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ON THE COVER: Mr. Jayaprakash Narain.

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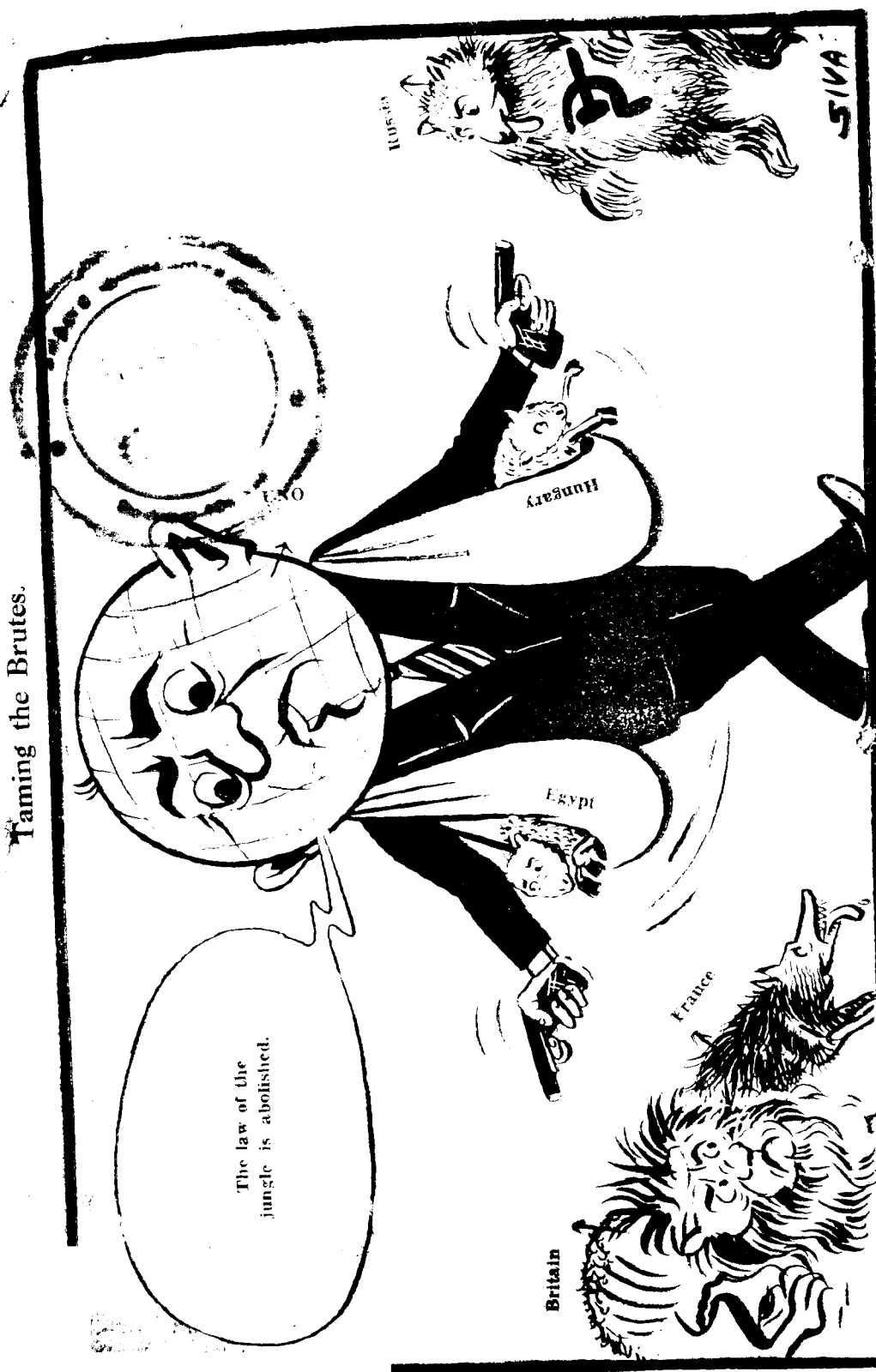
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S. KRISHNASWAMI,

Secretary.

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their dealings with

Taming the Brutes.



SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. DECEMBER 1 SATURDAY 1956 No. 44

THE DISASTER

THE Ariyalur railway disaster of last week was the worst that happened in South India and one of the worst that ever happened anywhere in the world. Our sympathies go out to the many friends and relations of the victims in their bereavement. It should be a consolation to them to know that the country shares their grief at the loss of their dear ones. The death roll has already mounted to 151 and an equal number have been injured. The tragedy has shaken public confidence in railway travel in South India. Such disasters have happened more often in the South than anywhere else in India. This is held to be a fresh evidence, if one were needed, of the utter negligence of the safety, health and welfare of the people of the South by the Central Government which looks only to the North for its sustenance.

As a sop to the mounting wave of public indignation against the inefficiency of our Railways, the Railway Minister, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, has resigned and his resignation has been accepted. But the Prime Minister has stated that the object behind the resignation was to send him out only "for the time being" since the resignation was needed "in the interests of the party, the Government, the country and Mr. Shastri himself." The Prime Minister would have reflected public opinion more correctly if he had omitted to mention "the country" in the list of interests he enumerated for whose sake the drama of the resignation was enacted. Quite obviously Mr. Shastri has by his gesture saved

the face of his party and that of the Government. Of course, he has saved his own face. The country does not come in the picture at all—it scarcely counts.

The Prime Minister paid glowing tributes to his departing colleague both in Parliament and at the party meeting. The resigning Minister has been assured that he would be re-instated probably in a more cushy job. Encomiums have been showered upon him from all sides. It appears as though the railway disaster has put up a shining aura around the head of the Railway Minister. Other ministers would envy him his luck and would wish that similar disasters happened in their departments which would help to enhance their depleted glory. The drama of the resignation is for the consumption of illiterate masses of this country who do not understand the inwardness of the event and who do not read the newspaper reports of the Prime Minister's speech explaining its real meaning.

The villain of the piece who emerged out of the debate on the Railway disaster in Parliament was the Class IV Railway servant, who was said to be pampered by the administration. We are not sure whether this humble class of workers who do the multitudinous menial jobs so essential for running the railways and keeping them in proper repair should be thus condemned and quartered for the benefit of the pampered M. P.s who draw sumptuous allowances and salaries and who enjoy the benefit of free first class travel on the railway—contribute materially to them by into their undecided. What— their dealings with

of toil and responsibility carried by the much maligned Class IV employees.

It is regrettable that no serious attempt was made during the debate in Parliament to assess the enormity of the disaster against the background of general inefficiency in the Railways. Not only are the bridges unsafe and the permanent ways damaged but there is such a lot of repairs and rebuilding necessary at the stations before the safety and the comfort of the travelling public can be reasonably assured. Above all, the spirit of the entire administration, and not merely of the Class IV servant, should be radically changed so as to instil in them the feeling that they should look upon themselves as servants of the public and not as masters and exploiters of the public. The many hardships and inconveniences caused to the railway users may all be traced to this lack of the proper spirit on the part of railway servants rather than to the lack of amenities.

The booking counters are kept closed for a long time and the booking clerk is sitting idle inside. Just a few minutes before the arrival of the train the shutters are opened and there is a rush and melee at the counter for the purchase of tickets which could have been

avoided by a little more consideration on the part of the booking clerk for the convenience of the public. Such utter lack of sympathy for the sufferings of others is the cause of the more malignant maladies of theft and sabotage which disfigure the railway administration. The Deputy Minister for Railways admitted in Parliament the other day that a consignment of mangoes intended for him arrived with a few stones inside the bundle. The Deputy Minister treated the matter as a joke and the House laughed with him. But it is the spirit responsible for that act of petty theft which evoked the laughter of Hon'ble members which has grown unchecked and has ripened into those acts of neglect and sabotage which have caused disasters like the one at Ariyalur last week.

The Government have ordered a judicial enquiry into the causes of the disaster. Let us hope the Enquiry Commission will go into the real causes behind the disaster and will not be satisfied with finding scapegoats among the individual gangmen and the coolies and other Class IV servants who may be technically responsible for the failures leading up to this particular tragedy but whose criminal apathy and indifference can be traced to the general deterioration in character that has eaten into the vitals of railway administration.

SIDELIGHTS ::

CRACKS are visible in both the power blocs which till the other day divided up the whole of the world between themselves. There is no doubt whatever that the US is entirely out of sympathy with her Anglo-French allies of the Western power bloc. Not only has President Eisenhower turned down the request of the British and French Foreign Ministers to meet in person but he has also refused to supply the much needed

oil to run the essential industries in Britain and France unless these two powers summarily withdrew their forces from Egypt, which they could not do without loss of face. It is doubtful whether the Commonwealth will survive the crisis. Unless the Soviet Union makes serious tactical mistakes at the present moment by untimely exhibitions of her own aggressive policies and thereby puts new life into the NATO, the chances are

that the Atlantic power bloc will gradually disintegrate.

What is happening to the Communist power bloc is not quite so easy to determine. The Krushchev attempt to bring the Communist doctrine of Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism up-to-date by dropping the last word of the trinity has set in motion a kind of chain reaction among the many national sections of the Communist Party which cannot any longer be controlled from Moscow. The immediate objective that Krushchev had in view when he made his speech at the 20th Congress of his party was to mollify critics of communism who asserted that the doctrine was an imposition from Moscow and the national sections were just puppets who danced to the tune called out by the Moscow leaders. Krushchev wanted to pretend that after the death of Stalin the party gained a new freedom which would accrue to all its national sections who would thereafter be free to mould their destinies in the light of their own knowledge and in conformity with their own histories. But this was just a pretence and Krushchev was quite unwilling, even as Stalin before him was unwilling, to accord real freedom to subordinate sections of the Communist hierarchy. It was not Krushchev's fault that certain East European countries took his words at their face value and began to act with such disastrous results as those that happened in Hungary. By the spectacular exercise of Soviet armed might Krushchev has somewhat retrieved the military position in Hungary but has lost the propaganda objective he posed in his speech at the 20th Congress. It is doubtful whether the military position can altogether be saved for Russia even if she openly gives up the new objective as impossible of achievement. If the UNO succeeds in getting its observers planted at Budapest, the position

would indeed be precarious for the puppet Government that Kadar leads. But if, on the other hand, Kadar refuses to admit UN observers into Hungary he would thereby antagonise world opinion and would set in motion the UN machinery which is bound to act in some form or other against the Communist power bloc and Russia will be faced with the alternative of either losing her Hungarian satellite or facing a world war. Neither of the alternatives is palatable to her at the present moment.

The crack in the Soviet power bloc is visible from another quarter. One of the ambitions of Krushchev when he made his famous speech at the 20th Congress was to bring back the rebel Tito to the true fold of communism by setting up the canard that Titoism was really a kind of protestant communism and that after Stalin the entire Soviet Union was jumping into the new camp of the protestants. It was in pursuance of this objective that Krushchev went to Yugoslavia and after a preliminary wooing of Tito at Brioni brought him to Moscow for a gala wedding ceremony. It is the sounding of the wedding bells that excited the feelings of Gomulka in Poland. He was managed with some tact and kept within the Communist fold. But Imre Nagy of Hungary went wild with passion and embraced the non-Communist elements. The Russians in their anger now accuse Tito of upsetting their apple-cart. But Tito explains in self-defence that he is essentially a Communist though he was an anti-Stalinist and that he intended his fellow Communists to go only so far as anti-Stalinism but not any further. He pleads that he is not responsible for the entire giving up of the communist doctrine by the Hungarians. Whether the Russians will accept this explanation by Tito and take him back into their fold or not is still undecided. Whatever they do in their dealings with

Tito, their hands are already too full in Hungary and they seem not to have made up their mind yet as to what they should do with Imre Nagy whom they whisked away from the Yugoslav embassy under a false pretext.

Mr. Jayaprakash Narain has made the journey from "Socialism to Sarvodaya." He has published a book describing the incidents he experienced in his journey. He has frankly confessed that most socialists like Pandit Nehru who nationalise industries are thereby establishing not socialism at all but only state capitalism. Real Socialism, according to Mr. Jayaprakash Narain, involves the establishment of economic democracy where workers are the real managers and where the transfer of ownership from the individual to society is effected with the consent of the owner and without the exercise of coercion in any form. Mr. Narain goes further and says that under socialism the State which is an instrument of coercion has got to wither away and will have ultimately to disappear. Whether this kind of Utopian socialism can ever be established with the consent of the owners of wealth and without the exercise of force, and even if it is so established at some time whether it will endure as an industrial democracy where the worker will be the manager, is problematical. Taking human nature as we find it, and it has not changed through the many thousands of years of human history, we have to arrive at the unpalatable conclusion that the ideals visualised by Mr. Narain are not capable of practical achievement. All politics is based on human nature as it exists before our eyes with all its imperfections. Mr. Narain proposes to change human nature. Such attempts have been made in the past by men of religion who have invariably failed and the enormous wealth of the temples and the mutts side by side of the grinding

poverty of the masses is a living witness to their failures. If by Sarvodaya Mr. Narain means only an attempt to change human nature there is nothing novel about it and it will meet the same fate as similar attempts made in the past. Mr. Narain seems to be involved in a hopeless muddle of religion and politics. He is wasting his life in a quagmire. We wish, for his sake as well as for that of the country, that he will get out of it.

The word "police action" used by Sir Anthony Eden to defend his brutal aggression in Egypt seems to have whetted the appetite of the Pakistan Government. If the unprovoked Anglo-French attack on Egypt could bring into being an international police force to guard the Suez Canal, so argue the Pakistani imitators of the Eden strategy, a similar aggression by Pakistan in Kashmir territory would also bring into being an international police force to guard the Indo-Pakistani frontiers and ultimately to conduct a plebiscite in Kashmir under UN auspices. Mr. I. I. Chudrigar, the Muslim League leader of the Opposition in the Pakistan Parliament, has thrown out this suggestion, and the London correspondent of the *Dawn* has explained the idea further. It appears that American sabre jet planes lent to Pakistan under the Pact with the U.S. are no longer conducting their exercises over their Karachi base and are presumed to be operating on the Kashmir frontier. Although America has assured India that U.S. arms supplied to Pakistan would not be permitted to be used against India, it is pointed out by the Pakistanis that Britain and France used with impunity NATO military supplies from the U. S. in their recent attack on Egypt. Moreover, since Pakistan does not concede that Kashmir is part of India, she might argue that her use of American planes in Kashmir may not amount to an attack on India. Frantic attempts are

(Continued on next page)

IS ASTROLOGY A SCIENCE?

By R. C. SEKHAR

IS Astrology a science? A prominent scientist from Madras with whom I was discussing this question the other day thought that it was. He, however, called it an empirical science, by which he meant that its origin and its development till now depended not upon a clear understanding of its physical basis but only upon a statistical analysis of a large number of cases. This has become the stock defence of all the intellectual apologists of Astrology and its analogous 'sciences'; and the extent to which these 'sciences' are believed by the intellectual classes of our country is really astonishing. It is, however, good that it is less usual for them now to invoke some theory of a divine origin or Cosmic Metaphysics because the scientific attitude is spreading among them though only slowly.

But one must beware of these 'empirical sciences.' Shaw in his *Doctor's Dilemma* tells us of a statistician who proceeded to study the relationship between top-hats and the incidence of tuberculosis and finding that there was a correlation between the non-wearing of top-hats and the incidence of tuberculosis

came to the preposterous conclusion that top-hats cured tuberculosis! Shaw's poor statistician studied only one such correlation, but the astrologers, if they had indeed undertaken the laborious process of statistical analysis, must have been in the danger of committing many more such mistakes because they must have worked many more such correlations.

Predictions, however, do not follow from a direct application of these worked out correlations. They involve the calculation of the resultant of various factors, and this must be a very complicated process especially because the astrologers claim to predict the details of the individual's future.

Empirical Science

Meteorological predictions too involve this balancing of various factors, only the factors are infinitesimally less in number and these are known clearly from an understanding of the physical processes involved. But then meteorologists do not claim to predict in great detail for the distant future. The utmost they do, is to forecast for a period of 72 hours in a very general way and even for this the balancing of the various factors is done not by a human brain but by an electronic brain. Do our astrologers claim to have quicker brains than the electronic computer? I wish they had, or they would not be hanging about the credulous rich trying to curry their favour and they would be able to earn phenomenal amounts by replacing the electronic computers.

All these arguments are only intended to show that if indeed Astrology developed as an 'empirical science' the difficulties it faced must have proved insurmountable. Of course these problems have no rele-

(Continued from previous page)

being made by the Pakistan delegation at the UNO to raise the Kashmir issue and press for the immediate holding of a plebiscite under UN auspices. Nothing will be decided at the UN until the forthcoming meeting of India's Prime Minister with the American President. But it is better that the Indian public is warned of the danger ahead and the Government of India prepare themselves for all eventualities.

— SETHU

vance if it were all a hocus-pocus and if the refashioning of theory were not consequent upon a constant checking and re-checking with what really happened but was governed only by the 'wisdom' of the theoreticians. And that is exactly what it is.

The earliest astrological aphorisms ran like this: The Sun in constellation Taurus is an omen of well-being, because the river would rise and fertilise the crops. On the banks of the Tigris this astrological aphorism was not without a physical basis. By some materialistic cause and effect relationship, the Sun being in the constellation Taurus may coincide with the rising of the Tigris. That is the origin of man's first belief in the Heavens portending earthly happenings. Such aphorisms had much in common with genuine science comprehending though in a confused way the real processes of Nature. All this was before there evolved autocratic governments on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates. With the development of these autocracies, also grew the leisured priestly classes whose education was divorced from labour. It is these priests sitting inside their temples, far from the mad-ding crowd, that took Astrology away from the method of science and began "to note and catalogue hundreds of minute particulars in the Heavens each with its associations." True with all the leisure at their disposal they acquired a very amazing knowledge of the Heavens, but how could they ever correlate it to earthly happenings when they did not know the earth properly! Nevertheless they could bamboozle the general populace into a belief of their pseudo-science with the help of their powers to predict astronomical happenings. It is from this corpus of 'astrological knowledge' that grew all its later elaborations.

Enemies of Astrology

Powerful personalities have not been wanting in History who sought

to fight Astrology out of existence. Isaiah of Babylon who hurled his terrible diatribes against the astrologers, Cicero, the Roman orator, Savanarola, who harangued the congregations of Florence, Jonathan Swift, the satirist, have all tried their hands at it. The Buddha himself, the legends say, was not favourably inclined towards astrologers. But it has all been a futile battle against them as astrologers are still going strong. The point is to find out why.

Astrology is never likely to lose its appeal until man is completely secure in his environment, until he feels that he is not being jostled about by something which he is unable to understand. Maybe that in the educated classes a knowledge of the sciences has very much mitigated this feeling of helplessness. But then, there is the social environment; unemployment and war are sufficient to tell upon naive individuals and force them into the arms of some form of escapism like Astrology. That is why, as Rostovtzeff, the historian of Ancient Greece, has pointed out, belief in Astrology very much increased in Greece in the later part of the 4th century B.C. consequent upon the break-down of its bourgeois economy. It is also a well known fact that Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy saw an increased belief in Astrology. In our country apart from other things Astrology is very much consulted before marriages are arranged. This is obviously necessary in our society where marriages are settled by parents and the only way "to find out" the suitability of the partners concerned has to be through Astrology. Again a case of improper social relationship.

Only as we evolve, to use Fredric Engels' expression, from 'the pre-historic to the historic' times, when we can be in complete control of our social environment can we hope the people to be weaned away at last from the occult 'sciences.'

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ALGERIA CRIES FOR FREEDOM

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

CAIRO: The drumbeats in Algeria are reverberating across North Africa, the Middle East and all over the Arab World. As I write this article I can hear the shouts of a mass of ten thousand Arabs marching through the streets and calling to end the agony of Algeria. And across the borders, there in Algeria, death stalks in the snow-capped mountains and sandy deserts which begin from nowhere and end nowhere and the agonized cry goes on from the hungry fighters: "Vengeance for the kidnapped leaders!", "Vengeance for the murders!", "We want freedom from the French!"

Not long before Ben Bella, the top-most leader of Algeria's freedom fight and the so-called Commander-in-Chief of the Liberation Army in Algeria, had left for Rabat only to be kidnapped mid-air while he was proceeding with four other top Algerian leaders for peace talks with the monarchs of Morocco and Tunisia, he had told me, "We fight for our freedom just as you had fought for your freedom in India and we shall win our freedom just as you have won."

I met Ben Bella twice—once in the Headquarters of the Algerian Nationals in Cairo at Sherif Pasha Street and then again at a cafe on the River Nile. In all I have talked to him for about four hours. Tall, stout, handsome, and of a noble bearing, he struck me to be a very remarkable man, a man of destiny. He is one of the most striking men I have met in the Middle East and it took me some time to return to my bearing to see the published pictures of his being handcuffed and pushed around under arrest by the French.

His arrest along with that of four of his comrades has swept North Africa and the Arab world into an unrest which has become a war. The agony of Algeria has spread not only in North Africa but across the whole mass of a land from the Atlantic Coast to the Persian Gulf.

In Algeria itself, it is not possible to know who is fighting the war. The fight goes on from bitter sands and snow-capped mountains—out of nowhere to everywhere. "We would like to fight in the open", an Algerian fighter told me, "but you can easily understand the fate of any open fight against a highly equipped and mobilized quarter million French troops."

The strength of the Algerian Liberation Army is estimated at about 15,000 chosen young Algerians. Picked men, they are vowed to die in fighting. "We can die only once" Ben Bella had told me, "so let us die fighting for the liberation of our country."

The Arab World's Support

And in the meanwhile France's Socialist Premier says: "Without Algeria France would have no more than the reflection, each day fainter of her old grandeur." The French Government is holding Algeria for its "grandeur" but the Algerians are fighting for their bread, for the honour to live as human beings, for freedom. They say, "We can lose three wars, we can lose twenty wars, but France can lose only one here."

And this war is a bitter war—a war against heavy odds. But they are not alone in this battle. The Arab World is behind them. That is why I have heard echoes of their fight in all the lands from Baghdad to Cairo, from Jerusalem to Damascus, from Tehran to Beirut. Everywhere I have seen

mass meetings, demonstrations, and collections for funds to fight this battle for freedom. A few weeks ago I saw in Damascus alone the Syrians had collected for the Algerians a fund of about a million Syrian pounds. Many thousand European tourists who had come to visit the Damas International Fair had donated liberally to the Algerian Fund!

The hour of reckoning is at hand. The tide of Arab nationalism is tremendous. It has to be witnessed to be believed. "The Arab World" France's great Arabist Marshal Lyautey once observed, "is like a giant drum; tap one side and it reverberates all over."

France's colonial Africa once—not very long ago—stretched from Morocco to Algeria and then to Tunisia. Arab bullets and stones have rocked the foundation stone of that Empire. Today, Morocco and Tunisia somewhat free but Algeria, much richer than the two, much vaster than the two combined and very much older under slavery, is writhing under a terrific oppression of machine guns, the same oppression of the French Colonial Empire once witnessed by Syria and Lebanon. The people of Damascus told me that they shall never forget the bombings of their unarmed city by the French rulers! I saw with my own eyes the ghastly gaps that still show in the walls and roofs of houses in Damascus. It is terrible to look at but more terrible to think of an open undefended city being bombed and machine-gunned from the sky—and think of it, there was no war on!

When the moderates in Algeria were trying to negotiate with the French they were ignored and insulted by their rulers. The French were not willing to barter even with a "home-rule" that they were demanding then. One of the moderates, a Deputy in the French National Assembly, had then said: "We Arabs have lost confidence. We are more and more persuaded that violence

pays. We saw proof . . . now the blood must flow, more and more . . ."

And today, according to the same Deputy, the "moderates make no pretence of being able to control the (Algerian) people . . . 95 per cent of them are controlled by nationalist fighters."

In Algeria, France rules a land four times her own size. "A metropolitan part of France," Algeria is given to "elect" thirty Deputies for the National Assembly in Paris whereas according to the French "metropolitan" rule she should have seats for one hundred and twenty five Deputies. But they know what the result would then be. And yet France says Algerians are brother "French Nationals." How these French Nationals are treated by France can be well imagined when we know that till 1952 the Government of France did not even spend one franc for the education of the Algerians and that they have ruled Algeria for one hundred and twenty five years!

Mollet's Subtle Diplomacy

Every mode of revenue in Algeria, every inch of profitable land in Algeria, every bank, utility, mine . . . is under the control of the French. And even the 1,300,000 tons of wine that Algeria makes, goes straight to France alone and not a drop is kept in Algeria for their French national brothers as the Algerians are fondly called!

The French socialist Premier, Mollet, tells the Algerians: "I know your immense distress. I recognise your national misery but I know that you suffer still more from injustice. You suffer in your dignity as men." And then to the French settlers in Algeria, who number one million he says in the same breath, "France shall fight to remain in Algeria."

And thus the fight goes on. A quarter million French armed-to-the-teeth soldiers (the bulk of the French army from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization of which United King-

dom and the United States of America are also members; are fighting 15,000 ill-equipped and hungry Algerians. And yet the fight is nowhere near the end. The leaders of this Liberation Army know that to kill a French individual is not worth the game. They, therefore, avoid attacking individuals. Their main aim is concentrated on military targets which are more dangerous and difficult but, as a top Algerian fighter told me, "Destroying a military target is more useful and pays a thousand time more."

Fighting in Algeria, an eyewitness report says, is like fighting shadows. Mountain hides ambush French convoys. They emerge from shadows at night and strike swiftly by day. They are everywhere and nowhere, never standing still, never offering a fixed target.

Arms From Abroad

The nationalist army gets its arms, according to French military intelligence, from many sources. These reports say that the Algerians get their supply of ammunitions across both the borders, from Spanish Morocco, Libya and Tunisia. The French say that most of the captured ammunitions bear British marks. On the captured ammunitions the French have also found Canadian and Belgian marks. The British Arms, these sources say, come mainly from the dumps in Egypt and Iraq. Captured arms also have shown that a huge quantity of them is French. These are captured by Algerian fighters from the French military depots themselves. This is one reason why the Algerian nationalists prefer to swoop at army concentrations.

To fight a highly organized and mobile French Army, the Algerian Nationalists know, is not a joke. It requires astute planning and a masterful director. Ben Bella, the Algerian Commander-in-Chief, is a vete-

ran from the French Army itself who fought with great distinction (and decorated with the highest honours by French Government) alongside the French in Italy under Marshal Alphonse Juin.

According to French Military intelligence this "rebel army" under Ben Bella "tries to organize in units of eleven men. Each of these units of eleven men is supposed to have one Bren gun, one Thompson automatic, and nine rifles. Out of every ten rifles we have taken, perhaps eight are British 303s. The others are Canadian or Belgian. The French Intelligence have never reported Russian ammunitions though some Western newsmen have said so.

"Win or Starve"

These highly organized Algerian fighters are from families of landless farmers, or hired workers, and they know what hunger is. A revolution leader says of them, "To them the revolution they are fighting isn't simply a matter of national independence, though that is big in our minds. It is a matter of changing a system that is quite incapable of supporting and feeding our people. We have one of the highest birth rates—two hundred thousand more Algerians every year to feed and eventually find work for. The French can't do this. No colonial system can do it. We will win or we will starve. And we will win."

When I saw Ben Bella last he was in high spirits, sure of Algerian victory. From the boat cafe on River Nile where we sat we could see the huge neon signs of a call for freedom. Looking at it Ben Bella told me, "You see, when I used to go to Paris I liked the French people. I still like them much. It is these people who have taught me: 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity' and I am grateful that France has shown me my way."

That was the last time Ben Bella had spoken to me.

THE ART OF LIVING

By KONGOT

THINK what you will over the question whether living is an art or whether there is any art in living at all and if so whether it is a fine art or not. The very fact that I have chosen to write upon 'the art of living' shows that I hold there is something artistic in the act of living. May be it is latent in some and in other, blatant. I will not hesitate to wage a wordy warfare to establish the fact that that is the alpha of all known arts: I cannot conceive an art which has not sprouted from the main root that the art of living is.

As the Lord hath said in the *Gita* the art of living is a string through which the pearls of all other arts are passed and fastened. If you are still confused, I shall try to confound you further with the rhetoric of a dry as dust *vedantin* that the art of living like God, 'is' and at the same time 'is not'; everywhere but nowhere; naught and yet aught; aye and simultaneously nay.

The art of living is quite different from and independent of all other arts which are only hangers-on to it. How? Let me explain:

One may mumble a few syllables from a platform to a dozen passers-by who stop to have a look at him, and the next day you read the inspiring *speech* delivered by so and so to a gathering of not less than a lakh and half. That is the art of living! The art of speaking !!

Another one who is not quite sure whether it is Ravi Varma's *Kirtans* or Thyagaraja's Pictures, is an authority on 'ragas' though the only raga he knows may be 'anuraga'. He sits in judgement of painting!

Living varies. One lives because he has a life to live; another, to make his life living; a third one lives lest no one else should live and one in a million lives to let others live, a case of 'Sambhavami yugae yugae'.

