

SWATANTRA

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI.

JUNE 2 SATURDAY 1956

No. 18

THE D. M. K. PARTY

THE Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam has decided at its recent conference at Tiruchirapalli to enter politics and to contest the coming general elections. India is so starved for an opposition party that the public is in a mood to welcome every attempt to form an opposition. The present one party rule by the Congress is driving the country to the verge of totalitarian dictatorship and the people are genuinely apprehensive that unless an effective opposition is formed they will forever be denied the benefits of democracy which is the only method known to mankind of enjoying political liberty and human rights. This hunger for an opposition party on the part of the public has been accentuated after the *volte-face* that the Congress staged at Avadi where its ideal was ostentatiously changed from the Capitalistic to the Socialistic pattern, thereby stealing the thunder of the Socialist parties, properly so called, who were trying to groom themselves into a constitutional opposition to the Congress. The adroit move of Pandit Nehru's diplomacy in staging a mass welcome for the two leading personalities of Communist Russia threw the entire Communist party of India into utter confusion. Today the Communist and the Socialist parties are reduced to the role of fellow travellers of the Congress. The only other political parties who aspire to become the constitutional opposition to the Congress are the Jan Sangh and the Muslim League, both of whom are communal and fractional and will

therefore have no chance to bloom into an All India Opposition. The advent of the D. M. K. therefore into the political arena should be welcomed by all lovers of freedom and by all those who pin their hopes on democracy as the only guide for the achievement of human progress.

Much depends upon how the new party will shape itself in the coming days and it is too soon yet to predict its future. But a word of warning may be uttered that if they rely entirely upon their old slogans which might have served them well in their past non-political career, they will not cut much ice with the public. New times and new opportunities must induce the leadership to adopt new policies and new methods.

The new party has begun its activity in the Madras State where it has already a widespread following and commands an efficient organization. It has already built for itself not only a platform and a press but it has created a new Tamil stage and a cinema which will be powerful instruments for political propaganda. But if it continues to function only within the confines of the Madras State and does not make immediate efforts for extending its activities further north its days are numbered. Any constitutional opposition to the Congress Party must function as an All India Party. A splinter group or a local faction does not merit the name of a political party. Whatever truth there might be in the complaint made by the D. M. K. Party and indeed, it is made with



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equal force by other political parties as well and even by many Congressmen, that the South has been neglected by the Central Government, and that the northerners are allowed to exploit the South to the detriment of the welfare of the local population, it has to be recognised that the country is now one and all distinctions of north and south are only relative and have only a limited meaning. Such injustices as may be inflicted on the inhabitants of any one part of the country by their fellow citizens in another part will have to be remedied within the framework of the All India Constitution which may be amended so as to remedy grievances of the kind that the D. M. K. has in view. Slogans advocating local sovereignty may gain popularity for a time from the uneducated masses but their effect will be ephemeral.

The D. M. K. should remember that the progress of science has annihilated distances and geographical frontiers so much so that even national patriotisms are already felt to be anachronisms. This fast shrinking world, threatened with total extinction by the Hydrogen Bomb, cries out in agony for more and more of integration and is moving away and discarding divisions of all kinds whether based on creed or breed. There are many young men in the D. M. K. party who are brilliant as orators and can sway audiences, but all their talents will amount to nothing if they are tethered to outworn ideals and empty phraseology. If they would serve their people and earn a name for themselves in the annals of history, they should widen their outlook and modernise their armoury.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE happenings at Kancheepuram are gaining wide publicity. The foreign press is reporting the proceedings and the world is wondering what exactly these people are after who have taken on so ostentatiously the name of Mahatma Gandhi and who claim exclusive title to the line of spiritual descent from the Mahatma. What are they after? What does the word "Sarvodaya" mean? Is there any meaning at all, or is it only a symbol intended to mystify the ignorant. If the word connotes an ideal, what exactly is the ideology behind it? What is its philosophy of life? India is anxious. The world is watchful and straining its eyes for news from Kancheepuram. And there is news!

Sri Vinobha Bhawe has undertaken a fast. This news created consternation at Kancheepuram. Sri Jayaprakash Narain announced the news

to the Press with streaming eyes. It is said that everybody in the Sarvodaya camp is in tears. Even the President of India looked very sad and expressed concern for the health of Sri Bhawe.

Why does Sri Bhawe undertake the fast and create this tearful spectacle in an otherwise gay gathering where resolutions were passed proudly asking the whole world to follow the noble examples in non-violent revolution set by India's Sarvodayadis? Sri Bhawe's own explanation for his conduct is rather mysterious. Mystic is probably the correct word. We are now treading on delicate ground exclusively reserved for spiritual experiences, and we should be very careful in the selection of words.

Sri Bhawe says it is a purificatory fast. To purify what?

His sins, of course. What sins did the saintly Bhawe commit? Very difficult to find out. He has been trekking on foot long distances, braving the inclemency of the weather and the hardships of hitch-hiking through long distances often of rugged and uninhabited territory. Surely, he could not have committed any sins which need purification during his arduous journey. But then, sin and the sense of having sinned is entirely a subjective matter. Therefore, until Sri Bhawe himself explains to the public the nature of the sin from which he is now seeking purification we had better postpone judgement.

No doubt Mahatma Gandhi's life was studded with fasts. Probably he would not have gained his name and fame as Mahatma but for those fasts. He was so skilful in handling his fasts that each fast added to his reputation and increased his hold on the people. Can others imitate the example of Mahatma Gandhi and achieve the same objects which he achieved?

Speaking in the Lok Sabha on May 29th, Pandit Nehru said that he was weary of hearing the word 'Satyagraha' hurled at him. 'Everybody in India is a Satyagrahi, every stone-thrower is a satyagrahi, every person who breaks the law is a satyagrahi, every person who breaks a head is a satyagrahi. The way in which the word is misused and abused is most extraordinary.'

This fast is a kind of satyagraha and what Pandit Nehru has said about satyagraha in general applies to this particular kind of satyagraha viz., the fast.

It may be argued that while it is not given to every Tom, Dick and Harry to imitate the Mahatma's achievements, it is but meet and proper for Sri Vinobha Bhawe, who has

secured the inheritance to the spiritual gadi of Mahatma Gandhi to walk in the footsteps of the master with the assurance of success. The question is whether the inheritance is so very secure and whether the title is quite so clear.

The achievements of Mahatma Gandhi by the method of the fasts was something unique and somehow fitted in neatly with his personality. But the method is a curious phenomena and deserves investigation by thinking men. In private domestic life, of course, fasts are an every day affair. The resentful child refuses to take food from the mother. Quarrels between husbands and wives are often resolved by the complicated procedure of fasts and counter-fasts. But public undertakings of the fast for the objective of gaining political ends or even for the attainment of spiritual benefit which may have political results are a different affair.

Fasts have been discouraged by the preceptors of the Hindu religion. The great Buddha, whose voice is ringing in our ears today as his 2500th anniversary is being celebrated all over the country, has clearly laid down that fasts are thoroughly wrong whatever may be the objective. He laid down that rule after practical and personal experience of fasts and similar austerities and finding that they led nowhere. His own method he called the 'middle-way', the avoidance of the extremes of starvation and of indulgence. If you seek freedom you should avoid the tortures to your body causing needless suffering as well as over indulgence which would also ultimately lead to avoidable suffering. Now Buddha has been praised by Sri Vinobha Bhawe and by the entire camp of his followers now gathered at Kancheepuram. But they have given the go-by to the teachings of Buddha in a vain attempt to imitate the Mahatma.

SATHU

PEDLAR'S PACK

PANDIT Nehru has offered a five-point formula for the settlement of Franco-Algerian differences.

This is a variation of Panch Shila, but intended only for export.

He has further turned down a proposal for the fixation of ceiling on incomes above a level.

**Pandit Nehru has spoken with feeling
Against imposing on incomes a ceiling:
But against the fragmentation of land
He has not yet taken a stand.**

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, has declared that Aden is as vital to Britain as Cyprus and Singapore.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Is a Tory unalloyed:

**With a lover's devotion to his maiden
He's determined to hold on to Aden!**

The Commissioner of the Corporation of Madras has appealed for the cessation of all animal slaughter on the 24th May in honour of the enlightenment of Buddha.

Butchers are reported to have worked over-time the previous day with a view to comply with this request.

**'Wanted Butterflies from South India.
Correspond with . . . Shillong, Assam.'**

Advertisement in Daily paper.

**Apparently the gentleman has no fancy
for the Butterflies of Connaught place
recently referred to in the Lok Sabha!**

Mr. Dharam Dass a hindu member of the West Pakistan Assembly is said to have voted for the Republican candidate for the speakership, then gone and taken his seat along with Muslim League members on their benches and finally declared that he did not intend to vote for the Republican candidate but only for the Muslim League nominee.

**Was he christened Dharam Dass
Only to make himself an—ass!**

Replying to a question in the Lok Sabha as to whether any one would be deputising for the Prime Minister during his absence from the country next month, Pandit Nehru replied: 'The Prime Minister continues to be Prime Minister, and functions as such wherever he may be.'

Right royally spoken. For only of kings has it been said that where they are, there also is to be found the court. This interpretation of the plenary ubiquity of our Prime Minister may well be hailed as a notable addition to the unwritten parts of our constitution. It should also give the quietus to such idle or anxious speculations as 'After Nehru, what is to happen to us or the country?' The answer is reassuringly final: for it is clear that he is determined to continue to function as our Prime Minister even from—heaven!

In the course of the stormy proceedings of the West Pakistan Assembly, Mr. Khan Sahib is reported to have declared that the Muslim League had no future.

It is however pointed out that the chief concern of the Leaguers is that Khan Sahib has a past!

Addressing an association of journalists, Sri V. K. Krishna Menon referred to white, pink, red and yellow brands of journalism and exhorted them to eschew the last as the worst.

Here's my tip to all—ye pressmen

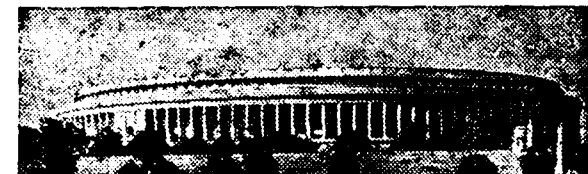
**You may come to the top by being
yes-men;**

**Like me you may hover over the brink
To be admired or detested for being
pink!**

**And if you wish to promote dread
Boldly declare: you have gone Red!
But for heaven's sake avoid yellow—
For it wont help you to grow mellow.**

LIBRA

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister has at last begun to be criticised by the Indian Press. The truth is that the Second Five Year Plan is unpalatable to the Capitalist Press of this country—which consists of the biggest daily newspapers. The independent Press in India is confined to a few weekly and monthly journals. The criticism arises because the vested interests which control the daily Press in India are afraid that they will not be able to continue their predatory activities if the Second Five Year Plan is to be implemented.

The criticisms in the Press cannot, however, be dismissed on this ground. We should examine whether, and how far, the criticism is valid. The fact that criticism comes from a certain quarter may only explain the motives of the critics, but does not invalidate the criticism. Last week both the *Hindustan Times* and the *Times of India* carried cogent criticisms of the Prime Minister.

In a brilliant dispatch, the *Times of India News Service* says: "Mr. Nehru spoke for 90 minutes on the Second Plan in the Rajya Sabha, but he had virtually nothing new to say about the resources gap, the foreign exchange gap, the transport bottleneck, land policy, the need for administrative reorganisation, or manpower and employment problems. At least one member fell asleep, an event which the Prime Minister himself gently noted. . . . Mr. Nehru repeated almost verbatim everything he had said in the Lok Sabha two days ago. The House was told once again that we lived in an atomic age, that India's youth were a fine

lot and that the community projects were revolutionary. India had breached the poverty barrier, he pointed out."

The *Times of India* continues:

This is what Mr. Nehru had to say on the subject of resources: "I have an invincible feeling that in the ultimate analysis, our resources are considerable in terms of the capacity of our people." Later, he said, "We cannot go beyond the total resources in the country. We may discover new resources as we produce new wealth. About the oil exploration programme, Mr. Nehru said that the Government lived "in high expectation."

He asserted that the food target must be raised from 15 per cent over the First Plan as prescribed in the Second Plan to 30 or 40 per cent. He said that was not wishful thinking but said nothing about what was required to fulfil this, especially when the Agriculture Ministry did not appear to support this view.

Mr. Nehru then referred to the desirability of fostering agrarian co-operatives. Mr. Nehru said the Government was going to start "thousands or tens of thousands" of demonstration farms, which would presumably demonstrate the virtues of co-operative farming.

There was loud applause from the Congress benches when Mr. Nehru resumed his seat. . . . Later, in the lobbies, members did not conceal their disappointment over a speech in which so little was said at such length.

The attack of the *Hindustan Times* is fundamental. In his "Political Diary," its Columnist asked: "Is the Union Cabinet a Cabinet? A Cabinet is a body of equal status who have

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free access to each other, who completely trust each other and who freely exchange views with each other on all matters of consequence. Only three Ministers out of 52 have free access to the Prime Minister. The rest have to undergo the agonizing process of literally waiting at the door of the intermediary to beg for time."

As for the civil servants, the Columnist says that they are a law unto themselves. If this attitude on their part is not changed, "we may be producing the conditions that developed in China under the Kuomintang, for the people will ultimately rise against a corrupt and exacting Administration." This charge is then made into a general charge against everybody by the Columnist of the *Hindustan Times* thus: "Every day, every hour and indeed every minute, Ministers, officials, assistants and clerks pile up proposals to filch the State."

About the members of the Congress Working Committee, *Insaf* has this to say: "(They) often yield out of personal loyalty to the leader, perhaps sometimes out of fear lest they should earn his displeasure. They thereby do injustice to Mr. Nehru and disservice to the country." The same applies, says *Insaf*, to civil servants. "All of them have taken the line of least resistance consoling themselves with the idea that they are the instrument of Mr. Nehru's will. At the top they have given up independent thinking, and in the ranks they do what they like."

The *Hindustan Times* Columnist pleads that the ills of the country could all be cured if only Pandit Nehru seeks and accepts the advice of businessmen—as the late Rafi Ahmed Kidwai was alleged to have done. And because of this attitude of Kidwai, "they have poured lakhs into the coffers of an avowed anti-

Capitalist newspaper" and thereby they pleased "the high and mighty." The newspaper, whose name is not mentioned, is the *National Herald*, of which the first Chairman was Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

Krishna Menon made an analysis of the Press in India when he spoke to the Delhi Union of Journalists on Sunday. He said that the total investment in the newspaper industry of India was Rs. 120 million, and the annual profit on this sum was Rs. 110 million. He pointed out that there was infinite scope for expansion in this industry because in the next twenty to fifty years the number of literate people in our country would increase by leaps and bounds. At present the combined circulation of all newspapers was about two and a half million—while the number of potential readers in our country was two hundred million.

Mr. Krishna Menon examined the statement that those who put in the money for a business had certain rights of control over that business. He argued that in modern times, money was created in the Printing Press by the Government. Its value depended, of course, on its acceptance by society. The businessman may have put in some money, but whose money was it that he put into it, asked Krishna Menon amidst laughter. He thought that the proprietors of newspapers should not treat them as just another business like the groundnut business. If you make money in groundnut, you put it in the newspaper, and if you make money in the newspaper, you put it in the groundnut business. That way, newspapers can never be run in the highest traditions of journalism, said Krishna Menon.

June 2 1956

SWATANTRA

IS AMERICA AN ALLY?

By VIVEKA

THE average Indian can hardly be expected to follow the rope dancing so skillfully played by the Indian Government under the guise of neutralism. Even though we may not sing with Shaw that politics is a mad profession, we are only too eager to confess that if politics and politicians are not mad they make others mad. Diplomacy has come to play a vital role in politics at the expense of frankness and sincerity.

A question that is pregnant with contradictory answers is: Is America an ally of India? Is America interested in us simply because we are yet out of the bear's clutches? Or is America genuinely concerned in our welfare from the humanitarian point of view, taking interest in our population of 360 millions subject until recently to oppressive foreign rule? None can claim to answer this question with certainty. When our Prime Minister, Pandit Nehru, visited the United States a few years ago, his stand-offishness and his ostentatious Gandhian approach deprived India of the dollar aid for food products. Later the surplus wheat and butter production in the U. S. were thrown into the sea just to avert an economic crisis in America. Year after year, while India struggled hard to tackle her acute food scarcity, America was gazing on in disdain. The U. S. had hoped to bring Nehru to his knees and she was disillusioned.

The American help to overcome India's troubles is not genuine and is not whole-hearted. It should not stop with playing a passive role. When Kashmir came up before the Security Council, the U. S. took up a stand which she herself was unable to justify later when she had China branded as an aggressor in the Korea episode. While she thought it

fit to send her soldiers to a far off land on her own initiative with the nominal approval purchased through an aid of millions of dollars, she ignored India's complaint against Pakistan of unprovoked aggression on her frontiers. Why did she hesitate to brand Pakistan an aggressor, when even the Commission appointed by the United Nations had accepted the fact? Because India was neutral. Because India acted according to her ideals and professions. Again, some American tourists who visited Kashmir sought to disturb the harmony and internal stability of the administration established in Kashmir at the expense of many crores of Indian money. A vicious spiral of troubles and unrest followed and the once loyal and staunch friend of India, the Lion of Kashmir, had to be arrested.

Time rolled on and out came SEATO out of Uncle Sam's bag of tricks. Mr. Dulles regards the opposition of India to Seato unjust and merely emotional. It is beyond one's comprehension how Mr. Dulles can pretend to be so ignorant. Does it look so absurd that India should be upset at her neighbour getting armed and crying "Jehad", while America gets disturbed over the Middle Eastern Countries' preference to Russian sales of arms as against American christmas gifts?

The draft Five Year Plans of both India and Pakistan were released recently. The total planned outlay in the public sector in the Pakistan plan amounts to Rs. 8000 millions and it hopes to get Rs. 4200 millions towards this from foreign investments and aid. Thus more than 50% of the total outlay is expected to be met from American resources. Further, as the defence expenditure has been reduced by U. S. military aid, the

entire domestic resources can be utilised for economic development. In contrast, India has to curtail many ameliorative measures because of the increased defence expenditure rendered obligatory by the changed status of neighbouring Pakistan.

Many distinguished American visitors to this country have emphasised that United States had a share in liquidating the British Empire in India by their active sympathy with India and sober advice to Britain. The British domination of India was hardly oppressive even though it was never progressive except in the days of the freedom struggle. Such a verdict cannot be given of the Portuguese rule over her colonies as even internally the Portuguese do not enjoy a civilised or a democratic administration. America has chosen to cast in her lot with Portugal who is her NATO partner. Why? Because of the visit of Mr. Khrushchev and Marshall Bulganin to India and the enthusiastic reception accorded to them by the Government and the people of this country.

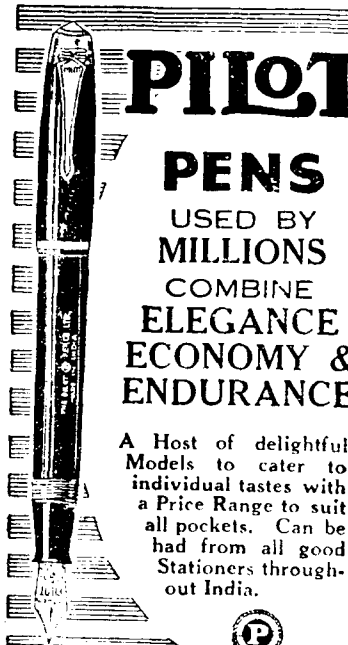
All these will have to be taken stock of in answering the question posed at the beginning of this article. We do not deny the magnitude of economic assistance rendered to India by the United States. Still, if she aspires for the honour of being regarded as an ally of India, she must do more than give such aid. She must revise her policy in regard to India and in regard to Pakistan. As Mr. Chester Bowles has said time and again, a military programme which upsets the balance of power in South East Asia by arming Pakistan, thereby opening the door for Russian entry into Afghanistan and further antagonising India would be disastrous for Indo-American friendship. America should boldly come forward to revise her unrealistic foreign policy by stoutly upholding those democratic traditions which George Washington and Abraham Lincoln cherished. The need of the

hour is a revival of her faith in the ideals and the tradition handed down to her by her founding fathers. Civilisation is not a matter relating to date but to outlook. Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt are less modern than a Jafferson, Lincoln or Washington, in the context of the resurgent nationalism of today. America should match her actions to those ideals and traditions which underlie her democratic constitution. It is no consolation even if a democracy democratically votes itself out of existence. Should she desire to counter the Russian menace, she should do it not by military alliances but by an intelligent long range programme wherein she should mother the infant democracies with a tolerance born out of a remembrance of her own childhood. She must recognise facts like Communist China, however unpleasant they may be, admit honest differences of opinion, however repugnant to her taste and condemn the evil of colonialism and apartheid irrespective of irksome consequences. She should seek guidance and wisdom from the pages of her own glorious history and avoid the pitfalls of hasty alliances like those contracted with Pakistan thereby undermining the friendship of the vast sub-continent of India. Pandit Nehru is visiting the States in June and we hope that his visit will produce some rethinking on the part of Mr. Dulles and the American Foreign Policy Makers.

A CORRECTION

In the article 'Challenge to Disease' by Sri L. M. Chitale published at page 9 of the SWATANTRA of May 19th, 1956, the last sentence of paragraph 3 should read as follows:—

'Government measures should take the form of grants for the purchase of houses fit for demolition, special grants to displaced tenants of slums to be rehoused in other dwellings and grants for the construction of new dwellings or improvement of the old.'



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JOBS AND JOBBERY

By P. M.

A news-item states that the Government of India have circulated all its officers to the effect that they should secure prior permission for their sons and daughters or other relations getting employed in private firms or business undertakings. The implication of this ukase seems to be that Government officials have been abusing their positions and that such a reprehensible practice should be put an end to. We are afraid however that the proposed remedy will prove worse than the disease; for the most odious kind of inquisition is that which is ineffective. That a vast volume of patronage is being exercised by a complicated hierarchy of ministers, political bosses, secretaries and heads of departments is an open secret. The annual reports of the Union Public Services Commission unfold a monotonous tale of ministerial or political interference with their selections, often leading to their supersession in the making of very high appointments. With this beam in their own eye, the Government now propose to remove the mote in the eye of their subordinate instruments. It is not difficult to visualise the result of such a sweeping directive: the art of evasion will discover new means of circumventing the new rule. Alternatively, the Government will be driven to connive at arrangements and accommodations which it would be powerless to prevent.

Secondly, the new rule is certainly invidious and possibly unconstitutional. For the Government official is penalised both directly and indirectly—directly because he is made to suffer from a disability by reason of his official position, indirectly because his children are subjected to a gratuitous handicap in securing

employment for themselves. Apart from this, few would be willing to subscribe to the view underlying the new directive that the Government in power is like Caesar's wife—above suspicion, and that a few unspecified Catos on top can keep the rest below in censorious check.

Instead of such half-and-half measures, it would be much simpler if the Government would order the statutory establishment of a *Private Services Commission* to pick out the personnel required for the private sector. It would be a logical extension of the principle of 'nationalisation' which is the government's Open sesame to Utopia round the corner. Corruption is an ugly word, but long familiarity has dulled its edges so that it has become innocuous if not respectable in a variety of 'aliases.' The impeccability of the Prime Minister's Relief Fund is taken for granted; but we hazard the view that its impressive total is not the result of the aggregation of widows' mites or beggars' benefactions. It is the captains and kings of industry,—the *beloise* of private enterprise—who swell its figures with the regularity of the seasons. A portion of undeclared profits is sacrificed that the rest of them might be salvaged from the unfeeling grasp of the Income-tax department. Thus profits from contracts with the government itself are so nicely exploited as to bring in more—contracts!

Reform is no doubt imperative in this sphere; but it is not by erecting impractical rules like the one in question. It will not be difficult for the government with its great resources and powers to track down cases of proved jobbery, and to punish the offenders suitably. And as a first

step, we would most earnestly suggest that a dossier be prepared *and published* showing the personnel of the various departments of the government of India with notes on their degrees of relationship to members of parliament, ministers, deputy ministers, private secretaries etc., etc.

ELECTION TACTICS

The issue of Segregation bids fair to loom large in American party politics in the current election year. Mr. Stevenson as the prospective Democratic candidate has not enhanced his chances by a tendentious misreading of the history of his own country which seeks at this late hour to represent the Southern states as more sinned against than sinning in the Civil War. The Achilles' heel of American democracy is, as most thoughtful people realise, the lot or role of the negro in it. Any dispassionate appraisal of the American scene must acknowledge that the advocates of the ideals embodied in the constitutional preamble have been consistent, honourable and up to date fortunate. For it is undeniable that the lot of the negro in America has been transformed beyond recognition by the egalitarian zeal of the white men themselves.

Mr. Stevenson however would now seek to connect the honoured name of Abraham Lincoln with war-mongering; for he is reported to have said that it was the forcing of unwilling states to accede to the abolition of slavery that led to the Civil war. This is ludicrously preposterous. Lincoln stayed his hand with a self-denying ordinance which was then sublime, and has remained ever since impressive. It was the intransigence of the Southern states that precipitated the civil war on an issue that had nothing to do with the question of slavery. For the conflict was between

union and disruption. If Mr. Stevenson's remarks are to be taken as an indication of the tactics of the democratic party in the coming struggle, it is to be the same issue which is likely to divide opinion; but as it is being camouflaged under deceptive guises, it is well calculated to distract attention and darken counsel.

The basic fact is that there is an emotional lag between the intellectual and emotional acceptance of the principles of the constitution. The South is still the slave of its historic memories of the clash of colour. President Eisenhower evinced true statesmanship when he declared that there was no question of dragging the refractory states to obey the federal judgment. But Mr. Stevenson would make it the starting point of a reversal of historic trends culminating in the enthronement of state autonomy little different from untrammelled freedom. Indeed some newspapers have also trotted out a new constitutional dictum called the 'interposition.' According to them, the surrender to the Federal centre of state sovereignty was conditional, and that it was liable to be revoked any time at the will of the participating states. This is quite clearly a negation of the supremacy of a strong, Federal centre armed with the constitutional right to enforce its decisions on the parts. It is unthinkable that party politics would connive at such an atavistic manifestation of tribal trends in the politics of the Union today. But if it should come about, then the spirit of Calhoun would indeed be avenged; for it was he who more than any one else propounded the doctrines of nullification and—secession! Old foes would thus come into the fray with new masks.

SOME INCONSISTENCIES OF BHOODAN

By C. R. M. RAO

THE target of collecting 50 million acres of land donations which the leaders and followers of the Bhoodan movement have set to themselves still remains a long way off in spite of five years of vast effort under the most favourable circumstances and wide public sympathy and support which it has been its good fortune to receive from its very inception. And considering the stark fact that only a little over 1/12th of it has so far been realised, the target is well nigh impossible of achievement, except through a miracle or use of force, by the end of 1957 which is the dead line arbitrarily chosen by the author of Bhoodan himself.

Nevertheless, the bare fact that 4.3 million acres have been secured in five years is often cited as sufficient proof of the efficacy of the Bhoodan technique and the soundness of its underlying principles. So with each fresh success that the movement registers its advocates make a new and a bigger claim for Bhoodan stretching and enlarging its meaning and scope to mean all things to all men. Thus it has been claimed that Bhoodan is bringing about a profound and far-reaching psychological and socio-economic revolution in the country.

But even a cursory examination of some of its basic moral principles and social and economic implications reveals serious illogicalities and contradictions which the ideology of Bhoodan still carries within it and which might well turn out ultimately to be the undoing of the movement.

The well-known Gandhian doctrine of trusteeship was the recog-

nised basis of Vinoba Bhave's Bhoodan. But, to be fair, the Bhoodan idea differs from the trusteeship idea in one important respect: While trusteeship meant only equitable sharing of the fruits of ownership, Bhoodan means transference of a part of ownership itself.

True to its philosophy of Sarvodaya and practice of Satyagraha, the movement started with a begging bowl. Of course, it was begging with a difference. It was begging the zamindars to willingly abolish themselves by degrees, as it were. But the best that people usually give in charity is always a fraction and the worst of what they have. The big landlords have not parted with even their worst lands for nothing. They looked for future gains. They have showed penitence and sacrificed the sandwich only to save the cake.

Therefore, the degree of that kind of moral excellence and high-mindedness which are necessary for voluntary acceptance of the principle of trusteeship can be found only in a few people for any length of time and in most people for a short period of time. Although Bhoodan appeals to people's morality, it has little in it to sustain moral behaviour. And the success of the movement seems in the long run to depend on its capacity to ensure—or enforce—moral behaviour in most people for most of the time. To this end, therefore, is applied moral coercion—a familiar Gandhian technique like fasting for supposedly just political ends. The fallacies involved in the trusteeship doctrine apart, the followers of Gandhi have yet to answer

the fundamental question: Is moral coercion itself not immoral?

There is another aspect to the moral question. The so-called virtues of charity, benevolence, pity and kindness invoked by the Bhoodan leaders clearly point to distinctions of high and low in society. For, it takes a rich donor and a poor receiver for these virtues to be practised. By idealising beggary for the poor on the one hand and by asking the rich to cultivate the spirit of charity on the other, the Bhoodan leaders only seem to perpetuate the existing inhuman inequalities rather than helping to remove them. Bhoodan evidently does not seek any radical readjustments in the existing property relations in land and leaves the rich basically rich and the poor basically poor. The movement therefore cannot be accorded the dignity of a revolutionary movement.

Further, the virtues of charity and the philosophy of trusteeship often find a fuller and more perfect institutional express in charitable and philanthropic trusts which are fed on the riches of the wealthy. When the most magnificent-looking donations given by such institutions are out of the most ill-gotten gains of their maintainers, it becomes difficult to distinguish social morality from depravity.

More. The practice of these virtues will also keep the poor under constant humility and obligation to the rich and it will foster in the rich a feeling of condescending patronage for the poor. Such a social relationship is entirely repugnant to the dignity of human personality. Nor is it conducive to the growth of the spirit of democratic equality.

It has been claimed that Bhoodan creates a deep sense of guilt in the minds of those who possess more lands than they need and loosens their hold on them by undermining

their moral right to possess what is in excess of their needs. At the same time it creates in the minds of the landless a strong sense of their inherent right to possess land. It is clear that a movement which evokes at the same time two mutually conflicting responses in a society must stultify itself sooner or later or it will aggravate social tensions.

And where is the guarantee that the responses will not be the reverse of expectations? Since the opportunity and the merit of doing good at a personal sacrifice should not be denied even to the poor, the sense of guilt may be felt more acutely by the small holders of lands than the big landlords who may on the contrary develop a stronger sense of right to their lands. This has in fact been corroborated by the magnificent examples of many poor peasants who have given away all their meagre holdings to the Bhoodan workers. Not many big zamindars are known to have responded to the call of Bhoodan so magnanimously.

Bhoodan has been characterised as a 'yagna', a mass penance and a great sacrifice, which will raise the moral and spiritual stature of man and make legislative action unnecessary for social harmony. The aim of constructive work may be to raise civic consciousness in order to reduce to a minimum the degree of compulsion which a State has to employ in the interests of public welfare and social harmony. It also accords perfectly with the belief that only that government is good and democratic which governs the least. But to try to altogether replace the State by constructive work is an ideal too anarchic or Utopian to be really desirable or realised in practice.

This by no means exhausts the list of defects and illogicalities of Bhoodan which throw all accepted notions of democracy and social and economic equality in a pell mell, but it is a curious fact as to how they have

been overlooked by the advocates of Bhoodan.

In the wake of Bhoodan, we have heard of Sampattidan, Koopdan, Grihadan, Shramadan and so many other kinds of 'dan'. Vidyadan and Jnanadan are already said to be there in the Indian tradition. Jaya Prakash Narain's Jeevandan has only added to this welter of confusion and has mystified and obscured whatever practical merits Bhoodan had. Lifelong preoccupation with the Bhoodan way to the exclusion of everything else has a streak of dogmatism, even of totalitarianism, in it. Life is too complex to admit of a single simple-minded solution.

However, it is really something to be thankful for that this 'dan' mindedness has not spread and taken roots in the minds of people as it threatened to do some time ago. Otherwise, we would probably have by now scrapped all our ideas of building up a free, democratic and equalitarian social order and would have taken the plunge for idealist anarchy.

It should be obvious from the above that one need not be a believer in the Marxian dogma of class-

struggle to be able to see the grave inconsistencies in the ideology of Bhoodan. To lay stress on the utter inadequacy for our agricultural productivity of mere charity to the landless is not to proffer the other alternatives of nationalisation of land or continuation of private ownership by the wealthy. Experience has shown that nationalisation does not bring about Socialism any more than private non-productive ownership leads to prosperity. If the one ends up in State Capitalism (or Landlordism), the other revels in unqualified pursuit of private profit, both of which must at any rate be rejected in the ideological climate of today.

Sheer economic realism, which often means no more than common sense, and a medium of regard for modern human values are the minimum pre-requisites for those who feel genuinely concerned about finding a peaceful and democratic yet radical solution for India's distressing social and economic inequalities. The Bhoodan leaders seem to be blissfully unconcerned, if not ignorant about both.

DR. ALBERT EINSTEIN

By M. A. RASHEED

EINSTEIN was born in Germany in 1879. He received little education in his childhood, and defied everybody's expectations by emerging a genius. He secured a Diploma from the Institute of Polytechnics at Switzerland and was working as a Patent Officer Examiner at Berne. There he published his special Theory of Relativity which was to make him famous throughout the scientific world. But the Nazis ill treated him and drove him out of Germany, for being a Jew. He took refuge in England for some time, and when called on to take up the Professorship at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, he readily accepted the offer and remained there till his death in April 1955.

In appearance he was of a robust and medium stature with a large grey-head and a striking personality. He had a grave face with large oval eyes and a broad wrinkled forehead. Fame did not corrupt him, nor did he like to be famous. He was as simple as a child and always seemed to be deeply engrossed in his own thoughts. He was of a very soft and noble temperament and behaved equally well with one and all. Though called an atheist by many, he had the deepest religious saint-like understanding.

"The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger and who can no longer stand rapt in awe is as good as dead. To know what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend in their most primitive

form—this knowledge, this feeling is at the centre of true religiousness."

"My religion consists of a humble admiration of the illimitable superior spirit which reveals itself in the highest details we are able to perceive with our frail and feeble minds. That deeply emotional conviction of the presence of a superior reasoning power which is revealed in the incomprehensible universe, forms my idea of God."

To the lay man Einstein appears only as a mathematical surrealist who has got no connection with the outside world and who pictures it only in mathematical terms; but Einstein was a philosopher Scientist. He was not unaware of the events of the world. He had a keen interest in international affairs and observed them with deep concern. He saw, in the cold war between the Western and Soviet blocks the danger to the peace of world and bothered about it very much. The use of atomic energy for purposes of war, did not please him in the least. He disliked the policy of the Russian scientists in this regard and condemned it in a very lengthy article, which provoked the Russians to counter attack.

The most significant work of Einstein consists in his General Theory of Relativity which is a landmark in the history of science and a remarkable event in the life of man. It led to the discovery of the atomic bomb and was responsible in ushering in of the atomic era. It changed most of the concepts of science and widened the scope of human understanding. Though the principle was observed by Galileo and Newton, it was not carried to its utmost limits as Einstein did. The General Theory of Relativity is vague

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and abstract to the layman. It was explained by Einstein in this simple way. "You sit with a charming young girl for an hour and think it to be one minute, whereas you sit on a hot stove for a minute and think it as an hour—this is Relativity. The General Theory of Relativity envisages that motion, time and space are relative factors and have no absolute reality of their own. The General Theory of Relativity changed the conception of mass, the law of gravitation and the conception of the universe itself. The mass of a body was generally understood as its weight. But the General Theory of Relativity conceived it as its inertia which changes as the velocity of the body changes. This change is not perceptible in ordinary type of motion, but when the body attains the velocity of light. So the mass of a body is at its highest when it attains the velocity of light. Einstein by his vision of quick reflection carried this reasoning to its utmost limit possible and evolved the principle that a body has got the highest energy when it attains the velocity of light. Since there can be no velocity higher than this, the velocity of light is the top limiting velocity in the universe. The logic runs thus:—

It is a fact that a body has got the highest mass when it attains the velocity of light. Since motion is a kind of energy (kinetic) the highest the motion the highest the energy. So when a body has got the highest mass it must have the highest energy. In short we can say that energy has got mass. By a series of subtle calculations Einstein carried this principle to arrive at the famous equation $E = Mc^2$.

The Universe was ordinarily thought as an island of matter afloat in the vast expanse of space. Newton conceived it as infinite structure, never ending any where. Euclid thought it to be a fixed and motionless frame work. But according to

the General Theory of Relativity the universe is an amorphous four-dimensional space-time continuum. It is capable of change. According to Euclidean Geometry, the shortest distance between two points is a straight line and two parallel lines never meet each other. But the General Theory of Relativity asserts that the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, but a curve. Even the light rays do not pass through space in straight lines, their paths are shaped according to the metric properties of the space. In order to prove his theory Einstein observed the path of the star light which passes through the gravitational field of the sun and found that the light rays do not pass straightly, but describe a short curve. In response to his findings scientists took photographs of the star light at the time of the Solar Eclipse and compared them with the photographs taken during night. It was found that the predictions made by Einstein were quite correct and the results obtained regarding the magnitude of the curve coincided with the calculations arrived at by him. This forms one of the important proofs to the General Theory of Relativity.

The concept of Gravitation as enunciated by Newton is a force at a distance but the General Theory of Relativity rejected it. It cannot be believed that gravitation of the earth will go out into outer space and attract bodies towards it. The General Theory of Relativity maintains that gravitation is not a force at a distance, but it is a way in which moving bodies behave when they come into the gravitational field of a gravitating body. A Gravitating body can be understood as a radiating body emitting millions of particles forming its lines of force. If a moving body happens to come within the lines of force and cut through it, it cannot maintain its straight path but bends towards the lines of force.

The path these bodies describe are dependent on the metric properties of the field and the strength of the field is dependent on the mass and velocity of the gravitating body. Einstein reasoned out that since the shape and structure of the gravitational field is modelled, according to the mass and velocity of the gravitating body, the shape and the structure of the universe must also be modelled according to the sum total of its material content.

The amount of material contained in the universe is changing. Either it may be increasing or decreasing in size. Sir Edwin Hubble of the Mount Wilson Observatory observed that the remotest stars and galaxies are receding from our Solar system at incredibly enormous speeds. It may be presumed that the universe is stretching far beyond what it has been previously. So Sir Edwin suggested the idea of an ever expanding universe.

The Special Theory of Relativity is also concerned with the concepts of science. It is mainly concerned with the concept of mass. The law of conservation of Mass and the law of Conservation of Energy were generally understood as two distinct laws independent of each other, but the Special Theory of Relativity identified them as a single law. It also rejected the old conception of addition of velocities. Einstein following the results of the Michelson Morely Experiment reasoned out that since the velocity of light is constant irrespective of the motion of the earth, it must be constant irrespective of the Moon or any other planet. From this he deduced the universal law that mechanical laws are the same for all uniformly moving systems. This is also the essence of Newtonian and of Galilean Relativity principle.

Einstein did some significant work in the field of Quantum mechanics also. Following the studies of Max Plank in the field of heat radiation, Einstein carried the Quantum Theory into a new domain. Max Plank found out that heat energy is emitted in discontinuous bits or in quanta, each quanta carrying a definite amount of energy, depending upon the frequency of radiation. Einstein postulated that since heat energy is emitted in quanta, all kinds of radiant energy like light, X-Rays, Ultra Violet-Rays etc. must be travelling in space in discontinuous quanta. This postulation solved the age long puzzle of photo electric effect which was puzzling the scientists since a long time. The wave theory of light could not explain adequately the phenomena of photo electric effect. This theory pointed out that light instead of waves is composed of small particles called photons and these particles produce the photo electric effect. Any how there is a controversy among the scientists whether light is made up of waves or of particles. The old hierarchy of scientists stick up to the idea of wave theory of light, but scientists like Borne and Schrodinger solved the paradox by pointing out that light can be best understood, both as a system of waves or of particles, because what we call a wave is only a probable distribution of particles at that point.

At the time of his death Einstein was engaged with the Unified Field Theory which is supposed to unite all the forces in the Universe, like Electro-Magnetic forces, frictional forces, chemical forces etc. into one single universal force. Even before he could make public his conclusions death overtook him and the work was left unfinished. By his death the world suffered a tremendous loss and it was felt and mourned all over the world.

THE ART OF VAGABONDAGE

By SUBHASH J. RELE

HUMAN beings positively want to break away and drive free for a while and they believe vagabondage is the vehicle. It is the genuine release from all the cares and ills of the world into a new world of fantasy and exquisite delight. All men however have in them an instinct for vagabondage; at least all healthy men.

Vagabondage is an expression of social life which ostensibly springs from the exuberance and the passion of life. It is the balm which takes off the rough edges of living and nostalgically gives existence a meaning. It is not essentially an artist's job. Anyone can practise it!

A vagabond is a creature of infinite splendour with an impeccable desire to act accordingly. He is neither naive nor banal. At any rate there is no clinging despondency, no futile depression, no sense of temporary or permanent calamity about him.

"Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the Heaven above,
And the road below me."

With all their tempestuousness vagabonds are a fascinating lot, vicariously braving the odium of contemporary society. They restore one's faith in the shifting sands where no footprint is left behind. Their chief virtue is the absence of any humbug about them. For them there are no caste barriers, no national distinctions; there's the universal brotherhood.

In this world of nerve-racking tensions, vagabondage has tremendous psychological and medico-religious value. Sociologists are busy tackling the problem of too many people finding life too dull. Nothing will prove so eloquent, so significant and so effective as practising the art of vaga-

bondage. It provides an ever-changing drama in the fragmentary glimpses of spontaneous human life.

The art of vagabondage has many facts. It is original, personal and inimitable. It is reckless, but reasonable on second thoughts, ecstatic but intellectual, spiritual but accommodating. It is mysterious, shimmering yet palpable. There are few arts so well worth cultivating as this art of occasional lapse from the upholstery of civilized life.

In India one of the gravest insults that you can throw at a man is to say that he is a vagabond. Unfortunately for them, vagabonds have been inexorably condemned and confused with the rake. They are regarded as eely, crackly people; scrongers, loafers, non-rent payers, free bus-riders, cheats when possible, cranks at all times, takes when required; indeed they are everything the decent society considers undesirable. That is definitely hitting below the belt but vagabonds chew all this in solitary chargin.

Should you have a bad opinion of vagabonds, kindly revise it. The noble family of vagabonds include several immortal figures in life and literature. Falstaff was a masterpiece of a vagabond. Who was Pickwick if not a vagabond? The aristocracy of vagabonds has had its day and their number is legion.

If it be true that our civilization is on the decline, one symptom of the decline must be a certain loss of refinement in the art of vagabondage. There is so much hypocrisy and so much cant bound with the orthodox opinion on vagabonds that it were time some one stood up for this victim of unthinking bigotry. Why is it that no leader of opinion organizes a crusade to popularize the lost virtues of vagabondage?

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WOMAN—A LEGAL STUDY

By Mrs. LEELA NAWAZ

THERE was a time in the history of civilization when man and woman were working together to make a living. Anthropologists would testify to the fact that woman was tending sheep while man used to go out for hunting and thus both together were gathering the needs of their daily existence. It was an age of equality of sexes. But the equality did not last long. When agriculture became the chief occupation of man, woman was relegated to the four walls of the house and her equality with man was lost.

Under Roman Law, woman was considered as a chattel. She had no legal personality. She was always under the tutelage of man. Till she was married the father guarded her. After marriage the husband became not only her guardian, but became the owner of her properties. When she became old, the son became her protector. Her wishes were never taken into consideration in the determination of her affairs. It is a pity that such a grand civilization as that of Rome was marred by such an ugly feature!

After the fall of the Roman Empire, there was chaos in Europe. Several centuries passed before Europe returned to normal times. And as life in Europe became normal, feudalism took Europe in its grip. Woman fared no better under feudalism.

It was a period when the age of science was just emerging. When inventions like the printing press, steam engine, wireless, etc., came into being, changes occurred in society. The impact of science on life was greatly felt. No more could man or woman take things for granted. Everything had to be explained; nothing was taken for granted. The

age of faith and belief had given place to the age of reason.

In the wake of scientific inventions came the Industrial Revolution. And with the Industrial Revolution the position of woman changed. She came out of the prison walls of the home to work in the new factories and once again became an earning member of the family. Her position had improved but much remained still to be achieved. So many "Feminist movements" gathered momentum. Eminent social philosophers began to think how to improve the status of woman. It may be mentioned that John Stuart Mill fought for the enfranchisement of woman during that period.

At this period a few Englishmen who suffered religious persecution in England set sail to America. The English were followed by the French, the Dutch and the Germans. The "NEW WORLD" was full of forests, swamps and wild beasts. Man and woman worked hard to make this land yield plenty and spell prosperity. Woman contributed as much as man to make what America today is. This made the American woman the equal of the American man.

Then came the French Revolution which reoriented the outlook of man towards woman. Liberty was proclaimed from the house tops. Liberty for all; not only for man. About a hundred and fifty years after the French Revolution, another Revolution occurred. That was in Soviet Russia and it thoroughly changed the social, political and economic ideas till then prevailing. A new way of life came into being. Capitalism was abolished and socialism was established. And socialism implied the

equality of woman with man in every sphere. Woman should be allowed not only to develop her own individual personality but to influence the life of the community. Lenin, the revolutionary leader of Russia said in 1917 speaking about woman: "No nation can be free when half the population is enslaved in the kitchen."

As the position of woman improved in Soviet Russia, so too her position improved appreciably in other countries in Europe and in America. Her importance in society was realised and the various constitutions of the world proclaimed the fact that she is equal to man. She was given a vote and her vote became very decisive in the elections. Today both in the communist and in the non-communist countries of Europe woman occupies a place absolutely equal to that of man. She inherits properties and becomes its absolute owner. She is enabled to pursue her studies to any extent and can choose any profession. She contracts marriage of her own choice and is entitled to dissolve it in certain circumstances. She is given the opportunity to develop her personality and to contribute her share to the wealth and happiness of the community.

II

India is an ancient land reputed for its civilization and respected for its culture. The reports of travellers, like Fahien, Hiuen-Tsang and Al-beruni are full of admiration for the glory and greatness of India's past. The position of woman in that glorious epoch, however, was not a very enviable one. Let us look into the pages of Law books to know what position she occupied in society in the old days.

Under Hindu Law, which is the law that governs the life of a Hindu from cradle to grave, woman was considered to be inferior and unequal to man. Both legally and socially her position was deplorable. She was

always under the guardianship of man. First the father, then the husband and later the son. She could not inherit the properties of her parents. She could not dispose of her properties. She could not contract her marriage. She had to submit to the will of her parents, for marriage was considered to be a sacrament and not a contract. It seems as though that she has to marry not for her own happiness and companionship but to satisfy the sentiments of her parents. The oft-quoted aphorism, "Marriages are made in heaven" seems to be particularly coined in the interests of parents. When once married she could never release herself from the tyranny of the husband who may be polygamous, may be adulterous or may be suffering from contagious diseases. The Hindu marriage was a sacrament and there was no provision for divorce.

Under Mohomedan Law woman occupied a far better position than under the Hindu Law. But nevertheless even in Islam her personality was hedged in by too many social restrictions. The system of purdah, which is characteristic of Islamic society in India, has confined woman to the house and has narrowed her vision of life. It is truly said that a Muslim woman is more religious and more fanatical than her male partner.

The Mahomedan Law is however an improvement on the Hindu law in that the woman was given a share in the properties of her father and she had certain rights in matters relating to marriage, dower and divorce. But one cannot refrain from observing that she occupied a position subordinate to that of man both in muslim law and in muslim society. She was given only a half share in the property of her father whereas her brother was given a full share. Marriage is a contract under Mahomedan Law and the woman is entitled to marry according to her choice. In practice however, she is as powerless

as her Hindu sister, for marriages are fixed by parents and she has no say in the choice of her partner. She is entitled to get divorce from an undesirable husband in certain circumstances but the law makes distinction between man and woman in the matter of divorce. Whereas man can divorce a woman by word of mouth and for no reason whatsoever, woman can claim divorce only in a court of law and in fact obtain it only if she establishes her case braving all legal formalities and expenses. Further a muslim woman is always subject to the fear that her husband may remarry, for a mussalman can have four wives at a time.

Many of these restrictions imposed by law and tradition in Islam are incompatible with modern notions of freedom for woman and need to be abolished. It is high time that the Government of India brings in legislation to improve the position of the Muslim woman and place her on a footing of equality with her Hindu sister.

The growth of Freedom movement in India has effected changes in man's attitude towards woman who was taken into the fold of the Congress organisation. She participated in all the struggles launched by the Congress. The attainment of Independence opened a new chapter in the history of woman's progress. All the political parties in the Constituent Assembly were unanimous in their support to the removal of discriminations based on sex. According to the Constitution Act men and women enjoy equality before law and equal protection of laws. It was also made clear that women cannot be refused admission in colleges and entry in government services on the ground of sex. In addition to these constitutional guarantees the following new laws have been passed to remove the age-old restrictions

imposed on the legal personality of woman:—

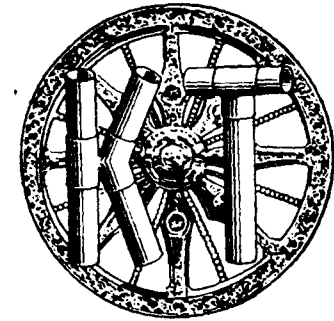
- i. The Hindu Marriages Act
- ii. The Hindu Succession Act
- iii. The Special Marriages Act.

These Acts which seek to improve the social position of women establish the fact that woman is equal to man in law and in fact. A word about the Special Marriages Act may not be irrelevant here. For the first time in India we have a law which provides for inter-caste and inter-religious marriages. Man or woman is allowed to contract a marriage without in any way giving up his or her religion. Pandit Nehru who spoke in Parliament at the time of the passing of the above Act observed that marriage was not merely wallowing in beds but was companionship which was to be determined by man or woman for himself or herself.

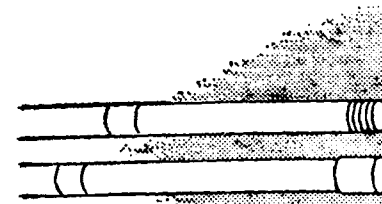
Woman in her march towards progress has to fight the age-long domination and prejudices of man. It is going to be a long fight. She needs wield only one weapon in her fight. That is education. Education not only enlightens but also emboldens her, and endows her with the capacity to enter a profession. The independent economic position of the educated woman improves her status in society. Man would no more consider her as a weakling but would regard her as a wealth producing factor and would give her the place she deserves.

The emergence of woman from within the four walls of the home and her engagement in competition with man in several walks of life has sometimes given rise to unfounded fears on the part of man. But the old Adam need not be afraid of Eve, for "Co-existence" of man and woman is possible and is necessary for the happiness and prolongation of the human species.

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DEMOCRACY VS. SOCIALISM

By SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

MR. Jaya Prakash Narain said sometime back that the seven authors of Pandit Nehru's Second Five Year Plan are all men from behind the iron-curtain—two from the Soviet Union and five from the countries of Eastern Europe.

