legislation, in splitting up the holdings and in indulging in empty talk of agricultural co-operatives will end only in a steep fall in food production which will spell starvation for the masses. The anti-machinery complex from which the Congress party suffers owing to its profession of Gandhism will not allow it to walk the Soviet way of mechanization. The Russian method of collectivisation is the direct opposite of the Gandhian method of individual self-sufficiency. The Congress cannot take to the Russian method without splitting the party. The Sarvodaya people will rebel against mechanization. Pandit Nehru got sandwiched between his new found passion for communism and his legal attachment to Gandhism.

## SIDELIGHTS ::

INDIA behaved disgracefully at the UNO in failing to support the resolution condemning Russian aggression in Hungary. At first it was given out that the Indian delegation failed to establish timely contact with Delhi and secure instructions for the voting. Later on, Mr. Menon arrived with definite instructions and flourished his stick at an American who put him the inconvenient question about India's failure. Mr. Menon said he would not be bullied into explaining the inexplicable. Finally, he said

before the U. N. General Assembly that India's failure was just a failure and was nothing more or less. In India, Pandit Nehru's behaviour was just as mysterious. India's abstention at the U.N.O. meeting synchronised with the Prime Minister's oration at the UNESCO meeting at Delhi condemning with equal vehemence the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt and the Russian interference in Hungary. Then Pandit Nehru beat a hasty retreat and at the A.I.C.C. meeting at Calcutta he quibbled and

drew a distinction between the infringement of the sovereign right of Egypt by outsiders and infringement of rights as between the sovereign nations of Hungary and Russia. An infringement of the sovereignty of one nation by another cannot be condoned just because the stronger nation faces the world with a *fait accompli* and the weaker nation acquiesces and gives up its right to protest. There is no doubt whatever that the events in Hungary are open violations of the vaunted principles of *Panch Shila*, and the author of the new doctrine, intended to promote peace and unity in the world, has not only ignored the violations but has set up a double standard of morality which cuts at the very root of his doctrine.

Mr. Jai Prakash Narain has exposed the falsity of this double standard. He has gone to the extent of claiming that had Pandit Nehru condemned the Russian attempt at aggression sufficiently early, Russia would have withheld the movement of her tanks into Budapest, and Hungary would have been saved. But Mr. Jai Prakash has overdrawn the picture. It is necessary for politicians in India not to exaggerate their own self-importance and their country's might. India is a backward country. The level of living of her people is the lowest in the whole world. Her military strength is negligible. Her economy is primitive. India does not count so much in world affairs as people out here are apt to think, and as the servile press in India makes us think by its indulgences in superlative language in regard to our diplomatic achievements and our moral leadership of the whole world. Just as we are torn asunder in internal affairs by our conflicting ideologies, our wranglings over Gandhian revivalism and socialist totalitarianism, our foreign policies are split by our attempts to maintain a dubious

neutrality as between the power blocs. Of late, there is a dangerous trend in our foreign policy to identify ourselves entirely with the Soviet bloc. It is good for the peace of the world that this dangerous move will not materially tilt the scale in favour of the Iron Curtain countries because, as all the world knows, India is still weak and immature.

Behind the dramatic happenings of the past two weeks in the Middle East and in Eastern Europe, there arises the picture of humanity which is astir and is on the march. A superficial view of the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt would disclose merely an attempt by two colonial Powers struggling to maintain their former supremacy against the modern spirit of the assertion of freedom by the backward peoples. But a closer study will reveal that there is something to be said for the aggressor nations who are battling for survival. Pandit Nehru ridicules the talks about oil and its importance. He has pitched against the gross materialism of oil the grand spiritualism of human values. But he forgets that humanity is not all spirit and man cannot exist without his body. The supreme fact of modern life is that the modern man cannot exist without oil. As Sir Anthony Eden has repeatedly stressed in self-defence, without a free flow of oil from the Arab regions to England, the British level of living would sink to the bottom. This free flow is now menaced by the resurgence of Islamic fellow feeling that is now sweeping the Arab world. Whether the revival of religion and the consolidation of Arab hegemony which will not only establish a monopoly of the world's oil supply but will also dominate the Suez Canal, the most important highway of world commerce, is a question for the serious consideration of thinking people everywhere. Anglo-French aggression has brought the matter

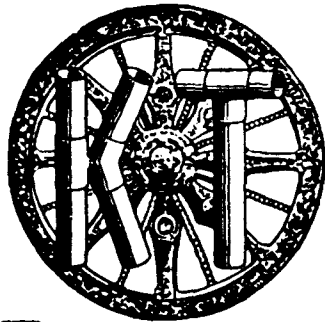
violently before the world's eye. It has done a disservice in that it has artificially stimulated the hitherto scattered elements of Arab nationalism to consolidate into a new imperialism threatening the safety and well-being of the Western as well as the Eastern world. The Suez Canal is vital for India as for other countries and it should be kept free for the navigation of all peoples, irrespective of whether they are considered politically desirable by Egypt or not. To that extent traditional notions of sovereignty will have to be restricted with reference to the Arabs. An extension of the principle of paramountcy of human needs and the consequent suppression of old ideas of national sovereignty would cover other vital needs like the availability of empty land spaces in Australia, in Canada and in Africa for the benefit of colonisation by the teeming millions of India and of China. The internationalisation of the Suez Canal would involve the internationalisation of the Panama Canal and other waterways of the world. When we consider this prime need for the free enjoyment of human liberties and the curtailment of ancient privileges based upon narrow conceptions of nationality and race we cannot but regret the recent blunders in India's foreign policy.

The correct foreign policy for India having regard to her weak military position and the aggressive nature of some of her neighbours would be not to aim too high and strike out a new path for herself in a gilbertian attempt to assume the moral leadership of the world but to strengthen the hands of the UNO with all the resources at her command. It is fortunate that at the present moment there are rifts visible in the structure of the two power blocs into which the world has been divided till now. The Anglo-French aggression in Egypt

has dealt a severe blow at Western unity and it will not be long before the NATO will disintegrate unless, of course, meanwhile the Communists become more aggressive and thereby bring back strength and unity to the West. Turning to the Eastern bloc, the rift among the satellite powers of the Soviet Union is becoming ever wider. Titoism is only the first step. The recent events in Hungary have demonstrated that there is a deeper urge among the peoples of Eastern Europe to throw overboard not only the Stalinist tyranny but also the communist system itself even as re-interpreted and modified by Tito. It may be that for the moment this deeper urge has been suppressed in Hungary, but it is breaking out in Rumania and will break out to-morrow not only in Poland and other satellite countries but also among the people situated deep in the heart of the Soviet empire. This disintegration of the two power blocs is a welcome sign and India must side with the progressive forces which work for such disintegration. It is fortunate that Mr. Eisenhower has assumed the correct attitude in the handling of the current international crisis. He has not only rebuffed the attempts of the Anglo-French colonial powers to draw America into their net but has also refused to participate in independent attempts outside the scope of the UNO to deal with the crisis. It is wholly to President Eisenhower's credit that he turned down the Swiss proposal for a new summit conference of Five Powers on the specific ground that the United Nations Organisation is the proper authority to maintain world peace and all proposals for summit conferences are in derogation of the authority of the UNO. India cannot do better than strengthen the hands of President Eisenhower at this moment of world crisis.

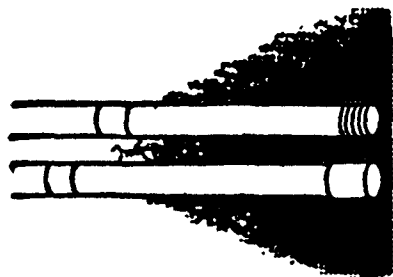
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## THE 1857 RISING

By SUDHANSU BIMAL MOOKERJI

THE hundred years following the Battle of Plassey, June 23, 1757, witnessed the growth and consolidation of British Power in India. When Lord Dalhousie laid down the reins of Governor-General's office in 1856, the Union Jack flew unchallenged from the snow-capped Himalayas in the north to the land's end at Kanya Kumari in the far south, from the arid deserts of Sind in the west to the monsoon-swept Brahmaputra valley in the east. But within a year of that great Pro-Consul's departure, the century-old British authority had to face the formidable challenge of the great Mutiny of 1857, which Panikkar aptly describes as "the Great Divide in modern Indian history."

Most divergent views have been held on the nature of the rising of 1857. Sir John Lawrence and those of his way of thinking hold that it was purely military in origin and nature and that greased cartridges were its sole cause. Sir John Seeley, the noted British historian, dismisses it as "the wholly unpatriotic and selfish Sepoy Mutiny with no native leadership and no popular support." General Outram would have us believe that the Muslims took advantage of Hindu discontent to engineer the uprising. Mr. Savarkar, on the other hand, contends that the Mutiny of 1857 was in reality a war of independence. His 'War of Indian Independence' published in the early years of the present century was proscribed by the then Government of India. Ashoka Mehta's "1857, the Great Rebellion" lends support to Savarkar's thesis.

Rebellions against the East India Company's authority in India were not unknown before 1857. Nor were

they infrequent. They took place again and again in the post-Plassey years. Isolated as they were, they constituted in reality a resistance movement against the nascent British power in India. "The risings against British authority," writes Prof. S. C. Sarkar, "have often enough been dismissed as the outcome of the machinations of a number of dispossessed malcontented persons. But of course the problem is where from the following came and why did people respond to the 'intrigues' of interested parties. It is after all a superficial view of history to remain satisfied with attributing all disturbances to 'agitators'. In any broad perspective, it seems natural to hold that the alien British conquest of India would meet with the same type of resistance which was encountered by other imperial powers in their 'colonial' countries." The East, in other words, did not bow "low before the blast," "In patient, deep disdain."

### A War Of Independence?

The arguments of those, who do not accept the Sepoy Mutiny as a war of independence, cannot all be lightly dismissed. It is a fact that with the exception of Ranee Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi, the Begum of Oudh and some other petty chiefs, princely India held aloof. Sir Dinkar Rao of Gwalior and Sir Salar Jung of Hyderabad were pillars of strength to the English. The vallant Sikhs of the Punjab, who had been reduced to slavery only in 1849 and Jung Bahadur of independent Nepal rendered not a little help to them. But for the timely assistance of the former, "the British Government would have found it very difficult to quell the Mutiny", and they "became famous for their loyalty and, in fact, became

special favourites of the British Government." (Narang, Transformation of Sikhism, 4th Edition, p. 191). The Mutiny did not spread all over the country. Only one of the three Presidency Armies of the company rose in revolt. Last but not least, in the mid-19th century, Indian Nationalism—the necessary pre-requisite of an Indian War of Independence—had yet to be born.

Yet the rising of 1857 was no ordinary mutiny. True it is that the expropriated and disgruntled landed aristocracy supplied the leadership. It is equally true that a section of the Company's Indian army was the spearhead of the outbreak. The army in revolt bore the brunt of the struggle. Many, who took the sword, perished by the sword. But did not hundreds of thousands of civilians take an active part in the fray? Were not the casualties amongst them almost as heavy as those among the former? Yet an overwhelming majority of the civilians had no specific grievances against the company. The rapidity with which the rising spread in certain areas shows that it had public support behind it. This support can be explained only by an all-consuming urge for freedom. In not a few places were the Sepoys urged by the civilians to take up arms against their outlandish masters. Social boycott was the lot of the collaborators of the English in many places. Many, who did not turn openly hostile to the English, non-co-operated with them. Boats and boatmen were not available to ferry General Havelock's army. The labourers pressed into the company's service at Kanpur ran away at night. Social intercourse between the English and the Indians—not much in evidence even before the Mutiny—almost ceased to exist. The Mutiny was characterised by amity and concord between the principal Indian communities rarely surpassed or even equalled in the history of modern India. Emperor Bahadur Shah II,

the last of the Mughals on the throne of Delhi, banned cow-slaughter all over the country. Nana Sahib too forgot the bitter memories of the Mughal-Maratha feuds over generations and declared his allegiance to the Mughal Emperor. Bahadur Shah II emphasized the expulsion of the hated 'Feringhis' from India. He wrote in one of his letters to the Rajasthan chiefs— "It is my ardent wish to see that the 'Feringhi' is driven out of Hindustan by all means and at any cost. It is my ardent wish that the whole of Hindustan should be free."

#### "Well-ordered Conspiracy"

The Mutiny certainly did not engulf the whole of India. But there was definitely a plan to overthrow the John Company's rule over a considerable part of the country. To quote Rev. Robert Meek, "It was manifest to all that the Mutiny was not, as at first supposed, of a partial or local character, but the result of a deep-laid, well-ordered and widely spread conspiracy for the overthrow of the British dominion—for the expulsion of the Christians and Christianity from India. A time was fixed for the striking of the final blow, and for the general rising and massacre of the Europeans. The somewhat premature outbreak at Meerut anticipated this, led to the discovery of the fearful plot, and thus providentially put the Europeans on their guard."

For some time before the storm burst on May 10, 1857, bold spirits including Ranee Lakshmi Bai of Jhansi, Tantia Topce, a retainer of Nana Sahib, Azimuddin Khan, an adviser to the deposed Nawab of Oudh, Kunwar Sinha, the expropriated landlord of Jagadishpur (Bihar), Firuz Shah, a relation of Bahadur Shah II and others had been wearing webs of conspiracy against the company. Three distinct groups—the Wahabees, a Lucknow group and a Delhi group—were at work at Patna alone. The Lucknow group, which included Peer Ali, Yusuf Ali

and others, perhaps sprang into existence immediately after the annexation of Oudh by Lord Dalhousie in 1856 and drew its inspiration from Lucknow, the proud capital of Oudh under the Nawabs. The Delhi group composed of Ali Karim, Waris Ali and others, on the other hand, had its nerve-centre in Delhi. It had won over the Indian infantry posted at Dinapore. The plot however miscarried and led to the cold-blooded massacres and summary trials, rather a mockery thereof, by Mr. Taylor, the then Commissioner of Patna.

The rising assumed formidable proportions in the Uttar Pradesh and Delhi and also in extensive areas of Bihar and Central India. It became a full-scale war of national liberation in these areas where the common man staked his all for independence from foreign yoke. Given a more efficient leadership, a better

organisation, a closer collaboration among the leaders and a co-ordination of their activities, the Mutiny might have engulfed the whole of the Indian sub-continent. That however, was not to be. The Fates had decreed otherwise. The Mutiny had yet its repercussions as far a field as Assam and Chhotanagpur in Eastern India. Nilmani Sinha Deo, Zemindar of Pachete in Dhalbhum rose in rebellion. Many other Zemindars in the neighbourhood refused to assist the company. The Santals rose in rebellion near Tongbhoe (Bihar). Assam too was not wholly inactive during those never to be forgotten days that shook the British Empire in India to its foundations. Rightly does Panikkar observe that the rising of 1857 "was the last effort of the old order to regain national independence and honour." (A Survey of Indian History, 2nd Edition, p. 203).

## THE HOUSE OPPOSITE

By "NAMBS"

**S**RIDHAR is an early riser, but he would open the front door only after he finished his morning *chota hazri*. As he settles down in the chair with the day's newspaper he takes a look at the road.

"I'm going, mother," he hears these words in his mother tongue. That is a member of the opposite house. She is going for her morning class, may be typewriting, Sridhar thinks. "Mother"—that word rouses his thoughts. Mother, yes, he had once. But today he is without her. She has left him, long before he could fulfil all that his mother expected of him. If he could live his childhood again, or at least if his mother could come back and live for sometime more! Leela asks her cousin the time as she goes. He says 7.45 a.m. Sridhar would very much like to cor-

rect it, for it is only 7.30 a.m. But how dare he say anything when they are not known to each other. So he takes a pitiable look at the time-piece on his table and heaves a sigh.

A few minutes later the daughter-in-law of the house appears on the doorstep. She is making sure that the milkman is doing his duty correctly. She takes the milk after having settled the score about the correctness of the measure with the milkman. The next moment Sridhar's eyes get a glimpse of the lady of the house. She dresses in pure white, just as his own mother used to. With sacred ashes on her forehead and two flowers in the ear wings, she comes out with a vessel and waters the Tulasi plant. This perfect routine gives hope for Sridhar, hope in life.

Another twenty minutes pause by, and one of the daughters of the house comes outside to the verandah with a shoal of books in her hand to settle down to study. There is another elder lady student too, about whom Sridhar's researches have not yet brought any conclusive results. For Sridhar has only seen all the members, never talked to anybody—father, mother, sister, son, daughter-in-law, son-in-law or tousin even once. One thing Sridhar knows. It is a big family and there are many interesting youngsters—just as the way he himself grew up when his father lived. His father's house was the shelter not only for his brothers and sisters but for many of his father's nephews and nieces and Sridhar knows today that it has all greatly toned his life for the better.

As it nears nine, the two girls who are in the house leave for their respective institutions. A young man with a good hefty body leaves for his office on bicycle on the opposite side to which the girls and Sridhar go. All is quiet, except for a youngster of the house who comes out to play on the road along with his small sister. They play for sometime, and then their grandfather comes. So they stop playing and quarrel for sitting on the grandfather's lap. As Sankarettan leaves for office, Balan shouts, "Uncle, will you bring sweets in the evening?"

Sridhar is finishing his food and just ready to start for office. As he leaves the place on some days he sees Leela returning from the class. And one day when he left for office he discovered that after returning from the morning class she leaves again with her books, probably for the college.

The day passes and then Sridhar comes home. He finds that all the members of the family opposite are looking at one member demonstrating his knowledge about the father's motor cycle. For many

days this used to go late into the night. And one day Sridhar saw an elderly gentleman with a still more elderly car draw up with a box of tools. He was there with the motor cycle for two days and now finally they seem to have dismantled the machine. Once in a way Sridhar has to type late in the night. He used to feel worried at disturbing the neighbours and those in the opposite house. But he consoles by saying that the occasional tup-tup is nothing compared to the continuous bit of motor cycle starting and stopping that used to be a feature sometime ago. It is self-consolation and self-pity.

The tuition class starts. Sridhar admires that tolerably tall man who speaks well enough for his class of three students. He admires his ability to graphically explain English, History, Physics and Chemistry with equal versatility. He himself hears the lecturer walking up and down the verandah and recollects his own classes in Chemistry and Physics and his demonstrators and tutors. It transports him to those good old days, when he was a student. He tries to admire the way in which the tuition goes on. And the students are very alert and attentive. You can hear only one of them—let her be called Radha—talking aloud now and then, trying to answer away some questions. She does not seem to brook criticism and one day her brother was scolding her, "It is too bad you should have started talking impertinently to all. But why blame you, I must blame only the people who brought you up like that so far."

The class is interrupted on Fridays for a while when the *Malli* seller comes. "*Malli, malli,*" he calls out. Then he says, "Mother do you want flowers?" The daughter-in-law comes out and duly bargains and buys. The other girls also join for these few minutes and then go back to the class.

The tuition is sometimes interrupted when the young friends of the tutor call. The tutor comes out of the class room and talks to them on the road itself and soon gets back to the class. Sometimes the teaching class goes very late and there are days when Sridhar wonders whether they have their food in the night. Or probably they eat early and stick to lessons. Did not his sisters also do that?

Sridhar is alone in his house for the past many days and his life of halo is in the gleam and noise of the house opposite. For there he sees sisters like his, mother like his own, father like his own, cousins like his and mischiefs just as used to be in his house when all were together.

The night goes very late for Sridhar and for the house opposite too. On many days he enjoys hearing the radio music. He forgets himself and dances to the songs that come on the radio. With his door ajar, quite often he has been caught by members in the house opposite in the midst of dancing to a song. But then, he says to himself, what is wrong? Be there one who is not human enough to react when such things come? Sridhar winds up his reading about eleven in the night and usually the house opposite is also asleep only by then. Some days he sees one of the girls sitting under a dim lamp and reading a magazine. Otherwise all is quiet and the day ends.

Sometimes Sridhar has tried to catch the attention of the people opposite. He says that in the silent way in which he has been watching them all, they too must be watching him. The eldest of the family thinks of Sridhar as just a youngster, reading newspapers, making clippings, and then going to office and coming home late in the evening. The mother, what she might be thinking, Sridhar has not tried to guess. The daughter-in-law, according to Sridhar has not tried to guess. The daughter-in-law, according to Sri-

dhara has definite views. He however says he does not know what they are. But one day he did see an expression when he happened to be leaving for office, coincidentally just after Radha and Sushila had joined their tall classmate, Premavathi. The type-writing student must be feeling her own affinity for the young typist opposite. They all join in describing him as a cinema man, who is regularly out every Sunday for pictures. Sridhar is considered just a *minor* by some of them, who do not talk loud enough for Sridhar to hear. Sridhar and the people opposite have lived long opposite each other. But it is still only a passing acquaintance nothing more. And probably Sridhar will be shifting to a high pitched garret soon. Will he be talked to before he leaves? That is what Sridhar asked me, when he narrated all this, about the house opposite. He says he finds enough for study of life in the group there and the friends and families who come visiting there.

## AGRICULTURE NOTES

### TELEVISION BECOMING MAJOR AID TO U. S. FARMERS

Despite the comparatively recent development of television and the fact that a few of the remoter regions of the United States are not yet adequately served, 39 per cent of farms in the country are equipped with television sets, the U. S. Department of Agriculture reports. Use of television is spreading rapidly and it will be available to all agricultural localities within a year or two at the most, USDA reports. As a result television is becoming more and more a tool of American farmers in their agricultural planning and operations. Besides bringing up to the minute news of agriculture, prices and new technical developments, the new service can bring instruction in new farm methods, operation of new machinery, etc., with visual demonstration augmenting oral information.—USIS

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## MEDLEY OF METAPHORS!

By P. VIJAYARAGHAVAN

ONE of the amusing types of errors often unwittingly committed by those addicted to a turgid style of writing is the mixing of metaphors. These writers begin with storms and tempests and blend them with fire and flames. Such mismating lapses are surprisingly common and are to be found even in the compositions of distinguished authors!

Joseph Addison, the great English poet and essayist, in his "Letter from Italy" wrote: "I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain, That longs to launch into a nobler strain". There is an obvious incompatibility between the different actions of bridling a horse, launching a ship and beginning a song. Dr. Johnson poked fun at Addison for perpetrating these lines. "To bridle a goddess is no very delicate idea; but why must she be bridled? Because she longs to launch—an act which was never hindered by a bridle. And whither would she launch?—into a nobler strain. In the first line she is a horse, in the second a boat and the care of the poet is to keep his horse or his boat from singing!"

A similar instance from another writer is: "He was a lion in war and sailed into battle with unbridled fury." Here a man is compared to a lion, a ship and a horse, in one breath, and the effect is ridiculous.

In Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" a speaker at an agricultural show referred to the monarch "who directs with a hand at once so firm and wise the chariot of the state amid the incessant perils of a stormy sea". Obviously the speaker in his liking for figurative language forgot that nobody ever used a chariot for sailing!

And Dickens Too

Mrs. Nickleby in Dickens's classic in a fit of passion remarked, "It came upon me like a flash of fire and almost froze my blood." While she should be complimented for trying to be lurid in true feminine fashion, to the listener the conjunction of "fire" with "freezing" would sound to be a howler-like discord!

James Thomson, an English poet, has this remarkable mixture of figures: "Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew—Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins." Shelly has this piece in the "Ode to the West Wind": "O, thou, who chariotest to their dark wintry bed, The winged seeds, where they lie cold and low, Each like a corpse within its grave."

Milton's line in "Lycidas," "Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold a sheep-hook" has been considered by many as a curious case of mixed metaphors; but Ruskin has defended it as correct saying that, though it appears to be such at first sight, there is a compressed significance in it, since Milton was probably thinking of men whose duty it was to watch and to feed the flocks of Christ, and "blind" suggests that those who ought to see cannot see and "mouths" suggests that those who ought to feed others think of nothing but feeding themselves.

Many years ago, one technician wrote: "Technology is subordinate to latent shrewdness in sifting facts from the mists and shadows of the past. The experience of the engineer will enable him to eliminate much of the chaff, because many of the stories will collapse under the searchlight of engineering commonsense."

The writer must have been pleased with his style; but if he had applied a little "engineering commonsense" with or without a searchlight, he might have saved himself from lapsing into complacency. Facts are sifted from fancies, not from mists and shadows, and a searchlight will not cause the chaff to collapse; it will assist the eye in separating the chaff from the grain!

The sentence "That same technique, the science outpost, has been developed into the four corner-stones of UNESCO's scientific work" provoked the following amusing comment from a master of language: "The development of four cornerstones out of an outpost seems nothing short of a miracle, especially in this modern world, where building of any kind is usually not so difficult."

#### "Confusion Of Images"

One exquisite specimen of incongruous images incorporated in a single sentence came from the politician who harangued: "We shall overcome the adverse current; it will serve as a spring-board for the future. It is no Waterloo." Another example is: "Gentlemen, the apple of discord has been thrown into our midst; and if it be not nipped in the bud, it will burst into a conflagration, which will deluge the world. It is time that you put your foot down with a firm hand." Indeed such a confusion of images is beyond most ordinary people; it has about it the magnificence of the incredible. The less daring writer is tempted into a less obvious but equally culpable mixture, of which the following are examples.

"Once again a very lovely and all too rare flower plucked from the continent, has been transplanted in Hollywood." This flowery howler was furnished by one who had interviewed an Italian film-star who had 'migrated' to Hollywood filmdom. The author of an out-dated mathematics text pompously said in his preface, "The freshman algebra is a rocky and difficult road to travel. But whether

we like it or not we are required to wade through it."

The undergraduate who wrote "Dante stands with one foot in the Middle Ages, while with the other he salutes the rising star of the Renaissance" did not have a vivid sense of what he was writing. By no stretch of imagination can I conceive Dante as performing this wonderful feat with his feet, literally or figuratively!

#### Curious Idioms

There are a number of idioms in English, in which the limbs or some parts of the anatomy appear. Bewary of stringing together such idioms indiscriminately. One American writer facetiously points out that a person has to be a contortionist to get along these days. First of all he has to keep his back to the wall, and his ear to the ground. He is expected to put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head and both feet on the ground. And, at the same time, he must have his head in the clouds, so that he can look for the silver lining. Only a humorist can get away with such a mix-up as this. If such a statement ever came from a serious writer—say a moralist—it would be treated as a monstrous medley of metaphors!

One person once called upon the Board of Control for Cricket "to decide quickly to make their cast-iron rules regarding team-selection less hide-bound"; and there was the one who urged the Government "to find some method to cushion the pin-pricks of the winds of depression!" "It was a mere flea-bite in the ocean," "It was a nation in the throes of a deadly conflagration," "The burdens of life do not seem to have engulfed him"—these are examples of obviously mismatched figures.

Even distinguished writers sometimes lapse into this amusing error of blending incongruous metaphors and we may well be on our guard against any jumbling of ideas, that breeds monstrous hybrids.

## FOOD AND YOUR HEART

*We are now in the grip of a 'coronary epidemic.' The cause? Experts warn it may be fatty diets.*

By LEONARD ENGEL

EVERY modern country has a department of the government charged with compiling statistics of birth and death, and with noting the ages at which people die and also the different causes of death. Ordinarily, the reports of these agencies attract the attention of public health specialists. But sometimes these reports have an urgent story to tell.

During recent decades a sharp rise has been reported from many countries in the number of deaths from a particular form of heart disease. Physicians call it arterio-sclerotic heart disease or coronary disease. To the man in the street (and to many physicians, too) it is "coronary attack" or "heart attack," though it may kill without a dramatic attack.

Two countries that have had particularly steep rises in coronary deaths are Canada and the United States. In 1954 (the latest year for which figures are available), in the U.S., there were 375,000 deaths from coronary disease out of a total of 1,481,000 deaths. In Canada coronary disease was responsible for 33,800 deaths out of 124,500 deaths altogether. In short, in both countries coronary disease is causing one death in every four.

#### Heart Essentially a Muscle

Some of the increase is due to the fact that doctors have learned to diagnose coronary disease only within the past two generations. Part stems also from the fact that Americans and Canadians are living longer than they used to; most heart disease occurs in older people.