In his enthusiasm to teach others the art of living, poor Jesus met with his own crucifixion. If only Gandhiji had an inkling of the art of such living as is lived by his loyal chelas of today, the Mahatma could have easily changed his hermitage at Sevagram for the Rashtrapathi Bhavan at Delhi. That art of living was unknown to him, the holy Gururji travelled in third class; his devotees accompany him in saloons and Dakotas. He drank goat's milk; some of them swim in "White Horse". He lived on the earth, amidst the masses; his legal descendants soar above the clouds. He performed; they too perform, but with vapour in their mouths.

This, I would always say of Gandhi with my head bowed before him: that qualified as a barrister, opportunities arrayed all around him to fatten his bank balances; to appoint all his kith and kin, boys and butlers in Government service; to receive rose garlands in thousands; to eat free *sappad* wherever he goes and receive colossal T.A.; to remain outside the beloved mother country all the three hundred and sixty five days of the year in the name of cultural delegations, goodwill missions, study tours, thousand and one other accursed conferences and myriads of other opportunities to exhaust and exploit the exchequer built upon the sweat of the brows of the tolling masses... for self-aggrandisement, he knew not the simple art of living.

Gandhiji doggedly stuck to his principles so that his followers may damnably be unscrupulous. He spoke only truth and nothing but the truth: so much truth that a Congress man recently told me that the stock of truth has been exhausted by him and his followers are only left with the inexhaustible fund of lies. Gandhiji abhorred violence under any circumstances and after him no circumstance has cropped up which warranted non-violence. Anyway, the leader's ignorance of the basic art of living became the soul-craft of living for the led.

On the economic plane his descendants today stand torn in twain, one enjoying pelf and power—call them *Bhogis* if you like—and the other wearing the badge of *Thyagis*. The *Thyagis* are struggling to become *Bhogis* because they are still *Thyagis*. Oh! Inscrutable are the ways of stupidity, absurdity and the *Thyagis*!

To Gandhiji like all great men, living was only a means to an end. He never thought 'after me, the deluge'. There was no hallucination with him that he should live for a decade or two more if the nation were not to go to smithereens. But those who have borrowed his cap!

His name today is an 'open sesame' for all kinds of social, political and ethical robbers. Impetuosity, indifference, incompetence, intolerance, crudity, all are defended under the pious name of Gandhism.

The stalwart structure of nationalism that was shaped by the Mahatma around the *sanctum sanctorum* of humanism and universalism has under the stewardship of his colleagues simply collapsed. The main artery of nascent nationalism has now branched off into a thousand capillaries of linguism, parochialism, make-hay-while-the-sun-shine-ism, sectarianism, separatism, antagonism, all carrying very bad blood in them.

If the psuedo-Gandhism prevalent in our times were to endure for a few

scores of years more—*Deus avertat!*—and were the posterity of those distant days to be told by the legatees of the present inheritors that what they then find in the country and in the government is applied Gandhism, I fancy our grand-grand-children may rather build a temple for and apotheosise the historic idiot Nataraj Godse.

Some say that the art of living is more inherited and often inherent than cultivated or affected. I remember a certain quill-driver in a government office one day roaring with uncontrollable laughter when his officer casually remarked that the day was a little sultry; more laughter when the boss said that his abdomen was rumbling. Honest-to-god chaps like you and me may ask what is there in those dull words to evoke laughter. Well, we don't know the art of living. The puffed-up boss passed a benevolent smile at being gratified that his words impregnated with wit and humour were appreciated by his cringing subordinate, whose name, it was since gathered, has been recommended for some promotion. The same under-dog once burst out with a Malampuzha of tears when the same boss had a slightly running nose.

Another youngster I know of is an Inspector of whom one could always see every morning coming from the market with a maximum head-load of vegetables, fish etc. for his chief. While the same inspector would push aside his own children when they approach him, he passionately caresses the kids of his boss in such an apparent parental affection that would put to shame the real parents themselves.

Next one is again another in the community of the public servants. When he could sit stiff like a stupid philosopher watching his wife afflicted with some pain somewhere, he suddenly becomes all frantic and panicky when Mrs. Boss just sneezes. In his anxiety he would even suggest a

surgical operation on her throat and thus also let out the fool and ignorance of physiology in him. Art of living, friends, art of living!

If you shun this kind of art of living and like to mind your own business, get out of this land. If you are outspoken, resign your job. If you are suffering from honesty and integrity pack off to Rishikesh! If you want to live mortgage your self; say good-bye to your commonsense and excommunicate your conscience.

The Constitution allows us a great amount of freedom of expression. But how microscopically a few could enjoy that constitutional provision without the risk of their own damnation? Of course, I ask this question with the government servants in view, from the peon to the personal assistant. Instances are heard of good government servants transferred or otherwise penalised, being alleged as 'not realistic', 'theoretical', 'not adaptable', 'who did not know to trim the sail according to the wind', 'very strict', 'unaccommodative' and similar other epithets used by the superior authority to damn their subordinates who refused or whose only offence was that they persisted to obey a Government order, instruction or regulation; who refused to play second-fiddle to their higher-ups; who did not, in short, know the art of living that is the bane of the day.

Even in the acme of their artistic avocation, mere arts alone have not helped the artists to keep the wolf from their doors. And the phenomenon is that genuine artists and great men are always notoriously indifferent to the art of living as is understood, practised and compulsory in these days. The result is eternal damnation to themselves.

I have always wondered why our neo-Gandhian leaders have not apportioned as much accent to the art of living as the economists have done to the standard of living.

Should the habit of cringing, wire-pulling, boot-licking, the 'crow-catching' the main undercurrents in the whole gamut of administrative course continue? Should back-door tactics prevail? Should truants triumph? Should frankness be frowned upon?

I should think that the craft of living now virulent among us is a freedom-gift from those at the top. What is it if it is not this despicable art of living that makes a leader jump from the Congress to socialist and thence to communist camps and again make a right-about-turn to the original fold? Again, is it not the art of living that is manifested in all its nakedness when one stands cheek by jowl with a rank notorious communalist here now and with a top ranking Congress man there?

Another art of living is Voting—Living at least one day after a long spell of five years of squalid poverty, slum life, starvation, destitution, and unnoticed-of-existence. On that quinquennial red letter day, one suddenly springs up before you at your feet, solicitous from head to foot, carrying to you not a 'square' meal but an 'octagonal' meal as one of my friends used to mock at the phrase. Imagine my surprise when I saw an old man of over seventy nine with a shirt reaching three inches up his ankles and both hands completely submerged, put on him for the first time in his life! That first time was on the eve of the last general elections!! Art of living, Reader!!! People say that many fathers got boys for their otherwise-destined-to-spinsterhood-daughters through their votes in the last elections...

The Census Commissioner for India tells us, basing on the experience of the period 1921 to 1951, that the population in India will reach a figure of 41 crores in 1961, 46 crores in 1971 and 52 crores in 1981. And aghast I sit here, wondering what would be the nature of the art of living of the 52 crores in 1981!

THE PEASANT IN CHINA

By C. M. CHANG

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COMMUNIST China is now imitating Stalin's collectivization drive of 1929. And she is doing this without the advantages Stalin had when he began to cast Russia's agriculture into a new collective pattern. In Russia, the peasants had grown relatively prosperous during the 1920s. It was Stalin's aim, first, to wipe out some 5 million of the more prosperous and independent peasants—the so-called *kulaks*—who formed a core of latent opposition to Communism, and, second, to force the rest into an organizational framework which the Kremlin could more easily control. In China, the "land reform" was completed only a few years ago, and the peasants, with their tiny plots of land, have not yet been able to produce enough to meet the Government's exactions. In Russia, the economic objectives behind the collectivization drive were to increase agricultural production and shift several million farm hands into rapidly expanding industry. In China, agricultural production cannot be appreciably increased under the collective system, and there is no need to shift farm labour to factories. In Russia, large-scale tractor production accompanied the collectivization programme, and the new *kolkhozes* were equipped with modern farm machinery. In China, the collectivized farms will have to get along for some time without any mechanization, for the industrialization programme has been unable to keep pace with collectivization.

Collectivization—An Article Of Faith

It is hard to see what economic advantages Mao Tse-tung hopes to derive from collectivization. His motivation is obviously more politi-

cal than economic. In the first place, collectivization is an article of Communist faith. Since the Soviet Union has already carried it out, China must follow Moscow's "shining example" at all costs. In the second place, the hundreds of millions of peasants, who are by no means satisfied with their present lot, must be more tightly controlled. The collective system has proved its worth as a means of control.

The collectivization drive has been both expensive and bloody. But no obstacle, however formidable, can stop the Communist planners. Indeed, the very magnitude of the obstacles means that the pace must be accelerated, and harsher and still harsher methods will be employed. The Soviet experience is considered relevant to the Chinese situation. Collectivization is, in Communist thinking, the prerequisite for socialist transformation. And, in the present world situation, China must complete the process of socialist transformation in a hurry.

As for Mao's reliance on the peasantry as a revolutionary force, the following things should be said:

Though he relied on the peasants to fight his wars, Mao never regarded them as the main force of the revolution. This was always the proletariat as represented by the Communist Party. The peasants were merely allies of the proletariat. The situation in which the Communists found themselves after the 1927 debacle was analogous to the first phase of the Russian revolution (from 1903 to the March revolution in 1917), in which, according to Lenin, "the proletariat must push the democratic revolution through to an end, inducing the mass of the peasantry to join forces with the workers in order

to break the power of the autocracy and to overcome the vacillations of the bourgeoisie."

Party Has Replaced Proletariat

If the main force of the revolution had been the peasantry, the Communist Party would have become a peasant party. This has never been the case. As soon as the Communists fought their way back to the cities, they lost no time in giving the industrial workers a prominent place in their regime. "The people's democratic dictatorship" established in 1949 is described as "led by the working class, based on the alliance of workers and peasants." This, however, does not mean that the industrial workers are in actual control; their pre-eminence is only theoretical. In practice, as in other Communist countries, the Party has replaced the proletariat and is invested with the historic mission.

Mao was no peasant-lover. He was a "military first" man who believed that, in a semi-colonial country like China, the possession of military strength was the first prerequisite for the capture of power. "In China," he wrote in 1938, "the main form of struggle is war and the main form of organization is the army. Other forms, like mass organization and mass struggle, are extremely important and definitely indispensable and must not be overlooked, but they are for the sake of war." He was fond of quoting Stalin's dictum: "In China, armed revolution is fighting armed counter-revolution." The organization of peasant associations, the "land reform," and various forms of mass movement—these were not ends in themselves, but were all "for the sake of war."

Mao's Peasant Army

Once Mao decided that he must have an army in order to achieve power, he looked to the peasant to supply him with the manpower. In

China, all armies are peasant armies. The armies of the old-time warlords were peasant armies. So were the armies of the National Government. The Communist armies were not very different in kind, except that they were provided with the Marxist ideology.

The idea of bringing the peasantry actively into the revolution in colonial and semi-colonial countries started not with Mao Tse-tung but with Lenin. In the Russian revolution, Lenin perceived that the peasant's hunger for land was a great revolutionary force to which he could appeal. The Bolsheviks were swept into power on the slogan of "Land, bread and peace." If this tactic proved effective in Russia, how much more effective it would be in the far more backward countries of Asia where the industrial proletariat was non-existent or politically immature and where millions of peasants were ready to revolt.

Confiscation And Violence

Mao's so-called formula for success—the possession of a peasant army and a territorial base on which to operate—was, of course, not a new invention. It was the traditional Chinese way of achieving political power. In the old days, this was known as "taking up the stick," i.e., gathering together a band of desperadoes, arming them with sticks and other primitive weapons, and raising the standard of revolt, first in some mountainous, inaccessible locality and then, after gaining sufficient adherents, in broader and more fertile areas. The few who emerged victorious became kings and emperors; the less fortunate ones lost their lives for trying. Mao was driven to this formula by the force of circumstances.

Mao swelled the ranks of his "Red Army" through the "land reform." What he did was to plunge rural society into such depths of despair that the peasants had little

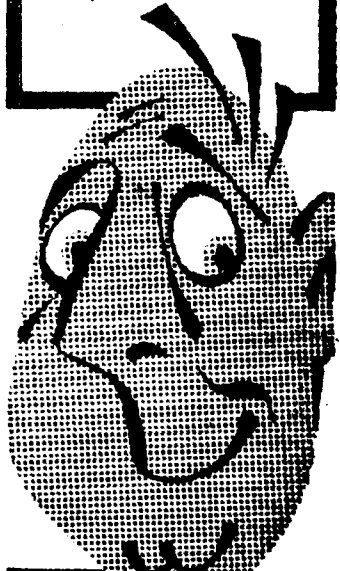
choice but to follow him. His technique was to undertake indiscriminate confiscation and violence in order, first, to destroy the peasants' means of making an independent living, and, second, to instill in them the fear of retribution. A Communist document of those days put the purpose of the "land reform" in plain terms: "to make the peasant participate in mob violence so as to brand him forever as a Mao Tse-tung man; the fear of revenge at the hands of Chiang Kai-shek and the landlords will make it impossible for him to lead a normal life again."

Although he never concealed the fact that his ultimate objective was the establishment of the "dictatorship of the proletariat," the "new democracy" programme as a whole appeared to have a liberal ring. Mao knew that the most important thing was not to frighten people, to appear liberal, and to create as little psychological resistance to his programme as possible. He regarded the masses as well as the intellectuals as dupes and pawns in his skilful political manoeuvres. He made it clear that he was willing to accept anyone who could be useful regardless of his political past. Not without reason, many genuine liberals were attracted to the Communist standard.

In any case, the "new democracy" is fast becoming an anachronism. The "bourgeois-democratic" phase of the revolution, though officially still in force, is actually a thing of the past. Communist China, in the words of Mao Tse-tung, is "advancing with complete confidence along the road to socialism." Almost 80 per cent of the peasants have already been forced to join co-operatives, and "the elementary semi-socialist form of agricultural co-operation" is expected to give way to full collectivization by 1958. Private ownership in industry and commerce has come to an end. China hopes to become a fully socialized state with a sizable modern industry by 1960.—*The New Leader*

WHEN
YOU ARE
EXCITED

TEA
CALMS
YOU



BUY TEA
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THE COW VENERATOR

WHEN a traffic jam occurs, hell is let loose. The terrific noise of impatient motorists' hooters, the soft ringing of the cyclists' bells, the roar of autorickshaws and scooters, and the shouts, mechanical and otherwise, of various other means of transport may give the impression of an earthquake. The humble vehicle in which I was at the steering wheel was involved in such a mess.

I had just ten minutes to spare to meet a train as commissioned by my wife and receive her friends, and it looked as though I was going to fail in my task. It was hard to contemplate what would happen if the wife were to learn that I missed the train. I was in a long queue of vehicles which had been held up at either end and I was too far back to find out what had caused the jam. My first impression was that there had been an accident and that the delay in clearing traffic was due to the delay in the arrival of the police.

But reliable reports from the front told me that a big crowd had formed a circle and had completely blocked the road. It was so thick that it was not possible to penetrate the cordon and find out what was happening. For one moment I thought that an enterprising juggler had struck on the novel idea of holding his court in the middle of the street and taking the populace by storm. I dismissed the idea at once since I missed the tell-tale evidence of the juggler's drum which could be heard a mile away.

My watch was ticking away furiously and if I did not do something drastic I was in for trouble at home. I got down from the car and slammed the door. I walked to the scene of trouble. The reports which I had heard were not wrong. The crowd was solid and thick like the Great Wall of China. I pushed my way at one point with great difficulty and managed to crane my neck and study

the situation at a glance. What my eyes saw was unbelievable, but it was true.

I saw a cow, a handsome animal belonging to the tribe of wanderers, which is a familiar sight on our roads and which has established a world-wide reputation for our catholicity of outlook and our firm adherence to the policy of co-existence at home and abroad. But the animal by itself would not have attracted so much attention because there was nothing new about it. The hero was a man.

He was short, dark and on the heavy side. He had a well-dressed tuft of hair arranged neatly on the back of the head and tied up with a garland of flowers. There was a fence of hair just above a few inches from the forehead like a barbed wire barrier demarcating the fertile area from the desert or the clean shaven portion of the anatomy, which at this stage, drops over the face. He had the identification mark of his caste writ large on his face and which no one could mistake. He wore a thick khadi cloth and had a shirt on, a concession to modern civilisation. His eyes were closed and his lips were trembling as though he was saying a prayer. And he was walking round the cow again and again. While the sacred object of his veneration looked at him with patronising eyes and seemed to humour him by accepting his homage, the crowd watched the drama with unblinking eyes and with a rare undivided concentration.

I was shocked and could not believe my eyes. For he was my friend Shambu whom I had not seen for many years. I did not waste much time. I must get him out before the police appeared on the scene and took him to the station for obstructing traffic. I pushed the crowd, somewhat roughly I am afraid, and rushed to Shambu. I shook him by the

shoulder and he woke up with a jolt. He looked at me for a second, recognised me, motioned me to wait for him, closed his eyes and resumed his perambulations indicating that he had to come round (he used the word *pradakshanam*) the cow a hundred times and had half a dozen more rounds to complete the number.

I did not know what to do. The crowd had taken me as one of the dramatic personages and perhaps expected me to do something dramatic to entertain them. Well, in a way I did an unexpected thing. I kicked the cow and it fled throwing the crowd into disorder and running for its safety and I dragged my friend with me and literally bundled him into the car. But he would not get into it from the left. He came round the car and tried to get in from the right and since my car was a two door affair I had to get up from the driving seat to provide him room to get in. I did not know this was his intention and I suspected that he was starting the *pradakshanam* business all over again. I got annoyed and shouted at him: "Don't be a silly ass. Do you realise you are making an exhibition of yourself? Come on, get in." He smiled and was not offended. He said: "It is not proper to do anything in the *apradakshanam* way (that is, anti-clockwise). So if you move your frame a little I shall manage to wedge myself in at the rear."

My patience was now at an end. "Oh! you and your bally superstition be blowed," I cried and got out. He was not offended still, but coolly made himself comfortable in the back seat and when I started the car was chanting a Sanskrit verse.

He had been a dear friend and we had shared our joys and sorrows when we were unemployed bachelors. He used to slave for me and tried to keep me above want, sacrificing everything for me. How often had I told him: "Shambu, you are an angel. You are one in a thousand.

You are the personification of everything that is good and beautiful in the world. You are that rare bird that never thinks of itself but always of others. It is a great privilege to me that you have accepted me as your friend."

We drifted apart with changing fortunes and the gathering years and though the memory of our friendship was evergreen and fragrant with the smell of happy companionship, we had not met until fate had joined us again in the peculiar circumstances I have described. I was eager to know all about him and suggested that we should go to a hotel and talk over a cup of coffee. He heartily agreed. But he was not an easy passenger. He insisted on my driving on the right and said it was bad for my future if I had anything against the injunctions of the *shastras*. When I told him that the rules of the road did not permit me to do as he had suggested, he said I had better sell the car and walk and no one could then prevent me from going on the right.

I said that I would consider his suggestion and in the meanwhile insisted that he let me obey the law. After we had gone for some distance, he suddenly jumped from his seat shouting to me to stop. He was agitated and he noticed a cow walking to the middle of the road. I applied the brake to bypass it, but in that second Shambu had leaped from the car and run to the animal. It stopped on seeing him and Shambu closed his eyes and began the ritual all over again which I had seen earlier in the day. I pulled up the car on the kerbside and rushed to him. A crowd had already begun to gather. I hit him in the face and lifted him in my arms and returning to the car threw him into the back seat.

There was no trouble from him after the shock treatment I had administered and when I reached home with him, he greeted my wife and one-year old son with smiling eyes.

He hugged my son and took him on his lap and began to babble to him in his own language. He pinched his cheeks, kissed him and told him stories and fables and time passed and he was not aware of it. Carrying the boy on his shoulders with both his legs dangling from the neck he came to the dining hall when my wife called him for dinner.

The leaf spread before him was not plantain leaf but one that had been stitched and made, out of many leaves. He asked if a plantain leaf was not available because generally he did not eat on anything else. In fact, he added, he had fasted on many occasions rather than go against his principle. He made profuse apologies for the inconvenience he caused. My wife disappeared and came back with a plantain leaf borrowed from her neighbour.

Shambu congratulated her on her enterprise and then surveyed the dining hall. I did not know he was trying to find out his bearings until he asked: "Which is east from here?" Not waiting for my answer he stepped into the open courtyard and looked at the sun. Satisfied, he returned and sat facing the east. He clipped the leaf, trimming the edges and sprinkled water on it and cleaned it. When rice was served he touched the corner of the leaf with his fingers and washed them. Then he took a morsel, rolled it into a cake and placed it at the corner which he had already cleansed. I sat with him and ate and tried to exchange old remembrances with him. But he was mum. I was puzzled. It was a one-sided affair and he merely smiled. Then he showed by gestures that he did not talk while eating.

My wife was accustomed to serve her guests with rice in well-regulated stages and she followed the same principle in Shambu's case but she did not expect what followed. Shambu had only a small quantity of rice on his leaf served at the beginning and this he parcelled out into three por-

tions for each of the main dishes. When my wife tried to serve rice afresh for the second dish, he waved her away in a kindly and understanding smile. But my wife did not understand. She was pained that her guest was starving. I couldn't understand it either. It later transpired that Shambu had all the rice he wanted served in one helping and whatever the quantity, more or less, he must make do with it and it was against his principle to go in for a second helping.

I apologised to him after dinner that we did not know he had imposed on himself such dietic restrictions and that unwittingly we had starved him. He said: "Don't you worry. It's God's will. An occasional fasting doesn't do harm; in fact it is medically advisable. Come on, let us go home."

I asked him to wait a few minutes for me and went to my room. I sat in a chair and hugged my forehead with my hands. My mind was in a torment. What had happened to Shambu, my dear friend? What happened to the fashionable kid, who set the fashion for his college-mates, who set the heart of many girls on fire by his good looks and Don Juan make-up? What happened to the youth with the devil-may-care spirit who smoked like a chimney, who saw three films a day, who ridiculed religion and the superstitious ways of the old and the orthodox? What happened to the voracious reader of crime novels and sex literature, who now says he hardly reads any books except Valmiki's *Ramayana* every morning after bath and before breakfast?

I could not find an answer to the questions of my troubled mind and it is no use asking Shambu, for he has evaded all attempts to make him talk. Shambu is already calling me and I must go. I wish there are no cows straying on the road to his house.

—SARATI

MEN AND IDEAS

GESELL, THE PROPHET OF PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

By GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

IF KÄRL MARX may be called the prophet of socialism, then Silvio Gesell may be called the prophet of free private enterprise. Yet, oddly enough, few business men have ever heard of Gesell, he has been persistently neglected by orthodox economists, and no nation has ever put his ideas into practice. There are reasons for this, to be sure; nevertheless, the neglect of Gesell may some day come to be recognized as one of the world's larger ironies.

Silvio Gesell believed in economic freedom—free access to raw materials, free competition and free markets. And he described the conditions under which real economic freedom might be achieved. He was opposed to socialism and to all forms of a planned or state-directed economy. But he was also opposed to the restraints caused by monopoly and to the limitations upon industrial expansion imposed by finance capital in order that the owners of industry might enjoy the profits of scarcity. Gesell believed in the private ownership of the means of production, in private initiative, and in reward of good management; but he did not approve of an economic order which allowed vested interests, either in land or in capital, to enjoy unearned income at the expense of those who produced it. Thus, Gesell's theory of free private enterprise stood between socialism on the one hand and orthodox capitalism on the other. And as the economic history of the past hundred years has witnessed a titanic struggle between capitalism and socialism, each regarding the other as a form of tyranny, it is not surprising that Gesell, who hated

tyranny of any kind, was either abused or ignored by both sides.

More men, in theory, believe in freedom, and many have given up their lives in its name. *But it seems that in practice most men seek freedom only for themselves, or for their class and kind, and strive for power and dominion over others even at the risk of social disorder, revolution, or war.*

Silvio Gesell wanted freedom for all, and like others in times past whose appeals have been broadly humanitarian, he was able to inspire devoted disciples in all countries but no party to fight for his principles. *It is time such a party is organized.*

The Successful Businessman

But who was Gesell? Like Marx, Gesell was a German; but whereas Marx was an impecunious social philosopher who elaborated his doctrines in the dusty libraries of London, Gesell was an active and successful businessman who derived his theory from his experiences as trader, importer and manufacturer. In 1886, at the age of twenty-four, Gesell went to Argentina and set up as an importer of surgical instruments. A few years later he opened a factory for making cardboard boxes, a venture which prospered until the Argentine Government, in 1898, announced that it intended a drastic deflation of the currency. Gesell, who had devoted a good deal of study to monetary and fiscal problems, warned the government in a pamphlet that its policy of deflation would have ruinous effects upon business. As no attention was paid to his warning he promptly sold his plant at a good price to a competitor and retir-

ed to a farm. Within a year as Gesell had predicted, industry in Argentina was at a standstill and tens of thousands of workers were unemployed. Eventually the government reversed itself and adopted several of the suggestions that Gesell had made in his pamphlet. Gesell bought back his plant (at a low price) and prospered as he had before.

In 1900 Gesell retired from active business life, having acquired a comfortable fortune, and settled on a farm in Switzerland. Here he pondered on his experience, read books on economics, and searched for the cause of booms and depressions. His studies were interrupted by the death of a brother in Argentina in 1906. Gesell returned to Buenos Aires to manage his brother's business, remaining there for five years. He finally wound up his affairs in 1911, went back to Europe, resumed his studies, and prepared a second edition of the book in which he set forth the conclusions he had reached. This book was called the "Natural Economic Order" and was published in Switzerland in 1915, elaborating upon the first editions which had been written in two parts, in 1906 and 1911. It has since been through several editions and has been translated into several languages.

In 1919 Gesell almost had a chance to put his ideas into practice, and it is a great pity that fate was against him. It was in 1919 that the Socialist Government of Bavaria called upon him to serve as Minister of Finance. He accepted, despite his opposition to socialism, and prepared immediately to carry out his reforms. But he had been in office only a few days when the government was overthrown by the Communists.

"A Genius"

John Maynard Keynes in his *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, devoted several pages to the man he referred to as "the strange unduly neglected prophet

Silvio Gesell." Keynes concluded that the underlying principle of Gesell's theory of money—the principle which distinguishes his system from both capitalism and socialism—was sound. "The future," said Keynes, "will learn more from the spirit of Gesell than from that of Marx."

In 1933 Professor Irving Fisher of Yale published a book in which he advocated the adoption of Gesell's plan as a remedy for the depression. But, other plans were preferred, and although the depression was alleviated it was not solved—as it perhaps might have been had the country paid more heed to Gesell.

Apart from Keynes and Fisher, few economists of standing, at least in the English-speaking world, have given serious consideration to the ideas developed by Gesell, and those who have considered them have tended to be hostile. It is not difficult to point out the weaknesses in Gesell's programme and divert attention from the true significance of his ideas. His theory has been represented by some critics as an attack on property income in the form of rent and interest, and by others as an attack on socialism or on government planning. Although there is evidence to support both of these views, they are nevertheless misleading in that they misinterpret Gesell's central objective, which was to describe an order in which the productive energies of men would be set free. Gesell dedicated his book, "The Natural Economic Order," to "all those who have striven to create an adequate economic basis for peace and goodwill among men and nations." And even his most hostile critics have admitted his high purpose. "It is impossible to read Gesell's work," writes Professor Myers of Vassar College, who deliberately set out to disparage Gesell's economics, "without being impressed by his warm-hearted sincerity in seeking a means of improving the lot of the common man."

—The Science of Equity

LOVE HAS THE LAST LAUGH

By SUBHASH J. RELE

WHAT does a person really mean by those three words, "I love you"?

Sceptics dismiss love as stuff and nonsense. LOVE—just four pregnant letters without much sound and fury but signifying much. Love is the most powerful emotion in the world. Manifestations of love are many but its root is one. No wonder diverse are the ways employed by lovers to achieve their love. Some of these are most queer and eccentric.

Is it possible to fall in love with a laugh? Yes, it happened to lovely Jane Paul in a ballroom. She was sitting with a girl friend when she heard the hearty, ringing laugh of a youngman who was chatting with friends near them. She could not see him, for huge pillars screened the group, but the romantic girl exclaimed to her friend in sheer ecstasy, "I will marry the man who can laugh like that." Her friend told the young man—Edward, only son of Lord Edward Fitzgerald intrigued and amused, he insisted upon being introduced at once. Notwithstanding innumerable hedges and hindrances they got married.

"Love makes fools of us all," declared Thackeray. Turning the pages of a New York Sunday newspaper, Horace Walters of Preston, aged 22, glanced idly at a group of photographs. Then he sat up with a jerk. In the centre of the group he saw a tall, rather thin-faced girl. That was sufficient to send his heart pit-a-pat. There was something in her face that made him stare. The next morning, with the picture torn from the paper in his hand, he went to the newspaper office and found the photographer who had taken it. But he could get no help from him. Horace searched through New York for the girl but could not find her. Eventually he returned to the newspaper

office and asked them to help him to locate the girl. He told them that he had fallen in love with her—and was willing to take a chance. The next day the same photograph appeared on the paper's front page and an arrow pointed out the girl. Below the picture was a request for her to come to the office. She did and met Horace. "Are you married?" Horace demanded. When she replied that she was not, tantalizingly Horace whisked her off and two days later they became Mr. and Mrs. Horace Walters.