The Avadi decision marks a turning point in the destiny of this country. It will turn India more and more away from democracy. One wonders whether our economic policy will be brought in alignment with our pro-Soviet foreign policy. The innocent looking phrase "Socialistic Pattern of Society" may ultimately develop into full totalitarianism in due course of time, connoting the death of individual freedom and sacrifice of all human values. There can be no co-existence between democracy and socialism. Socialism can be built only on the grave of democracy. Democratic socialism is a contradiction in terms. Democracy must necessarily vanish when full socialism comes into operation. The fundamental rights guaranteed under our Constitution will be a myth when all the means of production come into the hands of the government and the government becomes the only employer of the people. When all people have to depend on the government for their livelihood, nobody will dare to criticise it and nobody will dare to exercise his fundamental rights unless he is prepared to risk both his job and his life. As he cannot live by any means independent of the government, the government can starve him to death. This cannot happen in a democracy where he can live by means independent of the government and he is not afraid of the government; as he is not depending upon the government for his livelihood he can exercise his funda-

mental rights fully and criticise it or oppose it.

At Avadi, there was neither discussion nor debate on the new creed of the Congress. All that the delegates did was to give ovations and cheers to Pandit Nehru's new slogan, which nobody cared to study or think over. Congressmen think it a blasphemy to disagree with the "infallible" Nehru whose 'will' is wisdom and truth all rolled into one! Congress is going Nehru's way not because of any deep conviction of his policies but only because of the consciousness that without Nehru's towering personality Congress cannot remain in power. The elections cannot be managed without the help of his personality. Congressmen of independent spirit have left the Congress. Today no Congressman of independent mind has even a ghost of a chance of getting elected even to the lowest office in the Congress organisation with the result that Nehru is now surrounded by "yes" men who cling to office and sing his eternal glory. This hero-worship is neither good for the country nor for the Congress. It is a pity that no Congressman dares to raise his voice against what Nehru thinks or does.

As Pandit Nehru says, Nationalisation would not increase production and unless the wealth of this country is increased, Socialism would only mean equal distribution of poverty. His assurance to industrialists and businessmen that there is much scope for them to play their rightful role in the country's development can hardly remove the sense of insecurity and fear created in their minds by the recent amendments to our Constitution, and the contradictory interpretation of the Avadi resolution by different ministers, with the result

that the desire to save and invest is being weakened. The government by enlarging their powers are allowing private enterprise to drift into compulsory liquidation!

Our chief aim must be to increase the wealth of the country by all possible means. A much higher rate of saving and investment than the one now obtaining is necessary for a rapid development of an economy like ours, strained by the last world war and crippled by the Partition. But the Welfare State which intends to increase the material wealth of the people renders the same wealth insecure when earned!

Before independence, our private enterprise could do little towards development of our economy because it had to battle against foreign competition. It is true that private enterprise has not been able to justify itself even after the dawn of national independence. But we must also recognise that private enterprise has not been given a fair chance to justify itself. The Government looks upon the private trader and industrialist with suspicion. Unwise outbursts and contradictory pronouncements by different ministers have created a sense of fear and insecurity in the mind of private entrepreneur instead of creating a congenial atmosphere calculated to encourage him to play his part effectively in the development of our economy. Lastly labour legislation enacted by our government has ruined our industries without benefitting the working class. The new labour laws have created all kinds of complications, confusion and chaos. Unwise labour legislation is mainly responsible for the widespread labour unrest everywhere.

The aim of the Second Five Year Plan is to solve unemployment and to increase national income and secure a wider diffusion of profits. All these objectives can perhaps be better achieved by encouraging private enterprise instead of sponsoring State-managed concerns. The latter

by their very nature have limited the scope for developing our economy, whereas the scope in private enterprise is really very much wider. The individual should be given a chance to contribute substantially to the national progress while the state may concentrate its attention on big projects like steel, etc., preferably with foreign aid, if forthcoming without strings.

When productive capacity in relation to our total needs is extremely low and industrial organisation has to be built up from the scratch, socialism is an unsuitable method although it may look attractive.

If the State deprives a person of the fruits of his labour and he remains unsatisfied despite his hard labour, his interest in production will naturally wane. He will thereafter work only to the extent that necessity compels him. Thus the total wealth of the country will decrease. When the individual interest in production wanes the State will have to force to stimulate production. An economy that depends on force is necessarily a declining economy and with the decline of economy of the country, the loss of other values too will follow as a matter of course. On the other hand, if the individual is assured of the fruits of his labour, he will try to work more and more to satisfy his desires which are unlimited; consequently the wealth of the country which is the sum total of the productive efforts of the individuals comprising the society will increase.

Mere suppression of private sector in favour of public sector would not create a socialistic society. Private enterprise has a substantial contribution to make to national progress. Given reasonable facilities, the private sector can play a considerable part in the attainment of the country's objectives. The Government must create an atmosphere of confidence in the private sector and take such economic and industrial mea-

asures as would encourage larger investments of capital in industries. Government must provide every opportunity to private enterprise to play its role in strengthening the national economy. The private sector must be allowed to progress unhindered in its own fields which should be specified. Efforts should be made to offer suitable incentives to people to articulate themselves into a variety of local and functional organisations. The needs of the small producer and trader must receive greater attention. Economic development must not be made a virtual monopoly of government. Wholesale nationalisation of the existing industries would only weaken the national economy.

When all the wealth of a country is concentrated in the hands of government, the government will acquire supreme power; the more power it acquires, the more corrupt it becomes and the less free the people become. The moment the government secures a monopoly over all means of production, the people become mere slaves, working for the government and subject to all the conditions and restrictions it prescribes. The people will no more have any right of choice and will have to accept the jobs offered by the government and on its own terms. The beneficiaries under a system of competition and individual enterprise, on the other hand, will always be the people: for, the industrialist will have to meet the standards set by his competitors.

The concentration of economic power in the hands of a handful of individuals is undoubtedly bad; it is against social interests and the economic well being of the country. But the combination of economic and political power in the hands of a group of politicians, is worse. Arming the government with drastic powers has totalitarian implications. Initiative from the bottom will disappear. Peoples' co-operation will not be forthcoming except through

the methods of coercion. The recent Moscow broadcast that their present system permits too little local initiative, indicates that even the high priests of highly centralised socialistic systems are slowly realising the defects inherent in it. The fate of recent totalitarian experiments in various countries should be a warning against adopting that same method in this country.

There is little difference between socialism and communism. Socialism is only half-baked communism. Both stand for complete abolition of the private sector. Both stand for State monopoly. Monopoly whether by capitalists or by the State leads to dictatorship. The ultimate objects of both socialism and communism are same though their means may be different. Both communism and socialism are fundamentally opposed to democracy.

Any hasty method adopted as a short cut for the rapid development of our economy would only mean a further tightening up of our belts and a prolonging of our suffering. The transfer of the wealth and ownership from some private individuals to some "representatives" of the people would hardly enable the common man to share the economic and political power which will still be exercised by others and not by him, the only difference being that it would now be done on his behalf. Democracy would not be attained till economic and political power is exercised not only for him but also by him. If we do not learn from the experiments in totalitarian countries during the last forty years that freedom and bread are inseparable, we are heading towards disaster.

In a country like ours with a backward economy, the public sector alone cannot deliver the goods. Private enterprise should be given its proper place where reasonable facilities are afforded for its development. This does not mean that pri-

vate enterprise should be given unrestricted scope. The government must impose reasonable restrictions calculated to encourage competition in respect of production, distribution, minimum wages, profits and the like. High taxation, death duties and the ploughing back of profits into business should be sufficient guarantee against diversion of an undue share of profits to a few individuals. The private sector on its part must accept the responsibility of social service and adopt a liberal attitude to labour. It must always endeavour to create cordial relations with the employees. Labour must be treated in such a way as would remove its in-

feriority complex which is the principal source of misunderstanding between the employer and the employee. Private enterprise must endeavour to provide the highest standard of living for the largest number of people. There must be constant effort on the part of private sector to produce more goods at cheaper rates. For a country like India with backward economy, co-existence of the public sector with a regulated private sector will alone ensure peace, prosperity and progress.

The next general elections must be fought on this issue of socialism. We must choose either democracy or socialism. We cannot have both.

DAPHNE'S CHASE

By 'KRISHNANBALA'

OH, farther there in the wilderness,
Treading along an unknown way
In search of you there all the day
I was sinking fast with weariness.

I wandered alone with little ease,
That made me giddy in the head;
My legs struck work that so long sped
And sleep was pressing my eyes to peace.

Some steps I heard then on the ground,
't should be you I thought at last,
But oo a boorish hunter standing past
To my horror there I found.

With fire in eyes and filth in mind,
Red he was from chin to head;
As a hungry cur that sees its bread
He gazed at me and broadly grinned.

Thus he says and smiles: the fault is thine,
Your sparkling beauty drives me mad;
Hug thee hard, I shall by gad,
Thy nimble frame in mine entwine.

Thou art my brother, I fall at thy feet,
Say not the words that chill my bones,
Sighing for another's wife isn't meet,
Pity my tears and heed my moans.

No more no more of your morals stale,
Enjoy thee sweetie here I will,
Thy bluest vein, that dazzling rill
Intoxicates more than the best of ale.

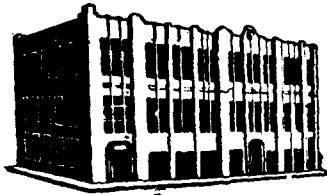
Help, help thy love O Krishna, I cried,
And fell down into a blissful swoon;
I awoke methinks looked around and soon
Found thy heavenly face where Love array'd.

... Oh, farther there in the wilderness . . .

(A rendering of Bharathy's Tamil poem "DIK'KU THERIADA
KATTIL . . .")

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THE THEATRE DID NOT DIE

By Miss SONJA FANKHANEL

Is the theatre dead? No doubt, to the superficial observer, the long queues before the cinema houses and the poor attendance at the theatrical performances may appear to indicate that there has been a change in the popular taste. Undoubtedly, the cinema has incorporated into its technique the latest discoveries in science and is able to approach the vast masses of the people to whom the theatre is inaccessible. That does not mean, however, that the theatre has been technologically superseded by the cinema and will gradually sink into oblivion like the bullock-cart and the rickshaw. The theatre as an art form is irrepressible; and moreover, it has always to exist to give birth to the cinema artistes. Although there may be differences in the acting before the cine camera and before an audience in a dramatic performance, still there is a fundamental unity between the two. At any rate, the cinema artistes cannot come into existence before a preliminary training in the school of dramatic performance. This question has been discussed by Miss Sonja Fankhanel in an interesting article in the Hindustan Standard where she draws a comparison between the theatre and the cinema in Germany and in India.

TODAY the stage in Germany is the centre for discussing the problems of life, the mirror in which time is reflected, sometimes gaily, sometimes seriously, with biting humour or as a warning. Besides Goethe, Schiller and others not well known in this country who wrote plays which deal with the eternal problems of mankind, the best of the modern writers continually produce plays for the stage. The theatre in Germany never becomes out of date. After the war, for instance, two plays gained such popularity that they were performed by every theatre all over the country: "Da draussen vor der Tuer" (In front of the door) by Borchert and "Des Teufels General" (The devil's general) by Zuckmeyer. While the first one dealt with the problems of those who return from the front to find their places taken by others, the second one revealed the thoughts and conflicts of those who fought against their own will and conviction. Today Berthold Brecht's "Mother Courage," a picture of the Thirty Years' War, shows the horror and futility of war. Another play by the same author is a witty but bitter satire on rearmament.

But the theatre in Germany does not confine itself to German writers alone. At least as many foreign plays, in German translation, are shown before interested audiences in Duesseldorf, Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Berlin. There are, of course, Shakespeare, Moliere, Gogol, Ibsen and other classic names; there are also Christopher Fry, Eliot, Thornton Wilder, Tennessee Williams, Anouilh, Sartre, Cocteau and Claudel. Works of foreign dramatists help us to understand and to sympathise with other nations, broaden our outlook and constantly give us fresh ideas and thoughts.

The theatre in Germany, which plays so active a part in the daily life, is the constant object of intelligent criticism and discussion. The times are almost over when people hurled foul tomatoes on the stage to show their disapproval or carried an actor home on their shoulders in high acclaim.

In many towns in Germany today you can find special centres where plays and productions are discussed, and where the director or, in case of modern plays, the author himself, can meet the public, hear their opinion and defend his own views.

There are chamber theatres too, which experiment put up bold new interpretations of old plays or introduce the latest dramas of modern and super-modern authors to the theatre fans.

Training & Technique

Even the best of plays must be put over well. Here comes the need for training and technique.

Every young boy or girl who wants to go on the stage has to undergo a thorough training for at least two years in one of the Academies of Dramatic Art or has to learn in a private studio. Voice training, elocution, study of parts, fencing, gymnastics and make-up are the main subjects taught. Study of the history of the theatre is also considered essential. After passing an examination the young actor or actress can either join a small provincial theatre or—if they are accepted—one of the bigger theatres in the towns. Wherever they are, they must continue to work hard and take their vocation seriously, for competition is keen.

Whenever I have asked; "Why is the theatre so neglected in India?" I have received the answer: "It is the cinema which kills the theatre."

There are many cinemas in Germany too. I still remember vividly how a few years ago gloomy prophets roamed about in Germany predicting the imminent collapse of the theatre—a prophecy which, happily, has not been fulfilled. Today the theatre in Germany is more alive than ever before despite a parallel growth of the cinema.

This is perfectly understandable, because in the films, there is only a one-way traffic of emotion from the screen to the auditorium. The emotions of the audience have no effect whatever on the actors who are only present in the cinema hall by proxy.

The incident in a Bengali theatre which has now become a legend, of Pandit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar throwing a shoe, at a famous Bengali actor, in utter despair that the villain whom the actor was impersonating was running away with a woman and no one of the spectators was doing anything about it, would have been impossible in a cinema hall. And even if it did happen, the actor would not interrupt the play and accept the slipper as the best token of appreciation of his acting talent he has ever had.

There, and not in the competition of the cinema, is the rub. The rapport between the Indian stage and the rest of Indian life. The theatre here is like a tiny plant, full of vitality, but neglected, put away in a corner, without nourishment, without care. Great actors play in poor halls, plays do not keep up with times, technique is behind hand. Patronage is shockingly insufficient. So the Indian theatre limps along. But given the rapport I have no doubt that India can become as proud as Germany is of her stage. For there is no question but that the acting talent in India is superb.—*Hindustan Standard*.

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MIRACLES OF SOUNDS UNHEARD

By Dr. ARVIND MOHAN SRIVASTAVA

SOUND beyond the range of human hearing has become a tool of great potentialities in science, industry and medicine. The dentist's chair has become a place to sit and relax due to the painless new dental drill based on sonic operation. It works America's production lines in heavy industry giving new ideas to farming and entering the operation theatre without trepidation of the heart.

The fundamentals are simple. Sound is made up of vibrations not only in air but in any solid, liquid or gas. Each vibration or a single shake is called a cycle. Sound having lesser cycles per second is low pitched and that having a larger number of cycles per second is shrill or high pitched.

The human ear cannot detect (or hear) sounds having high pitches of over 16,000 cycles per second. Dogs can hear upto 40,000 cycles per second which explains their attention with ears tuned up even when we experience perfect quiet. Industry uses sound ranging from 25,000 to two million cycles per second.

There are at least four methods of creating the sound beyond our hearing ranges—ultrasound or supersonics. The oldest method depends on the piezo-electric properties of crystals, e.g., the passage of an alternating current through a quartz crystal producing its alternate expansion and contraction which corresponds to sound vibration in a medium. These crystals are expensive but very high fidelity sources so far as their frequency is concerned (frequency is number of cycles per second).

The second method is based on the fact that magnetostriction properties

of iron, nickel and cobalt when repeated changes take place in the dimensions of these rods in an alternating magnetic field. The third method is to hack up high speed air streams into ultrasound by special sirens. The latest and cheapest source is a ceramic like substance, substitute for quarts, known transducer such as barium titanate. Based on these four methods ultrasonics can handle any production line job.

There are two distinct advantages in ultrasound. Often it can accomplish impossible tasks like detection of surface flaws in enormously thick metal castings. And it is a quicker method. Over seven thousand specimens can be checked for flaws per hour by only one apparatus. Cleaning of small watch parts took once infinite attention and time. Now it is done in five minutes and automatically.

Soundness of jet engines are checked up at a cost averaging about 10 lacs rupees which is a serious handicap. But mass production and use will cut down costs, it is hoped.

Apart from cleaning small and easily damaged parts, liquid tanin can cleanse larger parts, quickly freeing them from grit, dust or grease.

Machining can be done to wear down hard substances like tungsten carbide, glass, sapphires and diamonds. Odd shaped cuts can be made in hard substances without damage. It can slice lumps of ruby or diamond and create perforations for fancy jewellery.

These waves can be beamed into solutions bouncing molecules until they mix thoroughly. Everything from paint, petroleum to milk or mercury can be mixed. Ultrasound is a good mixer.

Ultrasound control and inspect production lines because they can easily trigger electrical circuits. Electronic devices can measure time intervals, compute the lengths of flaws and detect homogeneity by reflection, echo or transmission techniques. Test requiring an hour can be performed now in a fraction of a second only.

Vibrating a thin blade by ultrasonic control in a given liquid reveals properties of lubricating oil, paints, inks, milk and vitamin pills. The rate of vibration alters due to viscosity and density alterations. Speeds of waves and water currents can also be determined.

Apart from the cleaning, mixing, machining and quality control ultrasonics has minor but remarkable place in other spheres.

Acoustics of buildings are tested on models employing ultrasonic beams because the wavelengths of these are in the same proportion to audible sound as the model has to its actual size. Another application is by scanning a room by ultrasound to trap burglars, to detect flame and warn of fire. Automatic monitoring operates pre-set signals due to change in echo when any intrusion takes place.

Laundering of clothes, pasteurisation of milk, stabilisation of honey, instigation of genetical changes in seed resulting in better crop yield and killing of insects are some of the other uses finding an unlimited frontier for expansion.

Directed into the human body, friction and heat is produced relieving arthritis, sciatica, and lumbago. Neuritis, inflammation of the prostate, asthma, muscular dystrophy and multiple sclerosis are other maladies which have yielded to ultrasound treatment. It can also soften scarred tissues and widely used in the detection of cancers. The advantage over X-Rays lies in the fact that even soft organs or tissues can be revealed by ultrasound detection methods.

Brain surgery is another novel use for this ultrasound which can perform the miracle without any bleeding. 'Phantom Pains' associated with amputations are removed as reported in at least twenty recent cases have come to light.

Ultrasound kills bacteria and is used in the new technique for preparing vaccines. A whooping cough vaccine prepared in this way has claimed success. It has been used to inject medicines below the skin making syringe and needles obsolete. Knifeless surgery is not far away.

Within two decades this laboratory curiosity has come to hold its own in varied, useful and important fields of human endeavour. The future is bursting with new ideas and alluring land seems to lie beyond. The domain of ultrasonics promises unlimited fruits to relieve the delay, man-power shortage and congestion in production centres.

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SOME OMINOUS TRENDS IN INDIA

NATIONALISM ABHORS A VACUUM

By K. K. SINHA

K. K. Sinha studied law at Lucknow University, and became active in Indian political affairs early in life. With M. N. Roy he founded the Radical Democratic Party and the Indian Federation of Labour. He is founder and editor of the Indian Journal of Power and River Valley Development, and a prominent member of the Radical Humanist movement.

IT is proposed here to provide a very rapid review of the cultural and intellectual climate in India today. Generally it is the political aspect that is presented to the outside public. And politics, particularly foreign affairs, is so dominated by Nehru that the impression is created that Nehru is India, and India Nehru. But obviously it cannot be so, given the fact that there are 360 million people living in the country, of whom at least a few are educated enough to have a critical and modernist outlook.

It is eight years since the post-independence era opened. All these years were devoted to building up and running the government on a stable foundation, guaranteeing peace, general social harmony and efficient civil administration, and promoting general economic development. It is needless to say that compared to other surrounding countries, India has been a great success, and is practically the only region in south-east Asia which has reasonable chances of internal stability in a difficult international situation.

Today, therefore, it is not the prospects of stability that one asks about in India; one is anxious to know what is the pattern that this new country is weaving. It is not easy to answer this question at this stage; possibly it is too early to predict.

because so much depends upon international events, and because the personality of Nehru is so different from those of his prospective successors that there may be a break in continuity of outlook. Therefore all that can be done at the present time is to note carefully some of the basic trends, the subterranean currents that have been set in motion and operating since 1947. Here we shall set down some of the very ominous tendencies that appear to an independent and modern Indian—one who is not anti-Indian, though pro-western in outlook, and who is not foreign to the situation but has a personal stake in the future of the country. In making these critical remarks, however, one should not forget that these in no way diminish the importance of a large number of positive achievements to the credit of India and of its present leaders.

Our final answer to the question of possibly dire experimental results of sex education in the school takes the form of another question: Could things get much worse? Our experiment with ostrichism on sex has reaped a harvest of sexual maladjustments in and out of marriage, sex-based neuroses and psychoses and criminality. We have given sex silence quite a whirl, and it is indeed difficult to see how success has been among its outcomes. The odds are certainly in favour of human behaviour improving with full sex infor-

mation and honest sex attitudes. American education professes to believe that the truth will make us better and free in almost every other area of life. Just what basis have we for assuming that our maxim would not be applicable to sex?

In conclusion, we'd like to state, first, that because sex is an emotionally "hot" topic in our society about which ignorance is widespread, more emphasis is needed on this aspect of family life education than any other. Adequate sexual understanding is essential for the development of a mature and integrated personality, and contemporary social attitudes are such that the individual is not likely to gain such understanding.

Secondly, particular educators who undertake family life education should be recruited from the most mature, the best-integrated, the most emotionally self-understanding teachers. They should, most specifically, be persons who have worked out their own feelings about sex to the point where they can handle all topics of sex discussion under any circumstances in a free, matter-of-fact way.

Thirdly, such educators should be encouraged to proceed fearlessly and honestly with their work rather than be threatened with loss of jobs by administrators who listen to the protests of a few bigots.

Fourthly, there is no effective alternative to the schools as the means of sexually educating our children. Most parents are not themselves equipped for the job, and other institutions (such as the church) are either unequipped or reach too small a minority of the population.

Are educators afraid of sex? We think many of them are. And until such fear is overcome, education's professed interest in the family will remain an empty platitude. Snarled-up sex emotions are at the chaotic hub of contemporary family problems. Until educators courageously

face the full truths about sex, a most essential social need will go unmet.

I

Gandhi laid the political foundations of popular hero worship during his long career of leading the Indian people. He introduced mysticism and religiosity into an otherwise secular politics. He was therefore considered more a saint or a demigod than a political leader.

The sudden death of Gandhi (who was shot dead in 1948) created a great vacuum. Today it is Nehru on the one hand, and Vinoba Bhave on the other, who fill his place, however inadequately. The two personalities are quite different in many ways. One could call Nehru a modern man who would like to approach all problems in a historical setting and in a scientific, twentieth-century manner. Bhave, on the other hand, looks like the medieval mystic Mahatma (saint) as did Gandhi: was educated in Hindu scriptures, and talks and behaves like a god-sent messenger to the stricken people, condemning modern life and thought in all forms as the curse of man. Yet, strangely enough, the vast Indian populace looks upon both of them simultaneously as the true successors of Gandhi, and takes them as their guides and benefactors.

One significant clue to the understanding of this peculiar phenomenon may be, insofar as these two personalities are concerned, that both of them are extremely mass-conscious; they love the mass in lumps of thousands and tens of thousands. This is not so true in the case of Vinoba as it is in that of Nehru. They both like to be oracles. They seldom believe in exchange of ideas between individuals as equals; they want people to listen to them—but only in a one-way traffic: they must have the last word. This Gandhian tradition, introduced in the 1920's, still continues even after Gandhi's death.

II

The British government in India was not something that could be explained as like sowing the seed of the system that was prevalent in Britain itself on the Indian soil. The Britishers were primarily and originally interested in trade and economic exploitation of the region. But the chaotic political situation forced them to intervene more and more in the constantly changing kaleidoscopic patterns of feudal kingdoms. And once they began to taste the relish of power, they extended their domain, particularly when it was so easily to be had. Education, communication, industrial development, administrative and judicial systems, etc., came more of necessity than from an urge to civilize the Indians in terms of the British system. Therefore in basic essentials the British government concerned itself more with "law and order" than with the development of the country. The State apparatus was oriented that way.

When the country became free, the entire motivation changed. The State was to promote development—many-sided development. And suddenly the state apparatus began to expand at a terrific pace. There are nearly two dozen provinces called "States," big and small. This rapid expansion took place not only at the federal center, but also in all these states. The expansion is still continuing, and even the rate of expansion is increasing with every passing year. The state is fast becoming a huge Colossus. The idea of the welfare state is the fashion, nay, the craze, of the intelligentsia. The resolution recently adopted by the Congress for a "socialist pattern" consolidates this perspective. Parties which prided themselves as "leftist," "socialist," or revolutionary, have been suddenly caught unawares, and are fast being either split up or merged into the Congress. The scientists, academicians, educators,

economists, engineers—practically everybody in the top circles of the professions—are being absorbed by the all-embracing state apparatus. Intellectually and emotionally, few have any difficulties of conscience, given the prevailing intellectual climate. Even the fields of art, literature, music and theatre are fast being eroded of their independence and individualistic character by the benevolent patronizing of the state. And this rapid tide of merger of the individual into the state is taking place non-violently; there is no MVD or direct coercion by the party in power. Sycophancy has been developed into an art in which even the courtiers of the Mughals would not have been able to compete. Each minister is surrounded by a retinue of cringing people who held high positions such as secretaries of state departments or directors of research institutes, principals of colleges or vice-chancellors of universities, district magistrates or chief engineers of large projects.

III

It is customary with our Indian leaders as well as intellectuals to declare that India has a spiritual heritage which contains a message for the whole of humanity. What that message is, very few of those who make such a declaration are aware of or clear about. Generally it is taken for granted that it is Hinduism, particularly the vedantist variety, that has in it a spiritual content superior to all other religions or to the "materialist West." This is the pose of the average educated Indian toward the rest of the world. Nehru, who is supposed to be modern, never fails to declare that he has "discovered" India and that India has "its own way," something special, something not western, and in this way rationalizes the Gandhist "method of truth and non-violence." Each country has of course its own traditions and historical experience,

and so has India. But this over-emphasis on the uniqueness of each country's methods is significant as a form of cultural chauvinism and nationalism. This theory of "special genius" is not new; even in the West it had been attempted during the inter-war period, with disastrous results. It is only an expression of the inverted inferiority complex of the country. But it is rampant, and is becoming a fixation encouraged by the fashionable "neutralism" in foreign politics which gives the impression that it is India that is saving the world from catastrophe. Again, let it be reiterated, this is not to minimize India's positive and patient work, or the real cultural heritage of the past. But a superficial and uncritical understanding of its history, coupled with the wishful thought of saving the world (before saving ourselves) is creating a peculiar social psychosis.

Indeed this is the real content of Indian nationalism. It gives expression to the unity of the country, otherwise it was the British who held the country in a single whole by their administrative and military apparatus. This cultural chauvinism has other fissiparous facets—it is a double-edged slogan. The Congress had accepted and even encouraged the idea of re-demarcation of state boundaries on the basis of cultural and linguistic homogeneity before the country was free. That made it popular. But this single step let loose forces of differentiation between cultural and linguistic groups within the country. Indian political nationalism was being torn from within. As long as the foreign factor was existent, this pressure could be persuaded to hold itself back. But later on, how long? Now the situation has come to a head. Not only are new states being carved under pressure or boundaries of existing ones being readjusted, but the relations between cultural groups have become extremely strained. It is

affecting very vitally the large "minority linguistic groups" in each state, and each will be kept as hostage by one state to assure good behaviour toward "their people" in other states. Nehru the nationalist is strongly pulling his weight against this trend; but in the long run odds are heavy; he has already compromised at Andhra. Nationalism is only skin deep; partly it is "made in Britain" among the English-educated; the Congress itself was founded by an Englishman, together with the educated Indians, in the 1880's. This is a significant fact to remember.

The problem of language has further contributed to the rapid deterioration of Indian unity. English, a foreign tongue, cannot be a State language. But what can? No language is universally acceptable. Hindi, as the most-used language, has been adopted. But possibly it is the least developed, while some of the regional languages are extremely rich and sensitive. With the emphasis on cultural and linguistic homogeneity already accepted by the Congress, Hindi as state language is taken in many quarters as an imposition and an affront to the prestige of the regional culture. But this is not all. Hindi, as against English or other rich regional languages, means a very sudden drop in the cultural level of the coming generations in outlook and intellectual equipment. This is the real and crucial danger, and educated parents are already experiencing it in their own children today.

It is these three major currents or trends which are slowly but surely taking hold of the Indian people. The more sensitive, the more individuated and culturally cosmopolitan among them, though few and diminishing in numbers, feel a pang somewhere in their innermost being as the perspective of hopelessness, of creeping medieval age, is steadily drawing near.

Those who are accustomed to read the situation in terms of political relations of forces, or economic patterns of development, and do not attach much importance to the cultural and intellectual aspects of the Indian situation, would naturally not find the situation very disturbing. Rather, in some sectors, some good work has been done and more is be-

ing accomplished. But if in the ultimate analysis it is the position of the individual and the cultural climate in which he is nurtured that are more fundamental, the trends indicated here in brief would be found interestingly relevant in the understanding of the situation in India.—*The Humanist*

WAGON MANUFACTURE IN MADRAS

GOODS wagons are a sorely needed item in India's economy today. The Second Five Year plan requires transportation of goods and materials on an hitherto unprecedented scale. To ease the situation a total of 8,700 goods wagons have been promised to India by the U. S. Government under the Government of India—U. S. Technical Cooperation Mission Agreement. Financed by the United States, the wagon bodies were made in U. K. and the wheels in Japan.

Out of the 8,700 goods wagons earmarked under U. S. aid to India, 3,000 are for the Southern Railways. It is for the Southern Railways that the Binny Engineering Works will assemble wagons. It was at this factory last week (May 23) that an impressive ceremony marked the formal presentation of the wagons by the U. S. Technical Cooperation Mission to the Southern Railways.

"To understand the magnitude of the problem, we must realise as Mr. Winfree, the American Consul said, "that each day in India some 3,000,000 passengers are carried over 34,000 miles of track in some 3,800 trains."

The ten-month old factory where the wagons are assembled employs about 400 workers. The factory has the ultimate capacity to assemble between 10 to 15 wagons a day.

Several stages are involved in the creation of a wagon. To begin with, the components are unpacked and distributed by tractors and trailers

to the various assembly stages." The underframe moves along the assembly line upside down and the small components are bolted into position. The under-frames are then attached to wheels.

The next stage is the body assembly. After strongly bolting the walls and the roof, the sides are rivetted for additional strength. Then the doors are hinged and the vacuum brake is fitted and tested.

An important test carried out at the Binny Workshop is whether the wagon has any leaks through which water will gush through during a heavy rain.

In order to find this out the wagon is pushed under a weather testing apparatus and given a grand "shower bath."

After this red-oxide paint is applied and the wagon is ready to be put on the rails. It is then stencilled with the railway identification marks and other details.

The factory provides workmen with the most modern amenities. Striking features are a canteen building accommodating 450 workmen, and a dining hall for about 96, with a nice kitchen, a store room, and canteen-mess office.

The Binny's Engineering Works Private Ltd. are doing a signal service. They have not only put Madras on the "Wagon map" of India, but have provided new employment for many people.—USIS.

SPORTS

MAURICE TATE

By N. RAMAMOORTHY

IF the 80s and 90's were the Golden age of cricket, the years between the two world wars can be called the Renaissance. The Golden age could boast of giants like Grace, Trumper, Sutcliffe, Ranji, Hill, Jessop, Fry, Rhodes, Jackson, Warner, Barnes, Gregory, Macdonald, Tyldesly and a host of others. The Renaissance too possessed such mighty men as Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Hammond, Bardsley, Ponsford, Bradman, McCabe, Hendren, Duleep, Larwood, Farnes, Verity, Grimmett, O'Reilly, Constantine and Nayudu, to name only a few. Among such a galaxy of stars, each one a colossus in his own kingdom, there was a bowler who could hold his own and strike terror into the hearts of batsmen.

He was Maurice Tate. Cricket was in his blood. Son of the Sussex county professional Fred Tate, Maurice shone in the firmament of luminaries between 1912 and 1937, unequalled, unsurpassed, and unmastered. Batting Titans, could never hit or take liberties with this Cyclops, who always towered over them and dictated terms. The best among the batsman could only hope to edge him through the slips. Many a batsman had lost hold of his bat by the sheer force of the impact. Tate bamboozled them by his control over the swing, both in and out and caught them on leaden feet and petrified arms, by clever disguise of pace.

Tate derived much speed from the perfected ease of his action which was sheer poetry in its rhythm. Says John Arlott of his action "... the heavy shoulders swung easily and powerfully, the huge wide hips, pow-

ered and steadied his swing; his well knit strength sustained him through the many overs to which his gusto urged him ... you saw the most perfect bowling action that theory or practice can conceive ... the immense unchecking power of the bowler's movement, the full rhythmic swing of those heavy shoulders, he delivered at the highest point of his vertical swing and followed through with his hand ... the approach delivery and the follow-through gathered, concentrated and directed every fraction of their combined energy into the pace of the ball."

It is significant to note that Tate did not bowl even a single no-ball in his entire first class career and bowled only one wide which was a slow, tossed-up ball.

He reached the zenith of his career between 1923 and 1932. He played in his first Test in 1924 against the Australians and took a wicket with the first ball he bowled, a unique achievement which has been emulated only by three others. By all accounts Tate was the unluckiest of the great bowlers. He was always ferocious and attacked the stumps all the time. Most of the times the ball would beat both the bat and the stumps by almost a coat of the varnish. It was a familiar sight during those days to see the miserable Tate, flinging up his arms to the high heavens beseeching the gods as it were to witness the cussedness of human existence.

It was the signal misfortune of Tate, that he did not possess a good foil to support him at the other end. No doubt he was supported by his skip-

per Gilligan, but when Gilligan broke down, Tate lost almost half his effectiveness. He had to bear the lion's share of the bowling burden, that he used to bowl more number of overs than all the other bowlers put together. So economical was his action and so steady was his length that the major portion of the overs he bowled were maidens. Tate bullied and badgered the batsmen to such an extent that, they took liberties with the other bowlers and thus denied Tate his due share of the spoils. Successful teams are built on strong bowling combinations like that of Larwood and Allen, Voce and Bowes, Lindwall and Miller, Nissar and Amar Singh, Tyson and Statham, Grimmett and O'Reilly, Valentine and Ramadhin, Mankad and Gupthe, to mention a few. Tate had no such partner. He had to toil and sweat alone. But yet he commanded great respect, shows the calibre of the man and his bowling.

Due meed of praise has not been given to Tate's capacity as a batsman or his all-round ability. Wielding the long handle gaily he scored 23 first class centuries in a total of 22,000 runs, with an average of over 25 runs per innings during his entire career. In 1929 he scored his only Test century against South Africa. These cold figures can never convey the spirit of his batting.

However, it was only as a bowler

that he shone pre-eminently, though he achieved the double many times. In three consecutive seasons 1923 to 1925 he took over 200 wickets and 1000 runs and five other times he claimed over a 100 wickets and 1000 runs in an English season.

Tate represented England in 37 Tests in all and played against all the cricketing countries. During his Test career he claimed 155 wickets. He bagged 2784 wickets during his 25 years as a bowler, claiming more than a 100 wickets in 14 English seasons.

He holds many records to his credit. In 1926 when he visited India, he achieved the distinction of being the only member of any touring team to perform the double during an Indian season. In 1924-25 by taking 38 wickets in the tests he broke Mailey's record of 37 wickets in an Anglo-Australian series. In 1921 against Northamptonshire Tate and Bowley put on 385 runs for the second wicket for Sussex. (not a world record.)

More than anything else Tate was a man of immense charm, vital personality and puckish humour. Many are the legends about his witticisms. Yet this great hearted cricketer was "reserved for Woolloongaba" during the Body-line series.

'Chub' Tate retired from this world on Friday, May 18th at the age of 61 to play with the immortals in Elysium.

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New Books

LANGUAGE PROBLEMS IN INDIA.

By P. Kodanda Rao, Servants of India Society, Bangalore 4. Copies to be had of the author on application.

THIS is a small pamphlet of about 22 pages in the course of which the author attempts to fight a futile and unnecessary rear-guard action. The topics dealt with are the danger of linguistic states in India, the alleged paramountcy of the need for establishing a unitary state and the wisdom of perpetuating permanently English as the medium of government and administration. On every one of the counts the pros and cons have been so often stated that it is needless to recapitulate them here. The peculiarity of Mr. Kodanda Rao's approach to these questions is a self complacency and impercipient of cataclysmic changes which have transformed the face of India.

In deploring the trend in favour of the setting up of so-called linguistic states, Mr. Kodanda Rao fails to see that linguism is not the villain of the piece but a longing for local autonomy amounting to near-sovereignty which is the new, disturbing factor in the free, sovereign republic of India. With all its historical advantages and undoubted prestige, Britain, while in the saddle here, never committed the mistake of biting more than it could chew. By its calculated moderation, it kept in leash those forces of local patriotism which are conventionally described as fissiparous tendencies. These are implicit in any large agglutination of peoples, or areas or activities. It has been the sign manual par excellence of Indian greatness in the past to reconcile in one comprehensive system both the centrifugal and centripetal tendencies—thus ensuring the reality of freedom to

the parts while presenting the facade of a unified system to the outsider's gaze.

People who are bemused with visions of a great, glorious, strong and powerful India are the real mischief-makers; for they pave the way for the emergence of totalitarianism, at home and adventurism abroad. The antidote to them is the development of provincial autonomy for the parts. This is the inwardness of the cry for linguistic provinces, and it is not an accident that it is most clamant in those areas which had tasted the sweets of Independence in the past.

Further still, the atomic age is balanced by the enthronement of the UNO organisations as an earnest of the eventual emergence of a world-state. One of the most authentic stigmata of a world state should be the elimination of predatory politics, of territorial or ideological or economic wars. Once this super-national organisation gets going with sanctions voluntarily surrendered to it by the component parts, the urge to the promotion of unity in the nineteenth century conception of that term would be greatly weakened, if not altogether eliminated. On the other hand, the forces that are contributing to the shrinking of the boundaries of this world would work in favour of a new concept of co-operation and adjustment which would out-mode the subtleties of secret diplomacy.

These and other consequential adjustments in the mental frame and emotional outlook of people are actually at work now; and quite naturally the older generation is precluded (in the nature of things) from understanding or participating in them. Our people may no doubt commit many mistakes in arriving at a new equilibrium between a variety

of vital parts and a symbolic centre. But the one thing that is inconceivable is to stay put, which is the sum and substance of the author's plea.

This is brought out most glaringly in his advocacy of English as the *lingua franca* of the country for ever. There is no instance in history of one country deliberately neglecting its own national resources of language and expression with a view to superimpose on them an alien medium. Such a course would condemn us eternally to play the inglorious role of parasites—supposing it were possible. When a man in this year of grace can bring himself to write calmly: 'Hindi is not necessary for the whole population, it is not as useful as English'—we can only shrug our shoulders and pass on; for such an one is clearly a Rip Van Winkle who makes a painful attempt to acclimatise himself in an unfamiliar world. The international importance of English—at the moment—is an irrelevant consideration; for the history of the world shows how such a position was occupied at different times by Sanskrit, Persian, Latin, French and Pali. But all of them have gone west, while the people of the world have been carrying on their affairs in their own mother tongue or regional languages. So far as our national needs are concerned, no one is opposed to the study of English as an auxiliary language at the apex; for only thus can we continue to keep a window open to the outside world. But to make English our mainstay would be to lean on a broken reed; for the vogue of English brought about by political considerations may go with a change in those conditions. At such a juncture we would be forced to switch over from it to some other language—say Russian for the sake of argument! That is the supreme *reductio ad absurdum* of pleading for the adoption of English or any foreign medium for our national needs.

NORTH OF THE 17TH PARALLEL.

By Wilfred Burchett. People's Publishing House Ltd., Delhi. Rs. 5.

THIS purports to be a factual, objective and veracious history of the struggle in Viet Nam between the 'people' and the French imperialists who had been vainly trying to perpetuate their hold on the country. It traces the early career of Ho Chi Minh, the communist leader of North Viet Nam and the heroic services rendered by him in ejecting the French from one part of his beloved Father-land. Like all successful revolutionaries, we find Ho Chi Minh drawn over-size—a paragon of all the political virtues approved in the communist rubric. The only point of interest to the student of affairs here is the fact that it was French inspiration rather than Russian that made a leader of this Viet Nam Colossus.

Some chapters are devoted to the ill-fated collapse of the French measures to defend the 'Rice-bowl area' of Vietnam, and the consequent loss of prestige which French diplomacy and arms suffered. Distance, lack of equipment and above all operating in wholly hostile territory were responsible for the French debacle. Other chapters recount the story of the reconstruction of the northern half under communist and totalitarian impulses. Much is made of the fact of land being distributed among the landless—the trump-card in the communist game of bluff and bluster. Now and then a contrast is hinted between the heaven on earth above the 17th parallel and the hell which is supposed to be seething with horrors in South Viet Nam where the villain of the piece is America.

According to the terms of armistice agreed to about a year ago, the ground is now supposed to be under preparation for the holding of general elections in both parts of the country leading to their reunification under a single political system. But

the chances of any such consummation being reached seem remote. For the communist formula varies from place to place. They went unification where it suits them, but insist on division where it plays into their hands. But the great comfort is that in one danger-spot, peace has been restored after a prolonged struggle of years.

There are interesting samples of the people's government at work. In particular we have an elaborate account of a people's court in session; the tententious aspects of it are so blatant as to over-reach themselves—the trowel is laid on so thick!

AZAD

TOWARDS SARVODAYA:

THIS is a beautiful souvenir published by the Director of Information of the Government of Madras to commemorate the holding of the All India Sarvodaya Sammelan at Conjeevaram. It has an attrac-

tive cover with rural scene depicted in colours. There are photographs of Mahatma Gandhi, the President and many prominent personalities and events depicting the progress of the Five Year Plan in the State with special emphasis on the village industries. There are articles by leading authorities on Basic Education, Prohibition, Khadi Production, Leprosy Relief, Tamil Literature, Kerala Arts, Tourist Information etc. There is a picture about the Japanese Method of Paddy Cultivation which is misleading because the men in the picture use ordinary shovels, while the Japanese method involves the use of an instrument called rotovator specially designed to turn the soil when drawn between the rows of plants. The publication is priced one rupee, which is very good value for such an attractive and informative publication. We congratulate Mr. Diravayam on the excellence of the souvenir.

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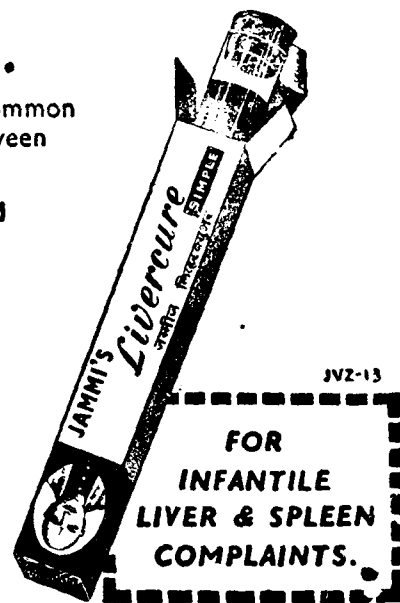
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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

SILVER Jubilee celebration of *Seema* on Friday the 25th May 1956 at Majestic (Bombay) was as simple and dignified as the picture itself. Amiya Chakrabarty the producer-director-author of *Seema* felt, as he himself said, very proud, happy and excited on the occasion. And he had every reason to be; for the Jubilee of *Seema* was really a significant event—more significant than even the 65 weeks run of Amiya's *Basant* at the same theatre fourteen years ago.

In his short but forceful speech Amiya Chakrabarty said that the success of *Seema* was the success of picturegoers as it revealed beyond doubt that the picturegoers do not want cheap, escapist entertainment but they wish to patronize good, purposeful social pictures like *Seema*, *Jagriti*, *Bootpolish* etc. Amiya expressed his faith and confidence in the picturegoers and he said that the common man had more sense and intelligence than even many of the film producers.

Shri Salebhai Abdul Kadar, the Mayor of Bombay, who presided on the occasion, revealed that, as a member of the Board of Censors, he was closely associated with films; and he had opportunities to see films which were not seen by the public. Though he welcomed efforts like *Seema*, he felt that without the censorship, if producers were given complete freedom, they, rather some of them, would stoop to any thing to please the customer. Hence the vigilance of censors was necessary. He even pleaded that the censors should have power to ban meaningless,

purposeless films. He asked the picturegoers to form an association of their own and guide the public to encourage the right type of pictures and to discourage the production of the wrong kind of films. For, after all the quality of the supply would be determined by the demand of the public.

The stars and technicians were garlanded by the Mayor. In a brief speech Balraj Sahni who had specially flown from Calcutta to attend the function, said that with the changing times the people wanted films to be less artificial and more true to life. And as the artificialities disappear and films present the truths of life they would make great progress.

Seema which has been running for 25 weeks at the Majestic (Bombay) is expected to run for many weeks to come at the same theatre. Incidentally it has received six out of eight nominations for the Film Journalists Association's awards for the 'best' film of the year. The other pictures nominated for awards are *Jhanak Jhanak*, *Shree 420*, *Jagriti* and *Kundan*.

Picture of the week

Except for the students of History, the name *Halaku* has little or no significance. *Halaku* Khan, the grandson of Changez Khan, was also a great warrior and conqueror. History records that he conquered Persia and while ruling over Persia, a great change came over him and he left the country. What brought about that change? According to D. D. Kashyap, the co-producer, author and director of *All India Picture Halaku* the change was brought about by a woman whom *Halaku* loved but who did not return his love.

This is the historic basis of the picture *Halaku* which, otherwise, is as good as any love story of the familiar pattern. For, though entitled

Halaku the picture is essentially a love tale of Niloufer and Parvez. Just as they are about to get married, Halaku's forces invade Persia, Niloufer is captured and brought before the conqueror who takes interest in her.

The rest of the story unfolds the futile efforts of Halaku to conquer Niloufer's heart on one hand and the daring manoeuvres of Parvez and Niloufer to get out of Halaku's clutches. They are helped by Niloufer's maid in the beginning and Halaku's wife and Minister in the latter half.

The only difference between this love story and others is Halaku's characterization. For, he is no ordinary villain; though a tyrant, he is a man of character and Kashyap has succeeded in making his character both interesting and human. Pran may not look as hefty as the role demanded; but he puts over a superb performance and makes one forget that it is the same old Pran. Meena Kumari acts her role with grace and charm as usual. Ajeet makes a handsome lover. The other players including Veena, Niranjan Sharma have all done well.

The picture is embellished with ornate sets and songs and dances. The music is pleasing without being distinguished. The picture's main drawback is that though historical, it lacks action and as most of the story is told through dialogue and indoor sets, it appears like a drawing room drama. The ornamental and long-winded dialogues by Partao Lucknavi further help to slacken the tempo; in the present context, this style of dialogue writing is most unsuitable.

Within these limitations *Halaku* is a well-made production and would appeal to those who like traditional love stories told with literary ornamentation.

Personality of the week

More than *Halaku*, Pran's portrayal of Halaku will be talked about. As already pointed out, some will criticise his choice for the role; the others will criticise his defective diction—for whenever he shouts, the words get mixed up and lose clarity. But everybody will still be impressed by his performance. It is undoubtedly Pran's best so far; and it is so different from anything he has played.

Pran, it will be recalled joined the films over sixteen years ago. He played the lead opposite Noorjehan in *Khandaan* and he played all kinds of roles, but without much distinction. The partition and communal riots made Pran leave Lahore and come to Bombay with his wife and children.

Pran passed through critical days and was prepared to work at any price. The hero of Lahore was cast as bad man in Bombay in two or three successive pictures viz *Ziddi*, *Buri Bahen* and *Grahasti*. As both these pictures proved successful, Pran came into the limelight and was cast as a suave, polished villain. Pran has appeared in big and small pictures; and he has appeared in a number of hit films. His make-up, his role, his mannerism have been almost the same in every picture. Once or twice he got a chance to play the good man; but the pictures did not click and so he had no alternative but to continue playing the bad man.

Tired of playing stereotyped roles, he was keen to play a role that was different. *Halaku* provided him with that opportunity. In this picture he has changed the make-up, the mannerism and diction completely. He has proved that he is versatile and given an opportunity can play different types of roles with success.

Though Pran is acting on the screen for the last fifteen years he looks young and fresh as ever and like Ashok Kumar, the youthful hero in forties, he seems to be our ever youthful villain.

THEATRE

"MOHINI THEEVU"

We are glad to note that a veteran of the stage, Sri S. V. Sahasranamam, with his "Sevas Stage" troupe is giving regular performances of the play "Mohini Theevu" in the Waltax Theatre. We wish the troupe all success. We expect them to give many more new plays.

The story of "Mohini Theevu" is by the late 'Kalki' R. Krishnamurthi and dramatised by "Iraimudi Mani". The play depicts the conflict between the royal houses of Cholas and Pandyas. King Parakkrama Pandya wants to give in marriage his daughter Bhuvana Mohini to Sukumaran, son of Uthama Chola. But the Chola King refuses the alliance. They meet in the battlefield. Chola is defeated and taken prisoner.

Sukumaran, son of the defeated king, visits the Pandyan capital to avenge the disgrace of his father, but he falls in love with Bhuvana Mohini. He helps his father to escape from the prison. The Chola King still refuses his consent to the marriage of his son with Bhuvana Mohini. Sukumaran relinquishes his title to the throne and marries Bhuvana Mohini.

M. Mynavathy's acting was excellent as Bhuvana Mohini. S. V. Sahasranamam as the Chola King, T. K. Balachandran as Sukumaran and T. M. Pasupathy as the Pandyan King acted their roles with great success.

Art direction by Kalasagar Rajagopal was an unique feature of the play. He has a knack of setting the stage in an economical and simple way but with astounding effect and great beauty.

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ON THE COVER: The performing bull.