But public health experts are convinced that the increase is not the result of these circumstances alone. They believe there is more coronary

disease than there used to be—much more. They point out that entirely too many people, especially men, are dying of coronaries before their time—in their 40's and 50's, even in their 30's. U.S. experts say we are in the grip of a "coronary epidemic" and that coronary disease is the "greatest public health problem of our time."

The rise has made research on coronary disease a "must." A veritable army of medical investigators in a score of countries is seeking ways of treating or preventing it. Several thousand researchers are probing every aspect of human life, from heredity to the "stress of modern life" and habits like smoking, in the search for basic causes.

But research has not yet uncovered the whole coronary disease story. In the language of the children's game, however, a number of researchers are getting warm. They are uncovering circumstances that certainly have a good deal to do with the rise in coronary deaths.

One of the researchers who is "hottest" is a short, slight, energetic Minnesota professor, Dr. Ancel Keys. Dr. Keys and the research unit he heads, the University of Minnesota laboratory of physiological hygiene, blame the rise in coronary disease on diets too rich in fats. Their view is based on a remarkable series of studies that has taken Dr. Keys and his colleagues to almost every corner of the world.

To tell about Dr. Keys and his findings, it is necessary to go back to the beginning—the question of what is coronary disease. Then we can see what Dr. Keys, as well as other researchers, are learning about it.

The heart is essentially a muscle, one of the most powerful in the body.

Like other muscles, it requires a constant supply of blood. The heart muscle receives it through the coronary arteries, two arteries arising from the aorta, the great artery from the heart, immediately after the aorta leaves the heart.

If something should clog a coronary artery or one of the smaller vessels branching from the coronary arteries, the section of heart muscle served by the damaged vessel dies, like a finger with the circulation cut off. Clogging of one of the smaller vessels can often be survived. Blockage of a major vessel, on the other hand, is generally fatal.

The clogging of a coronary vessel may come about in more than one way, for example, through a blood clot. Practically always, however, the heart attack is preceded by an ominous narrowing of the coronary vessels, through the formation of a curious fatty deposit with the artery walls.

This deposit is the real cause of coronary attack and is one of the main objects of attention in heart disease research. Researchers want to know how and why the deposit gets there. It is not the natural result of aging, for it is not found in the arteries of many people who have lived to ripe old ages.

#### Emotional Strains

There have been many theories as to the fatty deposit's origin. A popular one is the supposed strain of modern life. It seems plausible because it is a fact that emotional strain may be disastrous to patients who have had heart attacks. But many investigators are sceptical, because it is hard to see how nervous strain can deposit fat in the arteries. Many researchers are also sceptical of a real connection between smoking and coronary disease, although studies have disclosed more deaths from coronary disease among heavy smokers than among non-smokers.

Lack of exercise may be a factor. A famous study by the British National Medical Research Council showed that sedentary postal clerks have more heart attacks than letter carriers, and the drivers of London's double-deck buses have more than the conductors (who must climb those stairs all day).

Sex hormones likewise have a part, for coronary disease strikes down many more men than women, particularly younger men. Women do not contract coronary disease as often as men until their mid-60's—long after the end of their reproductive life and the cessation of female-hormone secretion.

#### Fats Under Suspicion

But Dr. Keys and other researchers feel diet must be a principal factor. Their reason is simple. The fatty material in the arteries must come from somewhere.

Dr. Keys, whose laboratory is underneath the grandstand of the University of Minnesota football stadium, began studying coronary disease at the end of World War II. His interest in diet as a possible cause of coronary disease had been aroused by a striking development in wartime Europe. In countries with severe food shortages and strict rationing, there had been a sharp drop in coronary deaths.

This pointed to plain overeating as a possible cause of coronary disease. Dr. Keys was doubtful, however, because coronary disease occurs in many people of normal weight who do not overeat, though overweight individuals are more apt to develop the disease.

His own suspicions fell upon another element of the diet—fats. In the first place, fats stimulate production of dangerous cholesterol by the body itself. Second, the proportion of fats in the diet varies widely; it is usually low when food is short (as in Europe during the war) and high in times

of prosperity (when coronaries, too, are up).

In order to test his dietary-fat theory, Dr. Keys investigated the consumption of fats in the U.S. He found it had increased enormously during the very period that coronary disease was becoming most frequent. In 1910 Americans obtained 31.8 per cent of their calories from fats and oils. Today the national average is 41 per cent and in many U. S. homes it must be higher still.

The Minnesota scientist and his colleagues next probed the situation in a long list of countries, including England, Italy, Japan, Finland, Spain, Sweden, South Africa, and several sections of the U. S. In each, Dr. Keys and his group studied dietary habits, the death rates from coronary disease, and the concentration of the artery-blocking material, cholesterol, in the blood (the blood cholesterol is almost always high in coronary patients and in groups of people among whom coronary disease is common).

The U. S. was found to have the "fattiest" diet and the highest coronary rate. Canada, Australia and New Zealand came next in fatness of diet (38 to 39 per cent of calories from fats), then the Scandinavian countries (37 per cent). They also followed, in approximately that order, in coronary death rates and blood cholesterol.

#### In Italy And Spain

The two European countries with the smallest proportion of fats in the national diet (among the countries studied by Dr. Keys) were Italy and Spain, with about 20 per cent of calories from fats in each. Italy has one-quarter the U. S. death rate from coronary disease, and few individuals were found with high blood cholesterol. In Spain coronary disease proved exceedingly uncommon among poor residents of Madrid (whose diets probably contain even less fat than the national average), but was

frequent among well-to-do Madrileños (whose diet is very rich).

Still more striking are two of Dr. Keys' latest studies, one carried out in South Africa and the other—completed only late last spring—in Japan. In Cape Town, South Africa, Dr. Keys and four local researchers compared diet, blood cholesterol and coronary disease in Europeans, Cape Coloured (mulattoes) and natives (Bantu). Dietary fat, blood cholesterol and coronary deaths were all high among Europeans; intermediate in Cape Coloured; and low among the Bantu.

In the Japanese study Dr. Keys made the same comparison of diet, blood cholesterol and coronary disease between Japanese born and raised in the Hawaiian islands and Japanese in Japan. The Hawaiian Japanese live and eat much like Americans—and have a great deal of coronary disease. The Japanese in Japan live on a diet with less than 10 per cent of calories from fat—and have almost no coronary disease. In fact, only one instance of a fatal coronary could be found in the large medical school while in Japan. The solitary victim was a Japanese doctor who had worked in Hawaii for 20 years, and who came home to die.

Parallel differences in coronary disease have been found within Canada, though they have not yet been studied by the Minnesota scientist and his colleagues. In 1954 Ontario had 14,351 coronary-disease deaths. Quebec, with a nearly equal population, had but 6,885. Differences in diet may have had a part in this striking contrast.

"In any event, it seems to me inescapable," declares Dr. Keys, "that the recent increase in coronary disease in many countries is the result, in great part, of too luxurious a diet, with too high a proportion of fat-rich meats and animal products, fried foods and fat-laden gravies, dressings and desserts."

# DOES YOUR CHILD STUTTER?

By SUBHASH J. RELE

**T**HERE are three ages at which stuttering usually starts—from two to four years, when the child begins to talk, six to seven years, when formal schooling starts, and from twelve to fourteen years, during puberty. It is common among boys than girls.

In the dark past, stuttering has been attributed to whooping cough, glandular disturbances, high blood pressures and faulty habits of voice production. Until the end of the last century stuttering was generally considered to be caused by weaknesses in the organs of speech. In Europe during the 1840's, many operations were performed in the hope of relieving stuttering.

## An Emotional Problem

Science throws new light on this age old affliction. Most of the research of the past hundred years boils down to: stuttering is not a disease in itself, but it is an outward expression of inward emotional conflict. It results from a mental condition and not from any physical impediment in the mouth. Hence it is an emotional problem.

Nervous children deprived of warm, comforting love, tense infants filled with fear of exacting elders often develop trouble with speech. Stuttering is largely the result of hurry, nervousness and anxiety. There are particular situations in which habitual stutterer speaks without hesitation.

In attempting to speak, the child is seeking new sources of pleasure. He gives expression to the feeling that bubbles within him. If something happens to confuse his feelings he stutters. He begins to dread

speech. He avoids speaking as much as possible. It must not be forgotten that a child does not stutter when he first commences to talk. Stuttering develops later on.

W. Johnson, in his book, 'Because I stutter', gives us an inside picture of how it feels to be a stutterer.

"As a stutterer I experienced a rather consistent bodily and mental state. The defect does not exist merely as an obvious inability to express myself adequately in speech; it involves a generally complicated bodily tenseness as well and a mental uneasiness, a real fear, which is apparent, as a rule in my halting, shrinking manner of expressing myself, my thoughts, my emotions. I tend to hold myself in because I am afraid I shall stutter."

## Way to Cure Stuttering

Most children are talkative. It is common knowledge that they have sufficient imagination to express the sense of what they say.

(1) Keep the child fully occupied. Let him talk as much as possible. Do not complete sentences for him. Do not suggest words, but encourage him to speak in his own way at his own speed.

(2) Patience is the first requisite in helping a child to overcome the nervous tendency that takes the form of stuttering.

George Wilton in his book, "How to overcome stuttering", states, "It is bad technique to shout orders at children who have nervous speech. The most destructive method consists of bowling them out, hurrying them, or letting them see you are angry or impatient."

(3) Never imply that stuttering is due to lack of brains. It is well worth noting that many people of great mental gifts have been handicapped through stuttering at various times. Huge Benson, the well-known preacher, stuttered badly in ordinary speech, but when he was in the pulpit all such hesitancy left him. As a youngster Sir Winston Churchill stuttered.

(4) It has been found that many children who stutter in ordinary conversation have good singing voices and a natural gift of music. Singing is now a recognized form of treatment for hesitant speech. By inducing the stuttering child to take part in school concerts and performances,

he will gain a sense of confidence that will help him in overcoming his disability.

(5) Avoid tiring the child with too much mental effort.

(6) Do not ply him with questions so often. Questions where possible, should be so framed, that the answers may be given in monosyllables.

(7) Another most important rule is that a stuttering child should not be mimicked or made fun of. Encourage him to talk in his own fashion since the more he speaks the more he will be able to say.

The greater the patience shown, the speedier will be the recovery.

## SOVIET POLICY AND THE TWENTIETH PARTY CONGRESS

**C**OMMUNIST ideology is at present undergoing a severe crisis, the worst that has yet faced the Bolshevik regime. The extent of the crisis is indicated not only by Khrushchev's "secret" speech and the decree of the Party Central Committee published in June, but also by numerous articles appearing in the Soviet press and statements made by Soviet and other Communist leaders.

Present-day Communism has three main characteristics:

1. *A deep ideological split resulting from the campaign against Stalin.* The single Communist ideology that was evolved while Stalin was in power and centered around him no longer exists. The confusion in the Communist world at the moment has become so great that months and perhaps even years will have to elapse before a new, unified ideological platform emerges.

2. *The moral bankruptcy of the collective leadership.* It is quite pos-

sible that Stalin did not die a natural death and the men who shed tears at his demise and who had extolled him to the skies may even have been responsible for his death. In any case, it was three years before the decision to speak the truth about him was made.

3. *The replacement of the cult of Stalin by the cult of Lenin.* This is advantageous to the present leaders, since Lenin's writings do not have any practical significance at the moment. The cult of Lenin is the means by which the present Soviet oligarchy is trying to gain the freedom to make whatever theoretical and ideological decisions it wishes.

When speaking of the ideological crisis facing Communism one must keep in mind not only the differences among the Communist leaders themselves but also the reaction of countless millions of people on whose behalf the collective leaders are purporting to speak and with whose opi-

nions they are willy-nilly obliged to contend.

#### Moscow Or Peiking?

The development of relations between the Soviet and Chinese Communist leaders has to be viewed in a special light. Various conflicts and complications between the two can be expected in the future. There is no question of China defecting from the Communist camp; the problem is where the ideological center of Communism is to be situated—in Moscow or in Peiking.

In this connection, another event taking place in the socialist camp is of importance: the process of integration, which is now being stepped up. It is no longer possible to talk of the economy and policy of the Soviet Union alone; one should speak rather of the "Greater USSR," that is, the Soviet Union together with the satellite countries. The first step in this direction was the Warsaw Pact, which unified the armed forces of the USSR and the East European satellites. The second stage was the unification of their economies. Thus, the economies of the satellites are now worked out by Gosplan and Soviet state economic commissions. The Communist countries of Asia are also being drawn ever tighter into this system. It is within the bounds of possibility that the Kremlin intends to create a new, complex state formation, replacing the concept of the USSR by a new "union" of the Soviet republics and the satellite states.

In spite of the fact that the ideology of Communism is undergoing this crisis, the ultimate goal of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party has remained unchanged: world domination. The final phrase of the Central Committee's June decree demonstrates this quite clearly: "The slanderous attacks of our enemies cannot halt the irre-

sistible march of mankind's development toward Communism." The Kremlin is offering the free world peaceful coexistence but at the same time the Soviet leaders are making speeches containing views not at all in keeping with this. For example, Shepilov, who, it would seem, is the real author of the speech Khrushchev made at the Twentieth Party Congress, said: "It goes without saying that we are not offering capitalism a compromise in questions of ideology and planning. The capitalist and socialist philosophies cannot be reconciled."

#### The New Thesis

While propounding the new thesis that socialism can be attained by peaceful, parliamentary methods, without a class struggle, the Soviet leaders, in leading articles in such important Soviet political magazines as *Kommunist*, *Molodoi kommunist* and *Voprosy filosofii*, for the past few months have repeatedly stressed that the way to socialism cannot be paved without the dictatorship of the proletariat.

To achieve their ultimate objectives the Soviet leaders have chosen the devious method of attempting to lull the West, thereby weakening it, to strengthen the Communist bloc in every way possible, and gradually to encroach upon or widen the best of neutralist countries.

Thus, there is an apparent paradox: on the one hand the admission of an ideological crisis, on the other the stressing of the unchanging nature of ultimate aims. That the crisis is acute is beyond doubt, and the recent pilgrimage of foreign Communist leaders to Moscow certainly cannot be taken as an indication that it has been overcome. Prominent communists from the satellite states and the West are undoubtedly going to Moscow for advice on how to act if such occurrences as the Poznan riots are repeated. The crux of the mat-

ter is that the out-and-out Stalinists are renouncing Stalin without renouncing Stalinism. However, the rejection of the former dictator does not mean that all the past ideological and theoretical tenets will be discarded.

#### A Reactionary Teaching

These two factors—the ideological crisis and the moral bankruptcy of the present leaders—constitute a very real danger to Communism as a political movement. Communism, which claims to be the most progressive ideology in the world, is in fact a dead, reactionary teaching.

The first stages in the internal disintegration of Communism can now be seen. This process could lead to the general collapse of world Communism as a political force. However, present events must not be overestimated, the desired substituted for the actual or the apparent for the real. This would mislead public and political opinion throughout the free world.

The non-Communist world must now embark upon a decisive ideological and political attack on Communism. Acts such as the reception of its representatives at court or the sending to Moscow of major political figures should cease, since they in-

voluntarily enhance the authority of Stalin's successors.

As far as the Communist Party is concerned, at the moment no more than one and a half million out of the seven million pre-war members are left. Nevertheless the old brigade is still in command. At the Twentieth Party Congress only 35% of the participants had been accepted into the Party since 1941. Thus, 65% had in fact served under Stalin and had survived the former dictator's reign of terror and the Party purges. The members of oblast Party committees, the generals and the leading economic and industrial figures were largely Stalinists who had come to the fore during the period of the Yezhov purges. In this way, out-and-out Stalinists are having to "cleanse" themselves of Stalinism.

However, the majority of the recent Party members are fighting hard to retain their positions. The confusion in the Party ranks is growing because discipline has been weakened since the Twentieth Congress, with a subsequent considerable lessening of the center's authority. Stalin knew how to keep the Party in a state of fear and could slight it if he wished. His successors cannot do either, especially since Stalin's dethronement and the revelations that have come to light afterwards.

—The Bulletin

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# THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS

By V. LUTHER ISACC

THE searchlight is now being focussed down to the innermost recesses of human hearts. The more we watch this hectic life, with its conflicting ideas and clashing ideologies, the more it becomes clear, as it was to Mrs. Woolf, that "life is not a series of gig-lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo; a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end." Hence, it has become the job of the sensitive novelist to hold the mirror as strongly as he can to the strange soul and curious mind of his characters and reproduce them as faithfully as he can for the sake of his less sensitive contemporaries and more inquisitive posterity. The result is a new type of novel, without a plot, without a story, without perhaps characterisation and action. There are vast regions in man that transcend reason and logic and chief of them is the realm of consciousness connected to soul or psyche. It was James Hart who defined the stream of consciousness as the "depiction of the mental and emotional reactions of characters to external events rather than the events themselves . . . The action is presented in terms of images and attitudes within the mind of one or more central figures."

The stream of consciousness is not something entirely new. Even though the recent researches by Freud on psychoanalysis made clear the subconscious in man, which is the source of hidden desires and suppressed thoughts, the exploration of the consciousness can be traced back to the *Upanishads*. Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be", and Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene signify the same trend. One can detect the

same in the "Prelude" of Wordsworth, inasmuch as it deals with his life not methodically, but with a system of sequences. Even though it is primarily a philosophic poem, showing the affinity between the truth and the ultimate truth, *Atman* and the *Paramatman*, yet, the method adopted in the entire poem has been psychological rather than chronological. Stern's "Tristram Shandy" also belongs to this group. Mention must be made of the inimitable Russians whose influence transcends time and political prejudices. Dostoevsky, Tolstoy and Chekhov, leave the feeling that they open the lid of the brain and peep down with psychological penetration at the working of the psyche in man. Henry James and Joseph Conrad reveal that they would like to revel in the exploration of this technique. It was only after the first world war that prominence has come widely to this trend and has been used as an exclusive and effective medium in the field of fiction. It can be said that it has almost a simultaneous development in France, Ireland and England by Marcel Proust, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf respectively.

## The Time Element

The destruction of the time factor is very much obvious in these new novels. While the earlier novelists clung on scrupulously and religiously to the "calender and the clock", here time in its positive and subjective sense has not much of the value. There are situations in the lives of several individuals where an entire life could be lived in a single day. There are times when the anxiety and agony of a century could be packed into the shortest possible time, as, for example, in the "Eng-

lish Teacher" of R. K. Narayan, when the poor professor's wife is down with typhoid. For him, the sick chamber of his wife is all the world; his vast power of observation is centered on the delicate thermometer and his life's ambition seems to be some fall in the mercury column and when the temperature did fall by one degree it is as though he won a million rupees in a competition. This is just to indicate how intense and poignant can some moments be in our lives. A study of the mental and emotional reactions when human beings are caught up in such situations makes an absorbing and powerful study indeed. Naturally, the criterion of Time and Space in the novel disappears; correspondingly the value of action and characterisation diminish. What all remains is the consciousness—vast and endless as the horizon.

Perhaps a careful study of Katherine Mansfield's short story, "The Garden Party" might pave the way for a better understanding of this trend in the full-fledged fiction. The celebrated work of Marcel Proust, entitled, "Remembrance of Things Past" in twelve volumes has become the land-mark in modern fiction and the way in which its influence is spread out not only across the continent, but also over the entire world in such a short time is in itself remarkable. Miss Dorothy Richardson deals with the life of a single woman in her twelve voluminous serial novels with the common title "Pilgrimage." Till adequate interest is created in the public to appreciate this technique, cobwebs might conceal Miss Richardson's "Pilgrimage" in the library, but the hefty volume of James Joyce entitled "Ulysses" is certainly rid of that danger. Stephen Dedalus is the hero there. He is a teacher, and of course a poet as well. His life in Dublin spread over twenty-four hours constitutes the theme. There is not the least logic nor any coherence, but there is quite a substantial quantity of obscenity. However,

it is not very fair to say that the vulgarity therein is a major factor of its popularity, though it can be considered as stark realism, seen in such a man as Hemingway but carried to the point of saturation here. Nevertheless, like some other works of Joyce, "Ulysses" remains to be an exquisite example in the exploration of the subconscious in man.

## "Evocations of Moods"

Mrs. Virginia Woolf, very much inspired by James Joyce, wrote her famous novel, "Mrs. Dalloway". Very emphatically she says in her essay on "Modern Fiction", that there is nothing like the proper stuff of fiction; "everything is the proper stuff of fiction; every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit". As Blackstone says, her novels are "evocations of moods—of experiences which, though fleeting, have about them an eternal quality and seek to point to a meaning underlying them all which is never made plain." Her characters like Jacob Flanders, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Dalloway are not really characters but ideas; not just isolated ideas but organizations of feelings and intuition and it is a paradox indeed that they live as clearly and grow as powerfully as any dynamic character like "Tess" or "Jude". If she has not drawn any neat line around her characters, she has left them with an aura of consciousness, and that is the reason why they grow in our own consciousness. Love, Freedom and the Vision of Reality are the problems she grappled with and she confesses that she could not entirely comprehend them. But then, who can ever grasp them completely? It would be rank presumption on anyone's part to imagine that he could ever come to any conclusion over these stupendous problems. It is not given only to Conrad and Faulkner to tackle abnormal characters. Virginia Woolf accomplished the feat of great courage in handling types like Septimus

Warren Smith, with the shocking suicidal mania. In a way, Mrs. Dalloway has a double plot—the aristocratic life of the Dalloways leading up to the party and the miserable and heart-rending account of Septimus culminating in his suicide constitute the thesis and the antithesis. They are two different worlds equally poignant and significant. Do they ever meet? Virginia Woolf herself is puzzled, but the way Clarissa Dalloway is troubled constitutes a partial answer. Parallels never meet. Clarissa has not even seen Septimus, but his death has made her heart shake and her whole being goes bumping and bouncing towards him. Yes; consciousness has pervaded the parallels; it has prevailed over them and connected them.

#### Experimentation, The Order of The Day

The future of this technique is rather difficult to predict, as prediction in itself is a gamble. Several factors have to be reckoned with here. There is, for instance, the sacrifice of grammar now and then. The orthodox grammarians might feel very uncomfortable at this profanity on the part of these experimentalists. In fact, Joyce takes the liberty of coining new words. It is said that he brings out a sort of linguistic double decomposition when he assembles a word like "alcoherently" splitting up "alcohol" and "incoherently". But experimentation has come to be the order of the day. Perhaps, it is time to question the assertiveness of this dogmatic grammar and Robert Bridges is certainly so criminal and in no way less popular because of his revolution in English spelling.

Secondly, the absence of form and a clean frame for the novel must face a hard trial. The haphazard growth of events might as well deprive the interest for readers. It is a matter

of individual taste, and tastes differ not only from person to person, but each individual is subject to a transformation of tastes in himself. There are times when dishevelled hair and careless attire attract more attention than an ostentatious and scrupulous make-up. There are still many people who would very much prefer the natural hills and valleys to the grand gardens and artistic lawns.

Thirdly, there is the charge of obscenity to face. For defence, it can be argued, why truth and genuine emotions, even when they border on vulgarity be suppressed? Some young adorers of Joyce and D. H. Lawrence might even go to the extent of branding those who attack, on the grounds of righteous indignation, as sanctimonious hypocrites. But it is necessary to exercise some restraint if truth clashes with decency, producing sparks of obscenity. Uncontrolled, these sparks might burst into furious flames and destroy the very essence of literature. Anyway, it is a source of great relief to see that Mrs. Woolf has proved through her own novels that neither decency nor language need be sacrificed at the altar of the stream of consciousness.

The future of this technique will be judged by posterity; it behoves us to watch the colossal pendulum with its swings of quick succession. We are too near and our eyes dazzle. However, it is only proper to add that the study of man is not complete with this technique. The stream of consciousness is an angle, perhaps an important angle, through which a vital study of humanity can be made; but when all is said, the wonder still echoes and re-echoes across time and space, in the words of Hamlet—

*"What a piece of work is Man!"*

## RECORD OF THE TRUSTEESHIP COUNCIL

By R. CHELLAPPA

THE International Trusteeship System envisaged by Chapter XII of the United Nations Charter represents a significant revival of the spadework done by the Permanent Mandates Commission of the League of Nations in the field of colonial self-government. To-day, one can easily visualise in world affairs, a thorough reorientation of the traditional policy of the imperialist Powers towards their colonies and dependencies. This fundamental change is largely attributable to the resurgence of nationalism among the colonial peoples and their determination to become free from the yoke of foreign rule.

#### An Organ of the UN

The Trusteeship Council which entered upon its duties in 1946 is one of the six principal organs of the U. N. O. entrusted with the task of guiding dependent peoples towards self-rule by placing them under the tutelage of the advanced nations until they attain a stage of political development which would make them fit for independent existence. Eleven years have elapsed since the U. N. O. was established and a study of the part played by it in the movement for independence of backward peoples, through its system of Trusteeship, may not be out of place. The Trusteeship Council is composed of those members of the U. N. administering Trust Areas (constituted by the U. N. O.) as well as those among the Big Five who do not administer Trust Territories. Besides, there can be any number of other members, elected for three-year terms by the General Assembly; but its membership should be equally divided between those administering Trust Areas and those which do not.

The Council, functioning under the authority of the General Assembly may (i) consider reports submitted by the administering authorities on the progress made in the Trust Territories entrusted to their care; (ii) accept petitions from the inhabitants of those territories and examine them in consultation with the administering authority; (iii) provide for periodic visits to the Trust Territories; and (iv) formulate a comprehensive questionnaire on the advancement of the inhabitants of each trust territory in all spheres. The administering authority is expected to make an annual report to the General Assembly based upon the questionnaire. The Trusteeship System has been evolved by the U. N. in order to provide for the supervision of the Trust Territories and to make the administering authorities accountable to the international organisation. The Trust Territories comprise: a) territories held under the Mandates System of the League of Nations; (b) those detached from the enemy states after the Second World War; and (c) those which may be voluntarily placed under the system by states responsible for their administration. There are at present eleven Trust Territories.

The basic objectives of the Trusteeship System are to promote the advancement and the progressive development of the inhabitants of the Trust Territories towards independence in accordance with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned and to encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all. A striking feature of the U. N. Charter, which was absent in the League Covenant, is Chapter XI adumbrating the 'Decla-

ration Regarding Non-self-Governing Territories' by which members of the U. N. who have territories, whose people have not yet attained a full measure of independence recognise the principle that "the interests of the inhabitants of the territories are paramount" and accept as a 'sacred trust' the obligation to promote to the utmost their well-being and progress in all directions. This declaration serves as a solemn pledge or a manifesto that ought to govern and inspire the actions of the Big Powers in their relations with the territories under their control. Backward peoples all the world over are brought within the purview of U. N. supervision by means of this altruistic declaration and therein lies its chief merit.

#### Towards Self-Government in Colonies

The contribution of the Trusteeship Council towards the ultimate goal of colonial self-government can hardly be under-estimated since it has, during a decade of its existence, brought before the bar of world opinion a good record of achievement, though from several points of view, its work leaves much to be desired. The attainment of nationhood by Libya, a former Italian colony, in 1952, the integration of Eritrea with the Kingdom of Ethiopia, the steady growth of larger native participation in the administration of Western Samoa and the promise of complete independence to Somaliland by 1960 under Italian trusteeship are no mean achievements of this body.

#### Drawbacks of the Council

Nevertheless, the Trusteeship System could have done better, but for certain inherent shortcomings. In the first place, the deliberations of the Trusteeship Council, on the whole, have been vitiated by the 'Cold War' of ideologies no less than in the other bodies of the U. N. The policies of France and other colonial

powers towards their overseas possessions reflect a strong assertion of their national sovereignty as against the international interests sought to be served by the world body. The spirit of the Charter has been forgotten amidst the storm of power politics. Secondly, the U. N. system is limited in its scope and applicability as it is confined to a mere fraction of the world's dependent peoples. It has been estimated that the total population of 18 millions in Trust Territories forms only 10% of the world's backward areas. Their composite area, it is said, is less than that of the single colony of Belgian Congo in Central Africa. It is quite apparent that unless the world's under-developed and backward peoples are brought under the supervision of the U. N. on a collective scale, there can be little hope of eradicating colonialism and 19th century imperialism from the surface of the earth. The functions and powers of the U. N. Council and its machinery in regard to this new field of international relations are still vaguely defined leaving much room for scepticism and misapprehension though the ideal is laudable and not open to any doubt.