There is love for everyone in the world however hopeless the odds against may appear. A girl named Esmerald Braeseu, a parachute tester, working in a Rumanian factory fell in love with an ace pilot, Lieutenant Popescu, despaired of attracting his attention and decided to achieve something spectacular. Stowing away on a plane the Lieutenant was piloting, she parachuted out from a height of 20,000 feet. Fortunately, the pilot had time to land, so that he was there to assist her when she pancaked into a cornfield, bruised and badly shaken. Her nerve-racking experience hit the bull's eye all right. The pilot was so impressed with her courage that he married her.

To prove their love people sometimes do odd things. Under the spell of infatuation, a Belgian whose faithfulness had been questioned by the slim brunette he wanted to marry, walked into a cage of lions where he read a newspaper and smoked a cigarette for five minutes, amid a chorus of fierce snarls. When she saw one lion approach him, the girl fainted. But he emerged unscathed. The girl recovered and told him, "The risk you ran proves beyond doubt that you love me and are true to me. I will marry you as soon as you like."

To men and women love opens new vistas of immense possibilities. Living in a lovely, luxurious house in Paris was a beauty who scorned the many suitors who wanted to marry her. One day a good-looking man who had seen her in her carriage fell for her charm at first sight, called and proposed. She mocked him saying, "I must marry someone rich, for I have expensive tastes. You are not rich?"

"No, I have only ten thousand francs", he replied, "and I have brought it today to lay at your feet, for I adore you."

She laughed, "I am sorry, but it would not support me for a month," she said.

The man took the thick wad of notes from his pockets, walked over to the fire and tossed them into the flames. His action took her breath away. She was so impressed that she married him the next week.

Lovers display a bewildering variety of antics. What happens when a reserved handsome looking young man meets an attractive girl, falls head over heels in love with her—and then finds that he is still too shy to propose to her? This was the dilemma a few months ago of a twenty five-year-old Nottingham man. He courted his sweet-heart Barbara for some time but found he couldn't summon the courage to pop the vital question. In the end he decided to make a gramophone record of his proposal. Sounds intriguing, isn't it? He delivered the record to Barbara's home. It happened that Barbara had no gramophone, so she took the record to a shop and had it played. "What a wonderful surprise!", she exclaimed. Then she had an idea. She recorded her answer, an emphatic, "Yes, Yes;" on the back of the proposal. They got married.

"Marry me—or else;" that's the way they propose in a part of Portuguese West Africa. And it's the girls who do the proposing. In this

tribe ruled entirely by women, courting is a one-way traffic. Once a girl proposes, a man dare not reject her. If he does, he violates a 100-year-old tribal custom and the entire community ostracizes him.

Some adventures of love read like an Alice-in-wonderland story. Will you amputate your leg for the sake of love? Well, living in England during the last century Andrew was madly in love with Maud Arnley. Much as she loved him in return, she refused to marry him because she had lost a leg in an accident. Despairing of making her change her mind, Andrew went to Paris and persuaded a famous French surgeon to amputate one of his legs, thereby winning Maud.

Admittedly unorthodox was the way employed by a woman. A lonely woman one day sat and wrote a letter. "If a good-looking bachelor finds this letter, I want him to know that I am prepared to love and marry him, and to lavish my care and devotion on him for the rest of my life. I am thirty-three, blue-eyed, still pretty and have a reasonably good figure. I pray that you who find and read this love-letter will prove to be the man my heart aches for." She put this missive into a bottle which she dropped into a river. Months passed. Then came a reply from a prosperous young planter in South America, who had fished it out of the Mississippi.

"My first reaction was to throw your love-letter away," he wrote, "but somehow I could not. I brought it home with me and am prompted to write and ask you to join me in Brazil. I enclose enough money for your fare and expenses. If, when we meet, we do not find romance together, let us part and I will see that you get safely home again. Please come, for, I, too, am lonely." She went a little doubtfully but within a month the pair were married.

It was yet another triumph of love!

Short Story

By Gordon Mackay

THE GILDED PILL

He saw her brave young mouth quivering with the desire to bring him hope and courage. He cursed himself for his action, and yet how could that letter be explained away?

RAY STEWARD came swinging cheerily through the garden gate. He felt very well pleased with himself and with the world in general. He had made over two thousand pounds that morning by a clever deal. He was now looking forward to a very pleasant interview with Laura. For in his pocket reposed in its blue satin box a certain diamond and turquoise brooch which she had pointed out to him one afternoon in Bond Street. Ray Stewart invariably celebrated a City success by giving his wife an exceptionally pretty offering.

Steward was a simple-hearted fellow. He often wondered why Laura had fallen in love with him. His looks, as he phrased it, "were nothing to write home about"—he was anything but brilliant as a conversationalist, and he stood only 5 ft. 6 ins. in his socks. Not for a moment did he attribute her choice of him to the fact that he had a very considerable income. Impossible to connect any thought of that kind with Laura. He could only tell himself that it was all due to "luck," and very fervently he thanked the gods that they had seen fit thus to arrange matters.

As Steward went swiftly up the long gravel path that led to the house, he noticed a white sheet of paper clinging to a rose-bush. Even at that distance he recognised Laura's writing. In a moment he had stooped and picked up the paper.

"Writing at her window, I expect, and it must have blown through," he reflected. "Just like Laura to dash

on the rest of the letter and never notice."

He certainly had not intended to read the letter, but a certain phrase almost leaped out and hit him in the eye. He uttered a little exclamation, and a moment later sat down on an adjacent garden-seat and read the following words:

"For you see, dear, I must confess now that I never liked him much, and certainly not in the way a girl is supposed to be fond of the man whom she marries. But I must admit that he has turned out better than might have been expected, and in any case, the pill is very gorgeously gilded. I have everything I want, and even more. He is really beastly rich, and I suppose I ought to think myself wonderfully lucky. But I don't. After all, love is all that matters. I sometimes think that it would have been far better if I had married poor hard-up Tom, and . . ."

At that point the sheet ended. Ray Steward put up his hand to his forehead and wiped away the perspiration which had suddenly developed there. He felt a little sick.

So Laura had never really cared for him, after all. She had married him because he was able to give her a somewhat elaborate home, a staff of servants, nice things to eat, and pretty things to wear. She had never felt a shred of love for him. Had she not told her friend that fact in words which were unmistakable?

For a few minutes the disillusioned man sat quite still, trying to piece together the whirling thoughts which crowded his brain. Not only was

Laura revealed now as a mercenary money-lover, but she had also shown herself capable of the rankest and most abominable hypocrisy. For there had been no necessity whatever to profess the love for him which she had invariably carried on her lips. All that might have been left out. She could have contented herself with being the average decent wife. Every kiss had been a sweetly-deluding lie. The arms she had clasped round his neck were in reality clasped around his gold. In that moment of disillusion the man almost hated his wealth—almost wished that it might vanish.

And even as the wild, foolish emotion flashed through his brain there came to him an idea. A grim smile tightened his lips.

"It would serve her right," he told himself.

He swiftly rose and replaced the letter on the rose-bush. It was very essential to the carrying out of his little scheme that Laura should not know he had read that extract from her letter. It would make things even safer if he quitted the garden and came back later, as though that were his first entrance after leaving the City.

So he quitted the garden and, going round to the front of the big house let himself in with his key. As he entered the hall he saw Laura flash down the staircase and fly through the long corridor into the garden. "H'm! Just found out that she's lost a bit of her precious letter," he told himself.

He went to his room, bathed his hands and hot weary head, and then descended to the dining-room. Tea was ready, and Laura, looking amazingly pretty in a blue-and-gold tea-gown, flew at him to give him her usual kiss.

He submitted to the embrace with a little shrug of disgust. Laura did not notice the movement; she was looking at him anxiously.

"Whatever is the matter!" she asked quickly, "you look horribly upset about something."

He nodded gravely. He felt a little nervous about the carrying out of his scheme. He was not much of an actor. But he was resolved to punish her.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "I suppose I am."

Laura turned white.

"Is it—is it anything really serious?" she asked. "It's—it's not anything about your health, is it? Oh, Ray, Ray darling, don't tell me you've been to some horrid doctor who has told you something dreadful!"

Steward shook his head.

"I'm all right, personally," he replied. "You needn't worry about that. But there are other things quite as important as health."

"No, no, there aren't! As long as you are all right, nothing else matters."

"H'm! Afraid the money-making machine might have crocked up and not turned out any more money," reflected Steward bitterly.

Then he said aloud, very slowly and firmly: "You must be prepared for a very great shock. It is just this. Things in the City have gone utterly to pieces."

He watched her, expecting to see a terrible despair come into her eyes. Nothing of the sort happened. She just nodded.

"Well, what then, dear?" she asked.

"We are nearly ruined," he said.

The phrase sounded right, he thought. He had heard something like it in plays.

"Ruined!" she repeated, quite calmly. "Do you mean, then, that we shall be awfully poor?"

"Yes. There will be just enough to live on, that's all."

Then something utterly unexpected happened; for, with a sudden little rush, Laura was in his arms, pressing her soft cheeks against his own. "Darling!" she whispered, "of course I'm dreadfully, horribly sorry for you, because I know what this must mean to you, but as far as I am concerned I don't care two pence, so long as I have you."

"Laura. What are you saying? You—you don't care? You can actually be resigned to this?"

"Resigned!" she laughed happily. "Oh, my dear, how little you understand women if you think that money makes such a difference to them. Of course, I like nice things like everybody else, but I'm not a fool. I've found out long since that those nice things don't mean very much after all. We have to feel something inside us that makes life really worth living. It's just love. And that's all I want."

He could not understand. Was this the girl who had written those words which he had read less than an hour ago?

Steward passed a very wretched evening. He did not know what he was to do next. It was quite impossible that he could allow his wife to remain possessed of the belief that he was a beggar. On the other hand, the work of revealing the truth would be an exceedingly trying ordeal.

For, of course, he had expected a very different scene when he played his little farce. He had expected that Laura would suddenly reveal a mercenary and indignant attitude and reproach him bitterly for his supposed downfall, ending, perhaps, with tears of passionate self-pity. Such behaviour would have been in complete accordance with the spirit shown in that strange letter. Her sweet, unselfish attitude had so perplexed him that his path now bristled with difficulties.

Next morning he told himself that he must certainly explain matters before he went to the City. He was about to lead up to the subject at breakfast when Laura said abruptly:

"Ray, dear, I lay awake quite a lot last night, thinking of what you told me. It's very dreadful, of course, but it might be very much worse, for just think, you are only thirty-four and I'm thirty. We are really quite young, and we are both absurdly healthy. We can do almost anything when we have two assets like that. Don't you see? We will put our heads together, and see if there isn't some way of putting things right. Of course we shall have to remove from here; live in apartments, perhaps. Well, I shan't mind. Perhaps we shall get a lot of fun out of it all. It will be an adventure. Anyway, I—I—" He saw her brave young mouth quivering with the desire to bring him hope and courage. He cursed himself for his action, and yet that letter—that letter—how could it be explained away?

"I must tell her," he thought.

But even as he was about to speak, Laura anticipated him.

"Ray, dear," she said, "if you've finished your breakfast, I want you to come with me upstairs. I rather fancy I can show you something which will prove to you that our exchequer may probably find a way of being reinforced before long."

He looked at her with amazed eyes.

"What do you mean?" he asked. There was something in her manner which puzzled him greatly.

"Just wait and see," she said, lightly.

He followed her up the stairs. She flung open the door of her room with a little flourish.

"Behold our new source of income, dear," said Laura, with a proud little smile. "At least, I am hoping it will turn out so." He looked, and uttered a little cry of surprise. The room was positively white with writing-paper. The table, the mantlesheif, the floor even, were strewn with closely-written manuscript.

"I'm writing stories," she said joyously. "They may bring us heaps of money. Look! This is the latest. I haven't finished it yet. I meant to keep all this a dead secret until I got something accepted, but after what you told me last night, I thought it might encourage you to know that I, too can do my bit."

She placed in his hand an unfinished manuscript. With eyes that danced with supreme joy, he read once again the words that had so

horrified him on the previous afternoon.

"She's an awful little beast, my heroine," went on Laura, with a smile of literary vanity; "quite a mercenary little cat. I think I shall make her come to a terrible end."

But Ray had not heard these words. He felt in that instant of self-disgust that he could have hated himself as he had never hated anything on earth.

With a sudden movement he caught Laura in his arms. Then in low, shame-stricken accents, he told her just what had happened.

He placed on the table the brooch he had bought the day before.

"My peace offering, darling," he whispered humbly. "Am I forgiven?"

She laughed, and kissed him.

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GOMULKA, THE MAN OF SURPRISES

By RAMA RAO GIDUGU

THE Soviet Communist boss, Nikita Khrushchev, under the influence of 'vodka' at a Polish embassy reception on Nov. 18 in Moscow, blurted out with fear and appealed to the visiting Polish leader, Wladislaw Gomulka: "Comrade Pole, brother, never desert us, and we . . . we will never desert you . . . never, never, never . . ."

What made the Soviet leader to beg of Gomulka not to desert them in such an appealing tone? Gomulka is a man of surprises and his rise and fall in the Stalinist era make a gripping story. He is terribly bold, so bold that even the hard-boiled Stalinist Poles dreaded to send him to the scaffold when he openly departed from the path of the dead Kremlin leader. Ever since he took to Communism—it was in his twenty-first year—with full belief in it, he had always been under the shadow of political death, first cast by the then nationalist government, later by the Hitlerite Gestapo and then the Beria gang in post-war Poland. Amazingly, he survived them all, not by deserting the party, not by any forced self-criticism or confession, but mostly because he courageously stuck to what he felt correct by still being a Communist under the deadly grip of the Kremlin, and partly because of his luck.

Unlike any top-Communist leader of any country, he never visited Moscow when Stalin was alive, and thus was free from the Stalinist machinations of the party with the result that his colleagues, who had received their lessons sitting at the feet of Stalin in Moscow, posed a problem for him on their return to Warsaw.

Gomulka is the son of a worker; he is proud of his birth. He was denied of any school education, for, he had to begin working as a plumber at the tender age of 13 to help his father. He was so conscious of his rights that almost at once he plunged into trade union activity, and became a member of the Communist Party eight years later. That was at a time when the party was banned and repression against its leader was intense. Yet, that did not deter the budding leader from his revolutionary work. For the first time, he was put in prison in 1932, when the police arrested him in a raid on a party cell. By this time, he was shot up to a key-post in the party; and no sooner was he released after a four-year term of imprisonment than he was re-arrested and sentenced in 1937 to seven years' jail life.

This sentence was a blessing in disguise for Gomulka. It was in 1938 that Stalin summoned the leaders of the Polish party to the Kremlin and told them that their party was disbanded. He did not stop with that; he got all the Polish leaders executed in Moscow!

Survived Soviet Occupation

Gomulka is one of the few known surviving leaders of the party after the Soviet occupation of Poland, and Stalin changed his mind and reconstituted the Polish Communist Party into the Polish Workers' Party, the title being kept up till today. Gomulka was made the chief organiser of the party in South Poland and in 1948—the fateful year of Tito's excommunication from Cominform—was made the Secretary of the party with headquarters at Warsaw. Here his trou-

bles began. Moscow-trained Bierut (who died in July last) and Mine, with Stalin's backing, gave a headache to Gomulka. Like Tito, he felt that Poland could follow its own road to Socialism, discarding the theory of proletariat dictatorship, and ventured to mediate between Stalin and Tito. He propounded a new theory, quite suitable to his country, that State-private and co-operative ownership of industry should be developed in alliance for the country's rapid development. This brought a rebuff from the Kremlin, and in the same year of 1948, Gomulka was relieved of his post of Secretary-General of the party, in the next year charged with anti-State and Titoist activities, and thrown into jail. But the greatness in Gomulka was that he did not deter from his path and stuck to his theory in the face of threatened execution without stooping to the usual self-confession.

Stripped of all posts at the peak of his glory in the party he built up and held dear, he told his prosecutors at a central committee meeting in a tone vibrating with emotion: "I speak today at some length because I know it is the last time I shall speak. I will accept no criticism of my conduct . . ." His colleagues, his prosecutors and even the hard-boiled Stalinists at the meeting shed tears as Gomulka said this and walked into the waiting secret police van. It was said that there was a pressure from Moscow for the execution of this 'defiant' Gomulka, but the Polish leaders knew their ground and played a delaying game. And now Gomulka is back to the all powerful position in the party as the omnipotent Stalin is restlessly resting in the grave by the side of Lenin in the Red Square.

Not A Titoist

Gomulka is not a Titoist, either in personal conduct or in political policy. There is in Tito much egosim, political scheming and ambition to

become leader of the socialist world; and the administrative system in Yugoslavia today is very much akin to that of Russia. Gomulka's theory of three-sector economy is commendable in that there is scope for a small trader to exist. He is not a power-seeker, but a brave nationalist whose mission is confined to the boundaries of his country.

Gomulka is slightly lame, the result of a wound he had received when the police in 1932 made a violent raid on a secret party meeting. But he does not mind that: on the contrary he is proud of that. There is another wound inflicted during his great political career, a mental wound, created not by the Fascist hordes of Hitler, not by his personal enemies, but by his own colleagues in the party, not at their own free will and decision, but at the behest of a sadistic dictator commanding from hundreds of miles away. That was his expulsion from the party he had built, the charge of criminal intent against the State which he had chosen to serve in missionary zeal and his subsequent imprisonment in a jail intended for murderous criminals.

Can he forget such a bitter past, for which the Russians were responsible? That is Khrushchev's fear. And the 'vodka' revealed it.

NEW DEVICE WILL ENORMOUSLY INCREASE TELESCOPE'S POWER

A new device no bigger than a man's fist, which is being developed by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation will increase by one hundred-fold the light gathering power of the world's largest 200-inch telescope located at Mount Palomar, California.

The device, called an image multiplier, will enable astronomers to photograph clusters of stars that are from 3 thousand million to 6 thousand million light years away from the earth.

A LETTER TO SPINSTERS!

Anti-Bachelors' Quarters.

Emancipation Extension.

Ladyland.

1-12-'56.

DEAR SPINSTERS,

A letter penned and circulated by BACHELOR last week incidentally fell to my hands. He has tiraded against us—against our society and culture. He says the cup of their frustration, worry and misery is full. God knows how much the bachelors themselves are responsible for all the ills that they point out against us! Are they not our wisecracks, who are after us in coffee-houses, offices, bus-stands and on every inch of any place of interest? These pretentious men do run after us with the delusive hope that we may fall in their nets and yet they asseverate that we are the cause of their frustration! Good gracious! Are they not the band of derelicts who instead of discharging their normal duties waste their time in offices and pry into our secrets? Should they not be prosecuted for preventing us from doing our duty?

Dear sisters, do they not wear all kinds of fanciful dresses ranging from Awara type to Bade Sarkar type and parade before us and force their attention on us in the fond hope that we will be tempted to converse with them? Mind you, these bachelors heave a breath of relief only when we talk to them two words!

They level a charge against us that we varnish our lips. But look at their faces and their attempt to convert their long drawn faces! Do they not besmear their faces with all kinds of toilet creams that are not known to us even, and powder at least a six-inch thickness? We go to coffee-houses in order to relax ourselves

after hard and strenuous work but they pounce upon the opportunity and present their appearances in exactly the same place which we frequent. They show their readiness to bear our mild affrontery as a sign that we care for them and with an air of magnanimity, nay, utter vanity, they foot our bill also! Don't we know their base tricks to captivate us?

Leaders at the top talk of indiscipline among students. Let all of them look at the ridiculous behaviour of bachelor students. Let there be legislation forbidding the wasteful expenses on their part and there will be an end to the entire talk of discipline. Let not these Road-side Romeos and False-Hamlets jostle against us when getting into the bus and then our relationship will be smooth.

In whatever capacity we serve our Motherland, these bachelors interrupt our disinterested service and broach the topic of wedlock, at first secretly in whispers and then openly by sending their middlemen to us.

The fact that we are chosen and appointed to responsible places overlooking these bachelors is proof positive that we are able to push the sales and that we are more efficient in our work. These bachelors never shoot even a ray of smile and all the while they prove themselves to be sadists whereas our smile is valuable as it ensures profit to the business. We are the benefactors of civilization and not a menace.

Affectionately yours,

KANYA.

P. S. The age of subjection of woman and the sanctions of Manu are gone for ever. Let these bachelors occupy our former position at homes as the suppressed and depressed sex.

K.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

FOR the first time in the annals of Indian films, an attempt is being made to study the audience reaction in a scientific manner. At the instance of the Central Censor Board, the Tata Institute of Social Sciences is carrying out a survey to study the effect of films on Indian audiences. The study group is expected to meet several thousand people, representing a wide cross section of social groups, ages, habitations, religions and regions. The investigators will go from house to house and interview people; they will also visit schools, colleges, social institutions, factories and interview even the pavement dwellers.

This study is unfortunately confined only to Bombay. If the study was extended to other big cities of India it would provide a clear and comprehensive data on this vital issue which would guide both the film industry as well as the Censor Board. The Board would know through such a survey, conducted on an all India basis, as to what type of pictures are harmful and should be banned; the producers would know on the other hand what kind of pictures different sections of society like and why they like them. Today, nobody knows in advance which picture would click at the box office.

Time and again, the producers who mostly rely on the judgment of the distributors have found the experts' opinion wrong. If they had a detailed survey of the audience reaction to guide them, they would be able to make not only more successful films but better films by deleting such features from these films which have a baneful influence on society.

So the film industry is naturally grateful to the Tata Institute and the Censor Board for carrying out the survey. And it is hoped that the Federation would impress upon the Censor Board the necessity of carrying out a similar survey not only in Bombay but in all the other big cities of India. The Federation should also render every possible help to the study group of the Tata Institute in making this survey as graphic and effective as possible. The study group must be able to interview picturegoers even in theatres, if necessary.

Personality of the week

Cecil B. DeMille is perhaps the oldest film director in the world today. He is 75 and at this age he has made the most monumental movie of his career at a record cost of \$13,500,000 (which amounts to about 6 crores of rupees). But the most significant part of it is that Cecil B. De Mille will not get a dollar out of the profits of this film. At the time of its release in New York he has announced that all profits will go to the De Mille Trust, a foundation set up for charitable and educational purposes.

The picture which climaxes 43 years' successful career of De Mille has a running time of three hours, thirty nine minutes. It tells a biblical story and revolves mainly round Moses. While the trade papers have described it in superlative terms *Times* for instance is very critical about the film in which sex apparently has been given more prominence than religion. But even the *Times* is confident that the picture will fetch enormous profits.

During 43 years, Cecil B. De Mille has made about eighty films; the most notable among them are *Ten Commandments*, *Sign of the Cross*, *Cleopatra*, *Crusades* and *Samson and Delilah* which incidentally did a record business even in India.

De Mille is a master of spectacle and crowd scenes and his clever blending of sex and religion has earned for him the grand reputation of Hollywood's greatest showman, whose *Ten Commandments* is apparently the last gift to Hollywood.

Picture of the week

Dilip Sirkar, son of B. N. Sirkar makes his debut as a producer with the release of Sirkar Productions' *Bhandan*, based on a popular novel, *Mantrashakli* by Anurupa Devi. This novel which was written almost during the same period in which *Pathir Pauchali* was written proved exceedingly popular. Its stage and screen versions in Bengali were highly acclaimed.

Now it has been brought to the Hindi screen with the decorum and dignity which one has always associated with New Theatres and Calcutta. The story itself is interesting though it moves rather at a slow pace. It revolves round Bani who since childhood is devoted to the worship of God so much that like Meera she chooses Radha Govind as her groom in childhood. She is encouraged in her devotion and love for the ritual of worship by her grand-father who dies and leaves a 'will' in which he makes it obligatory for her to marry a devout, good man of their caste and creed. If she fails to marry such a man then the entire estate including the temple of Radha Govind would go to charity.

Bani's father is so reasonable that he would rather give away all the money than force her to marry any man against her wish. But Bani is not prepared to lose the temple and she is so fond of the old orthodox ritual that she quarrels with the young priest Amar who is opposed to it and who preaches the rational doctrine that to win God one must serve humanity. The conflict between the two crystallizes when Bani has no alternative but to marry Amar. She agrees after obtaining a promise

from Amar that he would leave her alone on the wedding night and not assert his conjugal rights.

It is only after Amar goes to Assam and dedicates his life to the cause of the people that Bani realizes her mistake. And her metamorphosis provides a fitting climax to this rational psychological tale. The transformation in another man's life who considered his wife just a friend and refused to have marital relations with her is also cleverly blended in this story which stresses the significance of *mantra* uttered by the priest at the wedding ceremony.

The screenplay by Bomy Chatterji is straightforward and though it takes time to gather momentum, it sustains interest. Some of the repartees between Amar and Bani are memorable. The climax, however, is not worked up to the highest dramatic pitch.

Directed competently by Hem Chunder, *Bandhan* is noteworthy for good acting with Meena Kumari and Motilal vying with each other for acting honours. Even Pradeep Kumar is in good form. David, Achala, Kamma and Shashikala give excellent support.

The photography by Sudhim Mazumdar is good, the sets authentic and the music by Hemant Kumar is both pleasing and tuneful with three lyrics aptly written by Rajendra Krishna likely to prove popular.

Bandhan is a clear wholesome movie made competently and as such should appeal to discerning picturegoers.

News of the week

With Mehboob shooting at Surat, Chopra shooting at Poona and Abbas shooting at Ajanta, several artists are working outdoors this week. While Balraj Sahni and Padmini are working in *Pardesi*, Dilip, Vyjayanti, Johnny Walker are working on location in *Naya Dair*. Incidentally, the untimely rains have caused delay in the outdoor shooting and increased the cost of the outdoor stay.

MY GREAT AUNT

By SAKUNTALA PADMANABHAN

GREAT Aunt Parvatam must have been in her sixties when I remember first seeing her. What struck me most about her was the *crepey* skin that hung in folds from her neck and exposed arms,—so like the markings on the dried areca nut. She was my father's aunt—his father's sister—and despite a progeny of her own, considered all her other well-to-do relations fair game for her eleemosynary hunts.

She had a habit of cocking her head, and her cataract-glazed eyes seemed to have the uncanny knack of sliding like misty beads, and appearing to look simultaneously in all directions. She was loud in her voice, gestures, views and general deportment. In fact, obstreperous is the word to describe her succinctly. When she condescended to whisper, her voice rattled like rusty chains in an iron bucket. Her front teeth had loosened in their sockets; and as a child I would gaze on them fascinated when she talked at great speed, deftly manoeuvring the shaky incisors with her restless tongue.

She was a widow, and had an only son who however had several children and a whole multitude of grandchildren. They were not gushing with love for her; but were willing enough to look after her, though not on her terms. This led to ructions and she took her revenge by abusing them as irresponsible and unfeeling to the rest of her kith and kin. But if on the strength of her own jeremiads, any one dared to speak of any of them disparagingly, no lioness guarded her cubs with greater ferocity.

Her visits to our home were for a change—the change generally coming from my father's purse! As a child I was often puzzled to find her rolling up two-anna pieces and other loose coin at the triangular edge of

her saree and then secreting it in her waist. She would arrive usually early in the morning, her black, bare feet covered with road-side dust and a musty yellow bundle protectively tucked into her hip.

'Jagadisa!', her voice would break into the even tenor of our morning activities, 'O, that *anacharam* still!'—she would add in a tone of horror, as my father hastily stuffed a half-lit pipe into his desk-drawer. Embarrassed by her accusation, he looked ridiculous in our erstwhile admiring eyes, and would mumble something to her about finding our mother inside. 'And you my dear,' she would say as mother came from the kitchen to welcome her half-way, 'how are you? Any prospect of a grandson for me? And if a blind old woman may take the liberty of mentioning it—what about finding a husband for Paru?'

'Come in aunt,' mother would parry, while reproving eyes made a note of the dusty foot-prints that stood out on the freshly cleaned hall-floor. 'please go and wash your feet and I shall get your coffee.'

'I only spoke because I am an old woman. Why should I expect my nephews to care for my words, when the child of my womb has cast me out!' She trailed her complaint to the tap where it merged into a wigging of the servant-maid for her slapdash cleaning of the copper vessel.

My mother took this brief respite to warn my father that if he had any loose cash to throw away, she had herself been going without several things during the previous three months and claimed priority of attention.

'*Endiamma*,' the voice would boom again, and Aunt would be back from her ablutions, smacking her lips at the prospect of coffee. She would settle in a breezy nook of the kitchen

as my mother prepared a jug of coffee with the help of twice-drained powder, a dash of milk and an overdose of sugar to make up for the rest of the ingredients.

'Vaithi's wife offered me coffee: but I knew that better stuff would be available here. The way that shut keeps house is a real disgrace!'