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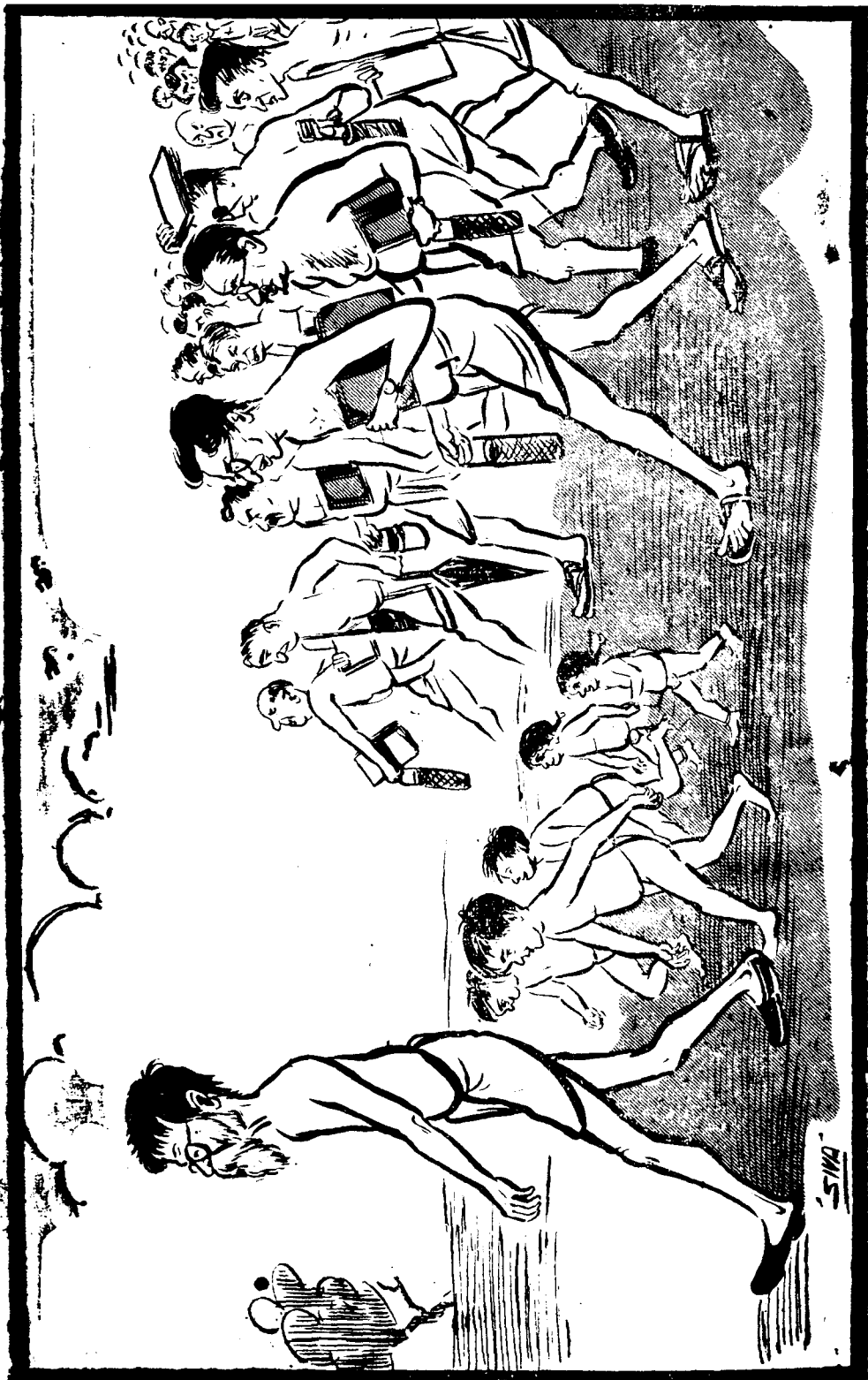
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DECENTRALIZATION

SOVIET Russia has decentralized the State. More power is now given to the constituent regional Governments and less has been reserved for the Centre. Not only in the subjects relating to government, but also in industry this principle of decentralization is sought to be incorporated. It means that everything will not be planned and controlled from Moscow as heretofore. Even the initiative needed to carry through the Five Year Plans will not emanate from the top, and there will be real freedom for people lower down in the administrative ladder to suggest amendments and improvements and to put those amendments and improvements into practice. If this process of decentralization catches on, there will be a veritable revolution in the governmental and in the industrial set up of the Soviet Union. The descent of power will not stop at the State level but will filter down to the several district administrations until at last it reaches terra firma at the village, entering the home and the heart of the individual. There will be self-government in the industrial as well as in political life. That would spell the dawn of a new era of freedom and plenty for the people. Obviously, this change-over from centralisation to decentralization is being advertised by the new leadership in the Soviet Union as an earnest of their having really given the go by to the Stalin Cult.

Prosperity built through the Five Year Plans imposed by a centralised Government spells slavery while

decentralized industries affording full freedom of action for individuals would yield not merely the material commodities which would increase the level of living of the people but also that intangible something called "liberty" without which life would not be worthwhile on this planet. It is round this idea that the famous battle was fought between Marx and Bakunin in the First International. Bakunin lost that battle and Marx gained the victory. As a direct result of the Marxian victory, the Russian revolution took a totalitarian turn and Stalin built up his empire centralizing all power, political as well as economic, in his hands. Absolute power corrupts absolutely and Stalin, as has now been proved to the hilt, became the most corrupt personality that walked the earth in recent times. He murdered in cold blood nearly all his comrades. In the process of debunking the personality of Stalin, the new leaders of Russia have unearthed crimes committed by him which are unheard of in human history.

Now, the tide has turned. The personality cult is given up in Russia. The process of decentralization has begun. At any rate, that is what the Russians want the outside world to believe. The worship of an individual, the unquestioning, the unthinking adulation rendered to the personality of Stalin by the masses of the people enabled that personality to grasp and to wield centralised power. The moment the people begin to exercise their thinking faculty and

assert their freedom of action as individuals the charm of the personality vanishes and the cult disappears. Then sets in the process of decentralization. That has happened in Russia, if the official reports are to be believed.

Decentralisation is in the Indian blood. It is the principle embodied in the ancient Panchayat Raj. It is the central teaching of Mahatma Gandhi who yearned to build up a village civilisation in India. It is what Sri Vinobha Bhave is after in his treks through the length and breadth of the country. It is what Jayaprakash Narain wants, it is the reason why Jayaprakash Narain has left the Congress.

But Nehru's India has been fashioning herself on the Soviet model. Though her constitution was drawn up on the Anglo-American pattern, Pandit Nehru has been of late busying himself with copying Soviet methods especially in building up industries. He has manned the Planning Commission with Russian experts with the result that we see in India the rise of industries which are over-centralised, top-heavy, corrupt to the core, and nurtured in scandals which wash down the drain crores of public money. The administration of the State in India and of the industries coming into being under the Five Year Plans are all driven from the top by the power wielded by one personality who sustains that power owing to the unquestioning adulation of the masses—the personality cult.

There has to be a turn back, away from this unnatural state of affairs. We in India must start to decentralise our Government, our industries. We must give up the personality cult. If we do this now, when Pandit Nehru is alive and with his co-operation, we shall accomplish this historic task with non-violence. If we set about this task after Nehru or against his will, it will inevitably be accom-

panied by violence, with rivers of blood flowing in our villages as well as in our towns. But the historic task will have to be faced someday, now or later. Now with non-violence, later with violence.

The Indian Constitution Act formally recognised the principle of Federalism. India is too big a country: it is, in fact, a sub-continent, and cannot be ruled efficiently from one centre. The unnatural centralization is part, if not the whole, of the reason behind the inefficiency and the corruption rampant in the services. There is no living contact, and there can be no living contact, between the Minister and the Voter in the far-flung territory of India; and inevitably power accumulates in the hands of irresponsible intermediaries.

A beginning must therefore be made by decentralizing the Delhi Government and the Delhi Parliament. A few subjects will always have to be administered centrally, like foreign affairs, defence, currency and communications. The Central Government and the Central Parliament will continue in exclusive charge of these subjects. But all the other subjects now centrally administered are capable of decentralization and must be decentralized if there is to be efficiency and honesty in the administration. Unfortunately, the present linguistic states are not uniform in size or in population so as to permit a direct and immediate divesting of power by the centre to the states. Any scheme of decentralization involves a re-drawing of the map of India, grouping the smaller units into larger regional wholes. The country can conveniently be divided into four or five such regional groups and the power of the central Parliament and the central Government can be vested in the various Parliaments and Governments which will be constituted for these regional groups.

This first step towards decentralization can be accomplished non-violently during the life time of Pandit Nehru if the country is to be saved from total disaster at the end of the Nehru era. Pandit Nehru himself cannot avoid this step if he does not hold on to the care-free maxim "after me, the deluge." The logic of the situation is so overwhelming that it has already led Pandit Nehru to propose the groupings of the states as an inevitable consequence of the implementing of the S. R. C. Report. In the scheme of linguistic states as now drawn up, small states like Kerala look so pathetic and helpless side by side with giants like the U. P. As a set off against this crude display of disparity, the Prime Minister has agreed to regional groupings of the smaller states which may together command the area and the population which will enable them to look the giants in the face. But these groupings will have, according to the

Prime Minister, only advisory functions and will not have any administrative powers. This qualification renders the whole proposal infructuous. Such groupings for the mere drafting of advices will look ridiculous under present-day conditions and will entail a waste of public money and effort. We would urge upon the Prime Minister and his colleagues to act up to the light in them which led to the proposal of the groupings of the states and to work out courageously the implications of such groupings and to clothe them with the necessary powers even though such powers are taken away from the centre. Let us hope the Congress High Command, which is the final arbiter in these matters, will have the patriotism, the vision and the wisdom to surrender power to regional Governments in order to build up national strength and national solidarity.

SIDELIGHTS ::

EVERYONE is glad that Sri Vinoba Bhave has successfully terminated his fast. He took nourishment amidst the prayers and the singing of Ram Dhun by his followers after three days of total starvation. The bulletins issued by the attending doctors showed that there was no injurious reaction in his body because of the fast. For Sri Bhave, a fast is quite an ordinary and normal affair and he is used to longer fasts. Indeed, it appears as though he needs occasional fastings to keep himself in normal health. Why then was there all this excitement at the announcement of his fast? The tears that Sri Jayaprakash Narayan shed were needless.

After the successful conclusion of his fast, Sri Vinoba Bhave has resumed his *pada yatra*, walking tour of the villages, soliciting land for the landless. But he has not taken the public into his confidence as to whether he attained the object he set for himself during the fast. Has he attained self-purification? Has he seen the full picture of the Sarvodaya ideal which he wanted to see? Had he visions? Did he dream? We are in the dark. He has not told us.

It is high time a ban is imposed upon officials attempting to imitate Sri Vinoba Bhave. Even if the imitators hail from the ranks of Minis-

ters. Disturbing news has been put out that Sri Shanker Dev, Deputy Minister for Social Services in the Hyderabad State, has started on a 40 days walking tour in connection with Bhoodan and Sampattidan movements in the districts of Telingana. The party will consist of 15 persons consisting of officials and non-officials. Officers of the Revenue and Social Services Departments will accompany him in their respective jurisdictions. We leave it to the reader to find out if such use of official position and influence against helpless villagers is in consonance with the non-violent and wholly spiritual aura of the Bhoodan movement and whether such conduct on the part of the Minister is not an infringement of his official status.

Bombay again broke out into violence on the occasion of the recent meeting of the A. I. C. C. Events have proved that irrespective of party affiliations the entire Marathi speaking people of India are of one mind in the demand for Bombay to be made the Capital of the new Maharashtra State. Under pressure of party discipline a few of the leaders may be siding Pandit Nehru in the determined stand he has taken to bring Bombay under the administration of the Central Government. There may be two opinions on the justice of the claim made by the Maharashtrians but every right-thinking person would condemn the manner of their enforcing the demand by the perpetration of acts of violence against individual non-Maharashtrians whose homes have been violated, whose shops were looted, and whose properties were burnt in the mad frenzy that prevailed at Bombay. Employees of Government and of commercial firms journeying through the suburban railways and the buses were injured by the stone-throwers, the workers in the factories who did not

join the strikers were assaulted. All these acts of violence were committed in the holy name of Satyagraha. This phenomenon of political protest which has broken out into sporadic violence has to be investigated and its causes probed and remedies enforced.

The A. I. C. C. passed a thundering resolution condemning the violence and eloquent speeches were made by the leaders calling upon the Nation to discourage such violence and suppress the instigators of such violence. But it requires more than a resolution of the A. I. C. C. and more than mere speeches to cure this malady. It requires calm reflection and an analysis of the historical causes that have led to this outbreak of the disease. It is no use pretending that the evil is confined to the Maharashtra people or to the Bombay State. The recent Railway strikes have involved the commission of brutalities and cold-blooded crimes by the strikers.

The belief is getting ingrained in the people that their grievances will not be remedied and their voices of protest will not be listened to unless they indulge in acts of violence to person and property. The trend toward popular violence started with the demand for the separation of the Andhra State. So long as the Andhra people confined themselves to constitutional methods their demand was ignored. Even Potti Sriramulu's fast unto death created no impression upon the powers on high. But the moment that a few trains were derailed, some railway stations were burnt up and a few goods-sheds were looted, the authorities woke up and worked overtime to concede the demand so that the new State of Andhra came into being almost overnight, as if by magic. This attitude of the Congress High Command

not to listen to the voice of reason but to submit to violence after it breaks out has created the prevailing faith of the people that nothing succeeds like violence.

The decision of Pandit Nehru to hold on to the Bombay City as a centrally administered area shows that he is still in the mood to grab more and more power, more and more territory for the centre which is under his immediate personal control. It looks as though he considers the Centre as his special preserve while the States are his rivals. He is less and less trustful of the states. If he thought that the Maharashtrians did not deserve to keep the Bombay City, he could have given it to others who did. He might have constituted it into a city state or he might have found some other solution to the problem other than annexing it to the Central Government. Why does he distrust the States?

It is true that the governments of the States and their officials are, if anything, more corrupt than those at the centre. But the remedy for corruption is not the transfer of the control from one corrupt official to another corrupt official. The causes of corruption and mismanagement have to be probed and remedied. There has to be a complete revolution in the outlook of our administrative services and the reform must begin with the Ministers who should be penalised and brought to book if they indulge in nepotism and similar vices which are copied by the officials subordinate to them.

The Prime Minister has said that railway travel should be discouraged

in the country. He has proposed the bringing of private travel in railways under government control and the introduction of a system of issuing permits to every one who wants to board a train. The railways play a vital part in the gigantic task of industrial construction undertaken under the Five Year Plans and private citizens should realise the national emergency and should co-operate with the Government by decreasing the strain on the railways, by cutting down their travels for personal and domestic reasons. The Railway Minister, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, supported this policy in the Lok Sabha saying that in order to run more goods trains for the movement of raw materials and finished goods during the Second Plan period, there was no alternative but to cut down passenger services. All this sounds very proper and very patriotic. But what are the facts? How does the Railway Administration of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri carry out his policy so ostentatiously adumbrated in Parliament? We have before us a posh publication of the Southern Railway printed in superior art paper, filled with photographs, and a cover page in colours inviting travellers for the Godavari Pushkaram festival. The excellence of the publication does credit to the public relations officer of the Southern Railway who brought it out. Needless to say the festival attracted crowds, special trains were run and pilgrims travelled in them as sardines in the tin. All this reflects the greatness of our piety and the excellence of our railway service. But the question is: does it support the railway policy as laid down by the Prime Minister and so ably echoed by the Railway Minister?

BUDDHA

(A FOOT-NOTE PLACED AT HIS LOTUS FEET)



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DURING the Buddha week, and for days in advance of it, wherever one turned, he was greeted by souvenirs, special articles, expositions, exhibitions and celebrations all designed to make a discovery of a hoary old episode in world history. There seems good reason to conclude that we are officially boosting this occasion for blatantly political and national ends. For sub-consciously in the minds of all of us is the complacent thought that Buddha was an Indian—according to some of our top-notchers, even a Hindu—and that therefore something of his glory falls on us by reflection. Matthew Arnold characterised such a falling as the 'Anglo-Saxon contagion.' It consisted of making much of our own possessions, achievements and thus indirectly, almost insidiously, dispraising the achievement of other people. Shakespeare is the greatest dramatist of the world—but please remember he was an Englishman; who wrote the most massive modern epic? Why Milton of course! And although it is more and more unread with the lapse of time, he is never forgotten on special, gala or ceremonial occasions to buck up the national ego. Some such thing is being promoted in our midst at the moment; and it helps most of us to pat ourselves on the back with a hearty gusto which, being home-felt, need not be more particularly described.

Leaving aside all the unctuous utterances and resounding generalities with which we have drugged ourselves under cover of Buddha, let us look at the incontrovertible facts pertaining to him. They are few and far between and hard to get at. For the dates of the Buddha are conjectural, and the details and course of his ministry over-laid with legend. As

for his teachings they are the subject matter of endless speculation if not controversy. He was a prince's son, and might have chosen the primrose path of dalliance without blame. But he turned aside from the purple out of sheer surfeit. Many others have also made similar renunciation of the good things of this world, but have not been praised at all to the same extravagant lengths.

He has been called the Enlightened one because of the four propositions which he formulated as a result of his travails of body, mind and spirit. These are lugubrious enough. We know too well that we are condemned to experience more misery than happiness in this world. The thirst for life is itself a misery and has to be overcome. We have to save ourselves by our own efforts and not through any sort of mediation or mediator. And lastly, he embodied in categorical imperatives the eight-fold way to lead the right life. In short, he was the world's first great puritan.

But what did his followers do? Exactly as other followers of other guides! They made a hash of his teachings, and evolved out of them a system, a dogma, a theology and an ethic which compromised with the pristine principles,—even on fundamentals. He stood for a classless state of society; but his followers multiplied them in all directions. He is said to have preached compassion to all living things, but this he shares with the Jains who have a greater antiquity and priority in the formulation of the theory of *ahimsa* and the rigid, if often formal, practice of it in their lives.

But in all current eulogies of the *Thathagatha*, one looks in vain for any reasoned appraisal of Buddha's life and work in relation to the

growth of Christianity as an institutional religion. Dates are inconvenient because inescapable things. There is a striking family resemblance between the life-stories of Buddha and of Christ in salient features—in the tone of their utterances, in their miraculous and healing powers, in their cosmic consciousness and above all in their unflinching benevolence and love. Add to this the remarkable developments associated with monasticism in Europe and the missionary labours of Buddhists from the third century before Christ. There is a significant and unexplained blank in the life of Christ from between his twelfth and his thirtieth year. Where was he, what was he doing? No answer is available to such natural curiosity. Some writers have therefore allowed their fancy to range freely but within the limits of probability. Jesus might have been a wanderer in the East, and might have easily been inspired by the life and work of Buddha. Returning home, he came up against the opposition of orthodox Jewry precisely where he tried to graft on to Judaism the classless, egalitarian and universal principles which are admittedly the bed-rock of Buddhism. The most sensational fact about Buddha is that he was

canonised by the Catholic Church in the early centuries though under a different name. I write from memory, but that famous French savant M. Sylvain Levi has mentioned this fact in one of his many Indological papers. If Hinduism drove out Buddhism in one sense, it would be equally relevant to say that Judaism drove out Christianity for identical reasons. This should prove that Buddhism and Christianity—shorn of their later dogmatic accretions—are fundamentally one and the same.

But it is not for these reasons that we are now celebrating Buddha. Pandit Nehru has hailed him as the greatest man that ever lived. This means nothing and proves nothing, specially as we have no idea of the basis of his judgment. The concept of greatness has itself suffered a sea-change in the course of history. Greatness is isolationist, chilling like the top of Everest; it is of no immediate good to us. But goodness, humility, patience, an abounding love—these are what have saved the species from regression to brute levels on a permanent basis. For such small mercies taught to us by the saints rather than by the sophists let us be truly thankful.

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INSIDE PAKISTAN

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

BEING now in Karachi is to be so near to New Delhi and yet it is so far away psychologically and emotionally. The feeling is forced on me notwithstanding my likes and dislikes. I am a shadowed man here like any other Indian correspondent in Karachi. Of this tribe we are only two—the Times of India representative and your correspondent. Whereas the former is restricted in his movement only to Karachi Municipal Area my limitations are slightly elastic.

I will expand my point further. In the good old days I knew many friends amongst Muslims who would go any way to receive me on my arrival in their city. The partition and the present "cold war" psychosis has done away with all that. On my arrival here when I rang up some of my old friends in government services or otherwise their wordy reception was to me just monosyllabic. None, I discovered to my dismay, would openly like to associate with me under any circumstances. I have not been specially chosen for this treatment. I gather that all our diplomats here are similarly treated by their former pre-partition colleagues.

Friendly contacts between an Indian and a Pakistani here is almost impossible. There are many Pakistanis I know of who would be glad to meet us but they dare not on account of fear.

But this is, I feel, only limited amongst the so-called politically conscious city people. In my cross-country railroad journey through Pakistan so far I have come across hundreds of simple Pakistanis who, on my revealing to them my identity, were so hospitable to me and so communicative.

Robust, optimistic, rustic these

simple people remind me of the people just across the border. They shared their teas with me, their desert lemons, they even would go out to kindly fetch drinking-water for me. I shall never forget these simple good-humoured people.

In Karachi it is all so different. Optimism is a thing forgotten here. Robust mind is hardly visible. It must be there but we dare not probe into it. If I talk to somebody on the street he is questioned by plain-clothed policemen. There is a regular—the word is, thanks to Dr. Malal, "ghetto" for Indians in Karachi.

When I came here a few days ago I was rather happy—happy to be in a place once upon a time I knew rather well. Slowly I was becoming nervy but now I have regained my optimism and gait. I am beginning to take everything easy.

I was walking on the Bunder Road and felt for cigarettes. I walked into the first shop and asked for my brand.

"We don't have that brand".

"Have you Gold Flakes"?

"No".

"Wills"?

"No".

"Scissors".

"No".

I saw some tins of 555.

"Well"?

"Ten rupees a tin of fifty".

That was it. All brands of cigarettes could be had only at a black market fancy price.

A cake of soap would cost you rupee one only—just for the ordinary type. A cup of coffee costs annas twelve in the open, bananas cost you eight to ten annas a piece each. They are just not available. Chicken is a high luxury here and medicines are concerned in the black market.

Karachi is absolutely a changed city from what it was in the pre-partition days. The roads are yet as broader as they were, cleaner as they used to be, smarter as they were ever, and yet its proverbial Sindhi gayness is blanketed. The life out of the streets has been extinguished. The roads belong to the mere man. You hardly ever see a woman on the streets; when you do see one she is hidden behind a burkha. The woman of Karachi has been pushed indoors. It is a strange sight here for a man coming from the West and even from the East.

The shops here apparently look well-stocked with consumer goods. They are mostly from the United States of America—nylons, chocolates, chewing gums and the sorts but there is a wide famine of patent medicine, sugar, coal, toothpaste, cosmetics and even meat. Living is so costly here; it used to be more. It is a real boom town here, this metropolis of Karachi. The word "boom" is not mine. The Pakistanis use it themselves.

The living index is gone up but the income is not.

Result: corruption is rampant. Government officials have built up houses costing several lakhs which they rent out to foreign missions. Here nothing can be done without a price. The higher you go the worse it is.

There is boom in another field here just at the moment. Boom in bigamous marriage or marrying at the ripe old age of eighty and this gets the support of the so-called popular press as well. Read for instance the *Morning News* comment of May 20 on Judge Zafrullah Khan's marriage with an 18 year beauty of Damascus:

"In this age of stress and strain, marriage is a balm which only he can refuse who takes a cynical view of life's felicity. And marriage in the sunset of one's life has its own charms. It recapitulates the joy that has taken flight out of the day and night.

"After life's fitful fever one must

live well for a while and whistle away the final years on the lap of one who is in Shelleyan phraseology "a sweet tone amid rude voice," "a well of sealed and secret happiness."

"Verily tender girls make the best of nurses for men grown old. Now is it any act of indiscretion on their part to attend upon a bespectacled judge with his long ponch and longer purse. Marrying an undergraduate, a cadet or anything younger or youngish looking is launching upon hazards, entertaining impetuosity and playing a game of uncertainties. But entering into a "bond of bed and board" with a bearded boss is insuring a settled tenure of life and leaving nothing to chance except the "Long live my Lord".

In a city and in a state where the full quota of a man's harem is just f-o-u-r no wonder the women legislators are forbidden to shake hands with the Chair.

THE activities of Pakistan leaders, as I understand them from a close study from here in Karachi, is cent per cent directed against the interests of India. There may be exceptions, as in the case of Dr. Khan Sahib, the Chief Minister of West Pakistan, but the general rule is "fight India here, there and everywhere".

We must clearly understand Pakistan's actions at her home front as well as at the international front. They are both interlinked. Her actions at home and abroad are so crude that for an observer in Karachi it is not very difficult to get at the bottom of their motives provided the background is known.

At home front the leaders are frantically busy trying to snatch leadership from the other—by God, by hook or crook! There is no subtlety in their fight, no fineness about them, it is so crude in fact and unmasked that even a lay-man does not fail to notice them and be disgusted.

The breaking of nose, the shoe hurling, fist-throwing, vulgar abuses and whatever is happening today at the West Pakistan Assembly will not fail to be repeated either at Karachi. None in India would really realise how big is really the proverbial "fish-market" which the politics of Pakistan is. One just has to be here to feel it deep and say in parting, "Allah must save the country".

Internationally Pakistan's actions are solely directed either to vilify India, that is Bharat for them, or to belittle the progress India makes at home. Her entire foreign publicity is engaged in telling the world not what Pakistan is doing but in projecting the supposed wrongs India is doing her. The amount of lying propaganda she does against us is unbelievably fantastic and nonsense.

For instance Pakistan keeps on telling the world that . . .

1. Because India would not give them coal they had to stop their train services, then start with diesel, then discover the Sui Gas; and now, thank God, their trains run best in Asia.

2. Because India would not give them textile they did go without clothes for long but they planned and forged ahead with their textile industry so much so that now they do not only produce enough for their home consumption but they also export abroad—even to Lancashire.

3. Because India would not give them their share of pre-partition arms and ammunitions they are now having them from America.

4. Because India would not co-operate with her jute industry they have now founded the biggest ever jute industry.

And the propaganda goes on. These also are believed across because there is not much of a counter propaganda against them. You cannot abuse the abuser. If you do you debase your own self. But nevertheless the propaganda has

worked for Pakistan for these long nine years. And it is only now that abroad they are calling the Pakistan bluff.

India is an obsession with the Pakistani leaders. In our assessment of Pakistan we should never fail to understand that. The leaders here never stop to think that India presently is hardly in a mood to do anything but march her progress ahead. They also never bother over the facts that Indians generally never bother much about Pakistan.

It does not require the brains of a political scientist here to analyse and find that leaders here have begun to have second thoughts on their very theory of second nation. There are many important people here who positively regret and say so in private that it would have been better if Jinnah had accepted and been satisfied with parity at the Centre. That at least would have given the present Pakistani leaders more political importance than now.

Having established Pakistan with the progress of the troublesome years they find themselves in a deathly mess. Their dreams are nowhere realised. They find India's name rocketting high in the international sky. They are overawed by Nehru's name headlining across the globe.

This makes the Pakistani leaders green with jealousy. In their jealousy they are ready to burn their boats in order to pull back a little of India's tremendous progress.

Knowing that all this progress could have been theirs too if India was not divided knowing that the very basis of Pakistan was unsound—and it is being so fought in Kashmir—they are now deliberately trying to put the clock of India's progress back with their dog in the manger policy.

Pakistan's joining the SEATO and BAGHDAD PACT, for instance, is a proof of their dog-in-the-manger policy. Every observer knows here that no country is going to attack

Pakistan militarily—least of all India. India certainly has no desire to undo the partition for the simple reason that she need not have to for any reasons whatsoever.

When a rising politician like Qazi Musa is suddenly killed in an accident nobody bothers about it. They just have ceased to bother over any political suddenness. Qazi Musa had joined Dr. Khan Sahib's Republican Party and here he is suddenly killed in what on the surface seems to be a motor accident. This might sound just a pure accident. But there are many political observers here who have their own doubts about this kind of accident. Doubts are never cleared. Not even the doubts over the murder of Liaquat Ali Khan, the greatest of the Prime Ministers Pakistan so far has had.

When Liaquat Ali was murdered the man who was doubted most was Gurmani. Gurmani's linkman who knew the story inside-out was suddenly involved in a plane accident and was killed. This goes on here.

Out of this chaos and widespread frustration one thing is clear. People's faith in the government is evaporating. They no longer pin their faith on individuals. If there is anybody on whom they could rely it is on Dr. Khan Sahib, the Chief Minister of West Pakistan. But they say: "Will the crooks let him live?"

Well that is the question. Things move here so suddenly, no one knows.

The common man here is being constantly told that but for Kashmir everything would be just milk and honey. For instance when I called on a Pakistani friend he offered me a smoke and a matchbox of the American paper-made type. The stick would not light. "Hello" I said, "give me something else, a better match-stick."

My friend looked into my eyes and seriously said, "Where can we have better match-sticks? You have taken all our woods in Kashmir".

That is it. Now do you feel like arguing?

For any shortcoming here get Bharat hanged. India is an obsession with them. But a saner section of the people are coming out slowly in the open and beginning to challenge authorities. Out of the twenty political parties functioning openly some of them are building themselves up not with a stress on religion but on secularism.

Last evening I went to have a look at how the refugees are being dealt with here. The refugees are huddled together just like cattle. As I stood near the Quaid-e-Azam Jinnah's grave I saw around me tattered reed huts where thousands of refugees live. No refugee in India (barring the latest arrivals from East Pakistan) could ever even dream of the hardships their counterparts are having even after nine years of partition!

It is these refugees who unfortunately think that a show down with India would solve their problems. There was a time when every refugee shouted for an immediate war with India, and even now there are thousands here who would think on similar lines. But slowly the people are getting to understand that India is not at the bottom of all their troubles. Understanding thus they are now looking towards other leaders who could solve their problems. That is one reason why Dr. Khan Sahib is getting so popular every day.

A couple of years ago nobody would have ever dared to show any sympathy towards him and his illustrious brother, the Frontier Gandhi. But now the tables are turned.

"And why not"? tells me an important Muslim Leaguer who is now in the process of re-thinking, "it is he who has shown us how to be courageous and face the devils".

The very ideology of the two nation theory is cracking here. Religion has no political meaning in Beluchistan, in the North West Frontier, it is dead in East Bengal and in

Sind. Knowing this the leaders are desperately trying to find out different ways of attack. Knowing that religion is no longer holding the political threads together the Muslim Leaguers here are fishing in other

people's ponds. But then the Muslim League is down and out. In the horizon of Pakistan I can see other parties rising, parties of honest and good people where war with India will not be loosely talked of.

"THE MAGIC OF MARRIAGE"

By M. RAMAKRISHNA NAIDU

STANLEY Feather Stone Ukridge, son of P. G. Wodehouse, remarked in one of his effusive moods: "Give up bachelor business. It's mug's game. I look on you bachelors as excrescences on the social system. I regard you, oldman, purely and simply as a wart. Go and get married, laddie, go and get married."

The magic of marriage transforms excrescences and warts into social units and embellishments and also turns knaves, fools, skunks and scoundrels into wise, honest and noble citizens. The Society regards bachelors as noxious vermin and does not welcome into its fold since it considers them that they are devoid of any position and self-respect and above that most dangerous!

There is no place for bachelors on this planet. There is only persecution, even on the day when he goes on to his last journey. "A bachelor is a mug, a married man is a marvel—" wrote a Novelist. Some offices reserve their jobs for wived men. Jobs are not for bachelors.

When I was a bachelor, I experienced untold sufferings to get a house. The owners of the houses used to shoot out the first nerve-shattering question: "Are you married?" When I said "No" they sniffed at me and closed the door without letting me talk anything further, after shooting wild stares upon my perspiring face. One day, I met a landlord, who was sitting next to me in a Cinema hall and asked him why he treated bachelors so contemptuously, without informing him that I was also a bachelor. His reply was: "Can he (bachelor) not go without a house?—

he has a vast sky over his head for shelter and vast earth under his feet to rest—are these not enough for these deformed louts—I do not nurse even an atom of pity for them . . ." The red blood of bachelorhood boiled in my veins and without any hesitation, I let my fist blow land on his shabby protruding nose. Soon there was a commotion in the cinema hall and while he was being taken away from me by the manager, he began murmuring vehemently: "... this is the reason why I don't let my houses to these louts and scamps."

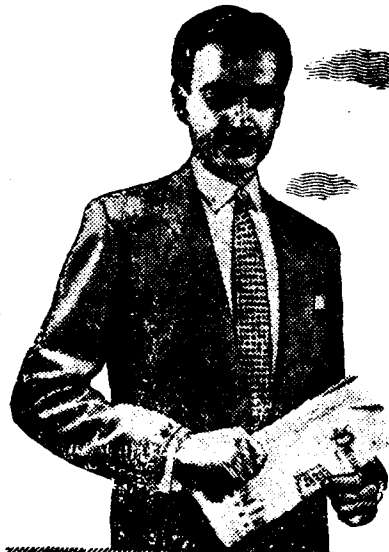
Coming to the professional side also, married men get more privileges and benefits than bachelors. If a bachelor asks leave, it is not easily granted. Let the married man bluff that he has to take his sick wife to the hospital, leave is immediately granted. The married man's appeal brings more water to the eyes of the bosses than the earnest prayers of honest bachelors.

The only time a bachelor feels proud is during that day, when a girl's father (that too, the father of an over-aged girl) approaches him and pleads to him to be his son-in-law.

According to Indian custom, if a bachelor dies, no jasmine or rose flowers are to be used on his dead body, while it is being taken to the cremation grounds—only ERUKUM flowers which have no smell or beauty should be used over the corpse. So, even after his death, a bachelor is treated with contempt. "Go and get married, Laddie, go and get married, for "a bachelor is a mug and a married man is a marvel."

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DON'T CODDLE YOUR HEART

This eminent specialist believes that activity is as necessary for a heart patient as anyone else.

By JAMES NICOL

“RIDICULOUS!” That is how Dr. Paul Dudley White regards those “general warnings” that to avoid heart failure, all healthy males over 40 should shy away from mowing the lawn.

Now 69, this eminent heart specialist told me, “I keep in trim by shovelling snow and gardening and mowing the lawn, and doing all those things and a lot of others that men over 40 are not supposed to do.” He still rides a bicycle for five miles when he gets a chance.

Dr. White refuses to believe that hard physical work causes heart disease.

Surveys show that only two per cent of cases of coronary thrombosis (a blocking by a clot of one of the vessels which supply blood to the heart muscles) are associated with unusual exertion. More than half of all attacks occur while the victim is either resting or asleep.

In September Dr. White flew to Denver to attend President Eisenhower. The specialist maintained that the president's devotion to golf—he played 27 holes the day before his attack—would delay rather than accelerate the attack.

The heart, Dr. White also believes, is too much feared and coddled simply because it is the most immediate vital organ. “It is wrong to believe that a person with a heart ailment must stop all work and die quietly,” he said. “Moderate activity is just as necessary for a heart patient as for any one else. What are our muscles for? Not so that we can simply sit around in an armchair. I am afraid we are becoming too soft.”

Dr. White added: “I do not say that persons who have suffered a coronary thrombosis or angina pec-

toris (an ache in the heart muscle itself due to shortage of oxygen) should start chopping down forests. They must be careful. If a healthy man of 40 isn't in condition to mow the lawn he should not go at it strenuously the first time out. He should get himself in condition gradually. And then he should stay that way.

About five feet six and lean, the doctor seemed as sprightly as a man 20 years younger when I met him in his Beacon St. office. And he is about the busiest man in Boston. Every day he must refer callers to other specialists as his present practice takes every moment of his time.

Son of a Massachusetts physician (a veritable “scorcher,” who would cycle 100 miles in a day), Dr. White began to specialise in heart diseases 41 years ago after post-graduate work in London and Vienna. He served as a medical officer for a year with the British Expeditionary Force in World War I. He has won decorations and honours for missions all over Europe, in Israel, India and Pakistan. In 1952 he led an unusual expedition to the Alaska coast. There he took the pulse of a 14-foot beluga whale—15 to the minute—after two specially designed harpoons were shot into it. It was a research project. For a long time Dr. White has been interested in the heart action of all big mammals.

No one has found the chief cause of heart attacks though the American Heart Association has spent £5,850,000 in the past five years on research. But it is known that these ailments afflict one person in 16. They kill more people than all other diseases combined.

"In the case of the coronary arteries," says Dr. White, "the hardening and thickening of the artery wall, the marrowing of the channel and the decrease in the size of the blood stream that flows through it often begins as atheroma. This consists of the laying down of fat in the inner lining of the wall. In time this deposit tends to clog the artery much as rust clogs a water pipe."

Old age was once regarded as the chief cause of sclerosis but younger men occasionally suffer from it.

Again, scientists have learned that the death rate in, say, places like the U. S. from heart attacks is far higher than in Asiatic and African countries where the native population often is poorly fed. In those European countries where food was severely rationed during World War II the death rate dropped sharply.

"Some people suspect that our rich diet is a factor," Dr. White commented.

A typical case of coronary thrombosis, according to Dr. White, follows this outline:

Mr. Brown, a business executive in the middle 50's, had eaten an unusually hearty dinner after a long day at his store and had retired early, feeling tired but otherwise well. Some time after midnight he was awakened by a sensation of heavy pressure under the breastbone. It grew more severe though Mr. Brown took baking soda and drank hot water. He felt faint and broke out in a cold sweat. Unable to endure the pain, he agreed to have his wife called the doctor who arrived at 1 a.m. and gave him two hypodermic injections of morphine.

He dozed fitfully through the night and the pain continued until noon. After that he was exhausted and a little feverish in the evening. The day after that he felt much better despite a higher temperature. The fever lasted altogether four days but he had felt perfectly well. The

doctor insisted that he remain at complete rest in bed for another two or three weeks to ensure an adequate healing of the injury to his heart. For the first two weeks he was on the danger list and lay very still except for some gentle foot exercises.

Thus there passed tediously two months of convalescence, and it was not difficult to induce Mr. Brown to take one more month, his third, to complete his rehabilitation away from home, getting mild exercises and restoring his morale, which had been badly shattered by this unexpected disaster. He ate, lightly, lost some excess weight, and wisely did not resume the tobacco which he omitted the first day of his illness.

The patient resumes his work slowly, but within a month is back in the swing, though avoiding long hours and the more severe strains, both physical and mental.

Life may continue uneventfully for many years. Many persons do quite well, much better, in fact, than was thought possible 25 years ago when the condition began to be distinguished from "acute indigestion" with which it had been so long confused.

FARM NEWS

GRAIN BREAKAGE IN HULLING

New Method That Gets Over Defect

Sometimes a good quality rice gets excessively broken in the hulling process. Experiments, however, now show that by following a new technique in parboiling, unbroken rice of a good market quality can be obtained. The technique consists in carefully harvesting and threshing the paddy in the field and soaking it in water for 24 hours in winter or 12 to 16 hours in the summer and during the monsoon. The soaked grain is next baked and stirred in hot sand for a couple of minutes. After parboiling, the grain is cooled and dried, and hulled by the usual method.—ICAR

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ON SUPERSTITIONS

By L. N. S.

In praising the dead, beware lest you traduce the living.' Such was the exhortation of an ancient sage to his disciples. The reason for such an admonition is pretty obvious. The dead generally take care of themselves, for we who live study to forget them except on special, ceremonial occasions such as the 2500th anniversary of the forgotten which we recently made a racket of. But since our main job is to live with the living and make a decent show of it, prudence (to mention no higher consideration) suggests that we should not antagonise those whose lot we are anxious to ameliorate.

One wishes that these considerations had been borne in mind by our Prime Minister when under cover of Buddha he let loose on the devoted heads of his countrymen a flood of comminatory eloquence in the course of which he deplored their irrepressible proneness to indulge in all sorts of superstitions. Unluckily for him, the illustration with which he sought to drive home his point was at best inconclusive.

A man like Lamb would, I feel sure, have applauded the wisdom of those who devised a bath as a compulsory concomitant of the observances laid down for an eclipse; for he would have at once seen the hygienic value of it at least now and then to the great unwashed! Some of the primitive groups who have however made history have been notorious for their allergy to the bath. The Englishman hated it till the middle of the eighteenth century; and is said to have learned it unwillingly from the Indians whom he conquered. There is unimpeachable evidence to prove that the early Britons stank even at great distances because the institution of the bath was unknown to them. See the

nursery rhyme which speaks of a giant 'smelling the blood of an Englishman' where the word blood is a euphemism for the composite odour of body, skin, hair and clothes long deprived of the sanative advantages of being subjected to hydroptic liquidation! At the other extreme are our Kashmiri country-men engaged (according to Pandit Nehru) in the heroic task of debunking the two-nations theory who also smelt abominably because of their hatred of the bath and who (pace our leader) have brought us into bad odour with the rest of the world! If the proletariat could be persuaded to make intermittent contact with water only through the concoction of a fairy tale, why statesmen and philosophers should rejoice at the end and not make such a pother about the means!

Likewise one can point to many other salutary habits and practices camouflaged under religious sanctions which the emancipated intellects of today have forsworn to their own many-sided loss. Take for instance the daily genuflections to the sun early in the morning. The initiate obtained the double benefit of exercise to all the limbs and an inexhaustible supply of invisible but potent rays like ultra-violet and infra-red series emanating from the Sun at its rise. Our forbears lived to be octogenarians and walked without a crutch because they sacrificed to the sun who gave them health, strength and longevity. Now-a-days however, living as we do by burning the candle at both ends, we are in the hands of specialists who offer to rejuvenate us with the very same invisible rays doled out to us at exorbitant rates. The gadgets of modern science impress us with a degree of superstitious veneration which is no

more shown to the *do's* and *dont's* handed down to us from father to son.

But these are merely illustrative. The real complaint of the modern, emancipated rationalist or scientist is that superstition is backed by ignorance and veneration operating together in unison. But curiously enough, he has nothing superior to offer to the victims of what he is pleased to call superstition than a kind of negative dogmatism. Science by which he swears merely explains one set of unknowns by another set of them; the ultimate mystery eludes his grasp, and he has taken his revenge by asserting that what passes for a mystery is nothing but a make-believe. It is a commonplace to say that all the poetry and romance of the life of men in this world have been the product of ignorance going in quest of knowledge, innocence striving for experience. As against all this prodigal wealth of imaginative discovery and exploration, the evangel of science has nothing better to offer than the operations of a desiccated brain. The primitive child trying to find its bearings in a bewildering world has come to terms with its environment by giving all round the benefit of the doubt. But the scientist, the agnostic or the sceptic adopts a *nil admirari* attitude and misses most of the fun.

Not that he is free from all superstition. He fabricates his own special brand of it and hugs it and swears by it and is prepared even to die for it—at least such is his passionate devotion to it to judge from his damnable iterations of his 'isms' in and out of season. In his politics, in his economics, in his philosophies of social reconstruction and revival, has a whole repertory of superstitions which I can only indicate in general. Each one of them is capable of being expanded into the dimensions of a monograph or thesis.

First in regard to our political goal—it is said to be a classless,

socialistic pattern of society. It is an inconsequential jumble of words meaning anything or nothing—mostly the latter. But look at the fanatical zeal with which the formula is flung at the public by the elite to silence all argument and, it is to be feared, sterilise all thought! In the old superstitions, the repetition of rubrics played a decisive part; the new superstitions have also to depend upon the same trick for their vogue.

In the sphere of economics, planning is the *taraka mantra* which is expected to lead us to the promised land of peace, prosperity and plenty. The targets realised up to date have been anything but promising; but the doubting Thomases are being overborne by mere shouting from the serried ranks of the Orthodox. The assumptions and axioms underlying the so-called science of our planning are more extravagant and mythical than the postulates of astrology; and yet the largest congregation of owl-like wise-acres has been organised to fabricate reports, blue-books, statistics, targets and results all of which are plain speculation. Just as the practitioners of other kinds of hocus pocus never get found out, so too would our planners always come on top, for like the casuist in the Porter's procession, they can lie on either side with equal grace and plausibility.

But the worst superstition that is being promoted all around us is that we are the only non-violent and peace-loving nation in the world, and that others should take a leaf out of our book. The humour of this myth or superstition consists in the fact that even foreign countries have come to believe it of us. A new fable is being built up almost under our very noses as it were which has for its aim the white-washing of ourselves by our own efforts. Look at the posture of things in the country at large. There is a small, undeclared war going on against the Nagas in the north-east; the rail-

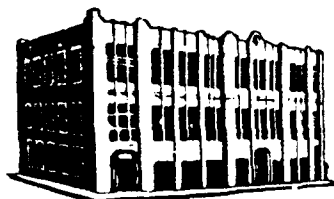
ways are seething with sabotage and subversion; strikes are everywhere rearing their ugly heads; devoted and loyal congressmen in Maharashtra are sullen but not wholly silent, and are getting into caves of Adullam at convenient points without definitely going underground. The fighting forces of India and Pakistan lower at one another across a thin, dissolving line. Peace thus reigns everywhere around us; but except for the above errors and omissions!

From all these stray considerations, one thing seems fairly inescapable. It is the necessity for fostering superstitions in the interests of statecraft. The British government propagated its own set of superstitions in the interests of its own survival.

Look for them hereafter in history books; but there was a time when they were part and parcel of the intellectual and emotional equipment of ourselves. Now with Congress in power and freedom which came to us by the accident of the time-spirit, but the credit for which has been usurped by the Congress, we are engaged in the concoction of a new set of superstitions. The fundamental articles of this new faith are that the Congress is the most marvellous political organisation, and that Pandit Nehru is the greatest leader of it. For the essence of any superstition is that it is accepted by the majority in bemused veneration. Thus the iconoclasts turn out not for the first time to be the greatest promoters of idol-worship in their own time and person!

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AMERICAN LETTER

SCIENTISTS VISION OF NEW CIVILIZATION FOR 21ST CENTURY

MAN is standing at the gateway to a new era of civilization.

In the next hundred years the earth's population will multiply at least two to four times. Technology can feed, clothe and shelter these people adequately, and in some cases well.

There will be no shortage of minerals, oil or metals. Machine civilization will spread over the earth and it can provide for all from the most common substances: air, sea water, ordinary rock and sunlight.

Only one possible raw material shortage is foreseen—brain power. Educated men and women are needed to plan and design, to construct and operate the machine civilization that will care for the startling increase in world population expected by the year 2050.

Brain power is the key. Education, government and industry must meet in a deliberate and sustained effort to sense the future and to plan for it. There is a chasm that technology must hurdle: raw materials and food already are running short just as the earth's population starts its greatest increase: from 2,600,000,000 persons today to some 6,700,000,000 persons in 100 years. Possibly more.

These conclusions are part of a "speculative projection" on the world that has been drafted by faculty members of the California Institute of Technology. The projection, a glimpse into the twenty-first century, has been presented at private conferences.

The California report on world resources is designed to complement regular studies made by individual industries. Long-term trends and prospects, beyond the conventional

business purview, are the substa of the study. Thus oil companies heard reports on the exhaustion of the world's oil and gas pools; steel companies heard about the time when iron ores are gone; utilities about the time when nuclear fuels will be about the only sources of electricity.

The predictions apply only if world catastrophe is avoided. Technology can ease but it cannot solve political and economic problems, the scientists reported.

Speaking for the physical sciences, Dr. Brown speculated that the population of the earth would probably increase to between five and ten billion persons by the year 2050. There conceivably might be a ten or fifteenfold increase, however; a fifteenfold increase would put the world population a century in the future at more than 30,000,000,000.

Industrialization will spread rapidly. Dr. Brown predicted, more rapidly than it did in the United States and in Europe, because the "know-how" is already present: each part of a factory will not require invention, since designs and methods of operation are already known.

The per capita demand for raw materials at the "American" level of industrialization will increase rapidly, Dr. Brown predicted. Now, eight tons of steel are in use in the nation for each individual. In a century this might increase to 100 tons. The amounts of materials in use will similarly increase.

At the same time, he said, the present raw materials are being used up rapidly. Our ancestors picked up crystals of copper and pieces of coal on the surface of the earth. Now

we have to follow coal seams farther underground, drive deep, even under the oceans, for oil. Nations that are not now industrialised will find that their industry must be based on leaner ores, poorer fuels. But our highly complex industrial processes can use low-grade raw materials.

As the population grows, Dr. Brown predicted, machine civilization will have to make use of the most common and abundant raw materials—air, sea water, ordinary rock and sunlight.

Many of the techniques are now known and others will be developed, he predicted, for utilizing low-grade mineral ores, then ordinary granite and finally ordinary rocks.

It works this way: studies at the California Institute of Technology disclose that the average ton of granite contains about four grams of uranium and twelve grams of thorium. These two materials can be used in nuclear reactors (if so-called nuclear "breeding" reactors work) to release the equivalent of the heat from fifty tons of coal for each ton of granite. This is enough heat to extract metals, even though they are of very low concentration, from the granite, and to leave excess energy to distill sea water, power factories and provide a basis for a machine civilization that uses only rock as a raw material.

Dr. Brown drew up a possible plan for the provision of an energy equivalent to the annual burning of seventy billion metric tons of coal for a population of 7,000,000,000 persons living a century in the future at the "American" level. Half the energy would come from nuclear sources, one-fourth from solar energy, another fourth from synthetic liquid fuels made from rocks and from water power and wood. (This energy balance allows for the equivalent of 2,700,000,000 tons of wood to be turned into lumber and paper each year.)

Dr. Brown envisioned the time when great factories around the world could process rock much as oil refineries now process crude petroleum: the factories would operate on the energy from the radioactive materials in the rocks and would pour out a steady stream of metals and other chemicals. The factories would end the present role of mineral resources in world economy and politics.

All this, Dr. Brown emphasized, is a prediction for a period "in the absence of a world catastrophe." And he stressed that machine civilization itself was very vulnerable. If many highly complex factories must work together to provide for civilization, then the system can easily be put out of order. We are now approaching such a "point of no return," he warned.

Furthermore, he said, a civilization based upon the utilization of common raw materials—air, sea water, ordinary rock and sunlight—could not be restarted if anything should happen to it. The rich raw materials to make the complex factories to process very lean raw materials would not be available.

Nevertheless, Dr. Brown emphasized that machine civilization could free man from dependence upon present raw materials if brain power were present and if the planning was done in time.

Food presents no insoluble problem, according to Dr. Bonner. His studies indicate that improvements of conventional agriculture can greatly increase the world food supply and that eventually nonconventional food production techniques will feed any expected increase in world population "if we look beyond the limits of our present agricultural systems."

Dr. Weir emphasized that brain power was the key.

"As we expend more and more money in the extraction of materials

from lower and lower grade ores, we meet an ever-increasing need for more skilled manpower, for more trained scientists and engineers," Dr. Weir said.

"So in a very real sense the critical limiting factor on the world's resources is not materials, energy or food, but brain power," he asserted.

Already we have a shortage of engineers and scientists; this will certainly get worse in the future, he said. The big problem is the waste in the development of intellectual talent. Half the capable young men and women are not educated, one-third of the exceptionally talented are not educated, he said.

Fortunately, Dr. Weir emphasized, manpower is the only one of the resources of the earth today that is replenishable. If the population is to increase, then the number of young

men and women to be educated must increase.

To reduce the waste of talent, Dr. Weir recommended that society make conscientious effort to identify talented young scientists and engineers early and to encourage them to get an education. Also he suggested that we improve methods of teaching so that creative thinking can be stimulated in the talented. He urged, too, that ways be found to teach "difficult" subjects to persons who do not possess ability to learn them with present teaching methods.

The brain power to meet the demands of machine civilization where increasing population is multiplied by increasing demands (under conditions where raw materials become scarcer) can be trained only if his education, government and industry—rise to the challenge, Dr. Weir emphasized.

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A MOST HUMAN DOCUMENT

PATHER PANCHALI

By R. N. DEB

IT was a great moment for Indian films when, Sri Pandsey, India's Press Attache, received the award for the "most human film" at Cannes. A few weeks back, *Pather Panchali*—The Ballad of the Pathway—the prize winner, was shown in many cinema houses. Though not a cinema fan by temperament, I went to see this picture. I had read something about the success of the picture in the Bengali press, but I was not quite sure how a book like *Pather Panchali* could be a screen success.