The proverbial lethargy of international institutions and the slowness and conservatism of the imperialist powers to perceive the logic of history are the stumbling blocks in the way of speedy progress in the colonies. If the Council is not to be a mere residuary legacy of the old colonialism, it is essential that its machinery of supervision should be improved along sound administrative lines. This is a new field for experiment open before international civil servants. There can hardly be any doubt that world opinion to-day is very sympathetic to the aspirations and the rapid advancement of subject peoples. This must infuse new spirit into the working of the Trusteeship Council.

## ANTI-CAR FIEND

MY uncle is a peculiar person. He is deaf, as anyone who has had the experience of trying to talk to him can testify. He never leaves his home without an old issue of a newspaper rolled cylinderwise in one hand and an old battered walking stick in the other. He generally keeps to the edge of the road and if by any misfortune he is to be persued there by a car or any other vehicle of transport, it is up to them to rectify their mistake; he would not budge or take the slightest notice of them. For all the noise they make to frighten him with their hooters his only reaction is a slower movement to the right from the left.

He is past seventy but is remarkably young and agile for his age. He seems to have cheated time, so fresh and alert does he look. He owned a motor car when he was in Government service but he was never happy with it and his joy knew no bounds when retirement brought him relief from a dread monster as he described it. He sold the car, and walking became his sole means of locomotion.

Now you would like to know, I am sure, why he was such a sworn enemy of the motor car. We ourselves could never understand it for a very long time. He refrained from buying a car as an official for a long time and when he did so it was after an interview with his superior officer who jocularly threatened to stop his promotion if he did not go in for a car. Born and bred in the British tradition of bureaucracy, to my uncle, his superior's word, even though it might have been lighthearted, was law. He lost no time in looking for a car. Since his officer did not specify it should be a brand new car, he thought his purpose would be served if he could get a second-hand car.

Whatever my uncle's other qualities may be one thing was certain—he

was a stranger to the world of motor cars and more so to the motor car market. He knew a car when he saw one and he knew also that it also ran on petrol but beyond that he knew nothing. How to buy a second-hand car, whom to approach, how much risk was there in going in a car were all problems which tormented him and caused many sleepless nights. Perhaps if he had told one or two of his friends they would have helped him to find a solution, but it was against the nature of my uncle to trust anyone. He would not even trust his wife, not to speak of his friends. So he tussled with his problems and ate his heart out in silence. His wife was troubled and he had to tell her and the news leaked out through that most efficient source.

The next morning when my uncle woke up and came to the verandah of his house to glance through the morning newspaper he found half a dozen visitors waiting to see him. In all his life he never had so many people trying to see him at the same time. Each of them had brought with him a car of varying size and vintage. My uncle sat down in the chair and put both his hands on his forehead and gazed at the visitors, in speechless wonder.

The leader among them made bold to speak to him. "I heard you were going to buy a second-hand car," he said, "and I have brought you a Baby Austin which is in excellent condition and is going dead cheap."

The second in command among the visitors followed him. He said: "I have a 1940 Morris tourer which I am sure you would love to possess." The third man said: "Would you like to have a Hillman? It is the car for officials like you"; he emphasised the definite article.

And so they went on, all the six giving him a lecture about their

wares and urging him to take a ride with them. My uncle was in a fix. He felt flattered that so many people should attempt to sell their cars to him and that there should be such a wide variety for him to choose from. He went out to the gate and had a look at the cars. He invited his wife to share the pleasure with him. He seemed to like everyone of them and he could see no difference between one car and another except perhaps in size.

The question was which car he should prefer for a trial. He shut his eyes, sang the name of his favourite deity and walked into the first car he knocked against. He asked the driver to press the accelerator and off they went on a spree. When they returned, the smile on my uncle's face was a sure sign that a bargain had been struck and that the car would be his. He drew a cheque without much waste of time and the deal was done. He engaged a driver and when he emerged from the car in the portico of his office some days later, the uniformed peon who generally waited to open the door for the I. C. S. officers opened his also and realised too late it was not the sahib, but one who is trying to pass off as one.

All his friends congratulated him on his new-found acquisition and wanted to know how much he had paid for it. When he mentioned the price there was a sign of incredulity from some of them. "Oh, that is too much for this ramshackle," they said. "You have been shaved clean." "I would have got you a better and superior model for half the price you have paid," another knowing member of the tribe remarked. A friend with a more practical bent of mind took him round on an inspection tour of the car and listed its defects frankly and brutally. "Let us start with the tyres," he said, "they won't last you more than a couple of months. Each tyre costs about hundred chips; four into hundred four hundred, there you

are. The engine is fifty per cent good, and it smokes which means it is consuming more oil than it should. I am afraid you may have to re-bore the engine which may cost you anywhere between six hundred to eight hundred chips. The battery is pretty bad. You can see it because the self-starter is not functioning and you have to use the handle. A new battery, I am told, costs about eighty to ninety chips and you must have one if you are not to have frequent breakdowns. And then the brakes . . ."

"Stop, stop," my uncle cried, "haven't you said enough, haven't you tortured me enough?" He fled from the place struggling hard to keep back the tears that were determined to expose his inexperience and stupidity. He went to his room, signed a leave letter and hurriedly left. He got into the car and asked the driver to take him home. What he had heard that day had created a turmoil in his mind and fear gripped him. He remembered that his friend had started to say something about the brake, but that he had not allowed him to finish. He sat next to the driver and watched the speedometer. If the needle crossed the 20-mile mark, he cautioned the driver against speed and ordered him to slow down. At the same time he kept a vigilant eye on the road and on the pedestrians and very often he stood on his seat (I cannot vouch for the accuracy of what follows and it may very well be an exaggeration) and waved to the people and animals to keep clear. He was like a fire-engine announcing to each and every one of approaching danger.

He need not have after all bothered. For the car seemed to want to avert the danger and suddenly it stopped. There was no explanation or no prior intimation of its intention; it just stopped. My uncle was shocked. He would not have been shocked more if a bomb had fallen on him. The dire predictions of his friend had come true. He had been

cheated. How could he face those fellows on the morrow with their 'I told you so' look? The whole office would be laughing at him, mocking him for his incompetence. He felt hot all over and began to perspire.

Meanwhile, the driver had sought the aid of one or two bystanders to push the car. But the machine beyond making spluttering sounds refused to be coerced. My uncle thought that if he lent his hand the engine may oblige, and invited the others to have another try and joined them. The car ignored him totally.

A deadlock had now been reached and my uncle did not know what to do. He could not leave the car there, because whatever may be its perfidy and unfaithfulness it was still his property and though it was too late in the day to claim that it was worth its weight in gold it may still have its uses unconnected with its essential function of transport. While he was cogitating he felt a hand on his shoulder and turned round. His cousin, Amuthan, whom he had not seen for a very long time greeted him.

"Imagine meeting you of all places right on the thoroughfare. Since when have you taken to this nomadic life? I thought you were a happily married man?"

My uncle did not laugh. He thought his cousin's attempt at humour was inappropriate both as regards time and place. He told him: "You see Amuthan, every man commits one big mistake in his life. Well this is it in my case, my biggest mistake."

"What are you talking about and what is the matter with you?" Amuthan asked.

"As a sincere and honest official I obeyed my superior officer's command and bought a car but I did not know then I had bought a monster which is killing me by inches and which has exposed me to the ridicule of my friends. And now as you see it has given up the ghost, leaving me a sad-

der but wiser man to the tune of a few thousand rupees."

"Oh," said Amuthan, "so the car is the author of the trouble. I am a bit of mechanic myself. Let me have a look at it." He jumped into the driver's seat, made a few investigations, peered into the engine and then was lost in thought for a while. Suddenly an idea flashed through his mind and he asked: "Is there a petrol bunk nearby?" There was one, not many yards away, but what had that to do with my car, thought my uncle. But he didn't say a word and watched Amuthan's face closely. Amuthan went back to the driving seat and asked to be pushed to the petrol bunk. As soon as the bunk was reached Amuthan asked the keeper of the bunk to find out if there was any petrol in the car. "There is not a drop," he reported and Amuthan gave a resounding slap on my uncle's back. "Congratulations," he said, "I did not know you were experimenting if it was possible to run your car on nothing and so save petrol charges. I may as well tell you that you are not likely to succeed. Science has been responsible for many miracles but no one has discovered the car which runs on nothing, at least not yet!"

My uncle hugged him and would have kissed him, but for the presence of the populace which was watching the drama and showed his gratitude in other ways. He filled the tank with the life-giving liquid and asked Amuthan, the saviour, to take charge of the wheel. On the way he ventured to ask him about the quality of the car, for once prepared to rely on his superior wisdom in these months.

"Yours is a lovely car," Amuthan said, "and not many would have parted it for such a low price." Now this was balm to a wounded heart and my uncle wanted him to say the same thing, those beautiful words over and over again. For the first time in many days that night he slept

like a log and he rose from bed the next day with a song in his lips.

He drove to office like a man rejuvenated and did not conceal his happiness before his friends, the same group which had made fun of his purchase. He told them of the incident of the previous day and his meeting with his cousin and his tribute to the car. My uncle thought the last word had been said with reference to the car, but he was mistaken. His friends continued to rag him about its shape and the missing parts, the 50 per cent efficient engine and the worn out tyres etc. All the doubts which he thought had been

cleared assailed him with renewed force and though he managed to stick to the car until the time of his retirement, he was never happy until he got rid of it.

To friends who meet him on the road he says: "Take my honest advice, don't go near a car. You will never be happy. It is a monster which kills slowly. You won't have peace of mind and people will not let you have." And then he puts the rolled up newspaper, which serves as his amplifier to his ear and hears their comment and goes his way having done a good deed.

—SARATI

## LAST 'STONE AGE' PREDICTED BY SCIENTISTS

**O**UR life 100 years from now may well be like this, according to prominent scientists.

We'll be living in a fantastic new Stone Age, a rich but last stop for industrial civilization.

It will literally be a stone age, for we should be getting most of our atomic power, and 20 or 30 metals and minerals include iron from ordinary rock or stone.

We'll have to use ordinary rock because coal, iron, uranium and other deposits of natural resources will be gone.

All would have been eaten up by our tremendously expanding world population—maybe 7 billion humans in the year 2050 instead of 2.6 billions now—demanding the present good things and more from industrial civilizations spreading over the globe.

Rocks, and the sun and ocean and air, could keep this huge population going for thousands of years. This stone age would use up each year only enough rock to form a layer one-eighth of an inch thick over the world's land masses. A mile depth of rock could last half a million years.

### Could Never Rebuild

But if this machine civilization was halted by some catastrophe—like H-bomb—man could never rebuild another industrial civilization. He would have no source of power or natural resources to do it again, to get the machines going. Rocks would be merely rocks again. Man would fall into a permanent Dark Age.

We needn't lack for food in this stone age. We might have new breeds of green plants supplying foods that looked like steak and eggs. We might have domesticated "sea pigs," some new kind of vegetarian beast grazing the oceans to turn microscopic plant life into protein foods as cows do with grass.

But all this isn't likely, and we face other troubles earlier, unless we stop wasting our brain power, unless we produce more engineers and scientists, and learn how to encourage creative thinking.

Women—more of them becoming engineers and scientists as is happening in Russia—could be part of the answer to the key problem of more brain power to keep the world going.

## Short Story

By S. Krishnamurthy

## A HOME AND A FATHER

"Sita!" he exclaimed, "dress up and start at once. Otherwise we shall be late."

**S**ITA began reading that letter for the hundredth time during that week. The words began swimming before her eyes. But there was no need for her to read it; it was not a long letter, and the words written in the big, sprawling hand of a boy of eight had already imprinted themselves on her agonized memory.

The letter ran: "Mother, my friend Ramu tells me that you have married. He showed me your photograph in the newspaper. Mother, why did you not tell me? I wish I too had come to the marriage. The new father looks good in the photograph. Will he love me, mother? Ramu tells me you will not care for me any more; won't you come here as before? I'm afraid, mother. When shall I see you? . . ."

Sita had not been herself ever since the letter arrived. Just a week earlier it had come as a bolt from the blue. It was fortunate that it was vacation time, for in her present state of mind she would not have been equal to facing the dull routine of her duties. On the day she got the letter she was so agitated that she had all but given herself away when Shyam returned from office. He had sensed something unusual in her and asked her what the matter was; she managed to reply "nothing" with an attempted casualness; had not Shyam been preoccupied with his own affairs, he could have easily detected the guilty expression in her face.

How foolish of her to have embarked upon the perilous adven-

ture of matrimony with a guilty secret in her heart! How true she had acted to the Tamil proverb 'Woman's thought is after-thought'! Had she seriously believed that her son would never hear of her marriage? Had she hoped to keep Shyam always in the dark about her having a son growing elsewhere?

Looking back, she saw her life as a series of unfulfilled hopes and frustrated desires. Her past had been gloomy enough; the prospect the future held for her was worse, for she had introduced, by her stubborn refusal to face the facts, an undesirable complication in her already-tangled life. How was she to get out of this mesh of her own making?

She had come more and more to believe in fate. She seemed to have been born with a fatal curse which affected even those who came into contact with her. She was orphaned when she was two. Her childhood was spent in an orphanage, where instead of the love and affection that a child yearns for, the nurses dispensed regular doses of 'attention'. Later she was sent to a boarding-house attached to a school where she was left to shift for herself.

Chandran was her classmate in the college. Having led an uncared for existence till then, she was overwhelmed with surprise and gratitude when he began to show her particular attention. Chandran was to her like a distant star, and she revered him for his intelligence and goodness. It had never occurred to her that Chandran loved her. He belonged to a

respectable family though it was not financially well-off owing to the extravagance of Chandran's father. It was said that Chandran's father set great store by him and was counting upon him to extricate him from his financial difficulties by contracting a rich matrimonial alliance.

But reason is no arbiter in matters of love, and she soon found herself swept off her feet in her infatuation for him. And it was no small surprise to her to find that Chandran reciprocated her love. Her very helplessness seemed to have struck a responsive chord in his heart. He had decided on marrying her, and only begged her to wait. After graduation she had taken up the job of a teacher, and he had begun studying law. He told her he was not going to marry for money as his father wanted. Of course, he had a duty to his parents. He would first earn enough to pay off some of their pressing debts and then marry her.

Everybody in the town soon came to know that Sita was engaged to Chandran. Even his father had to reconcile himself to what he considered an undesirable match, for he knew it was useless to try to change Chandran's mind. Chandran had by now completed his studies and started practising. Sita had no doubt he would be a success in his profession and was awaiting with suppressed excitement the happy day when he would be hers . . .

That night in July about nine years ago stood out prominently in her memory. It was her twenty-second birthday. It was a miserable day for her, for it served to show how lonely she was in the world. There was nobody even to remember it was her birthday. She had planned to surprise Chandran with the information, but was disappointed to learn that he had suddenly been called to a neighbouring town in connection with a case.

It was about ten in the night. She was feeling miserable. She was weeping in the dismal loneliness of her room when there was a knock at the door.

Chandran was standing outside. "What do you say for a walk?" he asked her.

Sita was surprised to see him at that hour. "I heard you're away on business," she remarked.

"Yes," he said, "I just now returned."

They walked along the grassy banks of the lake and sat under a tree. Chandran took her hand in his and slipped a ring into her finger.

"What's this?" she asked, surprised.

"Can you guess what is this for?" He enjoyed her bewilderment for a while and said, "A present for your birthday."

"Dear, so you remembered!" she sobbed, overcome with emotion. There was at least one person in the world to whom she meant something.

"There, there," Chandran patted her gently, running his fingers through her soft, luxuriant hair. It was exciting—the thought of this fair slip of a girl clinging to him as to a pillar of strength! Who would not welcome such a sweet burden! He became conscious of how much she meant to him. His soul was racked in a conflict. He wanted her, but did not like to take advantage of her helplessness.

Sita could feel love singing in his veins and the subsequent stiffening of his nerves in an effort to resist his impulse. Her heart was brimming with gratitude for him. She trusted him completely and wanted him to know it.

With her face still in his breast she murmured in the midst of sobs, "I don't mind at all, darling! I believe in you completely . . ."

Chandran's arms closed round her slim body. Giving in to the thrill of it he kissed her. So, with only the

soft grass, the quiet waters of the lake and the moon above for witness, they became one . . .

The episode of that night had no similar sequel. They met occasionally for a short talk or a walk but took care not to overstep the limits of decorum. They were sure of each other and could afford to wait. In a few months' time, they would be man and wife, and were wise not to do anything unconventional which would set the tongue of gossip wagging.

But there was a shock in store for her. About three months after that night she suddenly realised that the event of that night was not just a pleasant memory in the realm of thought but that it had left quite another impact on her.

She was frightened. She was still sure of Chandran, but what would people say? 'Unmarried mother' was just an euphemism for the other more common terms which the world used. She shuddered to think about her condition. There was no time to be lost. To save herself she tried to marry Chandran at once. Unfortunately, he was then in the city on official business. She wrote to him imploring him to return immediately. They should be married straightaway.

He wired that he was coming. She awaited him anxiously . . . And then the blow was struck. The train in which he was returning met with an accident and he was among the casualties . . .

The news left her dazed. People were all sympathy for her in her grief; but she was inconsolable. After long years of a lonely, miserable existence, she had at last found one who loved her. She had now lost even that only refuge and was once again alone. She took a long leave from her school and went away from the town.

She remained in a vast city awaiting the birth of her child, trying not to think of her future for the time

being. Gopu was born at last. The prospect before her was grim. She had a well paid job in her native place, but taking Gopu with her there was out of the question. She had dared to transgress, though unwittingly, the conventions of society, and she could not hope for any mercy from it once her indiscretion was known. Her health had deteriorated. She could not subject herself to the ordeal of hunting for a job, and even if she did, who would offer a job to a weak, young woman encumbered with a child? She and her child would be exposed to insults, veiled and open, day in and day out. Was it not better for her son to live away from her and thus be spared the odium of being called a bastard? . . .

She had decided at last to send him to a Children's Home. The decision caused her a pang. It was a malignant Fate that had decreed that like the mother the son too should spend his childhood in a 'Home' bereft of affection.

She returned to the old place and the old job. Life once again resumed its monotonous groove; it was particularly hard on her, for the old scenes revived memories of the happiness she missed. Her uneventful existence only sharpened her yearning for affection and the passionate desire to cling to someone stronger than herself.

Some years had passed before she came into contact with Shyam. He had taken a strong liking to her and visited her often. Common tastes brought them together, but though she enjoyed his company she was afraid at heart. With a woman's mind she was able to divine where her inclination would lead her but she was loth to give up her only source of consolation in life.

When their friendship advanced to the stage when a proposal from Shyam became inevitable, Sita grew panicky. She had to decide whether to accept him or not, and it was a

difficult decision to make. Shyam was a man of progressive views. He had known about her former engagement to Chandran. Still he wanted to marry her. Would he continue to love her if he knew she had a child by Chandran?

Now, as the wife of Shyam, Sita looked back on those days of indecision and cursed herself. Why had she not faced the facts squarely? When Shyam actually proposed, she was flustered though she had long known its coming. Many a time she had opened her lips to convey her decision, but at the last moment her courage failed her. Unable to explain herself she had postponed giving her answer. She told him repeatedly that she was not worthy of him. Shyam attributed her excuses to her innate modesty and prevailed upon her to accept him.

Her habit of allowing things just to drift in the foolish hope that things would right themselves in the end had brought her to this pass. There seemed no way to get out of the mess . . .

The sudden rattling of footsteps on the stairs broke in on her reverie. Started, she looked at the clock. It was only four. Shyam seemed to have

returned early from the office. She hurriedly thrust the crumpled letter into her bosom and rose to greet him.

Shyam burst into the room. "Sita!" he exclaimed, "dress up and start at once. Otherwise we shall be late."

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"I'm sorry I forgot to tell you," Shyam paused for a while. "We are going to the railway station to receive Gopu."

Sita's knees turned to water on hearing Gopu's name. "Ah, how did you . . . you . . . know?" she stuttered in dismay.

"Don't worry, dear," Shyam patted her affectionately. "I ought to beg your pardon for reading Gopu's letter to you. I was afraid something had upset you and had to know what it was. Anyhow it had all been to the good. I have written to Gopu to come. He has now got a home, has he not?"

"I can never forgive myself. I've wronged you . . ." Sita burst into tears.

"No tears now, Sita. Don't be naughty," Shyam said, "It's already late. Put on a brave face and come along. If you go on weeping, Gopu will think that I have beaten you, and he will never pardon me."

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE recent political events in the Middle East caused grave concern to the film people in India and so it was but natural that the news of the cease-fire should have been received with a sigh of relief by the film people.

It was feared that the crisis in West Asia where the demand for Indian films is steadily growing, would adversely affect our market in the Middle East. Even now, it will take some months—if no fresh hostilities break out—for the film business to be restored to its normal routine. Today, with the Pakistan market virtually lost to it, the Indian film industry can ill afford to lose the Middle East market as well, especially when films are fetching good prices from Egypt, Iraq, Iran and the other Islamic nations.

Apart from the trade, the closing of the Suez Canal and the diversion of air route is also causing difficulties. As the film industry is entirely dependent on the West for all its equipment, technical material and raw film, the transport difficulties arising out of the political situation are likely to create shortages as well as raise the cost of film making. The shipping companies have already announced a 15 per cent rise in freight rates. The industry cannot afford this additional burden; but it has to accept the inevitable until it becomes self-sufficient.

Indeed, this crisis should serve as a reminder to the industry and the Government about the vital necessity for the raw film and other basic materials being manufactured in

India and that their manufacture is given top priority in the Second Five-Year Plan.

### Picture Of The Week

S. Fatchlal, who has been the associate director of Prabhat's *Tukaram*, *Dhyaneshwar* and other devotional subjects was entrusted with the job of directing *Ayodhya-pati* for Pushpa Pictures and as such one naturally expected the picture to be more dignified and different from the usual run of mythologicals.

But working in new surroundings for an independent producer without the spectacular sets, and resources of Prabhat, Fatchlal seems to be rather out of form in this picture which suffers all the more in comparison with Prakash Pictures' *Bharat Milap* which also included the portion incorporated in this picture.

The screenplay of this picture, based on the *Ramayana*, has been fashioned by the story department of Pushpa Pictures. It relates mainly to King Dashratha's infatuation for his youngest Queen Kaushalya to whom he promised that he would grant any time her two wishes and it shows how Kaushalya, fanned by jealousy asked her husband to make Bharatha her son, heir to the throne and send Rama the real heir to exile for fourteen years. This episode has inspired many plays and pictures before. Its success depends on the two characterisations, the characterization of Kaikayee and Manthara, the maid servant who poisoned the Queen's mind against Rama and goaded her to fight for her son, Bharatha. Unfortunately both these characterisations fail to impress in this picture; what is worse, the casting of Usha Kiron as Kaikayee and Manorama as Manthara is also not pleasing with the result that both these talented artistes fail to give life and conviction to their roles. One cannot help remembering Durga Khote's portrayal of Kaikayee in *Bharat Milap* and

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretary.

comparing it with Usha Kiron's unimpressive portrayal.

Abhi Bhattacharya as Dashratha also does not impress much, though Raj Kumar as Rama is sweet and appealing. Indeed after seeing the film, one feels that had the producers put more emphasis on the marriage of Rama and Sita and the tragedy of their exile, *Ayodhyapati* would have turned out to be a better film and also a more popular film. For, then the characterisation of Dashratha, Kaikayee, Manthara and even Rama would have been secondary and the characters of young Rama, Sita, Lakshman and Bharatha become more prominent. Such an approach would have made all the difference to the film.

That apart, *Ayodhyapati* even with all its faults, succeeds in creating the mythological atmosphere. The 'Fat-chlai touch' is evident in the handling of the mass scenes; had he been given proper cast and better script, perhaps he would have been able to give a really worthwhile mythological film. He has, however, completely failed to give lyrical beauty and poignancy to the tale. The music by Ravi and lyrics by Deepak are pleasing and suited to the atmosphere of the play.

#### Personality Of The Week

I met one interesting character on my way round the studios. As I asked my taxi driver whether he knew the location of Jupiter Studios, he replied that he knew all the studios and particularly Jupiter with which he had been associated for a number of years. He said that at one time when the studio was owned by Nanubhai Desai, he was an employee of the studio and worked there for five years. He used to play small roles, right from the days when Nanubhai produced *Raja Barthari*.

Even now, he has not given up acting. He disclosed that he had played a minor role in the film, *Mohar* which was being shot at Jupi-

ter Studios on that day and that he was playing Shashikala's father in a picture called *Behvopia* which was being directed by J. P. Advani.

So while he plies the taxi regularly, even now he appeared to be fond of the green room and facing the camera as an artiste. He said that in this industry it was essential for character artistes to have 'influence' to get roles; the word he used was 'recommend'. He said without it, no artiste could thrive. Besides, as the times had changed and he had a large family to support, he could not rely on film acting alone for his livelihood. So he took to taxi driving. He spoke in fluent Hindustani. Middle aged, tall, lean faced Ahmed, the driver-artiste, has known the film industry for the last twenty years and his knowledge is both sound and interesting.

#### News Of The Week

Dilip Kumar is working in R. C. Talwar's new production which will go on sets in December. Agha Jani Kashmiri is writing the dialogue. The picture will have music by O. P. Nayyar. Other cast is being finalised.

Prithviraj's play *Pathan* and Shantaram's *Jhanak Jhanak* were shown to UNESCO delegates last week in New Delhi.

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(DECEMBER 7)

FOR THE WELFARE OF  
EX-SERVICEMEN  
AND THEIR FAMILIES

## DOUBLE-THINK

By L. N. S.

THIS is a new name for a pretty old phenomenon; and it was coined by the late lamented George Orwell who wrote that fearful fantasia '1984'. To say one thing and mean another has been an immemorial protective instinct of mankind. As one wise man put it, speech has been given to us to conceal our thoughts. Silence would not do, because in that case, you are not able to mislead the other fellow into attitudes which you hope to capitalise in due course. Communism has made this into a fine art, though it must be acknowledged that the device was discreetly employed by all administrators from the beginning of time as an instrument of policy. The technique of communist propaganda in our time has proved conclusively that if a particular slogan or stunt is repeated long enough and loud enough and by numbers enough, it achieves the respectability and stability of a self-evident truth. This is the function of double-think. A few illustrations will show the manner of its working. The communist paradise is based on the doctrine of the dictatorship of the proletariat. The bosses underline the word 'dictatorship' while the masses are bemused with the word 'proletariat'. Christianity has made a pretty use of the doctrine of vicarious suffering and sacrifice; the communists have improved upon it by making their theology rest upon vicarious enjoyment as well. For the casual labourer who malingers at his work and considers his employer fit for stratagems and spoils, is sustained in his hopes by delectable visions of the blissful lot of his confreres in Russia. All the peace stunts are organised under the leadership of communist evangelists; but they depend

more sensibly on tanks and planes and atomic weapons which are hidden under the expansive wings of the dove of peace. Sometimes accidents happen when the people have to be condemned in the name of the people. Then they fish out a formula which is flexible enough to comprise fascists, war-mongers, capitalist agents, reactionaries and what not. They make a shambles of the streets of Budapest or Breslau, and not a murmur escapes from the lips of the faithful.