My mother made sympathetic but non-committal noises, and set about the job of handing out a small cook-pot and provisions to the old lady. Our cook, Sankaran, would butt in: '*Attai Amma*, the morning meal is cooked ready; why should you bother to cook separately and at your age too? The *poricha koottu* I've made today is master's favourite; it's *amritam* itself, though I say it!'

'*Aday, adihaprasangi!*' thundered aunt, 'I may be old, but I am not decrepit. The gods have seen fit to make me a widow; but I shall go to Vaikuntam without a blemish.' Half-blind as she was, she deftly sliced the stray assortment of vegetables my mother gave her, and tossed them about expertly into a pan in a seemingly haphazard manner; but soon there emanated from her manipulations an appetising flavour that permeated the whole house. As the lunch was cooking, she'd slip off her rosary from her neck, and rumble out her *japans* and rubrics. At the end of each stanza, she sucked in her drooling lips, wet from her lingual exertions, the prospect of lunch and possibly of her eternal salvation as well!

Her repertoire of swear-words had a variety and vigour that belied her femininity and frail frame.

'That one and a half widow is in trouble again,' she would halt her prayers to declare. One hand held the rosary, the other stirred the cook-pot. My father about to leave for his office, would halt in his tracks and ask with affected curiosity: 'Who?'

'Who else but the son of my ill-starred daughter, who has left me to the sorrows of this miserable world.' Her daughter had died in child-

birth and left behind the scape-grace of a son who was a constant theme of her rhetorical wailing. He had no compunction in letting his grandmother beg for him. 'I will gladly cast him to the devils, but what about Meenu, Charu and Kaveri?'

'I know,' replied my father hastily, 'but what can any one do with a fellow who won't stick to any job? However I shall see if I can fix him up somewhere.' As he turned the street corner, the pipe would be in his mouth again, and his life would become once more tolerable.

By the time he returned in the evening, Aunt Parvatam would have made her own discreet explorations. Neither her cataract nor my mother's iron-curtain had any effect upon her extra sensory powers of perception. Her little bundle would be tied up again, only it seemed somewhat bulkier than the one she brought in the morning. It contained a couple of empty bottles, small doles of household provisions of which the most cherished were a packet of coffee powder and a slab of *asafoetida* both of which proclaimed their presence in no uncertain manner. She only waited for my father's return to resume her march. An early supper of a glass of milk and a pair of hill-plantains which she would skin to the utmost extent possible would constitute her *palaharam* for the night.

'Tomorrow's *Amarasya*,' she would say, as father came in, 'I hope you will have the decency to remember your dead father, and not grudge him the few handfuls of sesame-and-water. I must be going now and shall not see you again till *Pongal*.'

My father would steal a glance at my mother's tense looks, and with an affectation of nonchalance rustle out two one-rupee notes towards her saying: 'Here take this change; and tell that ass to look me up in the office next Tuesday.'

'Why, Jagadisa!' she would cry tearfully, 'Am I come to this that my

own nephew flings two rupees at me? 'My dear,' she would turn to my mother, 'you who are to me as my own daughter, tell me what I can do with it! I am a god-forsaken widow and I know it. How much longer I should drag on my burdensome life. I do not know.'

'*Atthai*,' cried my father exasperated, 'stop it won't you? What do you think I am—the *Khajana*? You must make do with it, and here is some change for the bus, and for goodness sake don't make a scene...'

After decorously adjusting the cloth over her head, she would pick up her bundle and with the cook to escort

her to the mofussil bus stand disappear into the gathering gloom of dusk

When Great Aunt Parvatam died last year, and they looked into her earthly possessions, they came upon a Barney's pipe tobacco tin—a cherished gift from my mother—which contained twenty rupees in much crumpled one-rupee notes and some loose coppers and nickel. I can well imagine her in *Vaikuntam* haggling in her raucous voice for an extra share of divine favours as a vestigial survival of her earthly insecurities and tribulations.

THE FILM CRITIC

By "NAMBS"

CRITICS have their own place, be it in politics, in society or in films. The door is different from the critic and it is not necessary that the critic should be able to carry out what he suggests in the course of the criticism. The film critic stands out as a class by himself, because the plus or the minus of his criticism can be seen straight by seeing how far that particular picture is successful. Instances are so numerous that while critics have all jointly condemned a picture, it has run for weeks and weeks because pictures are made for the public and so long as the public like it they see it and patronise it. In the last few years I have come across only one critic who confessed that in two particular cases his anticipation of the picture proved absolutely wrong and that while he did not expect the picture to run for more than 25 days it ran for 25 weeks and more. The public is never wrong, said Adolph Zukor, when he wrote his book of fifty years' experience in the industry while celebrating his eightieth birthday three years ago.

The film producer's own opinion

about critics in general will depend on the fate of his most recent picture, according to the journal of the Screen Producers' Guild of America. It says, "His expressed opinion of these gentlemen tends to fluctuate between a superstitious belief in their capricious and tyrannical power over his product and truculent declarations that their influence is absolutely nil." Last year (1955) a survey was conducted in a group about the two pictures, *There is No Business Like Show Business* and Walt Disney's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. They tried to find out just what had motivated people to see these pictures. Newspapers, television, word of mouth, trailers, national magazines, radio and the critics were the various sources of this motivation. They found that for a sampled audience of 30,000 people only 0.4 of one per cent had been motivated by the critics. So insignificant was their influence over the picturegoers, it seemed to indicate. Yet can this be said of critics as a class? Can they not make people go to the movies

and see something that they have not originally thought of seeing?

Can Help The Audience

To some extent they can, but it depends. Arthur Knight, the film critic of the *Saturday Review of Literature* says, that the critic can help the audience. He writes, "For the audience he is, if not an infallible guide, at least a yardstick against which each reader can gauge his own probable satisfaction at a particular picture. The Martin and Lewis comedies, for example, invariably leave me cold. I suspect my readers know this. But if I can report that the latest Martin and Lewis is the best the team has done (whatever other reservations I may have about it) then the M & L fans of the *Saturday Review* may be expected to rush off to the nearest showing of the *Three Ring Circus*. But if I wax enthusiastic, as I did recently, about a new Japanese film that uses colour with supreme artistic discretion, I could hardly expect those same Martin and Lewis fans to go panting up their local art theatre. They might, of course, but I don't think it likely. So each writer writes on a level that is comprehensible and significant to the readers of his publication and the readers know them. Only a fraud would pretend that some personal bias does not exist in review."

Bosley Crowther, the famed film critic of the *New York Times* says: "In my opinion, the function of the newspaper film critic should be, first, to give his readers pertinent information on films—what they are about, who is in them, who made them etc.,—and then as much discussion and analysis as is warranted by the individual films. Here is where the quality of his appreciation and perceptiveness should come in... There can be no more rules for the reviewer than there can be rules for the making of great films." Bosley Crowther is a critic who is quoted and respected everywhere. He says that

for a critic experience is something that is acquired from seeing films, studying them, reading about them, discussing them and they should always review with a view to give importance to the essential culture of the screen.

Limited Influence

The critics as a class know that the public flock to films they like irrespective of what their newspaper says. Mr John Beaufort, film critic of the *Christian Science Monitor* puts this aspect nicely: "The statistics, however fallible, place reviewing at the fractional bottom of the influence heap for movie goers. Our influence may be infinitesimal. But professional pride cannot altogether be denied, or set aside, or even mortified. It is our white plume. We have nothing to lose but that—along, of course, with our screening room privileges, our press passes and our jobs. But then, while they last..." If a critic condemns a film and the public likes it well, next time the public sees a review of his they look at the review with certain contempt, because they feel that again the reviewer's indication may be wrong. Such a position critics can avoid if they tell the public what is in the picture and then only touch on their own personal opinion instead of making the entire review a mere expression of personal likes and dislikes.

Not An Envidable Job

The film critic's job is not an envidable one. He is between the producer, the public and the selling power of his own paper. Mr. Harold Cohen of the *Pittsburgh Post* says, "There have been many times when I have come from a picture knowing full well that it has been something you've lavished your money on, into which you have put your heart and your head. And when I've gone back to my typewriter to do what I knew I had to do—I have often devoutly wished that I had gone for some less emotionally hazardous profession."

Mr. W. Ward Marsh of *The Plain Dealer* says, "We were and are bastards in the field of criticism. We are loved when we praise, hated when we damn."

According to William Hogan of the *S. F. Chronicle* a critic's function, too, is to protect a public from tired, indifferent film fare, and to "protect" the people in Hollywood responsible for it. Mr. Edwin Schallert of *Los Angeles Times* says that "in general newspaper criticism should be practical—telling the public whether or not they should see or hear a certain event, whether it be music, drama or pictures."

The Real Critic

Having said all these of what the critics feel about their profession I would conclude this article by going to what the critic of the critics has to say about the work of film criticism. The Director of Publicity and Exploitation for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Mr. Ernest Emerling, says that he believes picture criticism is effective only when there is a positive rapport between the writer and the reader. If there is an affinity of their tastes the critic's opinion is bound to be respected. He says that there are several categories of critics, the more noticeable among them being (1) the Sincere critic, (2) the Snobbish critic, (3) The Pseudo-snob, who is a

problem, (4) the Reporter and (5) the Part-time Reviewer. About this last class he says, "Some newspaper editors regard motion picture reviews and news with a fishy eye. They have so little regard for the medium that no one person is assigned to the department and reporters are delegated to cover on a hit-and-miss basis. In many cases the writer assigned has no knowledge of his subject and the results are mighty sorry."

All this boils down to the question, "Can critics help or hurt an attraction?" or "Can the critics make or mar a picture." Mr. Emerling answers: "It has been our experience that bad reviews definitely are harmful and that excellent reviews may or may not help a picture. The last part of this statement sounds like double-talk, so we will attempt to clarify. If, because of the subject matter of a picture, there is a definite absence of 'want-to-see' on the part of the public, all of the praise in the world will not help. If there is a feeling of anticipation, the good reviews will help that picture do an even greater business than it might in the absence of favourable critical comment. We should never underestimate that uncanny sixth sense of the public—the ability to smell out the pictures it cares to see."

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MADRAS GOVERNMENT'S WASTEFUL EXTRAVAGANCE

THE Audit Report of the Madras Government Accounts for the year 1954-55 reveals a tale of commission and omission, theft and misappropriation and careless and wasteful expenditure of public money by officials, which has cost the exchequer over 55 lakhs of rupees during one year, says *Blitz*.

Huge stocks of paddy purchased by the Government Agricultural Department for sale as seed were undisposed of till 1954 and finally these had to be sold by tender in a dull market resulting in heavy losses.

Even in this, delay in selling to the highest tenderer cost the Government over Rs. 15,000 loss in one district alone. The Department succeeded in incurring a loss of over Rs. 7 lakhs over the purchase and sale of galvanised iron pipes and fittings.

Failure to enforce departmental regulations to recover the difference between the procurement rate of paddy and its actual selling price from dealers resulted in a loss of nearly two and half lakhs which remains unrealised since 1948. This is mostly due to the gross negligence of the officers to take prompt steps to realise the amount due to Government.

On account of the uneconomic maintenance of tractors and bulldozers the Government lost nearly four lakhs during six months in 1954 alone. The total loss over this clumsily managed scheme up to September 30, 1954, amounts to Rs. 52,50,000.

Shameless Corruption

It is very strongly rumoured that behind the purchase of the bulldozers and tractors and the enormous quantity of spares purchased for the huge sum of fifteen and half lakhs there is a tale of shameless corruption. The high ups in the Agri-

cultural Department went in for this indiscriminate purchase to oblige a particular firm dealing in these and that they got handsome cut by way of commission. As to what happened after the purchase was none of their concern.

The Industries Department is not far behind in gaining losses for the Government. Failure to examine the title-deeds of lands purchased by the Department cost the Government over rupees 25,000. The hydrogenation factory built by the Government at Kozhikode consumed 23 lakhs of rupees and later it was found that the factory could not be worked.

To take that one item of stock in the factory, tin containers worth Rs. 94,000 has been allowed to rust and become useless. The fate of other valuable stock and machinery is not going to be different. In the Public Works Department the same creditable tale is repeated.

State Trading Schemes

The losses in the state trading schemes has been particularly heavy; the minor losses due to indifference and malpractices totalling upto Rs. 36,50,114. In the Revenue Department embezzlement of Government revenue by village officials amounts to over Rs. 86,000.

Theft of standing trees in the forest department comes to over Rs. 7,000. In the State Legislature losses due to missing of locks and key rings of ballot boxes alone come to Rs. 12,735. In the Administration of Justice losses by way of remissions, misappropriations and loss due to delay in taking action for recovery of court costs, etc., total up to Rs. 2,50,000 and more. Thus the list goes on interminably leading one to question the need for the heavy and complicated bureaucratic set up which only results in increased wastage of public money.—*Behar Herald*.

PEDLAR'S PACK

THE resignation of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri and its 'regretful' acceptance after much anxious consideration by the Prime Minister have been hailed by the press as a noble gesture, and in consonance with the highest conventions of parliamentary democracy. Actually it is a ludicrous travesty of both—if not a bogus performance for the titillation of the jaded nerves of a bemused following. A minister resigns office or is compelled to do so for dereliction of duty, moral turpitude, breaking the oath of office which includes secrecy and other allied manifestations of the offending Adam in us all. Or he resigns in protest against the adoption of policies with which he does not wish to be associated on grounds of conviction or conscience. Sometimes a whole ministry tumbles down because of unseasonable disclosures of nefarious plans hatched in secret and so devised as to take the public by surprise at a predetermined moment.

Mr. Shastri's resignation does not fall within any recognised formula or convention. It sets up a new precedent which is puerile and beside the point. The situation arising from the series of railway disasters of recent times calls for drastic action, including a toning up of the entire administration and a purging of its ranks on a heroic scale. The railways, it should be remembered, are our No. 1 pampered and petted children. The lowest employee in it is paid more than a trained graduate, does less work and goes about grumbling and threatening direct action on a permanent basis. Recently we had the shameful spectacle of an officer being called upon to explain how he dared to transfer some mail sorters. It is the Government's way to placate its troublesome employees, instead of calling their bluff. The result is, as Mr. Shastri mournfully acknowledged in the Lok Sabha, that there is a core of indiscipline in all ranks of government servants. The wonder is not that these

accidents have occurred, but that more of them have not happened!

Mr. Shastri's resignation has been a sort of red herring drawn across the path of public despondency and indignation. In the whipped-up admiration for his gesture, we are apt to forget the rotten condition of the services on which the nation's very existence depends. That this is a put-up job may also be inferred from another detail. The Prime Minister assured an intrigued house that Mr. Shastri's exit from the house would be a very temporary affair, and that he would soon be back to give the country the benefit of his very superior talents. Such an assurance has never been given of any other minister who has resigned on a matter of principle.

Not only is his resignation superfluous, but there have been recent instances of ministers sitting tight and sticking to their offices when their resignation must have followed as a matter of course in the interests of political decency. Thus when recently Delhi suffered from epidemics due to the bungling of its water-supply, the Health Minister should have been sacked. But she stuck to her place like a leech, and not one voice was raised against her continued tenancy of a very important office with proved disqualifications for the job. If Mr. Shastri's gesture is either right or proper, then the Law Minister must resign every time there is a burglary or murder, the Finance Minister tender his resignation every time that taxes are not fully collected or prices get out of hand as now. These inflictions on a patient public get away with it, while Shastri whose responsibility at best is vicarious gives us a useless gesture which neither ensures the dead coming back to life, nor rules out the chances of similar accidents in future.

Thus the so-called sacrifice of this minister is a pious fraud, and the episode nothing but a piece of sickening hypocrisy, promoted to boost the Congress Party against election day!

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HIGH COURT'S STRICTURES IN KULITTALAI CASE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE Madras High Court recently allowed a writ petition filed by certain mirasdars of Kulittalai in Tiruchirapalli District against the order of the Collector of Tiruchirapalli passed on the 15th July 1955 following the failure of talks for effecting a settlement in the agrarian dispute in Kulittalai between the mirasdars and kisans. In the course of their judgment, Their Lordships characterised the Collector's order as highly arbitrary and indefensible in law and said that it was for the Government to consider seriously whether an officer of such totalitarian views and disregard of law should continue to be entrusted with the duty of maintaining law and order in any locality in the State.

The facts of the case are briefly as follows:—

In July 1955, agrarian discontent was acute in Kulittalai Taluk, among other areas. The Kisans put forth certain demands, the chief of which was that there should be no eviction of tenants and waramdars. The mirasdars were bent upon largescale eviction. In consequence of their adamant attitude, the agrarian situation soon deteriorated. The Collector of Tiruchirapalli, intent on preserving law and order, tried to mediate in the dispute. He heard both parties concerned. The Kisans agreed to the terms even though only a part of their demands was met, but the mirasdars were defiant. They are reported to have told the Collector that they would rather allow the lands to lie fallow than yield to any of the demands of the kisans and that if the existing tenants were unwilling to cultivate on the old terms

and conditions, they would secure outsiders to do the cultivation. Fearing that if such wholesale eviction was allowed, it would inevitably result in breach of the peace in the village, the Collector passed an order directing that the *status quo* should be maintained viz. that the lessees and waramdars who cultivated the lands in the previous year might start cultivation. The Order also assured the kisans that in their agricultural operations they would have full police protection to prevent any possible obstruction. The Order was issued in the best interests of public peace. The Collector was well within his powers when he did so, for whenever a general power to do a thing is given, every particular power necessary for doing it is included. His duty was to keep the peace and he was fully entitled to take steps which he considered fit and proper in the circumstances. As Joad remarks, "The social concern of Government with society as a whole places upon it the necessity of safeguarding the interests of all its members from the blind effects of the activities of some of them." A lock-out in the agricultural industry was an unsocial act from which society had to be protected.

Mirasdars' Petition

In terms of the Collector's Order, the kisans entered the fields and started cultivation. The police stood by to prevent obstruction. This was not without precedent, however. On many occasions, the police gave protection to mirasdars against troublesome tenants. But this was the first time that the kisans were found deserving of such protection. A sec-

tion of the mirasdars filed a writ petition in the Madras High Court for quashing the Order holding that it was unwarranted and indefensible in law. They did not stop at that, but thought it appropriate to make suggestions to the State Government regarding the competency of the Collector concerned. The role of the Judge is defined by Brihaspati thus: "Merely following the texts of the law, decisions are not to be rendered; for, if such decisions are wanting in equity, a gross failure of *dharma* is caused."

It will be clear that the Collector had no *mala fide* intentions in passing the impugned Order. Inevitably the initiative in enforcing many statutes, regulations and orders lies with the executive wing of the administration. The discretion that is conferred on officials is not an unguided discretion; it has to be exercised in conformity with the policy, to effectuate which, the discretion is given. The State Government, which is in the process of effecting a series of land reforms, has laid down that there shall be no evictions of an unjustifiable nature. The Collector had only acted in consonance with that directive.

Law is not the indefinite prolongation of a particular right of enjoyment, the maintenance of the *status quo* after profound changes have taken place in the state of society. Legal landmarks which have stood for decades have been obliterated overnight to accord with the needs of social change. Their Lordships who found fault with the Collector's idea of the *status quo*, would appear to consider it proper on the part of the mirasdars to evict tenants at their will and pleasure, because of the legal remedy open to the unjustly evicted to obtain redress through the civil courts. This line of thought may be quite sound if the tenants have the same means to conduct prolonged litigation as the rich mirasdars have. But the fact remains that

they are, most of them at least, poor and indigent. To leave them to the tender mercies of the all powerful mirasdars would not be doing justice to them. The distribution of economic rewards is by far the most important determinant of the quality and quantity of natural justice prevailing in a society. In human society there is no such thing as an absolute right, since social justice requires a continuous process of adjustment, compromise and resolution of conflicts between liberty and the demands of social living. Economic actuality alone delimits our ideas of justice and imparts meaning to them. To talk of justice which has not been forged on the anvil of economic fact is to talk an incomprehensible language.

Law And Social Engineering

Law is a social science, dependent upon rather than independent of society; it should be required to conform to social needs, and judged by the degree to which it filled those needs. The conflict between fixed, mechanical concepts of law and dynamic, progressive ideas could not be resolved save by masters of a new type of jurisprudence. Law could not lag behind the other social sciences, nor could it be allowed indefinitely to short circuit the powerhouse of governmental operations. Sociological jurisprudence is a new way of thinking about law and of applying it. It is not enough to look upon law as a means of social control. Law can outgrow its negative purpose of curbing anti-social activity and become a positive means of social engineering. The position has been admirably summed up as follows by Whitehead: "A law to be successful must be the formal expression of a social sentiment; it must voice the massive long time intentions of the bulk of the people. A law which is not based on public opinion will fail to regulate peoples' conduct however admirable its object seems to be."

It is a lamentable fact that, generally, the law courts are not abreast of the times. In the words of Sir John Marshall, "The courts have been mainly, though not avowedly, guided by the economic theories prevalent from time to time, perhaps, to be more accurate, by the political economy of the past age, for it will be found that the courts are rarely abreast of the latest economic teaching."

Liberty in Welfare State

There, however, remains an uneasy feeling which is not confined to judges and lawyers that liberty in the Welfare State needs defining in terms of law more closely than has yet been the case. The problem that is raised by modern administrative action is the problem of co-ordinating power with law. It is thought that the element of discretion given to the executive in enforcing the many statutes, regulations and orders needs special vigilance no matter how high-minded the exercise. In a Welfare State, the administrative process makes up for the inadequacies of the political and legislative processes. The relative duties of administration and law are well defined by Prof. Roscoe Pound: "Administration achieves public security by preventive measures. It selects a hierarchy of officials to each of whom definite work is assigned and governed by ends rather than by rules. It is personal . . . But, well exercised, it is extremely efficient. Law on the other hand operates by redress or punishment rather than by prevention. It formulates general rules of action and visits infractions of these rules with penalties. But it is not quick enough or automatic enough to meet the requirements of the complex organisation."

Law And Administration

While law courts should continue to protect the people from bureau-

cratic wrongs, a bare interpretation of the abstract law without proper social perspective or vision will fall short of modern conceptions of justice. Law is primarily concerned with rights; administration is mainly concerned with results. Law is conducive to liberty and security while administration promotes efficiency and quick decision. The dangers of law are rigidity and stagnation. The dangers of administration are bureaucracy and high-handedness. Law acts as a check on executive excesses. As Prof. Morgan says, "The line that demarcates the sphere of courts of law in matters of public administration is admittedly a difficult one to draw." But administrators of law must not act as a stifling influence on administrative initiative nor react with excessive hostility to specific executive errors of policy. The Officers of the Government have more often to take decisions on the spot consistent with the exigencies of particular situations, which may be right or wrong. The Judges can see and adjudge things in a detached atmosphere. Such appraisal is essential for judges. But, in coming to conclusions based on law they should not be totally blind to the complex social situation and to the concatenation of circumstances which more or less have forced the executive officers to take steps in the way they did. Another important fact which should not be lost sight of is the unequal position in which the common man is placed vis-a-vis the propertied or rich class. The propertied and the privileged can defy settlement banking on the hope that the other party cannot go the whole hog legally. Litigation is costly, outside the reach of the really indigent, even though constitutionally all are said to be equal before the law and to have equal freedom to take their cases to the law courts.

SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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ON THE COVER: Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier who is now on a visit to India.

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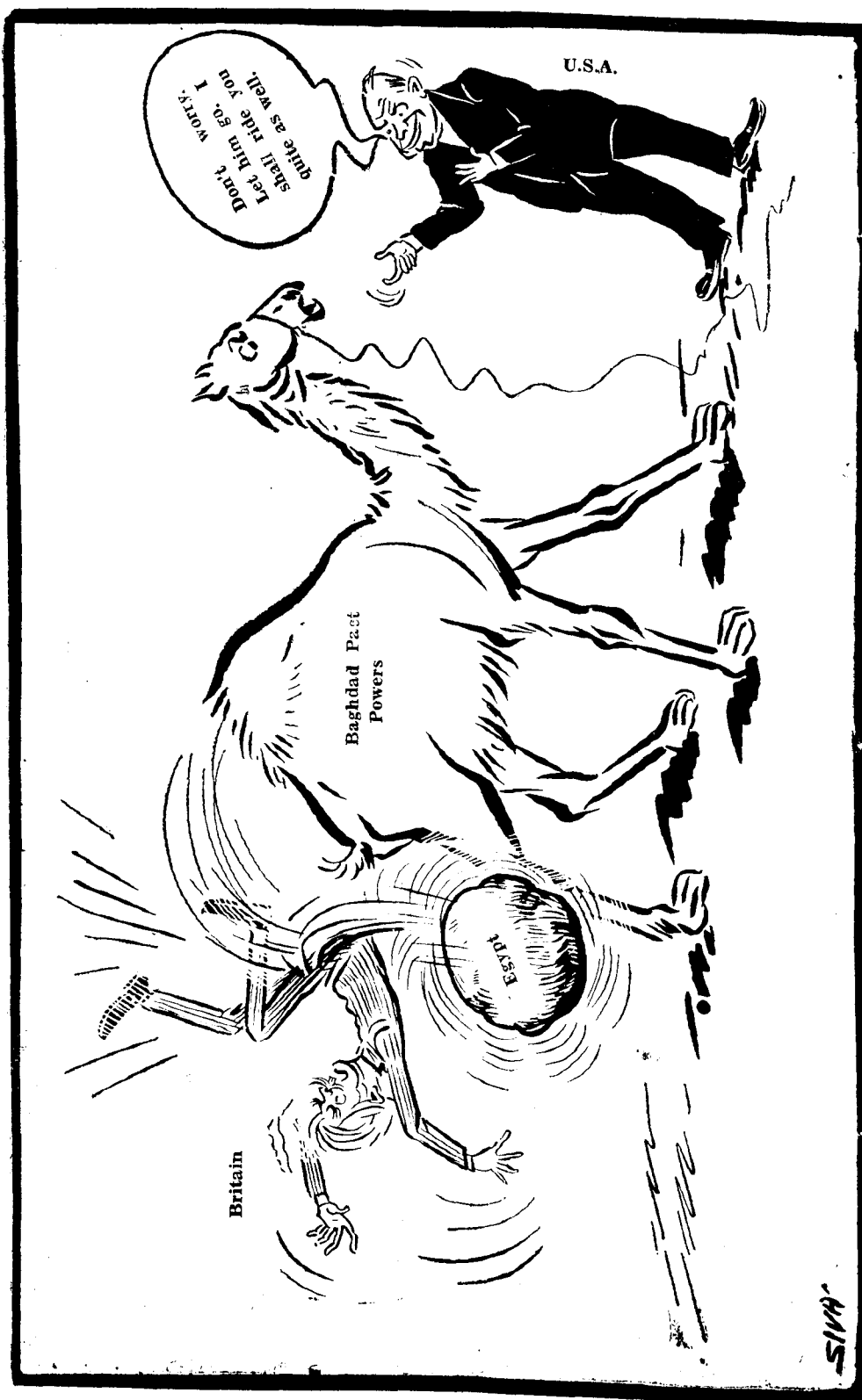
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SWATANTRA

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CHINA, OUR NEIGHBOUR

THE visit of the Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, has stirred the imagination of the Indian people who have extended to him an enthusiastic welcome. The warmth of the welcome and the genuine affection displayed towards him by people in all stations in life have nothing whatever to do with the political set-up in China in which he occupies a key position. China is a name to conjure with in India, even as India is a word which excites great popular emotion in China. These two countries, who between themselves account for half the population of the entire world, have enjoyed a peaceful existence side by side through the many thousands of years in history. They have waged not a single war against each other in spite of differences in their ethnic character. They have enriched their lives by mutual cultural contacts. Buddhism, which originated in India, has practically been extinguished here; but its dominance over China has exalted it as the religion with the largest following in the world today. If the personality of the Buddha has won the heart of China, there have been great Chinese savants and scholars who have sojourned in India and made history by occupying places of power and influence and by writing chronicles of their travels which have preserved the memories of the ancient days. Indo-Chinese relationship has been through the ages a demonstration of friendly human co-existence without the exhibition of any of the brutalities of war and strife that

have characterised the mutual relationships between most other nations. The personality of the Buddha, which symbolises peace, also reflects the inwardness of that true human fellowship which is the secret behind Indo-Chinese solidarity. The Communist Party in India and the Communist dictatorship in China would be living in a fool's paradise if they in any way are misled by the exuberance of India's demonstration of affection towards China and towards the Chinese Prime Minister and think that India is getting converted to the doctrine of Communism. Indo-Chinese relationship belongs to the imponderables of humanity and has nothing whatever to do with the drab accoutrements of present day politics. Communism is a thing of yesterday. It may fade out tomorrow. But Indo-Chinese friendship belongs to eternity. The Chinese Premier would have been as enthusiastically welcomed by India even if he had come as an envoy of a Manchu Emperor so long as he represented the people of China whom the people of India loved and whose friendship they cherished.