It is a unique novel—a great literary achievement, yet from the pictorial point of view it presents many difficulties. Though the story is true to life, the incidents are few and there are hardly any heroic moments, few moments even of dramatic tension, which are the main handholds of the camera-man. Except for the death of Durga and the loss of the necklace there are hardly any incidents. It is a plain unvarnished tale of the poor, and the scene is laid in a village where things change but slowly, and life runs in a slow tempo. Besides Bibhuti Bhushan is a great lover of nature, the deep overpowering green of the villages, the wild flowers in their thousands, ghentoo and bana-tulsi, the call of the noon-sleepy bird, intensifying the deep-green-silent-noons of the Bengal villages. He brings it out in all its beauty and majesty, for at his touch the old banyan tree or a broken ghat becomes alive and tells its own story and the cracks on the surface of the wall are like the lines of sorrows on an ageing face. Landscape to him is something living, vast and human.

Bibhuti Bhushan is a realist but

realism for him does not mean putting excessive colours on the uglier aspects of life. He knows that ordinary everyday life, even as lived by Sarbajaya, has its significant moments, her moments of joy, hope and sorrow, and this he siezes and weaves into the most moving of tales. Today thanks to Satyajit Roy, "*Pather Panchali*" has become known. Few people outside Bengal, however, know anything about his other novels, "*Drishti Pradeep*," "*Aranyak*," "*Devajan*" to name only a few of them, each one not only a masterpiece but also a new signpost of literature. He was a master—perhaps the greatest that I have read of what the poet Wordsworth so profoundly described as the "still sad music of humanity"—only in Bibhuti Bhushan it may be even grating and harsh at times, but always, ancient and mighty-to subdue us, and chasten us.

When I went to see the picture "*Pather Panchali*," I wanted to find out how Satyajit Roy had handled such a story—a story of elemental strength, but not with many camera possibilities. For along with the slow moving grey reality of the theme, there is the rich imaginative world of the children—Durga and Opu—where a bit of glass found in the mud becomes a piece of diamond—and a toy arrow whistling through the air, a key to the kingdom of romance. It is this rich imaginative existence of childhood, not too dreamy nor fantastic which runs through this great novel, like a silver thread, and makes it perhaps the greatest study of childhood in literature. That precisely was the difficulty. This rich imaginative quality, with a few dramatic

events—it is easy, comparatively speaking, for a master of languages as Bibhuti Bhushan was,—to make real to us, but how was the camera going to do it? Where was the scope?

But the opening scene of the picture impressed us. This was something we had not foreseen, nor thought of. Little Durga running like a faun, fetching, a fruit or two which she had picked up from their neighbours' garden, the old aunt eating her pottage, the little child waiting eager and expecting her share at the end—and then the mother of Durga, a woman of many sorrows, harsh yet human—a typical woman of the lower middle class, fighting her best against crumbling walls of fate.

And then the story moves on. A son is born, a ray of hope comes in the heart of the mother. The camera takes up the significant phases of child's delight in the very joy of existence for the world opens up to him as something so beautiful, the love and companionship of his sister, then his first lesson; then the marvellous close up of the village school, very Dickensian but very true, and it goes on and on, slowly unfolding itself, the magnificent song of the road, its music gradually getting more charged with sorrow, for, without sharp dramatization almost, the great master shows the slow cruelty of life, where the individual means so little, where noble ambitions perish without any reason and where hope is but slender. The old aunt dies. Durga dies, they are defeated; they break their home. It is not just an ordinary story. It is truth told with deep understanding. Depths upon depths of feeling and truth are laid by the magic of the great author's art.

It is here that Satyajit Roy, a new man to the film world has triumphed. He has kept to the author. He has not introduced highly dramatised fresh episodes to make the picture a success from the box-office point of view. Satyajit Roy realised that to

bring the full effect of this magnificent novel, perhaps the best thing was not to insist too much on a story but to follow the author's lead, take all that was pictureworthy, and if possible suggest through subtle touches the beauty and the wealth of the narration and the meaning and movement of the story.

The camera can, when properly manipulated, vie with the writer—but that is only possible when the cameraman knows his strength as well as his limitations. The cameraman of genius can bring out the hidden meaning of the writer sometimes with startling power. I remember the shadow of the hero, about to murder the pawnshop keeper, in "*Crime and Punishment*"—I am sure it should have thrilled Dostoevsky himself. And I am sure the subtle effects that one notices in this picture, for instance, when Opu hurls the stolen gold chain into the tank, and the pana on the water surface parts with a sharp crack, and then comes back in quick, but gentle waves and merges; for the little creatures that keep on moving on the water, and the lotus—these with their deep symbolism would have made Bibhuti Bhushan happy, for it was thus he would have liked the deeper meaning of the story rendered on the screen.

Another departure—I do not know whether from the point of view of the profession it is a healthy one or not, but from the point of view of art it is, that Roy has introduced a number of entirely fresh men and women to the screen, who had perhaps no experience of the studio. But it was worth it. It is their naturalness, which adds to the intensity of the picture. Considering that Durga had no previous experience of the screen, it must be said that she has justified the hope of the bold director, and few scenes can be more touching than when the brother and sister eat achar, or run to see a railway train—in fact the little actors step out of

the screen, so convincing is their performance. And then there is Noni Bala, in her eighties who as Indira has given perhaps one of the most remarkable performances I have ever seen. This is great acting. It has a fourth dimensional quality.

It is a picture of grey tones, with faint threads of silver, but one of these great works of art which harmonises one's soul. It is in the life of those humble people of the village, that there is a spirit of tragedy, which challenges those of Kings and Queens of ancient times, arouses deep pity in us, but does not over-

awe us because of its truthful simplicity. The snake entering the deserted house, at the end, a little picture-sque perhaps, is like a pendant hanging to a necklace, full of symbolic beauty and a fitting end to a great picture.

"Pather Panchali" we hear has just missed the "Golden Palm". It is no doubt a disappointment to us. But, if Bibhuti Bhushan Bandopadhyaya had been alive, I am sure he would have felt happy for the words "the most human document" would have been the right description of all his works.

VANITY FAIR

By S. M.

THE world is full of fops without whom life would cease to be fascinating. Indeed, the vain love for the world's esteem and the consequent hard struggle for it draw our sympathy for them.

It is said that vanity should have its due place in society. "How few are there", says Addison, "who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind?" Truly, those who lack 'great abilities' but desire to be highly esteemed in social life resort to some means to realise this end. They impose on themselves certain artificial manners to fructify their ultimate aim. These manners are revealed in what they feel, in what they express, and in what they do.

Women are never wanting in vanity. Though it is very difficult to please them they wish to appear pleasing in the eyes of men. Regardless of their station in life they dream to lead a life of splendour.

They mix freely in society breathing aristocratic airs only to drain the fortunes of their victims. But ultimately they prepare the way for their own fall. These dames of fashion never earn a lasting name. To take classic examples, Madame Bovary and Becky Sharp dreamed in vain to live a life far above their means only to be subdued to ridiculous position.

Vain imagination and self-love are the components of vanity. The fops entertain the idea that they possess certain traits which should receive public acclamation. They feel that they do not lack anything that should prevent them from being famous. It was the vain love of glory that brought Wolsey to a depraved position. He was even made to remark in bitterness: "Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye".

As they think, so do the fops exaggerate whatever they have to say indeed about themselves. Some dwell at length on their high pedigree from a famous man. It is a necessity

with them because they would otherwise be scarcely recognised in society. One may notice even a beggar in the street asserting "I am a beggar, not by birth but by chance", utterly forgetful of his present condition. This is an instance of wounded vanity. Some try to capture men by their prolific speech. They talk endlessly and often without significance, betraying their shallowness.

Not aware of their own worthlessness they are free with their comments on others. They laugh at the world instead of laughing with it. Apparently, they claim their own superiority by talking ill of others. Vanity prevents them from discerning the real merits in others. May be, they see their own self reflected in the latter. The Beau Tibbsian complex has thus filled the social atmosphere with obnoxious odour.

It is common knowledge that all are not gifted in talk. But the active mind manages to compensate this deficiency in some other way. How many rich men have stepped forward to spend for charitable purposes when they are approached? Nobody would like to drain his fortune unless it be to his own advantage. It is true that many public institutions and temples would have passed into in-

significance but for those benefactors of mankind! A visitor to those places may notice the marble slabs—the symbols of vanity—bearing the names of the benefactors. Probably their charity demands advertisement! Some conduct cocktail parties or concert programmes soliciting the elite of their locality. Pleased with the debonair grace of the hosts and with the momentary delight given by the party, the participants shower encomiums on their hosts, which do have momentary value!

How ignorant is man of his own follies! How eager is he to become famous! How persistent is he in craving for a life that he does not deserve or cannot hope to get! Vanity tempts him like an enchantress, but once he succumbs to her wily smiles he loses his all. Even the little regard that he originally had is lost in the attempt to get recognised.

No wonder one might fall in line with what Cowper says:—

"Tis thus the world rewards the fools

That live upon her treacherous smiles;

She leads them blindfold by her rules

And ruins all whom she beguiles."

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THE GROWTH OF THE TAMIL STAGE

By T. K. SHANMUGAM

DRAMA has been an essential ingredient of the literature and civilization of the Tamils from time immemorial. Ancient Tamil literature mentions the names of books on drama like *Murruval*, *Sayantham*, *Seyitriam*, *Kunanool* etc. There are descriptions of the art of acting and setting the stage in *Silappathikaram*. Adiarkku Nallar, the commentator of *Silappathikaram*, mentions *Bharatham*, *Agathiam*, *Bharatha Senapathiyam* *Mathivanar Nataka* *Tamil Nool* etc., as books on drama. All these books along with others, we gather from existing ancient literature, perished due to the erosion of the sea.

Though not even a single old book on drama is now available to us, inscriptions in temples and elsewhere prove that the stage flourished for several years in ancient Tamil country. There are inscriptions about grants of lands to actors by kings like Raja Raja Chola, Rajendra Chola and others. The inscriptions say that a play *Raja Raja Vijayam* describing the exploits of the victorious Chola King was staged at the great Tanjore temple in the time of Raja Raja Chola. The old dramas like *Harischandra*, *Ramayana* and *Mahabharatha* in the form now available to us are all less than 300 years old, and all of them are in verse form.

A revolution came about on the Tamil stage seventy five years ago. It was then that prose came to be the medium of speech at the theatre, though poetry still had a hold. Adaptations and translations of the plays of Shakespeare, Kalidasa, Bhavabuthi and others were done at this time; but most of them were not

staged. During this time the actors spoke the dialogues, extempore excepting the songs, according to their moods and abilities.

1891 is an important date in the history of the Tamil stage. The entrance of Sankaradas Swami in the field of drama took place in that year. He re-wrote the old plays and many new plays too were written by him. He did yeoman service to the Tamil stage as actor and as director. Sankaradas Swami wrote about forty plays and most of them were based on scriptures and epics. Shakespeare's dramas like *Romeo and Juliet*, *Cymbeline*, *Othello* were produced by him in Tamil. He not only produced them on the stage but took part in those plays. In 1922, Sankaradas Swami died at the age of fifty five. The path he showed was followed by Appavu Pillai (author of *Harischandra*), Sivashanmugam Pillai (author of *Ramayana*), Muthuswami Kavirayar (author of *Krishna Leela*), Veeraswami (author of *Mahabharatham*). The others who contributed to the growth of the Tamil stage were Santhanakrishna Naidu, Sankaralinga Kavirayar and Bhaskaradas.

In the interval of the last seventy-five years there were so many Nataka Sabhas which flourished and perished. At first the plays were staged at improvised platforms in the streets and such performances were called "Therukkoothu." The man who introduced the stage with scene settings in Tamil drama was Nawab Govindaswami Rao of Tanjore.

The amateur dramatic movement was started in 1891 when Pammal Sambanda Mudaliar established the

Suguna Vilasa Sabha at Madras. It was followed by Kumbakonam Vani Vilasa Sabha, F. G. Natesa Iyer's Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Tanjore Sudarsana Sabha, Kumara Gana Sabha and the Secretariat Party.

P. Sambandha Mudaliar not only translated the plays of Shakespeare and Kalidasa but wrote more than 80 plays of his own. All his plays were staged both by amateur and professional troupes. His play *Manohara* has earned an immortal place on the Tamil stage. The Tamil dramatic world worships Sankaradas Swami as its *Guru* and adores Sambandha Mudaliar as its father.

In 1916 a great change took place. In some of the professional troupes, the morale was very bad. Sankaradas Swami started a dramatic company consisting only of young boys. Thathuva Meenalochani Bala Sabha, Bala Meenaranjani Sangitha Sabha, Madhurai Original Boys' Company, Sri Bala Shanmugananda Sabha were all started for the same reason. They were all staging the plays of Sankaradas Swami and P. Sambandha Mudaliar.

In 1918, I entered into the dramatic field as a disciple of Sankaradas Swami at the age of five. Now I am fortythree years old. I have spent about 38 years in the service of the theatre. Occasionally, due to the force of circumstances, I was drawn into the Cine world. I am still working as a stage actor. I began my theatrical career as an actor. My position on the stage progressed gradually. I became a director, then a producer. Now, I am the head of a troupe. When I think of the past . . . the play was staged with lighted torches on both sides of me on the stage. Then the gas lights came, then the advent of powerful electric lamps—Oh, what great changes! . . . Formerly songs were abundant. Even if two had to fight, both would fight singing. Love making without songs was unthinkable for us. Songs must

be there whether we cry or laugh. Prose dialogues were rare.

I have seen some plays where even a thief who came to burgle would come not only singing but dancing with bells tied to his hands and legs. There were at least a hundred songs in a play. The play would start at about 10 in the night and would end only at daybreak.

Nowadays there is not much importance paid to songs. The maximum number of songs now would not exceed three or four. The duration of plays now is about 3 or 3-1/2 hours. We are trying to reduce the duration to 2-1/2 hours.

In 1922 Social renaissance plays came into prominence on the Tamil stage where till then only plays based on the scriptures and the epics and nomadic stories were performed.

When social renaissance plays began to be popular, the Nataka Sabhas which based their plays on the scriptures and the epics began disappearing one by one. The only company which continues to stage scriptural and epic plays against many odds is Nawab Rajamanickam's Boys' Company. Most of the other companies are now giving only special performances. Rajamanickam's *Ramayana*, *Dasavatharam*, *Kumara Vijayam*, *Iyyappan*, *Sakthi Leela*, *Jesus Christ*, *Ramadoss* these plays even today are very popular and successful.

Then came the plays advocating social reform. Social evils like child-marriage, and the dowry system were the targets of attack in those plays. K. R. Rangaraju's *Rajambal*, *Rajendran*, *Chandrakantha*, *Mohanasundaram*, V. Duraiswamy Iyengar's *Menaka*, these novels advocating social reforms were dramatised and produced by M. Kandaswamy Mudaliar in many boys' companies.

In India's fight for freedom, the Tamil stage took a leading part. *Khadharin Vetri*, *Desa Bakthi*, *Desiakkodi* these plays kindled in the

hearts of people the love for freedom. But these inspiring plays were banned by the British Government. During the Nagpur Flag Satyagraha, the play *Desiakkodi* roused the patriotic feelings of Tamilians. T. P. Krishnaswami Pavalar, author of *Katharin Vetri*, *Desiakkodi*, *Bombay Mail* and *Pathi Bhakthi* staged Tamil plays in England with his troupe in 1923. Swaminatha Sarma's *Panapurathu Veeran*, Iyyamuthu's *Inbasagaran*, S. D. Sundaram's *Kaviyin Kanavu* are all popular patriotic plays.

Many were of opinion that with the advent of the cinema the theatre would be squeezed out of existence. But in capable hands this medium of art would continue to flourish. The drama faced with a formidable rival in the shape of the cinema, had to adopt new techniques and thus it grew in strength and thrived on the competition.

Most of the actors in the Tamil cinema are from the theatrical boys' companies. If the theatre had perished there would have been no artistes available to perform before the camera. Today the artistes for the cinema are groomed and recruited from the dance and drama stages.

After 1935 many Tamil plays were staged which were adaptations from other languages. The most popular of them were T. K. Muthuswami's *Gumasthavin Penn* and Adhimulam and Somasundaram's *Manjithan*. A terrible controversy has raged about the latter play *Manjithan* because it violated the traditional ideal of woman's chastity.

The progressive plays which have won the acclaim of the people are K. S. Krishnamurthi's *Andaman Kai-thi*, P. Neelakantan's *Mullil Roja*, Nam Jruvar; C. N. Annadorai's *Velaikart Ore Iravu*; S. V. Sahasranamam's *Payithiakkaran*, R. Venkatachalam's *Penn*, *Manatvi*, Narana Duralkannan's *Uyir Oviyam*, N. Somasundaram's *Inspector*, Thangaraju's

Rathakkanneer; S. D. Sundaram's *Manithanum Mirugamum*, 'Kalki' R. Krishnamurthy's *Kalvanin Kathali* and the plays acted by N. S. Krishnan like *Ilanda Kadhal*, '50 and '60, *Vilangu Manithan*. Most of these plays have been filmed.

Ethiraju's *Avvaiyar* and Sulamangalam Bhagavathar's *Siva Leela* opened the eyes of many who were blind to the glorious culture and civilization of the ancient Tamils. These plays enjoyed very long runs. In the same category a play about *Kattabomman*, who was the first rebel against the British rule, was produced. The author of this play is Mr. R. Venkatachalam, who has the credit of depicting the exploits of Tamil Kings in a very popular play *Imayathil Nam. Tamil Chelvam* by K. A. P. Viswanathan is produced with success and is considered to be of immense educational value. *Raja Raja Cholan*, a historical play by Aru. Ramanathan is drawing full houses at its performances all over South India.

In the amateur dramatic field V. C. Gopalaratnam's *Raja Bhakthi*, Devan's *Thuppariyum Sambu*, *Kalyani*, *Mythili*, these plays have been staged. Kalki's novels *Sivakamiyin Sabatham*, *Parthiban Kanavu* and *Mohinitheevu* are all dramatised and now being put on the stage. Social plays embellished with new ideas are being staged all over the State.

The growth of the cinema has not affected in any way the artistic values of the drama but all the theatres where only dramas were enacted are converted into cinema theatres so as to earn a greater income for the owners. It is becoming more and more impossible to secure theatres for plays. This is the only hindrance in the path of the fast progressing Tamil stage.

(Translated from a Tamil talk at the Film Seminar, Delhi, by R. LENTIN.)

THE EVILS OF COMMUNISM

By BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN relation to any political doctrine there are two questions to be asked: (1) are its theoretical tenets true, (2) is its practical policy likely to increase human happiness?

For my part I think the theoretical tenets of Communism are false, and I think its practical maxims are such as to produce an immeasurable increase of human misery.

The theoretical doctrines of Communism are for the most part derived from Marx. My objections to Marx are of two sorts: one, that he was muddle-headed; and the other, that his thinking was almost entirely inspired by hatred.

The doctrine of surplus value, which is supposed to demonstrate the exploitation of wage-earners under capitalism, is arrived at: (a) by surreptitiously accepting Malthus's doctrine of population, which Marx and all his disciples explicitly repudiate; (b) by applying Ricardo's theory of value to wages, but not to the prices of manufactured articles.

He is entirely satisfied with the result, not because it is in accordance with the facts, or logically coherent, but because it is calculated to rouse fury in wage-earners.

Marx's doctrine that all historical events have been motivated by class conflicts is a rash and untrue extension to world history of certain features prominent in England and France 100 years ago. His belief that there is a cosmic force called dialectical materialism which governs human history independently of human volitions, is mere mythology. His theoretical errors, however, would not have mattered so much but for the fact that, like Tertullian and Carlyle, his chief desire was to see his enemies punished, and he cared little what happened to his friends in the process.

Marx's doctrine was bad enough, but the developments which it underwent under Lenin and Stalin made it much worse. Marx had taught that there would be a revolutionary transitional period following the victory of the proletariat in a civil war and that during this period the proletariat, in accordance with the usual practice after a civil war, would deprive its vanquished enemies of political power. This period was to be that of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

It should not be forgotten that in Marx's prophetic vision the victory of the proletariat was to come after it had grown to be the vast majority of the population. The dictatorship of the proletariat, therefore, as conceived by Marx, was not essentially anti-democratic.

In the Russia of 1917, however, the proletariat was a small percentage of the population, the great majority being peasants. It was decreed that the Bolshevik party was the class-conscious part of the proletariat, and that a small committee of its leaders was the class-conscious part of the Bolshevik party.

The dictatorship of the proletariat thus came to be the dictatorship of a small committee, and ultimately of one man—Stalin. As the sole class-conscious proletarian, Stalin condemned millions of peasants to death by starvation and millions of others to forced labour in concentration camps.

He even went so far as to decree that the laws of heredity are henceforth to be different from what they used to be, and that the germ-plasm is to obey Soviet decrees but not that reactionary priest Mendel.

I am completely at a loss to understand how it comes about that some people who are both humane and

intelligent can find something to admire in the vast aslave camp produced by Stalin.

I have always disagreed with Marx. My first hostile criticism of him was published in 1896. But my objections to modern Communism go deeper than my objections to Marx. It is the abandonment of democracy that I find particularly disastrous. A minority resting its power upon the activities of a secret police is bound to be cruel, oppressive and obscurantist.

The dangers of irresponsible power came to be generally recognised during the 18th and 19th centuries, but those who have been dazzled by the outward success of the Soviet Union have forgotten all that was painfully learnt during the days of absolute monarchy, and have gone back to what was worst in the Middle Ages under the curious delusion that they were in the vanguard of progress.

There are some signs that in course of time the Russian regime may become more liberal. But, although this is possible, it is very far from certain. In the meantime, all those who value not only art and science but a sufficiency of daily bread and freedom from the fear that a careless word by their children to a school teacher may condemn them to forced labour in a Siberian wilderness, must do what lies in their power to preserve in their own countries a less servile and more prosperous manner of life.

There are those who, oppressed by the evils of Communism, are led to the conclusion that the only effective way to combat these evils is by means of a world war. I think this is a mistake.

At one time such a policy might have been possible, but now war has become so terrible and Communism has become so powerful that no one can tell what would be left after a world war, and whatever might be left would probably be at least as bad as present-day Communism.

This forecast does not depend upon which side, if either, is nominally victorious. It depends only upon the inevitable effects of mass destruction by means of hydrogen and cobalt bombs and perhaps of ingeniously propagated plagues.

The way to combat Communism is not war. What is needed, in addition to such armaments as will deter Communists from attacking the West, is a diminution of the grounds for discontent in the less prosperous parts of the non-Communist world.

In most of the countries of Asia there is abject poverty which the West ought to alleviate as far as it lies in its power to do so. There is also a great bitterness which was caused by the centuries of European insolent domination in Asia. This ought to be dealt with by a combination of patient tact with dramatic announcements renouncing such relics of white domination as survive in Asia.

Communism is a doctrine bred of poverty, hatred and strife. Its spread can only be arrested by diminishing the area of poverty and hatred.

—Radical Humanist

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PROFILE—JAI PRAKASH NARAIN

IN contrast to the posture of Indian politics today, what happened just fifteen years ago seems already mythical, ancient, legendary history. Our memories have already become dulled to the saga of the "Quit India" struggle. Ribald laughter greeted the first formulation of that hare-brained idea; but it generated in good time sanctions that paralysed a system creaking and lumbering to its inglorious end. On the morrow of the passing of that historic resolution, most of the tall poppies were whisked off to various places of detention. But the movement took hold of itself, there was a sort of spontaneous combustion, and unknown names leapt into view as leaders of sabotage, insurrection, and revolt. But pride of place was soon usurped by a fire-brand from Bihar who not only defied the British Raj, but who was reported to have set up a parallel government over an entire province.

In due course, he presented himself to the grateful plaudits of his countrymen in different parts of this vast land and became the rising hope of adventurous youth at the inception of our free, independent, sovereign career. There was a general expectation that Jai Prakash Narain would be one of the ministers in the new set-up; and when it did not at once materialise, the quidnuncs declared that he was biding his time for the succession to the Leadership itself. The years followed one another without fulfilling these forecasts. And what is even more curious, unforeseen developments took place which have resulted in the withdrawal of this man from the rough and tumble of politics altogether.

Again speculation ran riot, for the evolution of the political leader was following unconventional and disconcerting lines. What had happened? Was it all a pose or had we to deal with an exceptional type trying

to mean what he said or living what he preached? In the general stampede by veteran congressmen intent on grabbing their share of the flesh-pots of Egypt, could it be that some stood aside not merely averting their face from the sad spectacle, but determined to show how simple and almost effortless it would be to put aside such temptations from oneself? Even more wonderful, here was a fiery soldier who gloried in a life of hectic action suddenly becoming gentler than a dove and dedicating himself to Gandhism with a directness and completeness which constitute a miracle of our time.

So long as Congress was the rallying point of national aspirations and functioned as the spear-point of the national struggle, it provided a hospitable enough umbrella for many groups who differed from one another on the fundamentals of the New Order. These began to fall apart from the Congress with the achievement of our independence. The lieutenants of the Mahatma who became the reversioners of the departing power paid lip-service to the 'Father's' principles, and have been engaged in jettisoning them one by one with the inevitability of gradualness. They are inspired by an eclectic zeal for something of everything to be embodied in their constitution, their economics, their philosophy and their systems of administration. Out of this immiscible mass of experiment and improvisation, they hope to evolve a new, strong, powerful state able and willing to play a leading part in the shaping of Asian and world-policies in the coming era. Socialism is the facade, devotion to peace the means and planning the technique of achieving the new heaven on earth. In the name of nationalisation, the tentacles of an official hierarchy are getting a fatal grip on the life of the people at large. In

the name of patriotism, the state is becoming fair game to all those who can exploit it through official ramifications.

All bewail the incipient trends towards totalitarianism implicit in the present set-up; but not a single group has so far proved itself capable of displacing the party in power even in a parochial, municipal or provincial area. Of parties as such we suffer not from a paucity but from a plethora! At one extreme are the communist and associated groups hunting with the hound and running with the hare, and hoping (through the false security engendered by wrong analogy) that any further drift to the left would inevitably play into their hands. At the other end are the frankly communal organisations who find in mass hysteria which they can exploit a short-cut to power; they too bide their time, believing that the future is at least as much with them as with the *declassé* intellectuals of the left.

In between are potentially vital and actually uncorrupted groups who are engaged in evolving a 'third force' which could step in at the right moment and lead us into a promised land of peace, plenty and prosperity on secure regional and national foundations. It is with one of these groups that Jai Prakash Narain has thrown in his lot. He is a student of Marx; but he has not been taken in by him. He is a devout as well as discriminating follower of Gandhi; for he has not made a fetish of any of those stigmata of primitivism which are articles of faith with the apostolic succession. His political philosophy is compounded of simples like self-sufficient and self-reliant rural republics with a hierarchy stemming out of them and organised on the basis of unanimous or near unanimous selection of representatives of the people indirectly. With decentralisation and local autonomy, he hopes to build up the countryside from below so that in course of

time the state could be made to wither away in a manner which would be acceptable simultaneously to Marx, Tolstoi, Bukharin and Gandhi!

The Bhoodan movement seemed to him to offer the most promising basis for the reconstruction of the economy of India on a rural basis and at the same time inspired by a pacific and cooperative approach. It is, he feels, an attempt to reconcile the recognition and needs of human personality with the concept of the communal ownership of all the means of production. Land as the most tangible symbol of property and the most ancient means of gratifying the craving for ownership is related to a small, compact and co-operative community. The tiller is saved from serfdom to a feudal over-lord as well as from becoming an automaton in an industrialised urban proletariat.

It will thus be seen that he is engaged in mining the works so elaborately planned and being put into commission by the official policies of Congress in power. At the moment, the Bhoodan propaganda looks like a crude attempt to promote an obscurantist reaction; but at bottom, the antithesis between the two is deep and irreconcilable. Likewise in the elaboration of the pedagogic and philosophic implications of the *Nai Talim* or the New Basic Education, there is an unbridgeable gulf separating the desire for rapid industrialisation and the education for life through craft-centred activity. Our planning is frankly aimed at the reproduction in Indian conditions of the megalopolitanism of a mechanised, urban civilisation with all the inevitable cycles of boom, slump and recession which are inseparable from capitalist economics. Opposed to them is the philosophy of the simple life, of self-sufficient, robust, rural communities profiting by the advances of civilisation without getting enslaved by their superficial lures.

When something or other happens to upset the national apple-cart, and our grandiloquent plans fall short of expectations, then may well come the time for the country to turn to other parties offering new lamps for old. Whether it would be the forces gathered round the Bhoodan movement or those associated with international communism that would gain the upper hand, no one can now predict with any certainty. The obvious assets of the Bhoodan philosophy are that they are home-grown, home-felt and racy of the soil. If a sufficient number of rural units could be brought into being capable of living the Gandhian way without necessarily wearing only a loin cloth or indulging in periodical fasts then it may be claimed that the Indian revolution had come to a consummation in consonance with the genius of the race and historical necessities. But if it fails, we shall perhaps find ourselves somewhere back in the early nineteenth century, facing elementary problems of squaring supply and demand, establishing a welfare state without exploiting either our own people or backward nations elsewhere, and devoted to cent per cent pacifism and indeed practising it while arsenals are filled with the latest gadgets of science subserving militarist aims and objectives!

Jai Prakash seemed a cherub fifteen years ago when he appeared as the Scarlet Pimpernel of the nationalist struggle in the last phase. He was the bogey-man of the British bureaucracy and the darling of the crowds for that simple reason. Now he has aged and has become a martyr to one of those ailments which seem inseparable from the aspirants to or incumbents of political pre-eminence! He has grown thin, his

temples have begun to grow grey and he speaks with a meditated ease as if communing with himself rather than trying to win converts for the cause. His voice is low and musical, and his periods flow effortlessly, impeccably and convincingly. He is above all the still small voice of our time urging us with suavity, moderation and utter unself-consciousness to put first things first. The basic simplicity of his approach to politics conceals a comprehensiveness which comes out when one hears him expound his point of view. There is an answer to every aspect of our present disharmonies which he offers to us with conviction; but he has not yet caught the time-spirit which runs strongly in other directions.

It is noteworthy that he does not swear by democracy with its corollaries of the party system, spoils of office, careerism etc., camouflaged as principles of progressive or enlightened administration. He belongs to the minority which believes in the old-fashioned idea that the greatness of a nation is best promoted through the practice of the simple but difficult virtues. To Pandit Nehru the common man is stage property; to the communists, he is a means to the end of proletarian dictatorship. To the Gandhians he is chiefly an individual with infinite potentialities for good, and so stands as both means and end. Above all, the national approach sobered by ethical objectives and limiting factors bids fair to yield enduring results. The only thing that is likely to upset it is the time-factor—that is, some other party stealing a march over the rest. In which case, the loss will not be that of Jai Prakash Narain.

C. G.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

A CULTURAL delegation left India in April 1956 for a tour of South East Asian countries. The delegation was led by Prithviraj Kapoor, the great Thespian and member of Rajya Sabha. The delegation included dancers of Manipuri, Bharat Natyam, Kathakali schools and musicians. The delegation visited Rangoon, Bangkok, Saigon, Phnom Penh, Hanoi, Manila, Singapore, Jakarta and other places; it is returning to India on 9th June 1956.

During the last two months, the delegation covered Burma, Indo-China, Thailand, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Philippines, Indonesia and Malaya. Everywhere the delegation was received warmly; and both the Indian dancing and Indian instrumental music was highly appreciated. The delegates also met the heads of the different states and had an opportunity to watch the cultural activities of these Asian countries. According to letters sent by some of the delegates to India, it appears that the delegates found a close cultural affinity between the various countries they visited and India. They also found that the Indian films were very popular among some of these countries and Indian films had a great potential market in these countries.

Prithviraj, the leader of the delegation was the only dramatic artiste in the delegation and he also gave recitals at the shows performed by the delegation.

While this cultural delegation has been highly successful in its mission, it would not be inopportune to suggest that a film delegation should be

sent by the Film Federation to visit these countries to assess the popularity of Indian pictures in this region.

Indeed, with the Pakistan market lost for good, it is necessary for the Indian film industry to develop the other potential overseas markets like South East Asia, Middle East and Africa. As it is, the Indian pictures are sold at a very cheap price for all these three territories and the distributors who monopolise these markets are making a fortune while the producers are denied their legitimate share. Hence it is necessary for the producers to visit countries like Malaya, Indonesia, Burma, Philippines and study for themselves the collections of Indian pictures and the tastes and demands of the picture-goers. With proper exploitation and equitable distribution, the South-East Asian market alone can easily compensate for the loss of Pakistan market. The figures of collections of some of the Indian Pictures in Malaya and Indonesia are quite staggering; but the pity is that the producers are not able to get any appreciable shares of these collections.

So, it is to be hoped that the Producers will take initiative and send a delegation to visit these countries. In this connection the impending visit of Prabhat Kumar, Shantaram's son, to South East Asia for the exploitation of *Jhanak Jhanak* is most welcome. This visit would enable Prabhat Kumar to assess the potentiality of the market and his observations might benefit at least Rajkamal and members of the Producers' Guild.

Picture of the week.

M. G. M.'s "I'll Cry Tomorrow", the true life-story of Lillian Roth proved to be a great hit in Bombay. At Metro it had a run of four weeks. The picture created considerable interest among the prohibitionists as it showed the evil effects of excessive drinking in vivid manner. And

it was reported that several prohibition ministers saw the film and evinced keen interest in it.

If after seeing the film, the Ministers realize the fact that it is not enough to prohibit drinking but it is necessary to cure alcoholics and drunkards through organisation like 'A. A.' (Alcoholics Anonymous) in U. S. A., then the film would have served its noble purpose. As it is, in India, the offenders who break prohibition laws and drink are just punished as criminals and no effort is made to cure them of the habit of drinking.

Prohibition apart, "I'll Cry Tomorrow" recounts an interesting tale of a girl who from childhood was goaded by her mother to become a stage-star. And the mother almost realized her dream; for Lillian Roth was successful on Stage and Screen. The tragedy of her first love resulting in the death of her lover while she was performing on stage gave a setback to her career. For, she could not forget him and when she started to drink to forget him, she became an addict to drink. Twice she married again; but her marriages were wrecked and she became alcoholic, drinking all the time. The tragedy was that her nerves were so shattered that she could not do without a drink until she joined 'A. A.' and was cured. The process of curing is only hinted at and not shown in detail.

As a human story of a woman who took to drinking because of frustration in love and almost ruined herself "I'll Cry Tomorrow" is a poignant, engrossing motion picture highlighted by a superb portrayal by Susan Hayward. As a motion picture, only Susan Hayward's performance makes it outstanding; otherwise the picture is just a straightforward narration lacking in third-dimension. As a study of alcoholic, it is not half as effective as "The Lost Week-End", which still remains a masterpiece on this theme.

"Miracle In The Rain" written by Ben Hetcht and directed by Rudolph Mate is a tender love story, the kind of which seldom comes out of Hollywood these days. It is the love-story of a soldier and a working girl told with warmth, sincerity and completely devoid of violence and sex that characterize the recent Hollywood products. For that matter, the picture expresses sentiments which appear more Indian than American. The ending in which the heroine imagines her dead lover coming and meeting him on the footsteps of a Church reminds one of a similar situation in *Bala Jo Jo Re* (and *Jeevan Jyoti*). As a simple but poignant love story, one would heartily commend "Miracle in the Rain" to Indian picturegoers.

Personality of the week

Sandhya, the star of *Jhanak Jhanak* has been laid on bed for the last several months. At one time there were ugly rumours to the effect that she won't be able to walk or dance again. Had these rumours been true, the Indian screen would have lost one of its most talented stars just when she had attained stardom.

Fortunately, all these rumours were baseless. Sandhya is well. Only last week she visited Liberty to see *Toofan Aur Deeya* and she is likely to accompany Shantaram and other members of *Jhanak Jhanak* unit on their visit to Colombo, this week, where the picture is now running.

Sandhya (Vijaya Deshmukh) began her career on the Gujarati stage and joined the screen five years ago when Shantaram signed her to play the lead in his Marathi picture *Amar Bhoopali*. Since then Sandhya has appeared in *Parchhain*, *Teen Batti Char Rasta* and *Jhanak Jhanak*. It was while dancing for the new picture *Prabhakar Shahsir* that she fell ill; now thanks to her recovery, the shooting of the picture which is being made in Hindi and

Marathi will be resumed. But even now Sandhya will have to take rest for some months before she can resume work. And she will have plenty of rest until Shantaram completes his *Do Ankhen Bara Haat* which will go on sets by the end of this month, and will be completed by October 1956.

The millions of picturegoers who appreciated and applauded her performance in *Jhanak Jhanak* will be happy to learn this news of Sandhya's recovery and her decision to resume work.

News of the week

Guru Dutt returned from Calcutta with his unit after the completion of the outdoor shooting of *Pyasa*. After his return he will complete "C. I. D." which is being directed by Raj Khosla.

R. C. Talwar is shooting *Memsahab* starring Meena Kumari, Kishore, day and night, and hopes to complete it this week. The picture is scheduled for release in the third week of June 1956.

Sohrab Modi and Ashok Kumar are cast as father and son in Pancholi's *Parishit*, which went on sets on 31st May 1956.

Kidar Sharma has completed *Rangeen Raaten* in which Geeta Bali plays the role of a boy with moustache. The picture was mostly shot in Nainital and its vicinity.

The Indo-European Films Ltd., had arranged the preview of several Polish Films last week in Bombay. Notable among them were "Five Boys From Barska Street" and "The Last Stage."

SOUTH INDIAN FILM

KANNIN MANIGAL

MAHESWARI Pictures' *Kannin Manigal* in Tamil, now running all over Tamil Nad is a picture with a purpose. It is educative and instructive as well as entertaining. The call for such pictures has been met by Mr. T. Janakiram, the producer, director and photographer of this film.

The most attractive feature of this picture is the depicting of the process of cornea grafting and transplantation of eyes. Even among the educated only a few know of the usefulness of the eyes of the dead. The utility of such eyes is told in this picture. *Kannin Manigal* is different from the usual love-making stories seen on the screen.

The story cannot be said to be original. But it has a novel flavour.

'An over aged Police Officer (D.S.P.) who suffers from a sort of inferiority complex due to an ugly mole on his right cheek, suspects his young and beautiful wife for illegal intimacy with his family doctor, Sundar. Things take an ugly shape and one day the officer asks the doctor to get out of his house.

The innocent doctor could not bear the insult. He broods over the incident and in a despondent mood throws a live cigarette bud carelessly near some inflammable liquid kept in the room. Fire breaks out and the whole dispensary is set ablaze. The doctor makes frantic efforts to put out the fire and during the struggle he loses his eye-sight.

Burnt, blinded and dejected the doctor gropes out of the debris and reaches the streets. Among the many urchins living in the pavements, there was a blind girl. Sundar comes in contact with that girl.

In the meantime the D. S. P. loses his wife and his only child. All his happiness vanishes, but still he lives on for the love of his job.

During a police drive to round up all the beggars the police take the blind beggar girl away and put her in the poor-house. Separated from her friend, the girl weeps inside the cell and sing a sad song. The D. S. P. hears this song which was his wife's favourite piece. His thoughts flash back to his happy days. Emotions torture him. He takes the girl to his house and adopts her as his daughter. Modern treatment gets her sight. But she is not happy without her friend.

The officer sends his men in search of her friend. He is brought. The D. S. P. gets the shock of his life when he sees Dr. Sundar. The girl requests the officer to help Sundar. The officer's affection for his adopted daughter wins over his hatred on the doctor.

Subsequent events reveal that the officer's suspicions were groundless and he realises the falsity of his suspicion. Ophthalmic experts opine that Sundar can get back his sight by transplantation of eyes. The police officer decides to donate his own eyes and shoots himself dead leaving directions to his will to use his eyes for restoring sight to Sundar.

The sequences are cogently unfolded. Songs, dances, comic and other ingredients are interspersed in the picture. But they do not eclipse the theme.

Photography is good. The panoramic view of Brindavan and some other beauty-spots of Mysore are a feast to our eye.

M. K. Radha as the police officer, M. V. Rajamma as his wife and Padmini who acts in dual role of the blind girl and the glamour-girl have done full justice to their roles. N. S. Krishnan, T. A. Mathuram, Karunanithi and Muthulaxmi fit well into the picture. Sundar, a new coming to the cinema has striven to keep pace with his veteran co-stars.

N. Gopi

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PEDLAR'S PACK

THIS Planning business is getting to be more and more romantic. An agreement has just been signed with Burma for the purchase during the next three years commencing this July of 400,000 tons of rice to meet internal requirements, as well as to build up a buffer stock. Apparently, the vast resources of this country at the end of a five-year plan-period are unequal to the strain of finding that extra four lakh tons of rice! On the other hand, Mr. Deshmukh drew the long bow and regaled the members of the Lok Sabha with Alnaschar-like visions of an exportable surplus of 2 million tons of rice in the next five years with which we are expected to earn foreign exchange to the tune of 400 crores of rupees! Such pedestrian doubts as to why we should buy a small quantity from abroad while at the same time arranging to export a huge quantity of the same stuff are not to be entertained; what is curiously, not one M. P. could be found to ask for light on this typically Gilbertian situation!

With the de jure merger of Pondicherry, it is to be hoped that all the costly and corrupt farce of bolstering a state comprising less than a taluk would be put an end to. Pondicherry has been dignified into a state with all the paraphernalia of its betters, primarily to placate intransigent elements there who were averse to the elimination of French rule. Further, the trend of orthodox opinion in the Congress high command is in favour of mergers. Here is an ideal opening for the application of the principle. It remains to be seen how much longer it will take for the Central Cabinet to liquidate this pocket which continues to exist in all but name.

Acknowledging the honorary fellowship of a Medical association in Bombay, Pandit Nehru confessed that he did not know much of medicine or surgery, and added that perhaps the honour was conferred upon him for other reasons.

We however think it a case of true modesty. For like Hanuman, our Prime Minister does not know the extent or source of his own strength. Only the world knows that as a physician, he is unrivalled in prescribing for others. His surgical skill has been shown to admiration in the series of intricate and delicate operations he has performed on the Hindu legal system. These laws, like those of Solon, would remain long after Hindu society itself becomes a thing of the past!

In a statement to the press, Sri Ram Manohar Lohia of the Socialist party points out there have been more police shootings in our country during the last eight years than in England during the last seventy years. He added that in Austria the government did not retaliate even when the mob grew violent.

Why is there such halcyon peace
In remote, far-off countries?—
Because they have no Lohia
With views which don't cohere!

Speaking at the A. I. C. C. session Pandit Nehru is reported to have said that he was tired of office, that the Congress was losing grit and that it would be good for them to suffer some electoral defeats.

We understand that the Maharashtrians are getting ready to oblige him!

In the birth-day honours list, Her Britannic majesty Queen Elizabeth has knighted Len Hutton for his outstanding services to Cricket.

Len Hutton
Has been a glutton
For runs galore
And the record Test score.
In wielding the willow
He has no fellow,—
Unless it be the mighty Don
Whom he has 'followed on'
—And been made a knight
To his fans' great delight!

LEBRA

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

LIGHTNING strikes are invariably the result of lightning incidents, according to one of the foremost Trade Unionists of our country. The Prime Minister was a little too hasty in condemning the Kharagpur incident, because it was quickly followed by leonine violence at Kalka from the police—which was left uncondemned by the Prime Minister. Compared with what happened in Kalka, the Kharagpur incident was almost non-violent, like Polish resistance.

The Bengal-Nagpur Railway Union was started at Kharagpur, and played a notable part in the formation of the All-India Railwaymen's Union, and even of the All India Trade Union Congress. If the members of the Executives of both the Unions had not been sent to jail, there would perhaps not have been all this trouble. Again, if only the policeman, who was alleged to have committed assault, had been properly dealt with, the confidence of the workers would not have been destroyed. Several such incidents can be adduced to show that it was the Railway authorities that must be held responsible for destroying the atmosphere of amity that has generally prevailed between railwaymen and the Railway Board.

Pandit Nehru condemned what he called "adventurism in violence", when he addressed the A. I. C. C. While the nation is celebrating the 2,500th anniversary of the attainment of nirvana by Buddha, it is only fitting that the Government wedded to truth and non-violence should condemn falsehood and violence. Adventurism in violence is the assault by a

police-man, and the shooting down by the police of teen-age girls at point-blank range.

The Prime Minister had asked all Parties in Parliament to declare their position vis a vis violence. As Renu Chakravarty pointed out, every political Party in the country had unequivocally declared that it did not stand for violence. Renu's surprise was (as is ours) that the Prime Minister should talk *ahimsa* in spite of police firings on many occasions.

The Prime Minister can be very careless about his words. On the Buddha Jayanthi, the Prime Minister enquired why the audience was so small. He was told that most people had gone to bathe in the Jumna on the occasion of the Lunar Eclipse. The P. M. promptly condemned the superstitious nature of our people. And then he made a remark that the world too was going through an eclipse. And like the moon, the world too would emerge from the eclipse. In this comparison, the Prime Minister seems to subscribe to the ancient theory of Rahu and Kethu swallowing the sun and the moon. If he was not trying to condemn this superstition, the usage of eclipse would not be understood in the context of the superstition, but merely as modern English usage.

And the same Prime Minister speaks of the Second Five Year Plan being a "horoscope". How can he condemn the horoscope-casting propensities of our Indian astrologers, and at the same time describe the Second Five Year as a horoscope? Does it mean that the Second Plan is

a superstition? I regret to say that this is very loose talk—completely unexpected from a former President of the Indian Science Congress.

Kim Il Sung, Chairman of the Council of Ministers of the Korean People's Democratic Republic, has just sent replies to a series of questions put by me. Although the questions were sent a month ago, the Marshal waited until the rejection of the suggestion for an Asian Conference on Korea was made known. In October, 1955, Kim Il Sung had suggested again, in replies to my questions—that a Conference of Asian countries should discuss the Korean question although, of course, the Korean people themselves should decide their future. Now that that suggestion has been rejected, the Korean Prime Minister does not speak of the Asian Conference, but reiterates that "the question of

Korea's re-unification should be settled without any foreign interference, by the Korean people themselves, along dramatic lines, on the basis of mutual understanding, by way of negotiations. Such is the unanimous wish of the whole of the Korean people, of all Korean patriots. If the South Korean authorities heeded this insistent demand of the Korean people, Korea's re-unification could be achieved at an early date."

Kim Il Sung roundly charged the South Korean authorities thus: "They are ignoring this demand, and, following the instructions of foreigners occupying the Southern part of our country, persist in an unwise position. They would like to re-unify Korea by force. This is an unrealistic stand, contradicting our national interests. The South Korean authorities would not be able to block the ways of Korea's peaceful re-unification. I am convinced that Korea will be reunited peacefully since this is wished by the whole of the Korean people and demanded by all the peace-loving peoples of the world."

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B.Sc. B.E., A.M.I.E. (India),
Principal.

COLLEGE REOPENS ON
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OF HUMANLY CATS

By Mrs. ANNAPURNA RAO

IT was in the twilight of a summer evening. Out for a stroll, we paced up and down the length of the park for some time, and then selecting a lonely spot in a corner near the bushy fencing, we sat down. My husband stretched himself on the cool green grass. Soon we fell into a pleasant conversation.

Some fifty yards away was a party of five or six boisterous young men whose banter and laughter rent the air.

Some time later, emerged a man from the passage in the fencing. He wore a short dhoti, a shirt and a white cap and carried a white bundle under his left arm. He seemed to scan us—rather ominously, I thought—for a few seconds and then settled down about ten paces away near a clump of shrubs which formed the fencing.

Disliking his proximity, I moved away to keep a respectable distance from him. Trying to ignore him, we turned our backs on him. But I somehow could not help feeling uneasy—a woman's intuition you might say—and could not altogether dismiss him from my mind. We were not so pleasantly occupied now and I suggested to my husband that we go. While he turned over my suggestion in his mind, I stole a look backwards to find out if the man was still there. It gave me a strange relief at not finding him. He must have sat there ten minutes, I thought.

While we still lingered on for a while, I heard what was like the faint cry of a child. I did not give it a thought at first. But—heard it again, and again, this time a little more distinctly. As the cries increased in both volume and frequency, we were at once curious and startled. My husband sprang to his feet and I rose up with anxiety. It

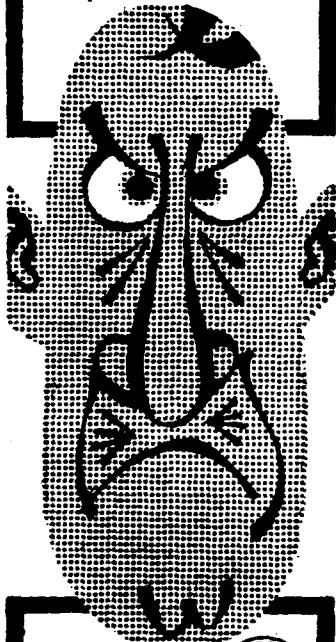
was dark now and we had to strain our ears to gauge the direction of the cries. The darkness was relieved only by the dim light of the distant street lights. We came to a spot where the man sat a few minutes before. Unmistakably the whimpering cries came from under the clump of shrubs. Why, we could even see the struggling movement of tiny limbs. The child was wrapped in a white cloth! My husband advanced towards it. But I, comprehending the situation in a flash, held him back and pleaded: the child must have been abandoned... we might be involved...

Then, finding no one near enough, we ran across to the party of young men and as my husband explained the matter to them; I screamed at the sight of the man who sat near us a little while ago, now sitting within three yards of the party of young men. Without a moment's hesitation I shot up my accusing finger at him declaring that he was the man who had planted the child there a short while ago. At this all the men rose to their feet and, taking hold of that man, proceeded to the spot led thereto by my husband. I followed them, the while keeping an eye on the man to see if he was not up to anything more now. As we approached the clump of shrubs and the child came to view, he suddenly took to his heels, confirming my fears. I cried out for someone to pursue him and we advanced. My husband was nearest to the child, which was quiet now, and I was close behind him, my heart thumping. As he bent down to pick up the child, lo! and behold! a pair of white, probably amorous, cats leapt up in opposite directions and disappeared in the darkness of the night.

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It came as a rude anti-climax and I felt the ground slithering under my feet. We stood there nailed to the spot, dazed and shattered and yet bravely tried to laugh away the imbecility of it all. It was only when someone said "it just happens . . . sometimes . . ." that the ridiculing gaze of all those pairs of eyes shifted from us. Whenever I recall this incident I feel sorry for the man who had to run for his life for sharing an optical illusion with us.

One could not perhaps have a sillier joke enjoyed at one's expense. But it was not all without a compensating reward for me. Cats are known to evoke in people a whole range of feelings from intense affection through different degrees of tepid tolerance to acute revulsion and hatred. I confess I could not, until this incident, abide a cat for ten times its weight in gold and even smugly prided myself on the thought that I was in the company of such celebrated men of history as Napoleon who shared my allergy to cats.

But such was the profound effect of this incident on me that all the hatred and acute revulsion I had nursed for cats soon melted away and ever since I have come to entertain a deep respect for the race of cats and for their many humanly qualities. Not that I had never heard or read about the humanliness of cats or the cattiness of humans. Only I never could really bring myself fully to acquiesce in what I had heard and read, in what I thought to be the perversity of some snobs who equate cats with human beings.

Now, of course, I am ready to proclaim from my house top that there is no loss of dignity for human beings in conceding that cats can be extremely human, in fact embarrassingly so at times. They deserve all our respect for their high level of intelligence or, as any philosopher cat lover might say, for their capacity

for conceptual thought and the rest of it.

Not only this. They also deserve our affection and admiration for their sheer charm and grace, for their exquisite poise and elegance in movement, for their short silky fur that feels like expensive plush to the touch and for their sinuous grace which invests them with a supreme dignity, for their aristocratic aloofness and for their emotional balance and serenity amounting almost to Yogic detachment, for they do not let their nerves be frayed as easily as we humans.