#### Egypt And Hungary

A lurid instance of such double-thinking has just been furnished by the flare-up in the West Asia. The synchronising of the *emeute* in Hungary with the 'naked aggression' of the Western Powers in Egypt has given a field-day for our self-righteous moralists. Pandit Nehru has asseverated that the conscience of the world has been outraged by the Western Nations' cynical disregard of the liberties of smaller nations. But when it came to pronouncing on Russia's thuggery in Hungary, the outraged moralist became a casuist clumsily and gratuitously trying to make the worse appear the better reason. He instructed his *fides Achates* at Lake Success to vote against the U. N. resolution about sending an international commission to investigate what has happened or is happening there. It is this 'naked' exhibition of our 'double-think' that calls for some close examination. Mr. Jaya Prakash Narain has already drawn attention to some aspects of the renegacy of our leader; and so there is no need to labour it. But it is necessary in the national interest to analyse the trend of thought or motives that must have led to this

lamentable exhibition of our double-dealing.

It is admitted that both Hungary and Egypt have become trouble spots through the presence of third parties in both. How they intruded where they never belonged is no doubt an interesting subject for consideration; but it is not germane to the immediate purpose on hand of restoring peace in the areas and giving the people concerned the chance of living their lives without external interference. If an international force could be sent to Egypt to keep the peace, it is clear that it in no way detracts from or abrogates the sovereignty of Egypt. This is the more obvious since it is on the issue of her sovereignty that Egypt has ostensibly incurred her present unmerited suffering. But when the conditions in Hungary were pretty much the same, *mutatis mutandis*, and the demand was made that another international team should be sent to assist in the restoration of normalcy in that area, it has been rebuffed with the answer that it would infringe that country's sovereignty. And this objection has been put forward on her behalf by Russia which, in a strictly legal view, has no *locus standi* at all in the matter. *Prima facie*, Hungary has had two premiers in three days; one appealed to the UNO for help, while the other has contradicted it after smothering that voice with the help of superior force. It may be conceded that no one knows the exact position obtaining there. It furnishes the supreme reason for an international team to go and find out and report as to the truth. The summary rejection of the demand is tantamount to the guilt of both the intruding big bully and the interloping stooge calling himself the premier of the country.

#### An Apologist For Russia

It is at this juncture that we have come into the fray to testify in public to our shameful sycophancy to

the Soviet rulers by inventing reasons and arguments for them which put two persons in the dock where there was only one before. For according to Pandit Nehru, the difference between Egypt and Hungary is that while Egypt was invaded from outside, Soviet forces were already in occupation in Hungary. That is, Russia has been guilty of having destroyed Hungarian independence long ago, and that it is rather late in the day to make any attempt now to restore to her her lost freedom! One of the favourite slogans of Pandit Nehru has been that there should be no foreign troops in other people's country. That had been his formula for espousing the so-called freedom struggles of the Tunisians, Moroccans, Algerians and the rest. But apparently, the principle is not to apply to the satellite countries where Russian troops have dug themselves in for so long that they have become rooted to the soil.

Pandit Nehru's attitude reminds me of a homely story current in Tamilnad. A professional beggar in his daily rounds always avoided a noted curmudgeon's house since he knew that he would be set on by a dog there. A kindly matron however kept his dole ready for him, and all he had to do was to empty out the contents and go away. One day he found the dole missing, and it infuriated the beggar. Said he: 'I can understand that *Maharajan* not giving me anything for he is consistent. But what depravity in you to refuse me when I have come counting upon your dole as a dead certainty!' The world has just witnessed the severe denunciation of a comparatively decent man for a single lapse while enthroned tyranny—innate and acquired—is wading through slaughter to survey an expanding but prostrate world at its feet.

In one sense this is a compliment to the person who failed for the nonce, but it is deplorable because it enables the burglar to appropriate

to himself prescriptive and proprietary rights through the enunciation of the doctrine of Might being right. We have so long been crying ourselves hoarse against colonialism that we have failed to spot the reality of it while obsessed with name because of its bad odour. Even the so-called Afro-Asian group abstained from voting, while it was reserved for us to achieve the bad eminence of a place on the Soviet band-wagon—damning our souls for the mere novelty of it!

#### Temporising?

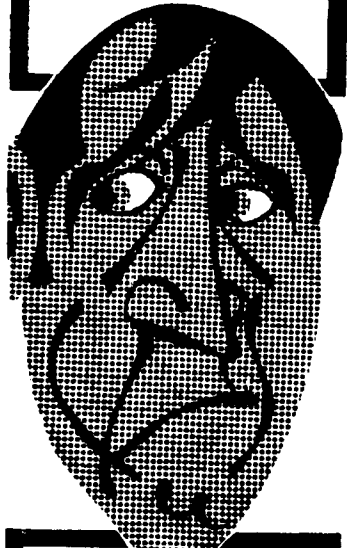
Now what *could* have induced our Prince Siddharta to espouse such an egregiously unethical attitude, the more so as there was no compulsion depriving us of our freedom of action? Could it have been the fear of the proximate big bully as against the weakening of the Western Powers *vis à vis* guided missiles? By kowtowing to Russia we have abdicated our moral pretensions. To the extent that they were nauseating hypocrisy, the coming out into the open is very much to be welcomed. For even such a confirmed Nehru-fan like Earl Attlee has had a mild dig at our self-righteousness with the Kashmir beam in our eye. Actually the ex-British Prime Minister laid his hand at our weak spot. I guess that Pandit Nehru must have instructed Mr. Menon to vote against for an intensely selfish reason. Had we not done so, we would have undermined our own position in Kashmir. We are committed to hold a plebiscite there under international auspices. We have made no secret (I mean Pandit Nehru) of our desire to wriggle out of our commitments and engagements in that question. Had we voted for the UNO resolution on Hungary, we could not have continued to adopt our current Fabianism in the Kashmir affair.

#### From The Frying Pan Into The Fire

There is a still further reason for this exhibition of pusillanimity on

our part. Our foreign policy has been a colossal make-believe—sacrificing tomorrow's interests for today's headlines in the dailies. The cornerstone of that policy has been Asia for Asiatics, denunciation of colonialism to win the idle applause of the idle proletariat in the east and tout-ing for the 'moral' leadership of the region on the basis of an incompatible mixture of rampant nationalism, pinkish socialism, languid secularism and a tepid materialism. But Nasser at one bound has disengaged the Islamic world from the Alnascharvisions of our leader and has become a client of the Soviet Juggernaut. Russia has no further need to cultivate India. She can afford to wait and take it both from the flanks and by a direct assault. By hastening to mark our attendance in the Russian camp, we may well hope to defer the evil day when we too would have to function as a series of Hungary or Poland. In short, we have managed to jump from the frying pan into the fire; and may be in for being roasted according to taste and in due course by seasoned Soviet chefs. For we are on with the new master, before we are off with our old associates. Whether the Commonwealth nexus would save us ultimately from being sucked into the communist cesspool is wholly in the lap of the gods. But our honeymooning with the Arab world is inevitably coming to an end. When the sovereignty of Egypt and its independence are *guaranteed as those of Hungary now*, we shall find ourselves not merely isolated but ringed round by a hostile crescent stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. If it does not materialise in our time, its seeds are being sown by our own suicidal zeal as well as by the irony of events. Pandit Nehru spoke some time ago of the historic necessity which Congress has had to shoulder. It is an *ex poste facto* argument which is the *sine qua non* of shallowness; for it was much bandied about

WHEN  
YOU ARE  
**FED UP**  
TEA  
CHEERS  
YOU  
UP



BUY TEA  
ONLY FROM  
RECOGNISED DEALERS



PST 176

to justify the indefinite continuance of British rule by an earlier generation of good men both in England and in India. But looking at the posture of affairs in the world, we can say definitely that there is no inevitability underlying our quixotic actions today in the international field. They merely help us to lose both on the swings and in the roundabouts.

The same infirmity of double-thinking dogs us in the domestic sphere as well. We speak of peace and a peaceful approach to the solution of all questions; but are spending more than 50 per cent of our national revenue on armaments which would not save us from a fate like that which overtook Egypt last week. We are committed to heavy industries on the ground that they are necessary for our survival. This is false, for we survived a thousand years without guns and planes; and can survive another thousand without them if we only make up our minds. We pay lip-service to Gandhism and thus promote the most noxious kind of cant, since it undermines the foundations of individual rectitude. We have forgotten Gandhi's dictum about squaring the ends with the means; we believe that we can drive out the evil spirits with the help of Beelzebub. We are committed to a classless state of society; but the new hierarchy has all the vices of decadents and all the vulgarities of parvenus. Such contradictions are endless, but there are no warning voices raised against them in the monotonous intoning of hallelujahs intended to show that whatever our Prime Minister says or does not say, does or does not do is uniformly and infallibly right. What the situation at home and abroad today needs is not double-thinking, but some hard re-thinking by those in authority.

## JOURNALIST'S JEREMIAD

By C. V. G.

THE progressive replacement of English by Hindi as India's official language and by the regional languages as the media of instruction in Indian universities, the increasing vernacularisation of Indian journalism—these spell out a future for India's English newspapers, inescapable to members of their editorial staff. Reader-participation in English journalism reflects the prevailing levels of English standards in India. The English abilities of readers are vented on the unfortunate in charge of "Letters to the Editor" who dives and wades through varying calligraphies and divines meanings imbedded in enthusiastic, erratic English. Editors inviting special articles from well-known public figures for supplements and therefore committed to publishing them, are deluged with material which needs much patient processing to be made printable. Liberties with sequence and syntax and outrages on grammar and spelling are the perpetrations that the editors have to brook, in the adventurous writings of contributors to supplements. Auctorial abilities are generally poor in public life and the sub-editor, devilling at copies, apparently shocked, is in fact comforted by such mediocrity which leaves him in no doubt as to the parasitism of successful public life devoid of merit, and enables him to feel superior.

### Content Of Indian Newspapers

India's English newspapers publish weekly literary pages on Sundays, and considering prevailing standards in English, this is sheer temerity. Magazine articles are more easily managed, thanks to the network of foreign syndicates and the availability of free hand-outs. Book reviews, however, have to be, and are written

by outside contributors. Mostly university professors constitute the panel of reviewers for an English newspaper. They are supposed to be specialists in their subjects, and it is often a very unsound supposition. The literary editor discovers from manuscript reviews that many university professors cannot write and also that this should not shock. For, teaching is mostly "talkative" and many teachers need not and therefore cannot write. More discoveries follow. Reviews read like summaries and approvals of the author—and the editor suspects that the reviewer's own first acquaintance with the subject is through the book and soon knows this is so,—and also why. Sometime ago, a writer remarked in an article in an Indian journal on the "intellectual somnolence" of university teachers. Wide and purposive reading is a luxury that the university teachers generally do not indulge in, despite the leisure at their disposal. They are content with the perusal of their prescribed text books, and leave severely alone modern and latest literature relating to their subjects. And so, endowed with a blankness by their intellectual atrophy, they absorb the contents of the books sent to them for review and summarise them into three or four-page abridgements, while the editor wonders what has been done with the book—whether it has been reviewed or condensed.

The process of reducing summaries to reviews is surgical. The editor cuts and hacks and the reviewers suffer heartbreaks. Many newspapers pay according to length of material—a practice of dubious intelligence—and prefer short reviews which are expressly unprofitable. A reviewer once made rather serious allegations against a leading daily. His reviews

were printed in smaller type—they occupied less space and were consequently less paid, while the editor's "favourites" perpetuated themselves in larger types! As for payment, while some newspapers have a minimum, others don't have. Once an irate reviewer stormed a literary editor and flung away his cheque for *fourteen annas and six pies*—representing remuneration for a mutilated and truncated review!

#### Stereotyped Writing

Poor writing in the review columns has a pattern: Reviewers comment on the get-up of books, pick out printer's mistakes; and editors suffer endless inflictions with this insipidity: "The author must be congratulated" for his book "which meets a long-felt need." Attempts at stylistic writing are painful, particularly from oriental scholars, reviewing books in Indian languages. A literary editor has necessarily to send books in Indian languages to scholars in those languages. While they are well-versed in their languages, it is not quite reasonable to expect them to be equally proficient in English and express themselves well in it. The literary editor suffers therefore, when he is presented with English writing, which is truly oriental. Cardinal Newman writing on style, remarked that imagery and figurative speech characterised Eastern writing. He was not at all exaggerating. Bombast marks reviews from language scholars and send sub-editors scurrying for dictionaries. A review on a Tamil epic was liberally sprinkled with words like "sempiternity" and "horription." Oriental English is sound and fury.

An oriental scholar was outraged when his review was tailored by the literary editor and he wrote back angrily. He, however, by implication did not dispute that the editor's work had to be surgery; what he objected to was its degenerating into

butchery. His letter was in the same style as his reviews: After rebuking the editor for his excursions, he gave a suggestion regarding his future reviews: "Cut them not with a butcher's knife, but with a surgeon's scalpel if you can. Why this ignominy?"

#### A Literary Flare-up

Goldsmith writing on the reviewers of his time remarked on their "malevolent dullness." But the literary editor of a newspaper did not find a reviewer's "malevolence" dull when the latter cried out "Dunce and Scribbler" while reviewing a well-known book by a famous author. The reviewer personally believed, and perhaps with good reason, that the author was a fraud and did not deserve the universal praise showered on the book. He decided to prick the bubble. Unfortunately part of his review was a stinging personal attack but the young literary editor who thoroughly enjoyed the outburst, published it *in toto*. The reviewer flogged the author for his lack of originality and accused him even of plagiarism. Part of it is worth quoting:

Mr. . . . has claimed to have performed a piece of historical research which on closer scrutiny turns out to be a species of literary joinery or dovetailing of available material into a new set of pigeon-holes. Mr. . . . has been a good showman—primarily of himself. A well-read, knowledgeable man, perpetually on the *qui vive*, he has shone in our public life through all its vicissitudes with a capacity for adjustment and adaptation which has enabled him to serve a multiplicity of masters (who were mutually incompatible) with uncanny success and unfailing suppleness. He has a flair for making books out of books of which this bulky volume is the most impressive monument up-to-date. In a preface which is couched in a tone of sublime self-confidence, he imagines himself another Gibbon to his own manifest satisfaction.

and then,

And another remark: no acknowledgement of the author's debt to the monumental work of Prof. Toynbee for his leading ideas has been made anywhere in the book. We are led to wonder if such a major omission can be due wholly to an oversight!

Admirers of the author rose up in angry protest and the literary editor had an acutely uncomfortable fortnight. What readers found most odd and amusing was that a photograph of the abused author had appeared along with the review—an indiscretion that the literary editor could not easily explain! It so happened that the senior editor of the daily, a personal friend of the author, had not read the review and so was perplexed when he went to his club in the evening to be greeted with hushed whispers by friends all known to the lambasted author. One of them even asked him whether the managing editor of the daily had fallen foul of the author and then only the editor smelt a rat, hurried home, read the review, summoned the literary editor and gave him a dressing-down. The literary editor was completely unnerved by his chief's fury but still believed that the reviewer had a right to express his opinions and pleaded weakly for him. An angry letter was received from a reader and was published. The writer said, "I was surprised that a responsible and respected paper like yours should publish *prima facie* malicious stuff and, presumably pay for it." He took exceptions to the reviewer's remarks on the author's career and proceeded to demonstrate how it was irreproachable by giving a brief sketch of his life history. The reviewer hit back in his reply: "He quotes one sentence from my review, apparently with disapproval; but oddly enough, he has devoted the whole of his third para to an amplification of it."

#### After The Storm

Months after the storm blew over, the editor wrote to the author himself

for a special article for a supplement. The author declined but recalled the review which he believed was written by a scribe in the employ of a foreign information service out to run him down!

Occasionally literary editors of India's English newspapers come across bright writing. A scintillating writer once politely declined to review a novel and wrote in his letter that he restricted his fictional reading to newspapers! A weary editor tired after editing matter dull as ditch-water was greatly relaxed when he came across a reference to some obscure movements in poet's "spiritual intestines"; the reviewer was deploring the foggiest of modern novelists.

A leading English newspaper reviewed a book on the Indian army by a British lieutenant and the review was full of praise. Other journals criticised the book for some of the anti-Indian remarks made by the author. One journal wondered how the nationalist daily could have found the book agreeable and advanced an explanation. It pointed out that the book, for the first two hundred pages, scrupulously avoided comments on India—and the offensive remarks were made only in the last hundred pages. The journal good-humouredly observed that the last hundred pages were probably not read or skipped by the reviewer and cheerily dismissed this common lapse from literary morality!

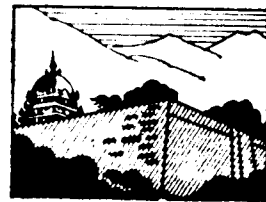
Newspapers sometimes allow the reviewer to retain the book. A reviewer, a college professor, was quite pleased with his abilities which he decided to put to proper social use. He presented the books to the college library but took care to paste cuttings of his reviews inside the books. He explained that students would find it easier to follow the books if they went to them through his reviews. He did not, of course know that the literary editor who had to read his reviews found them extremely unreadable!

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## PEDLAR'S PACK

SOVIET intervention in Hungary has resulted in the exit of Premier Nagy (pronounced Naazh) and his colleagues. A new government under Kadar acceptable to the Soviet government has been established.

Soviet tanks  
have wiped out patriot ranks  
Until Hungary's Nagy  
has found freedom a mirage.  
The communists who had touched their  
nadir  
are again on top with Kadar.

The Vigyan Bhavan where the Unesco is holding its session is said to have been built in record time at a cost of seven crores

Vigyan Bhavan  
Is not far from the 'earthly heaven'  
Where in the past the Pashas  
In state held tamashas.  
Now there presides a Maul-  
ana wise as an owl.  
But his address to the nations  
Is through prefab. translations  
But o tempora, o mores  
Is all that worthy seven crores?

We understand that there is no truth in the report that Sri C. R. has relinquished his pension in protest against the Indian Government's continued association with the British Commonwealth.

In the course of an address on the present international situation, Pandit Nehru declared: 'our role in the present crisis is neither to issue mandates nor to accept them.'

Pandit Nehru hates  
T'issue or accept mandates:  
But he's now fixing the dates  
Of his forthcoming visit to the States.  
At table he loves such cates  
As Arabs export in orates!

For the rest he joyfully waits  
On his benignant Fates!

Unconfirmed reports speak of disturbances in Rumania also.

The Freedom mania  
Has apparently caught on in Rumania:  
Let's all pray  
While the victims pay!

Commenting on the happenings in Hungary, Pandit Nehru explained that it seemed to him an entirely internal matter being a civil conflict between two parties.

Though unleashed by forces evil  
We dub the conflict civil;  
What if it is internal?—  
It's none less infernal!

Speaking for India, Mr. Krishna Menon voted against the proposal to send Observers to Hungary on behalf of the UNO.

At the UNO, Mr. Menon  
was not quite sane on  
The basic issue of freedom  
denied to those who need'em.

Marshal Bulganin's threat to send volunteers to Egypt to eject the invaders from the area has been warmly welcomed in Asiatic circles.

Satan reproving Sin  
Has yielded place to Bulganin!

Mr. Eisenhower has turned down the Swiss proposal for a five-power 'Summit Conference' at Geneva as likely to weaken the UNO organisation which is already taking active steps in the matter.

Pandit Nehru's arrival at the summit has therefore been unavoidably postponed!

LIBRA

## FILM REVIEW

## "RANGOON RADHA"

Story: C. N. Annadorai; Dialogue: M. Karunanithi; Director: A. Kasilingam; Producer: Mekala Pictures.

MR. C. N. ANNADORAI belongs to the class of writers who believe in writing with a purpose. He does not accept the dictum of art for art's sake. He has a moral to teach in all his novels and in his pictures like *Velaikari*, *Nallathambi*, *One Night* and *Sorga Vasal*. His latest picture, *Rangoon Radha*, has also a message to deliver to the people.

The story is etched against a psychological background. A greedy man, Dharmalingam, wants to marry his sister-in-law who inherits a fortune and drives his wife, Rangam, almost to the verge of lunacy. He falls into the clutches of a rogue who pretends to be a magician. Rangam saves her husband from being reduced to a pauper, kills the rogue and escapes to Rangoon. In the end, both the husband and the wife are united.

Continuity is not properly maintained in the story. The motive which prompted Dharmalingam to marry his sister-in-law is not brought out clearly: one cannot assume that it was only a brain wave. It is rumour-

ed that a reel was cut to shorten the length of the picture. If that was the case, the dance-drama of Raja Dhesing could well have been cut with advantage instead of leaving it to mar the continuity of the story and spoil its tempo.

A critic accused Shivaji Ganesan of painting the character of Dharmalingam as that of a silly person in the earlier part of the film while the character that fits him in the story is that of a villain who resorts to extremely cruel ways in order to achieve his set purpose. But Ganesan's acting is thoroughly justifiable if we look at the result he has achieved. He has given an excellent portrayal which is even better than his performance in *Amara Deepam* which is considered to be his best so far. Bhanumathi's acting is equally good except for her voice which at certain moments becomes so very shrill that the audience is not able to make out her words. N. S. Krishnan, T. A. Mathuram, S. S. Rajendran and M. N. Rajam ably play the roles of supporting characters. M. Karunanithi maintains his high standard in the dialogue. Although a bit too long, the picture is very interesting and is bound to prove a box office hit.

NILEN



## NEWLY WEDS

Shri V. Sivaprakasam, B.A., B.L., of Salem and his bride Sow. Parameswari. Their marriage took place recently at Tiruveezhimishalai, Tanjore district.

## SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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ON THE COVER: It is not a Congress leader, but Bulganin who posed as one in India, with the Gandhi cap and the red kumkum mark on his forehead.

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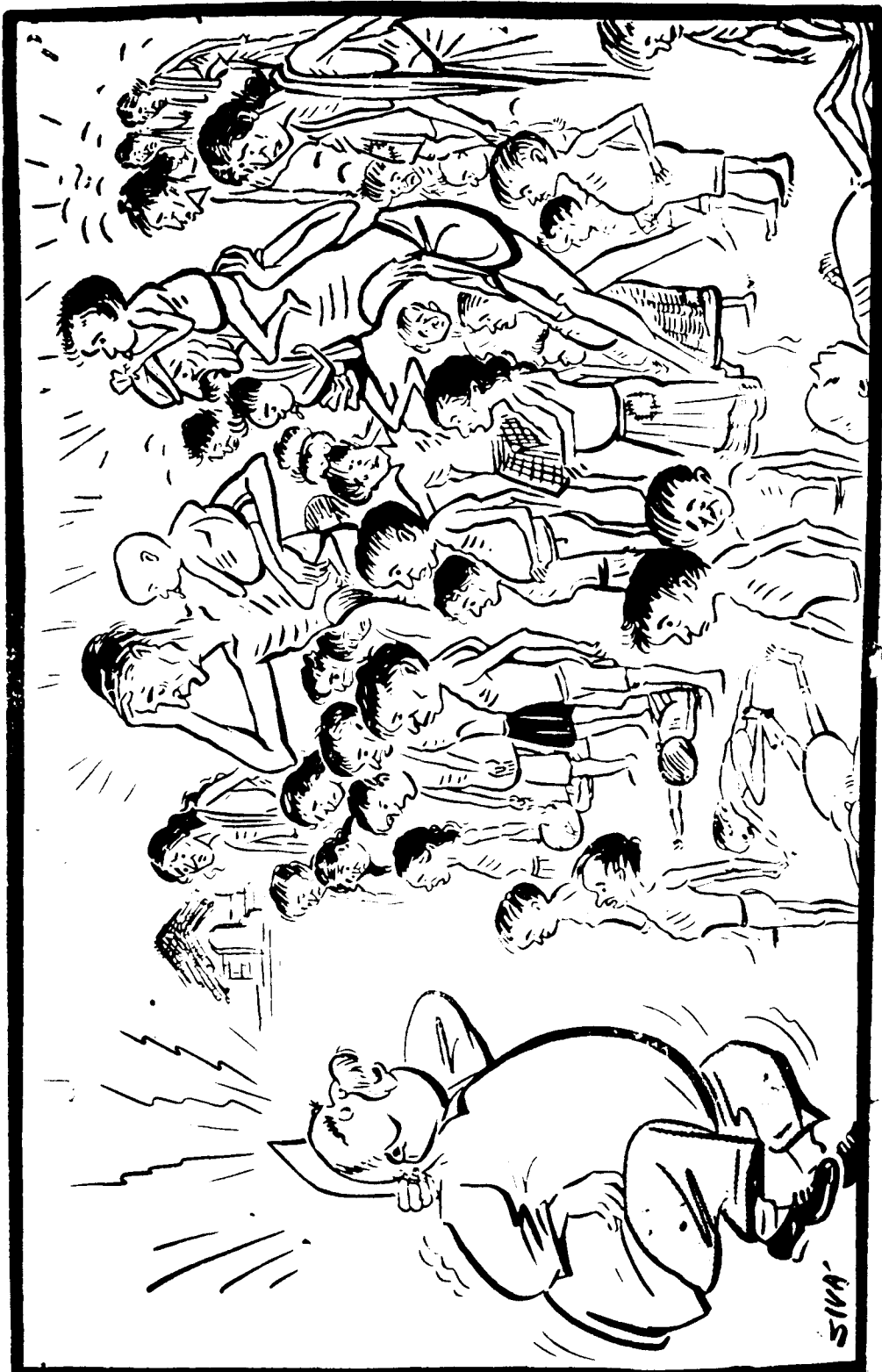
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S. KRISHNASWAMI,  
Secretary.

Pant: "I said 'produce', I did not mean children".



# SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. NOVEMBER 24 SATURDAY 1956 No. 43

## THE LIVING GANDHI AND THE DEAD MAHATMA

**A**N important event at the recent Calcutta Session of the All India Congress Committee has altogether escaped the notice of the public. Mr. U. N. Dhebar, the Congress President, circulated to the members a printed note which has not been allowed to be copied by the Press. In that note Mr. Dhebar indicated a revolutionary change, rather a *volte-face*, of Congress economic policy. Mr. Dhebar announced that the Congress party would hereafter discard Gandhian economics and would favour a policy based on heavy machinery. The Congress President said that there had been for a long time past a conflict in the Congress ranks between those who advocated Gandhism and those who advocated machinery. "A step in the direction of one of them is, if not opposite to, at least not conducive to strengthening the basis of the other." The time had arrived when the conflict should be put an end to and the allegiance of the Congress Party to the ideal of machine civilisation and the deviation from the trend which Gandhi had introduced in Congress ideals and politics should be frankly acknowledged. This change-over, the Congress President said, could be incorporated in the Congress election manifesto now on the anvil.

Gandhian economics has been identified with the cult of the Charka, the going back in production methods to pre-historic times when Adam delved and Eve span. Though all over the world hand spinning, as a process in the manufacture of clothing, was

given up centuries ago in favour of the more modern method of machine spinning, the Mahatma deliberately revived this ancient art and supported his reactionary move by constructing a whole theory of economics and politics based on the Charka and embellished with such items as Harijan uplift, Basic education etc. But intelligent people in India who did not accept the Gandhian economic theory nevertheless adopted his programme of hand spinning as a symbol of revolt which he spear-headed against the British domination of India. This symbolism lost its significance when India attained formal independence. In the normal course, it should have been given up, and a more modern economic theory adopted which would fit in with the current world conditions and with the present day requirements of the people of India. But the Congress Party persisted in its allegiance to the old theory owing to the fear that any change from khadi and its associated symbols would weaken the Party's hold on the people since the identity of Gandhi's personality with the Congress would be lost.

To add to the difficulty of the Congress politicians, a school of Gandhian revivalists sprang up who banded themselves together under the Sarvodaya banner and insisted that a permanent adoption of the economic theory of the Charka was the very essence of the Mahatma's teachings and should be followed for all time. It is this influential section within the Congress party which has

been responsible for the allotment of 200 crores of rupees for the Ambar Charka programme. It is this same school of thought which prevents the substitution of handlooms by power looms. The formal head of this group is Mr. Vinoba Bhave who commands the respect and adherence of the leading lights in the Congress Party as well as in the Praja Socialist Party.