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Chou En-lai that he has correctly assessed the inwardness of the great welcome that has been extended to him wherever he has gone in India. He has not appropriated the welcome either to himself personally or to his party but has accepted it symbolically as the representative of the great Chinese people who have been hailed by the ancient Indian people,

now, as many time before in Indo-Chinese history. Unlike the blustering Russian couple, Bulganin and Khrushchev, who went about India proclaiming their own greatness and the greatness of their country and parading their military prowess before the poor and weak people of India, Mr. Chou En-lai has been humble and praised up India's poor accomplishments in industry, in science and in art and offered to sit with us and learn from us. It may be that we in India have nothing to teach Mr. Chou En-lai or the Chinese people to-day. But that spirit of the humble student willing to learn has dominated the relationship between the two countries and has been correctly portrayed by the Prime Minister of China.

Mr. Chou En-lai has asserted that in many matters relating to industrial development, India is ahead of China. It may be that he has intended it merely as a polite compliment. Or perhaps, it may be true, at least in regard to certain industries. But the opposite view is certainly not true, the view that already China has gone far ahead of India and has created a wonderful heaven on earth on the model of Russia, which view is now being so widely canvassed by the Congress Party and by the Government of India who are anxious to lead the country on the Russian path routed through China. The picture that emerges of China from the words of the Chinese Prime Minister is somewhat different from the picture portrayed by the Congress Party and its many delegations that have visited China in the recent past. It may be that China under the present set-up is being forced to put on the garb of fanatic communism. But there is enough evidence that the innate scepticism of the Chinese people attuned to the tradition of Confucius and their calm demeanour expressive of their faith in Buddhism, will ultimately save them from Communist fanaticism.

There is no doubt whatever that the old order of feudalism is breaking up in China. The complicated family structure and the cult of ancestor worship which has been a mill around the neck of the Chinese people is fast disintegrating, as it should in the interests of progress. The time factor is at work in China, as elsewhere in the world, and is ringing out the old order and ringing in the new order. But the presumption that freedom of thought and of enterprise pertains to the old and that conformity in thought and subservience in action belongs to the new is a perverse view. Communism does not belong to the new order any more than free thought and free enterprise belong to the old. But in the attempt to break what is really old and useless, namely feudalism and religious and traditional rigidity, a new fanaticism and a new rigidity may take hold of the people. That is what happened in Russia. That may happen in China under the tutelage of the Russian Communists. India is threatened with such a happening under the rule of the Congress Party who are but brokers of communism. But the innate civilisation of India and of China and the training they have had through their histories in free thought and in free enterprise should help them to resist the communist onslaught.

India will watch with intense interest the Chinese experiment in agricultural reform. Nobody in India advocates the retention of the parasitical landlords who have retarded production and have used land as a means of oppression of the agricultural worker. But if the rule of the landlords is to be abolished, what shall we put in its place? The method of splitting up holdings, so as to make each tiller the owner of the little plot of land which he can till, is a method which was tried in Russia and was given up. Indeed, it was found to be so obviously absurd that it was not given even a fair-

trial in Russia but was used only as a military strategy by Lenin to forcibly drive away the landlords and appropriate their lands. No sooner was the decree passed giving the land to the tiller than the demand was made on the tiller to collectivise his holding and merge himself into the village co-operative which was ruled from the top by the all-powerful party bureaucrat. In Russia the tiller never came to own his land but has obeyed the dictates of the official instead of that of the land owner. Are things different in China? That is the question which is agitating the minds of the people of India to-day. The Congress Party is loudly proclaiming that India is following China and not Russia in the matter of land reform and is vehemently propagandising that China has succeeded in increasing food production without subjecting the rural worker to the brutalities of bureaucratic rule. What are the facts about Chinese agriculture?

This is an anxious enquiry for the people of India, especially for the agricultural worker in India whose fate is hanging by a thread at this fateful hour. Mr. Chou En-lai's visit has added interest to the problem. The Chinese Premier has expressed his desire to learn from India not only of our cultural heritage but also of our achievements in industry. There is an equal anxiety among Indians to learn from China of what is happening in her agricultural sector not merely of the changes in the technical processes of food production but more especially of the changes wrought in the relationships between the worker and the management in the far-flung rural areas. Indeed the question is interesting and vital not only for India but for the whole world which is in search for a new way of assuring freedom for the individual while the wealth is to be owned in common.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Russian Circus is a show worth visiting by all those who can afford to pay the rather high rates prevailing at its box office. There is a plastic lady who highlights the show. She twists her limbs into all sorts of unimaginable forms and creates the illusion that she is scarcely a human being but some kind of insect. The proceeds of the show are said to go towards the Prime Minister's Relief Fund. The show has been advertised as the best that ever was, or will be, in Madras. And so I visited it on the 3rd evening. The skies were overcast and were threatening a recurrence of the heavy downpour that we experienced on the forenoon of that day. Nevertheless, taking the off chance of the sky clearing and the show being held at the time an-

nounced for it, a large crowd had gathered at the Stadium. It was over 5000, some estimated it at 10,000. The Russian team was ready at the appointed time to begin the performance. The audience were all eager for the show to begin, because at any moment it might begin to rain and before that could happen they hoped to witness at least some of the feats advertised. It was shivering cold, the seats in the open air were wet in the rain; but the men, women and children withstood the inconvenience in the hope of seeing some rare feats.

It was announced that the Minister for Public Works and the Chief Justice were expected to be present at the show and one of the two was to have presided, whatever "presiding"

over a circus show might mean. The two dignitaries did not arrive. The audience were getting restive and a section of them, obviously boys and girls from the local colleges, began shouting and hissing and exhibiting their impatience. Somebody appealed over the loudspeaker that such exhibitions were unseemly and that due respect should be shown to the foreign visitors, who were after all our guests and were giving a benefit performance in the public interest. This appeal mollified the demonstrators for a while. But when the Minister did not arrive after half-an-hour's waiting, loud shouts started from various parts of the audience, not only from the students' quarter. It was a trying experience, particularly for the women and children assembled and also for the circus troupe whose performance was held up for no fault of theirs. Pandemonium prevailed for another three quarters of an hour till everybody's patience was exhausted. The Minister and the Judge did not arrive and there was no news when they would condescend to grace the occasion by their presence. The circus troupe dramatically came to the rescue of the impatient audience and started the show without waiting for the arrival of the presiding deity. It was a fine show and the audience were so deeply absorbed in the performance that nobody noticed the later arrival of the offending Minister who did not dare to make the scheduled speech but contented himself by hiding his face in the crowd. He had not the guts to face the audience and offer an apology.

At the rate of one and a quarter hour which was wasted by every member of the audience that day, this Minister was responsible for stealing 10,000 precious hours of human lives by his dereliction of duty. The question arises as to whether any remedy is available under the present set-up in this country for such

careless conduct on the part of a responsible Minister of Government. To the discredit of the Press let it be recorded that no paper mentioned this incident which would have created an uproar in any other country. In the first place, there was no need whatever for anyone to 'preside' over such a well-advertised and eagerly expected show as the Russian Circus. Secondly, if any person wanted to 'preside' at such an occasion it should have been due only to the fact that he desired selfishly to exploit the show by making of himself a show-piece. Unfortunately, many of our public men and especially the Ministers are not above having recourse to such cheap methods of self-advertisement. Thirdly, after having resolved to adopt such a course of conduct these worthies should at least have the common decency to do their self-advertising at the time and the place announced and not waste other peoples' time holding up the entertainment. Unpunctuality on the part of our politicians is fast becoming a chronic malady. But such blatant conduct as exhibited last Monday by the Minister for Public Works is setting up a dangerous precedent. Since the people are helpless in the matter, the Congress party and the High Command must act. Such dereliction on the part of leading personalities is wasteful and causes great harm to the public. The results are often as serious as those that happen in the major disasters that overtake the people. After all, what was tragic about the Ariyalur Railway disaster was that so many human lives were cut short. The delaying of the proceedings at crowded assemblies also cuts short human lives. Though on a smaller scale, such delaying tactics partakes of the tragic nature of the grim disaster at Ariyalur. We do hope that something will be done to bring home to the Minister the enormity of his offence.

Mr. K. D. Malaviya, Minister for

Natural Resources and Scientific Research, said in Parliament the other day that the Solar Cooker had not failed. He stated it had to be pursued and must be pursued. The public is entitled to ask at whose expense is the pursuit of a phantom being persisted in? It was at one time stated that the Prime Minister was taking so great an interest in the matter that he was attempting to cook his own food in the Solar Cooker. If the Government have such great confidence in the Cooker why not the Prime Minister come out with a statement of his own findings in the matter? Mr. Malaviya was inclined to lay the blame upon the people whose imagination, he said, had not yet caught up with the glory of the Solar Cooker. Did he try it out? Did the Minister take a dose of the medicine which he prescribes so confi-

dentally to all others? An attempt is being made to compare the Solar Cooker with the Pressure Cooker which works by the use of steam under pressure and which certainly is a success. This latter invention is scientific and is adopted all over the world today. But the so-called Solar Cooker, at any rate in the form in which it has been foisted upon the people by the National Physical Laboratory, is just a fraud which has landed the Government, the manufacturers, the distributors and the purchasers of this contraption in heavy loss. It is high time the Government appoints a Committee of Inquiry to investigate into the nature of this fraud instead of trying to whitewash it in Parliament and before the people.

SETHU



Photograph taken during the visit of the Chinese Premier to the Gemini Studios. Mr. Chou En-lai is seen with actress Padmini on his right.

PEDLAR'S PACK

SPEAKING on behalf of the People's Government of China, Mr. Chou En-lai indicated that Marshal Chiang Kai-shek would be offered a very high place in the government if only he cared to come in.

Speculation is naturally rife as to how high the place would be. In knowledgeable circles, the possibility is not ruled of its being as high as the—gibbet!

The members of the Russian Circus performing in the city are reported to have kept the audience spell-bound with their feats for over two hours.

This is nothing to the much bigger circus at the Kremlin which has kept the whole world spell-bound for more than thirty years.

Nurie El Sayid the regent of Iraq has been attacked by the press in Egypt as an Englishman with a turban.

**Having borne the brunt
Of th'attack on th'Arab Front
Egypt has started a stunt
For traitors in the camp to hunt:
So she calls the Regent Nuri-El-Said
shifty, mercurial,—
Whom they should put a curb on
For being an Englishman with a
turban!**

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE:

Referring to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's hope that the 18-power proposals for the settlement of the Suez dispute would be taken up for early consideration, Pandit Nehru is reported to have said that those proposals were 'dead as cold mutton.' For a Harrovian trained and Cambridge-hall-marked product, this solecism is most distressing indeed. The English idiom is 'dead as mutton' without reference to the temperature of it. Incidentally, hot mutton is not more alive than cold mutton!

In the course of his speech in the Lok

Sabha on the Middle East situation, Pandit Nehru spoke of a vacuum having been created there, and wondered how it is to be filled up.

**In the Book of Fate it's written
That the Mid-East fiasco of Britain
Should lead to the creation of a vacuum
With th' Arabs squabbling over their
meum and tuum!**

In a written answer to an American correspondent, Mr. Nasser is reported to have given the assurance that Egypt would never become the satellite of any other country or allow herself to be used as a pawn or prove a hireling.

**The days are utterly gone
When Egypt could be treated as a
pawn:**

**From being a satellite
She's now among th'elite:
To her will never cling
The odious name of 'hireling!'**

Speaking after assuming office as Governor of Kerala, Dr. Ramakrishna Rao said: 'I have been very much inspired by this land of Kerala not only as the birth-place of Sankara, but also as a place of the first Jewish synagogue, the first Christ Church, and the first mosque in India.'

It is also bound to be the first place where a communist ministry may be formed for the first time in the land.

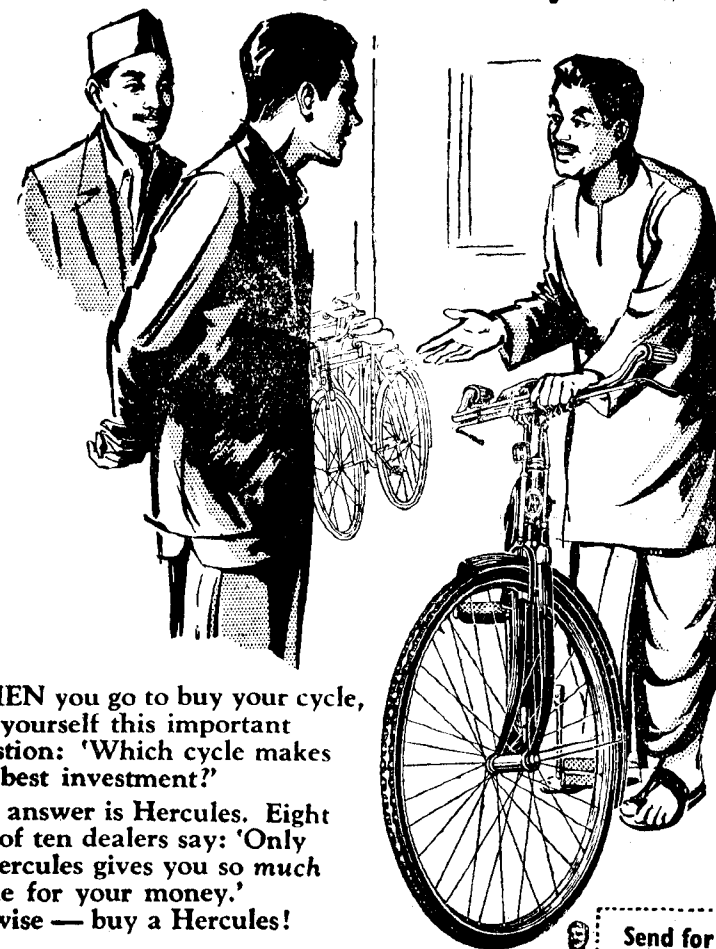
The Western nations are said to be in for a long period of trouble on account of the scarcity of oil for their needs.

**After a lot of trouble and toil,
The West brought the crisis to the boil,
To make sure of Middle-East oil:
But the U. S. was determined to foil
The 'intruders getting away with the
spoil;**

**So Eden had to leave his native soil
Praying to God his soul t'assail!**

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THE ECONOMIC MALAISE IN INDIA

By E. D. SHEPPARD

THE Avadi Session of the Congress Party has decided that the economic development of the country is to be directed towards the achievement of "A Socialistic Pattern of Society". Various policy pronouncements and Acts of Parliament which have followed in the wake of this decision give the impression that it is to be implemented by a process of establishing uniformity and an official discouragement of incentives or individual gain. Indeed the thoughtful mind cannot help but feel the strongest misgivings that, if it is along these lines that the Socialistic Pattern is to be pursued, it will eventually lead to frustration, and the belying of the hopes for a fuller life which so many millions of people have pinned on it.

Dog In A Barnyard

In a recent article entitled "The Dynamic Society", a leading economist has dubbed the philosophy which forms the basis of this type of economic thinking as being "like a dog in a barnyard. It cannot lay eggs itself and it will not let the hens do so". This writer points out that when men are not allowed to strive for their dreams and to enjoy the fruits of their strivings, they consume everything they produce from day to day and so make it necessary for the State to force them to abstain, in order to save and build tools for the future.

The same economist points out that there are two methods by which the economic donkey can be propelled forward. One is to offer him a carrot and the other is to beat him. In both the cases the result is forward movement. Similarly there are two dynamic economic systems prevailing in the world today. One is that of Free Enterprise, or development

through individual incentive, and the other that of the authoritarian State and its methods of compulsion.

We in India have rejected the stick theory and the concept of the authoritarian state as being alien to the traditional Indian way of life. Can we not therefore accept as a nation the logical corollary of introducing the carrot in its stead?

The Private Sector

The terms "Capital" and "Capitalist" have over a period of years been misinterpreted and distorted so much that in the public mind they are now associated with systems which are completely at variance to their real activities. "Capital" is widely identified with an undesirable concentration of power and the accumulation of personal wealth, rather than what it in fact is, namely the savings of people which have been created by hard work and self-denial and which are thus available to start more good things growing. Now a similar process of distortion is in being which seeks to identify the term "Private Sector" with something that is anti-social and anti-national. "Private Sector" is a term which is at variance with the system which it purports to describe. There is nothing "private" about the finances and accounts of the major industrial units existing within the so-called "Private Sector". These units of Free Enterprise are as public as they can be.

Furthermore, the tendency to associate the "Private Sector" with the relatively few major corporate industries is itself quite wrong. The truth of the matter is that the so-called "Private Sector" consists of all business activity and commercial endeavour except those few units which are

operated and owned by the State. The vast range of these business and commercial interests varies from the largest industrial concerns on the one hand to the small shopkeepers carrying out their day to day trade in the bazaar on the other, and it is all these who are denoted by the misused term "Private Sector".

"People's Sector"

If it is necessary, as it apparently is, to differentiate within the mixed economy between those activities which are State controlled and State regulated on the one hand, and those which operate through the initiative of individuals on the other, then I would suggest that a more accurate description of the two sectors would be to rename what is today called the Private Sector as the "People's Sector" and the Public Sector as the "State Sector". Such renaming would, I feel, go a long way towards removing the unfortunate and erroneous association of ideas in the minds of the public regarding the structure of Free Enterprise.

A Co-operative Society

We hear also a good deal of talk these days by socialistic planners of the desirability for increasing co-operative societies. I submit that a Joint Stock Company is nothing but a co-operative society in the fullest sense of the term. Its capital is created by co-operative faith in its venture, its direction is provided by those who reflect in their persons co-operative choice, its factories are worked by co-operative endeavour and finally its products are sold only if there is co-operation from the consuming public. The doctrinaire socialist, who suppresses or distorts facts that do not fit in with the theories that he has imbibed tends to brush this argument aside with the remark that a handful of shareholders cannot be described as a co-operative society.

Surely the logical result of a dispassionate appraisal of all the facts is that the existing policy, namely

that of a constantly increasing State Sector, and by implication a proportionately smaller People's Sector should be exactly reversed and the best interests of India would be served by the State doing only those things which the people cannot do by the exercise of their own initiative and judgment in the arena of the world market place. Can any Government truthfully say that it knows this market place better than its people know it?

Classless Society

On the subject of the use of terms which come to have a meaning foreign to their purpose, one must also comment on the "classless Society" so much in current vogue. Inasmuch as this term denotes a society from which has been banished hereditary privilege and unwarranted opportunity, and means the creation of a social organisation to which each one is entitled to contribute on merit alone, its implication can only be welcomed. Unhappily this is not the concept that is meant by those who so constantly refer to it. The type of "Classless Society" which these people appear to have in mind is one in which all men are dragged down to a level of uniform poverty.

Such a society must of necessity be a third class society. Any deliberate attempt to abolish a class by taxation or any other legislative means will never succeed in abolishing "Class". For in the vacuum so created an official bureaucratic aristocracy would emerge at once.

Middle Class Neglected

I would like to deal especially with the plight of the middle class of our country and the constantly increasing bleakness of the future which faces it.

That the middle classes are depressed, that they are being destroyed by taxation and the high cost of living, that some Finance Minister of the Government of India must do something about it—and that none ever does; these are the truths

We pay our tribute to the memory of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, the valiant fighter for the cause of the under-dog in India, the savant, the reformer and the humanist who died on the 6th December 1956.

which have been with us ever since 1947.

What is this middle class and whom does it comprise? I would suggest that it embraces all those people who work with their brains and derive their income from salaries and professional fees or from the active management of property, those who do most of the organising and creative and inventive work from which the nation gains its vitality. The spread of this class stretches from the clerk and salesman at one end to business executives, and professional men at the other. The thread which unites them is social rather than financial. The contributions which these people make come from intelligence, character and example. For the most part they do not clock in and clock out for eight hours a day, but are always on duty. They are compelled to keep up a standard of living not merely for the sake of appearances, but in order to play their part in the social life which they guide and nurture.

Working Class Welfare

Universal adult franchise in our country encourages politicians to look solely to the masses and to ignore the middle class as though it were negligible. Since independence the well-being of the industrial working class has been the special care of the Central and State Governments, as also that of the majority of parliamentarians. Not only can no one object to this, but indeed if the rais-

ing of the standard of life of all people in the country is to be achieved, then we must regard the betterment of the living conditions of this particular class as a matter of great satisfaction and unstinted pleasure. At the same time one hears that the agricultural class, which of course constitutes the great majority of the Indian people, has also taken a few albeit faltering steps forward, on the path to a better life. It is the hope of all people that this trend will be emphasised and speeded as rapidly as possible.

But what of the middle class? When attention is focussed on their betterment there appears to be a curious lack of interest in it. No political champions come forward to safeguard their interests. As has been suggested earlier, the reason for this may well be purely one of numbers—in a population of 360 millions they do not appear to warrant the interest and attention of those standing for parliament and whose political future is decided by the counting of heads. Consequently the middle class is left friendless and unsupported. Unless this process of deterioration in its standard of life, and therefore in the morale of the people constituting this class is arrested, an irreplaceable component of the industrial and commercial structure of the country will be dangerously weakened, and no amount of planning or legislation will be able to replace it or revive it.

THE ABORTIVE PEACE

By L. N. S.

PEOPLE travelling by the Government Transport buses in the city must be familiar with the pranks of street urchins loitering about the various halting points and imitating, specially after dark, the whistles of conductors to signal the drivers to go while passengers are still getting in or out. These infants—they are hardly more than ten—are nothing if not versatile; for they can reproduce the inflections or modulations of different conductors' whistles with a ventriloquial verisimilitude which is just uncanny. The drivers would respond with an automatic docility which would jolt the passengers about and expose the innocent conductors to much unmerited comminatory eloquence. That long-suffering class of people would shake their fists at the offending waifs and threaten them with dire penalties, what time the bus would once more be on the move; but the little ones would make faces at them with immunity for obvious reasons.

On a recent occasion, an anonymous whistle was given when the conductor was himself standing out to let the passengers in. But as the bus began to lurch forward, he shouted to the driver to hold on, and grabbing the diminutive devil who was at the bottom of the mischief gave him a well-merited quota of punches and pinches. That little fellow set up a howl which he made the more blood-curdling by adding the word: 'Murder!' Thereupon the bus came again to a dead stop, a group of jay-walkers quickly collected on the spot, and proceeded to mete out summary injustice to the unfortunate conductor. His explanations and protests were of no avail; indeed he would have been lynched on the spot if the policeman

on duty at a neighbouring point had not come to his rescue by intervening—(as our Prime Minister does in the Lok Sabha debates) and saving him and the situation.

Not only the crowd outside but almost all the passengers in the bus took the side of the mischief-loving urchin, and subjected the much-bruised conductor to a homily on the enormity of his attacking a poor, innocent, little child. Did he not know after all that children would be children? His protestations that he meant no harm to the boy, that he would be all the better for a thrashing which he regretted he could not administer fully, and that unless checked betimes such fellows were certain to go to the devil before their time etc., etc., were received in derisive laughter or over-pitched indignation. When he finally said that he meant it all for their own safety, he was told sharply enough that the public won't stand that sort of nonsense, and that he must not presume to act for them without their authority.

The Accustomed Course

The bus has resumed its rounds, the conductor is thankful that he lost only his face not his job, and the urchins are still at the merry game while individual passengers get knocked about and put up with it in a spirit of grumbling resignation. Except for a brief diversion, the world has got back to its accustomed course, neither sadder nor wiser for the event

Britain has just gone through a more or less analogous experience. The British lion has been exposed to contumely in its dotage, its tail twisted, its nose tweaked and its nails pared by an international con-

sortium of Preachers, Pharisees and Scribes who have enjoyed a field-day such as the world has rarely presented to the self-appointed censors of its morals. Now Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has publicly acknowledged the failure of his gamble of nearly a month ago, and has announced his readiness to pull out of Egypt in view of the satisfactory assurances about the U. N. force completing the task which Anglo-French initiative began! But never has England been forced to eat humble pie so publicly and with such abject thoroughness. That she was preparing for her present purgatory was implicit when Sir Anthony Eden exchanged 10, Downing Street for the wilderness or the West Indies. It looks as if everybody in Europe outside the Iron Curtain would have a merry Christmas and look forward to a happy new year.

But is that the end of the story? Stands the world where it did a month ago? Are the prospects of peace on a global basis brighter than in the past? Would the discomfiture of the Anglo-French 'fascists' mean automatically the dawn of the golden age in the Middle East? Has the UNO become adequate enough as a punitive agent to keep all wrongdoers in check? Above all, are the relative positions of America and Russia as representing opposing ideologies such as to promote the prospects of an understanding between them in the interests of human values?

Seeds Of World Conflagration

No simple or single answer is possible to all of them. But there is no doubt that the Anglo-French action against Egypt has unmasked a series of situations both in the Middle East and far beyond, every one of which carries in itself the seeds of a future world conflagration. The main question now confronting the world is whether the points in dispute (which transcend the issue of the Suez Canal

and its accessibility to the nations of the world) can be settled peacefully and by mutual agreement. And if they could be so settled, why was it that the big powers made no serious attempt to promote such a settlement all these years?

It is now obvious that Egypt is but a small part of a bigger issue that concerns the so-called Arab world intimately. The myth of its solidarity has now been effectively exploded. For today we are treated to the delectable spectacle of Egypt accusing Iraq, Iraq complaining against Syria and Syria appealing to the UNO for protection from her own Arab kinsmen! There are rumours that Iraq intends to swallow Syria on the west and Jordan on the south—the former because it is said to be communist in ideology, and the latter because it is not viable except with the subvention obtained from foreign sources. Side by side with these complaints and counter-complaints, Egypt has been riding the high horse and laying down the conditions under which alone the UNEF would be allowed to function on Egyptian soil. Egyptian leaders, led by Nasser, coined the phrase 'international totalitarianism' to stigmatise any possible continuance indefinitely of the UNEF on Egyptian territory. But in view of the admitted rifts in the Arab lute, it now seems fairly certain that the UN force will stay on for much longer than may be palatable to Egypt.

America's Role

Thus the dilemma which faced the Anglo-French entente has to be faced by the UNO—that is by the government of the U. S. It may be noticed in this connection that there has been no universal approval or appreciation of America's action in bringing France and Britain to their knees. That is the measure of the gratitude of the world for the thankless role that America has played in the present crisis. Let it be assumed

that Britain and France fade out of the Middle East. If neither the U. N. nor the U. S. steps into the breach, two developments are almost inevitable. Soviet infiltration would become more and more blatant and, exploiting the internal differences between the Arab states, mount internal revolutions setting up the proletarian dictatorship *a la* Hungary. The outside world would be immobilised with the classic plea that what might happen in Iraq or Syria or Egypt was an internal affair of the people concerned, and that no outsider had a *locus standi* to interfere in it.

If this is to be averted, then the U. S. would have to come in as the monitor of that part of the Arab world which is now definitely and overtly known to be anti-communist. Persia, Iraq and Turkey have already burnt their boats and are committed to the Western bloc. If they repudiated it or tried to get out of it, it would be merely to commit suicide. This, in its turn, would expose America to the charge of trying to supplant Britain and France in the Middle East and to that end exploiting its commanding position in the UN organisation. Thus the moral gain which is supposed to have accrued to America from her Hebraically severe condemnation of Anglo-French aggression would be hardly distinguishable from mistaken self-interest tortuously pursued.

For, so far as America is concerned, her primary obsession is the spread of communism. This is being exploited by others to suit their own local requirements. The naivety of American diplomacy is still its most exasperating feature. For it supposes (with inexcusable simplicity) that the world would be grateful for its dole of dollars, and in return promise, for ever after, to be wholly anti-communist. What is actually taking place is that the dollars are being received, but the agents who distribute them get nothing but denunciations 'deep but not loud'. Above all, a great moral and ideological

defeat is in store for America in the Middle-Eastern sphere. For she is not going to get it on her side by bribery or blandishments; and she may not get it by force.

Cock-Pit Of Strife

In other words, the Middle-Eastern theatre bids fair to become the trying out ground for the third world-war. The fissions in the Arab world condemn it to be supervised by an external authority—whether Eastern or Western. Such a force would sooner or later cease to be neutral under the pressure of events, and be the means of precipitating a conflict which has now been averted. The continued intransigence of the communist high command to demands for reform such as led to the Hungarian shambles must cause arm-chair politicians, who have been hugging the belief that time would soften the rigours of the Soviet system, to pause and ponder.

The last of the consequences of the Anglo-French adventure has been to galvanise into full vitality the Baghdad Pact. For a statesman of 'world-standing' Pandit Nehru showed his amateurishness, if indeed he did not perpetrate a bloomer, when he recently declared that as a result of the shake-up in the Middle-East the Baghdad Pact was 'pretty dead.' It is not only not dead but very much alive, and primarily to our own discomfort. The elaborate statements on the subject both by Messrs. Suhrawardy and Nehru are of such importance and bear so vitally on our own prospects that they call for independent consideration.

KUMARI CHITRALEKHA

Kumari Chitralekha, disciple of E. Chellapa, gave a *Bharata Natya* recital at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore, last Saturday. Though some of the pieces were in the copy-book style, her performance was on the whole quite enjoyable.

Kumari Jayalakshmi rendered *vadams* with distinction.—RAM.

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A SCIENTIST TRACKS THE ARMY ANT

By TED HONDERICH

The world's foremost authority on the minute crawling carnivores which can kill men, Dr. Theodore Schneirla has moved through the jungle with the savage horde.