These are admirable qualities rare in human beings! And they particularly need to be propagated in our country, for as a people we are lacking in them probably because we are not so kindly to our cats which embody these qualities. We worship the cow but hate the cat. In both respects we are irrational, because both are grounded in religious superstition. We hardly realise what special spiritual delights we miss by refusing to love cats.

As for me, however, although my new found love has not yet driven me to the necessity of acquiring a cat for myself, I would readily commend the advice once given by Aldous Huxley to a young literary aspirant that if one would become a psychological novelist and write about human beings the best thing one could do was to buy himself a pair of cats—Siamese by preference, for they are most human of all—and having bought them "nothing remains for him but to watch them living from day to day and to mark, learn and inwardly digest the lessons about human nature which they teach." This cat approach, as readers of Huxley will readily recognise, was indeed responsible for some of his greatest works.

Lastly, let us remember that nations not only have the leaders and the governments they deserve; they also have the cats they deserve.

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ON THE COVER: Fruit Sellers—K. Srinivasalu.

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SWATANTRA

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No. 20

AN AILING PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has again fallen ill. This time not so seriously. The doctors are frantically telling the world that his heart is quite O. K. He had only intestinal obstruction which however had to be removed by a major abdominal operation. If the President's doctors are to be believed, he is well on the way to recovery and is, in fact, already attending to his duties.

Why is the news of the President's illness so important for Americans? There is no personality cult in America. No royalty even. The President is just a Mr. President. He is not even "Excellency" or "Highness"—we have a plethora of these in India. But it happens that the President is the most powerful person in America. He is probably the most powerful man in the whole world today. The British Royal House lost its power long ago, although it retains its glamour. The Japanese Emperor lost his glamour as well as his power as a result of World War II which diminished his prestige as the son of the Sun.

The Americans have a two party system of Government which functions very efficiently. In certain matters, particularly those relating to foreign policies, there are bipartisan agreements but mostly the policies of the rival parties oppose and contradict each other. But the beauty of the American Constitution is that the party which wins the Presidential election is able to put through its programme with the willing consent of the opposite party which con-

tested that very programme at the elections. It is a much needed lesson in political discipline which we in India must learn from America. Out here, our differences immediately lead to talks of Satyagraha against the decision of the majority and to acts of violence calculated to upset that decision. Democracy involves willing and whole hearted co-operation with your political opponent in the carrying out of policies which you combated at the elections.

Another beauty of the American Constitution is the anxiety of the entire nation to preserve the continuance of the two party system. They do not want the strength or the prestige of either party to diminish. Whenever the nation feels like changing its leadership, the alternative government must be at hand not only ready and willing to take up the reins of office but also endowed with the necessary skill and competent personnel to carry on the administration at all levels. Americans hate the one party system because it will necessarily imply totalitarianism.

Mr. Eisenhower's second illness has assumed tremendous political importance because it is the main factor in the coming Presidential elections which will decide the fate of the country for the next four years. A healthy Eisenhower standing as the Presidential candidate on behalf of the Republicans will be unconquerable. But an Eisenhower, ailing or believed by the people to be ailing, is an uncertain feature in the elections, which gives room for the suspicion



that Vice-President Nixon, who is unpopular not only with the Democrats but with large sections within his own Republican Party, will anyhow rule the roost. Mr. Eisenhower's illness offers a great chance for the Democrats to stage a come-back. But the Democratic Party does not seem to be of one mind in the matter. Adlai Stevenson commanded great influence not only within the ranks of the Democratic Party in the U. S. but throughout the world as a liberal thinker. But he made an unfortunate announcement in regard to the colour problem in America which has shown him up as a political opportunist who will not hesitate to sacrifice his principles to gain Party advantage. To satisfy the southern Democrats who disliked the decision of the Supreme Court against the segregation of the Negroes in educational institutions, Mr. Ste-

venson advocated the adoption of the principle of gradualism in the removal of disabilities suffered by the coloured peoples. As a result of this statement Mr. Stevenson has lost prestige with advanced opinion and has been bracketed with the reactionaries.

Mr. Eisenhower's illness, therefore, has created difficulties for both the political parties in the U. S. The Republicans cannot choose an ailing Eisenhower with any feeling of certainty as to the result, nor can they easily ignore him and choose another as the candidate. The coming primaries when the Parties will have to make up their minds and announce formally the names of their respective Presidential candidates will be watched with great anxiety by the people of the U. S. and with great interest by the peoples of the rest of the world.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE wordy warfare between Chief Minister Kamaraj and ex-Chief Minister ex-Governor-General C. Rajagopalachari is becoming more and more acrimonious. Mr. Kamaraj alleges that the protagonists of the Dakshina Pradesh idea wish to pull him down from power. To the common man the meaning of this allegation is not quite so clear. It requires explanation. Mr. Kamaraj has built up an Empire of his own in the Tamil Districts. The entire Congress machinery in Tamil Nad is filled with his men. There is no chance for any critic of Kamaraj to get a seat in any Congress organisation controlled by the Tamil Nad Congress Committee. As long as the Congress will continue in power in the country so long will Sri Kamaraj continue to be the Party boss in the Madras State which is now peopled exclusively by

the Tamils. Mr. Kamaraj does not speak any other language except Tamil and that is why he never attempted to extend his dominion beyond Tamilnad and that is said to be the reason for his reluctance to include Malabar or any other non-Tamil area in the Madras State, of which he is the Chief Minister.

Now, it is obvious why Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, who wants to displace Mr. Kamaraj Nadar and step into his shoes, advocates the inclusion of Non-Tamil areas like Travancore-Cochin, Malabar and portions of Mysore within the Madras State. C. R. was born in a Kanarese speaking district. He was educated at Bangalore in the heart of Kanarese country. He speaks broken Malayalam, broken Tamil, good English

and no Hindi. He is in a position to canvass support in non-Tamil areas and will have the chance of becoming Chief Minister once again of the Madras State if Malayalam and Kanarese speaking areas are added to its territory and it attains the status of Dakshina Pradesh.

It is the attempt of these two power hungry men to carve out their future political career that is behind the proposal of and the opposition to the Dakshina Pradesh idea. It has nothing whatever to do with the DMK party or with E. V. R. Periyar although these two have been drawn into the fray to embellish the arguments of the two principal contestants, Mr. Nadar and Rajaji.

Sri Vinoba Bhawe, the Bhoodan leader, has met Sri C. N. Annadurai, the leader of the DMK party. The latter seems to have promised full support to the former in the Bhoodan campaign. Lately, Sri Annadurai's party decided to enter politics and function in opposition to the Congress. It was presumed that in their politics the DMK would carry into practice those principles of rationalism and anti-caste, for which they always professed adherence. Sri Vinoba Bhawe is essentially religious and carries on the Gandhian tradition of a mix-up of religion with politics. Indeed, he has recently stated that Bhoodan or gift of land, which he demands at every village he visits, is but the means to build up the Gandhian hegemony consisting of that mix up of religion, politics and economics which is known as the Constructive Programme involving the revival of village industries side by side with the caste system and other superstitions. The ancient system of village industries was based, nurtured and sustained entirely by the caste system. It was a crime for anyone to participate in an industry which did not belong to the caste in

which he was born. While the growth of science and the gradual spread of modern technological civilization in India is gradually obliterating caste divisions and the village industries in one swoop, the Gandhi-Vinoba attempt counteracts this civilising force and revives the dead industries which nurtured these dying castes and superstitions. Bhoodan is but a cover, a watch word, for the spread of this reactionary movement.

The Congress and the P. S. P. have already joined hands in their support of Vinoba Bhawe. Now the D.M.K. has also ranged itself on the side of the coming Mahatma. In the battle for the liberation of the Indian mind from this politico-religious obsession that Sri Vinoba Bhawe is promoting, the incentive should come from elsewhere than from among these three political groups.

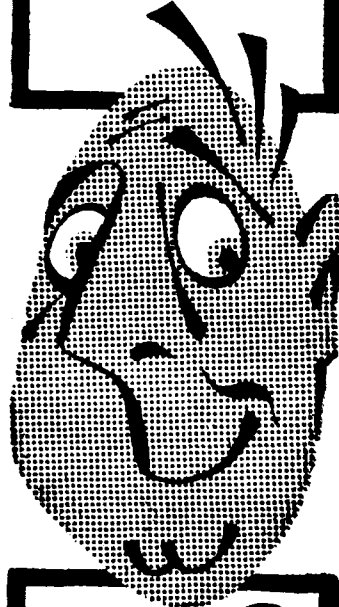
Has the American military help to Pakistan back-fired? In spite of the sabre rattlings and the bellicose talk by Pak diplomats of the inevitability of war between India and Pakistan on the Kashmir issue, the fact seems to be obvious that a political crisis is brewing in Pakistan. The Muslim League has lost ground. Indeed, there is a landslide in favour of the newly formed Republican Party of Dr. Khan Saheb. The peculiar feature of this great change is that it is happening without consulting the electorate. No elections are held and the Muslim League has not been defeated at the polls. But the Muslim League Party is thinning out at the Legislature and the Republican Party is adding to its numbers. What is behind this strange political phenomenon?

The Americans have, after all, realised that they blundered in boosting up the Muslim League Government in Pakistan and thereby alienating the friendship of India. The

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PST. 14

news is spreading that the Muslim League is not only corrupt but is incompetent and the billions of dollars that the U. S. A. spent in Pakistan in rendering military and economic aid has gone the way of the billions they spent in bolstering up Chiang Kai Shek's rule over China. The rumour is that the U. S. do not wish to face the result of their blunder in Pakistan as they did in China and are pulling out before disaster overtakes them. They have changed the venue of their patronage and they now favour the newly formed Republican Party. Hence the spectacular change in the party affiliations of legislators in Pakistan. If this rumour is well-founded, we should congratulate the U. S. A., foreign policy makers upon the wisdom that has dawned upon them. We hope they have come to realise the enormity of the mistake they committed in concluding the Pak-U.S.A. military pact and will withdraw from their commitments under that pact. It is never too late to retrace a false step.

SETHU

FRIENDS

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered,
And nobody helped us along;
If every man looked after himself and
good things all went to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for you,
and nobody thought about me,
And we all stood alone in the battle of
life,
what a dreary old world it would be.
Life is sweet because of the friends
we have made,
And the things in common we share;
We want to live on, not because of
ourselves,
but because of the people who care;
It's giving and doing for somebody
else—
on that all life's splendor depends;
And the joy of the world, when you
sum it all up,
Is found in the making
and keeping of friends.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

AFTER NATIONALISATION— WHAT?

By H. D. RAJAH

SPEAKING in the Rajya Sabha on a motion to refer the Bill for the nationalisation of Life Insurance business to a Select Committee, I asked the Ministers to give the House a picture of what would happen to Life Insurance after the Government assumed control over it. My motion had no chance of being passed against the brute majority of the Treasury Benches. The Ministers failed to give any clear description of what they intended to do with the industry which they spirited away from its rightful parents and guardians in such a summary manner. Now, I wish to place the matter before the general public and ask them to consider what would be the fate of not only Life Insurance but also all the various other Industries which the Government is taking from private hands and putting in charge of its own employees.

The word "nationalisation" is being bandied about as if it were a *mantram*, a magic spell. If there is any mismanagement anywhere in the private sector, the order goes forth to nationalise not that particular business house where there was mismanagement, but all other houses which carry on that industry. The proper function of Government is to bring the defaulter to book and not to run the business. If I complain of a theft in my house, the police should trace the thief and put him in jail, and not turn me, my wife and children out of our house saying that we were incompetent to run the house and the police should run the house themselves. A government which cannot maintain law and order, which is unable to enforce honesty in business and is incompe-

tent to bring the offender to book and render justice to the injured, such an inept government should not attempt the immensely complicated task of running the business houses. The government is fully armed for the task of dealing with corrupt businessmen. If their powers are insufficient, Parliament will clothe them with more powers needed for that purpose. But they should confine their activities to their legitimate sphere of enforcing the law and preserving order.

Nationalisation is not a remedy for corruption and mismanagement in business. Is there no corruption and mismanagement in Government, in the public sector? Crores of the tax payers' money have been washed down the drain in so many scandals relating to governmental undertakings. There is more corruption in the Government Departments than in all the businesses in the country put together.

As one who served in that field for a long time, I am greatly concerned about the future of the Insurance business. Who will supply the incentive which is the life blood of that business, now that it has passed to government management, to the tender mercies of bureaucrats who will not go out to do field work but will sit at their offices and look forward to their pay bills at the end of the month? Insurance is a knotty business. It has to struggle against human sentiment. At any rate, the Hindu tradition is against it. The ideal of the perfect wife is to perish on the funeral pyre of her husband. She does not look forward to an earthly future beyond her husband's life and hence she need not provide

for it. If I, as an Insurance canvasser, go to a Hindu family and say that the lady must be provided for in case the husband dies, the lady will chase me out of the house with her broomstick. I have to adopt a different tactics. I should visit the family only as a friend. I should make love to the children and give them sweets. I should first establish my position as a family friend whose help would be available if difficulties arise. And then, I should throw out gentle suggestions in the direction of insurance and wait patiently for these suggestions to catch. All this requires tact, enterprise, knowledge of human nature, of religious sentiment. This wealth of attainments was available to the Insurance business under private management. It will be wholly absent under the future bureaucratic control by government employees.

I would request the Ministers to take the country into their confidence and disclose their ultimate intentions in regard to nationalisation. To say that they aim at socialism is just begging the question. That cap, as somebody said, has been worn by so many that it has lost its shape. In a socialist society there is no need for the Insurance industry, for

socialism itself acts as universal insurance. The socialist society takes care of its sick and aged; it feeds, clothes and educates the children. There is no unemployment under socialism. Why then is there any need for a separate Insurance industry? If I am always employed, if I am well fed and clothed, if my wife and children are taken care of by the state, my death will not affect the well being of my family and there is no need for Life insurance.

Under the false cry of socialism, the Government are going on extending the public sector until it may ultimately embrace all human activities. There is a slur cast on the private sector and it goes on diminishing until it may altogether vanish. The state will own all the industries. Is that socialism? The correct description of that state of affairs is state-capitalism. That is what they claim to have achieved in Russia. Is that what we are after? Much play is made with the phrase "mixed-economy". A temporary respite is offered to the private sector. Which man with common sense will put his money into an industry under a sentence of death? Why not the Ministers clarify the issue? The country is entitled to know.

New Books

POPULATION AND PLANNED PARENTHOOD IN INDIA. By S. Chandrasekhar. Introduction by Dr. Julian Huxley. (London. George Allen & Unwin. 1955) pp. 106. Rs. 9-8.

THE term "birth control" is an unhappy expression as it implies abortion, which is not at all contemplated in this connection. "Conception control" as Dr. Chandrasekhar suggests, is a happier and a more scientific expression.

It is well known that our standard of living is not keeping pace with the growth of our population. With the

decline of our death rate as a result of increased medical help, our population will increase at a much faster rate than the present 5 million per annum. Such additions will depress further our low standard of living.

The book treats in non-technical language a theme hitherto only dealt with either far too generally or on a level accessible only to experts. Our country, long cited as the *locus classicus* of unmitigated Malthusian pressure, is now qualifying to offer a

(Continued on page 48)

THE RESURGENCE OF POPULAR JINGOISM IN BRITAIN?

By ANDREW ROTH

was a bit surprised when the two kind ladies in our neighbourhood sh-and-chips shop gloated over the news that the young local lad who had been shot in the back in Cyprus had identified his young EOKA assailants, who will now presumably hang.

It is now clear that this gloating was not an isolated occurrence. While criticism among the experts has mounted against the Eden Government's policies in Cyprus for being too 'tough' and not depending enough in negotiating with Cypriot 'moderates', popular opinion has quietly moved the other way, saying it is not enough!

There is now statistical evidence that 'jingoism' may be coming back into popular favour. This would be a striking flashback because the very word 'jingo' became a synonym for extreme nationalism or chauvinism in 1878—the year Cyprus was acquired—when those who supported sending the British fleet into Turkish waters sang the music hall refrain: 'We don't want to fight, yet, by Jingo! If we do, we've got the ships, we've got the men, and got the money, too!'

Commentators have generally overlooked the impact of recent reverses for Britain in the Middle East and South Asia on popular opinion. Foreign affairs in Britain is generally considered to be something for the experts, for the Foreign Office or Members of Parliament, especially interested. Therefore it was the impact on Parliament and the Government which was watched when the Ceylon elections brought in a government sympathetic to Nehru's line of near-neutralism. It was the Par-

liamentary indignation which was 'covered' by the Press when Jordan, a state created and largely subsidised by Britain for a generation, ignominiously kicked out General Sir John Glubb, its British military chief.

The first intimation of popular jingoism came with the *News Chronicle's* publication of its Gallup Poll on June 4, showing that the public was two-to-one against the Government's policy in Cyprus. Since this had come after a mounting barrage of criticism against anti-terrorism alone from the *Economist*, *Observer* and other papers normally friendly to the Eden Government, almost everyone jumped to the conclusion that this was a liberal revulsion against the 'tough' tactics being used in Cyprus: searches, detention, curfew, collective fines and the hanging of two young EOKA terrorists early in May.

The *Liberal News Chronicle* was delighted: "The public is realising what this paper has long pointed out, that negotiations must be resumed and that to wait for what the Government calls 'moderates', and what the Cypriots call 'traitors' to come forward is folly."

The Labour foreign affairs expert R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., could almost be heard chortling as he warned the Prime Minister in his *Daily Mirror* column on June 6: "Before he decides on his (new Cyprus) policy, Sir Anthony Eden would do well to study the detailed figures of this Gallup Poll.

"They show that the Conservative Party has been split from top to bottom. Today only 40% of Conservative supporters support Sir An-

thony on Cyprus: 22% cannot make up their minds.

"No fewer than 38% are behind Sir Robert Boothby, the Conservative backbencher who recently had the courage to renounce the naked repression which is now being enforced on the island," be assumed. **Dawns the Disillusionment**

With the next dawn came disillusionment.

The next day's *Daily Express* carried that paper's poll of public opinion which, in the last election, made a closer forecast than the Gallup Poll. The *Daily Express*, like the Gallup Poll, also found that only one in four was satisfied with the Government policy on Cyprus, while twice as many were dissatisfied; the remainder were unsure.

But the *Daily Express* went on to ask those polled whether they thought Government policy too severe, not severe enough or just right. This produced the surprising result that 44% thought Government policy was not severe enough, 27% thought it about right and only 20% thought it too severe; 9% had no opinion.

Even when this question was broken down among members of various political parties, the largest

group in each thought the Government's action was not severe enough: 50% of the Conservatives, 40% of the Labourites and 37% of the Liberals. Only 8% of the Conservatives, 30% of the Labourites and 26.5% of the Liberals thought it too severe.

This mandate from the man in the street for a 'tougher' policy is perhaps a natural reaction to long years of being 'pushed around' by Asian and African nationalism. The transformation of India, Pakistan and Ceylon, Malaya and soon the African colonies to self-governing dominions is widely acclaimed as part of the 'growing up' of the Commonwealth. But the average man in the street realises this means that, as a Briton, he will no longer have special privileges in places once coloured red on the map.

Moreover, the long-suffering Briton likes being shown the door in a gentlemanly fashion. He was sure that Jordan, for whose government British taxpayers paid more than the Jordanians, gave General Glubb the bum's rush. And now he is fed up with Cypriot nationalists who think it necessary to kill people lying in hospital beds or to shoot unarmed young Britons in the back.

It ain't cricket.

THE MAGIC OF HONEY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

THE history of honey is fascinating. Ostensibly, no one has ever discovered or invented a purer and sweeter food than honey. It is a miracle of nature. Honey was known to primitive men long before they had any knowledge of bread. Isn't it intriguing that even after some fifty centuries of continued use by man, honey still retains something of its romance and mystery?

Honey is a liquid elaborated by hard-worked honeybees from nectar collected by them from flowers, transported to the hive, ripened and

stored in cells of the honeycomb. It is a stupendous job. The bee-keepers make it possible for colonies of bees to store more honey than they require, the surplus being removed for human use. Three different kinds of honey are mentioned in the Bible. The Jews took honey by smoking out the bees but two combs were left for the winter. It was eaten only as a delicacy or as a relish with other articles. A mead or honey ale is mentioned in the *Rigveda* and there is a good deal of reference suggesting that it did them a world of

good. The ancient Egyptians made honey from bees. At one period in Egypt and Assyria, honey was used for embalming the dead.

For thousands of years honey has been used as an important vehicle for medicine. Many admirable virtues were attributed to it by the ancient Greeks. Hippocrates, the father of European medicine, firmly believed that honey gave long life and he used to prescribe it to his patients. The Vedas regarded the good health they formerly enjoyed to be due to the fact that at one time their diet consisted chiefly of honey. Pliny gives a long list of bodily disorders for which it was believed to be an excellent remedy. The Greeks regarded a diet in which honey was the chief element as especially efficacious in securing longevity.

Honey appears in the market in various forms. In U. S. A. more than 250 varieties are produced and marketed. It may be squeezed from the comb by presses or it may be sold in the combs cut from the hive. In early days in America and Europe much honey was produced as comb honey, the small combs being built and filled with honey in specially prepared small frames that were placed above the part of the hive. In America sixty percent of all honey is white clover; but each section produces a honey that holds in its amber the spirit of the place. It is obvious that due to the diverse floral origin of the nectar, honey differs in flavour and in colour. In any locality where honey is produced, there are usually only a few plants that secrete nectar in adequate abundance to provide honey typical of the region. In most countries, especially in Europe, New Zealand and Australia, honeys are derived from native plants, while in the United States, where the honeybee is not native at least half the marketable honey crop comes from plants imported from other lands.

The ancient Athenians gathered their first honey from the slopes of Mt. Hymettes, where the wild thyme gave it a distinctive flavour. Maltese honey widely acclaimed throughout the Middle Ages owes its characteristic flavour to orange blossom. The rarest honey of all is that culled from the white bells of ambrosia, or wormwood, and strangely enough, there is even a poisonous honey obtained in spring by the wild bees of East Nepal. Down around in Texas, they boast they have the best honey in the world—that's made from cat's claw and huajillo.

Honey has manifold uses. It is extensively used in the manufacture of breads and cakes. In various countries special honey cakes have been developed through the ages. A special honeycake is sometimes used in Jewish religious holidays. Honey has been used in the manufacture of soft drinks, and for moistening tobacco.

You can rely on honey to work wonders. In India its food value was known in ancient days, long before they had any knowledge of bread. The average honey contains a small proportion of water, some cane sugar, tiny quantities of dextrines, gums, volatile oils, digested fats, depending on its clarity, a number of actual pollen grains. In addition, honey has a small mineral content comprising of iron, copper, potassium, sodium, sulphur, aluminium, manganese, chlorine, calcium. For long it was held that honey had no vitamin content, but tests have proved this to be incorrect. Pollen is rich in vitamin C, richer than most fruits.

Honey is the richest known source of levulose, its most valuable ingredient and a substance normally more than twice as sweet as sugar cane. Combined with the other simple sugar dextrose, a much common ingredient, levulose helps the body to build up its vital reserves. It often

acts like magic in removing a tired feeling after strenuous physical or mental exertion. It is an admirable food for weak persons, especially for old people, invalids and convalescents. It is non-irritating to the digestive tract; it places no strain upon the kidneys, it lessens tissue destruction, it provides an immediately available source of energy with the minimum of effort from the digestive process; it enables the consumer to make good the body losses from severe exertion. It is extremely remarkable that, when properly ripened, honey destroys all harmful bacteria which may settle upon it even when exposed to external contamination.

Honey is a food for the heart. According to Dr. J. H. Kellogg it is an effective heart stimulant very useful in heart failure. It is also used to cure ulcers. An eminent physician is

reported to have cured several cases of gastric and duodenal ulcers by adding sufficient honey to the diet of the patients. The most revolutionary honey-healing technique is now discreetly used by a surgeon at Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. He uses honey as a wound dressing which he found to be extremely efficacious. In fact, several people today show so scarcely a trace of a scar after serious operations, thanks to honey's healing magic. The honey is spread on a surgical gauze. The natural goodness in honey encourages tissues however lacerated to promote fresh growth. And raw surfaces otherwise doomed to scar come together forming a seal with a minimum of visible after-effects. The idea however is not new. Aboriginal tribes of central Australia have for centuries used wild bees honey as a cure for wounds.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH SMALL STATES?

By L. N. S.

WHAT indeed?! I have been asking the very question for quite some time now,—almost shouting it from the house-tops. But being a nobody, nobody else heeded me. I consoled myself with the biblical reflection: 'Wisdom crieth in the streets, but there is no man to heed it!' But imagine my delight when the self-same question was shot at the public by no less (or greater) a person than Mr. Kamaraj Nadar, our chief minister. Immediately it became red-hot news, featured in aggressive banner head-lines, arresting our progress through the serried columns of our newspapers and asking us to 'stand and deliver.' I was proud to find my own child thus adopted by a distinguished parent, and felt content. Another biblical utterance came to my rescue, and I reflected: 'I thank thee Lord that thou hast hidden these things from the wise and learned and hast revealed them to babes and sucklings!'

Not that Sri Kamaraj Nadar is a child; but he has effectively debunked a sedulously propagated notion that he is a babe in the theory of state-craft, and that he makes do with a minimum of ideological cargo as administrative chief and party-boss. I must therefore tender him my unqualified admiration for the gallant way in which he is apparently determined to stand up for small states. He is aware of the big guns ranged against him; but has dared to join issues with them with a dazzling simplicity which is exhilarating indeed.

To the crucial question which he has thus posed, you will see that there is no cogent answer, if you are at all candid about it. Most of us are

victims either of obstinate and consequently pieced-out historical memories or of the personality cult currently much talked about. In 1914, I felt that it was heroic being a small state—say like Belgium. For when that little country was over-run by the Prussian Junkers in the first world-war, Mr. Asquith rose in the House of Commons and declared: 'The sword that we now draw shall not be sheathed again until aggression is punished and the rights of small nationalities vindicated for ever.' In those days or since, no one was or could be found to commend to Belgium her merger with France or the Netherlands or Germany itself in the interests of its own survival!

But let us go back to the dim, distant dawn of civilisation. The cradle of all world progress is commonly supposed to have been in Greece; and the high water mark of Greek achievement in state-craft was the 'city state.' You will look in vain elsewhere for a comparable galaxy of statesmen, poets, orators, scientists, artists and sculptors to those produced by the Athenian city-state. In fact the downfall of Athenian democracy, of the Greek way of life, began with the noxious spread of the ideas of merger, federations or confederation which led to all those excrescences of politics which have disgraced human nature ever since.

Look at it from the other side. All tyrannies, empires, exploitations have been the work of great masses of men moving with elemental fury and irresistible force derived from sheer numbers; such imperiums and predatory systems have left behind them indelible memories of war, bloodshed, rapine and famine. One of the oldest





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Sixty Years!!**

dynasties to grind smaller and in-offensive groups of people was that of the Assyrian and Babylonian despots; only the researches of modern scholars have brought to light some portion of the unrelieved woe they brought to mankind. The movement of mongol and tartar from east to west across the face of Asia has been compared to the flight of locusts which even now leave behind them a trail of endless and extensive destruction.

In fact, size is the biggest enemy of quality; it has an intoxicating effect even on steady, sober and self-controlled people. The way it has demoralised our Prime Minister is one of the saddest spectacles of current history. He speaks constantly of the greatness of our country, and of some spectacular decisive part assigned to us in the promotion of world-peace. We cannot put down the hooligan element either in our streets or in our railway junctions, and yet we have a ready-made nostrum for making the world entirely free from war and colonialism and exploitation. It was said of Carlyle that he wrote 40 volumes invoking the fires of heaven on the heads of a sinful and refractory generation when he could have laid his hand on a half-penny matchbox to achieve his aim! And of course do we not all know the man who conjures up an entire mango-tree with blossom, fruit and all in a trice, but who depends upon our donation for his daily bread? All these megalomaniacal visions are seductive to the star-performer, for he is aware of being the centre-piece of the show. Remove Pandit Nehru from the key-position he occupies, and all his sanguine visions of a great, glorious and non-pareil India would vanish into thin air. Indeed, I would go one better and wager that if you put Pandit Nehru where Mr. Kamaraj is and Mr. Kamaraj where the Pandit is, then Pandit Nehru would be as vehement for a small state as

he is now for a Leviathan over which he postures in a supreme stellar role. Above all, I have no doubt that if Gandhi were alive today, his influence would be thrown on the side of the small state rather than on that of the Viwarupam which we are dreaming about through our planning and plotting.

Mr. Kamaraj Nadar also effectively pricked the bubble that a small state cannot have much influence at the Centre. For it was Kamaraj Nadar who has been responsible for a notable (or notorious) amendment of the constitution which has given statutory recognition to the backward classes. Under C. R.'s leadership, Tamil Nad was a seething cauldron of real or simulated discontents. Under Mr. Kamaraj Nadar's direction, there is halcyon peace; if there are any grumblings here and there, he is in a far better situation to call such bluff than a regiment of C. R.'s could have been! His zeal for radical if not revolutionary change has taken the wind out of the sails of the communist party. So he has won all along the line and all round the compass. And as the art of government is the art of the possible, he has demonstrated the greatest number of possibilities in the shortest period of time. There is no opposition to him—worth the name or even mention. All these desirable results have flown as much from the right man as from the right size of the state to deal with.

The bogey of small states being swallowed up by big ones is sometimes set up to dissolve the opposition to the idea of mergers. This is where we betray the persistence of an exploded historical memory. We are at the beginning of an era of local self-government minus the virus of nationalism. The gradual emergence of a world-system of supervisory administration through the UNO net-work coupled with the deterrent implications of modern wars with nuclear weapons ensures the danger of ag-

gression completely obsolete. The tiny republic of San Remo has been allowed to exist unmolested even in the worst periods of war in Europe. The independence of Switzerland has been tacitly respected by all the dictators during the last three or four hundred years. Consequently we should all welcome small states as affording greater scope for the emergence of local genius, local talent and local initiative for local progress. If all areas functioned on some such basis, the world would become a better place to live in for all concerned. It is a tribute, I think, to the rugged simplicity of Sri Kamaraj's character that he has not been seduced by bulk,

size, quantity or numbers into an advocacy of bigger states merely for the sake of bigness. And therein he is on the side of the angels.

A time may, no doubt, come when a small Tamil state like a correspondingly small Tamil state in the early centuries might become imperialist-minded and set about to conquer, or annex or merge adjacent areas in the name of holism. Other variations of Raja Raja Chozhan are not unlikely; but they will be opposed first of all by the prospective victims who would swear by small states themselves. And that we may count a sign of grace in human nature itself!

THE CREED OF SCIENCE

To love justice, to long for the right,
to love mercy, to pity the suffering,
to assist the weak,
to forget wrongs and remember benefits
to love the truth, to be sincere,
to utter honest words,
to love liberty, to wage relentless war
against slavery in all its forms,
to love wife and child and friend, to
make a happy home,
to love the beautiful in art, in nature,
to cultivate the mind,
to be familiar with the mighty thoughts
that genius has expressed, the noble
deeds of all the world,
to cultivate courage and cheerfulness,
to make others happy, to fill life with
the splendor of generous acts, the
warmth of loving words,
to discard error, to destroy prejudice,
to receive new truths with gladness,
to cultivate hope, to see the calm beyond
the storm, the dawn beyond the
night,
to do the best that can be done and
then to be resigned—
this is the religion of reason,
the creed of science.
This satisfies the heart and brain.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL



Kumari V. Vijaya, B.A., daughter of Sri S. Viswanathan, Advertising Manager, Lipton Ltd., Calcutta, was married to Ch. P. Ramakrishnan, B.Sc., son of Sri R. Parameswar, Retd., Asst. Secretary, General Administrative Department, Hyderabad, at Madras on 1st June, 1956.

THE CIVIL SERVICE

By C. ANANTHACHARI

IT is our misfortune that the Congress Party men, who control the destinies of our country, have no knowledge of administration or Government, and are ill-served by the officials who advise them. They have no touch with the administration in rural areas and have no knowledge of present-day conditions. The standard of administration has fallen and corruption has crept into the services.

During the British rule, the services were controlled from the centre. But, after the withdrawal of the British, their control has ceased, and no one has taken their place. Our rulers are pre-occupied with world problems, global tours, and have little time or inclination to study the prosaic art of administration of a country. Consequently, they are at the mercy of the services, and the services have become the real rulers of the country. The Independence of our country has, in practice, meant only the independence of the services from the control exercised over them by the British. It is impossible for the Legislatures to exercise effective control over the services. These bodies are composed of persons who have no knowledge of administration, and whose interests compel them to be subservient to the services. The services had been, during the British period, clothed with enormous powers, for keeping the people under control, and the present tendency is, far from curbing their powers, to further enlarge their power, prestige, and authority. We must remember the old adage that Power always corrupts. The services are composed of intelligent men, who stand without flinching any amount of sermonizing, from high quarters, about their duties to the public, so long as their power and authority remain unimpaired. These uncon-

trolled services, develop the tendency to expand, to usurp, to dominate and to tyrannize. Of all tyrannies, the autocracy of a native bureaucracy is the worst.

In a democratic set-up, all power should vest in elected, popular bodies, and the services should be servants of these bodies for carrying out their decisions. But the farce continues in our country of popular bodies getting clothed with nominal powers, while the substance of power is retained by the services. In spite of the country having attained Independence, the freedom of the village still remains a distant dream. The Constitution Act has laid down that the Village Panchayat should be invested with full powers, and that an autonomous village should form the basis of administration. But no one has so far heeded to this Directive Principle of the Constitution. In our State, the Village Panchayat's Act was passed after the enactment of the Constitution Act. Still, no real power has been granted to the Panchayat, though elaborate provisions are made for its election. The Panchayat has no voice in the cultivation or the irrigation of the lands of the village or in the collection or expenditure of its Revenues. The village still slaves as the age-long and unredeemed serf of the bureaucracy.

The British devised a system of education for producing the personnel required for manning the administrative services of this country. All classes of people took to this education, and demanded their shares in the services, and various schemes were devised for giving adequate representation to the communities in the services. The clerk is well-groomed, and smartly dressed and carries a packet of cigarettes and a match-box, and a fountain-pen to

boot, for use if necessity arises. He shows little inclination to learn his work, but is always assertive of his rights. He has caught the spirit of agitation that is in the air and is difficult to control. He showed his true colours at the recent conference of the N.G.Os held at Madras. The resolutions passed at the conference are a challenge to the existence of any State. The N.G.Os' strength lies in the fact that they represent all the communities in the State. They know that the Congress Organisations, in most places, are communal bodies, and that the services themselves are manned by communalists.

In spite of denunciations from men at the top, the demon of communalism is stalking the land, and the bureaucracy is spreading its ugly tentacles over the masses of the people. The task of combating the twin evil is an urgent necessity. We may not be able to mend the bureaucracy and we may not be able to do without it. But it is in our power to cut down its size and clothe the village with full autonomy. The growth of autonomous villages will pave the way for the abolition of the Taluk and the Sub-Divisional Offices and will reduce the size of the Collectorates.

The rules framed by the British

for the conduct of public servants are out-of date and do not meet the realities of the present situation. We must recognise that the armed forces, the police, and the Civil Services are the three pillars which support the edifice of the State, and even if one pillar gives way, the structure of the State will collapse, with the result that the lives, the liberties, and the properties of several millions of people will be imperilled. Indiscipline by any section of the civil services must be viewed with the same concern as mutiny by a section of the armed forces, or rebellion by a section of the Police; and the same procedure and trial by court martial should be prescribed to punish such indiscipline. Then only will the N.G.Os realize that the holding out of a threat of strike against the State will be like playing with fire, and that the State will use all its resources to meet such threats. The procedure for the redressal of grievances of the civil services cannot be different from that prescribed for the Armed Forces and the Police. It should be made also a penal offence, for any candidate to the Legislature to promise to use his influence on behalf of any member of the services, the safeguarding of whose interests should be the sole care of the State.

REDUCING THE INDIAN ARMY

By K. R. MALKANI

ADDRESSING a Sarvodaya Sammelan in Madras on May 27, Acharya Vinoba Bhave and Sri C. Rajagopalachari made a fervent plea for the reduction of India's Armed Forces. Vinobaji said that we could make a "monumental contribution" to world peace by cutting our military budget by half. Rajaji said that we should reduce our military strength regardless of what Pakistan may or may not do in this respect. Otherwise, he said, we have no right to talk about Mahatma Gandhi and his ideals.

It is not quite clear how a Rs. 100 crore reduction in India's military spending could make a "monumental contribution" to world peace considering the fact that world peace has next to nothing to do with India's spending on her army. We are not a major military power and our military spending is only a negligible fraction of world military spending. Rajaji's suggestion that we should go ahead with de-militarisation even if Pakistan may continue to receive American arms, is not realistic. After all, if we are to shut our eyes to what is going on in Pakistan why keep an army at all? Why not abolish it altogether? After all, we are not expecting an attack from Burma or Ceylon, Australia or South Africa, U. S. A. or China. Why not have only armed police to meet the needs of internal law and order? What has Rajaji to say to that? As for Mahatma Gandhi and his ideals I think he blessed the action in Kashmir. Would we have been able to liberate 2/3 of Kashmir if our Army spending had been only half of what it was? Are we sure we can hold Kashmir in the face of Pakistan's even present military strength, if we halved our army? Perhaps it is best

not to invoke Gandhiji in every public issue. Such invocation can only rouse feelings of reverence and so preclude the possibility of a cool and objective consideration of great public issues.

The argument against present military spending runs somewhat like this: We are devoting half our budget to defence. If we spent less on defence we could spend correspondingly more on development. This is of the utmost importance for a backward country like ours. Also our peaceful approach to international problems requires that we give a lead in lessening world tensions by reducing our own armed strength. It might sound impertinent to criticise men of the eminence of Vinobaji and Rajaji but I think the unpleasant has got to be done.

To begin with it is misleading to say that we are spending "half our budget" on defence. We have never spent that much on our defence. Ours is a federal State. We not only have a central budget, we have nearly 30 provincial budgets. Not a pie of these thirty budgets is spent on defence. So that if we take this vital fact into consideration we will find that we have never spent more than 30% of State funds on defence.

Of late another factor has increasingly reduced defence share in public spending. It is the development spending. While our central budget stands at somewhere near Rs. 500 crores, during the second plan period—which commenced on April 1, 1956—we will be spending Rs. 1000 crores annually on economic development. Again not a pie of this is to be spent on defence. Thus taking the central, provincial and development budgets together we are spending not more

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than Rs 200 crores on defence out of our annual public spending of Rs. 2000 crores. Surely 10% on defence is not excessive! How many countries are spending that little on defence.

A third fallacy underlying the demilitarisation argument is that less spending on defence will mean correspondingly more spending on development. This is only superficially true. Are defence and development so entirely exclusive and incompatible as we are made to believe? I should think that, at least in the special conditions in India, defence is very much development.

We spend some Rs. 200 crores on defence annually. Where do these Rs. 200 crores go? Not in fire and ashes and smoke? Because we are not currently fighting any war. This money goes to build barracks and ordnance factories, planes and aerodromes, ships and shipyards. Lakhs of people get employment directly. Lakhs more get indirect employment as builders, contractors, general suppliers, manufacturers. The bulk of the money is spent within the country. Military spending means public earning. It only means one extra turn in the circulation of money. This helps us to maintain our defence.

Some gentlemen argue—that we must reduce our military spending because our army is too small to face upto a big power like U. S. A. or U. S. S. R. and is too big for facing Pakistan. Are we so sure that our army is too big and too strong for Pakistan, and may safely be reduced without risking our military superiority over Pakistan? Things are not so simple as "either or". Not so long ago there were press reports that with American aid Pakistan's armed forces were reaching parity with India's and even developing

superior power in some spheres. That report was never contradicted by Pakistan, India or USA. This fact cannot be lightly dismissed.

It is true that we have more natural resources, greater manpower and incomparably stronger industrial base than Pakistan. But foreign aid can make a big difference, and cancel out much of our advantage. American militarisation of Pakistan is continuing. As our lead over Pakistan diminishes—and it is reported to be diminishing—the danger of an aggressive war by Pakistan will grow.

I concede that there might be scope for reducing the size of the Army. It would be far better to have a smaller professional army and a vast reserve force consisting of the entire youth of the country given 6-12 months training in handling arms. But we cannot reduce spending on the army without weakening our defences and exposing our independence to needless risk.

The army in India is a great factor for national unity. Here men from all parts of the country live and learn and work together. There is no provincialism, no sectarianism, no casteism here. By giving all adults some military training we can inject more health, more education, more discipline, more efficiency—even more patriotism—in our people. Soldiers are no drones fiddling away with their rifles while we labour in the field, office or factory. The soldier, if anything, works harder and better. He is the saviour in flood or famine, fire or lawlessness. The Army is playing a great role in giving a tone to national life. It could play an increasingly important role if only we did not, in our arm-chair enthusiasm for peace, fail to understand the catalytic national role that India's Army is playing.

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A PROFILE OF VINOBA BHAVE

By N. RAMANATHAN

THE temple-town of Kancheepuram, fifty-four miles from Madras, is spread out in an area of lush paddy fields and green co-coanut groves. Trudging across its pastoral approaches and surrounded by adoring crowds, there came last week a little wisp of a man. He was dressed in the garb of poverty—a hand-spun dhoti and cheap canvas sneakers—but with an aura of authority that has made him one of India's great leaders. In five years, this man, Vinoba Bhave, has become such a power in India that he rivals the glamorous Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru in popularity.

Looking frail and very ascetic, Vinoba Bhave was once the trusted and faithful disciple of Mahatma Gandhi. He even looks somewhat like Gandhi in appearance except for a grey beard and a frowsy disheveled tuft. He has the same lean figure, he wears the same sort of bifocal spectacles and speaks in the same soft voice that the Mahatma adopted.

He has studied many languages including Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Marathi, Gujarati, Bengali, Telugu, Kanarese, Malayalam, Tamil and English. This array of tongues serves him well during his travels through polyglot India. It is not, however, for his erudition that India's teeming millions are exhibiting an interest in him. They are interested in him because he has brought back to them the memory of the dead Mahatma whom they adored. He has brought back that memory in a manner that Pandit Nehru did not, indeed could not, even had he tried.

The early career of Sri Vinoba Bhave is shrouded in mystery. He was born sixtythree years ago at Gangoda, a small village in Western India. At the age of ten, he is said to have made a resolution of life long

celibacy; he gave up sweets and started walking barefoot. At twenty, he was sent to Bombay for higher education; but he went instead to Bengal where he was sucked into the vortex of the nationalist movement. He studied Sanskrit for some time at Benares and became deeply interested in Hindu theology. He met Mahatma Gandhi for the first time in 1916 and became a regular member of his ashram at Sabarmati. When Gandhiji learned that his new recruit had not written to his family for several years, he sat down himself and wrote to Bhave's father: "your Bhave is with me. His spiritual attainments are such as I myself attained only after a long struggle."

In 1932 Vinobaji suffered his first imprisonment for having taken part in the non-co-operation movement. Mahatma Gandhi relied upon him as the truest and best of his disciples. After the Mahatma's demise, Bhave started his campaign for Bhoodan in Telingana. Later Pandit Nehru invited Bhave to visit Delhi to give the benefit of his views on land reform and offered to send a plane to Hyderabad for fetching him. But the walking saint wrote back: "I will come, but in my own time and as always." With members of his ashram, he walked the distance of 795 miles to New Delhi.

That slow plodding to the capital which took two months, was a triumphant journey. At nearly every town and village *en route* Bhave received a royal welcome. Villagers crowded around the 'God that gives away land', to touch the holy man's feet. At the imperial city he stayed in an unostentatious bamboo hut erected near Gandhiji's *samadhi* at Rajghat. Pandit Nehru called on him twice in the midst of a hectic election campaign. The President met and told

Bhave that he could take up as much as he wanted from his private land holding in Bihar. After a stay of eleven days, Bhave left Delhi to resume his Bhoodan mission.

Vinobaji's main ashram is at Puanar in Madhya Pradesh, about six miles from Wardha, where a bungalow donated by the late Jamnalal Bajaj serves as his Central Secretariat.

Vinoba Bhave is a sick man; he suffers from duodenal ulcer and malaria. He takes two cups of milk daily, mixed with honey. He walks

ten to twenty miles every day. Once he was a voracious reader; but now he can snatch the time to read only three books: Euclid's "Elements," Aesop's Fables and the Bhagavad Gita which he considers the supreme book of human guidance.

He says "My object is to transform the whole of Society . . . The people are going to solve their problems, not I . . . I am simply creating an atmosphere . . . The beginning is always small, but when the atmosphere spreads, somebody will ask—and somebody will give—"

THE STY OF EPICURUS

By C. L. R. SASTRI

THE French have a famous saying that a sculptor need not himself be made of marble. By the same token I submit that one who elects to dissertate on food need not himself be a glutton or a gourmet, a pig from the sty of Epicurus. A gourmet, I take it, belongs to a slightly higher rung of the social ladder than a glutton—though, in the interests of the present inexplicable craze for what has come to be known as peaceful co-existence, a glutton, too, may be presumed to have a case of sorts if only he have the knack of "putting it across". We need not, here and now, concern ourselves with the superior beings who have their eyries "built in the cedar's top": those, I mean, who, like the lilies of the field, toil not, neither do they eat. For myself I must confess that I cannot be a glutton even if I try with both hands, as Humpty Dumpty would have put it: the spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak. As for being a gourmet I am afraid I suffer from an equally severe disability: my plentiful lack of pence prohibits me from Babylonian orgies of any kind. My

nomination, therefore, stands automatically cancelled in both these interesting stakes.

Merely Platonic

Theoretically, however, I am a gourmet, an epicure, to the manner born. Charles Lamb, it will be remembered, was compelled to console himself, in the absence of the real thing, with a reverie on "dream children": I have been forced, for not wholly dissimilar reasons, to lose myself in day-dreams of the glorious repasts that I have had to put the Presidential veto upon. "Elia" lamented, in a sentence that has since become a classic, that "the children of Alice call Bertram father": the dishes that I adore this side idolatry are, usually, enjoyed by those for whom, if the truth is to be told, they cannot, in any sense of the terms, point a moral or adorn a tale. Wordsworth speaks somewhere of the human clod for whom a primrose by the river's brim was just a yellow primrose, nothing more. For these gentry the manifold "pleasures of the table", as they are called, are not "pleasures" at all, are not delectable voyages on the high seas of the

culinary art: they are task-work, naught else, and while they go through it they are not troubled by any "brave, translunary" suspicion that they have come here trailing clouds of glory from heaven which is their home. They eat cake, if I may say so, not realising (the poor dears!) the realm of pure poetry to which it legitimately belongs: whereas I am condemned to munch bread, lifting it (in sheer self-defence) out of *terra firma* into "an ampler ether, a diviner air", entirely at variance with the humdrum facts of daily life.

Those Lucullan Banquets

Tell me not in mournful numbers, gentle reader, that one eats to live, not *vice versa*, and that we need not make such heavy weather about the mere matter of animal sustenance. But eating (unless I am woefully mistaken) continues to constitute a fundamental human function and one must be pardoned if, now and then, one is constrained to wax eloquent over it in accents that well-nigh recall the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. I have read too many novels and short stories not to be carried off my feet by the mere description of the various Lucullan banquets set forth therein with a wealth of detail that is simply irresistible. These graphic descriptions induce us to re-live the past, and the way, for instance, that Dickens portrays the rotund Samuel Pickwick's addiction to mutton-chops and tomato-sauce never fails to strike a responsive chord in me. When, recently, I read the enchanting accounts of the "Peking duck" in our newspapers I wished, for an insane instant, that I could shed my vegetarianism for a short while in order to join the ranks of the cognoscenti, the dwellers in Elysium. I can easily visualise the indescribable rapture of the proprietor of "Paramount Ham" in Mr. Wodehouse's novel for whom the universe is nothing but a vast emporium displaying that particular brand of ham in every shop-window.

Mr. James Agate

The late Mr. James Agate (on whose wit the sun notoriously never set) garnished the pages of his nine volumes of *Ego* (the autobiography of the century) with ravishing details of his "browsings and sluicings." The first volume nearly pullulated with them. Agate was a lover of drinks even more than of food, and he has confessed that but for his "daily dozen", so to speak, of champagne he could never have attained his dizzy eminence as a dramatic critic. He built his life on a "three-tier" system: literature, champagne, and ponies. It speaks volumes of his essentially spiritual nature that, according to himself, he could, at a pinch, discard the first two. It was ponies, as the gentleman in the tall white hat confided to David Copperfield on the top of the Canterbury coach in regard to his passion for horses, that were "vittles and drink" to him. Thus he provided fresh proof that we do not live by bread alone, even though we may sometimes feel impelled to write upon it.

The Bharathi Tamil Sangham, 93-A, Rash Behari Avenue, Calcutta, has announced the following prizes for essays and short stories.

1. An essay in Tamil interpreting the life and culture of the North to the South.
2. A short story in Tamil interpreting the life and culture of the North to the South.
3. An essay in English interpreting the life and culture of Tamilnad to the North.
4. An essay in Bengali on any one of the above subjects.
5. An essay in Hindi on any one of the above subjects.

This competition is open only to the South Indians living in Bengal. The article should not cover more than 5 or 6 pages (Crown Size 10" x 7-1/2"). For each article selected by the Committee, a token prize worth Rs. 20 will be awarded.



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"TRANSITIONALISM"

By 'KONGOT'

I SWEAR by its authors that this is not in the Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary, this wild goose of a word "transitionalism", and no use your chasing for it, brother or sister, as according to the sex you are of. Call it a figment of my febrile imagination or a lapsus calami if you are disinclined to believe that my vocabulary in English is in a transitional stage. Anything might happen in a transition, you may be aware even though you may not be a minister, or whatever nonsensical or eking to insanity happens are now-a-days granted condonation and a general amnesty at the bar of transition. My 'transitionalism' is therefore on its way of transition to undergo a metamorphosis and may, one day, like a frog cast off its tail of five terminal letters. From that time on it will be known as transition. Until then, the caption will continue to be called what it now is.

Like the phrases 'iron curtain', 'fifth column' and the like which have some historical background, 'transition' sprung up when the descendants of the East India Company went into compulsory voluntary liquidation. The expression is being abundantly made use of by the authorities in the helm of political and social affairs. Where one, say a Minister, falls in his responsibilities, success eludes his schemes, thereby rendering himself questionable or punishable for such failures, the delinquent takes refuge in the tabernacle of transition. A few samples of such refugees are paraded below:

"612 Shencotta passenger late by about 220 mts." reads one on a railway notice board and the despondent traveller-to-be asks, why? Straight comes the answer like the legendary arrow of Sri Rama: transition, with further explanation: It is only just

over a week (scale: 1 day = 1 year) since we got our freedom and the departed souls (along with the bodies), the British, have left everything in such a pell-mell that it would take, no one knows how long, to rearrange the table. Until then, transition.

But in those far-off days of John Bull, there was less of late-running of trains, more of punctuality, and less of effects without convincing causes, so you retort? Well, I have already hammered into your undemocratic head that we, you not excepted though exacerbated, are living in a democratic era and in such a pattern of democracy evolved as ours, there are no why's and when's. It is fascistic of you, old man, to ask, if you at least cannot but help thinking, why late-running of trains has become a rule rather than an exception. If you believe in 'earlier the better' why not do so in 'better late than never'?

Then. A commodity of household necessity sold at a certain cost yesterday, overnight goes underground or becomes available only for double its cost of yesterday. Why? Transition.