It is this school of thought that Mr. Dhebar proposes to formally give up in preference to the economics of heavy machinery. Already it is evident that the Second Five Year Plan is loaded in favour of mechanisation of Industries and the ignoring of cottage industries favoured by the protagonists of the Sarvodaya ideal. Out of a proposed investment of over 7000 crores of rupees under the Plan, in the public and private sectors, only Rs. 200 crores is allotted for the Charka programme. Even this small pittance is doled out with the knowledge and the hope that it could not be spent by the very slender organisation available to this school of thought which has not gained any foothold in the country and is largely a make-believe structure propped up by windy propaganda and that most of the grant would lapse and the money would be made available back again to be spent on heavy mechanised industries. Whether the change over in Congress economic policy would involve the rescinding of the grants already made to the Ambar Charka and the basic education schemes is not clear. But it is fairly certain that Congressmen will not be able to give up, at least till the impending elections are over, their using of khadi and the white cap. It would be too much of a sacrifice at a critical time, though holding the views they now do they will have no more right to wear khadi or the cap.

However, this circular to the AICC members is a challenge which has been thrown by the Congress President at the Sarvodaya school. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Dhebar

was only his master's voice and was acting as the mouth-piece of Mr. Nehru and the Congress High Command who have for so long tolerated the nuisance created by the inconvenient criticisms and the insistent demands and put up with the pin-pricks of this sect because they were afraid that the phrases and the slogans usually associated with the personality of Gandhi would create trouble if allowed to reach the people independently of the Congress Party. Apparently the High Command have had enough of these pin-pricks and they feel that the time has now arrived to call the bluff of this small coterie whose further demands should be ignored. Probably the High Command feel that they are sailing under false colours and any further exploitation of Gandhi's name would recoil on themselves and there should be no further appeasement of the Gandhian wing in the Congress.

Whatever be the motive that actuated the Congress High Command in framing the secret circular to the A.I.C.C. members, the fate of the Sarvodaya group is now sealed. If Mr. Bhave and his following acquiesce in the new policy of the Congress they would be altogether wiped out in spite of the big noise they may make in their Bhoodan *Pada yatras*. They will have either to put up a fight for very survival or perish. It is significant that at their recent meeting at Palni they decided not to participate in the coming elections. Their philosophy rules out the possibility of their forming themselves into a new political party. They will have to go before the people at large, after completely severing their connection with the Congress, and seek independent support for the continuance of their activities and refuse to accept graceless gifts under the Five Year Plan of petty sums as a kind of hush money. If they do not stand up for their rights and justify their existence before the people, they will

deservedly die and be clean forgotten notwithstanding their mouthing of Gandhian slogans.

How the Congress Party would fare at the coming elections with its new look which deprives it of the saving grace of Gandhism and how the Sarvodaya school would survive without the constant support of Government officials who dance attendance on them and Government money which makes the *Pada Yatras* flow with milk and honey will be an interesting phenomenon to watch. But what is more important for the common man to consider is the solution of the problem that Gandhi's personality poses for India's history. Will India follow the Mahatma's teachings or will she discard him as an anachronism unsuitable to this modern age and the altered conditions with which she is surrounded in the new era? Pandit Nehru hoped that the Gandhian patrimony would endure for ever and would enable him and his progeny to rule the country for at least another one thousand years. But the wealth of Gandhi that he inherited has melted away within the short period of a decade and he is reduced to such straits that he is obliged to hitch his wagon to the red star of the Communists and to run after heavy industries and its inevitable consequence of a totalitarian set-up. The Sarvodaya people have been cast off like a feather which has grown useless.

Is the Gandhian tradition altogether exhausted? Was there nothing in Gandhi besides his Charka, his basic education and other limbs of the so-called constructive programme which is no doubt dead and is today a carcass devoid of significance or value? Did not Gandhi stand for the eternal values of Truth and Non-violence? Did he not redeliver to humanity the great message of the Buddha with added significance? Gandhi was a man and not a God.

He saw the truth but he committed mistakes. Pandit Nehru and Mr. Vinoba Bhave, in a mad stampede to grab at the springs of power, embraced his mistakes and lost his truths. There is something living in Gandhi and something that is dead. What is dead is the mad attempt to go back in history and revive dead industries. What is living is the attempt to dig into human nature and discover the hidden springs of truth and of love. We must discard the dead and cling to the living. But Mr. Bhave and Pandit Nehru have done the opposite and have come to grief. Both failed to reach the essence of Gandhi, the one because of his look abroad and the other because of his look turned backwards. Their failures are driving the country to the brink of the Communist preceptice.

The way out of the danger is to turn away from the dead Gandhi and to turn towards the living Gandhi. The living Gandhi stood for individual liberty which is the principle of anarcho-syndicalism of Bakunin and Kropotkin. The false doctrine of individual self-sufficiency embodied in the Charka programme is a caricature. Each man to spin and weave for his needs, to plough his separate plot of land and grow food for himself, is not an inspiring or worthwhile ideal. It is not human. It belongs to the vegetable kingdom which is immobile and strikes roots in the soil to feed and to grow. Human civilisation is the cultivation of the opposite spirit of mutual dependence, of joint production and joint enjoyment, which the Communists have perverted into totalitarianism and denial of liberty. How to preserve the spirit of liberty and co-operation and avoid the twin evil of isolationism and communism is the problem before India, indeed before humanity today. Gandhi does not prescribe a solution. But his life and teachings are a pointer.

# SIDELIGHTS ::

THE wobblings of Prime Minister Nehru are nowhere more apparent than in his recent shifts in regard to the happenings in Hungary. In his speech in the Lok Sabha, he tried to wriggle out of his earlier statements in which he entirely supported the Russian line. The facts relating to the matter are now well known. The Hungarians took Khrushchev seriously when he denounced Stalinism and proclaimed their independence from Russia. The Russians had yielded to a similar demand by the Poles and could not act otherwise in Hungary. But the Hungarians went one step further than the Poles and insisted not only on independence from the Russian yoke but also from subservience to the Communist Party. At that moment Russia cried out to the Hungarians "thus far and no further" and moved in its tanks and suppressed the popular uprising in a blood bath. Now, Hungary is a sovereign state and an independent member of the U. N. O., whose vote came in handy for Russia all these years when Hungary was pliant to Russian will. What right has Russia to dictate to Hungary about what kind of political set-up she should have within her frontiers? Why should India shield Russia in the latter's violent upholding of a Communist regime in Hungary and in deposing another set-up? If any one is entitled to interfere in the internal affairs of a sovereign state, it is only the U. N. O. and not another rival state, especially if the rival is situated across the border and is in a position to exercise an imperialist sway.

Pandit Nehru is guided by two considerations in the matter. The U. N. resolution which was opposed by India demanded a plebiscite in

Hungary under international auspices. Pandit Nehru could not agree to this as it would set up a precedent for a similar demand that may be made later for the holding of a plebiscite in Kashmir under the auspices of the U. N. The second reason which weighed with the Prime Minister is the possibility of the dubious part that NATO forces might have played in the Hungarian uprising. The allegation of the Russians that they captured some U. S. made arms from the rebels who opposed the Russian tanks in the streets of Budapest lend strength to this probability. Supposing it true that forces opposed to the Russian brand of communism were among those which participated in the uprising, should not India leave the whole matter to be settled by the authority and the influence of the U. N. O. in stead of truckling to the Russian claim to suppress and conquer whatever is not to Communist taste?

It is good for India that Pandit Nehru has now resiled from his original attitude of unqualified support to Russia and has allowed the Indian delegation to support the move to demand U. N. O. observers functioning in Hungary. The new attitude of India's Prime Minister, though it casts a reflection upon his ability to assess international happenings at their proper worth, nevertheless has retrieved his claim for impartiality in his dealings in foreign affairs. It remains to be seen whether the Kremlin will yield to the demand to allow U. N. O. observers in Hungary now that the demand is backed by India, her only friend in the non-Communist world. If she does, it will be one real step to prove that her

claim to destalinise her regime is a reality and not a myth.

The statement of Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan on Khrushchev's Revelations, extracts from which we publish elsewhere in this issue of the SWATANTRA is a classic. Mr. Narayan has a clear mind and weilds a facile pen. He has uttered some home-truths to his erstwhile colleagues which will set them furiously to think. Whether they accept his conclusions or not, the grand attempt that Mr. Narayan has made to drag the controversy out of the morass of quibbling about personalities and his magnificent portrayal of political principles and methods against the broad background of ultimate human values will leave a lasting impression on the reader, whether he is a communist or not. Mr. Narayan has appealed to

the communists to give up the rigid and oppressive orthodoxy into which their party has deteriorated and work for the ultimate human ideals to which they, along with other well wishers of humanity, owed allegiance. We only wish that Mr. Narayan will apply the lofty sentiments he has expressed in the statement to the work he has undertaken and would feel the necessity for a reorientation of principles, politics and methods in the P. S. P.-cum-Sarvodaya activity with which he is so prominently connected. Is there no scope for rethinking in that sphere? We rather feel there is great need for Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan to turn the searchlight, which he has displayed with such devastating effect on the communists, in the direction of the *Pada Yatrikas* who go about Bhoodanising the countryside.

SETHU.

## ANTI-COMMONWEALTH DAY IN MADRAS

UNDER the auspices of the Anti-Commonwealth League, the Communist Party, the Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam, the Tamil Arasu Kazhagam, the Praja Socialist Party and several other political groups, a mass meeting was held on the 18th instant at the Triplicane Beach, Madras, to focuss public attention on the imperialistic set-up of the Commonwealth and to demand the immediate withdrawal of India from this association.

Sri H. D. Rajah, M.P. who presided over this all-party meeting, observed that the militarist intervention of Great Britain in Egypt eloquently brought out the fact that the high standard of living enjoyed by the people of England was maintained on the exploitation of the backward peoples in Asia and Africa. He said that Mr. Eden was guided by the fact that the loss of Middle Eastern oil would spell disaster to the British

economy. In the circumstances, he said, India must cut herself away from the Commonwealth which serves only Britain's economic interests and covers up her imperialistic designs in the colonies and elsewhere.

Speakers representing the other parties like the Praja Socialist Party supported Sri Rajah's demand that India should have nothing to do with such an association dominated by war-mongers and imperialists.

Spokesmen of other political groups speaking on the occasion pointed out that the agitation for quitting the Commonwealth was there even before Britain perpetrated the aggression on Egypt. They said that it was high time India seceded from the Commonwealth presided over by an opportunistic and imperialistic nation.

The meeting concluded with the unanimous adoption of a resolution demanding India's withdrawal from the Commonwealth.

November 24 1956

SWATANTRA

## RUSSIA AND EASTERN EUROPE

By PAUL V. KUNNIL

RECENT events in the East European countries have not been correctly interpreted in the Indian Press. The Poznan riots, the reinstatement of Gomulka in Poland, the "long leave" granted to the Russian General Rokosovsky by the Polish Government, the honouring and reinternment of "Titoist traitors", Rajk, Andras Szalai and other Polish Patriots, the heroic struggle of the people of Hungary against foreign domination—the importance of these dramatic events have not been fully grasped and reported.

The East European countries went the Communist way not because their peoples wanted it, but because they had no other alternative once the Red army had occupied these countries. There were Communist Parties in all these states, but none had a hold over the masses. The example of Poland bears witness to this. The Russians exhorted the Polish Underground to rebel against the German occupation army. In the heroic fight that ensued, the German army had the upper hand. In spite of fervent appeals to Russia by the Polish leaders and by Churchill and Roosevelt, the Russian army led by General Rokosovsky stood still outside the walls of Warsaw and allowed the Germans to wipe out 200,000 rebels, who were mostly Socialists, Democrats and Polish Patriots. After this treachery they hoisted over the people a puppet Government, of course Communist. This Government, as well as the Government of the other East European countries have always been subservient to Moscow.

The people of the East European countries allowed themselves for years to be robbed systematically of

the fruits of their labour. They were robbed of the resources of their country through a system of "joint enterprises". Their freedom had been suppressed. They were reduced to mere satellites. They were not allowed to trade with the West. Their people were recruited in hundreds of thousands into the slave labour camps. Every activity of the human mind was corrupted. The people suffered, but they did not lose their manliness.

### Anti-Russian Rising

The systematic down grading of Stalin and Stalin's stooges had grave repercussions all over the East European countries. A wave of anti-Russian feeling swept over these countries. Party leaders were firm in their adherence to the new Trinity in the Kremlin—Zhukov, Krushchev and Bulganin—but the intellectuals and the writers were not very firm on this point. They began to ask questions. They began to speak in new voices, which had no relation to the outworn Marxist phrases. It was in fact the demonstrations of this section of the people which set off the events in Hungary.

A peaceful demonstration was staged by students, writers and intellectuals in Hungary on the eve of the rising. They were not all Communists. They demanded "Social democracy" i.e. democratic elections based on secret ballot. The demonstrations of the workers and students were put down using the familiar Stalinist methods. Out of it came the people's rising. The Communist Party Secretary Gero put in power Imry Nagy hoping that he would be able to deal with the situation. But the



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Hungarian people were not going to stop their progress towards democracy once they started on the way. The Hungarian army sided with the rebels. They fought not only against the Russian army, but also against the rigid Communism of the stooges of Stalin. The way in which Moscow handled the situation was extremely foolish, for it was useless to deny the people their freedom which they were sure to win one day or other. Besides it was a great shock to International Communism and lowered the prestige of Russia. It was proved that in spite of all her lip service to *Panch-shila*, when the occasion arrives, Russia sticks to her old habits of Red imperialism. There was no danger of Hungary leaving the "Russian Commonwealth", no danger of Hungary attacking Russia or any other East European country. Yet Kremlin thought it wise to destroy the people's movement in a country which was its satellite till yesterday.

#### Recent Events An Eye-opener

The cold war had given way to peaceful co-existence and later to peaceful competition in the economic sphere. From 1917 to 1945, Russia was an isolated country. The West had sought to destroy her through various methods. Perhaps it was this that led Stalin into seeking the friendship of Hitler. The Second World War brought about a fundamental change in the situation. Russia emerged a great and powerful nation and the number of satellites increased. Mao-tse-tung's successful Chinese Revolution added another feather to the glory of Stalin. Russia's prosperity increased, her influence multiplied. The present rulers of Russia have fulfilled an old dream of the Czars. The greatness of Russia is now recognised by the whole world. She has a vast empire, she has several colonies.

But recent events in Poland and Hungary have dealt a deadly blow at the Russian Empire. The defects of the Communist Society are now manifest to the world. Communism, the dream of the Utopians, is a theory, a philosophy, which satisfied the poetic imagination. As a reality, an economic system, it has turned out to be a tyranny. It means untold sufferings for the common man. It means the exploitation of the many by the bureaucrats and Party bosses. The workers are shot down even for simple offences.

Marx was a dreamer and it was natural that he should have said that workers had no fatherland. Whatever the workers in non-Russian countries of the world thought about this Marxian slogan, Stalin always insisted on their strict adherence to it. The policies of every national Communist Party were changed from time to time to suit the conveniences of the Kremlin. It was beneficial only from the point of view of the Kremlin. This point of view was vigorously defended by Communists and the fellow-travellers of all lands. Now alas! history has proved that Marx was wrong. Nationalism is a strong sentiment not only in resurgent Asia and Africa, but also in war-torn Eastern Europe. The nation has certain duties to fulfil.

The tottering Russian Empire should serve as an eye opener to all those who believe in the good intentions of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union should prove her faith in the *Panch Shila* not through speeches but through actions. She should withdraw her armies from Hungary and pay compensation for the damages inflicted on that country by a first rate war brought about by her intervention—conveniently called "Police action".

## PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTING AIDS PERSONALITY ASSESSMENT

PSYCHOLOGICAL testing is nothing new. It had its origins in the study of abnormal persons and this naturally involved the study of normal persons in order to achieve a standard of measurement.

Educators, and others, became interested in the idea.

In the last war the armed services started to use psychological tests, not only to find out whether the testee would be best employed firing a rifle or an anti-aircraft gun but whether he was likely to have second thoughts about pulling the trigger. In other words, what sort of personality was he?

The idea that reliability and loyalty could be predicted began to be noticed by American employers. Here was a "scientific" method of screening applicants for jobs and also for checking up on those already employed by the company.

#### Personality Test

This latter aspect has become increasingly important in the executive stratum: should Smith or Jones be promoted? A personality test will provide the answer. (Incidentally—and ironically—a case quoted in support of these tests tells of a man who was not promoted, rather against the opinion of his superiors, because of a poor test result. Six weeks later he committed suicide).

Mr. William H. Whyte, an assistant editor of the U. S. business magazine *Fortune*, writing in this month's *Encounter* has given an incisive account of this phoney application of the scientific method. The moral aspect of using them apart, he shows conclusively how inefficient these tests are (testing has now become a regular business itself with many firms competing to show that their particular test is superior). As

Mr. Whyte says these tests are trying to measure the immeasurable; they are trying "to convert abstract traits into a concrete measure that can be placed on a linear scale". Not only is their aim a doubtful one but so are their methods—very doubtful. Here is an example quoted as a specimen of the technique to be used taken from the journal *Personnel Psychology*.

The subject of a test writes down the following facts about himself: his name is John Jasper Jones, age 26, that he has only one dependent—his wife, that her name is Bernadine Butterfield, and that she is aged 28.

From this information the analyst concludes that "Jones may not take his general obligations very seriously, may have a tendency to self-importance and wishful thinking, may be inclined to be passive-dependent, i.e. reliant on others for direction and guidance in his general work relationships, may be inclined to take pleasure in unearned status or reflected glory."

Amazing. And how did he arrive at this assessment? The analyst worked along these lines:

1. Whenever a man writes his name out in full he is narcissistic.
2. Jones gave his age as 26 and his wife's age as 28.

*Fact:* Married a girl two years, older than himself.

*Empirical Observation:* The majority of men marry women younger than themselves.

*Primary deduction:* May have been influenced in marrying her by unconsciously considering her as a mother-surrogate.

*Tentative inference:* May like to have an older woman, or people, take care of him.

*Provisional extension:* May be inclined to be passive-dependent, i. e. reliant on others for . . .

And so on. This is claimed as an example of scientific method.

Mr. Whyte's investigations have led him to the conclusion that the people who score highest in these tests are those who are extroverted, disinterested in the arts, and accept the *status quo*. So he advises the testee "when in doubt about the most beneficial answer to any question", to repeat to himself:

*"I loved my father and mother, but my father a little bit more.*

*I like things pretty well the way they are,*

*I never worry much about anything.*

*I don't care for books and music much.*

*I love my wife and children.*

*I don't let them get in the way of company work."*

In other words—cheat.

—M. G. W. in *Freedom*.

## A LETTER TO BACHELORS!

*Bachelordom,*  
November 24, 1956.

DEAR BACHELORS,

The woman is at large, the emancipated woman, the woman who has come out of the well-knit family unit to corrode the harmony of classrooms and coffee-houses, the woman who has emerged out of her confines to create confusion in commercial houses by catering coquettishly to the unlicensed operations of the office executive.

The emancipated woman has secured for herself "A Page" in every department of human activity. She masquerades as the steno in the office, as the cabaret dancer in the cosmopolitan club, as the secretary to the politician, as the hostess in the aerodrome and as the mistress anywhere and everywhere until she matures into the dictatorial housewife.

She has devised diabolical designs to demolish the edifice of adolescent youth: by her impoverished insulation, she has infatuated young minds and imparted increasing quotas of juvenile delinquency, by lavishing paint on her lips, by administering artificial odours about her anatomy, she advertises her aberrations and seduces the sedate and the sedentary.

She is the sophisticated woman,

the 'westernised' woman, the 'working' woman, the woman who builds around her a band of disgruntled bachelors. She dominates the promenades, the shopping centres and the sales counters with the competitive zeal of a calculating commodity producer.

The emancipated woman by spreading out the contagion of her meretricious charm, has vivisected the serene vivacity of the streets and has multiplied the number of accidents and law court reports. She is the very type and symbol of free enterprise, the model of advertisement, the ubiquitous idol of every business man to push up his sales.

She has cleaved the family and the community, has generated frustration among our innocent countrymen and impressionable youngmen.

The emancipated woman is drinking the honey of virile youth, and like Oliver Twist, wants more!

The emancipated woman, therefore, is a positive menace to civilization.

O youth! Beware of the Emancipated Woman!

Incarceration and not emancipation of women is the crying need of the hour!

Fraternally yours,  
BRAHMACHARI

## GENIUS CAME TO REST

IN the vast crowd that had assembled in the decorated pandal to honour the screen comedian whose sixtieth birthday was being celebrated with great enthusiasm, no one noticed his entrance and few recognised him. He was a friend of the comedian and so had a special place reserved for him on the dais. He took his seat and looked vacantly at the audience.

He had an unusually big paunch which hung loose over his physical frame like an overgrown weed and his eyes were bloodshot and watery. He had the *kumkum* on his forehead and his hair was closely cropped and parted. He wore a silk *jibba* and a lace *angavastram* was thrown over his shoulders. His fingers glittered and shone from the dazzle of the diamond and ruby rings which adorned most of them. He frequently lifted his left hand and glanced at the gold wrist-watch and the gold chain as though they were sources of his inspiration. Round his neck was a small gold chain which perhaps was a talisman.

His face was unshaven but it did not disfigure his fair complexion or hide the fine texture of his skin. His lips were red with the constant use of betel and tobacco and even now his servant was standing beside him with a silver box which contained the ingredients of pan and always at the ready.

Friends on the dais slowly recognised him and greeted him and he returned the greetings with folded hands turning this side and that in his chair while the audience wondered who he might be. There was something lacking in him by which they could identify him. But he nevertheless disturbed their memory and they felt they had seen him somewhere and heard him.

Was he a musician then? Or was he a screen singer, one of those who

are heard but not seen? As memory set to work and collected evidence a picture began to take shape. But strangely enough the hands were drawn first. They were extended with fingers spread, the left above the right. The fingers were artistic and they were twitching as though they were accustomed to clutch and play on some long instrument. Then the face appeared. It was an extraordinarily handsome face. The lips were moving as though they were munching or chewing something. The thick black hair was pushed back, collected and tied up into a cone. The figure was clearer now. He wore a spotlessly white dhoti whose borders were laced with brilliant patterns many inches deep and in variegated colour and above it a red bordered cloth which came up to the knee. He was naked above his waist but for a towel on his shoulder with which he blew his nose often.

Memory had done the trick. It had unlocked the gates to a flood of sweet remembrances of the past, the fragrance of wedding processions and temple rituals and the wafting of divine music which filled the atmosphere with its exquisite charm and beauty.

So he was the famous *nadaswara vidwan*, the adored piper whose following was legion, who mesmerised millions and captivated the old and the young. There had been many before him who had attained fame and wealth through the *nadaswaram*, but they paled into insignificance before him. He was a rage with the rich and it became fashionable to engage him to play during weddings, and the standing and social status of a man was judged by the fact whether the piper played in his house or not. The wealthy temples employed him at a big price and festivals where he played drew fantastic crowds.

Like all geniuses he was eccentric and addicted to vices which came in the way of his profession. It was perhaps easy to book him, but not easy to make him keep his contract. Once it was widely advertised that he would play during the wedding procession of a local big man's daughter. A vast crowd had collected and the traffic was blocked. He did not turn up but sent his assistant who said that his leader was on his way and would join the procession later. On this assurance the procession started and the huge crowd followed, full of hopes and expectations. The procession was half way through its destination, but the star attraction of the night was still missing. The crowd was restive and voices began to be heard protesting that they had been deceived. The big man was worried. He feared a riot and personal harm, and held feverish consultations with his advisers.

The piper's assistant was summoned and asked for an explanation. Under pressure of cross-examination he blurted out the truth that they might as well give up the hope that his leader would come for he had no intention of doing any such thing. He had to find a scapegoat and so he sent his assistant to bear the wrath of the people. He was happy with his bottle and his companions, and would not like to be disturbed.

The big man was red in the face. He fretted and fumed, shouted and cursed. He was a wealthy man, yes, and he was a big-shot in society, yes, but he was a stranger to the ways of geniuses who obey no one, not even the Lord Almighty. He thought of calling in the police and seeking their help to get the piper. His advisers counselled him against this strong action which might give rise to complications. They suggested another way.

Four strong men were commissioned to go to the piper's temporary hide-out and remove him bodily to

the place of the procession. They did their job so well that the piper was in the procession, *nadaswaram* in hand, inside ten minutes. The *vidwan* blinked while the crowd, their expectations about to be fulfilled, pressed closer to have a good look at him. The surroundings were unfamiliar to him and he glanced this side and that and cleared his throat. His eyes scrutinised the strong phalanx that had been formed around him, seeking a way of escape and seeing none.

He picked and chose among the strawheads that were suspended by a thread from the *nadaswaram*. He tried them one after the other on the instrument and blew on them once or twice. He seemed to be satisfied with one of them and inserting it into the instrument, lifted it with extended hands and played a deep note which perhaps lasted a second or two. But that was enough to transport the crowd to ecstasies. They nodded their head in appreciation and a sudden silence descended on the procession. The air soon reverberated with the sound of the *tharul* which took up from where the piper stopped and filled up the vacuum until the latter resumed again. There was another deep note, which electrified the audience but lasted too little to give satisfaction. Again the *tharul* player intervened and with blood curdling but harmonic sounds filled up the gap till the piper was ready to start again. Now this happened far too frequently and the crowd began to suspect that the piper was trying to dodge and was not serious. Their suspicion was confirmed when shortly afterwards the piper handed his instrument to an assistant, and saying he would be back in a few minutes, left the place. But the four strong men were too quick for him. They noticed that he was about to get into his car and barred his way. He pleaded with them, fell at their feet and begged them to let him go because he was

ill and could not play. They knew his ways and would not listen and ordered him to get back to the procession. The piper realised it was no good fighting against them and taking a bottle from the car drank deep from it and returned with them.

He played on the *nadaswaram*, but what came out of it sounded strange and unfamiliar. He mixed up notes and confused the *tharul* player. There was no continuity or consistency in his performance and he betrayed an attitude of indifference. The next thing he knew was a stone which hit him squarely in the face. Before he could feel the injured spot another flew in the air and hit him again in the same place. And then stones were pelted by the dozen and they lost their direction and aim. The crowd began to disperse in fear and the big man in a panic ordered the procession car with the bride and bridegroom to be driven fast out of the melee.

In this confusion and atmosphere of violence, the air was suddenly rent by the deep throbbing music of the *nadaswaram*. It rose above the din and roar of the multitude and it seemed to travel high up in regions where the human voice had rarely penetrated and its emotional and plaintive notes pierced the heart with a sensation which was a mixture of happiness and sorrow.

The fleeing crowd turned back and the procession was re-formed. The piper was unaware of what was happening in front of him. His eyes were closed but the fingers which covered and uncovered the air-holes of the pipe with artistry and confidence were steady and firm. Blood was oozing from his cheek where a populace in anger had smote him and the dripping blood falling on the white laced dhoti turned it crimson. He raised and lowered the *nadaswaram* and spread it sidewise as the mood dictated or as the spirit moved him. His throat bridged with stored up air, like an air pocket and as it

was being used up his cheeks bulged too as he pumped air into the wind instrument. The rhythm and harmony of his play was a sight for the gods and the sweet notes that emerged from the instrument had a quality and appeal in them which tickled you with inexpressible pleasure.

He never stopped now and the *tharul* got a chance only when he took the instrument from his lips for brief periods to draw breath and blow his nose. The procession seemed rooted to the spot. The crowd stood on its feet and never felt the passing of long hours. The gas-light boys and girls rested their burdens on the ground and went to sleep on the roadside. The bride in the decorated car threw her head on the hood of the car and was snoring in a few minutes. The bridegroom was dozing.