AS you climb a spiralling, iron staircase to a top-floor laboratory of the American Museum of Natural History, the meowing of cats drift down from above. Dr. Theodore Schneirla, a calm man who directs experimental work in the laboratory, has a first-name affection for the dozens of cats as he visits their cages. But as he talks quietly of his life work with animals, he shows a greater attachment for another species of creatures, the incredible army ants who march in savage hordes, devouring all in their paths.

Dr. Schneirla is 54 and has spent more time in the jungle with the Amazon legions of army ants than any other man. His past 20 years have been devoted to explaining the minute, crawling carnivores which can kill men. He is the world's foremost authority on the army ant. He is one of the few men who have moved through the jungle with a particular species of the army ant, the swarm raiders, as they advance in a black mass, many yards wide, like an eddying onslaught of flowing liquid. Ahead of this grim army of 250,000 or more individuals, he has watched other insects as well as snake and animals flee in terror.

Although he is stung and bitten dozens of times every day during his jungle expeditions, Dr. Schneirla has never been seriously injured. He admits, despite a scholarly reluctance, that he could lose his life if he were trapped, with a broken leg for example, in front of the advancing horde of an ant army. His studies have concerned new world army ants exclusively, which are not believed

capable of stripping a carcass down to bones as do their African relatives. But they are still able to bite, sting or smother men and animals to death.

Most of Dr. Schneirla's 12 expeditions, which last up to six months, have been to Barro Colorado island in the Panama Canal zone of Central America. The island is three miles in diameter and is preserved in its thick, jungle wildness for scientific study. While observing and collecting ants there, Dr. Schneirla has occasionally felt a need of his machete, a heavy-knife-hatchet, to cope with other frightening adversaries.

Birds Lead to Ants

The *fer-de-lance* is one—a snake related to the rattler and sometimes seven feet long. The scientist has also faced jaguars in his trips. He has been lost, broken bones and been stung, on one occasion 150 times, by enraged wasps. That time he spent the night in toxic delirium. He seems to consider such episodes, however, more as impediments to his business-like researches than as jungle adventures.

His studies have primarily concerned two species of army ant, the swarm raiders and the column raiders. The swarm raider advance in a solid front often more than 15 yards wide. The column raiders move like modern tank battalions—in a single column. When they are under way, the column raiders resemble a golden ribbon threading its way through the jungle. Column raiders are mostly yellow, swarm raiders reddish-black.

A cabinet in Dr. Schneirla's office

in the laboratory holds small file books, containing daily records of his journeys. The pencilled, shorthand entries give some idea of a typical day "in the field" with the ant hunter.

Dr. Schneirla looks something like a swashbuckling pirate when he is in the jungle, except for the notebook, collecting jars of ants and a trowel to scoop them up. On his head is a knotted bandanna handkerchief, usually blue-hats are cumbersome when crawling through vines and hollow logs. He wears a khaki shirt and trousers, hobnailed boots and, at night, a headlamp. At his hip is the all-important machete. It carves a way through the jungle and may serve as protection in emergencies—against the vicious white-lipped peccaries or wild swine that roam on Barro Colorado, for example. A gun would take care of one peccary in an attack but they travel in herds.

On the island, which Dr. Schneirla last visited in 1955, is a small laboratory and bunkhouse for visiting scientists. This is the base from which he departs each morning. If he has not already located an ant colony, there is one good way. Ant birds, similar to wrens, feed on particular species of ants. The scientist keeps an ear open for the cries of the right ant birds. They usually lead him to an army ant "bivouac"—a hanging swarm of ants not unlike a bee swarm. The daily attacks begin from this bivouac, in which the ants exist overnight.

The bivouac usually hangs like a bag from an undersurface, often the bottom side of a fallen tree. It may sag down two feet or more, a mass of the living bodies, perhaps 500,000 ants. They cling together by means of tiny hooks on their legs. The bivouac's appearance from the outside has been likened to "the rippling fur of some terrible animal."

Inside the bivouac, protected by the living wall, are the ant eggs and the young. All night the young are led

by adults. The young may be larvae, resembling little worms, or pupae in small cocoons. Also in the bivouac is the queen of the colony, brilliant golden-yellow and an inch long. The other ants, all female but unproductive, are a quarter-inch or a half-inch in length. They are warriors with oversize heads and huge pincer jaws. A manside ant would have jaws six feet wide. When he is bitten by a large ant, Dr. Schneirla uses tweezers to separate the pincers and remove them without tearing his flesh.

The Raiders' Cycle

Dr. Schneirla has shown that both column raiders and swarm raiders follow a definite cycle. The column raiders lead a nomadic existence for about 16 days. They move their bivouacs each night the astounding distance, for an ant, of about 400 yards. In addition, of course, there are attacks each day from the bivouac. After the 16 days, the army ants rest for 29 days, not changing their base camp. During this time the daily attacks are of reduced magnitude. The swarm raiders have a similar cycle.

For centuries it was believed that ant migrations occurred when food in one area became scarce. Dr. Schneirla's evidence of the precise time cycle disproved this. During the nomadic phase, he believes, the ants move to new bivouacs nightly because of the great excitement built up during the day. The ants are "energized."

It was also thought for centuries that army ants were intelligent insects, that their attacks showed signs of military planning and that they had individual leaders. Dr. Schneirla learned that army ants are stupid and nearly blind. When they rush along a trail to battle, they are simply following a chemical trail secreted by ants which have gone ahead. If an ant is removed from the trail, he wanders helplessly. The

effect of the chemical secretion can sometimes be seen on rock surfaces.

To return to a typical day in the jungle. As the morning warms up, the ants begin their attacks. The swarm raiders move out from the bivouac in a widening fan, blackening ground, vines and tree trunks. The column raiders move out from the bivouac in three columns, each several inches wide. In the forefront of these attacks are what Dr. Schneirla calls "pushing parties"—ants who scurry ahead of the column an inch or so and return. They deposit the beginnings of the chemical trail and the troops move forward over it.

There is one great attack a day, during the heat of the afternoon, and other earlier, smaller attacks. All-out war is waged. Toads, snakes, millipedes, eight inches long and fledgling birds may be stung to death. Hundreds of wildly excited army ants plunge into the nests of other ants, bees or wasps. With antennae waving violently, they do battle. Soon there are ants carrying off stolen eggs, larvae and bits of flesh. This booty is taken back to the bivouac later.

Battle Is Their Business

The vast majority of the other ants and insects, as well as snakes and animals, flee before the army ants. Some other ants put up a fight. Legs and antennae are bitten off and bodies cut in half. Writing forms cover the jungle floor. There are casualties on both sides but the army ants never retreat without booty. Battle is their business and they're good at it.

In the evening, the daily migration begins—if the army ants are not in the resting phase. The migration, perhaps over 400 yards, may take eight hours. In the departing column, adult ants carry the eggs and larvae. The queen is closely shepherded on her way—she has spent the day in the bivouac, which is maintained to

some degree although many ants are off at war.

Following a migration, in any weather, is one of the scientist's most exacting jobs. Once on Barro Colorado, a moving colony took to a trellis-work of vines spanning a deep ravine. In the black night, under a tropical rain, Dr. Schneirla hunted four hours in the jungle to find the stream of ants as it emerged on the far side of the ravine.

The queen of the ant colony lays a huge batch of eggs once during the cycle of wandering and resting. There may be more than 40,000 eggs. When one of the queen's breeds is in the pupal stage, living in cocoons, the colony remains at rest. When the young adults emerge, their emergence excites the colony and the nomadic phase of 16 days begins.

Except once a year, all the eggs produce female but infertile ants. Once a year about 1,500 males and a dozen fertile females or queens are produced. All but one or two of the most attractive queens are expelled from the colony to die. They are pushed away from the colony by adult ants. At this time the old queen may be superseded by a young queen, part of her colony may break away and follow a young queen, or the colony may divide and follow two young queens. An army ant queen may live as long as five years.

The males emerge from their cocoons with wings and fly away. Females have no wings. The males find other colonies, fertilize queens and die. Thus the army ant colonies are made up entirely of amazon warriors except for a short period.

Pathway to Truth

How did Theodore Schenirila get on the ant trail he has followed so closely? As a boy in Bay City, Mich., he was as interested in animals as the next lad. At the University of Michigan, a science professor interested him in ants. One week-end, Schenirila collected some ants in ballot.

box nests. He was eventually given a large room at the university in which to study them. He often stayed all night at it. On Barro Colorado island, Dr. Scheirla has had enough persistent interest to follow a single colony for more than four months. Other colonies, of course, were being studied at the same time. Dr. Schneirla plans to continue his study of ants—"They are a means of arriving at scientific truth." Also, their activities may help to explain human and animal behaviour. Although he seems content in his museum laboratory, looking out on the wilds of Central Park, he has fallen prey to the jungle. Dr. Schneirla admits he prefers to work there.

FOR BACHELORS AND SPINSTERS

(In two recent issues of the SWATANTRA letters have appeared on behalf of bachelors and spinsters. I feel that a letter which could be used by both sides, according to their desire to say aye or no would interest your readers. It is composed by some one whose name I do not remember. It was entered in my scrap book twenty years ago when I was in the college.—NAMES)

The great love that I hitherto expressed for you is false, and find my indifference towards you increases daily. The more I think of you the more you appear in my eyes as an object of contempt. I feel myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me, I never had an intention to offer you my hand. Our last conversation in R-Gardeus has left a tedious insipidity which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy, and were we united I would experience nothing but the hatred of my parents added to the everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow but I do not desire you to imagine it at your service. I could not give it to anyone more inconstant and capricious than yourself and less capable to do honour to my choice and family. Yes! I hope you would be persuaded that I speak sincerely and you will do me a favour to avoid me. I shall excuse your taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence and you have not a shadow of wit and good sense. Adieu! Adieu! I believe me so averse to you that it is impossible for me even to be your most affectionate friend and humble servant. Farewell.

I am your most
despicable, disgraced
humble servant.
Sd.—

(Key:) Read the above letter again with the line "The great love . . .", and omitting the next line and all the other alternate lines after that. You will find that the letter is one of the creamiest love letters ever written.)

JORDAN MAY BECOME STORM-CENTRE OF MIDDLE-EAST

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

CAIRO: In a crisis-torn, awakening Arab world, Jordan is the cock-pit of the Middle East. The Arab world's biggest problem, far bigger than that of the Suez, is Israel. The Hashmite Kingdom of Jordan makes the longest boundary with Israel. And when the crisis comes, the whole world would be involved in it, for it is the United Nations that has created Israel backed by the Western Powers, unmindful of the Eastern protests.

Two events of recent origin have changed the entire structure of Jordan, which was created by the British to reward and saddle their war time ally, Abdullah, as the king. The first was the dismissal of John Bagot Glubb, the British Commander-in-Chief of the Arab Legion, who ruled the country, appointed and dismissed Ministers, and even piloted the King. The second is the latest free election resulting in a new government in the country, which stands for a federal unity with the Republics of Egypt and Syria and abrogation of the Anglo-Jordan Treaty of Alliance which enabled the British to maintain military bases in Jordan.

The new Prime Minister of the country is Soliman el Babulsi whose party has a majority in the Parliament. He is not a fire brand agitator but his followers and the rest who back him in the Parliament are solidly united in the policy just enunciated. He follows the policy or falls down, for he is not even an elected member of the Parliament. He lost the ballot by a few votes. It is the King who has appointed him and a king in today's Jordan dares

not flout the people's demands, for he knows what it means.

Jordan was about to join the Baghdad Pact but the riots that followed and the complete paralyzing of government machinery that ensued because of the officers' strike staged to protest against the Baghdad Pact, the King had to dismiss his Cabinet, oust a powerful British general, and thus keep himself crowned. But he recently said: "I am not interested in my Crown. If the people demand I'll give it up."

Economically Not Well Off

To understand Middle East in general, and the Arab world in particular, it is absolutely necessary that we understand Jordan, for in it is manifest all the problems of the awakening Middle East. To understand Jordan I spent five weeks in this pocket-size little known country which is a wonderland of history, a country of most striking beauty lined with vineyards and orange groves. But behind the vine-yards and orange groves lay the most dangerous seeds of a coming crisis of which the world knows little. India has not even a Legation in Jordan and the Baghdad Embassy which looks after our interests in Jordan is cut away by a vast desert ruled by a Prime Minister who is not a great friend of the Arabs.

Jordan is not today economically in a good shape. Surrounded by vital oil kingdoms, she derives tolls only from their pipe lines that pass through her territory into the Mediterranean. Practically a British ward for a long time, Jordan has had her budget squared by Great Britain in exchange for several military bases which are important to England for

her Middle East "demands". Britain's share in Jordan's budget was a lion's share, being about two-third of the country's total revenue. So, when it came to the question of abrogation of the Anglo-Jordan Treaty of Alliance, it almost posed a serious financial problem for the country.

But the lion's tail has been vigorously twisted. The new government has already drafted details for the abrogation of the Anglo-Jordan Treaty of Alliance. Saudi-Arabia, Syria and Egypt have promised to give to Jordan what she loses from Britain. Egypt, Syria, and Jordan have already aligned themselves with a common military command. The three states have thus virtually become one in matters of their defence. Saudi Arabia is behind all the three States. She pools her vast wealth from oil that is overflowing her otherwise barren deserts. Amount totalling to two years' aid by Great Britain to Jordan has already been deposited at their first instance. It is a fact of vital importance for events to come in the Middle East.

Israeli Attacks

A few days before the election in Jordan, Israel made some dramatic military attacks on Jordan, terrorising and killing a large number of Arabs. Just before this incident, the Prime Minister of Iraq, a member of the Baghdad Pact, made sudden overtures for a settlement of the Israeli question. The thread was picked up as suddenly by Britain's Sir Anthony Eden. And when the Israeli attacks came to be condemned by the United Nations Truce Chief, Great Britain issued a statement promising support to her "brother" Jordan in case of "any fresh military attacks by Israel". In the meanwhile, Iraqi border was jammed with troops to enter Jordan to help her fight Israel! All this was happening just at a time when election fever had gripped Jordan.

Egypt and Syria also disagreed with

Nuri Said's army entering Jordan. They implied it would create fresh complications, to get Baghdad Pact army in a non-Baghdad Pact country. Instead, Egypt sent her own Commander-in-Chief and War Minister to Jordan, offering jet planes and other military stores and also signed the United Command Pact.

In the meanwhile, Amman, the capital of Jordan which was a small village only a few years ago, suddenly became a pilgrimage for Western newsmen. No less than twenty Western correspondents arrived there. The Conservative *Daily Telegraph* correspondent sensing the election results cabled immediately on his arrival in Amman: JORDAN IS GOING THE NASSER WAY. Another telegraphed: JORDAN IS HEADING AWAY FROM THE WESTERN INFLUENCE INTO THE ORBIT OF EGYPT. Yet another, with perhaps more political humour, cabled: RUSSIA PENETRATES INTO THE HEART OF THE ARAB WORLD!

The Jordan Election

Beginning from October 21 for three days the election results came pouring revealing Britain's defeat. The Cabinet, a Coalition Government without any rightist in it, was formed only on October 28 on the day of the Great Arab-World strike in protest against French kidnapping of the five Algerian leaders. On this day the Jordanians also burnt down the French Legation at Jerusalem.

Considering the Herculean interest England had taken in the election, the result defied the wildest expectations of the Arab world. It gave Nasser a great joy and Nuri Said almost a heart-break. Britain had now to pack up her baggage. The result is a great setback for Britain's policy in the Middle East and it is bound to affect the entire fate of the Arab world. The Jordan Election was not a local affair. Its importance lay vastly outside its borders.

My discovery in Jordan was that except for the Communist Party,

which is officially banned but all the same its members are allowed to function as "independents", no other party has any programme worth the name for the country. Their election cry was: "Abrogate Anglo-Jordan Treaty" . . . "Join with Egypt and Syria" etc. The election result shows that the slogans worked. But the party in power and their supporters have now to grapple with the real problems.

Problem of Arab Refugees

Jordan's main problem concerns the Arab refugees from Palestine, two-thirds of Jordan population being made up of these refugees.

The demand of the Arab world is that Israel should take back the men she has driven away. Israel is not prepared to do this nor is she financially able to do. Jordan, left to herself, can never solve her refugee problem. And unless the refugees are settled, Jordan's problem will remain where it is. And that is also the problem number one of the whole Arab world. And that brings us back to Israel.

Israel is Arab world's main headache. Now securely saddled in Egypt's camp, Jordan is the vital point in the Middle East. After the Suez Issue eases it is most likely the Arab world would like a settlement with Israel. Therein will come Jordan on the front line. The settlement with Israel does not necessarily mean, as is generally presumed abroad, a showdown with Israel in order to wipe out her existence. Many top Arabs told me that they would be satisfied if Israel is contented with only what the U.N. resolution on Palestine has given her as her national boundary, which in turn means either Israel gives up what she has obviously grabbed after a ruthless war or she has a "date" with the Arab world. And that date, I am sure, is not far off!

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THE BULL-FIGHT

I MUST have fainted, for when I opened my eyes the bull had gone and the fact was confirmed by Raghu who had watched the proceedings from his precarious perch on the electric lamp post. His eyes were dazed and he was incoherent. He made some kind of a noise which perhaps was a mutilation of words, he intended to utter. He gestured wildly clinging to the lamp post and it did not occur to him that he might come down, now that the enemy had left the scene.

"Don't be a blithering ass," I shouted at him. "Why don't you get down and let me show you how I feel about you. I could wring your neck, you despicable worm. And where in heaven's name is Raghavan?"

Raghavan was my cousin who was the other victim of the bull's rage and when the curtain rang in my case, he was still giving chase to it—I am sorry I should have written, he was still being chased by it.

Raghu understood my question, but was still tongue-tied. Freeing one hand from the lamp post he waved it in the direction of a tree far away and I could see a white object sprawled on the grass. I walked to the tree and sat beside the prostrated form of my relative and tried to revive him. It was some minutes before he came round and then he sat up, smiled and asked: "What happened? Why are we here? Are we not going to the party?"

It was just like Raghavan to ask those questions. He always looked at the rosy picture of the world and nothing could disturb his even temper. He had a disconcerting habit of saying that everything that happened was for the good. Still in his teens, he spoke like a philosopher in measured tones, thinking out every word before he uttered them.

"I am in the dark as much as you are," I told him. "Perhaps, Raghu

who has not yet vacated his emergency seat can enlighten us. The last I know is that the bull was poised for an attack on me and then everything went blank."

We agreed we should help Raghu to alight from the lamp post and request him to address a press conference, we representing the noble profession. It was not an easy operation. We asked him to get down, but instead of complying with our request he climbed the post still higher, increasing the distance between him and ourselves. We decided on stronger measures. We issued an ultimatum that unless he came down within five minutes we would go straight to the warden and mobilise the inmates of the hostel. We hinted that there was the danger of his being taken for a lunatic and sent to an asylum. That seemed to have convinced him of the danger of his position.

He agreed to climb down, but wanted an assurance that we would not kill him. He had a guilty conscience, for he invited the trouble for us from a peaceful bull with such near disastrous consequences. It was not easy to give that assurance so far as I was concerned for my hands were itching to strangle him for spoiling the evening. Raghavan's counsel for moderation prevailed and the assurance of protection to life and limb was given.

Raghu landed and approached us with a sheepish smile. "Well, that was that," he said throwing up his arms and exploding into laughter. "It was big fun, wasn't it, the small affair with the bull?"

Now these were provocative words and it was hard to restrain oneself, but Raghu knew we would not break our word and so he went on gaily chattering. The power of speech which he had lost and which he was trying to regain until a short while ago, seemed to have returned in full

blast and drenched us with its intensity in the spate of words used and the volume of saliva sprayed on us.

"You chaps, I know, are dying to learn the course of events from the moment the bull came into the arena and you became the matadors and I the referee. You may be sure no one could have had a better ringside seat than the one I decided on at the spur of the moment, as it were, and it would have been the envy of every television commentator."

Before I proceeded to record the other parts of Raghu's address to us, I should like to provide the background to the events which form the main theme of this anecdote.

The three of us were college students and resided in the hostel. The ties which bound us to each other were our companionship and friendship which seemed unbreakable. Raghu was the joker of the team and he was also the guinea pig for all our practical jokes. His I. Q. was always below par and he made no secret of it. It was a wonder to us that he could advance so far as to enter the portals of the college. His own explanation for the phenomenon was simple.

He had camped so long in the sixth form—six years to be precise—that he got pushed up by mere efflux of time. There was then no limit to the number of times a candidate could appear for the Public Examination and Raghu's heroes were Ghazni Mahomed and Robert Bruce. Raghu's own theory of how he cleared the S. S. L. C. hurdle was interesting and credible.

According to him the last straw on the headmaster's back was the award to Raghu of the students' good conduct medal by the unanimous choice of his fellow-students. The headmaster could not be blamed if he considered this decision outrageous, for there was no rule or regulation of the school Raghu

had not violated. He never sat in the class-room, he almost always stood on the bench. When he was not standing on the bench, he was marking time outside the class-room, which is another way of saying he was sent out. He was so chummy with one teacher that he permanently exempted him from attending his class. Another of his masters issued an order that he should always stand up on the bench in his class and all the efforts of Raghu to modify the sentence to one of expulsion failed. He never bothered about promotions, nor did his teachers. His term in every class was a minimum of two years which was extended to the maximum when he rolled into the sixth form. And we, who were very much his juniors, caught up with him there.

According to Raghu, the headmaster wrote a confidential D. O. to the D. P. I. that Raghu should be given his S. S. L. C. since if he stayed for another year in the school, student discipline would be at an end and he would not be responsible for the consequences. In the interests of the school, the D. P. I. had to agree. No one thought that Raghu would attempt collegiate education, but in the secret recess of his heart, it seems, his one ambition was to spend a year in college.

So it came about that all the three of us were in the same college, the same class and the same hostel. On the evening, to which this story relates, we had set out to attend a moonlight dinner on the Marina by our club. We were dressed in our best and must have looked very smart, for we were eager to impress the feminine company we expected at the party. Raghu, who has had many collisions with the fair creatures, was in high spirits. He was singing the latest film tune and literally dancing. Our hostel was located in a vast green meadow and from sunrise to sunset it was used as pasture land by cattle.

They were ordinarily quiet animals and where students playing nearby were concerned, they adopted a policy of co-existence.

But animals are animals and there is a limit to everything. As we meandered our way through the green fields, we encountered a bull which seemed to have strayed from the herd. It was big and a fine specimen. Having noted that fact we should have given it a good berth and changed our course. But not Raghu. He went near it and sang the film tune for its benefit, raising his hand up and down as musicians do. The bull was not interested and it clearly indicated its indifference and only wanted right of way.

Raghu wanted to try all his charms on it and varied his tune. The bull was still not impressed. Raghu would not give up. He struck up a *Bharata Natya* pose and sang the first line of *Nadanam Adinar*. That was the beginning of the end. The bull shook its horns, plunged them into the ground and then charged.

Raghu fled, the song still in his lips, and ran up the nearest lamp post like a practised ancestor of all of us. Raghavan and myself were transfixed to the spot and we suffered a mental blackout. We were not left long in this condition. Seeing that enemy number one had eluded it, the animal did the next best thing. It attacked me. I broke into a run, but all the time I was conscious of the hot breath of the bull on my back.

Here is Raghu's eye-witness account of the subsequent proceedings:

"You were never much of a sprinter, fatty", he said addressing me. "And my bet was on the bull all the time. I was sorry to think that you would shortly cease to exist and that I was absolutely helpless to prevent your fading out, situated as I was. But you made a heroic effort all the same. You ran, crying all the time, 'Atyaiyo' 'Atyaiyo' and at one stage, I recall, you called me by name

and implored me to help. I believe the crisis in your case was reached when in sheer desperation you came in circles round a tree and the bull chased you thinking it was good sport.

"But after a time, the bull must have become tired of this never-ending game and decided to withdraw and it was good it did, for at that moment you gave up your ghost or so at least I thought seeing you collapse to the ground.

The animal looked around. It remembered there was one more chap to be accounted for and it made no mistake. Raghavan, poor baby, was there still rooted to the spot, like a marble statue, eyes blinking, but not seeing. The bull gave itself the green signal and 'operation chase' entered its second and last phase. Raghavan is no Zatopek or Landy, but he made a valiant effort all the same. He ran without uttering a sound or the slightest reproach of anyone, as though it was all in the day's game and that he was destined to run. The battle did not, however, last very long. Raghavan could not compete with the bull and he surrendered by falling right in front of it.

"To me the dramatic moment had arrived. The question was, will the bull drop further action in view of the collapse of the enemy or will it make an example of Raghavan to the other two? Empires have crumpled and battles have been won by historic decisions and the bull took the historic decision not to humble Raghavan further and there-by preserved for posterity the services of a great citizen."

"Oh, shut up," I said, "a fat lot you know about history. What happened afterwards?"

"Well, to speak the truth, nothing," Raghu said. "The bull realised it had lost its way and turned back, I hope for good."

—SARATI

CELIBACY AND GENIUS

By SUBHASH J. RELE

IT was a most observant man who said that man's best friend is a loving wife. Yet many men have remained single. From the dawn of history it has been a moot point whether the state of marriage or celibacy is the most favourable for human happiness. Marriage, says its deadly opponents, diminishes man's courage and mental energy. "A married man," writes Romain Rolland, "is no more than half a man."

Though it is man's duty and perhaps his destiny to get married, yet the concurrent testimony of several famous authors and philosophers appear to indicate that there is one thing which excuses celibacy, and may even make it a virtue—and that thing is the possession of genius. Schopenhauer candidly expressed the same sentiment. He writes, "For men of higher intellectual avocation, for poets, philosophers, for all those, in general, who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating works." You will perhaps argue that Schopenhauer was an extreme type of a woman-hater. But then here is what Lord Bacon, a married man, says: "He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to Fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises."

Many of the greatest men of genius have doubtless been single men, their passion for knowledge and art absorbing all other passions.

Newton And Women

Probably Newton never knew love and he scrupulously avoided women. It is said that he once went a-wooing and began to smoke and that in forgetfulness he tried to use the forefingers of the lady as a tobacco-

stopper. Their courtship was brought to an abrupt end. He proved fortunate, for celibacy offered plenty of time and scope for his versatile genius. Jeremy Bentham never married, yet in his early life he formed an attachment. Neither Pitt nor Fox, the political rivals ever married though Pitt fell head over heels in love with Lady Eleanor Eden, a woman of exquisite beauty. She nearly broke his heart. He too gave her up from a firm conviction that the ties of domestic life were incompatible with the engrossing claims of public affairs. Henry Cavendish, a noted chemist, hated the very sight of his house-keeper and communicated with her through notes left on the table. To avoid the female servants in his house, he ordered a back staircase to be built and if he encountered one of them in passing from one room to another she was instantly dismissed. His biographer gave a succinct picture of his character. He observes: "He did not love; he did not hate; he did not hope, he did not fear. He was almost passionless—a scientific anchorite." With a defiant flourish Schopenhauer called woman "long of hair and short of sense" and persistently advised his friends to abstain from marrying.

Lord Balfour was another famous celibate who died a bachelor. A very delightful story is told regarding his abhorrence of women. When Austen Chamberlain proposed a tax on bachelors, he suggested that the tax be increased for every ten years of unmarried life by a certain per cent to be determined. Balfour was dumb-founded on hearing this strange way of taxing. Seeing him thus, Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said, "Oh, by the way you would have to pay £40 a year."

"Yes," replied Balfour, "but I think it is worth it."

Voltaire who never married was a fickle lover. After all some latitude must be admitted to a genius. He became enamoured first of one and then of another person—Mademoiselle de Noyer, Madame de Villars, Madame Rupelmonde and Madame de Chatelet. "What human pen," says Carlyle, "can describe the troubles this unfortunate philosopher had with his women."

Among other distinguished celibates were Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Locke, Spinoza, Kant, Barrow, Bishop Butler, Boyce, Dalton, Macaulay, Gibbon, Hume, Thirwall and Buckle.

Macaulay And Gibbon

Macaulay was the most sought-after bachelor. He voluntarily deprived himself of connubial bliss and domestic comfort. Gibbon, the historian, remained a bachelor all his life. Camden was so absorbed by his researches that he declined marriage in order to devote himself more exclusively to study. Hume's biographer quotes some verses said to have been written by him, in order to prove that he was susceptible of love; but there is no evidence to prove that he was ever touched by passion. Hobbes purposefully avoided marriage to which he was inclined in order that he might devote himself more dexterously to study. Adam Smith also reserved his gallantry for his books. He however, professed that he was a "beau only in his books." Gustave Flaubert, a dramatist, avoided women like plague. "On the whole," he wrote to a friend, "the Muse however intractable gives fewer sorrows than woman. I cannot reconcile one with the other: one must choose."