The Government doctor feels the pulse and not the pulse of a patient seeking admission into a Government (Dharma) hospital, for treatment. Why? Transition. In a land of three hundred odd millions it is not as easy as you think, chum, to diagnose the sick feeling their pulsations in their purses deep buried in their under garments. Is it?

The patient moans for a sip of water and the doctor and the nurse on duty are somewhere—in a transition or shall we call it transmission? Instances are not rare when medicos urgently called for administering medical aid arrive so late as only to bid removal of the deceased by the

next of kin from the doctor-nurse precincts. The diseased are treated more by Dr. Transition than by doctors paid from the public exchequer. And such criminalities go unimpugnable. Why? Transition. It would take some time to set matters right, so say some. Until then, Dharma hospitals will be controlled by Yama Dharma and his tribe.

An unhappy friend of mine, cause of his unhappiness being his being a government servant, was until recently kicked like a football from pillar to post. A couple of weeks back wisdom seems to have dawned in him and as a result, when he got his last order of posting from his district Head, the chap ran up with his wife's earrings converted into cash, to the "seat of divine dispensations", saw the district Head's Head's Head's Head. Eureka! came like a boomerang to the district Head an order superseding his order of posting of his immediate subordinate, my friend. All the Heads excepting the last Head at the top began to reel and reel, knowing not where they stand. Who was that man with a Gandhi cap on, that followed my friend or whom my friend followed to the "seat of divine dispensations"? Transition, Dear! transition. Hitherto one had to achieve success through stepping stones, but, now it is all a question of a high jump.

Companion to Dr. Transition introduced to you already is the Police Inspector Transition. He will not be at the places he is imperative, nor will he be at the hour of need. At all other times and places he is there with a lathi in his hand to teach you morals, ethics and the code of good conduct. He masters to serve you. Why? Transition.

Once a bus conductor was directing the driver to steer the bus at a side-track off the authorised route. In all innocence I queried to one of the co-passengers whether the diversion was warranted on account of any

repairs ahead. Laconically he said "Sub Inspector". Even after the Avadi session of the Congress? I asked. Yes, sir, transition, he said.

My neighbour, an octogenarian, a great grand father to four school-going children bemoans over his otherwise peaceful abode having assumed the appearance of a wrestling-pen for a Hindi-English-Tamil-Sanskrit rabble. The four fellows learn four different languages in the hope that each language is going to be the lingua franca. The grand old man has already started breathing curses and vituperations on Yama, God of Death, for the undue lenience being shown to him with the sinister view to punish him the old man, with the ghastly spectacle of such scholastic imbroglio. The dumbfounded father of the children is already apprehensive of the necessity of appointing an interpreter between him and the sons and between the sons. One of the sons vomiting on the very mention of Hindi is always carrying a pail of tar and a brush to obliterate Hindi wherever found written. Finding obliteration futile, this embittered lunatic is understood to be contemplating on launching a sordid scheme of pouring the tar into the mouths which give utterance to Hindi. Before the scheme is unclutched to run amok, the Government would do well to take this noble son of the soil to a museum or to some national gallery.

A rustic that I am, I find sobriety after sun-set become a scarcity if not scantity which dictionary says is an obsolete word. Illicit distillation has become a cottage industry elevating the consumers to the status of manufacturers under the unintended patronage of the government by way of exemptions from licensing and immunity to all kinds of taxes other industries are liable to.

The progenitors of prohibition once averred, in retort to people who are more economists than moralists that man is more than revenue, meaning

thereby that the government wouldn't care for the sacrifice of any revenue however colossal an amount it might be, in preference to making people abstemious. Moral elevation of the masses is much beyond the materialistic considerations of the State. When we are told so much and before conviction takes root in us, we read that "the Cabinet Sub-Committee on Prohibition have decided to relax prohibition rules so far as the Nilgris district was concerned and to issue permits to both foreign and inland visitors to the hills in order to promote tourist traffic" (underlined by Kongot). To promote tourist traffic!!! Who are those V. I. not P's, but T's (Very important tourists) for whom the relaxation of rules is meant? Are they drawn from the stock of the common man? or, from those who are going to attend the summer sessions of the Assembly from next year onwards? Let the Prime Minister himself speak to those tourists at Ooty:—

"... the main thing appears to me is to create a wide-spread public sentiment, more especially at the top of the social level, against alcoholism". Is one to deduce that tourist traffic is something much more than government revenue and mass morality? Again, one is flabbergasted to imagine if there are no other tourist centres in the South, than Ooty. Why not some mercy be shown on those ex-addicts (is the prefix necessary?) at Kumbakonam and Kancheepuram? I said Kancheepuram and not Sarvodayapuram, Mister.

In a land professedly dedicated to equality, austerity, plain living high thinking, ashes, Thulasi and Theerthams, a true disciple of Mahatmaji (may his soul rest in peace, though his followers do not allow it) is, today, a recipient of an annual income of Rs. 35,172 on an average. How? Transition! And yet "imposition of ceiling on income by legislation was impractical at this stage and would only jeopardise production schedule"

says a great man, a statesman who is not only a Prime Minister, but a Pundit also.

In a land reverberating with "socialistic pattern", "sarvodayam" so on and so forth, propelling towards Ram Raj, emphasising equality of prosperity and poverty, basking in the moonshine of the past glories, singing of Bhudha and Sankara, is it not a wonder of wonders that the Taj Mahal of Agra is still counted as one of the seven wonders of the world and not the Nizam of Hyderabad, one solitary individual out of 300 odd millions, owning for himself wealth to the fabulous extent of 300 crores of rupees??? Nizam! What an exquisite specimen of Avadian (Made in Avadi) Socialism! Oh! I forgot the ultra modern philosophy of co-existence, the co-existence of the Mirasdar with the Pannayal! Of the butcher with the live-stock! of the gun powder with the fire! of the hare with the hound!

In the fertile soil of transition have grown upon the ministers a kind of mistle toe. Like the earthworm during an eclipse, these toads are very venomous, if abhorred. If adored, they may help you to get a transfer to any place of your own choice, a promotion overlooking the legitimate claims of several others, deputation to foreign studies... all boons a government, a democratic government could bestow upon. Like the "Viswamithra srishtis" these are the "Mantri Srishtis", created by the Hon'ble ministers. They work like the out-agencies of the Railways, for the ministers for booking...

Transition! thy name is inexorable.

Oh! God, when is this accursed transition going to come to an end or has it an end at all to come? When is this escape-valve of an expression going to be closed once for all and culprits suitably dealt with? How long is irresponsibility, indifference incompetence and all that accompany the present-day gubernatorial bunglings, schematic gambblings and

administrative idiosyncrasies going to be tolerated under the pious name of transition?

Our Government have shown us that they are surmounting the hazards of the transition, though surely, but slowly, as slowly as it could be accomplished by a pair of bullocks, symbolic of their stock. To your impatience they would make you tongue-tied with *ksheene punnye marthya lokam visanthi*: on the exhaustion of the fruits of good deeds are the men come on to this earth. Thus even the scriptures are behind the Hon'ble selves to substantiate that our very existence on this planet is itself transitory. The main thread of the part of living is elsewhere and to make living there happy and gay we are come here. Starvation here means sumptuousness elsewhere; penury of today is the pelf, power and plenty of tomorrow; drinking cow's urine on earth means devouring Amrit in the world beyond. Therefore question not, brothers and sisters, what happens today, in this transition.

This is a period of transition, when the Sun of the Congress shines and in the making of as much hay as possible, we are immersed in. Transition over, your days begin, days when milk and honey are going to flow over

the entire length and breadth of the land! Lest you be drowned in the influx of that twain, ladies and gentlemen! take heed to get yourselves equipped with life-belts or learn swimming. For, drowning even in milk and honey is bad. Captivity is still captivity even if the captive is in a golden cage, so has sung the poet-laureate of Malabar. From the impending plenty there is also another menace: the menace from the multiplicity of the milk-yielding cattle and honey-collecting bees. Even when the country was in the abysmal depths of poverty, say for example in the year 1952-53, the total cattle population in India stood at 15,50,99,000 out of which 4,98,48,000 were cows and 2,18,42,000 buffaloes yielding about 51,00,00,000 maunds of milk per year. Statistics regarding bees are being collected. Anyway, over the head of the common man hangs the sword of Damocles, the risk of being drowned in milk and honey, or being over-run by the cattle or stung by the swarms of bees. Therefore even now, O! Common man, guard thyself against the cows (and bulls too) and stinging sects with Poornakumbams of milk and honey that are to come unto you after this transition.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
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'ONCE UPON A TIME...'

By 'S. M. K.'

"MOTHER!"

"Why, have you not yet slept, Baby?"

"No mother. Tell me a story."

"H'm. All right. Listen."

Baby sat upon the bed and said "Go on, mother."

"Well," mother said recalling into her mind some folk lore that would appeal to the young mind. "Once upon a time there was a king . . ."

"A king! Why mother, are you going to tell me a grandmother's tale of king and queen?"

"No, no. This is not it. This is a story about an intelligent and shrewd jester in the service of a king."

"All right, mother. But what kind of king was this?"

"What do you mean by 'What kind'?"

"I mean", said the Baby, "whether he was a despot, autocrat or any other sort."

"Oh, no. He was just a good king. But don't bother about the king. The story is about the jester in the service of the king."

"So this king had enough time to listen and enjoy the pranks and blabberings of a wholtime jester?" asked baby.

"Yes, yes. Let me proceed. His name is Tenali Raman."

"The king's?"

"No, the jester's," said the mother.

"All right. Go on, mother."

"He was full of wits, and intelli-

gent and shrewd. The king liked him much."

"Did the good king pay him sufficiently?"

"Of course, yes."

"Dearness allowance and all the rest of it?"

"There were no such allowances in those days. But do you propose to keep on asking questions?"

"No, mother. Go on."

"Well. One night when Tenali Raman was in his house, three thieves got into the house and were hiding in the dark corners in the courtyard."

"But mother, you said it was a good king reigning then?"

"Yes".

"Then how can there be thieves and bad sorts?"

"Why not?"

"I was told that in those good old days people were good and they never robbed or cheated each other."

"But there are exceptions".

"Exceptions, my foot! I think the king must be a good for nothing idiot to allow such bad sorts to roam about . . ."

"Will you listen?"

"Yes, mother".

"Well now" the mother said distractedly trying to remember. "Let me see, where was I?"

"You were in the dark corners in the jester's house with the nefarious crooks hiding" said Baby.

"Well, the way you put it . . ."

Nevermind. So the thieves were hiding to rob the house during the night after the jester and his wife went to sleep."

"And the servants?"

"No; the servants go away to their homes during nights".

"So the good king's jester had no wholtime servants?"

"Yes Never mind about the servants."

"But mother, I must say that the idiot king ought to be a miser also."

"Why about the king now?" the mother asked.

"He must have provided his jester with good house and enough money to engage wholtime servants."

"Of course, it was a good house with garden and all that. But the thieves managed to get into the house by the backyard in the early part of the night. But won't you allow me to finish the story?"

"Proceed, mother."

"Well" continued mother. "The jester somehow realised that some thieves were hiding in his house. He began to think fast."

"He was not afraid?" asked Baby.

"No. On the otherhand he immediately thought out a plan to play a joke at their expense. He called his wife."

"How did he call his wife, mother? What words did he use?"

"Why, the usual way the husbands call their wives."

"Same way as father calls you?"

"Will you listen, Baby?"

"Yes, mother."

"So he called his wife and told her about the thieves and the joke he was going to play at their expense," said mother.

"She was not afraid, either?"

"No."

"A typical Amazon, I suppose."

"Don't suppose anything. Don't keep on asking questions."

"But if I don't talk at all I will just go to sleep mother."

"Well, this is a bed time story and it is supposed to send you to sleep."

"But you asked me to listen to it, mother."

"Yes. Listen with your ears, not with your mouth."

"Yes, mother."

"So the jester told his wife in a louder tone like this . . ."

"Why in a louder tone? Was the jester's wife deaf?"

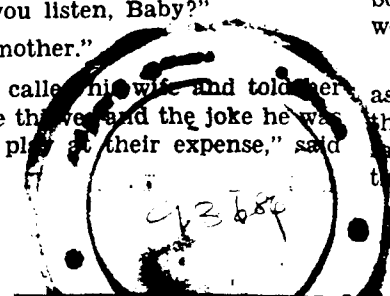
"No, no. He wanted that it should be heard by the thieves. He said 'Look here, my dear. Of late there is robber menace in the town. We shall put all the jewels and money in a box and keep it inside the well in our garden.'"

"Of all the places, a well in the open garden to keep valuables. What a fool the jester was?"

"No, no. That is part of his joke. Hear me fully. He said, 'The well will be the safest place now. No body will ever suspect that valuables will be kept inside a well. We shall take out the box sometime after the robber menace in the town passes away.'"

"So he took a wooden box gathered whatever stones were available inside the house and put them inside the box without the thieves knowing it. The husband and the wife carried the box to the garden and pushed it into the well. With a bang the heavy box went right to the bottom of the well."

"Now, the thieves were very glad as they thought it was very easy for them to take out the box—easier and safer than searching and collecting the valuables from inside the house."



A little later they went to the well and soon found that it was very deep and full of water.

"No water scarcity then?"

"No. So they felt they could get hold of the box only after baling out some quantity of water. There was a 'picota' attached to the well."

"A picota?" No electric motor for a king's jester's garden well?"

"No, no. There was no electricity in those days. So, they began to operate the 'picota' and baled out water. Meanwhile, the jester went into the garden stealthily and diverted the water flowing through the canal, to the garden crops. This went on for hours. The jester finished diverting sufficient water to the entire acreage of crops. Then he slowly came near the well and shout-

ed 'Hallo brothers, a thousand thanks for your help in baling out water for my garden crops. You may now stop baling and come with me for a cup of hot drink if you like . . . ' On hearing his voice they stood bewildered and even before he had finished his words they bolted away."

"The jester is all right, mother. But don't you think that thieves would be making a hell of a noise in a private garden at midnight when they baled out water with the picota? Had they no notion that it would attract the attention of the residents and of the neighbourhood?"

"But this is just a story, Baby."

"Anyway I think the thieves were a set of blockheads or the inventor of this story was one. Goodnight, mother."

WHEN ECCENTRICITY DOVETAILS WITH FANTASY

By P. VIJAYARAGHAVAN, B.A. (Hons.)

THE mind of man is intricate, his motives queer and his principles mysterious. Nowhere else can we watch the interplay of all these better than in the grotesque actions which spring out of them.

In the earlier part of the last century, there lived in Normandy, one judge, M. Halloin, a great lover of tranquillity and ease; so much so indeed, that as bed is the piece of furniture most adapted to repose, he rarely left it, but made his bed-chamber a hall of audience, in which he exercised his judicial functions, pronouncing sentence, with his head resting on a pillow, and his body extended on a soft feather-bed. After retirement, he devoted himself for the remaining years of his life to still greater ease. Feeling his end approach, M. Halloin determined on never flinching from his principle, and showing to the world to what an extent he carried his passion for bed. Consequently, his last will contained a clause expressing his desire to be buried at night, in his bed, comfortably tucked in with pillows and coverlets as he had died. Accordingly, a huge pit was dug and the defunct was lowered into his last resting place, without any alteration having been made in the position in which death had overtaken him. Boards were laid over the bed so that the falling earth might not disturb this inveterate bed-maniac!

Mussolini was a profound neurotic. For years he suffered from half-insane delusions of grandeur. In every asylum there will be some poor fellow who imagines he is God or Napoleon or some big person. Mussolini never quite believed he was an original Julius Caesar, but he did believe he was a second Julius

Caesar. So he ordered sculptors to make busts of himself looking like Caesar; and when he visited Tripoli in 1926, he authorized throughout the colony thousands of coloured posters that welcomed him with the words: "Hail, Caesar!"

To Squire Mytton, sport was really the end of existence. His was a glaring instance of an eccentricity which almost bordered on insanity. Though the impression that the story of his doings gives us today is that of a cad, a bully, a sadist, yet in his own times he was regarded as a sportsman and a gentleman of the purest breed. He used to drink six daily bottles of port for a start and then have heroic potations of brandy. He would be driven home at night at a breakneck gallop in his coach and four, with hundreds of pounds in notes loose on the seat and fluttering out of the window all along the way; he would charge his tandem at a turnpike gate, would drive his gig deliberately into a gatepost at full gallop, lie down with his head between the hind legs of a nervous through-bred, ride into his own dining room on a bear and then spurn the poor beast into biting him; and cap the climax by burning himself by setting fire to his own shirt! His entire life was mis-spent in war against game and vermin, in incredible feats of muscular prowess and foolhardy daring, in brutal practical pranks.

Miss Beswick's eccentricity lay in the fact that she could not realise that once she would be dead, and, as a result, the cold dark shadow of her mummy hung over Manchester in the middle of the eighteenth century. If she was buried in the earth, reasoned Miss Beswick, her death might prove

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to be only an illusion, a dreamless sleep. She left, therefore, a large sum of money to Dr. Charles White and his two children on condition that the doctor should pay a visit every morning, after what appeared to uninstructed persons to be her death, in order that he might be assured of the reality of this. When her last breath ceased, this motionless old lady was embalmed and laid in the dust of the attic in the house where she had passed nearly eighty years. Dr. White lived below and the silence and the dust of the house was disturbed, from time to time, by the voice of the doctor as he examined his mute patient. When the doctor died, the mummified Miss Beswick, that candidate for immortality, was removed to the Lying-in Hospital.

Major Petel Labelliere, described as a Christian patriot and Citizen of the World, expressed his criticism of the conduct of that planet, by leaving in his will in 1800 the direction to bury him head downwards, in order, he explained, that 'as the world was turned topsyturvy, it was fit that he should be so buried that he might be right at last'.

Henry Green loved his own name very much. So by his will of 1679 he gave to his sister, Catherine Green, all his lands upon condition that she should give four green waistcoats to four poor women in a green old age, every year, such green waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace, and to be delivered to the women on or before 21st December, yearly, so that they might be worn on Christmas Day.

Once a lady came in for a plump legacy from an eccentric individual to whom she had never spoken, though she had seen him at the opera and in the park. The wording of the will was: 'I supplicate Miss B . . . to accept my whole fortune, too feeble an acknowledgment of the inexpressible sensations which the contemplation of her

adorable nose has produced on me." Instances are many where individuals instituted their pet animals their sole legatees. But people sometimes show their love in different ways. Councillor Winslow of Copenhagen ordered by his will that his carriage horses should be shot to prevent their falling into the hands of cruel masters after his death!

"Alexander the Corrector" was the self-assumed nickname of Alexander Cruden (1707-1770), compiler of the "Concordance to the Bible". After being on more than one occasion confined in a lunatic asylum he became a reader for the Press, and later developed a mania for going about constantly with a sponge to wipe out the licentious, coarse and profane chalk scrawls which met his eye. He made bold to suggest to the King that by Order in Council, he should be formally constituted Corrector of Morals. He developed religious fanaticism and spent much money on tracts which he distributed while admonishing passers-by to observe the Sabbath more religiously.

Many decades ago, one Mr. Hirst who was outraged at the way in which horses were taxed proclaimed that he would defeat the exchequer by hunting and shooting on bull-back.

Dr. Ellerby, the Quaker, bequeathed his lungs to one friend and his brains to another; and he ensured the execution of the will by a threat that he would haunt them if they refused to accept the legacy!

Caroline, wife of William Lambe who afterwards became Lord Melbourne, was a spurner of all conventions. Her unrestrained and impetuous passion for Byron later transformed into such resentment as caused her to make a bonfire of his image in wax, while the village girls, provided with white robes for the purpose, danced round the pyre under supervision of the enchantress.

(Continued on page 36)

PROPOSED CHANGES IN THE INDIAN TAX-SYSTEM

By VIVEKA

PROFESSOR Nicholas Kaldor, the British financial expert who was invited to investigate the Indian Tax System, has submitted his report. The keynote of the report is that the Indian tax system is inefficient and inequitable. He has suggested a number of far reaching changes. All the suggestions have the overall effect of enhancing the tax burden. The Second Five Year Plan has laid more emphasis on the industrial sector of the economy in contrast with the First Five Year Plan which laid emphasis on agriculture. The private investment under the Second Plan is estimated to be about Rs. 22,000 crores. Any suggestions of tax changes should be tested against this criterion, namely whether the tax structure leaves adequate incentives to the private sector to play its role with reasonable buoyancy.

The goal of our economy has been proclaimed to be socialism. But socialism can be had only when there is adequate wealth in the country to be distributed. Distribution of poverty may well satisfy the dictates of Hindu scriptures, glorifying 'daridhra', but not the canons of a sound economy. The goal should be rapid economic development by harnessing all the natural resources of the country. A speedy increase in the country's national-income and a substantial progress in the reduction of unemployment are the immediate objectives. It is against these objectives that the suggested tax reforms have to be examined.

Professor Kaldor has suggested the broadening of the tax base by the introduction of an annual capital tax, a tax on capital gains, a general gift tax and an expenditure tax. The five taxes, income tax, capital gains tax, annual capital tax, per-

sonal expenditure tax and the gift tax would all be assessed simultaneously, on the basis of a single comprehensive return and they are self checking in character. Kaldor's suggestion of fixing the maximum rate of income tax at 45% of the total income as against the present 92% deserves careful consideration. The very heavy rate of income tax besides impairing incentives also leads to tax evasion and to a general deterioration in morals. If the lowering of the income tax rates is coupled with the scheme of development rebate suggested by the Taxation Enquiry Commission, private investment will be palpably stimulated. The

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B.Sc. B.E., A.M.I.E. (India),
Principal.

COLLEGE REOPENS ON
25-6-1956.

Taxation Enquiry Commission recommended a development rebate of 25% on all specific investments in fixed assets. The rebate was to be granted only to selected industries which show a promise of sound progress in the interests of national development. But here again the government has been indiscriminate and considerations which are not purely economic have entered into the picture in deciding the title to the benefit. Mr. Kaldor's suggestions of a personal expenditure tax at the maximum rate of 300% on a net personal expenditure per head of over Rs. 50,000 per annum and a gift tax at a maximum rate of 80% on gifts received by persons whose total estate including the gifts would exceed Rs. 40,00,000 will be totally inapplicable to India. In India we are yet to have a good statistical mechanism to have any correct picture of the expenditure of any individual. Further, gifts in India usually take the form of gold and silver jewels and other such moveables. The obstacles in the computation of the value of these for tax assessment are manifold and evasions will be the general rule rather than the exception. The suggestions of Mr. Kaldor will suit only an advanced economy like Britain where gifts comprise of estates, manors and even commercial enterprise.

Kaldor's recommendations afford greater room for evasion of taxes. As a measure for counteracting attempts at evasion of taxes, he has suggested the auditing of accounts of incomes in excess of Rs. 50,000 in the case of business incomes and Rs. 100,000 in the case of other personal incomes. He has also called for deterrent penalties for tax evasion and also for resort to criminal prosecution against fraudulent tax evasion. But here again paucity of statistical data will be serious impediment.

The Government should conduct a thorough examination of the tax

structure in the light of economic realities. It should be recognised that a fool-proof system of taxation with a moderate rate schedule is far superior to one which has the guise of high progression, but which cannot be effectively or impartially administered. Emotionalism is no solution for economic problems and the need of the hour is a fuller realisation of the fact that private enterprise has a vital role to play in the economic development of the nation. State-managed or sponsored enterprises have proved to be neither administratively efficient nor financially sound. It is high time that this fact is clearly recognised and measures taken to encourage and stimulate private enterprise, of course using the tax structure to mitigate grave inequalities of income. Taxation should be made more severe in respect of hoarded wealth and uninvested capital, as these do not serve any social ends. The Government should avoid the urge to kill the hen which lays the golden eggs.

(Continued from page 34)

Lord Frederic North, who had a generous sympathy for the cause of oppressed Greece, could find no better way of expressing it than by wrapping himself in a purple robe, binding a red band about his hair, and calling upon astonished Greeks to recognise him as Plato!

Doings borne out of eccentricities are as diverse as the hearts of men. There are actions prompted by a perverted moral sense, those embodying the idiosyncrasies of enigmatical individuals, those done under the influence of an aberration of the intellect. Even though eccentricity of the extreme type dovetails with fantasy, yet eccentric doings probably provide satisfaction to the doers themselves and, of course, amusement to all who may come to hear of them.

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2. On a book priced 8 annas and weighing 10 tolas, the postage is Re. 0-13-9. (So total cost will be Re. 1-5-9).

3. On a book priced Re. 1 and weighing 40 tolas, the postage is Re. 1-3-9.

The revenue the Government would get by way of increased postal rates or railway freight charges or sales tax on books is like a drop in the ocean, when compared with the crores of rupees being spent on the various projects of the Second Five Year Plan.

In the larger interests of the country, the Government should give up this revenue from books. This revenue is insignificant for Government, but large for the village consumers. Mere talking on the platform that literacy must spread and that reading habit must grow, will not do; there is no magic in these words. Our leaders must be practical and show their zeal in action.

Say our leaders:

"The masses must be readers

And be learned;

Books must be their feeders

To fill their head."

Say our masses:

"A book may cost four annas

Postage thrice as much;

Better we buy bananas,

And books not touch."

V. KRISHNASWAMI SARMA

Madras

What Is Honest Advertising?

Sir,—I was greatly surprised to read some unrestrained utterances made on "Advertising," by a well known journalist in the SWATANTRA dated 25th February 1956. That fantastic notions should have been entertained about this science, based on principles of economics and psychology is really shocking. This unfounded criticism which contains not an iota of truth says that "Advertisements are the very reverse of journalism. Journalism is devoted to the disclosure and the narration of truth. Advertising is devoted at best to making exaggerated claims on behalf of a product . . ."

In the first place, I can only say that this is due to ignorance pure and simple. For advertising is the greatest selling force yet devised by man. It can be considered as a kind of machinery by the use of which the power and ability of a salesman is increased and broadcast enabling him to convey an offer of service in a territory that could not be worked thoroughly by hundreds of salesmen relying upon personal interviews. It may be looked upon as a means of disseminating "information" by the published word. So in the light of comprehensive meaning of "Advertising" we cannot accept sweeping charges like "Advertising is at best devoted to making exaggerated claims" and "It is the reverse of Journalism etc . . ." The great advantages the consumer derives from advertising is the warranty an advertiser must give with his goods. The trader who commences to advertise must abandon the doctrine of "caveat emptor"—let the buyer beware—and must guarantee to give the buyer satisfaction. He must stop making false promises and misleading statements and he must set out his offer of service in a definite and precise

manner. Advertising merely makes an offer of service. The goodwill which is so necessary for a businessman to be successful is created when the service given is equal to the offer or surpasses it. It follows from the above that an advertiser must never make a misleading statement in his advertising or suggest that the service he gives to his customers is better than it really is. The claims made for an article in advertising must be modest, not merely true. Suppose a manufacturer of productive machinery gives prominence to unusually high output figures in his advertising. If a purchaser finds that he cannot equal the figures quoted by the manufacturer he will look upon the advertisement as a fraud. The man will injure his goodwill, dealers will be antagonised and his future advertisements even if modified will be mistrusted. This is not honest advertising and honest advertising is the only kind that pays. In fact the method of writing a good advertisement sets out the following rules: (1) Get attention (2) Show people an advantage (3) Prove it (4) Persuade people to grasp this advantage (5) Ask for action. "Truth in Advertising" is another slogan always associated with a campaign.

Finally a few words on the primary function of Journalism. Here are two interesting definitions. Leslie Stephens says that "Journalism consists of writing for pay on matters of which you are ignorant." The other by Eric Hodgins of TIME states that Journalism is the conveying of information from here to there with accuracy, insight and dispatch and in such a manner that the truth is served and the rightness of things is made slowly even if not immediately more evident." Which category of journalism is practised by those who say that Advertising is a stunt to boost selling? Is it the second or the first?

H. R. RAO

Bangalore

Sir,—The article of Shri J. Vijayatunga on "Nagarjunakonda" in SWATANTRA of 28-4-'56 is perhaps a cry in the wilderness though no doubt, it is a legitimate cry, which is bound to open the eyes of many lovers of Archaeology and

religion. As he has suggested, the step-motherly affection of our Government towards culture is evident in more than one instance. We seem to have grown crazy with our Five Year Plans. Whatever be the utility value of the proposed project, the fact that the valley of Nagarjunakonda will be one vast sheet of water, is bound to send a pang through the sensitive heart of a lover of culture.

V. V. TONPE

Sir,—There is one article in the SWATANTRA with which many of us would like to take exception, that of "Falacies of Family Planning," by Syed A. Sattar in your issue of Dec. 31st 1955. As assistant to Mrs. Margaret Sanger, President of the International Planned Parenthood Federation, and in my work with the Watumull Foundation, I have long been interested in the problems of population and family planning. It appears from this article that anyone who is concerned with the terrific increase in world population is necessarily a follower of Malthus. But modern scientists, conservationists, demographers, sociologists, and anthropologists, tell us that any nation is overpopulated if its people are underfed, under-housed, under-clothed, under-educated.

But no less a distinguished scientist and humanitarian than Dr. C. Vannevar Bush, who recently resigned as President of the Carnegie Foundation, warns us in his final speech as President that the great deficiencies resulting from overpopulation will be in mineral resources, which are being used up at an incredible rate and for which there is no replenishment. And while this is the cause for great concern among thinking people, there are soil and water conservationists who are even more concerned with an ever dwindling water supply.

And sociologists have noted that slums do not necessarily produce large families but large families do produce slums. No woman overburdened with excessive childbearing, whose husband has a marginal income can maintain a decent clean home for her children. She cannot provide adequate food for any ever growing family, she cannot clothe them, educate them, nor give them medical care when they are ill, unless, indeed, the

state can provide these facilities in adequate measure, because she simply does not have the physical strength nor the financial resources to cope with what seems to her an insoluble problem. I speak with feeling as a mother and a grandmother.

Syed A. Sattar says, "Again, at least in the case of India, to say that she is poor because she is overpopulated, is to betray one's ignorance of history." And he goes on to mention many European countries that are overpopulated that have not only maintained, but improved considerably, their standard of living. This is because they were colonial powers. The world looks with disfavour today on colonialism and certainly India has no desire to become a colonial empire. How is India then to solve the problem of food, people and a rising standard of living?

One thought that the author has forgotten is that it was formerly said there was a natural check on the growth of population because of wars, famines, epidemics, and diseases. At least since the turn of the century, we are controlling deaths with ever increasing ability with the result that in many countries the birth rate is expanding as never before in recorded history. The good Lord gave us the intelligence to control famines, diseases, epidemics, with a resultant drastic cut in the death rate, and it is up to us to use the same intelligence to control the birth rate, producing quality rather than quantity, throughout the entire world. When we do, we may have abundance for everybody and the peace all of us long for.

MRS. G. J. WATUMULL,
Chairman, Distribution Committee.
Honolulu, Hawaii

Promotions in classes between the 4th Standard and the V Form in schools in the Andhra State.

Sir,—It is an undisputed fact that the unprecedented failures in the above classes in schools in Andhra Province have agitated the public mind to a great extent. In some classes the passes are below 50 per cent. Most of the average pupils and those slightly higher have been plucked. The large failures are attributed to the fact that strict rules have been issued and they were rigorously

enforced and the head masters had no option left in the matter.

It may be a fact that the general standard has fallen. No one can assert that the present generation is less intelligent than their predecessors. At the present day pupils have to read and pass three languages whereas their predecessors had only two languages to study and the number of other subjects also is greater than before. Besides they have extra curricular activities (eg.) Sports, A.C.C. and Scout activities.

All on a sudden rigid rules for promotion have been issued at the end of the year and strictly enforced. Special minimums for totals have been fixed. If a pupil failed to get the special minimum in any subject or total marks he is detained. No one can deny that strict rules should be enforced. But before enforcement if previous notice is given to the pupils, their parents, as also the teachers the results would not have been so depressing.

In certain classes all pupils who have failed have all failed in a particular subject. That cannot entirely be the fault of the pupils. It may be due to the fact that there might not have been a teacher for that subject for a long period or that the instruction was defective or that the valuation was stiff. Such cases have to be enquired into. Most of the pupils are below 14 years of age. The effect of failure may be disastrous on the tender minds.

In the circumstances I pray that the educational authorities may issue appropriate orders so that the pupils who are average and above average in the class may not unduly suffer.

C. SURYANARAYANAMURTY
Rajahmundry.

A CORRECTION

In the article 'The Growth of The Tamil Stage' published in the last issue of the SWATANTRA, the last sentence should read:—

(Translated by R. Lenin from a Tamil talk at the Drama Seminar, Delhi.)

PEDLAR'S PACK

COMMENTING on Pakistan's notification of many West Pakistan Hindus as prospective evacuees with a view to seize their properties, Mr. Gidwani complains that there is no rule of law there.

He forgets that, according to the Pakistan Constitution, the country is under the rule of Allah!

In view of the continued agitation over the Bombay issue, it is now considered inevitable that Mr. Deshmukh's resignation from the cabinet would be pressed and accepted. According to one forecast, it is thought likely that the Finance portfolio would be offered to Sri Morarji Desai.

This would ensure his continued administration of Bombay from the Centre!

Following the conclusion of our deal with Burma for the purchase of four lakh tons of rice, it is understood that we are to get 60,000 tons of cement declared surplus in Pakistan. In view of the reported scarcity of cloth in some parts of the country, it is confidently expected that Japan will send us her surplus textiles. Surplus iron and steel from Europe has led to congestion in our ports; surplus cash is ready for despatch from America with only invisible strings attached, and with surplus experts from all over the world, the targets of the second Five-Year plan are expected to be reached before their due dates!

With the abolition of the office of Rajpramukhs, it is authoritatively stated that the institution of Annual Durbars would also go.

It is considered likely that our Dhebars would try their utmost to fill the void.

M. Khrushchev is reported to have urged the holding of a posthumous trial of Stalin.

There is as yet no confirmation of the report that the Indian Communist Party is planning to act as the Devil's Advocate at the trial.

Experts are of opinion that there are bright prospects of finding oil in the Cauvery delta.

In Kisan circles, credit is being already claimed for having set the river on fire by their own efforts.

Mr. Marshall has been succeeded by Mr. Lim Yew Hock as the Chief Minister of Singapore. The new Chief Minister has declared his determination to fight for the freedom of the city from Colonialism.

The Tories were not partial

To Mr. Marshall:

Not much higher is the stock

Of Mr. Lim Yew Hock—

For with the Colonial office, it's a fetish

To keep the island wholly British!

It has been officially stated that Sheikh Abdullah will be permitted to correspond with Prime Minister Nehru.

One of the subjects likely to be discussed is said to be: 'A Five-Year Plan for Detenus.'

Promising a further consideration of their representations, Mr. C. Subrahmanyam the Finance Minister asked the N. G. Os. to give up ideas of direct action.

It is however understood that they are evolving plans of indirect inaction!

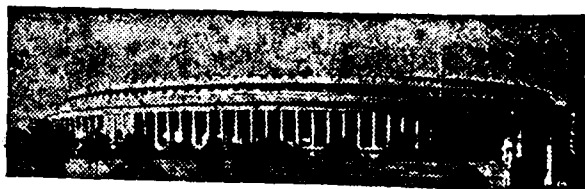
It is some months since the law prohibiting the offer of big cash prizes for solving Cross Word Puzzles was passed. But curiously enough, one flourishing enterprise is still exploiting them in a neighbouring state. It seems to be a case of the state itself conniving at the evasion of law. Is it an oversight or a case of foresight? Will some legislator raise the question at the state or all-India level?

Speaking at Rome President Soekarno of Indonesia declared that colonialism should go.

But he did not indicate where it ought to go!

LIBRA.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU has hardly made one reference to Mahatma Gandhi during the many speeches he made in connection with Buddha Jayanti. What is more, he declared that India produced many great men in the past, like Buddha and Tagore, but that we did not have such great men nowadays. Is there an attempt to re-assess the Mahatma's personality in the light of Buddha Jayanti?

Nobody can deny—not even the Russians—that Gandhi played an outstanding role in the fight for India's independence. Nobody can deny too that the Mahatma introduced politics into religion and religion into politics, thus setting off a chain reaction—the effects of which have proved to be more deleterious to the people of India than any radio-activity anywhere in the world. Every single individual of the 400 million population was affected by the theories of Gandhi—especially his theories about religion and politics. There would have been no communal riots and mass killings if Gandhi's religiousness had not led to the fanaticism of the Muslim League and of the Hindu Mahasabha and then of the Jana Sangh and of Godse—which led to the killing of Gandhi himself.

Gandhi was not well-read. Gandhi had no taste for Art, Music, Drama and Dance. He regarded them as of no importance in life. He spent out his life preaching that India should go back to the stage where it was when Gandhiji was a child—namely, the age of the bullock-cart. Out of

that—in the ultimate analysis—grew the Gandhian philosophy.

Romain Rolland in his biography of Gandhi, recorded his disappointment that the Mahatma was not a musician. Music for the Mahatma consisted of Bhajans. His efforts at learning to play the violin were doomed from the very beginning because the Mahatma was tone-deaf.

M. N. Roy said that the Mahatma was the most violent man he ever met. And M. N. Roy had met some of the most violent men that ever lived in modern times, including J. V. Stalin. The Mahatma's intolerance was dictatorial in character. When Prakasam started *Swarajya*, the Mahatma advised him to close it down. When Roy started *Independent India*, the same advice was given to him by telegram. That was because Gandhi could not countenance opinion opposed to his own.

The Mahatma always emphasized the need for non-violence in thought, word and deed. That was because he could never manage to be non-violent, especially in thought. There is a photograph in the Press Information Bureau of the Government of India which shows the Mahatma in a most violent tantrum at the Simla Conference, snatching the camera from an innocent photographer. One has only to read some of the letters written by the Mahatma to Congressmen like Prakasam to realise how full of venom he can be. Whoever dared oppose him, he would destroy. No democrat would have hounded

out Subhas Chandra Bose, N. B. Khare and K. F. Nariman from the Indian National Congress.

Gandhi was like God and unlike Buddha—in the sense that he was partial to his Bhaktas and liquidated his opponents. J. V. Stalin was accused of doing the same. Liquidation is violence, even if it is not physical liquidation.

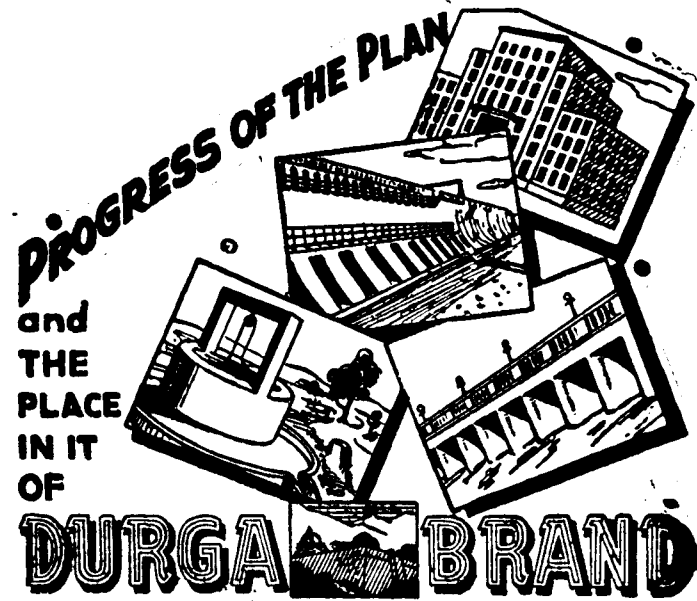
Gandhiji was constantly pre-occupied with himself. As Pothan Joseph wrote of him in the *DUJ Sovenir*, during his morning walks, "he had no eyes for the reanimation of life at dawn, for he hardly noticed birds on the wing, the flowers on the trees and other attractions of the morning. He had, for lack of a better expression, what may be called a horizontal mind perfectly poised on the pivot of ethics." He wished to attain individual salvation, not bothering about the rest of the world. He would therefore tell the truth, whatever the consequences.

I once confronted the Mahatma with a passage from Bertrand Russell. Russell once saw a fox, completely tired, running across the road. A few minutes later, a party of hunters arrived and asked him whether he saw a fox. He replied he did. They asked him which way it ran. And Russell pointed out the opposite direction. Gandhiji admitted in his reply to me that Russell was a great writer and philosopher. But he said that he would not tell the untruth to the hunters, because truth-telling admits of no exceptions. He might, however, refuse to tell them which way the fox went. Then, of course, the hunters might guess the way the fox ran and then kill it. But it was of no concern to the Mahatma that the fox might lose its life. He should not tell a lie to save a life. The life of the fox did not appear to the Mahatma to be important. That is how the Gandhian vision was always blurred.

Pothan Joseph gives another instance of the Gandhian vision. The Mahatma had seen Goethe's *Faust* performed on the stage. What struck him most in the show was Marguerita turning the spinning wheel. The Mahatma had a wonderful knack for clinging to the inessentials while overlooking the essentials. If he saw a thing which did not fit into his scheme of things, he would immediately twist it up to suit his purpose. This apostle of the Bhagavad Gita found it distasteful that Lord Krishna should have been guilty of exhorting Arjuna to fight the Kauravas. He therefore proceeded to "make bold to assert that Krishna never taught violence in the Bhagavad Gita." That is why Rajaji told the Mahatma once: "Your vision is blurred."

The Mahatma was a medievalist in modern times—unlike Buddha who was a modern in ancient times. His heart was moved by suffering, but his remedies some times were more fatal than the disease. He was like most modern parents, who love their children but ruin their career. Gandhiji was a Prince among quacks. He was a doctor who prescribed medicine to the inmates of Sevagram, sometimes with disastrous results.

One wonders whether Jawaharlal Nehru had all these considerations in mind when he deliberately refrained from mentioning the holy name of the Mahatma in the same breath as that of the Buddha. Buddha condemned superstition, but the Mahatma was superstitious. He thought that the Bihar earthquake was sent by God as a punishment to the people of Bihar and of India. He also described Hitler as a scourge of God. Buddha, for his part, never bothered about God. Two thousand five hundred years ago, Buddha was much more modern than Gandhi was in modern times.



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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

Critics Award

THE Film Journalists' Association gave the "Critics Awards" on the 7th June 1956 to the best contributions of 1955 at a colourful function at the Taj. The function was attended by leading stars, producers, technicians and distributors and high dignitaries of Society. Though the 'male' stars were in full attendance the female stars were represented only by Nargis, Nutan, Nalini Jaywant and Nirupa; the conspicuous absentees were Meena Kumari, Vyjayantimala, who were both out of Bombay, Madhubala, Suraiya, Bina Rai, Nimmi and Sandhya. Indeed the entire unit of *Jhanak Jhanak* which left for Madras on that very day did not attend the function; and Prabhat Kumar had to receive the awards on behalf of Shantaram and Vasant Desai.

The award for the best picture and direction went to Shantaram for *Jhanak Jhanak*; the other four producer-directors to get certificates for merit were Raj Kapoor for *Shree 420*, Amiya Chakraborty for *Seema*, Sohrab Modi for *Kundan* and Filmistan's Satyen Bose for *Jagriti*. The award for best acting went to Dev Anand for his performance in *Munimji* and Nutan for *Seema*. Amiya Chakraborty got the award for best story of *Seema*, Pradeep got the award for best lyrics in *Jagriti*, Abbas won the award for best dialogue in *Shree 420* and Vasant Desai won the award for best music in *Jhanak Jhanak*.

The certificates of merits for outstanding performances were given to Raj Kapoor, Dillip Kumar, Ashok

Kumar, Sohrab Modi, Nargis, Sandhya, Nirupa Roy and Geeta Ball. The music directors Naushad, C. Ramchandra, Shanker Jaikishen, Hemant Kumar, lyricists Shalendra, Hasrat, Sahir, Khumar, authors Mukhran Sharma, Rajinder Singh Bedi, Manoranjan Ghosh, dialogue writers D. N. Madhok, Bukhari, Amanath Hilal, Sarshar Sailani were also awarded certificates of merit.

The function began with variety entertainment with songs by Hemant Kumar, Manmohan Krishna, Mukesh, Manna Dey, Suman Hemadi and dances by Little Ballet Troupe and Baby Saroja. The President of the Film Journalists' Association gave a brief resume of the activities of the association.

Shri Morarji Desai who gave away the awards declared that he was a friend of critics and that criticism was necessary and welcome as long as it did not transgress the boundaries of decency. The comparison between the critic's awards and the popularity awards would be beneficial to both the picturegoers and critics. When he was concerned with censoring of pictures he was misunderstood. Now that the censoring was being done by others his position was being understood properly and the film people held a different opinion about him. His cracks at the expense of journalists and the industry were applauded.

K. A. Abbas acted as the compere in the absence of David.

The award was in the form of bronze statuette of a working journalist designed by Kanu Desai. It was quite heavy weighing about 11 lbs. The organisers hoped to introduce four more awards next year for the technicians as well. The Association brought out an excellent Souvenir on the occasion.

Personality of the week.

Savita Chatterji arrived in Bombay on the 7th June 1956 along with her father to report for duty on the

sets of Bimal Roy's *Pariwar* now making progress at Mohan Studios. Savita surprised most of the people on the set by her fluent Hindi; and she must have been equally surprised to find Maharashtrian artistes like Durga Khote and Usha Kiran speaking good Bengalee.

Savita's father, who is a retired Military officer, revealed that though Savita was born in Calcutta, she was brought up in U. P. and Bihar and as such she knew Hindi very well. Savita can read Hindi and she is learning Urdu—a language which she likes. Dark, slim and tall, Savita without make-up looks more like a middle class college girl than a film star. She appeared very unassuming and simple in her disposition.

Before she joined the film she used to participate in school plays and sing on the amateur stage. When the offers to act in film came, her mother was not inclined to accept them, though her father had no objection. Sudhir Mukerji approached her parents for 'play-back' singing. But Savita did not become the play-back artiste; instead she made her debut as an artiste in *Aj-Sandhya* directed by Sudhir Mukerji in 1954. Since then during the last two and half years she has appeared in about fifteen Bengalee pictures including *Ardhangini*, *Subaratri*, *Ek Hi Raat* etc. She considers her performance *Dujo Nai* as the best, though the picture itself was not very good.

Just before coming to Bombay she had started work in Debaki Bose's new picture in which she is cast as a young widow. She has been mostly playing lighter roles; and though some of her roles have been partly serious, the accent has always been on the lighter vein. Even now she has three or four Bengalee pictures on hand and many offers which she cannot accept until she is free from her present commitments.

To Bimal Roy, who introduced Suchitra Sen to the Hindi screen,

goes the credit of introducing another rising young star of Bengal in a Hindi picture. In *Pariwar* Savita is playing the same role which she played in *Ardhangini* with Ashim Kumar cast opposite her.

Picture of the week

The problem of the widow and her suffering provides a good emotional melodrama in 'Golden Pictures' *Sajani* based on a novel by N. H. Apte, the author of "Duniya Na Mane".

The picture made in a clean and wholesome manner recounts the story of Sheela, a happily married young woman, who is faced suddenly with a great calamity when her husband dies and she takes refuge in her brother's home. Her brother's wife ill-treats her and forces her to re-marry her slow-witted brother. Even after her re-marriage Sheela remains loyal to her dead husband—a fact which enrages her sister-in-law and Sheela's life becomes so miserable that she commits suicide.

Directed with understanding by Vasant Painter *Sajani* however, is rather slow and too melodramatic. And it is rather surprising that an author like Apte who has always portrayed dynamic characters of woman fighting successfully against heavy odds should have portrayed such a meek and tragic heroine who instead of fighting back ends her life. That makes the picture depressing.

The distinguishing feature of the film is the superb acting by Sulochana and Lalita Pawar. Sulochana as Sheela gives a touching sympathetic performance while Lalita Pawar is in her element as the shrewish sister-in-law. Both Sapru and Gope give surprisingly good performances. The music by Sudhir Phadke is pleasing and the theme song by Sudhir is really good. The picture is just average.

THEATRE

"RAJAYOGAM"

THE Egmore Dramatic Society staged "Rajayogam", a Tamil play at the Museum Theatre on the 3rd instant. The play is an adaptation by Mr. P. Santhanam from a novel of Srimathi G. Kousalya I.A.S. It is about a married woman Aruna and the conflict between her household and public duties. She ignores her husband, neglects her home and immerses herself in selfless social service. In the end, she realises her fault and becomes a reformed Nora, a devoted wife.

Undoubtedly the story has a good theme but it was not properly exploited. Unnecessary characters, situations and dialogues were abundant. A drama must have a climax. A play cannot maintain tempo without climax. There was not a single situation in the play that could be called the climax. A play should depict various aspects of life and avoid its monotony.

The artistes failed to create the illusion and the atmosphere necessary for the success of the play. Strained acting and uncouth gestures spoiled the performance. The flow of emotion between the audience and the artistes was lacking.

Mr. M. D. Parthasarathy as the father of Aruna, the heroine; and Mr. S. Chellappa as the husband of Aruna were able to project successfully their characters across the footlights. Mr. M. D. Parthasarathy's acting was very good. Mr. S. Chellappa showed glimpses of talent but had no scope to exhibit it fully.

We are informed that Mr. S. Prabhakar of Adyar Nataka Manram who staged the play *Aval Ninai* was awarded the "best comedian" prize in the dramatic competition conducted by the Perambur Railway Institute.—NILEN.

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NEW BOOKS (Contd. from page 8)

different sort of example, for our country is probably the only one which enjoys a measure of Government support, despite the sullen opposition of our ultra-Gandhian Health Minister, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur.

Dr. Chandrasekhar gives an estimate of the short-range possibilities of agricultural and industrial progress as envisaged in the Five Year Plans. He reaches the conclusion that such progress as India has made in the over-all economic sphere is not sufficient to warrant an increase in population.

He then assesses the prospects of the birth control movement in India from the points of view of the chief Indian religions. There is nothing incompatible between Hinduism and birth control. The only religion that is opposed to birth control, in the sense of scientific contraception, is the Catholic Church, which claims only a small minority of India's population. Even the Catholic Church appreciates the urgency of the problem but disapproves of scientific contraception and approves of the ineffective rhythm method. Millions of Catholics in France, Italy and the United States have, under stress of economic conditions, openly defied this dogmatic injunction.

The Gandhian school recommends moral restraint. Dr. Chandrasekhar quotes Lord Dawson, the distinguished British doctor, who dismisses it as preposterous since it is like putting water by the side of people suffering from thirst and telling them not to drink it.

Dr. Chandrasekhar discusses various birth control methods which high-light the difficulties of conveying such information to illiterate and ignorant mothers in our villages. Sheaths and chemicals are useful but the best device available is the diaphragm and jelly method. But this method requires at the beginning a gynaecologist's advice and a periodical check up. This means clinics and

expense and will be very difficult in the villages. Surgical methods, for men and women, are available, but these are methods of permanent birth control. Any competent surgeon can perform this operation with the consent of the person concerned.

The author hopes for the day when birth control will be accomplished by just swallowing a pill. An oral contraceptive will certainly solve the problem. When such a pill or injection is discovered, the world's population problems will be automatically solved.

This well written and well got up book has packed a great deal of useful material into a short compass. There is a useful bibliography.

Dr. Julian Huxley, the distinguished British scientist, in his Introduction says, "Dr. Chandrasekhar gives a detailed and scientific account of India's population problems against the background of social and economic fact and religious and ideological opinion. He is not unaware of the many difficulties to be surmounted—medical, political, psychological and administrative—but rightly points out that the problem of population increase is so central and so urgent that difficulty must not be allowed as an excuse for inaction. His book is an important contribution not only to Indian thinking but to world thinking on this central and overshadowing problem of our age."