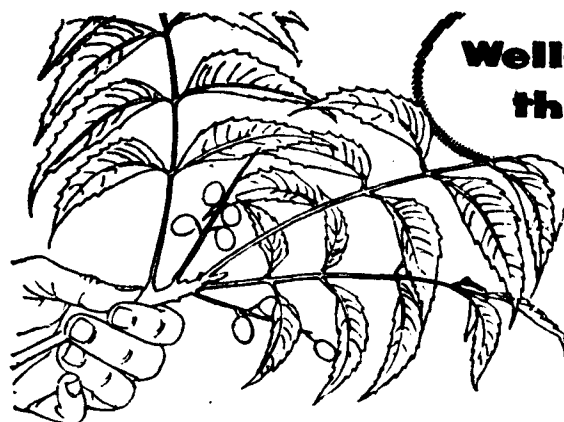
The piper was now on fire. His face glowed and his body was alert. He played a raga for hours, weaving pattern after pattern and playing upon sounds like an expert craftsman. He seemed to be unaware of time and when dawn broke he was still playing and the crowd was still there their interest not a whit abated.

Speakers from the dais in the pandal were pounding away, paying tributes to the comedian while the vast audience applauded their choice phrases. The piper sat there unmoved. He had lost his old fire and there was a weariness about him which gave you the impression that the days of the master belonged to the past. He was bored and got up. With his uncouth frame and haggard face where the lines were heavily drawn he presented a sorry figure. He closed his palms in general greetings to his friends and the audience, and signing to his attendant left the dais.

No one cheered him as he got into his car and drove away. His days were over. A genius had come to rest.

—SARATI

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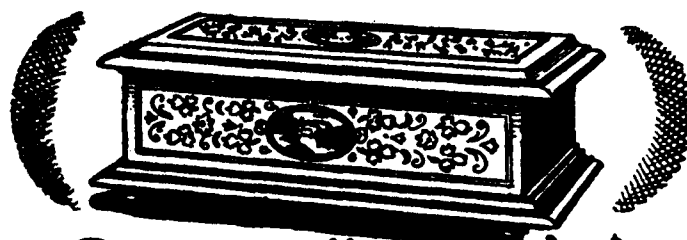
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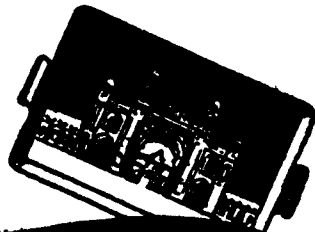
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## JAPAN PLAYS CUPID FOR LONELY HEARTS

By CAL FRITZI

*Anyone (with parental approval) can apply for a husband or a wife at Tokyo's marriage bureaus, which are doing a roaring business.*

THE Japanese are not generally reputed as a romantic people. Yet they are probably the only people in the world who contribute regularly part of their earnings to keep Cupid in business.

Part of the taxes the Japanese pay goes to maintain municipally operated matrimonial bureaus. Thousands of mateless men and women have discovered marital bliss in the last few years through matchmaking bureaucrats who are as sentimental in the sphere of family relations as they are tough in the field of foreign relations.

Many Japanese cities sponsor these bureaus, but Tokyo's have been the most successful. The capital today has three city-run marriage centres—in the districts of Kanda, Shinkuku and Katsushika. Their activities include counselling on family problems and advising in domestic court cases, but their main job is shooting arrows through lonely hearts.

The Kanda office is the largest, first opened in 1933, but then there were few applicants. In pre-war days, almost all Japanese matches were arranged by the parents, who seldom consulted with the principals. The bureau reopened in 1951, in the midst of Japan's postwar social revolution, and did such a rush of business that Katsushika was inaugurated in 1953, Shinjuku a year later. In addition, marriage bureaus are operated by 13 city wards. Some of the more impatient submit applications at several of these offices simultaneously.

Altogether, the names of more than 12,000 love-seeking Tokyoites are on file, about two-thirds of them women.

About 500 marriages are celebrated yearly, which is regarded as a good batting average, particularly considering that virtually none has ended in divorce.

"We're careful about encouraging matches," says one marriage counselor. "We try to make sure they're fit for each other before we bring them together. When we tie the knot, it usually stays tied."

### Application and Investigation

Any resident of the city can apply for a husband or wife. They must submit personal histories and photos of themselves and fill out forms indicating the qualities they are looking for in their dream-mates. Then trained marriage counsellors study the applications and investigate the home life of the individual concerned. If a possible match is seen, the couple is brought together at the matrimonial office. There are also bureau-sponsored parties and record concerts each week and picnics each month—when the weather is good—where people meant for each other are often brought together.

Business is best in late fall and winter. "Everybody likes to be warm in the winter," one official remarked.

In most cases, bureau officials don't actually recommend marriage partners, but merely, bring together couples they think might be suitable for each other. However, recommendations, and even persuasion, are resorted to in some cases involving "particularly fussy" people.

"These applicants speak only of the conditions that must be met," explained one official. "They are inte-

rested in qualifications, not in love. We are more aggressive in trying to arrange marriages for these people than for others, as they really do not seem to know what they want themselves."

In one such case, a 34-year-old woman insisted she did not want more than two children. Bureau counsellors, however, suggested she marry a 57-year-old father of seven children whom they thought proper for her. They finally convinced her, and today she is the happy mother of eight—including one child of her own by the "arranged" marriage.

In another case, a 36-year-old woman who had never been married before was understandably reluctant at first to marry the man picked out for her. He was a 42-year-old unattractive-looking businessman whose previous wife had run off with one of his employees leaving him alone with a sick mother and four children. But, convinced of their compatibility, officials pushed for the marriage and proudly point today to one of the happiest unions they have yet engineered.

#### "Making the Right Match"

Efforts by bureau authorities to "make the right match" were further rewarded recently when a 40-year-old woman with a limp, who had despaired of ever finding a husband, became the wife of a man her own age who is also lame.

Most applicants are not excessively choosy concerning "qualifications." Nevertheless, on an average they meet more than three prospective partners before the right one comes along. Only about 10 per cent hit the matrimonial jackpot on the initial attempt.

Men applicants are usually more particular than the woman—and they can afford to be. War casualties have left Japan with a preponderance of women. It is especially difficult finding mates for women over 30 as the shortage of men is severest in

that age category. Thus, the wife-seeking male sees no reason for undue haste in making his choice from among those available.

Looks and age are the most important factors for men, who average about 28 years. Usually they look for partners much younger than themselves. Significantly, most men—about 80 per cent are university graduates—prefer women with high school educations (about 80 per cent of the ladies now have them). Before the war, few thought their mates should be educated in anything but housework and child-rearing. Another post-war change is the male preference for women who have had experience of working—which they feel would come in handy should the breadwinner fall ill or lose his job. In pre-war days, working girls were snubbed by most men.

Women applicants, most of whom are between 23 and 30 and have jobs, are interested primarily in men with stable positions and good educations. They also prefer highly masculine types. One 78-year-old male applicant was given the cold shoulder by three elderly women because, they claimed he was "too clean and tidy—just like an old woman."

#### Family Consent

Actually, it's the family of the applicant that usually has the final say. Indeed, so embedded in Japanese tradition is the system of "family consent" that no one can even apply for a marriage partner without approval of the family. In fact, it's generally the parents who do the applying—particularly, but not only, in the case of women. And in the initial meetings that take place between two prospective partners in the bureau offices, the parents are usually around to ease the embarrassment and make appraisals.

(Continued on page 20)

## WANTED: AN OPPOSITION PARTY

By V. S. KRISHNASWAMI

IN a matter of weeks, India will go to the polls and the people will get a chance to select the party that will shape their destiny for the next few years. No Gallup poll is needed to forecast the result; the Congress will run the country for another term. In Congress circles interest now centres not on the result of the general elections but on the distribution of the loaves and fishes of office after the assumption of power. The small handful of the elite have their places reserved in the political bandwagon but there will be much jostling and elbowing for the rest of the space in that limited but much coveted form of political transport. While a majority for the party now in power may be taken for granted, it is not unlikely that the election may bring forth some surprises. We can only hope that at least this time the Congress "leaders" who are roundly beaten in the election are not consoled with Lieutenant-Governorships or other offices of (considerable) profit and that the defeated candidates of the party are not elevated to Ministership, with the consequential loss to some partyman of his seat in the Legislature, he, in his turn, being consoled with some not too unalicious plum.

#### The Congress Record

Earlier this month the executive of the Congress Party held a three-day session and has issued a statement, which is in the nature of a review of past achievements and a broad outline of plans for the future. The statement contains no surprises. Credit is claimed—and justly—for what has so far been achieved and if occasionally an undertone of smug complacency is audible to the

critical ear the discord in the general harmony is not too harsh. As for the future, stress is laid on the urgent need to increase agricultural production "far beyond the figures initially adopted in the Second Five-Year Plan". This target of increase of 35 per cent is to be reached through the machinery of the Community Projects and the National Extension Service as well as by the liberal provision of agricultural credit and other facilities for irrigation. This improvement, the statement goes on, calls for the pooling of the resources, abilities and efforts of all the constituent units of the country's agricultural economy. This, in turn, can be achieved only by large-scale co-operative effort. This part of the manifesto concludes with the unexceptionable statement that "the well-being of the individual farmer as well as that of the nation is dependent on the rapid expansion and strengthening of agrarian co-operatives covering all aspects of agricultural production." A survey of the history of agricultural development in other countries, whether stimulated and controlled by the State or left to private initiative underlines the numerous hazards in the way of planned development but the alternative, that of leaving the agricultural economy of the country in its present wasteful and lop-sided condition, is too gloomy to contemplate.

#### Curbing Opportunism

While contemplating—or resigning ourselves to—another term of Congress rule, it is necessary to take thought for the future. However often quoted a truism it is, there is no gainsaying

that all power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. The Congress High Command itself is not unaware of the position as evidenced by recent attempts to prescribe the qualifications which must be present before the party "ticket", the much-prized passport to advancement, is issued. How far this will be effective in eliminating the blatant opportunist or the ambitious aspirant with elastic principles remains to be seen. Even, however, should the purge be thorough, the residue will contain much base metal against a little gold. But this is the price of democracy and payment cannot be evaded.

From Earl Attlee down to the youngest student of political science, the opinion is unanimous that for the successful functioning of a democracy, the Party system of government is a *sine qua non* and for the successful functioning of the party system, two parties are necessary, the Government and the Opposition. We have only one party now. Attempts have been tentatively made to get the small and, by their very size, weak, political parties to unite under a common leadership so as to be able to at least give a challenge to the Government with a view to capture power. These attempts have failed and it is neither surprising nor regrettable. For, in politics, a coalition is doomed from its very birth; its strength is that of the weakest of its components. The only alternative which holds out any reasonable hope of success is the formation of a new party.

#### New Party

The need is, therefore, for a party with a programme. It need not necessarily have a different target; indeed, the goal of all parties is the same. The difference lies in the methods to attain the goal and there is little profit in sticking to labels or holding on to doctrinaire assumptions. Or, even in opposing just for the sake of opposing. The new party

can define its policy, and set down the methods it proposes to follow to achieve prosperity. It can, for a start, point out the flaws in the Congress Plan, draw attention to the over-optimistic expectation in some parts of it and the glossing over of some of its major perils.

We shall conclude with a quotation from a leading article in *Capital*: "Such expensive fads as the *Ambar Charkha* and Prohibition will cost the country dearly, yet nobody can seriously maintain that they are sound economic contributions to India's development. Prohibition can be expected to waste Rs. 200 crores of revenue for the next five years. It would be tiresome to express this in terms of steel plants, railway wagons, machine tools or even schools and hospitals, which will have to be forgone. But such is the price the country seems to be prepared to pay to satisfy the whim of a few Congress faddists". A high price indeed and one that is being expended for achieving nothing.

(Continued from page 18)

Still, most unions contracted are love marriages. The bureaus strongly advocate them and most parents, who before the war seldom considered the factor of love in matchmaking, are willing to go along with that they regard as the modern, if "over-sentimental," trend.

So thankful are most couples for the services of the government bureaus that almost all return from time to time—usually with their children—to see their counsellor Cupids. Moreover, annual picnics are held at which couples matched by the various bureaus meet in happy reunion with the matchmakers.

The municipal bureaus are at present faced with considerable private competition. Since the war, about 60 private agencies have sprung up in Tokyo.

## G. B. S.—A STUDY

By C. L. R. SASTRI

**M**OST considerable English authors started in life as journalists. It was quite appropriate, therefore, that Shaw should have commenced his journalistic career in the hospitable columns of the *Saturday Review*: it was, when one comes to think about it, as good a jumping-off place for his future marvellous success as any other, and a much better jumping-off place than most others. For from that tiny acorn have grown such giant oaks as *St. Joan*, *Man and Superman*, and *Back to Methuselah*.

Though Mr. Shaw had been many things in his time he will, there is no doubt, be remembered chiefly as a dramatist, and as dramatist who broke entirely new ground in the theatre. To him largely belongs the credit of inaugurating what has been called the "play of ideas" or the "discussion-drama". Stated in such bald terms, of course, it may very well be a fruitful source of confusion. It can hardly be that, before his advent, plays had been completely devoid of ideas or the discussion of them. The English theatre could not have been as deplorably bad as all that. Nor can I bring myself to believe that every sentence of Mr. Shaw is brimful of lofty sentiments. It is one thing to laud a man for certain brilliant and timely innovations: it is quite another to praise him without discrimination and to label even his geese as swans. Besides—although, to be fair to him, this has been done by him on more than one occasion—it is rather difficult to visualise a play that is so full of the Agatian cogitabundities of cogitation. It cannot be a play, pro-

perly so called, if it is overflowing with

"Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language  
and escaped".

#### Influence On The English Stage

There must, if I may say so, be a teeny-weeny framework of action within which those tremendous cerebrations can find full scope for functioning. Shaw, I must confess, confutes me here with his *Getting Married*. Like the Cheshire cat which has been said to be all grin and not enough of cat, that play is all discussion and not enough of play. That does not, however, invalidate my contention that the primary duty of a play is to be as compact of action as possible—without any noticeable detriment to its copious cornucopia of ideas; and this in spite of what that profound scholar, Mr. F. L. Lucas, deems fit to say on the subject in his book on Tragedy:

"With primitive man, to think is to act; with his rather more civilised successors, to think is at least to speak; but today the human feelings we dwell on are often submerged in silence, often in subconsciousness. At crises men gaze into the fire, with perhaps a few inadequate sentences. What they are thinking only the novelist can tell us; and he does, to endless length. But the dramatist finds it hard to control this crowded traffic of our congested souls." (Antique mine)

I am, frankly, a heretic in this matter. Mr. Somerset Maugham administers the *coup de grace* to the idolisation of Mr. Shaw as the innovator of the discussion-drama. In his revealing autobiography, *Summing Up*, he has no hesitation in saying that the influence of Shaw on the English stage of today has well-nigh been devastating. He further opines that Mr. Shaw succeeded on

the stage, *not because* he was a dramatist of ideas, *but because* he was a dramatist. Mr. Maugham is himself a dramatist of considerable repute and, as such, has a peculiar right to be heard in this connection. I worship Shaw like most persons, but worship him "this side idolatry". I am certain that he has not written a slovenly sentence in all his life; but I am certain also that he has written many that he need not have written. His Preface to what he himself regards as his finest play, *Man and Superman*, is, judged by whatever standard, a wonderful piece of workmanship. It is my considered opinion, however, that it would have been an even more wonderful piece of workmanship if he could have brought himself to delete huge chunks from it. One does not wish to mention it, of course, but one *does* get bored now and then by his endless divagations. The amusing story has been told of Swinburne flinging himself on the floor at Dr. Jowett's feet and exclaiming: "Master, I have never thanked you enough for cutting four thousand lines from 'Bothwell'."

Congenitally prolific writers like Shaw would do well to remember it when they are in the throes of composition. Coming back to the play of ideas it may interest my readers to note what that eminent dramatic critic of the *London Times*, the late Mr. A. B. Walkley, has to say on Mr. Shaw's contribution to it:

"It is better not to enter into so dangerously controversial a subject as the value of Mr. Shaw's criticism of life; nor is there any need, seeing that he fails to express it in terms of drama. The essential law of the theatre is thought through emotion. No character exhibits real emotion in those fascinating exercises in dialectic which Mr. Shaw miscalls plays."

#### His Dictum

Mr. Shaw, undoubtedly, was a lord of utterance: he wrote like one that had been inspired. Curiously enough, he always passionately disavowed

any intention of becoming a stylist, properly so called: he denied having added even a single cubit to his stature in this line by taking thought: there had never, it appears, been any heart-rending struggle for the *mot juste* in the Flaubertian connotation of the term. On the other hand, we are strenuously asked to believe that words came to him, more or less, "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art": they were there to be picked up, and he picked them up. To put it differently, he scorned to be a votary in the shrine of *l'art pour l'art*. Conscious effort rarely formed part of his writing technique. With him the idea was always more important than the vehicle for it, and he gave expression to the view that, provided the idea is there in the first instance and that it is not too catch-penny, the vehicle for it will be forthcoming in due course and without much expense of spirit in a waste of effort. It is clear from all this that in the eternal battle between "matter" and "manner" he elected to throw his whole weight (none too inconsiderable) on the side of the former.

Shaw puts his case thus:

"Effectiveness of assertion is the alpha and omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none: he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him. Disprove his assertion after it is made, yet its style remains."

He proceeds:

"Darwin has no more destroyed the style of Job or of Handel than Martin Luther destroyed the style of Giotto. All the assertions get disproved sooner or later; and so we find the world full of magnificent debris of artistic fossils, with the matter-of-fact credibility gone clear out of them, but the form still splendid. And that is why the old masters play the deuce with our mere susceptibles. Your Royal Academician thinks he can get the style of Giotto without Giotto's beliefs and correct his perspectives into the bargain. Your man of letters thinks he

can get Bunyan's or Shakespeare's style without Bunyan's conviction or Shakespeare's apprehension, especially if he takes care not to split his infinitives." (Preface to *Man and Superman*.)

There is, of course, a lot to be said for this view of the matter; and, even if anything can be advanced against it, Mr. Shaw would still have won his point by the simple fact of his own illustrious example. Mr. Shaw wished to prove that art is principally didactic and that it can afford to dispense with all frills and fubelows, with all merely adventitious aids to expression. It is true that he himself never lacked a message—a red-hot message—to impart and that, while striving to impart it, his mind never ceased to burn with hard gem-like flame: he was the most didactic writer of his generation. Did he not, for instance, confess somewhere his whole-hearted preference for "the cart and the trumpet"? We, however, do not go to him now for the purely doctrinal content of his plays and prefaces and pamphlets: we go to him for his delightful style, for the fascinating manner in which he propagates those doctrines. Shaw's English prose is so seductively beautiful that it is really difficult for us to believe that, once the substance of those doctrines had been decided upon, his books wrote themselves. Writing is an art like another. If anything it is the most difficult art of all. It has its own rigours, if also its own ardours. There are some well-defined courses of study for the other arts; and, with all these, surprisingly few persons are ever able to make a name for themselves. In regard to style, however, there are no recognised text-books, the guiding hand is nowhere distinctly seen. The writer has nothing for it but to fall back, in the last resort, upon his own resources; and to make his spoon or spoil his horn, according to circumstances. Shaw, nevertheless, is entitled to his views; but let me venture to suggest that his own example in-

controvertibly belies his precept.

#### Belief In Supermen

It is only fair to note here that nothing in this world is perfect and that Shaw was not an impeccable artist in words. The late Mr. Dixon Scott of the *Manchester Guardian* once came down heavily upon him in the matter of his idiosyncracies of style.

For want of space I have been compelled to omit all reference to the interesting and instructive theses embedded in *Man and Superman* and in *Back to Methuselah*. Shaw believes in supermen: I do not. We have been condemned to see some supermen in our time: they have gone the way of "the many Ninevehs and Hecatempoli". Shaw performed not a few astonishing somersault in his political convictions; and one of these has been his mystifying recantation of his old full-blooded faith in democracy in favour of an unstinted glorification of dictatorship. His play, *Geneva*, and, to a lesser extent, his play, *The Apple-cart*, fully bear me out on this point. His *Battler* and his *Bombardonne* are now less than the dust beneath the chariot-wheels of that much-despised human being, "the man in the street". In *Man and Superman* he gave full rein to his pet notion that, in this eternal amorous game, it is not, as is commonly supposed, the man who pursues the woman but the woman the man. In his previous play, *You Never Can Tell*, we had been given a rather piquant foretaste of this same pet notion of his. Gloria in the earlier drama and Ann in the later throw all womanly delicacy to the four winds when they find that their men are about to give them the slip. I think Shaw did well to put "woman" in her place: of late she has been getting a bit above.

But no one, I am certain, can have any wish to put Shaw in *his* place. Others abide our question: he is free. He was his own superman come to life.

## MESSAGE FROM THE SILENT

By PADMA KRISHNAMURTHY

**J**ULIE lay at my feet, while I sat at my writing table. There was a letter before me. It was from my husband, and bore the usual brilliant blue 'Par Avion' overseas label. Today the letter was thick, and if size was any criterion of my happy feelings, I was immensely pleased with the unusual thickness. I went through page after page of loving nonsense, kindness, enquiry, news, and on the eighth page it ended. I was wrong. It didn't end, for there was a long post-script which ended abruptly. As I finished reading it, my spine ached, my spirits sank, and my brain was consumed by an anger that threatened to rupture it.

I felt the remark with which the letter concluded was mean and nasty. Tears pricked my eyes. With undue haste I wiped away my tears. I didn't want anyone to see me in that state with his letter. Julie sniffed my mood and offered her sympathy by licking my feet. I pulled out the letter-pad and pen, and started writing. Words fraught with anger poured out. I completed the first paragraph, and launched into the second one, when, Julie sniffed once again and demanded attention.

"Get out, and what the . . .", I could not finish what I had intended saying, as I saw her brown beseeching eyes looking up at me, while her long tongue lolled out and her tail wagged vigorously. I could have hit her for irritating and disturbing me at this moment. I could have—but, I couldn't. One more look at her eyes, and I felt small for entertaining such a violent thought. There was a pause. She had sensed my feelings and had nosed her way into my lap. My hand reached out to caress her.

"You know what, Julie? The letter

from that master of yours was a mean one—a damn mean one," I repeated with emphasis. "In the letter I wrote last to him, I never did write anything but ask him as to how he spent his money, and ended up by requesting him to be more careful. Was it wrong of me to do so? I suppose I should not talk on that subject at all, as he earns the money for the house, while my job is to look after everyone and make them comfortable. Knowing him, why did I write so stupidly to him? Say something? Don't keep gazing at me and wagging your tail in that silly fashion," I chided her.

All she did was to wag her tail more vigorously. My concentration was shattered. I found it impossible to proceed with my train of thought or with my letter that I had started off in such haste. I sat pondering as to how one answered a letter of that type—a harmless remark misconstrued to mean a deliberate hurt. The letter had terminated with, "I know you will write back apologetically saying you never meant to hurt. Please don't make a scene. I am completely put off." How ever did one approach a person who was "put off" without creating a scene? The more I thought about it all, the more puzzled I became.

I looked down at Julie in the vain hope that I could find an answer. If she could speak, she would probably provide some solution. She remained silent. All was silence, and the silence possessed of an elasticity, stretched out a little more with the passage of every minute. Silence? An idea! My brain took the cue. Why not ignore that part of the letter and remain silent? I would have no further correspondence on the subject, and with that, the subject would die a natural death. The idea sounded

sane. On second thoughts I felt it did not offer a proper solution to the problem. He was a type who demanded constant affection, and in this case it amounted to complete attention. He was one who hated to see me silent. Silence on my part was mistaken to mean inattention. What was the proper amount of attention without exactly bordering on the inattention. I ruminated. It was an extremely difficult task of locating the invisible, hair's-breadth borderline of demarcation between the two. There was the possibility that I could overstep the limit either way and create further trouble for myself.

My thoughts plied on ruthlessly but were futile. I found no solution. I stared at the wall in front of my table. The stark whiteness of it hurt my eyes, and made me lower my gaze on to the table. I looked at the print of a Chinese painting below the glass top of the table. The soft muted green tones in the print soothed my eyes. I liked the way the fishes were painted with sure bold strokes. I peered a little closer. There were other lines, not so clear and not as sure as the ones I had observed at first superficially. Small unsure strokes that made sure bold lines of definition possible. The line of definition meant a clear line of demarcation. I was amazed at the sensitive perception of the artist. The fish could have been just another part of the paper—yet another piece of blank vacancy. I wondered if the artist could have defined my trouble and advised me on a bold line, which would demarcate and furnish the sure finishing touch to my problem. I speculated as to what he would have said with that inborn simple Chinese wisdom of his. Through the ages, and through the barriers of time, I felt I could hear his soft and songorous voice say: "There are two things in life. The first is, what you see; and the second, what you should see. When once you have completed these two processes, you can proceed with

faith in your heart and sincerity in your purpose. The bold line of definition will follow automatically."

I felt I could understand vaguely what he meant, but it seemed so general a statement, that it would be impossible for me to apply it in this particular case. I looked down at Julie and pondered if she could follow either. She twitched her eyes and gave me another of those prolonged looks which infuriated me. "You dumb little nit-wit, there are only three things that you can do, and right now I feel like cutting your throat . . .", I raged at her. A pair of liquid eyes was lifted towards me with a little more of devotion in them. If her eyes could convey what she wanted to tell me they did so. They seemed to say "Murder and all, so be it. I shall still love you."

"Of all the . . . You wretch! why couldn't you have spoken earlier?" Admonishing her, I reached for my pen. I got her idea. I now clearly understood what the artist could have meant. I started the letter afresh. I opened up very lovingly, pursued the topic in a casual vein, and finished by apologising that it was only through a lot of misunderstanding that I could hope to learn a little more. I claimed I was dull and lacked perception and winded up entreating my husband to guide me, with a plea for a little more of patience on his part. Every word I penned was sincere, and I felt hopeful and confident. The paragraph was short, concise and adequate. The letter was completed with ease. My heart felt lighter and happy.

"Julie? I wish I had a tail that wagged as loyally, a long pink tongue that knows the value of pleasant silences, and a heart as big as yours. I fervently wish I could be a dog like you," I remarked.

"In the next birth?" she gaped questioningly with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No. I'd like to be one this minute," I concluded gruffly.

# KEY TO SOUTH AFRICAN FREEDOM

By FENNER BROCKWAY

**T**HE three British Protectorates in South Africa are of the first importance in the strategy of the struggle for human equality. Basutoland and Swaziland are territories within the race-divided South African Union. Bechuanaland lies between the Union and Southern Rhodesia, which also practises much racial discrimination and segregation.

A British Government planning to end the colour bar would strive to make the Protectorates examples of African opportunity and equality. I can think of nothing which would do more to break down discrimination in the Union and Southern Rhodesia.

Unhappily for six years Bechuanaland, because of the banishment of Seretse Khama, has been regarded throughout Africa and even in distant parts of the world as a symbol of the colour bar. Seretse and Ruth Khama have now been allowed to return, though as private citizens.

I have no doubt that Seretse was right to accept this limitation for two reasons. First, because with the growth of democracy chieftainships are becoming of less significance. Second, because the discovery of minerals in Bechuanaland will create such big economic issues that traditional status will no longer dominate the people's minds. Seretse can play a progressive part in the momentous political and economic changes which are approaching.

## Courageous New Lines

These political and economic developments are not particular to Bechuanaland. They also affect Basutoland and Swaziland. If they are treated on courageous new lines the maintenance of *apartheid* in the

South African Union will be very difficult.

In answer to questions which Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn and I put in the House of Commons recently, Commander Alan Noble of the Commonwealth Relations Office said that it is the policy of the British Government to encourage representative institutions in the Protectorates, but at present only on a local level. He said the formation of Legislative Councils would be premature.

That is always said by the British Government when democratic legislatures are first demanded by dependent peoples. There are now both African and European *Advisory* Councils in the three territories, but this will not satisfy the peoples for long. The Basutos, organised in a strong National Congress are already demanding an elected Legislature, and it is likely that they will be given some executive power in strictly Basuto matters. But it is still the policy of the Government to say "Hands Off" on any issues which affect Europeans.