Bachelor Poets

The number of poets who remained bachelors has been considerable—Cowley, Otway, Prior, Congreve, Gray, Swift, Pope, Collins, Goldsmith died unmarried. It is the happy privilege

of some celibates to have loved truly and deeply at least once in life. Cowley was in love but once. He however lacked confidence enough to declare his affection. Swift was a perfect and a zealous lover. His intrigues with Varina, Stella and Vanessa are extremely interesting. At an early period of his life Cowper had given his heart to his cousin Theodora, the daughter of his uncle, Ashley, by whom his love was returned. But the marriage was forbidden and both remained single. Cowper's disappointment found repose in verse.

Among great artists who did not taste the bliss of married life were Leonardi Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. On his art Machiel Angelo, said, "Painting is a jealous mistress that suffers no rival. I have espoused my art and it occasions me sufficient domestic cares; my works shall be my children."

Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Meyerbees were bachelors in music. Handel's love was entirely merged in his art. Beethoven's life story was rather pathetic. While he loved his art he hungered all his life for feminine love which he never could find. While but a youth, before he left Bonn, he was smitten by the charms of Mademoiselle Howrath; but she jilted him for an Austrian officer, whom she married. Yet again and again he opened his heart to the same tender influence. On the third occasion he fell in love with a charming lady who occupied a higher social position than his own. He had the 'faint heart,' which it is said, 'will never win a fair lady.' He became morose but nevertheless from that time onwards he abjured all other loves but music. Handel, you must admit, was the wisest of all the composers. He was never in love and had an aversion for marriage. In 1707 he went to Lubeck to compete for the place of successor to the famous organist Buxtehude; but when he found that one of the conditions of obtaining the place was the

compulsory privilege of marrying the daughter of his predecessor, he got terribly alarmed and fled from the place.

The question of the fecundity of

celibates has been viewed in an unkind light. You may find it somewhat obscure but the fact remains that celibates have produced some of the world's greatest works.

COMPETITION AND CO-OPERATION

THE delusion is widely held that the terms "co-operation" and "competition" are antithetical—that the spirit of competition is necessarily wolfish, while the spirit of co-operation is altruistic.

No concept is more erroneous. The most fertile soil for the growth of genuine co-operation is the soil of free enterprise. The finest social attitudes and the most altruistic behaviour can be achieved through an intelligent combination of self-interest and public interest. Man is naturally gregarious and co-operative. His sense of mutuality and need for co-operation may be suppressed or perverted; but it cannot be destroyed, because it is indelibly imprinted in his protoplasm! Combativeness stems from the frustration of our need to co-operate. Hatred is only frustrated love.

Voluntary Co-operation

Normal (free) competition puts every individual on his toes to do his best—to serve himself best by winning the esteem and confidence of his fellows through honest service! Self-interest and individual responsibility to others must be wedded, not divorced. Co-operation must be free and voluntary. "Collectivism" ("socialism") is its antithesis: it is compulsory and is therefore lacking in all the virtues of co-operation.

The brand of "co-operation" which our anti-competition friends advocate is the surest way to encourage a "let George do it" attitude—a spirit of irresponsible selfishness. There is mounting evidence that the "collectivized" nations are now reaping that harvest of personal irresponsibility which is always selfish and anti-

social. Individual responsibility makes for social-mindedness and altruism in the best sense of those terms.

Surely, there are short-sighted and unscrupulous business men. Many such would probably react far differently under a sane economy in which unbearable pressures had been lifted; and those others who would still remain hoggish under the most favourable condition would be even worse (and they are) in the Soviet Union, or in any "utopian" arrangement of a "co-operative commonwealth"; for in a "socialist" state, all their anti-social attitudes are merely intensified!—as recent experience has so amply demonstrated.

Myth Of Class-struggle

Let us, then, be realistic and discard the illusion of an antithesis between competition and co-operation and replace it with a saner, more radical concept. Let us banish to the realm of fairy tales the childish myth of the "class struggle." To be sure, there is struggle. Under the reign of an iron-bound monopoly of both resources and money (and of its stepchild, Super-Government), there is hardly anything else but struggle. No one, under the dominion of Monopoly and Debt, can act in his own self-interest: he only imagines that he does: he serves that self-interest very ignorantly and badly. Those who "win" in the economic struggle lose, perhaps more than their victims. Self-interest is not excessive, but only perverted; it needs only to become more enlightened and realistic. Then can freely competitive endeavour become also truly co-operative.

—Howard L. Buck

THE HAPPY HYPOCRITE

By S. G. BAILUR

Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Angelo Hoaxall, a man of many virtues by reputation and of many trades by profession, typical of the rare brood of virtuous men in his small home town.

I have made a close and careful study of him in hectic operation over a period of years. I have noticed how this worthy soul's "operation angel" brought him his reward in ever-increasing measure from year to year by appreciation of his assets in real estate and banking and industrial shares, positions of distinction in public life from Presidentship of the local municipality to Membership of the State Legislative Council and above all, great popularity.

Popularity is not implicit in the fact that he had held so many positions of distinction beyond the reach of an unpopular man. For who has not heard of ignorant voters succumbing in their hundreds and their thousands to the seductions of vote-catching eye-fuls of party symbols and election manifestoes, and ear-fuls of lustily shouted slogans? Dr. Jayasoorya once said in Parliament, commenting on the last General Election, that voters would have voted even a lamp-post into Parliament if it were put up on the appropriate party ticket. Incidentally, he observed that some of the candidates elected were, so to say, like so many lamp-posts themselves with the added handicap of not shedding any light!

Well, Mr. Hoaxall dared like Satan in public life but, unlike Satan, he never fell from divine grace, to judge by his steady run of luck in a rising curve throughout. And, what is more, his luck held out even when he died.

His body was overwhelmed by a shower of wreaths and bouquets in gathering swell from numerous friends and admirers as it was being borne in a mammoth procession through the main thoroughfares of the town, and the cortage distantly reminded one of the lavish display of floral wealth wheeled about in the spring carnival at Cannes. But the crowning moment was, when the funeral oration reminded the disconsolate audience that he was an Ajatashatru!

II

Mr. Hoaxall's rise in life was the result of careful painstaking cultivation sustained all through his public career with fortune favouring him in almost everything that mattered, and at every turn.

He was a man of ample means and leisure, and one of the few matriculates in town, most of the adult population, even of the upper classes, having never crossed the threshold of a high school. His jovial personality was pleasing despite a face with its cherubic curves and a body, not exactly in trim for tight-rope acrobatics. His gentle humorous look, his soft soothing voice, his honeyed tongue, his ready wit and wisecracks, his captivating smile and his general manner of sweet reasonableness, were all something out of the ordinary.

He started his public career as a professedly humble social worker eschewing all politics. This role gave him the big boost that it would not have given a person without his economic independence and his leisure. The humility exhibited by him in playing the role might have been

misconstrued as cringing and the social service as a mask for self-aggrandizement in the latter. For, as everyone knows, virtue in poor persons of no consequence is like an uncut gem, apt to be mistaken for a bit of glass. And then he tried his level best to befriend all by pandering to all tastes and prejudices, and conceding to all shades of opinion.

He was shrewd and practical enough to realise that, the moment he entered the local politics, he would be treading on dangerous ground. For he would have of necessity to associate himself with this party or that, thus incurring the displeasure and hostility of the other parties. Of course, his associating himself with, for example, the party in power in the local municipality, should mean certain immediate advantages for him—the sort of advantages that usually make such a position worth contesting for, even at considerable expense, as is generally known. But then, the position of such a party is itself extremely precarious. A merest friction within the party, a flimsiest bait dangled by the opposition, is sometimes capable of provoking a secession from its ranks, of such serious nature, that it is reduced to a minority overnight and hustled out of power. He might as well have thought of permanently settling down on one of the notorious 'quake-manipulated Pacific isles for all the security it could give him.' No, not for him politics yet; he could bide his time for that.

His social work seemed to be not confined to any particular field; it was rather of the nature of a miscellany of odd jobs of calculated charity for all and sundry, from the highest down to the lowest in the social scale. Giving small prizes in his wife's name to the best actors in every amateur dramatic performance—including, of course, even a performance distinguished by bad

acting all round—was his speciality. Above all, he secretly prided himself on being a literateur and a good public speaker, his special accomplishments professedly at the service of mankind as it were. Why, he once performed the miracle of producing a new book of his own out of a single book in English he had read! Needless to say, he was richly recompensed for all his social work by the grateful beneficiaries, in cash or kind, sooner or later.

But his biggest reward, namely formal positions of prestige and authority in the service of his home town, district, etc., was yet to come. And when it came, it came, apparently unasked and unsought, it was a sudden wave which rose and rose till it left him at its crest at his death. He had secretly desired it and unobtrusively worked for it all along. Despite his apparent aloofness from party politics, he took upon himself the task of criticising adversely, from time to time, the conduct of the civic affairs at both town and district levels, besides vilifying behind their backs many persons of prominence in all fields of public activity. He would also set personalities at loggerheads skilfully, so that he could mediate and bring about their reconciliation; for he gloried in his role as peace maker. And then, for a change, he would, once in a while, compass the ruin of some person of consequence, so that he could be profoundly shocked at the tragedy and could eloquently express his sympathy for the victim ever after. "Kill the bird and pity its plumes" was, so to say, his motto. Such tactics were, doubtless, cunningly calculated to add cubits to his stature at others' expense.

Of course, he simulated extreme friendliness to them all and used to have them under his roof as honoured guests occasionally, and he was all admiration for them, to judge by what he expressed in their presence.

But he vilified them nonetheless before his admiring cronies, representing the cross-section of the public of the district and distinguished only by their blind loyalty to him. Through them the persons attacked were very much affected. But seldom were the attacks traced to their source by the attacked, and the attacker, taxed with them. And when by some miracle they were, the attacker, to wit Mr. Hoaxall, hoaxed them all by an indignant denial mixed with warm protestation of friendship. He followed it up by regaling them with a hot cup of coffee and snacks at his place immediately and a warmly overdone tribute or a token of his particular esteem at the first opportunity. Had he called this man a hatted fool? Then he would soon laud him to the skies through press or platform as being one of the few persons the entire district looked up to for its progress and prosperity! Had he called that callous and unscrupulous? Then he would dedicate his next book in token of his brotherly love for him! Had he vilified a literary celebrity? Then he would go into raptures in the review in the district press, over his next literary creation! And the result was, all that had started the whole trouble was soon clean forgotten, as if it had never been!

III

Having thus put in his period of apprenticeship admirably in the service of his home town and district, in due course he established for himself a secure and unique position in public life. He became, so to say, the paterfamilias of the town, the mouth-piece of the district. Is it any wonder then, if he was forced by public agitation to undertake major civic responsibilities one after another?—if he took positions of power and prestige, beginning at the Municipality and ending at the Legislative Council, in his stride? If he made a

fortune out of them by all the questionable ways and means he could conceive of, depend upon it that his perfected technique of cunning and dissimulation saved him every time and none that mattered were any the wiser?

At this stage I am put in mind of Lincoln's famous dictum, that "you cannot deceive all people for all time", and made to wonder if it couldn't do with a qualification. And as for an epitaph for this great Mr. Hoaxall, now of honoured memory, I should apologise to Mr. Churchill and declare, "never were so many persons so successfully hoodwinked for so many years by a single individual!"

COMPETITION

Competition is the only way to the divine eugenic of man—competition from morning till night, from the cradle to the grave. But this competition must be fought *without privileges* where victory can be ascribed *only to inherent qualities*. This competition I do not visualize as a clash of brutal forces. No, that is not the contest man needs.

The entire immense field of peaceable activity in trade, art, science, social life, in agriculture and health culture etc., that is the arena of competition.

Every one will have to aspire to higher and higher achievements if he does not want to lag behind in the society of men and women. In this way, without any artificial interference of bungling authorities, we rise to where the valuable are favoured.

And thus I see how the silent, logical rule of Nature will transform us to a new and beautiful humanity marching towards the light.

—Silvio Gesell

Short Story

By G. S. Balakrishnan

FATHERS AND SONS

"I am also old and orthodox like you and what Raghu has done is something that you cannot easily forgive . . ."

MR. DIKSHITAR arrived at the airport by 6 A.M. to receive his friend Gopal who was returning from the United States. The plane was due in another fifteen minutes and Dikshitar felt very restless. He had his reasons. His son Raghu was in New York at the moment working for a doctor's degree in para-psychology. Raghu was his only son and this was the first time he had ever left the parental roof. Knowing how shy and timid Raghu used to be, Dikshitar was worried about him. The first few letters he received from his son gave him the impression that he was homesick and miserable and longed to return home. Dikshitar was looking forward to getting first hand news of his son from his friend Gopal.

The plane arrived in time. Gopal greeted Dikshitar effusively and whisked him off in his car.

"Dikshitar, I have some bad news for you. It is about Raghu."

"Anything to do with his health? He was always so frail . . ."

"Oh, no Dikshitar, you need not be concerned about his health. As a matter of fact, he has put on several pounds around the waistline and sports a tummy. It is something else."

"So you met him?"

"Yes, I met him; but in the strangest circumstances. When I was in New York, one of my American friends suggested that we go and see one of the night clubs. Just out of curiosity and nothing else—because you know my ways—I accompanied him. It appears that it is one of the

posh places in the city where entrance alone costs fifteen dollars . . ."

"Fifteen dollars? Seventy five rupees?"

"And whom should I see there sitting at one of the tables but our dear Raghu! And he was not alone. An American girl with a lot of make-up and a low cut gown, which here in India no respectable woman wears, was with him. He seemed to be enjoying himself immensely. I didn't enjoy the place—you know my ways—I was there just out of curiosity to know what goes on in such places. Just then the band struck the 'Blue Danube' and Raghu and his partner were on their feet. I couldn't, for the life of me, believe what I saw. Here was our Raghu waltzing away with the skill and elegance of an expert. As I was just leaving the club, some one tapped me on the shoulder and turning round I saw Raghu standing by my side. 'Hullo, old boy, what are YOU doing here? Meet my fiancée Geraldine. I call her Cooky for short. Cooky, here, is a good cook also. How about dining with me tomorrow night?' And before I could say 'Yes' or 'No' Raghu had disappeared leaving his address."

"I was as good as my word and to my amazement Cooky had taken the trouble of preparing a delightful 'imitation South Indian dinner' and all evening Raghu and his fiancée tried their best to charm me and make me feel at home. Raghu asked me in the course of the dinner to demonstrate the orthodox way of drinking water to the amusement of Cooky. He had many a cruel joke against us

orthodox folk. When I took leave, Raghu had this advice to offer: 'Old boy, have fun when you are in the States; and when you meet my old man, tell him that I am *hitched* or going to be very soon. Don't you like Cocky? But I am sure the old man will not approve, and I can never make him understand.' Here Gopal concluded his narrative and looked at Dikshitar with sympathy.

"I am sorry Dikshitar that I had to break the bad news to you. But you are bound to know any way, sooner or later. I am also old and orthodox like you and what Raghu has done is something that you cannot easily forgive. But I must say that this trip has done me a lot of good. It has taught me some tolerance. I would not personally mind an American girl like Cooky for my daughter-in-law. She seems to be quite a nice girl and Raghu seems to think no end of her. After all, that is what is most important. We, of the older generation, may not, of course approve of such things, but we have to adjust ourselves to the times."

Dikshitar who was a passive listener so long at last broke his silence.

"Look here Gopal, you have completely misunderstood my reaction. Knowing my background, orthodox way of living and dislike of modern youngmen, you are justified in drawing the inference that I would

never forgive what Raghu has done. But on the other hand you may be surprised to know that I am tremendously pleased. Unbelievable, is it? Several years ago, a young boy who hailed from a village went to College in a city. He fell in love with a nurse working in a big hospital. But the love, unfortunately, was one sided and he dared not admit it even to himself because it jarred against everything in his upbringing and background. The nurse did not even know that this boy existed! He pined in thought 'like patience on a monument smiling at grief.' In due course, he grew out of it and at the proper time, in deference to his parent's wishes, married an orthodox girl of his own community and in the fitness of time brought forth a respectable family. He all but forgot about the nurse till this morning. What you told me just now stirred old embers which have not quite died down. After all, Raghu has done what, for want of opportunity, courage and favourable circumstances, I could not do. And in a sense therefore, I look upon this as a vicarious fulfilment. I am not at all sorry, no, not at all disappointed. I am really happy although I ought not to be. But such are we. *Sons are their suppressed fathers.*"

The car drew up in front of Gopal's house.

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New Books

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. By J. M. Cameron.

JOHN BUNYAN. By Henri A. Talon. Published for the British Council by Longmans, Green & Co., London. 2 sh. each.

ISSUED in the Bibliographical Series on Writers and Their Works, these two essays are critical appraisals of the writings of Cardinal Newman and John Bunyan.

Though Newman was a 19th century professional theologian and philosopher, he has secured an enduring place in the field of English literature with his *Apologia* and with his monumental works on Education (notably the relevant *Discourses* and *The Idea of A University*.) As Mr. J. M. Cameron of the Leeds University, author of this study, says "whatever he writes—a sermon, an historical survey, discourse upon a theological mystery, a letter to a child—the whole man is there." According to Mr. Cameron, the peculiar quality of Newman's early writings is to be found "in the gradual appearance of a new style, nervous, colloquial, direct, yet capable of rising to magnificence and of quickening the feelings, adapted to the expression of a wide variety of moods and sentiments, irony, scorn, wonder, humility and love..."

Mr. Cameron considers Newman's (spiritual) autobiography *Apologia* as "a singularly beautiful and moving work, exhibiting the power and charm of the author's personality, ... a perfect work of art" which "will be read so long as our literature survives."

Of Newman, the poet, Mr. Cameron has this much to say: "His place as a poet is not a high one; but he had a genuine minor talent."

The other essay by Prof. Henri Talon (incidentally the first scholar from abroad to contribute to the

Series) on John Bunyan, the well-known English preacher-writer, is equally refreshing. The professor is of the opinion that modern readers will find Bunyan's autobiographical work *Grace Abounding* (1666) more appealing than his *Pilgrim's Progress*: "The theological drama which is unfolded in *The Pilgrim's Progress* awakens less response among modern readers than the forthright account of a spiritual conflict which is given in the autobiographical work. The former has lost for us some of its meaning and much of its urgency; but the introspective analysis of the latter has a universal quality." To complete his study of Bunyan, Prof. Talon considers two more of his works: *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* and *The Holy War*. He thinks *Mr. Badman* deserves a wider readership "precisely because social history is too rich a field to be turned into a private enclosure reserved for specialists only." Though he says *The Holy Man* is a failure, he considers it as "the superb failure of a great ambition, the failure of a vigorous and courageous intelligence."

ANDHRA ASSOCIATION ANNUAL (1956). Edited by M. S. Chakravarthy, 5, Satyen Dutt Road, Calcutta 29.

THE Andhra Association of Calcutta have brought out a handsomely produced annual devoted to Andhra Pradesh which was recently inaugurated. Most of the articles included in this number discuss the prospects of the new born State.

There is also a Telugu section which opens with a photograph of Mr. T. Prakasam, specially sent by him for the Annual. The literary items printed in this section are of a high standard.

The Association has managed to secure 65 pages of advertisements which speaks volumes for the in-

fluence and popularity of the Association.

SUNSHINE (Monthly). Vol. III. No. 3. November 1956. Edited by G. S. Krishnayya, 44, Sasoon Road, Poona-1. Eight Annas.

SUNSHINE, an illustrated magazine with an international outlook, has been for the past few years trying to cater to the needs of young readers. Its editor, Mr. G. S. Krishnayya, is an experienced educationist and he realises that production of a youth magazine is no joke and that only many more "new readers, new writers and new distributors" can lighten his task.

ON INTERVIEWS

By K. NILAKANTAN

NOT infrequently doubts have been expressed on the efficacy of interviews as a method of assessing the intellectual prowess of a candidate. Interviews have been pinpointed as 'interchange of views'. It has been even held that an opinion formed in a few minutes is often disastrous and misleading. Our Home Minister, Pandit Pant, sometime ago, expressed his own doubts as to the value of the *viva voce* tests. It was his considered opinion that interviews are not so essential to the extent that it was necessary for a candidate to qualify in it before being selected. In other words, interviews should push up or pull down the rank of a candidate but should not disqualify him for the post.

It is pertinent to ask whether interviews are necessary at all for recruitment to all sorts of posts—from a peon in a Municipal office to Class I Administrative Officer and if so, to what extent? That *viva voce* examination should form an integral part of the recruitment policy for all superior cadres of services, no one will deny. But the question usually posed is whether they should be insisted upon for many of the minor appointments. Many of these ap-

The current number of the magazine offers many informative articles like, 'U.S.A. Chooses her President', and 'India welcomes the UNESCO'. It also contains a few interesting jokes and stories. Those of our readers who are on the look-out for a magazine that would interest and inform youngsters may choose this magazine, and take pleasure in watching their young ones bask in the *Sunshine*.

The Publishers of *Sunshine* would do well to consider the possibility of reducing the price of the journal so as to bring it within the reach of the poorer classes of readers.

N. G. R.

pointments like clerks, elementary school teachers and, even to some extent, State subordinate Services, do not require intellectual capacity of a very high order as is expected from an I. A. S. officer. To these categories of appointments at least *viva voce* examinations should not be given the pride of place as is being done at present. For superior services, Pandit Pant's suggestion about the aggregate number of marks assigned for written examination and the interview being taken for rankings should be the basis of appointment.

If the Government pursues this policy of recruitment, it will undoubtedly have a salutary effect on young graduates coming out of our universities, many of whom are summarily shut out of certain high posts in the administrative services merely because they fail to get a prescribed minimum of marks in an interview. The Government should not fall a prey to the temptation of sacrificing academic qualifications at the altar of interviews. After all, they should remember that it is the corner-stone and not the capstone which is more important.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IN spite of the highly critical appreciation of Bimal Roy's commendable production, *Gautama, the Buddha*, the Films Division presentation seems a dubious commercial proposition in India at least. The picture was released at Metro, Bombay and Calcutta, two of the finest houses we can boast of in this country. This itself was considered enough to ensure commercial success of the film; but the result, though better than it would have been at other commercial theatres, is not satisfactory. And the fault lies neither with Metro nor with the film. It is due to the lack of art theatres in this country.

Gautama, the Buddha and *Bharat Darshan* are excellent documentaries but they are hardly the films which one can expect to get patronage from the regular picturegoers who see Hollywood films full of sex and violence and Indian films filled with songs and dances. For such a film, foreign as well as indigenous, the audience is bound to be restricted and as in America and Britain, such an audience can be cultivated through small sized art theatres.

There are several excellent foreign films which are imported by various embassies in India. Occasionally, the foreign consuls in Bombay do hold sneak previews of the films produced in their countries. Some of these films produced in France, Poland, Hungary, China, Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Japan are good and deserve to be publicly shown. Indeed, some of the Hungarian films, it is said, are really outstanding and with Hungary so much in the limelight these days, there is no doubt that a

certain section of the picturegoers would be keenly interested in seeing Hungarian films as well. But that audience may not be big enough to fill a theatre like Metro for a couple of weeks and become a box-office hit. But it can be good enough to fill art theatres in cities like Bombay, Delhi, and Calcutta for days together. Hence, it would be advisable for the Ministry of Information to encourage the building of art theatres which would promote and popularize good foreign art films so well as feature films produced by the Films Division in India.

In any case, it is high time that the Films Division and the Ministry of Information realized that it is not enough to make good feature films; it is necessary to exploit their property and cultivate a taste for them in India through a chain of art theatres all over the country. One hopes that this suggestion would be taken up seriously by the Ministry of Information and that future productions of the Films Division will get better patronage than *Gautama, the Buddha*.

Picture of the Week

Gautama, the Buddha is a proud achievement in the annals of Indian films. Even as a documentary, it breaks new grounds and for the first time, presents the story of the Buddha through sculptures, frescoes and paintings. The picture has succeeded in putting life into stone; that itself is an achievement of which producer Bimal Roy, Director Raj-bahu Khanna and Editor Hrishikesh Mukerji can be justly proud. Had the commentary been in Hindi instead of English, it would have received better patronage.

That apart, this 7,500 ft. film recounts the story of the life of the Buddha and his times and stresses the significance of the rational philosophy of the Buddha which is timely and typical even today. It starts with a prelude in which we are shown the condition prevailing in India before the birth

of the Buddha, and later on proceeds to narrate the life through his associates including Gotami, his foster mother, Kaudinya, his first disciple, Yashodhara, his wife and Anand, his beloved cousin and chief disciple. It ends with the epilogue stressing the revival of interest in Buddhism, due to Gandhiji's propagation of the gospel of peace and non-violence which the Buddha had first preached.

The most moving and human part in the picture is Gautama Buddha's visit to Kapilavastu and his confronting the problems of life. It has been presented with great skill. The episodes narrated by the two disciples are rather sketchy and full of sermons which tend to make them a little dull. But these sermons obviously could not be avoided. Similarly if one were to analyse in detail, one could find flaws in the film; but that would be hardly proper. Yet one cannot resist the temptation of criticising the inclusion of Gandhiji in the film. The episode of Gandhiji is too recant to be incorporated in a film of such magnitude.

Bimal Roy, Dilip, Rajbanu and Hrishkesh have used every technical trick to make the picture effective and succeeded in it to a large extent. The editing of the dance sequence is Hrishikesh's greatest triumph. The commentary is well written; but not always well spoken. Moreover, the commentary should have been less; as it is, it has become verbose at places. Satil Chaudhary's music is adequate. Indeed *Gautama, the Buddha* is a timely film and it has been brilliantly made.

Personality of the Week

Sohrab Modi and his wife, Mehtab, met journalists last week and gave their impressions about the Soviet Union which they had visited as members of the Film Delegation.

Sohrab Modi confined his observations to what he saw. And what he saw seems to have impressed him very favourably. He said that there was no rigid equality and 'genius' was

paid according to his ability. He found that there was perfect freedom for any one to practise his own religion, and go to a church or a mosque. Nobody prevented him from going anywhere he liked and but for the official functions, he and his wife freely moved in the country without any being conducted. Thus for instance, Sohrab Modi went on his own to see the underground railway in Moscow.

Sohrab Modi and his wife were overwhelmed by the hospitality of the Russian people. He found that it was not just out of courtesy but out of genuine affection and love for Indians that they were warmly received. He narrated one incident when his wife, attracted by a compact case, asked for its price but as she found that the price was too high—60 roubles—she kept quiet. A girl who was watching this came forth and bought two compact cases and presented them to Mehtab and Nargis.

Indian films also were appreciated much by the Russians. Sohrab Modi found many things in common between the films of the two nations and also between the picturegoers of the two countries. Both liked leisurely paced sentimental stories.

Among other things Sohrab Modi saw the play *Mricha Kadiga* (The Toy Cart) being staged in Russia with Indian costumes. He was all praise for the manner in which the old Sanskrit classic play was presented in Russian with purely Indian drapery and costumes; he wondered whether in India we would be able to present the play so well.

Sohrab Modi answered all the queries of the journalists with conviction and in good humour. He admitted at the outset that he had gone there with pre-conceived notions about the country, but he had come back with the realisation that all those prejudices were wrong. As several journalists remarked, he

looked more fit and younger as a result of his tour abroad.

News of the Week

Black and White Movies performed the muhurat of their new picture *Sharabi* on Friday 30th morning. Directed by Raj Rishi from his own

screenplay, *Sharabi* stars Dev Anand, Madhubala, Gope, Tiwari, Radha Krishan and Lalita Pawar who faced the camera for the muhurat. Arjun Dev Rashk has written the dialogue, Rajendra Krishna is writing the lyrics and Madan Mohan is giving the music.

WHY I AM A LIBERAL?

By LORD SAMUEL

WE have, in this age, four different political creeds offered to us to choose from—Conservatism, Liberalism, Socialism, and Communism. I have been asked to speak to you on 'What I Believe'. My own belief is Liberalism. I am not a Conservative because I have always felt convinced that the miseries, the sufferings, and the dangers of a large part of the people in even the most advanced countries, and of the majority of the populations in the more backward ones, make it impossible for us to be content with things as they are. There is urgent need for active effort to overcome the stubborn obstacles to every kind of progress. Conservatism—under various names in various places—is inclined to that folly which says: 'This is old, therefore it is good.'

Nor am I a Socialist, because Socialists look upon the public ownership or control of land and capital, industry and commerce, as the main cure for poverty and our other economic evils. Sometimes, indeed, state action may play a useful, or even an indispensable, part. Liberals in England in the nineteenth century did not always realise this; and were inclined, as a matter of political principle, to reject state action wherever possible. But the Liberals of the present century have not continued in that error. In England the work of the Liberal Government of Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith of fifty years ago—of which I am now one of the very few survivors—was proof of

our readiness to use the machinery of state action not as a cure-all in every case but as a useful method in a number of cases.

I am a Liberal because I believe in the Liberal principles of peace, liberty and social justice—and in their active promotion for the benefit of both sexes, all ages, and in all occupations, in all the countries of the world. I believe, too, like all Liberals, in the United Nations as the keystone of the whole democratic system—the Parliament of Man: the most comprehensive and noblest effort ever made by the human race to promote its own well being.

But we have also to decide in this age what shall be our belief in matters of religion. The subject of religion opens up, however, a different and even wider issue, not to be approached in a few sentences. It needs ample time and careful thought; and it needs to be considered in conjunction with some study at least of both philosophy and science before attempting to arrive at conclusions that may affect our fundamental ideas.