S. R.

"United Asia"

WE are in receipt of the special number of the "United Asia" magazine devoted to the Chinese Scene. The great sub-continent is viewed from several angles and there are interesting and informative articles on the history, the geography, the politics, the economy, the art, etc., of China. But all the articles are heavily loaded in favour of Communism and the new order in China. Many are frankly propagandist. A more critical attitude would enhance the value of this well got up journal.

SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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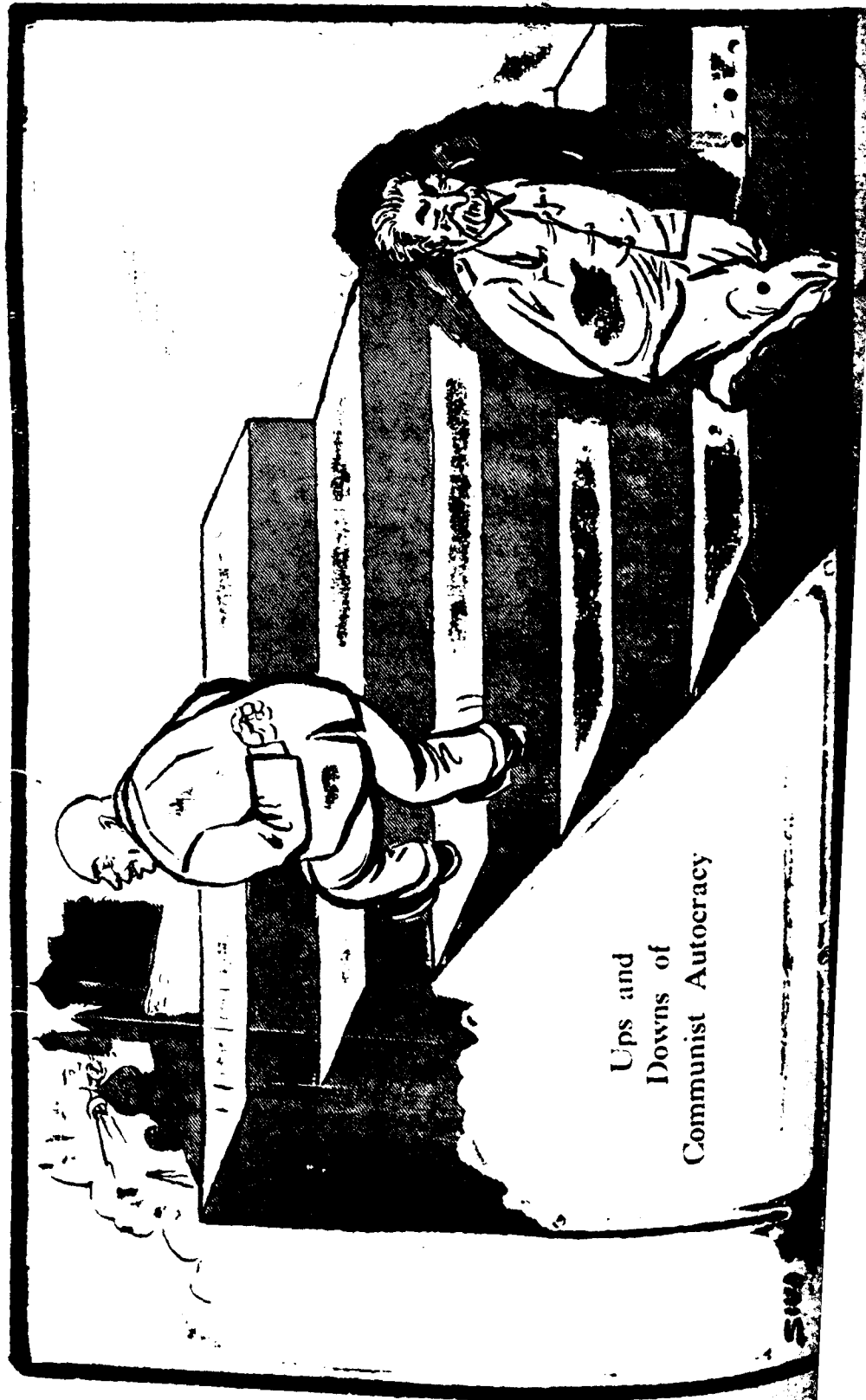
TEXTILE POLICY

THE Government of India have after all made up their mind on the future of the textile industry under the Second Five Year Plan. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, the Minister for Commerce and Industries, deserves to be congratulated for the brave fight he put up on behalf of this key industry against the forces of obscurantism which threatened to engulf it. The reactionaries who sail under the false colours of Mahatma Gandhi succeeded for a period of two years in stopping the issue of licences for spindles and looms for the textile mills, professing thereby to develop khadi and handloom production in such a manner as to provide twelve million jobs for the unemployed in this country. The Karve Committee came down heavily upon the mill industry by pegging the level of production at the 5,000 million yards which had already been reached two years ago. There is a growing demand for another 1700 million yards at least during the Second Plan period. This demand was sought to be wholly reserved for the khadi and handloom sectors. Such boosting of the handloom sounded so ridiculous that an artificial prop was found for it in the shape of the Ambar Charka, whose possibilities were so uncertain and whose very existence was shrouded in mystery.

The Commerce and Industries Minister has now broken the ring built round the mill industry. He has allocated an additional 350 million yards for the mills, 700 million yards for the handlooms, 200 millions for the powerlooms and 300 millions for the

Ambar Charka. While the mill industry will heave a sigh of relief at the removal of the artificial restrictions imposed on its growth, it is difficult yet to say whether the several allocations made by Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari will work out in practice. Whatever might happen to handlooms which are now being heavily subsidised by Government, we have no doubt whatever that the allocation of 300 millions yards for production through the Ambar Charka is, to use the Prime Minister's language, "fantastic nonsense." Mr. Krishnamachari himself maintains a discreet silence in the matter by saying that the Ambar Charka comes within the exclusive purview of the Ministry of Production which is not under his charge. But the Ministry of Production has simultaneously come out with a thundering announcement that the Government have accepted the recommendations of the expert committee on the Ambar Charka and have sanctioned the introduction of 75,000 charkas during the current financial year and expect the introduction of two lakhs of new Ambar Charkas during the next financial year.

The saga of the Ambar Charka as sung by the Production Ministry is very interesting. The manufacture of the Charka is supposed to be decentralised and conducted, through the village carpenters, that is to say, without the intervention of the "centralised" workshops which may contain lathes and similar power driven precision machinery. The Government realise that the



quality of the Ambar Charka yarn would be so poor that the ordinary handloom weaver, accustomed to weave mill yarn, would not take to it. Hence they propose the training of new weavers whose training will be at the expense of the Government and whose employment later on as weavers will be subsidised by Government. The Government realise that they will have to subsidise the Ambar cloth at every stage, but propose as an ultimate ideal of a single point subsidy at the rate of As. 4 in the rupee on the cloth. But that goal is far off and meanwhile will spring up many subsidies at many other intermediate stages like the manufacture and sale of Ambar Charka, the supply of cotton, the wages of spinning on the Ambar Charka, the wages of weaving the Ambar yarn etc., etc.

The most funny part of the proposal is that the whole thing is treated as an experiment and provision is made for prospective "improvements in the design" of the instrument! Now, an experiment is a scientific procedure and should be conducted on a small scale, as in a laboratory where every aspect of the experiment is under rigid control. In the case of the Ambar Charka, if the experiment is to be conducted in the entirely scientific spirit and with a

critical attitude, it can be done with the help of one or two charkas; at the most, not more than one dozen charkas will be needed however complicated the experiment may be. But to manufacture 75,000 charkas in the first year and two lakhs in the second year and to waste two hundred crores of the peoples' money in the whole scheme is not an experiment in the scientific sense of the term. It is a colossal waste.

It is an obsession bordering on insanity. The tragedy is that all the top men in our country are victims of this complex. The Ambar Charka, if it is to fulfil the hopes aroused by it of decentralising the textile industry, should be a precision instrument, like the sewing machine, the Swiss watch or the electric dry shaver. It should be manufactured by men equipped with the latest precision tools. It should have been designed by engineering experts. But the Ambar Charka is the brain wave of an amateur. It is assembled by crude village carpenters. It will not work. In the cottages where it will be assembled, it will soon be dismantled by the children who will play with its parts and will ultimately consign them to the domestic hearth. Two hundreds crores of the poor man's money will burn itself out to no purpose.

SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. C. D. Deshmukh, India's Finance Minister, has again tendered his resignation. The resignation has again been accepted. The date of his handing over charge has again been postponed, this time until the Prime Minister returns from his contemplated foreign tour. Of course, when the Prime Minister actually returns to India, he would find, and the country would find, that so many events happened meanwhile

and the situation so completely changed that there would be no longer any need for the resignation which would be gracefully withdrawn by the Finance Minister and as gracefully acquiesced in by the Cabinet, the Parliament and everybody concerned. This drama has gone on for quite a long while, so that nobody takes these resignations and the withdrawals of resignations very seriously.

But the resignation of the Finance Minister of a country is a very serious matter. The event would rank next in importance only to the resignation of the Prime Minister himself. The Finance Minister, is the key man in the Cabinet since every portfolio is controlled by his ministry. No proposal put forward by any minister would have any chance of acceptance by any Cabinet until the Finance Ministry certifies that the proposal could go through. This is as it should be, because even in a private household, the person who holds the purse strings has the final voice in every matter.

But there is a peculiarity about Mr. Deshmukh, the Finance Minister of India, which has to be remembered by the public. He rose to his present pre-eminent position from the Civil Service. Quite unlike his colleagues, who were all reared as politicians, he was raised to the ministerial rank because of his technical qualifications as a financier or rather as an administrator of finance. Granting that Mr. Deshmukh is an expert on finance, the question arises as to whether he should be made the Finance Minister in order that the country may make use of his technical skill. The question relates to the fundamental principles of Cabinet Government in a democracy, where politicians who represent the will of the people are returned to the legislatures and the majority groups in the legislatures form the ministries.

The ministers have no other qualification except that they represent the mind of the electorate. They need not be technical men. Indeed, the presumption is that they have no technical qualifications, and if they have such qualifications, they may be considered as so many disqualifications for their being made ministers. It is the function of the departmental heads to assemble all the technical talents available on any particu-

lar subject and arrive at a decision on technical matters and present the same to the minister concerned. The minister is not supposed to look at the proposals of the technical men in the departments under his control with a technical eye but to view the proposal from the point of view of the common man, the people, whom he represents and either to accept or to reject the proposal according as he thinks it is beneficial or harmful to the common man whom he represents. A minister's rejection does not prove that the technical implications of the proposal are defective, neither does a minister's approval imply the technical soundness of the proposal so approved. It only means that at the time the proposal was submitted to the minister the proposal was either suitable or otherwise for being carried forward before the people and put into practice.

Mr. Deshmukh's resignation as finance minister therefore is not such a calamity as some people imagine. The opinion is widely held that as the expert on financial matters, he is quite indispensable for the country because there is no other financial expert of Mr. Deshmukh's eminence to fill his place. It will probably be better for the ministry to be rid of an expert in the wrong place. The healthy precedent must be set up in India that ministers must be laymen and that they are not expected to have any technical knowledge and such technical knowledge as they may chance to have should not be imposed upon the ministry. Democracy would be defeated and administrative efficiency would suffer if the technical knowledge of ministers, which is bound to be extremely limited and imperfect, is allowed to prevail over the expert knowledge accumulated and organised by the government departments concerned. The expert should be subordinate to the minister. Otherwise it would be the case of the tall wagging the dog.

Judged by this democratic standard, the appointment of the late Dr. Rajan as Minister for Health in the Madras Cabinet was a mistake. Though Dr. Rajan was eminent as a surgeon, the administration of the Department of Health involved so many matters of which he had no knowledge or had imperfect knowledge and he unconsciously imposed his own imperfect knowledge over the head of the departmental experts who certainly had better knowledge on these matters. Similarly, the choice of Mr. V. V. Giri as the Labour Minister of the Madras Government, and later of the Central Government was a mistake. Certainly the appointment of Mr. Deshmukh as the Finance Minister of India for the sole reason that he had knowledge and experience of financial service was a big mistake. Irrespective of the merits of the reasons he has adduced for his resignation it would be better for the Government to accept his resignation. His proper job would be that of the Finance Secretary. And as Finance Secretary, the political reason he has adduced for his resignation would not be available to him. As a civil servant, he would have no right to vent his political views.

It is said that the late N. Gopalaswami Iyengar was responsible for the appointment of Mr. Deshmukh as the Finance Minister. Sri Gopalaswami Iyengar himself rose from the ranks of civil servants to the pinnacle of membership in Pandit Nehru's Cabinet. After having spent out all his life in the atmosphere of the Secretariats under the British rule, he could not adjust himself to the democratic methods of Parliamentary government, and when an important vacancy occurred in the Cabinet, he thought of recruiting a fellow civil service man rather than a politician to that post.

All this has been said with due appreciation of the great service that

Mr. Deshmukh has rendered to the country, not only as Finance Minister but as one of the few sobering elements in a Cabinet which is dominated by reactionary primitive minds. The greatness of Mr. Deshmukh's service would not have been diminished and perhaps would have been enhanced if he were not burdened by his previous knowledge and experience. If Pandit Nehru sees the wisdom of accepting Mr. Deshmukh's resignation and appointing another in his place, let us hope he will look beyond the extremely narrow and limited group of the financiers and the Financial Civil Service in the country.

Somehow or other, all the previous Finance Ministers of India since the date of independence happened to be persons who managed to secure reputations as financial experts. Often such reputations were mythical. The late Sir B. N. Sarma built up such a reputation in the old days of British rule. Sir Shanmugam Chetty acquired the reputation of a financial wizard. He was just an industrialist. He played a clever political game and by timely transfers of his political allegiance he became the President of the pre-independence Legislature and then he was the Finance Minister of Independent India. But his reputation as an expert in finance was confined exclusively to a few speeches he made in the Legislature about financial matters which any lay member of Parliament could have made. Dr. John Mathai, who preceded Mr. Deshmukh, in the Finance Ministry, suffered from the same handicap from which Mr. Deshmukh is suffering. Let us hope that Pandit Nehru will open a new chapter for democracy in the Finance Department by appointing as the next Finance Minister someone who would have no claim to be an expert on finance.

SETHU

PEDLAR'S PACK

MR. BANDARANAIKE the Prime Minister of Ceylon thinks that the documents relating to the lease of Ceylon bases to Britain must have been destroyed since he could find no trace of them in official files.

If he could destroy the bases themselves as effectively and silently, he would prove the statesman of the century.

Mr. Thakin Nu the retiring prime minister of Burma has disclosed that it was Pandit Nehru who gave him timely help in the shape of guns and ammunition with which he was able to overcome rebels. He therefore hails him as the saviour of Burma.

Thou saviour of Burma
From the toils of its own karma!
Await the thanks of Malaya
For saving it from the communist
Pralaya
By exporting Gurkhas
To fight in a poor cause!

Mr. A. K. Gopalan the communist leader complains that the Madras government has ordered the felling of immature teak in areas which are shortly to be merged in the state of Kerala. A press note issued by the Madras government admits the fact but defends the procedure by asserting that according to expert opinion immature teak fetches better price per acre than seasoned teak!

The question at issue is not whether such a preposterous proposition can be believed, but whether the government of Madras has any moral or legal justification for defrauding another state of its assets. The episode throws a flood of unpleasant light on the mentality of those in power. We are so dependant on our neighbours for a number of amenities that we cannot afford to antagonise any one of them without ourselves suffering by it. The advocates of the merger of Tamil Nad and Kerala in the cabinet should act at once and put a stop to an unnecessary piece of vandalism.

Pandit Nehru has declined to receive

a deputation of Madras N. G. Os. on the ground that he cannot interfere in a state matter and also because he was busy arranging for his European tour.

The deputationists might have fared better if they had been Algerians or Hottentots! We suggest that they should approach the Railway ministry at least for free return tickets as a sort of consolation prize!

After having discussed the Algerian question with many members of the Afrasian group, Mr. Menon has announced that India would not support the move for referring the matter to the Security Council.

The situation in Algeria
Is getting drearier;
For Menon is now found
Hunting with the hound;
Though he ran here and there
At first with the hare!
Poor man, he has no choice
But to echo his master's voice!

As a result of Pandit Nehru's forthcoming tour of Europe and America, the international situation is expected to be greatly improved.

But things will be much as usual in the Punjab, Maharashtra, Assam, and somewhat worse with the N. G. Os.

The last of the British garrison has left the Suez Canal zone. Among those who participated in the ceremony was M. Shepilov the new Russian foreign minister who, in the course of a speech on the occasion, assured Egypt of the eternal and disinterested friendship of his country.

There is some speculation in Western capitals as to how soon Col. Nasser will make an appeal to be saved from his friends!

He further declared that Russia would always be the friend of the Arab world.

Our own fear is that she may prove to be the end of the Arab world.

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FUTURE OF THE WORLD'S ENERGY RESOURCES

By Dr. U. ASWATHANARAYANA

THE material productivity of a community and to a large extent, its habits, culture and social pattern are conditioned by the quantum of energy it can produce. From a study of the history of human progress, it is possible to discern three major epochs—each with its distinct pattern of energy production.

First Epoch

Man has existed on Earth for about a quarter million years. Nevertheless, the earliest civilizations of which we have any record are not older than about 8000 years. It took a long time for Man to acquire the skills and techniques required for engaging himself in agriculture, animal husbandary, weaving, pottery etc. Whatever might be the characteristic features of the early civilizations that emerged in the valleys of the Euphrates, the Indus and the Nile, they all have a common mode of energy production. All the energy for doing mechanical work like tilling, weaving, cutting wood etc. was entirely supplied by muscle, whether human or animal. Such a mode of energy production severely restricts the energy output of a community for the reason that 'a man in the course of heavy physical labour in an eight hour day can hardly turn out more than 1½ Kilowatt (KW) of useful work.' It is interesting to note in this context that a person in a modern industrial community utilizes as much as 20 KW energy, equivalent to the muscular labour of 40 men.

Man should have leisure to undertake creative work of any type. The leisure for the freemen of Rome and

Athens who brought into existence some of the finest examples of art, sculpture and architecture in the world, was bought at the cost of working the slaves to death. An important change in the mode of energy production simply made the slavery superfluous, without in any-way restricting the creative activity of the modern Man.

Second Epoch

A departure from the basic pattern began in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries which heralded the Industrial Era. Man developed the techniques of harnessing chemical energy produced by burning the fossil fuels like coal and oil. The energy production in consequence recorded a steep rise. Dr. Bhabha estimates that the rate of power consumption during the last century is at least ten times more than the average for the preceeding 18½ centuries after Christ. It is rising at a rate of 3% compounded in most cases and even at 4% in the case of a few countries. It is estimated that the population of the world will go up to at least 3500 million by 2000 A.D. and the world will then need about 9000 billion (thousand million) KW a year which is equivalent to 7.5 billion tons of coal.

Third Epoch

Now man is entering the third epoch with its distinct mode of energy production—namely, harnessing of nuclear power.

The Geneva Conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy has brought home two important points: the world is in need of new source of energy and the nuclear power is

capable of meeting the enhanced requirements of power. The world reserves of power from conventional fuels like coal and lignite, oil and natural gas etc., have been estimated at 3450 billion tons of coal equivalent and hydropower at 2.5 billion tons per annum. As against this, the power that can be generated from the world's resources of uranium and thorium has been estimated at 56,100 billion tons of coal equivalent or in other words about 15 times more than the conventional fuels.

Research is being vigorously pursued by 'Nuclear Powers' on problems of harnessing fusion power. When successfully controlled, the fusion power will have fully solved the energy problems of the world 'for the fuel will then be as plentiful as the heavy hydrogen in the oceans.'

Future of coal and oil.

The implications of the advent of atomic energy and the way it is going to affect the utilization of conventional fuel sources are matters of deep interest to the coal and oil industries. For instance, in the case of Britain, there will be no more new coal-fired power station after 1975. By 1985, Britain will be drawing two-thirds of her power requirements from atomic energy. It is quite possible that coal fired power stations will be rendered obsolete some years after that.

'Atomic Energy does not challenge the use of coal; it challenges the use of coal in making electricity.' Making electricity will become one of the less important uses of coal. Coal is at once a fuel and a chemical raw material. The crudest way of using coal as a fuel is to raise steam for running locomotives, industrial and power station boilers; it can be better utilised as smokeless fuel. Coal will, however, find its most important use as a chemical raw material—it can be turned into coke, into oil and gas, into most of the modern polymers so important

in plastic industry, artificial fibres and a host of other new materials. The availability of cheap atomic power while discouraging the use of coal for raising steam, will at the same time give a tremendous fillip to chemical industry. The chemical industries based on coal did not take their rightful place in the industrial system until now for the reason that most of the coal mined had to be used for energy production so vital for an industrial community. This situation is bound to change.

The scientific utilization of coal will have a number of obvious advantages. The smog (smoke and fog) which is a major nuisance to several of the industrial cities of the West can be controlled by the proper utilization of gases arising out of burning of coal. The development of processing of coal with the two-fold purpose of obtaining smokeless fuels of high efficiency and producing by-products of saleable kind like phenols, will be one of the major tasks of the industrial laboratories.

A similar situation obtains in the case of oil also. Oil is bound to be used as a fuel for a long time to come because of its ease of handling. Scientists are designing suitable reactors capable of propelling ships, planes and locomotives and running industrial establishments. Nevertheless, there is no prospect, in the foreseeable future, of automobiles and small engineering establishments being run by atom power, in view of the enormous weight of the shielding required to protect the personnel from the deadly radiation of the reactor. Oil is as important a chemical raw material as coal and chemical engineers have separated out a host of high polymers which are the mainstay of the plastic industry that is expanding at a spectacular rate. This process which is already well underway, is bound to gain momentum in the coming decades.

Solar Energy:

The harnessing of solar energy holds a special promise for tropical and sub-tropical countries. Dr. Bhabha estimates that approximately one Kilowatt of solar energy falls on a square yard of surface in a country like India. This energy cannot be efficiently converted into mechanical work at the present stage of technical development. On the other hand, it can certainly be used for air-conditioning. It has been esti-

mated that air-conditioning of a room with 100 sq. yards of floor space and 10-12 feet high, requires 7 KW of power, whereas the solar energy incident on the roof of the room is 70 KW. Thus, even if the efficiency of conversion is 10%, the air-conditioning will still work. It is not difficult to foresee that in the coming decades air-conditioning of houses in tropical and sub-tropical countries like India will become as important as central heating in the colder parts of the West.

WHITHER VINOBA BHAVE?

By T. N. KRISHNASWAMI

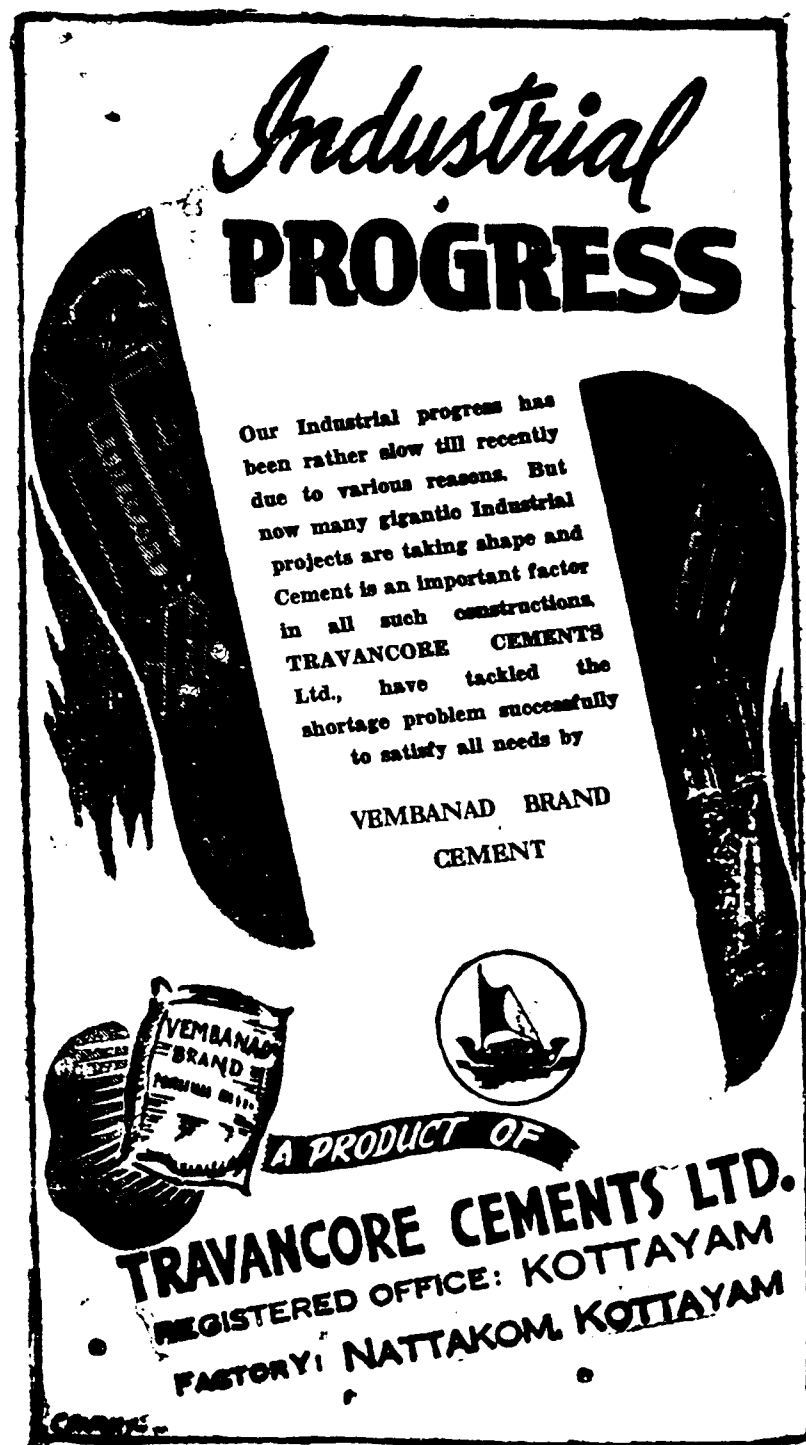
ONE wonders whither Vinoba Bhave is leading us. As a saint he should express his code of life and not bother to set others to give effect to it. A person like him actively participates in a movement by his Pada-Yatra and fasts; it amounts to his using force to win people to his opinion. The Government are afraid of him because he is a saint and because he advocates a popular cause. So no matter in what manner he sets about his task, they are prepared to dance attendance on him. What will be the plight of the Government if a few more Vinobas should appear on the scene, each with his own separate propaganda? Vinoba is in the good books of the people. He will get the votes if he cares to contest any election. Vinoba will soon have the Government in his pocket, if they do not change their attitude. The question is because a proposal is popular, should anybody set about enforcing it? Can you walk into my house and set it in order on the plea that your order is approved by people?

In his interview with Sankaracharya Vinoba says "Let us not worry to save God; He is mighty enough to take care of Himself."

Should we worry to save the order in His creation. Should we worry to remove the inequality in land-distribution? Has God forgotten to put enough Love and Compassion in the hearts of his creatures? Even supposing it is so; shall we beg of people to be more loving and compassionate than God made them? And shall we order and threaten them that they will be over-taken by communism unless they change their hearts? If God can take care of Himself, He can, certainly, take care of the order in His creation.

Bhave says that his movement is calculated to increase Love and Compassion in the hearts of people. I rather think his movement is thriving on the compassion of the donors. As for those who have quietly ignored Vinoba and his movement I doubt if there has occurred any change in their hearts. All that is evident is that this movement has put a penalty on land-owning and a penalty on love and compassion.

If one has surrendered to God one cannot make a grievance of the state of affairs in God's creation. Is not Vinoba Bhave insisting too much on having things his own way?



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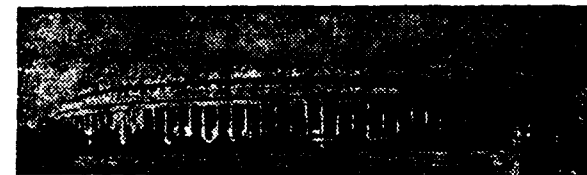
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NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



VICE-PRESIDENT Radhakrishnan has blundered in Moscow. He obviously thought that he was making a disclosure when he certified that there were "attempts to liberalise" the Soviet Government. We, in India, are all the time fishing for compliments from foreign visitors about the freedom we are enjoying, the economic progress we are making, and the truth we are always telling. This is sickening.

The best judges of the progress we are making are ourselves—the Indian people. Similarly, the best judges of the attempts at relaxation and liberalisation in the Soviet Union are the Russian people themselves. Obviously, the Soviet leaders believe that they have just begun to liberalise their Government, and certainly they do not yet deserve the hyperbolic praise of our worthy Vice-President.

When you make a commonplace observation, it is absurd for you to expect it to be reported verbatim. If Radhakrishnan, had said that the attempts at liberalisation were slow and half-hearted, and if that remark had not been reported, he might well express surprise. The new leadership of the Soviet Union and the reporters of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* seem to have regarded our Vice-President's words as well-meant flattery—especially since he was not making a considered written speech. If people do not lap up compliments which we might let fall from our lips, we must develop some respect for them. The way in which we make much of the certificates which visiting foreigners give us is most disgusting. The wearer

knows where the shoe pinches, but the foreigners tell us that we have all got excellent shoes, and that we might export some to the Soviet Union. The fact is that the majority of our population is not only without shoes, but without even chappals and walk bare foot. Of course, we cannot and we should not export shoes to the Soviet Union or to any other place.

Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader, has dared to criticise Khrushchev as he never dared to criticise Stalin. That is a victory for the new leadership of the Soviet Communist Party. There is a new courage in Communist Party leadership all over the world, including the Soviet Union. Khrushchev has explained why they could not oppbse Stalin while he was alive. The reason was that he did not wish to get killed. But Togliatti evidently wants the entire bunch of Khrushchevs and Bulganins and Mikoyans and even Molotovs to get killed so that there might be none left to tell the truth about Stalin even after his death.

According to Togliatti, the prestige of Nikita Khrushchev and his colleagues has fallen because they did not oppose the creation of the Stalin myth while Stalin was alive. Their prestige needs a lot of talling. The issue involved, however, is not prestige but truth. If you tell the truth, you may lose your prestige. Therefore do not tell the truth. That is Communism. But do tell the truth even if thereby you may lose your

WHEN
YOU ARE
DEPRESSED



TEA
COMES
LIKE A
RAY OF HOPE



BUY TEA
ONLY FROM
RECOGNISED DEALERS



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life. That is what Togliatti is saying. But that is Gandhism.

Togliatti rightly disclaims all knowledge of the personality of Stalin—although people like Trotsky and M. N. Roy knew and wrote quite a lot about it. The American Press was full of accurate information about the inner circles in the Kremlin, but Togliatti and the rest of them put it all down to mere anti-Soviet propaganda. But Togliatti certainly knew as much about the reasons for the break with Yugoslavia as Stalin himself did. What was Togliatti doing then to prevent the injustice done to Yugoslavia? He was quite safely outside the territory of the Soviet Union and therefore not in a position to be liquidated by Joseph Vissarinovich? Togliatti was in fact the worst slanderer of Tito at that time.

Togliatti has rightly asked for enlightenment on the crucial point—the reason why Soviet society could and did stray so far from the democratic path and from the legality which it had traced out for itself, so as to give rise to the debasing cult of Stalin worship. But this point is yet to be clarified by the new leadership of Soviet Russia.

The most welcome feature of Togliatti's study is the realisation of the need and the desire for "ever greater independence of judgement of the rank and file of the Communist Party; and the realisation that the Soviet model could no longer be obligatory for other Communist countries." In former days, the Communist parties of the various countries were seeking inspiration, if not instructions, from Moscow. And Togliatti knew—and every Communist leader knew—that if he differed from Stalin even from a distance of a few thousand miles away, he would be pushed out of the Party, and replaced by a new leader. That was what Stalin tried to do in the case of Tito—and failed, for the first time.

THE SHADOWS OF POUJADISM OVER BRITAIN

By ANDREW ROTH

IN trying to disperse the pale shadows of a British 'poujadism' before they take too formidable a shape, Sir Anthony Eden's Cabinet has been pushed up against some hard realities, Conservative M.P.s reveal.

The Eden Cabinet has to decide between maintaining Britain's prestige as a world power and making the £3-500,000,000 cut in the armament bill hoped for in the next three years. Chancellor of the Exchequer Harold Macmillan hinted at this in his recent speech to the Foreign Correspondents Association, in which he pointed out Britain spends 10% of its national income on defence while the rest of Western Europe spends 5%. But such a cut might mean a withdrawal from Germany or Cyprus.

The Cabinet also has to decide whether it prefers its slogan "freedom works" to the reality of economic stability. Economists agree that one of the most inflationary factors is the spate of commercial building long overdue in London but eating up steel, labour and other resources badly needed for the export markets. But to control this would require the reestablishment of building controls the Conservatives gleefully dismantled.

The Cabinet is looking at the problem of inflation with a new urgency because its past failure to handle it adequately has produced a quiet explosion among its middle class supporters which seriously threatens the whole structure of the Conservative Party.

The reality of the 'middle class revolt' was demonstrated in sharp arithmetic at Tonbridge on June 7.

In a by-election in this typical middle-class Conservative stronghold in Kent, where stockbrokers have their rural retreats, fully 8,000 Conservative voters voted with their backsides by staying away from the polls. A seat which had been held by over 10,000 votes the year before, was held by a scant 1,602 margin; a swing like this throughout the country in a general election would put Labour back in office with a majority of over two hundred seats!

Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express*, which currently feels the Eden Government can do no wrong, blamed the drop on an unsuitable candidate, brought in from the outside. There was also considerable dissatisfaction with the Government's Cyprus policy which most Conservatives felt was not 'tough' enough, according to a *Daily Express* poll. But these grouses, most political experts agree, could not have accounted for more than two or three thousand of the 8,000 abstentions.

The Tonbridge election has been recognised as the most striking demonstration of the revolt of the British middle class to have occurred since the end of the war. Housing Minister Duncan Sandys admitted it was "undoubtedly a sign of some loss of popularity by the Government." "The vote implies a sense of discontent among . . . middle class and professional people," commented the staidly Conservative *Sunday Times*. "From a freshly empowered Conservative Government they confidently expected some relief and they have been disappointed. Taxation has not been significantly reduced. The monstrous financial

burden of the Socialist State has not yet been lightened." Increases in interest rates had burdened the homebuyer, and the "credit squeeze" had hit the small businessman. For shopkeepers the rise in local tax rates "has seemed the last straw," stated the *Sunday Times*. "The sense of abandonment is spreading and with it a dangerous cynicism." **Pimples of Protest**

Middle class discontent, which long seethed under the surface, has broken through the skin of Conservative life in a number of different ways.

Some of those who have felt most strongly about the Conservatives' continuing to transfer power to local nationalists in the Sudan and elsewhere, have thrown their support to the League of Empire Loyalists. This is a small 'action' group, mainly of young people, who engage in propagandist forays. They chased the Soviet leaders Khrushchev and Bulganin around London, broadcasting from their loudspeaker van the facts, as they saw them, of continued Soviet atrocities. During a recent meeting of the Movement for Colonial Freedom, largely to protest harsh British actions in Kenya one of their number shouted repeated interruptions about Mau Mau "barbarities". When they repeatedly disrupted a recent meeting at which the former Singapore Chief Minister David Marshall was explaining why negotiations had broken down, he commented "you should be wearing black shirts."

A more elderly and restrained organisation, the People's League for the Defence of Freedom, recently made its debut with costly full-page advertisements in the *Manchester Guardian* and *Times* pleading for an end to "trade union tyranny and arrogant bureaucracy." The three hundred or so supporters who turned up at its first meeting were mostly middle-aged, middle class people who seemed to hark back to the happier pre-war period. They were

eager to applaud attacks on trade unionists or snide wisecracks about bureaucrats from W. J. Brown, former Labour M. P. and civil service trade unionist, now turned free-wheeling conservative TV debater. They applauded the proposals of Edward Martell, their chairman, and former secretary of the Sir Winston Churchill birthday fund, who called for a seven-point reform in trade union law including ending the right of unions to contribute to Labour Party funds and the dissolution of unions in which less than half the members voted in elections of officers. This organisation, which began functioning in May, has only a few thousand members as yet. It seems likely to come into its own only in the event of a national emergency, such as a general newspaper strike, for which it has plans to publish a million copies of a four-page paper in a series of linked open shop printing establishments.

It is the Middle Class Alliance, which claims 30,000 members and 300 branches, which probably has the greatest political significance. Inspired by an editorial in *The Times*, its founder and chairman, Conservative M. P. Henry Price, wrote to the press in March proposing such an organisation to preserve the middle class from "extinction" by the "big battalions" of government and trade unions. He received over 3,000 letters. When the Alliance was formed in April it claimed 25,000 members and decided to be non-political.

The *Observer* described mild-mannered, hard-working paper merchant Henry Price, who initiated this movement as "merely the faithful mouthpiece of an agitation that has been seething beneath the surface for a long time and has not yet found its full expression. If anything he is a political Elijah who goes ahead to prepare the way for angrier spirits."

(Continued on page 37)

DON'T MAKE SINGAPORE ANOTHER CYPRUS

By FENNER BROCKWAY, M. P.

SINGAPORE is the small toe of the Malayan peninsula; a city rather than a colony, divided by a narrow channel of water from the mainland.

Opposition to colonialism here is the driving, dynamic force among all but a few Europeans. The people—little more than a million—are mostly Chinese, with groups of Malaysians, Indians, Europeans. Fifty per cent of the Chinese speak only their native tongue and look towards Peking.

The passion for self-government has swept the island, as it has Asia, and its strength and speed has surprised the Colonial Office. London hoped that a Parliament elected by three out of five adults with control in all spheres except foreign affairs, defence, internal security and finance would satisfy. Emphatically it has not.

All parties demand more, and all parties are represented with united claims in the delegation which is now in London.

In a sentence they are asking for full self-government, but, that principle accepted, they are prepared for a time to permit Britain to retain responsibility for foreign affairs, defence and, in exceptional circumstances, internal security. Finance must pass to them.

The Chief Minister Marshall, the leader of the deputation, is a remarkable man, tall, dark, handsome, of Jewish race with a background in Iraq and Spain. He is the head of the Labour front and calls himself a Socialist. Few British politicians can be so engaging on platform and in conference. He has won wide fame as a barrister and is an orator with few equals.

No one can help liking David Marshall. He is sincere, humanitarian,

liberal, with a zeal to lift people from poverty, disease and ignorance. He regards himself as a son of the British Labour Party and has been a quick and ardent pupil, for it is only three years ago that he began to regard himself as a Socialist.

It would not be unfair to Mr. Marshall to say that he is anti-Communist before he is anything else. If he had to choose between colonialism and Communism, he would choose colonialism. This attitude of mind is of importance in the circumstances of Singapore.

In sharp contrast to Mr. Marshall is another member of the deputation, Mr. Lee Kuan Yew, leader of the People's Action Party. He has none of Mr. Marshall's physical advantages—except that, in a mainly Chinese population, he is Chinese!

He is small in stature and does not dominate the scene, but he wins respect by his intellectual integrity, his grip on Socialist fundamentals, his evident desire to think his way through difficulties and to act resolutely.

He learned his Socialism at the Cambridge University and clings to democratic principles, but his approach is very different from Mr. Marshall's.

He begins with the fact of the majority Chinese population, and their natural affiliation to China. The mass of the working class are Chinese, and among them Communist influence is strong. Communists were first on the scene; they led the resistance to the Japanese during the war; they are trained and devoted organisers.

To be primarily anti-Communist is, in Lee's view, disastrously wrong. One must be, first and all the time, posi-

tively Socialist. In the conditions of Singapore, the only hope for democratic Socialism lies in a challenging identification with the demands of the people, in their trade unions, in their political aims, in all their daily struggles. One must be of them.

The London deputation has a third group who, with some audacity, call themselves Liberal Socialists. They are in fact reactionary Conservatives.

It is evidence of the strength of Socialist feeling in Singapore that even Tories have to call themselves Socialists!

How will the representatives of Singapore gain their demands? The danger is that Mr. Lennox Boyd will play them off against each other. In Singapore they are divided in aims and policy, as I have described; but in London they are putting forward united demands. Facing the Tories, they should act unitedly.

The obvious solution of the political problem of Singapore would be to

federate with Malaya. An island of one million people cannot become self-sustaining. The Singapore leaders are in favour of federation, but Malayan statesmen are luke-warm. They fear the integration of Singapore's Chinese population.

Within a few years, however, when Malaya's jungle war is over, federation will come. Then will also come the opportunity to end all restrictions on self-government. The peoples of Singapore will not be content permanently to allow Britain to control their foreign relations and defence.

We must be vigilant in championing Singapore's claims. Because military and strategic considerations are involved, Mr. Lennox Boyd will endeavour to limit democratic rights. But we must not allow Singapore to become another Cyprus.

(This article was written when Mr. Marshall was in London. But the conclusion of Mr. Brockway hold good still.—EDITOR)

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IMPRESSING A BOOK-LOVER!

By N. GANGA RAM

ONE day last summer when I was yawning away time awaiting my exam results, my father suggested I make an introductory visit to a recent acquaintance of his, Mr. S—. He gave me to understand that Mr. S— was employed in a prominent firm; that he was an ardent book-lover and had built up an excellent library; and that he was a man of generous and charitable disposition, and he would probably lend you books provided you manage to impress him that you would return them promptly. This piece of information enlivened my spirits for books are meat and drink to me, and I confess I derive greater pleasure and delight from reading borrowed rather than bought books.

Punctually at 5 that evening, I started off on my pilgrimage. Mr. S—'s residence was far away from our place; it was situated in obscure Kapalakundala Second Street. I had to foot the major part of the journey, I had to stop, enquire, listen and proceed, and when at last I located his abode I smiled in triumph and satisfaction.

I knocked on one of the doors (both the doors were open) once, twice, but the elderly boy who was reading a children's magazine appeared to be deaf. However, I stepped in courageously, casting a disapproving glance at the imp and when I was on the point of delivering there and then a succinct discourse on Hospitality and How to Receive Your Guests, Mr. S—halled me from within with a boisterous "Hello!" "Welcome, my lad! Walk in! This way, this way . . ." he added and I was pleased.

I found Mr. S—amusing himself playing with half-a-dozen children

(all his own, as I later learnt) and thought perhaps it was his habit to relax in that way after a strenuous day at his office. In a far corner of that spacious hall I saw a grown-up girl squatting stylishly on a silken mat, engaged in tuning the harmonium as a preliminary to practising a musical piece.

Mr. S—asked me to make myself comfortable, and turning to his daughter said: "Come on, K—, how about entertaining our young guest with your favourite song, I mean the one from Dikshitar . . ." These grown-up girls, I thought, were shy and would not whisper an alapana when asked to especially in the presence of a stranger youth. But apparently this one was an exception, for instantaneously she began rendering the piece, accompanying her voice on the harmonium. The music she managed to shriek out was sufficient for any normal person to contract 'musicophobia'; I fancied good old Dikshitar turning in his grave, and for once in my life wished I were deaf . . .

However, after duly complimenting his daughter on the 'excellence' and 'mellifluous quality' of her voice, I began unfolding the purpose of my visit in diplomatic language. I deplored the sun being too hot and severe. I bemoaned the lot of students like me who had to spend most of their time confined to their homes. And when I was about to impress on him how invaluable books could prove to such people, my prospective benefactor made an interruption. He pointed, not without a sense of pride, how his problem was different: he was so thoroughly preoccupied with his official duties that he could hardly snatch a few hours for purposes of relaxation. And then he went on to

expatiate on the glories of hard work—mental and physical—and then took great pains to explain to me how he was the pivot round which his firm revolved. I suppressed a yawn and made a vigorous and firm determination to bear patiently all his utterances in self praise.

Meanwhile his offsprings, who till then had kept a deferential distance, now encircled me—probably because I had become 'familiarised'. One pulled out the ticket from my pocket and commented: "Oh, this uncle has come by bus! Hasn't got a car. Or even a cycle. Poor Uncle!" They all laughed over this, I didn't know why.

Another who came along skipping, announced her name as "Uma-maheshwari," (what a long name for a chit of a girl, I wondered) recited the lesson she had learnt that day and eagerly waited to receive a compliment from me.

A third one examined my wrist-watch with almost professional curiosity and exclaimed, "No radium dial!" And the fellow, went on to check time with their veteran wall-clock and concluded (illogically) that mine was running 2 minutes and 27 seconds slow and asked me where and when I had bought that watch and finally suggested the name of a firm of watch-repairers.

But who annoyed me most was the grown-up girl. Instead of being reserved, as is becoming of a girl of her age, she was 'forward'. She put me several embarrassing and delicate questions which I would have given stinging answers but for Mr. S—'s presence.

Mr. S—, instead of reprimanding the whole lot for their disrespectful conduct, grinned self-complacently. "My children," he said, "are all innocent. They don't know anything." (Manners especially, I thought.)

My patience was fast drying up and thinking that a little flattery might do the trick told him, "Sir, I learn that you are a great book-lover . . . well, sir, would you mind . . ." But Mr. S—cut in a serious tone, "I should say you are correctly informed . . . You should have seen us *then*. We vied with one another in finishing books piled up in our College library . . . But what do you find today? There are among the present-day graduates many who have not read *David Copperfield* or *The Vicar of Wakefield* . . ." Mr. S—paused for a while and asked me, "Have you, my lad?" I felt hurt. But I didn't say anything except "Yes" as I didn't want to incur his displeasure.

I gave up all insinuations for I realised that these would not work on a man like Mr. S—, and hence plainly asked him: "Sir, I'm feeling bored at home. How about lending me a few books from your library? I shall return them as early as possible, but anyway, before I get back to college . . ."

"Books, my boy!" Mr. S—laughed for a while. "You've missed them by a neck. Only yesterday I sent them by railway parcel. See, some of my friends have started a college at T—and when they pressed me for a donation I said I would make a gift of all my books except certain religious works . . ."

I hastily bade him 'Good-night' and as I was hurrying back home one of the imps hailed me at the top of his shrill voice. "Oh uncle!" he shouted, "Don't you believe this father. All the books are in his study. He just now said that you are not to be . . ." When I turned round confused, I hazily saw Mr. S—dragging the brat inside by the ear . . .

SPOTLIGHT ON PUERTO RICO

The machine needs no afternoon nap, and the machine is becoming all-important here with the accent on industry. 'Operation Bootstrap' has sparked an industrial and social revolution.

By EMIL LENGYEL

MAY marked a turning point in Puerto Rico. For the first time in the island's history manufacturing edged ahead of farming as the major source of income, an indication of the industrial and social revolution that is taking place.

"Operation Bootstrap," planned to attract U. S. industry to Puerto Rico, is raising standards in every sphere of operation. No longer is it customary to rest from the heat of the midday sun. The machine needs no afternoon nap, and the machine is becoming all-important.

Operation Bootstrap has now reached the halfway mark. It began with the enactment of the Industrial Incentives Act in 1948, to run for 15 years. What has Puerto Rico accomplished during this period? Is the operation a success?

This report is being written in Ciales, a small town of 5,000 inhabitants, in the hill country of Puerto Rico. The centre of interest is the new factory.

It is one of the 350 industrial plants established during the last few years as the basic part of Operation Bootstrap over the 3,400 square miles of the Puerto Rican commonwealth. These factories are aimed at raising the living standards of the people.

This factory gives work to 250 people and directly affects the lives of a quarter of the town's population. Indirectly it is transforming the lives of all the inhabitants. It is an optical plant manufacturing bifocal glasses.

Greatly Overpopulated

From my hotel window I watched the workers on their way to the factory. I might have fancied myself in North America. The men looked like their stateside counterparts, the women were neatly dressed. Many of them arrived in cars—evidently a car pool.

The plant could be anywhere on the mainland. It has all the modern gadgets, good management, excellent working conditions. A large sign at the gate tells the passing world that the factory was established under the auspices of "Fomento", Puerto Rican Industrial Development Co., which is to "foment" higher living standards through industry and a more efficient economy.

The U. S. acquired Puerto Rico in the Spanish-American war at the end of the last century and for decades thereafter it was little different from the other povertystricken Caribbean islands. No more than three decades ago, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., governor of the island, declared: "The island districts, from the outskirts of the cane-ridden valleys to the tops of the mountains, seethe with human misery." Travelers described the island as the "caribbean poorhouse", "a vast slum."

There are reasons why Puerto Rico has always been poor. Its mountains are beautiful outside, but they are barren inside. The island has no basic raw materials, such as coal or iron, oil or ferro-alloys. In the

past Puerto Rico was a sugar country, and when sugar was low in price the country suffered. Also, Puerto Rico is greatly overpopulated—there are 670 people to the square mile; 2,300,000 on the island.

The U. S. New Deal did not overlook the island. A "brain trust" was established on the island. Its most outstanding member was the man who is now the governor of the "Associated Free State of Puerto Rico," Luis Munoz Marin. Another dedicated person was Teodoro Moscoso, today's "Mr. Bootstrap," the practical, business-minded administrator of "Fomento."

It was a trivial matter that began the Puerto Rican renaissance. Thirsty North Americans had no chance to drink all the whiskey they craved during World War II and had to quench their thirst with rum, which happened to be a Puerto Rican sideline. The island was thus able to accumulate a nest-egg of excise taxes, \$150,000,000. This was less than \$10 per head of population, but it was a beginning.

Puerto Rico being part of the U. S., its products could be sold on the mainland free of duty. The island is not represented in congress and on the grounds of "no representation, no taxation," it pays no federal taxes. This was how the Puerto Rican brain trust approached mainland industrialists with the idea of setting up plants on the island. The mainlanders were also agreed that island taxes were not to be collected in the first 10 years.

Fewer Slums Now

Wages on the island are much lower than on the mainland—about \$20 a week today. Ocean freight rates are low, especially for small bulk. The factories were tailored to suit these needs; they manufacture electronics, optical goods, textiles, footwear, plastics and jewellery. This was how the Swiss had become a rich nation, with their beautiful and bar-

ren mountains, their skilled workers. Optimists began to talk of Puerto Rico as the future's Tropical Switzerland.

What changes have been affected in Puerto Rico? The average expectation of life on the island has increased from 48 to 64 years, the most rapid increase in human history. The death rate has declined as dramatically, from 18.4 per 1,000 to 7.5; lower than in North America. The per capita income is increasing and this year it is \$436.

What about the slums? Their number is decreasing rapidly, even though there are still many to be seen. If all goes well the San Juan "Mudhole" district will be merely a memory in the next few years. More than 30,000 families have been resettled in some 200 rural communities. Electricity is one of their new conveniences; its production is doubling every five years and is now at the annual rate of 1,000,000,000 kilowatt hours. All over the countryside one sees sprouting health and community centres, co-operative stores, churches and schools.

Agriculture is not neglected, even though the accent is now on industry. Farming is being diversified. While Puerto Rico has plenty of rain it is unevenly distributed, but now the water bounty is being equalized by means of dams, lakes and tunnels. Puerto Rico is poor in arable soil and so a new attempt is being made to "create" soil artificially.