That is not an example to the South African Union: it accepts the basis of racial separation. Only democratic inter-racialism with equal rights for people as human beings will challenge *apartheid*.

## People's Demand

The people of the Protectorates have the great fear that they will be incorporated in the Union. How sensitive they are to this danger is shown by the strong protests being made in Basutoland and Swaziland against the appointment of two South African born Resident Commissioners. Britain is pledged not to hand over

the Protectorates without consultation, but "Consultation" is not enough: the Africans of Central Africa were handed over to European domination after consultation, but not with consent. The peoples of the Protectorates are beginning to realise that only when they have self-Government will they be able to refuse consent absolutely. They will do that so long as *apartheid* persists in the Union.

The Protectorates are now on the eve of economic developments which make political progress more urgent. Otherwise they will find themselves under foreign industrial domination.

Uranium and diamonds have been found in Swaziland, iron ore and varied minerals in Bechuanaland. Concessions are now being negotiated with European companies.

The danger is that the compound and shack town conditions in Johannesburg will be repeated. From the very beginning, model housing plans, high standard minimum wages, and opportunities to learn skilled work should be introduced.

Mineral rights belong either to the tribal authorities or, in the case of Basutoland, to the Government. It is indicative of the gulf between people and the administration that the Basutos resent the Government ownership. In Bechuanaland a

Khama signature will be necessary to legalise concessions. They will give Seretse and Tshekedi the opportunity to insist upon proper safeguards.

One would like to see the minerals, and particularly the uranium, developed by public corporations in trust for the peoples; at the least, the concessions to the companies should be short-term so as to permit the people themselves to take over when they are ready. The concessions should guarantee Trade Union organisation and recognition, good wages, and training in skilled work and management for the African workers.

Accompanying these changes must come education. We should challenge South Africa's racial education by the best schools from the primary level to a University for all three territories. It would cost a lot? I would start a world fund for the purpose, claiming the support of all who believe that the human family is inter-racial and that *apartheid* must be defeated for the sake of the future of all.

In these ways, political, industrial and educational, the Protectorates could become the hope of freedom and a good life throughout the South African scene. Their influence would make for the emancipation of millions of Africans, and thousands of Indians, now existing in humiliation. Is it not worth attempting?

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## MEN AND IDEAS

## SISMONDI

By V. RAJAN

COMING from the Classical School himself, Sismondi persisted in claiming loyalty to Adam Smith, but he had never been a meek disciple of the great Scotchman. Among the earliest to revolt from the philosophy and ethics of classical economists, this French writer acted as a time-bomb. He had been one of the pioneers of the humanitarian social reform and of the Historical School who began his career as an ardent supporter of economic liberalism. As an economist, he represented the humanitarian protest against the dominant orthodoxy of his time. He was the first economist who realised that the 'tragedy of workers was too deep for tears'. He had been an ardent critic of the modern capitalistic system. Interested in social reform, he insisted that political economy could not stand as the science of wealth; it must be reconstructed as the art of augmenting national welfare. He was one of the first theorists to discuss the economic crisis, and to him must be credited that undeveloped form of the 'exploitation and underconsumption theory.'

## Critic Of Overproduction

Sismondi had seen the world urging from every quarter to produce more, and cheaply too. The overproduction which so haunted Sismondi, was a general over-production of all commodities and not relative to certain things only. Over-production for Sismondi was on the same vicious and disgusting level as any physical excess like drunkenness and those who are guilty should be despised accordingly. He seemed of all economists most obsessed by over-production. There was another side of the picture, namely the theory of

under-consumption. The labourer's poverty placed him at a disadvantage in bargaining with the employer and made for a labour contract unfavourable to the former; and the resulting inadequate buying power of the masses prevented sales from being profitable by causing a dropping off in effective demand. On the basis of this theory he elaborated the doctrine that there should be a necessary equilibrium between production and consumption for the economic process to continue; for, the nations could be ruined either by spending too much or too little. Under capitalism the market is soon glutted with goods produced in excess of effective demand. Economic crisis, he conceived, thus arise as an automatic by-product of capitalistic system. In fact it was against this theory of Sismondi that J. B. Say directed the devastating criticism of his Law of Markets according to which the aggregate demand is identical with the aggregate supply.

## Free Economy and Govt. Interference

Sismondi dealt at length about the necessity of *laissez-faire* and the folly of government interference which sows the seeds of disruptive tendencies. When commerce is left free, he asserted, "all men, in seeking their own interest incessantly tend to serve the national interest." But the unlimited competition as a basic principle of economic organisation implies the justification of a struggle of all against society and the sacrifice of the interests of humanity to the simultaneous action of all those who are inspired by greed. Moreover, as it is not merely the accumulation of wealth that matters but the control and direction of wealth to secure the increase

of happiness, the blessedness of competition (unlimited) vanishes; *laissez-faire* tends to incredible suffering, as evils flow from unrestrained competition as evidenced in the excessive production of goods for which there cannot be any demand and it is therefore essential that there should be a large measure of government intervention. Thus, he was also the first apostle of State interventionism.

Sismondi opposed interventions which lead to evil consequences. According to him the adoption of mechanical processes leads to Man losing his intelligence and bodily vigour and all that he gains is increased power to produce wealth. The normal effect of inventions is to diminish the labour demanded, and thereby make the country poorer. Such a state of affairs, he described as a degraded one. He therefore cursed the doctrine of the division of labour and the invention of manufactures as the rock on which the human race had made its ship-wreck.

While other economists applauded the new industrial order, Sismondi had felt merely alarm, and had summoned the friends of humanity to assist "in retarding the social chariot which, in its accelerated course, seems to be on the point of plunging us into the abyss."

Whenever demand for consumption surpasses the means of production, any new discovery is a benefit for society, because it provides the means of satisfying existing needs. On the contrary, wherever production is fully sufficient for consumption any similar discovery is a calamity. So the market must first be extended, in order that there should be room for invention. Modifying this, Sismondi contended that when an invention extends the market by putting the commodity at the disposal of a poorer class, it is beneficial. Sismondi moreover declared explicitly that he was not opposed to the process of mecha-

nisation under the only condition that it should entail a reduction of the workload of the people, and that it should not lead to the opulence of a few, while the masses toil and suffer.

## The Population Problem

With regard to population, that apple of discord which Malthus lightly tossed to the economists, Sismondi's views are original. Population, he held, was limited by revenue. The vital thing on which population depends is the demand for labour. Given employment and an assured revenue, people will marry and have children. "Population is an advantage only when each man is sure of finding an honest living by his own labour." But the vice of the new society is that there is no security as to the worker's revenue, and the worker being deceived as to his position; children are born for whom there is no provision. Excessive population is the offspring of instability, which itself is the offspring of over-production and of all the devilish inventions of the era of the Industrial Revolution.

Thus Sismondi's emphasis is on the social ramifications of the economic system rather than on its structure. Like the early socialists, and in particular Robert Owen, he had anticipated much of the criticism that the later generation poured on the capitalistic system evolved in Western Europe.

Though on the one hand it would be easy to collect a number of socialist sentiments from his works, we find that on the other he never reached socialism, for, true to the teachings of his master Smith, Sismondi insisted on the necessity for private property. And at the same time it would be folly to ignore his influence on later socialist writers. He is to be classed as a limited individualist and he is the precursor of the German economists, known as 'Socialists of the chair.'

## Short Story

By Zak Konfino

**"I DECEIVED MY WIFE"**

An awful thought flashed through my mind like lightning and struck me speechless.  
Of course I'm married too . . .

A MIDDLE-AGED man, carelessly dressed, rather unsure of himself, diffident in manner and with eyes which, like a child's, seen constantly to be asking a question or seeking something, entered my office and slumped into the chair I had waved him to. He was almost tongue-tied by embarrassment when I asked him what had brought him to me. At length he found the strength to murmur:

"I've deceived my wife."

I've never been consulted by a patient in such a difficulty. At first I thought the man had come to me by mistake.

"But," I said, "I'm an asthma specialist."

"You're a writer too," he rejoined.

This was something new. I had never observed any special enthusiasm in my patients over this combination of professions.

"And a humorist as well," I added.

"That's just why I've come to you."

In a moment I saw my prospects in the rosiest light. Here at last was a branch of medicine in which I should be unique. And I mobilized all my faculties to prove to this poor devil, and through him to the whole world, that this new branch of medicine, which I might call my own, could be of genuine benefit to mankind.

"Well, now . . . I suppose you haven't caught anything."

"Oh no," he replied shuddering, almost staggered by my question. Evidently this possibility had never occurred to him.

"Did your wife or anyone else find you out?"

"No."

"Has this woman got you mixed up in an international spy ring or criminal gang?"

"What?! . . . Of course, you have the right to ask. One can never tell. No, fortunately she hasn't."

"Does she want you to leave your wife?"

"No."

"Do you hate or loathe your wife because of her?"

"On the contrary; I've always loved my wife, and I simply adore her now."

Obviously I was out of luck. If only I had hit the target with at least one question! All this, however, had the effect of thawing my patient. Was it because his case seemed to him to be exceptional? Because there are such cases.

"I'd say you've repented," I said.

"Yes. Deeply."

"Well, then everything is all right."

"But it isn't, doctor, it isn't! Something quite unheard-of happened to me. I deceived my wife accidentally, unintentionally, with a woman whom I don't love, whom I hardly know, who doesn't attract me in the least . . . !"

He stopped and fixed his eyes on me. Then he resumed.

"Let me begin from the beginning."

This was his story:

He has lived an ideal married life for ten years. His wife was a model of perfection. They lived in a detached house in the suburbs. He was a typical absent-minded professor, a mathematician. She was the most perfect housewife in the world, a woman who, as he said, "made me

generally fit for life" (whatever he meant by that), and they had two sweet children. Those ten years had been ten years of happiness and harmony, ten years of tenderness and devotion.

But one day . . .

As it usually happens in these stories, one day the woman came upon the scene. A friend, a dear friend of his wife's called on them. What did she look like? He was sorry, but he was unable to describe her. He hadn't cast even one good look at her; he hadn't exchanged ten words with her during the whole visit; he didn't know the colour of her eyes. She had come, and she had been a nuisance, that was all he could say. But he hadn't wished to spoil his wife's pleasure, for they had been friends from childhood and had really loved each other.

And then, one day . . . one day the professor's wife left home for the whole day. She had some business to attend to, and was kept away till evening. Her friend looked after the children and did the cooking and cleaning. And then it happened . . .

"How? Why? Who had started it?"

All these were questions which the professor was unable to answer. Anyway it had happened, there was no doubt about that, and afterwards, having pulled himself together, he left the room, without another glance at his guest, nor had she looked at him for that matter—at least he supposed so—and afterwards everything continued as though nothing had happened. Of course, no one knew anything and no one ever would . . .

"Well, then everything is all right," I said, trying to restore the man's peace of mind.

"Unfortunately, it isn't. And it never will be," sighed the professor, shaking his head.

"But why not?" I asked.

"Because, doctor, now I realize that my wife could deceive me too."

"But why should she deceive you?"

"Why shouldn't she? Is there any

earthly reason why I deceived her? Oh, if there only were! But there is absolutely none. If this woman had at least lured me on! Or if she were an irresistible beauty! If she were even a flirt or an abandoned woman! But she is none of these things. Just a married woman like I'm a married man. Believe me, I'm not the kind of man who goes about looking at women. And I'd say our guest is not a woman who goes about looking at men. Still, it happened. That's what gives me no peace, don't you understand? Because it follows quite logically, with mathematical exactness, that in a given set of circumstances my wife might do the same thing . . . I've had no peace since. I've lost sleep and I can't eat, and during lessons I'm always fighting hallucinations. I have a fixed idea: my wife might be unfaithful to me . . ."

"But why should you imagine such a thing?"

"Well, look at it like this. I'm a professor. My wife knows my timetable and could easily deceive me without any fear of being caught out."

"Who with, for instance?"

"With any man. I'm sure of her only when she's by my side. But even then there is only one thought in my mind, and I'm always searching her words, her gestures, her eyes, the expression of her face for any sign that she has already deceived me."

"But why should she deceive you, man?"

"Why shouldn't she?" he asked in despair. "Why not, when it is all so simple? You're a doctor and a writer; prove I'm wrong. Or . . . perhaps as a humorist you could show me the funny side! I leave it to you to cure me. I only want one thing: I want my peace of mind back, I want my happiness again . . . !"

To tell the truth, not only I, but the three of us—the doctor, the wri-

ter and the humorist in me—began to sweat over it.

"But don't you see, your wife is quite calm and composed. Haven't you thought about that? And why is she like that? Because she doesn't suspect you of deceit. It doesn't enter her head that you could ever do such a thing. And you on your part should also . . ."

"But at that moment a stab of pain shot through me. An awful thought

flashed through my mind like lightning and struck me speechless. Of course, I'm married too . . . If things can happen as easily as that, there's no reason at all why my wife shouldn't . . ."

"Would you mind coming back tomorrow? I'll think your case over till then," I told my patient as I hurried him out of my office.

Then I locked up and rushed home to see what my wife was doing.

## I MET RAJAJI

How great is Rajaji  
The opponent of B. C. G.!  
I thrilled to listen to the old Guard  
Reeling back his tape-record.

'Twas when he showed 'The Way out'  
In '42 that I, though staid,  
Fell for him out and out  
Like Hafiz for his green maid!

As he soared higher and higher  
I bowed lower and lower;—  
My admiration grew and grew  
Like the kick in th'illicit brew.

I undertook when he retired  
A one-hour fast unto death:  
What gave me back my breath  
Was his come-back like one inspired.

His Suez talks gave me courage  
To hail him the Chanakya of our age:  
'With unerring aim you've smashed the  
West

Come nearer home and help us to wrest  
Our freedom full: Goa's a vexatious wart  
The Kashmir issue's like a poisoned dart  
Only your razor-mind can cut and cure  
These septic sores; and your brain sure  
Can stop the spiralling cost  
Of Living,—for all would be lost  
If you can't devise a gadget  
To balance a three hundred-rupee budget  
On a seventy-rupee income. O leader  
fond  
Lead us out of this slough of despond!"

A pregnant pause: I could hear his great  
brain

Whirring—(or perhaps 'twas the distant  
electric train)—

The dark glasses glowed so bright  
That I very nearly got a fright

As his words lashed out: 'You should  
have known

That I'm a specialist who creates his own  
Problems before solving them. Read my  
books—

Which you haven't—to judge from your  
looks!

Then you'd understand my conclusion  
That this world is but a three-dimen-  
sional illusion!

The problems in your list  
I do not recognise as such  
And what to my mill is not grist  
Cannot in fact exist!

Leave, oh, leave me now to rehearse  
With my tape-recorder chapter and verse  
For the bright old lads of Lakshmipuram  
(Where this evening if you care to come)  
You may hear me on "Interstellar  
Radiations

As they affect Commonwealth Relations."

I fled to the park much agitated  
And on politics as an art cogitated  
Until distracted by much thought  
It became my hapless lot  
To be petrified into stone  
Silent, heart-broken, alone.

Friend, when you come singing merry as  
a lark

And see a pillared stone near Panagal  
Park

Pray take off your hat, (or turban or  
cap),

Pray shed a tear or two over my mishap  
And exclaim, (Rajaji's sleek car may just  
then tear-by)

'How hard to spot true greatness to swear  
by!'

REASONER

## New Books

### PROBLEMS IN INDIAN ECONOMICS.

By P. C. Jain. The Chaitanya Publishing House, Allahabad. Rs 11-8-0. pp. 688.

MR. P. C. JAIN needs no introduction to students of Indian Economics. As Reader in Economics of the Allahabad University and as the author of several pamphlets and articles on the problems and perils of our economy, he is eminently suited to write a comprehensive and critical text book on economic problems confronting India.

There is no aspect of the Indian economy that has not been included in this book for analysis and study. The arrangement of the various topics recalls to the mind of the discriminating reader the two volumes on Indian Economics written some years ago by Jather and Beri. But, the distinguishing feature of Prof. Jain's work is that the current questions agitating the minds of economists are etched against a background of the recent economic history of India.

The book is broadly divided into five sections: Agriculture and Co-operation; Industry and Labour; Trade, Tariffs and Transport; Currency, Banking and Finance and Public Finance and Planning.

By far the most interesting chapters of the book are the ones dealing with various aspects of the present Government's economic policy and the Five Year Plans. Of the much boosted Community Projects Scheme to which Congressmen look up for the economic salvation of India, the learned Professor says that the scheme has not made adequate provision for the absorption of landless agricultural labourers, does not pay due attention to the setting up of rural industries for providing subsidiary employment to agricultural workers and does not attempt to solve the problems of land like the

fragmentation of holdings. He has also correctly emphasised the need for the adoption of Family Planning as part of the Community Projects Scheme. He says that "unless this is done there can be no possible hope of satisfactorily solving the complex problems which face India's rural population," and that "an increase in the standards of living of the rural population would be possible only if production is increased and the growth of population is checked."

About deficit financing as the instrument for economic growth, the author feels that its adoption on a large scale without the ability on the part of the administration to exercise suitable control on wages and prices will produce conditions in which inflationary trends will develop with all the perils inherent in cheap money.

In his candid study of the principal features of the Second Five Year Plan, Professor Jain points out a number of mistakes made by the planners. He says that "the Public Sector has been expanded too much without the State possessing adequate resources in money, technical skill, initiative and enterprise." He has also rightly pointed out that "the Private Sector has been called upon to produce specified amounts of certain commodities without supplying suitable sinews to it in the shape of finance or relief from regressive taxation." His criticism that "it is basically wrong to impose a cess on large scale industries or to limit their total output at a certain level so that the village and small scale industries may get a sort of protection" reflects his realism.

The book is stuffed with a plethora of statistics and tables. But some of the figures given are not national in scope. For instance, the discussion the Multi-Purpose Projects does not

mention anything about the schemes in the important southern states like Madras, Andhra and Mysore.

The book is free from printer's devil. The get-up is far above the average Indian standard. But the price seems a bit too high.

We hope that the book will prove very popular with students and others interested in Indian Economics.

N. R. N.

#### THE SECOND FIVE YEAR PLAN

(A Symposium). Issued by the Director of Information and Publicity, Madras, Two Annas.

**W**ORRIED over the question of making the people plan-conscious AIR, Madras, recently hit upon the idea of broadcasting a series of talks spotlighting the various features and aspects of the Plan. The idea was no doubt good but then it assumed that when the announcer said, "This is All India Radio, Madras. Tonight we begin our series on the Second Five Year Plan with a talk by Mr. C. Subramaniam . . .", the listeners would not promptly switch off their sets or tune in Radio Ceylon to enjoy film-music.

The Director of Publicity probably thought that those whom AIR missed could be reached through this pamphlet which has reproduced the talks broadcast by some of the State Ministers and officials. On going through it, we are inclined to say that the talks are as gripping and interesting as talks by Ministers and officials usually are.

N. G. R.

**CHITRAKALA:** By P. R. Raju, Artist. B1-51, Pattabhinagar Colony, Guntur.

A N artist's spirit is undying, and the art in him comes out in perfection if only he is free to express himself. Very few artists in India make a good living by their works, and many live and die in want; some of them lead frustrated lives taking up jobs under unsympathetic employers. South India possesses some of

the finest of the young artists in the country. Most of them work in monotonous trades either in industry or in state service. A good many of them are idle in dire want, and yet they look to their brush with much optimism.

To this cadre belongs P. R. Raju, a product of the Madras School of Arts and Crafts, whose principal is that great artist and sculptor, Devi Prasad Roy Choudary. Raju, unlike some of his colleagues, is not without a job now, but his love for the brush is uncontrollable. His numerous works had been put on show at the exhibitions held under the auspices of the South Indian Society of Painters in Madras city; and a selection of his pictures he has now published in book form.

With an attractive cover *Chitrakala* has eleven prints of his original works. The romantic spirit in the artist is expressed through the apt choice of 'Lovers' which adorns the light yellow-tinted cover. Each of the eleven plates has titles in English and Telugu, besides a couple of lines of verse in Telugu. The best among the plates are 'Through Tortuous Tracts' (a picture of a peasant couple going for work in their farm), 'The Sulking Boudoir' (a realistic study in the moods of birds), 'Companions' (a picture of Kalidasa's Sakuntala with her deer) and the 'Longing Song.'

There is also a fine picture, 'Busy Dawn', which depicts two young maidens going to river to fetch water. It would have been better if the artist had taken some patience in properly studying the female form. Young maidens will have no beauty if they are without the charm of bashfulness, and the artist is unkind in not giving this rightful feature to the maidens in his 'Busy Dawn'.

Addition of more plates would have made "Chitrakala" more attractive. The price of this book is not mentioned.

—RAMA RAO GIDUGU.

## STATE LOANS—THE GRIM TRUTH

By S. M. R. ARUMUGAM PILLAI

**"I**T has been the four percent Madras new loan on which the axe fell rather heavily and this has taken the lead so to say." Thus observed *The Hindu* in its financial columns recently. Those of us who were watching these loan operations for the last three or four years were not surprised. What is generally done by the Government before floating a new loan is to allot targets for each district and compel the district authorities to achieve the quota by hook or by crook. The authorities mostly Tahsildars and sometimes Sub-Collectors approach the merchants and landholders and ask them to subscribe to the loan. They often plead inability. Then the Tahsildar makes some such personal persuasion as this: "Please subscribe Rs. 10,000 for my sake. All you have to pay now is Rs. 500 and the Bank would advance the balance of Rs. 9,500 at four percent. Whenever you want to get back your money you sell the loan bond in the market and take back your money. All that you may lose (if at all you lose) would be only Rs. 25 or 50 being the brokerage, the interest for the loan would be equal to the interest the Government is paying. Would you not give me Rs. 50 if I were to come for some charitable purpose? Treat it like that". Thus, when the villager has only paid Rs. 500 it is advertised as a contribution of Rs. 10,000. This way they got Rs. 13 crores and above for this loan. They can make it appear as Rs. 65 crores if they had instructed their banks to take only one percent margin. Thus a person who has paid only Rs. 500 can subscribe for a loan of Rs. 50,000 instead of Rs. 10,000 as at present. When this loan was closed, it was hailed as a great success and it was proclaimed from house tops that the Madras Government has tapped inexhaustible resources from the countryside, and

that the Madras Government's action may well be copied by other State Governments. *Indian Finance* wrote that Jeremiahs were confounded and have proved false prophets. The fact was that only 5% was subscribed and the rest was a make believe. Now the Madras loan's nose is turning white while others still retain their colour, and thus "there is a steep fall in the prices of Madras Government bonds," while other loans did not fall to that extent.

In this connection it may be noted that the State Bank is working hand in glove with the State Government to create this farce. The Banks are supposed to advance loans to parties on the security of these bonds only for genuine investment, when the party is short of funds temporarily. Year after year the Bank advances to the same parties who were forced to sell bonds at a loss subsequently. They also know fully well that the party can never hope to expect a rise in price and must sell at a loss. Then why did they advance and cause loss to the poor people?

The moral of this is clear. Every year, encouraged by the so-called success of the loans the Madras Government would be floating bigger and bigger loans (this year it was Rs. 12½ crores as against Rs. 7 crores last year) and these would be 'over-subscribed' as at present. And since the Reserve Bank could not allow the price of bonds to fall below a particular level they would be going on purchasing these bonds with created money and thus would cause more inflation.

Will the Reserve Bank in the interest of sound finance issue a directive to the banks (as they have done in the case of rice and paddy) not to advance on these bonds to defaulters and ask the banks to demand 25% margin and charge the same interest as they are charging on other Government Bonds before the rot sets in?

# APROPOS OF CHOOSING A PROFESSION

By N. GANGA RAM

**C**HOOSING a profession is as significant and momentous a task as that of choosing a wife. In doing so one has to exercise great care and judgement: for in the event of a wrong choice one may have to endure frustration, and regret having to remain a square peg in a round hole.

Until recently the blind tradition of the son following his father's profession was in vogue. A potter's son automatically became a potter and not a weaver, a soldier or a teacher. In those days the father took care to groom his young ones for his own profession right from their tender age. Happily this tradition which ignored the possibility of a potter's son being shrewd and tactful enough to become a Union Minister with or without portfolio, has now been blown to bits. Why, fathers themselves discourage it and do not want their sons also to waste their talents in the profession which from their experience they have found out to be useless: "For heaven's sake don't take to my wretched profession. I have had enough of it. I would have been a success in any other profession. You may ask me why I didn't change over to some better calling. Having been in it for a few years I didn't have the guts to leave it and begin it all over again . . . Choose any profession except mine in which I've wasted my best years . . ."

A young man wanting to choose a profession is indeed confronted with a wide variety of professions, each one appearing to be attractive and lucrative, like those of the doctor, engineer, banker, businessman, teacher, politician, black-marketeer and broker. The shining and brilliant

successes attained by well-known figures in their respective professions provide the necessary incentive and inspiration. For example, having heard of Dr. Rangachari, a youth may aspire to be a doctor; so that he can also be of service and succour to ailing humanity.

## Aptitude And Preference

There are no doubt many attractive professions but the young man will do well to choose that profession for which he has a great liking. If he examines himself he will find that he has an aptitude and preference for one profession rather than another. By taking to that profession he can be a success in life. Plato said long long ago that every man achieves his perfection by performing that work for which he is best suited by nature. To illustrate this truism with reference to a hockey stick: a hockey stick can be put to many uses, it can be used to spank somebody, to boil a kettle by using it as fuel, to drive down a nail etc. But you put it to the best and most proper use by playing hockey with it. Similarly, every one of us can dabble in some profession or other but we will be a success in that profession for which we are most gifted by nature.

Choosing a profession is one thing and qualifying for it is quite another. An youngster may have aptitude for engineering but enthusiasm is only half the battle. He will have to hurdle over many difficulties, chief of which is that of getting admission into an engineering college. To achieve this feat he will have to seek the help of wire-pullers.

## Little To Choose

Practically speaking, it has to be conceded that our young men have very little to choose and will have to take to some profession which comes their way. Whether or not they have an aptitude for it, is out of the question, as the alternative is unemployment. This explains why brilliant M.Sc.s greatly interested in research work say in Atomic Reactors heroically join S. A. S. (not the Scandinavian Air Service).

However, there is indeed a great clamour to get into what are claimed the most lucrative and dependable professions. The professions of the doctor and the engineer are the hot favourites. Equally hot are the Administrative and the Central Services. Since a University Degree is the minimum qualification prescribed, every graduate the moment he passes his exam. decides to try his hand at the competitive exam. These ambitious men seem to rely more on luck and chance than on merit and ability. They tell you, "Don't you know that Kuppuswami Iyer Kumkumswaran? I don't think you have come across a more hare-brained chap than that fellow. But presto! he is now in the Service drawing a fat salary. And so what really counts is Dame Luck. . . ." We may note that these men have occasion to regret after the event that they could have put the examination fee of Rs. 81-8 to better use.

Similarly there are some professions which are the favourites of a few unguided idealistic youth. The artistic professions like those of the musician, sculptor, the painter and writer come under this category. It is easy to get into these avocations but it will be a Herculean task to succeed in them. Take for example the journalistic profession. Every young writer who has had a few of his articles published takes it into his head that he is a born writer and that he will attain his salvation only in that

profession. He brushes aside the sound advice given by men who have tasted the bitter fruits the profession offers, and only when they have seen for themselves the realities of the profession that they regret, "After all that journalist's words are true. How I wish I had not entered this profession in which the only bright thing is the prospect of starvation! . . ."

## The Grasshoppers

There are some enterprising and adventurous souls who in case they realise they have got into a wrong profession quickly change over to some other better profession rather than stick to it and suffer. These souls seem to delight in jumping from one profession to another. They may begin their lives as UDC in the A. G.'s office but when they find pouring over dusty, dry files is not good enough for them, they bid goodbye to it and become sub-editors. And when they become fed up with this also, they go as Class II Gazetted Officers. And so they go on improving their prospects.

As somebody said, "Your profession shapes and to a great extent determines your future; hence choose the most lucrative and paying one. If you think that some influential bigwig can push you into a good profession, don't stand on prestige but seek the help of that ace wire-puller. Any amount of trouble that you may have to incur in this regard is worth it, for once you have chosen a right and bright profession the major worry in life is over and then you can comfortably settle down in life . . ."

## THE OLD MONK OF SIBERIA

There was an old monk of Siberia,  
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,  
Till he broke from his cell  
With a hell of a yell  
And eloped with the Mother Superior.

(Old Chantey)

## FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Government of India did well in arranging the shows of some of our films for the UNESCO delegates who have gathered in New Delhi. So far, three pictures are reported to have been shown to the delegates including *Pather Panchali* and *Jhanak Jhanak*. While at the screening of *Jhanak Jhanak* Shantaram, Sandhya, art director Kanu Desai and music director Vasant Desai were present, it is a pity that Satyanjit Roy could not attend the show of *Pather Panchali*.

Shantaram was introduced to the delegates and he in turn introduced his colleagues to them in a witty speech. His allusion to Kanu Desai's jail-going as a fighter for freedom and his frail body evoked laughter; he described Sandhya as the simplest star in the world who uses no make-up, no ornaments in life and prefers the colour which has become scarce in these days—white, the colour of peace. Shantaram was very happy at the appreciation shown by foreigners.

Apart from these pictures, Prithviraj's play *Pathan* was also staged at New Delhi for the UNESCO delegates and the unique documentary feature *Gautama, The Buddha* is being shown to the delegates on Saturday 24th November. The film is being also commercially released on 29th at Bombay and Calcutta. Having seen some parts of this picture, I can say with confidence that it will create a great stir because of its timely theme and its artistic beauty. This picture affords a unique opportunity to behold all the beautiful sculptures in vivid details arranged together in the pattern of the story of the Buddha and

his teachings. For the display of all art treasures of India in one film, this would have universal appeal. It is the film which UNESCO must itself undertake to show in all the countries of the world.

In addition, the Government of India is also arranging show of the feature documentary on *Folk dances of India* produced in colour on 30th November. These documentaries and feature films would give some idea of our great cultural heritage to the foreign delegates of UNESCO and the Ministry of Information is to be complimented for holding these shows.

### Personality of the Week

Gyan Mukerjee is dead. Tall, fair, bespectacled Gyan looked more like a college professor than a film director. His untimely death has removed from the film world one of the most successful and intelligent directors and scenarists.

A double graduate of Science from the Allahabad University, Gyan was associated with a magazine entitled 'Science and Culture' before he joined filmdom. And the credit for bringing him to the film world goes to the late Himansu Rai who recruited fresh graduates from the universities like S. Mukerji, Amiya, Ashok and Gyan.

Though Gyan began his career as a technician, he developed into one of the ablest screenplay writers. The first screenplay which he and Amiya jointly wrote was *Bandhan* and since then he has written many screenplays. Gyan was not quite original in his work; and that is because he never wrote any film stories. But given a good story, he could be depended upon to develop it into a fine, suspenseful screenplay. Though an intellectual, he knew that the film was a medium for mass entertainment and was brought up in Bombay Talkies and Filmistan tradition. He never tried to make films of intellectual variety. Rather he was cynical about the so-called realistic and purposeful films. He was content to be

an expert craftsman and made films for entertainment.

Though he worked diligently, he seldom mixed with the film crowd and led rather a quiet and unassuming life for a film producer, director and writer. That is why though he was associated with many hits he was the least publicized film creator. He was one of those film makers who preferred to be known by the films they made rather than by their other activities.

Gyan had been ailing for over a year now and had to give up several assignments. *Satranj* was his last production; *Sitaronce Aage* was his last directorial vehicle which he could not complete. Having seen the rushes of the portion that Gyan had shot, I can say that *Sitaronce Aage* revealed Gyan's talents at its best both as a writer and director. Under his direction Ashok was given a grand portrayal; and this picture which now would be completed by Satyen Bose was a sort of his farewell gift to the filmgoer—a gift they will treasure for long and in doing so remember Gyan for ever.

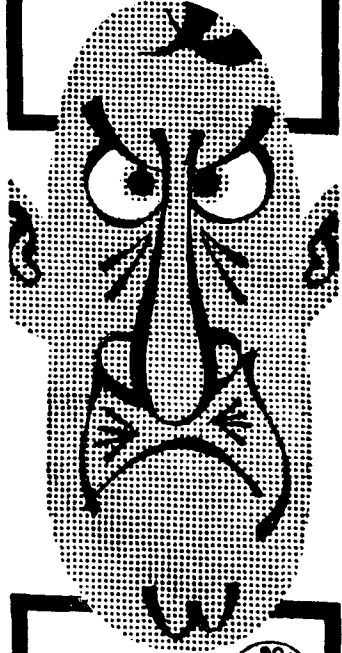
### Picture of the Week

*Shree Ganesh Virah* produced by publicist Kandi Desai is just another mythological produced in a mediocre fashion. Unlike other mythologicals, it offers a queer variety of mirth, miracle and music.

The mirth oddly enough is provided by the antics of the ferocious demon, Sindoor whom no mortal, man or animal, could kill. The birth of Ganesh heralded his downfall. But thanks to the crude and clumsy presentation, the tyranny of Sindoor looks farcical rather than awe inspiring and it never becomes serious and convincing to justify the miracles of Ganesh and the destruction of the demon through supernatural powers in the end.

If one is not a devout believer in the *Puranas* and is not bothered about the farcical treatment of a popular legend one can enjoy the

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picture for the inadvertent fun it provides. It is a mockery of the *Puranas* and as such cynics might find some fun in it. But otherwise, it is difficult to appreciate or become enthusiastic about it. The masses would especially find it difficult to relish it.

Directed by Jaswant Jhaveri without any imagination, the picture is noteworthy for the performances by Nirupa Roy and Prem Adib. Sapru and Durga Kote are completely out of form. Chitragupta's music is the saving grace of the film.

## U. S. ELECTIONS—THEN AND NOW

A veteran American newspaperman sheds tears that the elections in U. S. A. are not what they were in the good old days. He says:

Elections change in the U. S. A. They've become more sedate, some people say more sissyfied. Torchlight parades have been replaced by coffee hours. The spellbinding oratory of Byran's day has given way to TV advertising techniques.

And more than anything else, the lusty editorial, the mud-slinging epithets, the personal abuse of candidates has lessened. The campaign's been so gentlemanly that, looking back through the pages of American history and noting the way our forefathers slugged it out, you wonder whether American politics is losing its virulence.

George Washington was called a "tyrant" and a "fool," Thomas Jefferson an "infidel," Teddy Roosevelt a "pansy blossom," and a "sissy" while not later than six presidents ago Woodrow Wilson was accused of being promiscuous with lady friends.

Charges against Grover Cleveland were the most bold-faced of all. Republican enemies raised the issue of his illegitimate son, and Republican torchlight parades chanted: "Maw, maw, where's my paw? He's in the White House, haw, haw, haw."

### Campaign of Mudslinging

By Harding's day this type of mudslinging had either changed or newspapers leaned over backward to protect him. Harding, too, had an illegitimate child, but his mistress, who later wrote a book on her life with Harding, was taken to Japan during the election campaign of

1920, and her expenses paid for by the Republican National Committee. Though some newspapers had harpooned Wilson, a Democrat, none mentioned the affairs of Harding, a Republican, until after his death.

When Jefferson ran for president, Timothy Dwight, President of Yale, charged that his election would mean "lustful, moral depravity." Jefferson was described as a "thief, a coward, a libertine, an infidel, and an atheist." Cotton Mather Smith accused Jefferson of having obtained his property by fraud and of having robbed widows and orphans.

### And Washington Too

George Washington, who never campaigned for president, was earlier accused of all sorts of perfidy by two of his generals, Horatio Gates and Thomas Conway.

Andrew Jackson was accused of stealing another man's wife and making her mistress of the White House. General U. S. Grant was described as a drunk who couldn't stand up at public meetings.

James G. Blaine was called a crook, while William Howard Taft was charged with being out of his mind. And during the bitter split between Teddy Roosevelt and Taft, T. R.'s daughter, Alice, accused Taft of being a "traitor."

So, along with the vigorous name-calling of the old days, there was also an ability to forgive and forget. Tempers were out in the open. There were not many economic daggers in the back. Political boycotts and business pressures were not in vogue as they are in some areas today.

—P. G. Krishnamya's Service.

## THE MIDDLE-EAST VACUUM

By L. N. S.

WHILE the whole world is watching with mixed feelings the inception in Egypt of a 'police force' for the performance of international duties of a delicate nature, a realignment of powers is taking place beneath the surface which bids fair to set the tone and tempo of Middle-East politics for at least a generation to come. As in the nursery rhyme of 'who killed cock-robin?', everybody is claiming credit for having assisted in some as yet nebulous triumph, but calling at the same time for greater vigilance, determination etc., etc. We have taken a most supererogatory lead in this wordy bally-hoo, and are laying down the law with a sublime incomprehension of how closely the pedestal on which we have taken our stand can become in no time a penitential stool! Even Egypt is not so raucous in its demand for the withdrawal of the foreigners from her territory as we are. The quidnuncs of the West on the other hand have shown a singular taciturnity, and even specialists who mete out by the column wisdom after the event, seem to be suffering from a sort of inhibition which is symptomatic of an almost universal distaste for the shape things have assumed. Two propositions have been stated as if they are self-evident truths. These are that there is a vacuum in the Middle-East, and that there is a covert race between the U. S. and the Soviet government to forestall each other in their eagerness to fill it.

### International Interests

It is odd that the undoubted loss of prestige which Britain and France have suffered should not have automatically brought a corresponding accession of strength to Egypt. The idea of a vacuum remaining to be

filled up in the area is a timely reminder that Egypt herself cannot fill the bill—either now or at any time in the foreseeable future. The strategic situation and economic potential of the Arab world (in its homelands) are not only incapable of being capitalised by the Arabs themselves, but the use to which they may be put will depend directly on the extent to which international interests can put them to better use. In other words, if a substitute for oil were found by western scientific genius, the dependence of the West on Middle East oil would automatically cease. But the strategic importance of the Suez would still remain. If the Middle-East should gravitate towards the Soviet bloc openly as it is now doing covertly, then the Suez could come to be controlled by the requirements of Soviet diplomacy. If the West should think it not worth while to fight on that issue, then the breakaway of the East from the West would become more complete than it ever was in the days of Hiuen Tsang or Marco Polo. For at least in those remote times there were no vexatious or inquisitorial passport restrictions, and the adventurous nomad could move about the face of God's earth without let or hindrance. The sufferers from such a bisection of the world would be all the eastern nations who would then fall to the Soviet power at the latter's timing, leisurely and piece-meal!

But the fissures in the 'Arab world'—always recognised by the thoughtful students of affairs and more prominently featured just now—are such as to provide for a counterforce against the hegemony of Egypt on the one hand and the overlordship of the Soviet on the other. The

so-called Baghdad powers are a case in point. They are as much in bad odour today as their patrons, the British and French. It is all very well to denounce military pacts as leading to war; by a parity of reasoning armies and equipment prepared for national defence are no less responsible for promoting wars. But so long as the pace of development of the world's nations is unequal, and so long as there are strong and weak nations, love and fear of aggression will be very real motives. Not until a police force can effectively discharge police functions can this major fear of nations—whether great or small—be effectively exorcised.

#### Split in the Arab World

That there has been more than one rift in the Islamic lute is evident from the hostile reception given to Pakistan's spokesmen in Baghdad, as well as from the unwillingness of Nasser to accept the proffered help of Iraq and Jordan to strengthen his forces. The Arab countries live on oil, fatten on it we should say. If the flow of oil to the West should stop, apart from the fact that the West would suffer grievously by it, the Arabs themselves would be hit harder by the sudden deprivation of the Midas touch which has made the desert bloom into stream-lined, cement-concrete townships initiating the Arab primitives to the sophistications of Hollywood and the crudities of gangsterdom. Neither the U. S. nor the Soviet has a direct, economic interest in or a vital dependence on Middle-East oil. If U.S. funds should be pumped into the area under one or the other of its numerous aliases provided by philanthropic foundations, the question arises why the U. S. bungled the whole thing with that ill-fated refusal to finance the Aswan Dam? A subsidiary question also arises as to whether and how much dependence can be placed on a friendship which is cemented with dollars!

The U. S. has not improved its own reputation for impartiality by issuing a gratuitous threat against the despatch of Soviet volunteers to Egypt. It is not merely officious, but also previous and ineffective. It is patently an attempt to interfere in the affairs of a sovereign country. But it can be understood only against the continuing allergy of capitalism and communism for each other. Whether it is also a notice to Russia to stay put and not to poach in the Middle Eastern area will take some time to unravel. But it is based on the assumption that Nasser will keep faith with the U. S. or U. N. Having profited from political coquetry, he is unlikely to give it up in a hurry. In other words, the U. S. will have to take over all the liabilities and the useless assets of the Anglo-French bolstering of the northern tier of Islamic countries nearest to the communist periphery without however damming the Soviet southern push. More: As Mr. Dulles put it on another historic occasion, America must be prepared to 'go it alone' in the Middle East.

#### "Sanctions With a Vengeance"

This takes us to a consideration of the prevailing strain on Anglo-American relations. The American administration is said to be determined to make England and France eat humble pie in public and without any *hors d'oeuvres*! It is said to have cancelled all plans for supplying oil to them so long as they continue to remain in occupation of the Suez strip they captured. This is the application of sanctions with a vengeance. If only America had followed some such tactic over the Suez issue as well, the basic problem would have been solved by negotiated compromise by this time. But the present application of the screw against England and France affects also the other smaller and more innocent countries of the West, and America's impartiality would then become in-

discriminate, obtuse and unfeeling. Above all what would be the bearing of this cleavage on the prospects of the NATO alliance, the corner stone of which is furnished by U. S. ballistics?

The only power which has apparently conserved all its gains and also added to them sensationally is Russia. Hungary proved for a precarious moment likely to be a millstone round its neck. Our leader 'intervened' at the psychological moment to absolve the spiritual successors of Attila and Genghiz Khan by declaring that Russia's action in Hungary offered no parallel to the attack on Egypt. He has since made another somersault, and condemned the very people whom he commended the other day. How facilely do even Right and Wrong wait like humble suppliants at the beck and nod of our *non pareils*! He has also been hailed as the awakened conscience of common mankind; if so it has to be admitted that it suffers from an unfortunate proneness to sleep more often than to keep awake.

But taking a general over-all view of the situation both in the Middle-East and farther afield, the cleavage between America and England will facilitate the mounting of the next wave of communist expansion in the Middle East, and America can do nothing about it. That is if, as widely presumed, England and France are definitely fading out of the picture. This is at best debatable, at worst wishful thinking.

#### Indian Policy

As far as we in this country are concerned, the danger to us from a frustrated Pakistan is very real. Nasser's reported rebuff of the Pakistani high-ups is to be offset by Egypt's refusal to have anything to do with the Baghdad Pact powers. The effectiveness of the latter for concerted and concentrated action is non-existent. Pakistan has plenty of

grievances against us—Kashmir being but the most scarifying of them. We have been side-tracking some of the directives of the UN itself over that affair. If the US should succeed in putting some sort of 'teeth' into the Police force now getting into shape and stand in Egypt and it delivers the goods, then we have the most reason to dread it. For the UN would turn to us and ask us to obey directive given nearly ten years ago! We cannot flout the UN, we dare not obey it with the even chance of Kashmir slipping through our fingers before our very eyes. It is doubtful if the public at large appreciates these remote consequences of the Middle-East crisis in which we have been finding a rare opportunity for non-stop eloquence by a team of animated echoes. From this point of view, Pandit Nehru's forthcoming American visit might be like that of a more celebrated historical character to Canossa! For if President Eisenhower does not speak home-truths to him about Kashmir, no one else can!

A writer will accept fulsome praise as only his due, but will grizzle and grieve over a hint of imperfection... You can butter him up till you are exhausted but one word of censure will turn all your butter rancid.

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Giving over four hundred lectures annually I have learnt a bit over the years about what makes a successful lecture in any country. And the advice I always give is, firstly, to know what you are talking about, to know one's subject. Then, you should be interested yourself in what you are saying, and you should keep your sense of humour, and keep your remarks short. Which reminds me of the lecture when I asked the Chairman how much time I had. His reply was, 'As long as you like, but we leave at 1.30!'

—COLIN JACKSON in a B. B. C. talk.

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## J. P. NARAYAN'S CALL TO INDIAN COMMUNISTS

THE official admission has been made (by Soviet Russia's Khrushchev) of staggering crimes for a generation and in a country that had been held up as an ideal to be followed by the whole world. The people everywhere are bound to turn and ask the Communists: "Is this the hideous thing you have been wanting to sell us?"

The first question then that the Communists must answer for themselves is: how could it be possible that they were kept in the dark so long about the facts that Khrushchev has revealed? Was not the whole non-Communist world talking about these facts for nearly three decades? The "revelations" of Khrushchev were indeed no revelations at all.

Are the Communists going to stop where Khrushchev has led them? Are they not going further in search of the truth? Is the truth not of any service to Communism? Can Communism be built on a foundation of lies? Has Khrushchev revealed everything? Has he denounced all the crimes committed in the name of Communism? Has he confessed his own crimes? If Kirov's murder was a crime, what about the murders of Zinoviev, Kamenev, Radek, Bukharin and the rest? If "enemies of the people" was a vulgar and fraudulent charge trumped up by Stalin to destroy political opponents and rivals, did the same charge, when applied to Beria and his "gang" become honest and consistent with "socialist legality"? Will the Communists again put on the blinkers made for them in Moscow and refuse to see anything beyond? Will again a new set of lies guide the world Communist movement? Will not the Communists, instead, proclaim and assert their Marxian objectivity and the revolu-

tionary freedom of the human mind?

A yet more important question is: How could the Russian Communist Party and the Russian people allow for thirty years and more the crimes listed by Khrushchev to be committed in their name? To advance the "cult of the individual" as an answer is to insult the meanest human intelligence, and to make nonsense of Marxism. To isolate Stalin from that system and to condemn the one without even questioning the other is surely not a Marxian analysis of a historical phenomenon. Mere denunciation of Stalin and the cult of the individual cannot reform or change that system. And, as long as that system is held up as a communist heaven, communism stands self-condemned.

Khrushchev's performance therefore should be an occasion for serious re-examination of current communist faith. What is it that the communists want? What are they fighting for? For theories or for men? For a system or for certain values of life? Are the means the desideratum or the ends? Is power in itself the sole objective? Is nationalisation or collectivization a means to an end or is it the end itself? Is man, the human being, an end in himself, a being of supreme significance or just a tool in a social engineering operation?

It seems the communists are unable to see the wood for the trees. They appear to have lost sight of the final goal and the ultimate values. If the shock that Khrushchev's speech has delivered releases the communists from their self-hypnotism and forces their eyes open to the forgotten values, it would have rendered an unintended but nevertheless an undying service to the cause.

of communism.

#### Human Values Lost Sight Of

What were the values which communism had set before itself? Were they not human freedom, equality peace? Was not freedom conceived on so grand a pattern as ultimately to encompass the withering away of the State itself and substitution of an "administration of things" in the place of the "administration of men"? Did not the concept of equality find its fullest expression in the noble idea: "from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs?" Did not fellowship embrace in a wide sweep the whole human race? The "revolutionary violence", the dictatorship of the proletariat, "democratic centralism", nationalisation, collectivization—all these were meant to be means to those glorious ends. What has happened to those ends? Are they even in sight any more? After forty years of revolution, human freedom and human dignity lie trampled in the dust. The State, far from withering away, has become an all-powerful monster. Equality is a distant dream. International brotherhood has degenerated into a new kind of colonialism against which Poles, Hungarians—as the Yugoslavs before them—are presently struggling so heroically. Peace has come to mean preparedness for war.

Economic growth—even rapid economic growth—has been known to occur under capitalism and fascism. Socialism and communism stand for a way of life and not merely production statistics or military might. This does not mean that socialism or communism does not stand for economic growth but not at the cost of its values.

All existing communist regimes are the offspring of violence—physical violence. And since their establishment they have never submitted themselves to the verdict of the people. Elections have no doubt been held but, in the absence of op-

position parties and civil liberties, they have been like Hitler's elections. Communists denounced the latter, but justified their own one-party rule in the name of their own kind of "democracy". The party system as evolved in the West is certainly not an ideal form of democracy, but the one-party system is far worse. The Indian people will want to know if the communists are prepared to be guided by their democratic verdict or would attempt to rule by force.

#### "Legal" Violence

Physical violence is not the whole of the story. There is such a thing as the "legal" violence of the State. Let me give an example. Students of Russian agriculture have often observed that were the peasants of Russia given an opportunity to express themselves freely without the fear of any consequences, the majority of them would leave the collectives. This may be blasphemy or, in the accepted style of speech, "fascist slander" but the point is: would communism be justified in forcing collectivization upon unwilling peasants in the name of planning, production or socialism? What is supreme: the party or the people, theory or men? True, men might be foolish enough not to understand what was good for them. But has any one the right to force his opinions on the people? I personally doubt whether the imposition even of the the majority over the minority is ideal democracy. At best it may be called limited democracy. But the reverse order would doubtless be a tyranny. Are the Indian communists prepared to denounce such tyranny?

Man—his moral and material welfare and growth—is the goal of all social endeavour. Any step or measure that puts man in the background and glorifies organisation, party, society, state, nation, planning, production, science or what not is not revolution or progress but reaction and must be rejected.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

THE official announcement that a Mr. A. J. John is to be the Governor of Madras in succession to Sri Sri Prakasa must have raised many million pairs of eyebrows all over Tamil Nad in supercilious curiosity. No one knows much of the antecedents of this worthy, and there is, therefore, *prima facie* ground for concluding that he is like Malvolio one on whom greatness has been thrust. Further industrious but interim researches have brought to light some more tit-bits about our prospective first citizen. He is said to be a brother-in-law of Dr. John Matthai. We acquit Dr. Matthai of responsibility for the relationship; for we are all handicapped with brothers-in-law of one kind or another in this country. Some are thrown to the wolves while others are thrown on the community. Quite evidently, Mr. John belongs to the latter variety. Item two: he was Chief Minister for a time in Travancore-Cochin. This is the sort of revenge which democracy has in store for many freaks in all parts of the country. After Cincinnatus who has gone back to the plough and Sri Nadar who is still too much with us, we are prepared to visualise with equanimity any one as chief minister anywhere in India. So that too proves nothing either.

Item three: As Chief Minister he is said to have declared that he would rather allow all the waters of the Travancore rivers to flow into the sea than permit a drop of them to stray into Tamil Nad. For this declaration of a dog-in-the-manger dictum he deserves a place in the Order of Demerit, and niche in the hall of disgrace! Was it in grateful appreciation of such heroic candour that Pandit Nehru has pitchforked him into a seat which had been graced by a galaxy of talent, albeit foreign, for more than a century? But even more intriguing, how comes it that Sri Nadar should have approved of such an infliction on our inoffensive heads? Tastes no doubt differ; but we had not thought it possible for Sri Nadar to enjoy being flogged in public. As one Tamilian at least, let

us dissociate ourselves from this imposition against the day of reckoning. A few more appointments of this kind, and the hand-picked incumbents should complete the consummation of bringing the office to ridicule and contempt.

A news-item says that in the Kashmir Assembly, when the state constitution was finally passed, the galleries were packed to the full.

So too were the members of the legislature!

In a written reply in the Lok Sabha, Mr. Ajit Prasad Jain disclosed that the Indian Cheetah is very nearly extinct in our forests.

We are however in a position to state that the Food Minister will do his utmost to ensure the safety of the wolf at our door!

It has been announced that due to strain of the last few weeks, Sir Anthony Eden is taking a holiday at Jamaica.

Now that there's no need in  
In the British cabinet for Eden  
He is taking to the road as a hiker  
Planning to reach Jamaica!

Reports from the Middle-East speak of a hostile reception to Mr. Suhrawardy the Pakistan Prime Minister.

The safety of Mr. Suhrawardy  
At Baghdad was in jeopardy.  
Because Pakistan did least  
For the Arabs of the Middle-East,  
He has been greeted with 'ta ta'  
And declared persona non grata.

It is understood that anticipating trouble Soviet troops have been moved into Bulgaria.

The Soviet having grown charlier  
Has protectively occupied Bulgaria.  
So no voice will be raised to send her  
For inclusion in the UNO agenda.

# 93683 **CORRESPONDENCE**

SWATANTRA

November 24 1956

Age restrictions for S. S. L. C. in Andhra

The Andhra Government's recent educational restriction is a blow to parents and good students. Many students join High School at the age of eight in the first form, and pass their annual examinations and a few of these pass the S.S.L.C. examination at a tender age and the Government used to overlook the age limit. Now, all of a sudden, Government has stopped this practice. If Government persists in such an attitude children who are in forms fourth and fifth will suffer because their education will be held up and will become idle. I request the authorities concerned to relax this rule at least for the next two or three years so as to enable the boys at present affected by the new rule to pass their S.S.L.C. Further, this year only children of ten years were admitted in the first form and there is no necessity to condone the age in future. Andhra is very backward in education and it is not right on the part of new Government to spoil the future career of bright boys by detaining them for a period of two or three years. They will forget what they learnt already and the poor parents will sustain much loss.

S. R. VARMA

## **India And The Commonwealth**

The naked and unprovoked aggression committed by the British Prime Minister, Sir Anthony Eden with the fond hope of bringing President Nasser to his knees is an unhappy episode in international affairs. The suddenness of the declaration of the war and the swiftness with which it was carried out painfully reminds us of the fact that Britain still entertains colonial ambitions and imperial intentions. What an amazing folly! Britain still "stoops to conquer."

While the action of Eden is a blot on Britain it is at the same time a blow to the self-respect and dignity of the members of the Commonwealth. By the singleminded pursuit of this act, Britain is guilty of violating the very principles of the Commonwealth organisation which incidentally is proclaimed to be a bulwark of peace. Her failure to consult the other members is an affront to their territorial integrity and sovereignty.

India should now raise her banner of revolt and leave the Commonwealth

organisation which still believes that force and imperialism—naked and brutal—are paying propositions. India should not be in an organisation whose leading member pays lip-service to the principles of international co-operation and is prepared to undermine its basis to further its selfish national interests.

Those who believe that if India breaks off her relations with the Commonwealth, she will lose her commercial advantages and economic gains, must remember that membership of the Commonwealth is not a condition for the membership in the Sterling Area. There are countries which are members of the Sterling Area but not of the Commonwealth. So India does not stand to lose by seceding from the Commonwealth.

India should, therefore, wash her hands off from the Commonwealth, the edifice of which has been blown sky high by Great Britain's aggression on Egypt.

K. NILAKANTAN

## **A Correction**

In my letter entitled 'Nehru On Congress & Socialism' published in Swatantra dated 10-11-1956, the clause in the last sentence, which refers to the present composition of the Congress, as printed, reads, "a showy and unwieldy conglomeration of all sorts of utterly opportunistic and ignorant people," while what I actually wrote was, "a showy and unwieldy conglomeration of all sorts ranging from the best elements to the utterly opportunistic and ignorant."

D. V. RAMA RAO

## **Trains To Malabar.**

In spite of the repeated declarations of the Indian Railway Minister about the facilities provided by the administration for the third class travellers, it is sad to find that the Southern Railways still show an animus towards the people using the express trains on the main line from Madras to Cochin and Kozhikode.

The Mangalore Express and the Cochin Express which are the only fast running trains to the West Coast from the city are so overcrowded that people using the third class have to travel like cattle caged in crammed compartments. The engines are invariably superannuated.

One hopes that the authorities will look into the problem of overcrowding in these two trains and take steps to relieve the difficulties of the passengers.

ONE WHO SUFFERS