A social revolution follows in the wake of Puerto Rico's industrial revolution. In the small town of Ciales, for instance, there are at least as many television aeriols as there are industrial workers, and there are TV sets all over the island. Motor cars clog the main arteries of the large towns and even in poorer quarters the automobile is no rarity.

One basic change in life is that Puerto Rican plants employ more women than men. Women's hands

are used to the skilful operation of the needle, while farmer's hands are calloused. This brings about another basic change. Where industries increase, living standards improve, families decrease. This may help to solve the burning problem of overpopulation.

For a glimpse of the future I called on Governor Munoz Marin, an almost legendary figure on the island. "If he had been born into a major country," a university professor said, "his name would be known to all the world."

Munoz Marin spoke to me about the motive power of his government and of the Popular Democratic Party, which he leads. The economic side of his programme is expressed in Operation Bootstrap. He likes to call its political aspect "Operation Commonwealth." Since 1950, Puerto

Rico has been part of the U. S. with a government of its own which legislates for itself and executes its own local laws. Foreign affairs and defence are federal concerns.

"The relation of the U. S. to Puerto Rico," the governor told me, "is unique. Our commonwealth bonds with the rest of the U. S. show that it is feasible for people of different backgrounds to live in harmony. The narrow national interests are transcended by the interests of our common family."

Munoz Marin is not the type of man who could be pinned down to make a sweeping statement that all was well in Puerto Rico. But general opinion seems to be that his government is on the right track and, above all, that Munoz Marin has earned a place for himself in the hearts of his countrymen.

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Short Story

THE NURSE

By "Chitra"

THE evening was chill. The hospital bell rang and the nurses changed for the night shift. Sujata the new recruit was watching a patient in agony. She glanced at the case sheet. The name at the top was "Kumar." He had a series of setbacks; he was nervous, calling out at the top of his voice. He laughed, it was ghastly. And then he cried, it was bitter. Sujata's feelings were aroused. She imagined that voice would soon be hushed for ever, she began to cry. She was disturbed in her melancholy watch by a shake of her shoulder by the night-nurse.

"What! Sujata! You didn't go off duty?"

"I feel I cannot leave this helpless man in the last moments of his life. Besides, I am not hungry."

"Oh! Don't you worry, dear. Such things happen quite often in a hospital. Go and rest and don't fall in love with patients," said the veteran facetiously.

Sujata looked confused and moved out to the dormitory. She did not have the least inclination to go to the dining hall, where from a din of jocund voices were reaching her ears. She could not take her mind off that man in agony. He might have breathed his last by now. How terrible is death! It snatched away her parents, her only brother and her loving uncle, one after another in rapid succession—leaving her alone in the world. Her eyelids were wet, while she fell into a reverie.

"Sujata! Sujata! Oh, you will have

to give up your old habits now. Didn't you hear the bell? Get up and prepare for your morning shift." The veteran shook her in her bed.

"Is he alive?"

"He! Who?"

"That man in agony whom I was nursing last evening."

"The artist Kumar! Oh my dear, what an innocent thing you are! He might have died already. Everyone will have to die one day. And when death occurs often before your very eyes, you cannot just be shedding tears every time. Oh, no; you have got to get over such weakness."

Sujata felt that the veteran must have a heart of stone; how could she remain unmoved at the sight of death!

Dressed in her white uniform, she answered the muster and was in the medical officer's room for training in microscopy.

"Good morning, sir!"

"Very good morning—Oh, you are the new-comer. Well, it is a fine addition to our staff. Take your seat. Your name, please?"

"Sujata, Sir."

"Sujata? A lovely name too." He stole a couple of furtive glances at her. Sujata felt uneasy.

"Well. Here is the microscope. Try to look into it through that glass with one eye and tell me what you notice under it."

Sujata bent her head over the eyepiece. She tried to close one of her eyes; but the right eye refused to be closed while the left was kept open,

and so she had to use her hand too in making her eye obey the medical man's instructions. In trying to adjust her hand over the eye, she chanced to look up into the face of the young officer. He should, all the while, have been looking intently at her. There was already a silly smile on his lips. She felt embarrassed. Quite unwillingly she took another look at him. This time his face betrayed his emotion. In a jitter she ejaculated "Pah." The medical man was quite unprepared for this outburst. Collecting himself, he said, "Well, nurse, perhaps you will try again tomorrow."

"Thank you!" she walked out briskly.

For the rest of the day that doctor's face, menacing and sinister, haunted her mind. Life in the hospital was terrible! Patients die. Doctors are amorous. Nurses are care-free. Could she endure it all?

The sighs and groans of the sick, their importunities were unending, harrowing. The bullyings of the matron, and the covetous looks of that medical man. She got vexed. The ward boy gave her a parcel and said the doctor sent it to her. She received it and slipped it into the dust bin without opening it.

"No, I cannot give up. I don't want to die. I have got to finish my paintings . . . and so many lovely themes waiting. No . . . No I cannot die so soon!" These words came from the same bed she watched the previous day. The man did not die, after all!

What! Painting? Yes, painting, she was very fond of painting and she had actually painted a few pieces, which had fetched her prizes in her school-days. She drew nearer to the bed of the delirious painter.

"How can I die while so many paintings wait to be finished? I have got to live! Good God! How can I do them with this wretched fever on? No . . . No . . . What shall I do

when I get well? Without money, without a model . . . let me die!"

Sujata resolved that she should not allow this man to die. She should save his life. She should make him paint pictures. She was determined. She would try.

Could she help him to recover? She had better go to that officer who had looked at her with hungry eyes and entreat him to come and examine this patient. She felt somehow that that man was capable of saving this artist. She ran to the doctor's room.

"Good evening, Sister! I hope the boy delivered my parcel to you."

"He did. Thank you. But I have come to ask you for help, rather urgent, please."

"Surely! I cannot possibly deny a request from the loveliest member of our staff."

"Do come soon and save a dying artist."

"Artist? Where is he?"

Sujata was returning from the hospital. She went to the artist's home where she served as the model. The door of the studio was bolted. The artist was busy inside. She had seen him in the morning when he was giving the finishing touches to her picture.

"Ayah! Did you give him food?"

"No. I knocked at his door a hundred times. He didn't reply. When I called out to him he got very angry and asked me to shut up. What can I do?"

"Kumar! Kumar!"

Sujata banged on the door. The door was half-opened. Kumar was hardly able to stand. But his eyes were wide open. Sujata had to support him to prevent his falling down. She led him to his chair.

"Sujata! Look, here is the picture. Isn't it wonderful? Today is a great day in my life. Come Sujata, you must see the picture."

"All right. But you had better rest awhile. I shall certainly see the picture."

Yes, the picture was finished. It was grand. Indeed, it looked marvellous. Never before did she realise that she was endowed with such beauty.

"Sujata! It is you!" he said.

There was a smile of pride on Sujata's lips, and there was a sign of power and grace in the artist's gesture.

"Kumar, did you take your food?"

"Er. Food? I think I did."

"Are you sure? Ayah says you didn't."

"No, I suppose I didn't. I feel rather hungry now. I must have something to eat right away. Ayah, Ayah, what the devil are you doing there? Bring me food, and plenty of it. I am very hungry. Sujata, please, lend me your arm, I can't walk. Lead me to the table."

Sujata read in the morning papers that Kumar's picture won the first prize in the International Art Exhibition held at New Delhi. She cried for joy. She felt like dancing as she read the praises showered on Kumar's work in several newspapers. She realised that she had done at least one noble deed in her life; she was responsible for the production of a masterpiece, and the survival of a genius. She yearned to be in the company of Kumar. Her duties at the hospital called her. But she visited the artist first.

"Kumar, I am so glad that your picture won the first prize in the international competition."

"Yes, it can't fall to win, you know!"

She waited long for Kumar to notice her. She was disappointed. She thought he had all the feelings inside but something prevented him from speaking out. She felt her life empty, her heart was aching. She was searching the corners of the room

with her eyes. She tried to look into Kumar's eyes. He was lost in thought. He seemed to be unmindful of her presence.

Ayah brought in a telegram. Sujata had a fit of cough and sank into the sofa. She coughed a long while and lay exhausted.

"Sujata! Sujata! I am commissioned to New Delhi. I am leaving tomorrow. What is this? A fit? Are you ill?"

"Nothing; it doesn't matter. I am subject to fits—sometimes."

There were tears brimming in her eyes.

Kumar at New Delhi was moving in high society. He bought a car, engaged a private secretary and hired a flat in an expensive hotel.

He was a regular visitor at all the fashionable bars. He had been wasting his years without these good things of life! Of course, he did a lot of painting. He did not have time for real art, or for love.

The secretary brought him a pile of letters. There was one from a woman named Sujata, in a sanatorium.

"Sujata? Which Sujata?" Kumar tried to recollect. "Oh yes! That nurse who served me as a model. Well, what does she want now? Some money perhaps. Send her a hundred rupees."

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MATTERS RELATING TO CROWN

A HUMOROUS SKIT

By D. HENRY PAUL

A RECENT photo in the newspapers of Prime Minister Nehru signing the Second Five Year Plan showed his bald head rather too prominently. His bent head looked like an opalescent globe poised on the edge of a table.

There was a sharp division of opinion over this picture at the bridge table, between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots' (I use these terms in a strictly limited sense with regard to hair). The 'haves' contended that the official pictures of Nehru should always present him with his cap on, to preserve his debonair appearance. The 'have-nots' (the bald headed fraternity) persisted that it did not make any difference and Nehru still looked posh, cap or no cap.

Whether baldness helps to perpetuate one's pristine glory or not, it has its own compensations nevertheless; I ought to know it for I am bald, and have been for the last ten years. I speak for the 'have-nots' who do not include women, of course, for the hair is the crown and glory of woman, witness the innumerable hair styles meant to maintain that glory. But the Almighty, in His infinite mercy, has ordained that hair or no hair, man should remain the uncrowned King of all creation.

Speaking on matters related to 'Crown', I do not care if I haven't got a thick crop of hair; it matters little to me whether I have little or no hair at all on my head. You cannot hit back saying, "It is just because you are egg-bald and can't help it"; for the point is, baldness can be a blessing—not necessarily in disguise—unless you sport a wig.

The reasons for my indifference are obvious. Granting that chaps with good hair have a chance of looking like Clark Gable, how many of them take the care to preserve it? My own opinion is that, for every one whose hair presents a well-groomed appearance, there are ten whose heads look like hay-stacks thrown up in a hurry. With a small portion of the face projecting from under a thatch of thick hair, they just remind me of chimpanzees and baboons. They are walking hairy proofs of our monkey origin, who with their receding faces and heads hersuite, are a living confirmation to Darwin's Theory of Evolution.

On the other hand, I know a fellow in my college days who for sheer meticulous care he bestowed on his hair, would make Maurice Chevalier and Don Ameche like kids from Kindergarten. His hair nicely brilliantined and brushed back, face discretely powdered and snowed, he used to lie down on his bed at night, looking languorously into a mirror, in rapturous self-admiration.

Talking of hair, I cannot understand the attitude of some guys who go ga ga over their hair, and make a hulla-baloo, at the first sign of their losing foot hold. I concede that a hair on the head is worth two on the brush. But inspite of all the good care you take, if the hair hangs out signals of approaching autumn, you have to take it with good grace, as I have done, for instance. To indulge in sentimental sobstuff over hair which today is, and tomorrow cast into the dust bin, is just ridiculous.

Being ignorant of this brazen philosophy of mine (for so they

think) my friends lovingly enquire the state of my scalp—not without a streak of unconcealed delight at my supposed discomfiture. These people seem to think that I got up one fine morning and found myself bald. No sir, the dilapidation on my scalp has crept in such slow degrees that ample time was given to me for mental and emotional adjustments. So, save your tears sirs, and allow me to sing the "glories of our blood and state"—er—I mean—our bald state.

One advantage of being bald is, you don't have to be a lofty intellectual to have that 'high-brow' look. You have it naturally. Popes and prelates, Padres and priests are the usual victims of scalp bereavement, and it is generally believed that their baldness is due to God constantly keeping his hands on their heads. This should be a heartening hypothesis to many a shining head.

Mahatmajji bemoaned the need for wasting precious fifteen minutes daily before a mirror doing up his head while he was studying in Lon-

don. You don't have to do it if you are one of the coterie of the 'crest-fallen' brotherhood. While others tussled with their tangled hair before a mirror, you can be there fifteen minutes ahead, which is a decided advantage when you have to attend morning school or office, in summer.

Another advantage accrues to you if you are blamed with a bald head: you can steer clear of all bores; they realize the futility of recounting to you hair-raising tales.

Besides, the majority of the best brains have sported bald crowns; just take a look at those, both the quick and the dead: Socrates and St. Paul, Chaucer and Shakespeare, Atlee and Churchill, Nehru and Gandhi—the list is endless. "They are all bald as bare mountain tops are bald—a baldness which is full of grandeur." I had better stop here, I feel the hot breath of the literary hounds on my neck who feel chagrined, that I should tear the text out of its context, from Arnold's Literary Criticism, and palm it off to serve my own ends.

ESTABLISHMENT OF INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY

By P. SEETHARAMIAH

ONE of the causes of failure of the League of Nations, it is generally believed, was the lack of interest evinced by its members in the development of its backward countries on economic and social fronts. The main task before the League was to prevent war and establish peace. It was not seriously considered then that the war against strife should be fought from angles not only political but others too. Its successor, the U. N. O. learnt the lesson. Today with all its draw-backs the U. N. O. is still a source of strength, a place of justice and refuge wherein both

the accused and the accuser could argue out their cases. It is the only organisation to which the oppressed and the wronged could turn in the hope of redressal of their grievances, no matter even if justice is not meted out fully.

Thirty two years ago when the atom was still a mystery, Otto Glaser wrote in THE WORLD TOMORROW:

By nature the scientist's mind is pacifist and his experiences during the late war have only confirmed the attitude. He understands better the machinations which aroused hate and

anger in his soul; the effects of violent misuse and all the compulsions which made him prostitute his own talent. In the name of "my country, right or wrong," even if it means no more than Mr. Chesterton's "My mother, drunk or sober," in the hour of crises . . . he was driven into his laboratory to desecrate the place and all its memories of great names, to make there poison gases and to try them out on tethered animals until his own mind doubly stank with the decomposition products of Christianity and citizenship."

How well those words explain the present age! With the advent of nuclear weapons, the destruction wrought by them and the 'brink of war' situation in which the world is held today—it is all the more necessary that the world should wake up and think and act upright. He adds:

"There is one step which could be taken provided it were international in scope. If he (the scientist) were to ally himself with others of like mind (Hippocrates and his followers) in this profession and the group as a whole (medical and scientific) were to link its fortunes with some international group of labour large enough to strike effectively and at the same time keep from starvation and out of jail, there is little doubt that science could prevent the prostitutions and desecrations, which make it today as much an instrument of harm as of good."

If the want of a World University was ever felt before it is today the need is most keenly felt. The international university while providing all facilities to its research scholars will render in addition, protection to them from the tyranny of the parochial outlook of nationalism and the greed for exclusive knowledge and superiority. The scientist when once

he enters the portals of this University will gain complete freedom in an abundant measure so that he can freely expound, experiment and exploit the natural resources to the best advantage of man. To him the world is his home and he need not fear or favour anybody. The possibilities of such a University especially in the field of science which seems to be the sole custodian of world peace, are tremendous!

The fears expressed in some quarters that a University under the auspices of a diplomatic body like the UNO may not be able to function independently, can be dismissed by the ample proof of the success with which several other social, health and economic organisations are functioning within the orbit of the UNO. The same doubts were entertained by some about the functioning of a world court but today none can dispute the use of that international body and its service. The autonomy enjoyed by the national universities in their respective Governments can well be adopted in the case of the international University also. The problem of finding funds for such a humanitarian enterprise should not prove insoluble especially when millions of dollars are found for the various activities of the UNO. The member countries of the UNO must rise to the occasion to bring forth this yet another baby of the UNO.

The University will be the best instrument for the training of students to feed the various departments of the UNO. The present burden on the UNO Secretariat to train the candidates can be safely transferred to the proposed University. The immense scientific knowledge that will be placed at the disposal of the UNO by this body will strengthen the hands of the UNO and its voice will be heard with greater regard than at present.

IN THE HEART OF RAJASTHAN DESERTS

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

FOR a little over 360 miles Barmer is world's loneliest and strangest border check-post for Indo-Pak traffic. It is also the newest. When my train stopped here it was not yet dawn and the train for the borderline would not leave before midnight. Barmer is in the heart of Thar desert. A pre-partition Tahsil town of five thousand people has suddenly zoomed up to be a district headquarters of sixty thousand people. The newsiest part of the story is that the town is a smugglers' paradise—where outside one's sight is stocked Indian textile, currency, luxury goods from ceiling to floor—it buzzes with business of high noon drama.

Three hundred and sixty miles of Indo-Pak nebulous border takes care of the town's merchandise. No vigilance of the Custom's intelligence could stop the flow of this man's illegal way to becoming millionaire overnight. And strange though it may seem, Barmer has the largest number of *lakh-patis* per square feet than any other cities in India.

In a heartless barren desert where no crop is grown, where no men laugh high, where population is thinnest, it is a queer Sangri-La.

As I ascended atop the hill overlooking the town, the city lay down below my feet—a heart-shaped mass of locality engulfed in a waterless sandy desert.

On the top of the hill is the famed temple of Mother Jagadamba—descending I found the city waking up in the morning. The water wells were queued up by women and children. The queues were unending.

Some of the human lines, I am told, are formed from midnight.

Barmer is a waterless city where millionaires' wives line up for water. Fantastic though it may seem, the town's and the hundreds of miles of desert's peoples' main occupation is finding water. It is always water. It is the most waterless part of India.

The quest for water took me to the famous Rajasthan Congress leader Pandit Deb Datta Tewari, who is also the head of the Water Control Board here.

"You hav'nt seen the real water trouble here" said the Congress leader draped in a villager's dress, "I'll show you what real famine of water is—a famine for a thousand years."

I gasped, "Famine for thousand years?"

"Yes" said he "water famine for a thousand years."

And we drove around Barmer in a high-powered jeep. We sped past vast sand dunes, sped past small hutments, crossed across Sindri Factory's life-line—the famous Gypsum quarries. As we passed village after village we saw men on camel back bringing water from God knows where.

"Where do they get their water from?" I asked Deb Dattaji.

"From anywhere" he said, "from small nullahs where rain water is collected."

Here the people sometimes have a crop—just one crop. They have enough cattle. Even to live on and spare. For water they drink milk

and *chach*. They would rather throw away a bucketful of milk than a glass of water—not even dirty water. They haven't heard of any such thing as filtering the water.

At a village called BONDRA we had our lunch of thick milk and a kind of bread made out of wild roots. I liked my lunch—the village headman who stood us the lunch was so hospitable and kind. In fact wherever we went we found the people so hospitable and kind, ready to share with us any water and food they had.

Now Pandit Deb Datta showed me his handiwork in the district. He showed me around about sixty miles of jeep journey the few three to four hundred feet deep wells the villagers are drilling. These wells when they are dug will spring around them new human localities. The villagers are giving labour gift (Shram-dan) and the government is financing the project. Again it is a drama of hard labour and hope, for none dare foretell if the water coming out of these wells will be sweet water or salt. And they are drilling down, down and down for three months, for six months, for one year! They do not know when luck favour them. It is a question of life and death.

A thousand-year water-famine! What does it mean? I got an answer to this puzzle when we drove into the government quarries of *Multani Mitti*. The Manager of the quarries is a man from Bihar. He told us many stories of his mines—but the strangest were the stories of the prints of fish, (yes fish) crab, leaf and other watery animals on the soft yellowish *Multani Mitti*. "Underneath" he said, "must have been a mighty river once upon a time."

I saw the prints of fish also later and heaved a sigh—"where is the mighty river now gone?"

We drove back to the town. The train for the border station—sixty two miles away was awaiting me. Hundreds were waiting to get their passports and luggage checked, and somewhere on the border of three hundred and sixty miles people on high speed horse-back or on camel's back were smuggling goods across into Pakistan.

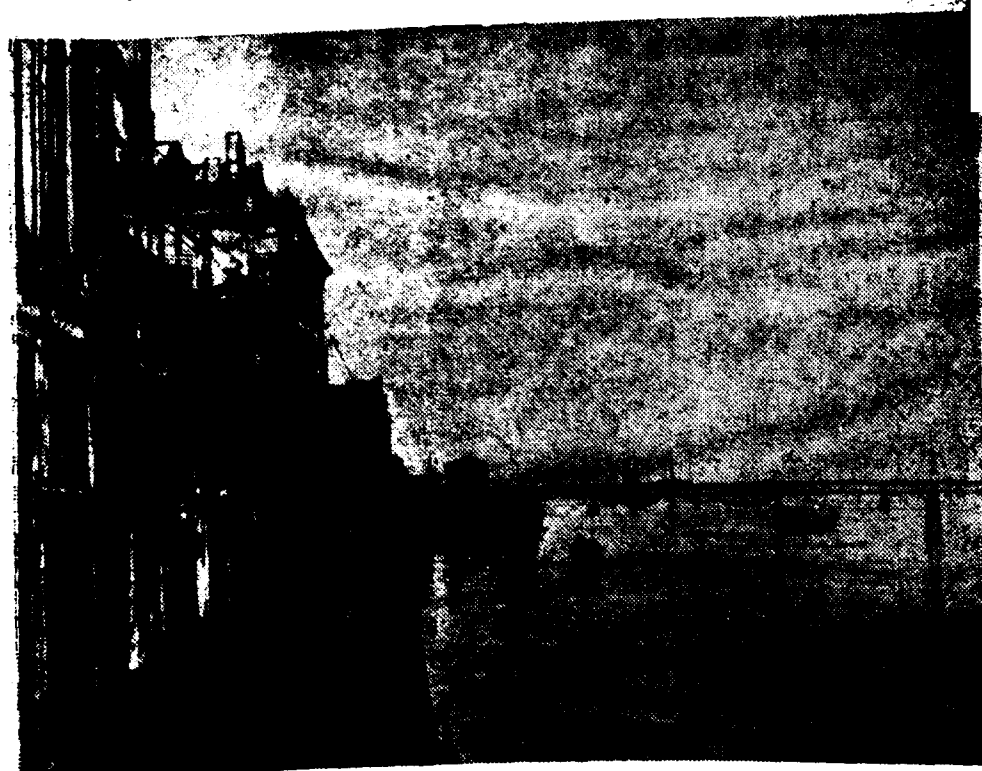
When the train leaves, it would be cordoned off by the customs intelligence—cordoned off till the border—and into the darkness of night will speed a strange locked-up train! A journey from a desert Sangri-La!

CARZOU THE SUCCESSFUL ARTIST

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

CARZOU is one of those artists who first emerged at the end of the last war, when France, invaded and devastated for the second time, had lost all her natural optimism and 'joie-de-vivre.' Paul Valery very cogently expressed the outlook, at that moment, when he said—"Today we know that our civilization is mortal." And the bomb that fell on Hiroshima was yet another disillusion. Science which had hitherto been considered as a sort of royal road that might lead to the Golden Age now pointed towards the abyss and suddenly appeared as a great power

for evil. The young artists of that period naturally responded to the nature of the collective Unconscious, as they always do, and in the exhibitions of 1946 the most advanced painters such as Carzou, Andre Marchand and Coutaud reflected the deep anxiety which at that moment overshadowed everything like a dark cloud. Sinister forms, personifying death and accoutred in mediaeval armour, haunted the paintings of Coutaud. In the large compositions of Andre Marchand, figures hypnotized with terror, stood motionless in a desert of silence. With Carzou



Venice, a painting by Carzou

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other symbols appeared in the shape of ruined and dismantled forts, abandoned harbours and deserts where derelict cannon and gun carriages were strewn around. With Carzou the plough and the cannon are constant symbols to be found throughout his work. There is an underlying connection between them, and one which was symbolical of the French situation at the end of the last war. Carzou used these symbols subconsciously and instinctively since he works to a great extent by intuition.

When French life began to be re-organized and much of the damage repaired, these symbols became less frequent, although they were never entirely eliminated from his work.

Unlike many of his contemporaries he did not remain in the desert but followed the movement of life itself which began to turn away from extreme and suicidal tendencies.

Lewis Mumford, one of the best known American writers who has closely followed the trend of art and thought in the last decade pointed out very pertinently that: "The error of these artists, an error pushed to its logical end in the polemics of Le Corbusier was their tendency to despise every wish, every sentiment, every feeling, every purpose, except that which could be reduced to rational thought and mechanical order. Today we realize that the unqualified cult of mechanism leads to nihilism, and that nihilism even if it were not equipped with the atom bomb would be capable of bringing to an end not merely our civilization, but the human race itself. The real world in other words, is the world that art and religion have always known, a world of cosmic perspectives and personal depths, a world of values and purposes, of forms and meanings created by life for its own furtherance and self transcendence." Such a statement, coming as it does, from Ame-

rica is highly significant and suggests that there is now a serious reaction setting in to over-mechanisation.

Although better aware than are most artists of the sinister nature of our time Carzou has never gone to the extreme limit of nihilism. Born on the shores of the Mediterranean he possesses that innate sense of balance which belongs to most of the southern European races and which has been handed down to them from the Greeks. He has a definite sense of beauty and an inherent dislike of those nightmare elements which disfigure much modern art. He is one of the most advanced and sensitive artists of today and, at the same time one of the most traditional. It is this which explains partly his popularity and success. For he has depicted the universal anxiety of our period, its disastrous wars and inhuman aspects, in terms of poetry, touching it as it were from far off. The figures in armour that march across the foreground of his deserted harbours are not those of yesterday but rather of the early sixteenth century. In this way he has expressed all the latent contents of the subconscious thought of his period, transposing it into poetry so as to make it more palatable to the conscious mind. Just as to how an artist captures the imagination of his contemporaries is not always easy to define. There are generally fifty reasons and not only one. Carzou is in great part unconscious of the whole process. He paints instinctively as he once told me, and if his art is inspired from the realities of life it is transposed into a world of his own, a poetic dimension created by his imagination. His remarkable success in the last few years during which his reputation has soared like a rocket may be due, in so far as the art world is concerned, to his sense of architectural form at a time when

French painting was beginning to go to pieces. The calligraphic structure of his paintings with their prominent uprights and contrasting horizontals did much to restore the classical traditions in French art. It was in Venice that Carzou discovered a climate which was better adapted to his style of art than perhaps anywhere else in the world. In Venice we find an atmosphere of the baroque and romantic enshrined in the classic outlines of the palaces and the geometric vistas of the canals. Here Carzou found what, for him, proved to be the most propitious of settings. His big Paris exhibition in which the Venetian scene appeared in all its architectural splendour was the greatest success of his career. Venice is, above all, a city of the Orient with Byzantine associations and Carzou who has a strain of oriental blood in his veins was very quick to appreciate the magic and poetry of the 'Serenissima.'

In his decors for the "Indes Galantes" of Rameau, executed the year before, for the Paris Opera, Carzou had already astonished the public by the oriental fantasy of his settings.

In his costumes and decor for the ballet "Giselle" he did much to renovate this new version of a romantic masterpiece.

There are psychological reasons which account for an artist's success with the public of his own time, and in these there are many imponderable factors. It is evident that Carzou has met his psychological moment. His art came at a time when Paris itself desired to react against the amorphous and decadent type of work that was uppermost just after the war. The imaginative vein in his work made its poetic appeal at the right hour. His classic architectural outlines corrected the disintegrated trends of much modern art and his imaginative themes offered a way of escape from the sombre realities of the time.

Despite his almost unprecedented success and the fact that he has twice carried off the Hallmark Prize and won a plebiscite as the most popular artist of his time, Carzou is extremely simple, sincere and unpretending, and what is rather rare today he is a very good friend to his fellow artists.

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THE AMERICAN CONCEPT OF INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTIVITY

By WALTER K. BAILEY

President, Warner & Swasey, Cleveland, Ohio.

(This article should interest readers in India to evaluate the ideal of Industrial Progress advocated by some of our leaders who lay an emphasis on the revival of cottage industries which are supposed to solve our problems of unemployment by "labour intensive" methods leading to "self sufficiency." The contrast with the American ideal should set us thinking.—Editor.)

WHEN we Americans speak of industrial productivity, we always think of the term in connection with increases, or improvements, or advances. We take it for granted that any product is going to be made better, and cheaper, and in larger quantities.

That, I think, is distinctly an American concept. We do not think there is a potential limit to our markets. We don't have the concept, which still prevails to a large extent in Europe, that a market for a product is only so big, and has to be divided up among the producers of the product.

American manufacturers are in a perpetual competitive race to offer more people better things at lower cost. Which is simply another way of saying that our whole economic system in the United States is dedicated to raising the standard of living of all the people.

We accomplish this improved standard of living by constantly increasing productivity. Therefore, our factor of increase in our standard of living is actually the standard of increase of our productivity. Therein lies the major significance of increased industrial productivity.

Defining productivity, I would say that it is "the amount of production

or increased value per unit of worker's time or energy." You don't even think of the word "productivity" without also thinking of the word "increased."

In the machine tool industry, for example, we measure the productivity of a new machine tool on the basis of the extent to which it will increase the number of pieces of work turned out per man per hour. We always expect a new machine tool to produce more per hour than the machine it replaces.

You can increase the volume of production by using more workers, or by working more hours; but you increase productivity only by increasing the output of the worker per hour.

This can be done to some extent by working harder. But hard work alone certainly isn't the answer. A hired farm worker might dig potatoes with a fork twice as fast as another; but the real increase in productivity came with the invention of the power-driven potato digger machine.

We have increased productivity in the United States through research and invention, through the use of power—originally, water power and animals, then by the use of steam, and now by the use of petroleum fuel products and electrical energy. Also, we have increased productivity

through better machines and equipment, and through the development of better planned production methods.

In the United States we tend to take all of these things for granted, but they didn't just happen. I am in the business of increasing industrial productivity and, of course, I am specifically in the business of producing machines and mechanical devices.

The story starts (in England) with a machinist named Wilkinson, who managed to bore a cylinder with sufficient accuracy to hold steam. That was how James Watt was able to invent the steam engine. That was the beginning of the machine tool industry.

It was through machine tools that men learned to cut and shape metal with sufficient accuracy to use the principle of interchangeability of parts. Without the use of this principle, productivity such as we have today would be absolutely impossible.

The importance of interchangeability of parts cannot be over-emphasised. To me it seems unfortunate that our history books in the United States tell us only of the contribution made by Eli Whitney when he produced the cotton gin, which was of

course, a very great invention in the agricultural field.

However, Eli Whitney's great contribution to our standard of living was made by his demonstration that it was possible to manufacture gun parts on an interchangeable basis. He proposed to the U. S. Congress that he could make 10,000 muskets with complete interchangeability of parts. And it was this development, which, incidentally, came out of a military need, that started America on its greatest increase in productivity per worker.

In the United States, the use of this principle on behalf of increased productivity has received an impetus such as it has never had in other parts of the world, and this is because of our competitive economic system. If we can get volume up, we can get costs down—that is the reasoning of our manufacturers.

In our great competitive economy, manufacturers are always striving to invent new products or better products, and to develop new and better methods. So research, development, and advances in technology have become the very foundation of progress in our entire national economy.

—USIS

(Continued from page 16)

The Conservative Party is watching this Alliance with considerable interest, particularly after the Tonbridge results. The Conservative Party itself is a pyramid in which the leadership is in the hands of the upper middle class and aristocrats but the real motive power is in lower middle class indignation with their present position. Thus Sir Anthony Eden comes from the minor aristocracy and, like half his Cabinet, was educated at exclusive Eton. Most Conservative M. Ps. come from the middle and upper-middle classes, most of them being company directors in addition to their other posts. It is perhaps significant that

Henry Price, the founder of the Middle Class Alliance, is himself a self-made man. The hard-working son of a builders' labourer, he started in the paper trade as an office boy and is now the managing director of a paper firm. It is this sort of small businessman who feels crushed by comparatively high wages, the high taxation cost of a Welfare State, and the giant nationalised industries and cartels.

For the moment Mr. Price and most of his supporters are in the Conservative Party. But if they decide to throw their weight around in a Britain which is virtually evenly divided politically, they can soon bring the Conservative Party to its knees.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ON one hand our leaders acknowledge the usefulness of motion pictures as a medium of instruction and enlightenment; on the other hand they do everything in their power to deny the common man an access to this medium by exaggerating its baneful influence. This 'paradox' was so evident in the speeches delivered by Shri Morarji Desai on two different occasions in Bombay.

On the occasion of the presentation of the Critics' Awards Shri Morarji Desai emphasised the importance of films and the great role they are bound to play in our country. Addressing the Cinema Exhibitions he said that in the case of circus and sports the Government had relented and reduced the tax by 50 per cent as he regarded these forms of entertainment as blameless and providing healthy entertainment. He was not prepared to give the same consideration for films apparently because he did not think films to be blameless and healthy in spite of the most rigid censorship rules now in force. Not only that Shri Morarji Desai defended the restrictions on touring cinemas because he felt the films shown in rural areas were of the worst type and that the films exerted a bad influence. He argued that he did not want the poor villagers to fritter away all their hard-earned money on seeing pictures. In the same paradoxical vein while admitting the necessity of granting amenities and comforts to the picturegoers, Shri Morarji Desai showed readiness to give permission for renovation of old

theatres but refused to give permission to construction of new cinemas.

When the motion pictures are subjected to closest scrutiny by our Censors and the films are duly certified for exhibition, it is unfair to say that all films are not blameless and healthy and as such do not deserve the same treatment as other forms of entertainment. Similarly, the reasons advocated for restrictions on touring cinemas seem to be unwarranted. Is Shri Morarji Desai sure that the villagers do not fritter away their hard-earned money on other forms of entertainment which are even worse than films? If the touring cinemas are not showing the right kind of films the Government could always make it compulsory for them to show certain 'approved' feature films as they are compelling today to exhibit 'approved' shorts. That is the positive way of dealing with the situation. Instead, Shri Morarji Desai has thought it fit to restrict the movement of touring cinemas. The restrictions are negative and could hardly serve the purpose for which they are enforced.

Similarly, there seems to be no point today in refusing permission to new theatres when such permission is granted by other states. As it is, some of the old theatres in Bombay are so bad that they ought to be pulled down and new theatres ought to be built in their place.

Moreover, the ban on new construction has created a shortage of theatres with the result that the exhibitors are charging exorbitant hire and profiteering at the expense of producers and distributors. It has been even alleged that the exhibitors in Bombay charge black-money; if this is true, then the only way to prevent this profiteering is to encourage building of new cinemas. But perhaps Shri Morarji Desai thinks that the construction of new cinemas would mean that more people would be wasting their hard-

earned money and contaminate themselves with the evil of films.

The industry's basic need is theatres—more theatres—in both urban and rural areas. If India today had 5000 theatres even the good pictures which do not get release dates because of their alleged lack of 'box-office' value would have proper release and would be able to stand competition in the market. The paucity of theatres is the cause of so many evils in the films industry that unless this cause is removed, it is not possible to expect the industry to progress on right lines. It is this shortage that is responsible for a picture like *Pathar Pancholi* being shown in morning shows in places like Bombay, Delhi. What a pity that well-meaning friends of the film industry do not realize this fact?

Picture of the week

Just on the last day of "Marty" at Regal (Bombay), I overheard educated girls and boys discussing the picture at a swanky Punjabi air-conditioned Restaurant. The consensus of their opinion was that "Marty" which won four academy awards and Grand Prix at Cannes, was not a good picture; they seem to be wondering as how this picture won so many awards.

They were the typical patrons of Hollywood films who go into raptures over pictures like *Picnic* and *Fabulous Senorita* but fail to appreciate works of art like "Miracle in Milan" or for that matter "Marty". "Marty" might have been a great hit in U. S. A.; but the glamour-struck film fans of Bombay could not appreciate it though it is one of the finest pictures ever to emanate from Hollywood.

Indeed "Marty" I found to be the most satisfying picture all round; and seldom had I found myself so engrossed and so satisfied about a picture as I did in "Marty". It was the story of a common plain-looking thirty-four year old 'good' butcher in

U. S. A.; but it could be the story of any common man in any country. The problem this man is faced with is 'loneliness'; he wants to marry but he cannot find a girl who would accept him. He is shy; he is ugly. On a Saturday afternoon when the shop is closed he finds himself and his friends asking the same question again and again "What are you going to do tonight?" It is not that he has not met girls before; but he has been unable to attract any decent girl's attention. He feels he has reached an age when he has to reconcile himself to the bachelorhood for life.

One Saturday night, he ultimately goes to a dancing hall in the hope of meeting a girl; but as usual his hopes are dashed to pieces until a man approaches him with the proposition to take a plain-looking girl home and having five dollars in addition. While he refuses the proposal the girl attracts his attention and eventually he asks her to dance. Their friendship grows overnight; though she refuses to kiss him.

On Sunday morning he finds his mother who has been all along pestering him to get married warning him against his first girl friend. The mother is afraid that after the marriage she will lose her son just as her sister had lost her son. His friends also chide him for his interest in such a plain-looking girl. He hesitates and does not call for her; but on second thoughts he makes up his mind and telephones the girl. The picture ends.

This synopsis cannot do full justice to the brilliant story, screenplay and dialogue by Paddy Chayefsky. His style reminds one of Chekov as well as Saroyan. In a tender, warm, human manner, the picture relates the domestic life of the common American—with such naturalness and realism that it becomes really a great piece of art.

The author and the director Delbert Mann have resisted the temptation of introducing melodrama or glamour in the picture. That is the secret of the greatness of "Marty". As to Ernest Borgnine, he lives the role; he identifies himself with the character so completely that it is difficult to believe that an actor is playing the role. There is plenty of dialogue in the picture; but seldom does one get the impression that the picture is stagey. The other artistes including Betty Blair have done their parts well.

The beauty of the picture lies in the fact that there is not a single trace of artificiality anywhere and the picture seems to be a real portrait of life. It also reveals that both the director's and the author's keen observation and study of the common people in conversations at bars and shops.

"Marty" produced by Hecht-Lancaster Productions is a picture which should not be missed on any account.

Personality of the week

M. V. Raman is the latest director to join the ranks of the producers. Raman has the unique distinction of not making a single flop so far, at least in Hindi. He has directed four pictures during last six or seven years viz. *Bahar*, *Ladki*, *Pehli Jhalak* and *Bhai Bhai*. All the four pictures were big hits and it appears that *Bhai Bhai* will be the greatest of them all.

Now Raman has started on his own; and before he started the shooting he disposed of all the territories. It is also significant that while most of Vyjayantimala's pictures, not directed by Raman, have flopped with the notable exception of *Nagin* all her pictures directed by Raman have been hits.

Tall, squint-eyed, dark, M. V. Raman, born in 1913 is a graduate of the Madras University. What is more, he is a Registered Accountant.

But instead of becoming an accountant, he joined the films in 1936 and was groomed in all departments before he wielded the megaphone. In the beginning he directed only Tamil films, then with *Bahar* he started making Hindi pictures for A. V. M. and achieved success.

All his pictures have a pattern of their own—two concurrent threads of stories which were evident in *Bahar*—is now evident even in *Bhai Bhai*. Hence his pictures, the experts say, owe their success to the Raman-formula. Though Raman is now making an independent picture, he has as his principal assets the Vyjayantimala—Kishore pair, Rajendra Krishna's dialogue and lyrics and C. Ramchandra's music which will ensure his success as a producer.

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B.Sc. B.E., A.M.I.E. (India),
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25-6-1956.

THEATRE

MISS JANAKI

"MISS JANAKI" was staged by the Triplicane Fine Arts Club on the 16th and the 17th instants, at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore.

Mr. Kitta, who appeared as Muthuswami, a deaf comic character, possesses talent of a very high order. He is one of the best comedians on the amateur stage. He stole the show completely by his confident and disciplined acting.

Mr. N. S. Natarajan as Naganatha Iyer, Mr. Mani as Mani and Mr. Srinivasagopalan as Miss Janaki gave powerful and polished performances.

The latter half of the play was interesting. The earlier could have been made equally interesting by deleting certain unnecessary scenes and situations, and by avoiding the characters suddenly stepping down from realistic acting and breaking into soliloquy. Soliloquy is absolutely out of place in plays portraying

real life. Recently, in England, a famous Shakespearean actor who produced *Macbeth* avoided this defect by playing the soliloquy on the tape recorder which created the impression of thinking. When there is such a need to improve on even Shakespeare, can't we in India do without soliloquy—at least in realistic plays? —NILEN

(Continued from page 42)

Gathering all your certificates you gingerly crawl out of the room with the happy droop of a man who has scored a victory. You imagine that you have gained a day but—

But then you have suspected something dreadfully fishy in the very beginning.

For sheer mendacity it would be hard to find a parallel to the Selection Board. Nevertheless it is not a superfluity.

The Selection Board is perhaps the only institution that sustains human hope and provides the world with delicious day-dreams.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

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Full particulars can be had from the Station Masters concerned or from the Chief Commercial Superintendent, Southern Railway, Madras 3.

ON SELECTION BOARDS

By SUBHASH J. RELE

OF all the topsy-turvy things we are witnessing in the world at present perhaps the most topsy-turvy is what goes by the dignified name of Selection Board.

I wonder if anyone has ever delved deep into the origin of this distinguished institution. It is a fact with common knowledge that the Selection Board always lives apart and above the common rut. Without doubt it is the highest reward of modern civilization. You are assured that it has an incorruptible soul and its integrity like a woman's chastity is above suspicion.

And what a Day of Days it is when you have to appear before it. It is like starting on a new adventure en route to a big discovery. There is the eternal renewal of the spirit and the inexhaustible promise of the best that is still to come. You get yourself spick and span in your immaculate laundered suit.

You put on a brave face and, with an unconventional swagger and forced smile, walk surreptitiously into the sophisticated room. All at once you become the cynosure of malevolent eyes. For a while you feel like an animal caught in a cage. As you take your seat rather apprehensively you notice the Chairman, a big hulk of a man with a cherubic look and small alert eyes, seated in a luxurious chair behind an enormous table, strewn with paper-weights, rubber-stamps and other paraphernalia.

He asks you ridiculously elementary questions to which you answer in a certain breezy confident tone. Yet all the time you wonder whether he talks to you through his nose for, miraculously enough, he keeps his mouth tightly closed together. His swollen head keeps on leaning forward and backward dangerously like the Tower of Pisa, while his sharp upturned

nose and close-cropped hair gives him the look of impudent arrogance.

To his left you see a man with bulbed nose, faintly philosophical gazing at you through his rimless spectacles somehow giving you an impression of looking at you without actually seeing. To the other side is a man with dreamy eyes looking supremely sheepish, politely stifling his yawns.

It is impossible to maintain your pose and poise when members scrutinize your face rather awkwardly. Then a member who has been haughtily staring at you with his chin pushed forward asks you a particularly frivolous question on current politics. You attempt to blurt out something but words fail you when you most need them. Your mind and memory darts with nervous, sparrow-like movements, hither and thither. You wait for the heavens to fall. They do not fall. You look a perfect fool, and I am sure, feel it.

Now the bright-looking Chairman who has been astonishingly hospitable to you puts on an air of baffled comprehension. With eyes glued to some papers on the table he gives a sardonic smile, exposing his tobacco-stained teeth in the process. In rather husky voice you stutter something but the Chairman hears it with habitual stolidity if not with complete indifference.

Suddenly there ensues silence. An ominous, brooding, awful silence which chills you with the unknown joy of anticipation. Strange doubts and misgivings assail your mind. Your heart jumps to your mouth. The Chairman utters his inevitable judgement "We shall let you know" in his staccato Oxford English.

(Continued on page 41)

ON SUPERSTITION

By C. L. R. SASTRI

WE, Indians, are accused of being excessively superstitious, inordinately dependent upon mystic signs, esoteric rites, and all such *abracadabra*: on top of all of which old-fashioned junk, flotsam and jetsam of outworn creeds and forsaken faiths, we are alleged to be idolaters, naked and unashamed. The question naturally arises: What is superstition? Listen to Emerson:

"We boast of our emancipation from many superstitions, but if we have broken any idols it is through a transfer of the idolatry. What have I gained that I no longer immolate a bull to Gove or to Neptune, or a mouse to Hecate; that I do not tremble before the Eumenides, or the Catholic Purgatory, or the Calvinistic Judgment Day—if I quake at opinion, the public opinion as we call it, or the threat of assault or contumely, or bad neighbours, or poverty, or mutilation, or at the rumour of revolution, or murder? If I quake, what matters it what I quake at?"

That is the stuff to give them! Emerson, as usual, hits the nail on the head. The label of superstition may be attached to lots more things "than are dreamt of in our philosophies, Horatio!" And even in regard to the commoner matters, what fine shade of difference, I ask, is there between, say, my refusal to start on a journey on a particular day, or at a particular hour of a particular day, and the Westerners' at first sight equally cloth-headed refusal to form members of a party of thirteen, or to walk under a ladder, or to receive certain kinds of presents, or to do (or to refrain from doing) any one of the thousand and one things with which we have been made familiar

either through hearsay or through actual contact with them in the rough and tumble of day-to-day life? To my unsophisticated intelligence, at any rate, there seems to be none. In these matters we are all either equally foolish or equally wise: we are brothers and sisters under our skins, in fact.

The Difference

If there is a difference between our superstitions and those of our traducers it is, I think, mainly this. We make no bones, as the saying is, about our superstitions. We are completely above board in our dealings with them. We lay all our cards on the table. I shall go so far as to say that we wear our superstitions on our sleeves—"for daws to peck at". With the result that, as we know to our cost, "the daws" (in the shape of the Westerners) have not been slow to "peck" at them. There is, really, if one comes to think about it, an openness about our superstitions that is almost disarming. At all events, our superstitions do no harm to anybody. The superstitions of the Westerners are more subtle: there is more art in them. Certainly they—or some of them—are not on the surface: we have to delve "deeper than e'er plummet sounded" to locate them. They are everywhere—and that is why sometimes we are hard put to it to specify where they are. Our superstitions are, at best, localised: theirs envelop their lives completely. Emerson gave "a local habitation and a name" to them—as only he, with his wonderful percipience, could—in the passage I quoted above from his well-known essay on "Character". In a word, the Westerners

(God bless them!) are steeped in superstition: and, like the dyer's hand, are subdued to what they work in.

The Wisest Course

I take leave to suggest that there is no end to the fun each person can make of the other's superstitions. Just as it has been said that one man's meat is another man's poison, I may say that one man's superstition is another man's scepticism. The wisest course is to cultivate a healthy respect for the superstitions that we do not like or possess. In this matter we are all living in glass-houses and it is not for the likes of us to indulge in the vicious game of stone-throwing. The fact is that if certain ideas exert, or are permitted to exert, a strangle-hold upon us to the utter exclusion of others, to dominate our minds day and night to such an extent that to adapt Emerson's words in regard to Burns's songs,

"the wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them, nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires".

we are said to have a bee in our bonnets: in other words we have become a prey to superstition, we have become superstitious with respect to those ideas. My contention is that, in the larger sense of the term, we should not be ashamed of being superstitious: on the contrary, we should bend all the muscles of our will to attain to the *O altitudo!* Whatever we feel, we should strive to feel passionately, we should strive to feel in every fibre of our being, in every cell of our body and mind: we should boil over with enthusiasm. What is religion if it is not enthusiasm first and foremost? Even the Kingdom of Heaven, it has been vouchsafed, suffereth violence: your

lukewarm fellows, those whom Wordsworth characterized as being conscious of "the nicely calculated less or more", will not, I am certain, succeed in getting even near the gates of it, not to speak of entering them. In my connotation of the term superstition is nothing but enthusiasm; and enthusiasm is—or so I take it to be—eminently good.

There is this danger in scorning superstition that we never know where we shall fetch up in the end. As the saying is, in for a penny, in for a pound. Once we become a prey to this disease we do not pause in our feverish desire to question the validity of *everything* under the sun—from a lady's commerce with her looking-glass to man's intercourse with his Maker. As Browning puts it:

"To such a process I discern no end.
Cutting off one excrescence to see two:
There is ever a next in size, now grown
as big,
That meets the knife. I cut and cut
again;
First cut the Liquefaction, what comes
last
But Fichte's clever cut at God Him-
self?"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Prestige" calendar from the Director of Information and Publicity, Madras.

"Report of the Survey of Ghod Valley." A pilot plan for preventing scarcity and famine and for utilisation of land and water resources of river valleys in Bombay Deccan—Published by Maharashtra Central Famine Relief Committee, Poona. Rs. 4.

Buddha Jayanthi Number of Hindusthan Times, New Delhi. Re. 1.

The Ford 1955 Farm-Ranch-Home Almanac from U. S. I. S., Madras.

V. for Vinoba—B. R. Misra, Oriental Longmans. Rs. 3.

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.

D. M. K. As An Opposition Party

K. Narasimhamurthy in the course of a letter says:—

I disagree with your editorial (SWATANTRA dated 2-6-'56) on "The D. M. K. Party." The Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam has decided to contest the coming general elections. The decision is welcomed by you because it is an attempt to form an opposition to the Congress. None can deny the great need for an opposition party in India. But what is the kind of opposition that is wanted? Surely it is not opposition of every kind that can be welcomed.

Opposition party leaders should function on an All India basis, and should have the interests of the whole country at heart. They should never confine their activities to any particular region. Again they must have a strong organisation throughout the entire length and breadth of the country and should be in a position at any time of political crisis to form an alternative government.

The Communists stand nowhere in the picture. They have no idea of national interests. The Praja Socialists also are not strong enough. In spite of their broad out-look, they suffer from the lack of a strong organisation.

The case of Hindu Mahasabha needs no comment. It is purely confined to Northern parts and has no support in the South. Moreover it is devoted only to the Hindus, though in recent times they are also known to have admitted Muslims.

You condemn the Jan Sangh as communal. Is it merely because the party in power called it so? It has become the fashion to call anything communal which you dislike.

Anything that has a tendency to cause separation in the "Whole" of India, I assert, is communal. The D. M. K. is formed with the avowed object of achiev-

ing Dravida Nadu. It demands separation between the North and the South. The past history of the D. M. K. bears testimony to the above fact. It lacks organisation in the North. I am sure the Northerners will not welcome this party. How can the D. M. K. aspire to be an All India opposition party? To become that it must change its name, its interests and its outlook. It must serve the interests of the whole of India. Until these conditions are fulfilled, there is no hope of the D. M. K. becoming a national opposition.

(There is no doubt whatever that the Jan Sangh is a communal organisation. It draws its sustenance mainly from the Hindu Sabha and the R. S. S. although it is not identified with these two reactionary bodies. There is no chance whatever for the Jan Sangh to take root in South India where there is so little of religious fanaticism or of anti-Muslim feeling. There is a chance for the D. M. K. because it has deliberately curtailed its former communal character. It lays emphasis upon secularism which is sadly lacking in most other parties. But we agree with our correspondent that the D. M. K. has much lee way to make up before getting recognised as an Opposition party.—EDITOR)

Ban On Private Study

Sir,—In an article published in the SWATANTRA of 16th April 1955, the writer pointed out, with convincing reasons, the need and urgency for the removal of the ban on private study imposed by the Madras University, with a view to enable intelligent students who, for want of means or for other special causes, could not join recognised schools and colleges. The removal would help those who were obliged to enter public services with lower qualifications to qualify themselves for higher positions by passing higher University Examinations by private study.

Memorials were submitted to the Minister for Education, Madras, by the affected class of people, requesting the removal of the ban which has already been done by several universities in this country and elsewhere.

Some members of the legislature were requested to find out the action taken by Government by interpellations; but none

(Continued on page 47)



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