For men's actions are governed by their ideas. If their ideas are wrong their actions will be bad, and the result will be evil, perhaps disastrous. If their ideas are right, action will be good, and the result will be welfare—their own welfare and other people's. Let us be careful, then, in forming our beliefs, for at bottom everything depends upon them.

—London Calling Asia

“MAHBOOBNAGAR—ARIYALUR”

By S. NARAYAN

THE occurrence of a major railway accident near Ariyalur of essentially the same description as the one at Mahboobnagar a few months back, a railway bridge giving way under flood conditions and the engine and a few bogies getting plunged into the stream below, has naturally shocked the country and occasioned a debate in Parliament. The report that just a few hours before the Mahboobnagar accident a person connected with a railway labour union insisted that the bridge which gave way was not traffic worthy and that he carried his insistence so far as to stop one of the immediately previous trains by pulling the alarm chain in the neighbourhood of the bridge, seems worthy of top-level enquiry for the actual facts to be brought to the knowledge of the public.

Meanwhile the resignation of Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri and its acceptance by the Prime Minister who paid a rich tribute to Mr. Sastri that his status has gone up in this process seems a ludicrous parody of the forms of democracy, particularly when we remember that our Prime Minister has for years refused to allow Parliament to record its opinion of the author of the jeep and other scandals. When in a democratic country like England in the wake of a major disaster of this description the resignation of the minister concerned is demanded by public opinion and submitted by him, there is always some suggestion that the policy followed by the Minister had something to do with the occurrence of the accident: but here, in the case of Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri we seem to be evolving a pattern of political propriety that has no relation to the facts of the case. Perhaps the Cabinet and the Prime Mi-

nister have a good deal of leeway to make with their consciences in the matter of their lapse from democratic standards in other matters and this was a convenient opportunity to advertise their strict adherence to democratic forms and principles. In any case, if Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri's conscience could not stand the cries of the dead in the two successive accidents for which he had part responsibility, it is best that he is as far away as possible from the job of Railway Minister.

Indiscipline of Employees

Mr. Frank Anthony, the Anglo-Indian representative in Parliament, attributed the present day troubles in the railways to the indiscipline of the fourth grade employees; and Mr. Lal Bahadur Sastri while endorsing it said that in any case they are no worse than the staff of similar rank in other departments and curiously enough he dragged in the Parliamentary opposition for part responsibility for the disaster by what he termed as its interference in the day-to-day administration of his department. It is not known why Mr. Anthony should have singled out the fourth grade staff in this matter of indiscipline while it is well known that indiscipline in Government departments is a universal phenomenon among all ranks.

To anybody conversant with the background of the Ariyalur disaster, the reason for these accidents is not far to seek. It is just part and parcel of the colossal inefficiency of Government management and administration of the public utility services. When a private company manages a railway, its servants, right from the manager at the top to the junior-most pointsman at the bottom, are conscious that they owe a responsi-

bility to the administration of which they are the servants, that they are servants of the Public that uses the railway whether in the shape of passengers or as consignors and consignees of goods and that in any case they have to do an honest job of work if they are to retain their jobs and much more if they are to have a career by seeking promotion to better jobs. The Government servants in India like the railway employees are assured of their positions and prospects in the service by virtue of the examinations they passed and by the *esprit de Corps* of their superiors who are fellow officers of the same service and do not owe or recognise any loyalty to the branch of the administration under which they are working for the time being. As for their sense of duty to the public in view of the fact that the public usually presents itself to him in the shape of an unwashed, unruly and clamorous crowd at the ticket counters or presents an even less dignified appearance at the open door of an overcrowded third class railway carriage, and on the railway platform, it is no wonder that they think of it as a herd and that it is his function as a railway official to keep it under subjection in the process of carting it from one place to another. It naturally escapes them that theirs is the main responsibility for creating and maintaining those wretched conditions under which the carting is done.

Red Tape in Railways

Along with other major imperfections of the railway administration in India this liability to avoidable accidents that could scarcely happen in any well conducted system is a symptom of a major disease from which the country is suffering. All forms of Government activity, of which the railway administration forms a principal part, are enmeshed in red tape, circumlocution,

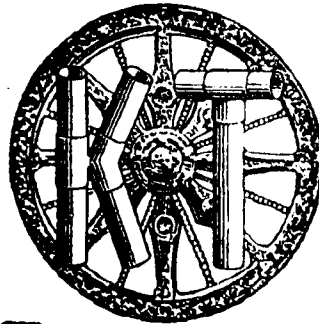
indiscipline and irresponsibility at all levels. The preference of the average Indian engineer for patterns of paper work rather than for taking off his coat and getting down to the job, of taking to the hammer and knocking at various parts of the bridge to find out how well they are holding together, has something to do with this type of avoidable accident. The main culprit is the traditionally cultivated attitude of indifference and the terms and conditions of Government service which make honest painstaking work at their job a luxury which few can afford.

It may not be practical politics in the present atmosphere to advocate a return to company managed railways in order to get over the various evils that the State owned and managed system has rendered chronic and particularly the liability to frequent accidents. But while it is a foregone certainty that no amount of committees and commissions sitting after the event, no creations of special departments, no additions to patrolling staff—all of which will automatically take place as a result of the enquiries—will have the least effect in preventing or even postponing the next similar accident, what is lacking but necessary is to create in the entire staff of the railway system a sense of responsibility to the administration under which they are serving and a sense of duty to the public from whom their salaries are ultimately derived. That is possible only under a compact small unit railway system administered by a number of private companies each with a small board of management of its own, responsible to and acting in fear of supervising Governmental authority and certainly not under the present irresponsible, monolithic structure of machinery supposed to be responsible to Parliament which by its very nature is not able to discharge its functions with efficiency or responsibility.

THE GENESIS OF KERALA

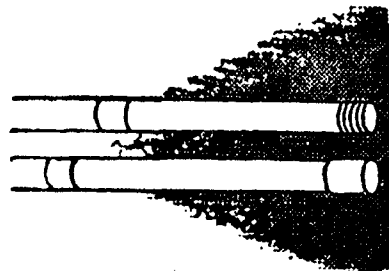
By E. M. J. VENNIYOOR

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KERALA is reckoned young, the last gift of the sea to the mother-country. But it is old enough to be remembered even in the oldest literatures of the human race. Thus the grammars, puranas, epics, edicts and inscriptions of India which constitute the source materials of our ancient history, and also the classical geographies of Pliny and Periplus, have their own accounts to give of the land and its people. The information thus garnered has to be sifted very diligently for the making of a correct history, for the accounts are draped in a rich garb of legend and poetry; and are often contradictory too. For instance the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharatha* would prefer to portray the people as barbarous and blood-thirsty while the Western geographies would hail them as prosperous and noble. The important factor to note, however, is that the region merited specific reference.

The genesis of Kerala is shrouded in a tantalising mystery. There is a puranic tradition as well as a geological theory to explain it, but curiously enough, it is the tradition rather than the theory that commands greater conviction and allegiance with the people. The reason is not far to seek, for the former has the sanction of religion. It refers to the miraculous reclamation of the land from the raging seas by Parasurama, the warrior-sage of the *Puranas*, to make for himself a home for the last days of his earthly existence. And thus the land gained its synonym *Parasuramakshetra* which is to say, the shrine of Parasurama. The geologists would, however, affirm that the land came out of the seas as a result of volcanic action. At any rate both the versions agree to the fact that the land rose from the seas.

Story of Parasurama

Parasurama holds a pre-eminent position in the Hindu pantheon. He is regarded an incarnation of Vishnu and is worshipped as such in many a temple. The *puranas* speak of him as a sage and warrior, with an aptitude more inclined for carnage than for penance. As a youth he kills Renuka, his mother, at the behest of an irate father who charges her with unchastity, and brings her back to life by turning to good account the hold he had gained, through obedience, over Jamadagni. As a man, he slaughters the entire Kshatriya race in twenty-one expeditions, to avenge the murder of his father who would not let his cow be lifted by the sons of Karthaveerajuna. He fills five lakes in the Kuru country with the blood of the princely caste! He gives away the newly acquired Kasyapa to atone for the sins of this horrible carnage, but the *Rishi* deems it prudent to expel the donor from his erstwhile realms, to guard against further trouble and further bloodshed. And now, homeless and probably disconsolate, he comes down to the South to make a home for the last days of his life, and carves out for himself and the people of his choice a land to last the aeons to come.

The Parasurama tradition is so far as it bears on Kerala a fascinating study, for in this lies the key to its genesis, at least its early history. The central theme of miraculous reclamation of land from the sea by the warrior-sage knows a good many variations, but these variations, important though they are, are hardly anything more than independent interpretations of the same phenomenon. For it is not Kerala alone that fosters the tradition, but the entire West Coast stretching from Gujerat down to the Cape.

The chief accounts pertaining to Kerala are embodied in two local chronicles, the *Keralamahatmyam* and the *Keralolpathi*. The first one, written in Sanskrit, speaks of the hero coming to the South after giving away to Brahmins the land he captured from the Kshatriya foes, to atone for the sin of matricide. His mission is to gain for himself a little footing to spend the last days of his life, and this he achieved after a year's worship at the shrine of the Virgin Goddess, by persuading Varuna, the Lord of the seas, to withdraw from over the area he could cover with one throw of his battle-axe. The axe falls at Gokarnam and the land thus reclaimed is colonised with Brahmins brought from the Telugu country. The people are organised into 64 villages and every facility is given to the new-comers for the exploitation of the virgin land.

The account given in the *Keralolpathi*, the first chronicle on Kerala to be written in Malayalam, agrees in broad outlines with the story given in the *Keralamahatmyam*. There are however two noteworthy differences. The Bhoodan is made to extenuate the sin of the horrible carnage and not of matricide. And the one year's worship is offered at Gokarnam and not at Kanyakumari.

History or Mythology?

All these traditions point out to just one thing: the early history of Kerala, and of the West Coast too, is inextricably bound up with the name of Parasurama. It is not likely that a student of history will give credence to all these tales, for history is not mythology; but the grains of historical truth could still be winnowed out from the chaff of myth and invention. Indeed that is how the first chapters of the history of the human race have been written all over the world, for everywhere the inexplicable in natural phenomenon and the heroic in human deeds have come down to posterity in the garb of mythology.

It often happens that new mythologies are invented or the existing ones amended, elaborated or interpreted by succeeding generations to glorify one people or idea, or decry the other.

In regard to the Parasurama tradition, three theories are usually advanced by scholars to invest him with a kind of historical personality. The first is to regard him the leader of a Naga horde that swept down to the South from the northern and central parts of the country. It may be that this race had helped him in enabling his clan, the Bhrugus, to vanquish their foes, the Haihayas of Maheswar. It may be remembered in this connection that there is a theory to the effect that the Nayers of Kerala are the descendants of Nagas. But this theory of Parasurama leading the northern tribe has one weakness: Is it likely that a sage of Brahmin parentage would lead or be accepted the leader of such a race? And moreover, there is no evidence in recorded history, not even in mythology, that the Nagas colonised Kerala.

Colonisation by Telugu Brahmins

According to the second theory, Parasurama is a Telugu Brahmin who brought with him a good number of his kinsmen for the colonisation of Kerala. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that bands of the priestly class have often come down to this region from the banks of the Godavari, the Narmada and the Krishna. The Kadamba dynasty of Karnataka and the Kolattiri dynasty of Kerala have, from time to time, brought down a good many and have afforded them every facility for their settlement. The theory sounds plausible; but then, this Parasurama could not have much to do with affairs in the North where, as an invincible slayer, he is believed to have spent the prime of his life.

The third theory is held the more probable one, that Parasurama was the leader of the first Aryan colony

to settle in Kerala. Not much was known to the Aryans of the vedic times about the South. The Vindhya were the southern frontiers of the civilised world; and what lay beyond was a land of exile. In all the *Vedas* we find but only a stray reference in the *Rig Veda* to the peninsula. During the time of the *Upanishads*, however, their knowledge widened and when the *puranas* and epics came to be written, it became intimate. It is possible that this knowledge prompted Parasurama to undertake a colonising expedition to the West Coast and strengthened his hold with more followers brought down from time to time. The result has been the spread of the Aryan religion and culture in this region, especially in Kerala. The legends that grew up around his name could then be regarded the efforts of later generations to exalt and immortalise the pioneer.

Geological Interpretation

In regard to the tradition of the miraculous reclamation of land from sea, the most rational and scientific interpretation is to think of it as the product of volcanic action. Geologists believe that in days of yore Africa and India constituted one mass of land and that volcanic disturbances broke this continuity leaving only the present African continent and the Deccan plateau. The newly formed Arabian sea washed the foot of the Western Ghats, and its subsequent recession brought forth new land, giving the country its present shape.

It may be noted incidentally that there have been other instances of emergence as well as of subsidence in this part of the globe in the not very distant past. The appearance of the twelve-mile long Vypeen Island near Cochin—an event noted in Kerala history with the commencement of the Puthuvaipu Era—is an example of emergence, and the discovery of the remnants of a forest below the

Prince's Dock in Bombay testifies to subsidence. The stretch of land to the west of the backwater linking Changanassery and Pallipuram in Travancore was not there at the time Pliny wrote his geography. Even the Himalayas and the Tibetan plateau were not there when the earth settled down for the first time. In the light of such evidence, and the possibility that the *terra firma* could change its visage, it is not irrational to suppose that Kerala is a late addition. The presence of sea-shells and other organic matter in the young rock formation on the West Coast and the complete absence of such matter in the rocks of the Deccan Plateau also point out to the fact that this region was a marine floor until recently. The emergence must have taken place sometime about 2500 B. C., the age immediately preceding that of the puranic hero.

The tradition pertaining to the genesis of Kerala which features Parasurama in the main role has had a few noble gifts to confer on the people. It has served to bring in this geographically isolated corner of the country into the main streams of Aryan culture. It has taken away from the existing pattern of Dravidian civilization any possible resistance to assimilating the new ideas; for any aversion or indifference to the values embodied in one of the incarnations of the Supreme Being would tantamount to impiety. It has given the people a sense of close proximity to and indissoluble partnership with one of the revelations of religion and has consequently strengthened them in their spiritual life. It has given them a good theme for some excellent literature and has enriched in like ways their cultural heritage. And above all, its persistence in the memories of generations has acted as a latent force, goading them on to achieve greater things, worthy even of Parasurama, the invincible.

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SWATANTRA

47

PROFILE:

NARGIS: INDIA'S TOP ACTRESS

By C. H. V. PATHY

IF you happen to stray into Bombay's posh Marine Drive well past midnight, you might perchance bump into a pert, little, pale yellow Riley car whose sole occupant will be a lady in white. Her name—Nargis. On a closer scrutiny you will realise that hers is a stately figure on which rests a beautiful oval-shaped face.

For well over a decade, Nargis has maintained her position as the leading lady of the Indian screen. Her career is the romance of a simple-hearted Muslim girl born in 1929 who entered by chance the movie world and stayed on there, unmindful of praise or blame. Her mother, Jaddanbai, was a great singer in her own day. In childhood, Nargis saw much suffering. Her father, Mohan Babu, was boycotted by his own relatives because he married Jaddanbai against the wishes of his relatives.

Nargis had her earlier education in an English school and was destined for a medical career. But fate intervened and a chance contact with Mehboob, a film producer, altered her whole life. He was struck by the vivacity of this girl and offered her the heroine's role in *Tagdeer* in which she acted opposite Motilal. Since then, she has figured in more than a score of pictures and her roles have ranged from a village girl to a princess, from saint to sinner.

The greatest asset of Nargis is not glamour or a photogenic face. It is her exquisite simplicity. She imparts into the characters she portrays a sense of realism which eschews mere appeal to the masses. Though she can vamp like Vyjayantimala or dance like Padmini, she is content to be an ordinary person transported to the realism of the movie world.

The one person who moulded her character and gave her acting a spiritual quality was Raj Kapoor who fills the role of friend, guide and philosopher to this lovely genius. After her acquaintance with him, Nargis has turned down many fabulous offers and is content to act opposite Raj. Recently she was tempted with Rs. 175,000 to appear with Dilip Kumar but she turned down the offer.

Nargis is not merely a stay-at-home whose life revolves round arc lights. She is an extremely cultured lady who takes a deep interest in world affairs. She has visited Japan, Ceylon, United States, Russia and Goa. She has talked with Presidents and dined with Prime Ministers. She has also received lucrative contracts to act in foreign films. But she prefers to keep the home fires burning. Ever since she struck the friendship with Raj Kapoor, she has taken a keen interest in his studio where a cottage has been specially built for her use.

At the start of her career, she shared a flat with her brother in Marine Drive. It is said that often times she used to scale water pipes and sneak into her bedroom afraid to disturb those who were asleep. After a while she bought a flat of her own but gave it up as loneliness haunted her. Back to the old flat, she has now acquired another room in the terrace of that building.

Her ambition once was to construct a dream house of her own—with a neatly laid garden and a swimming pool—near the R. K. Studios. But she gave up the plan later.

Nargis is a voracious reader, greatly

fond of Urdu poems and Victorian novels. She has a charming collection of dolls, and replies to her fan-mail meticulously.

This queen of tragedy gave the finest portrayal ever in *Andaz*. She is now acting in *Mother India* for Mehboob and *Pardest* for Abbas.

In spite of all the plaudits from admirers and public acclaim, Nargis is at heart lonely. There is a strain of nihilism in her temperament. "Acting alone matters", was the advice given to her by Raj Kapoor. But when she removes the paint from her face and relaxes in her drawing room, her heart is elsewhere. A few months ago, she wrote nostalgically that she wants to lead a do-

mestic life, be the mother of smiling children. Whether this dream will be realised or not in the near future is anybody's guess. But it is extremely unlikely that she will give up her career for anything.

When I asked her in the foyer of the Oceanic Hotel what her wish was on her birthday two years back, she flickered a smile and replied: "Just to be what I am, plain Nargis."

That day, she was loaded with bouquets from admirers. At a small party thrown on the roof of the Hotel many sang her praise. One such was Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, who has seen her grow from a tender girl into the Empress of Emotions.

U. S. POLICY IN EASTERN EUROPE

A well-known American newsman has the following story:—

Newsmen in South-East Europe report that next to Russia, the United States is the most hated nation in Hungary. Freedom fighters spit when the name of America is mentioned. "You have been telling us to revolt," they are reported as saying. "Yet when we face Russian tanks, you stand by and watch them crush us."

Much of this is unfair, some of it inevitable. Turmoil inside the satellite countries was bound to come. But to see who had the greatest long range view of the satellite problem, let's take a look at the record of Harry S. Truman. "Nothing could be worse," said Truman, "than to raise false hopes of this (insurrection) in Eastern Europe. Nothing could be worse than to incite risings that could only end by giving a new crop of victims to the Soviet executioners." Truman then President, was replying to two speeches made by John Foster Dulles and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower encouraging the Satellite nations.

Speaking in Buffalo on August 27,

1952 in a speech obviously aimed at winning Buffalo's huge Polish-American vote, Dulles promised that if the Republicans were elected, the voice of America would begin to stir up the resistance spirit behind the Iron Curtain, letting the Poles, Czechs and others know they had the moral backing of the United States.

Mr. Eisenhower went just about as far in a speech before the American Legion in New York on August 25. This was what especially aroused Harry Truman.

"We can never rest" he said and we must so inform the world including the Kremlin that until the enslaved nations of the world have the fullness of freedom, the right to choose their own path, that then and then only can we say that here is a possible way of living peacefully with Communism in the world. We must tell the Kremlin that never shall we desist in our aid to every man and woman of those shackled lands who seek refuge with us. Any man who keeps burning among his own people the flame of freedom is dedicated to the liberation of his fellow men."

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

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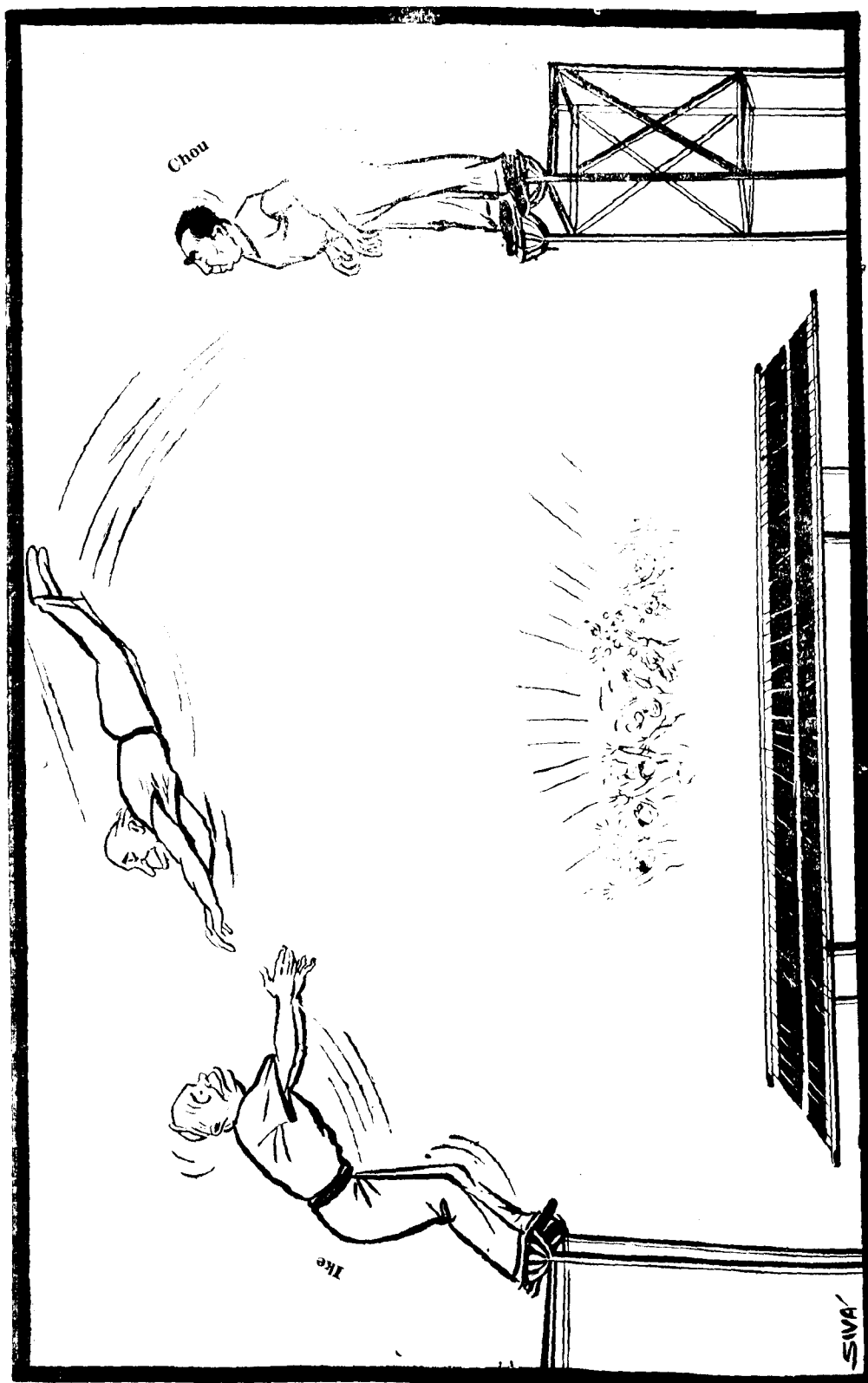
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SWATANTRA

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DR. B. R. AMBEDKAR DIES

AMBEDKAR is dead. The country mourns the loss of one of the greatest of her sons. That suppressed section of India's humanity known as "the depressed classes," who have been legally defined as the "scheduled castes" and who have been politically camouflaged as the "Harijans," are immersed in a sea of tears. His opponents, even his enemies—his biting-tongue went on creating and adding to their number until the day of his death—even these have hushed their voices in silent admiration of the great personality that has been suddenly snatched away from the political arena. Undoubtedly Ambedkar was one of the greatest of the world's great men. Although he tackled a social evil inherent in Indian society, his life and his accomplishments have a world-wide significance. He devoted his life to the solving of the problem of untouchability among the Hindus. The evil was nurtured on the ancient doctrine of *varnashrama*, the theory that dispensed merit according to the colour of the skin. It is essentially the problem of racial segregation that has arisen at all times all over the world. The Bar Sinister has roused passions down the ages throughout human history and has caused not only political warfare between states and peoples, but has also produced social conflicts and internecine fights between various sections of the people within the states. It has also caused millions of domestic tragedies and family strifes based on incompatibilities of social

status falsely attributed to birth. This human problem is nowhere near solution, either in India or outside.

Two great men of India tackled the problem in recent times, each in his own way and from his own angle. Gandhi and Ambedkar sacrificed their lives in the attempt to bring about a solution. The lives of both were suddenly put an end to—the former fell a prey to an opponent's bullet, and the latter fell a victim to a frustration engineered by his victorious enemies. They both failed in their mission.

The problem was posed for solution by Gandhi in South Africa, the problem of racial segregation of Indians who were treated as an inferior race and insults offered to them by the white men who claimed to be their superiors. Gandhi fought a battle against the iniquity but he did not score a victory. On the other hand, he withdrew from the scene of the atrocity to carry on a different campaign, a political battle for national independence in India. The problem is still acute in South Africa and is steadily growing worse. The fight which Gandhi abandoned in South Africa continued to haunt him in India in the shape of the diabolic treatment meted out to the untouchables by the caste Hindus. Having abandoned the struggle in South Africa, Gandhi was not in a mood to prosecute it in India in the only way in which it should be prosecuted, as a straight fight to the bitter end against the forces of reaction. He

conceived his mission as the fulfilment and not the destruction of Hindu orthodoxy, the role that reactionaries always welcome in their opponents. He took refuge in the well-worn method of glossing over the evil and pretending that it was not there. He gave the untouchables a new name. He called them "Harijans," the specially favoured of God and ascribed to them superior spiritual merit as a sop to compensate for the material backwardness into which they were thrust and the social insults heaped on their heads. Gandhi organised relief measures to alleviate their sufferings. He offered to dispense charity to them while their demand was for justice. The superior technique that Gandhi displayed of drawing public attention away from this difficult social problem by indulging in spectacular politics paid him high dividends. Though he died without solving the great problem which challenged him throughout his life, he nevertheless won glory for himself as the Father of the Nation.

Ambedkar's life was faced at its inception with the very problem that Gandhi was confronted with in South Africa. But he suffered under a special disadvantage: while Gandhi could abandon the problem by leaving South Africa, he could not abandon it by such geographical transportation because it stuck to his skin. It was in his blood. It inhered in the marrow of his bones. He was a born untouchable. All through his life, Ambedkar struggled to get rid of the stigma attached to his person. It was not a vicarious battle that he led for the good of others. It related to himself. It was an assertion of his self-respect. His Herculean efforts were directed to the removal of the hereditary blot attached to his own person. It was a blemish attached to his birth and hence irremovable. At school he was kept outside the classroom and he had to learn his lessons

perched precariously on branches of trees within hearing distance of the teacher's voice. He was excluded from the playgrounds, the clubs, the hostels and other amenities of student life. Nevertheless he won academic honours by sheer application and tireless industry. He attained professional distinction and amassed wealth. But he was still excluded from the hotels and the places of public resort. Try how he might, he could not escape the octopus of caste which throttled his life from every direction. He took vengeance on society by adopting Western dress and high living in European style. He married a cultured lady born in the superior Brahmin caste. But still the stigma attached to his birth did not leave him. He framed the new Constitution for India. The Constitution was accepted but it left him cold. He proposed amendments to the Hindu law. The amendments were accepted in form but not in spirit. In desperation he sought refuge in religious conversion. His spectacular embracing of Buddhism at the tail end of his life indicated the utter frustration of his life's mission and the failure of his grand attempt at reforming Hindu society.

Religious conversion is not a solution of the problem. On the contrary it is a running away from the problem. It is not new, even in India. The Muslims have tried it and failed. Who does not know that 90 per cent of the Muslims of India are descendants of converts from the Hindu untouchable castes who sought to ascend the social ladder and escape from the ignominy attached to their birth by embracing a new religion? They did not solve the problem. The temporary respite from social oppression that they enjoyed increased the hatred against them and created an impassable gulf between them and the rest of society. Religious conversion created the problem of Hindu-Muslim enmity. One false step leads to another. One false solution leads to ano-

ther false solution. Untouchability is not cured by embracing Islam. And Hindu-Muslim hatred is not cured by the creation of Pakistan. We only multiply problems by refusing to face them and by attempting to side-track them.

The lives of Gandhi and Ambedkar ran on parallel lines and ended in similar failures. This basic fact will not be ignored by history, despite interested attempts to paint the one as a hero and the other as a villain. The task for the future generation will be to probe the causes for this failure of two master-minds of the past generation and to search out and discover ways and means to solve the problem which evaded the grasp of these two giants. We would call upon the followers of Dr. Ambedkar to give up their wailings. These sheddings of tears are not becoming conduct on the part of worthy followers of the great leader. Neither do we think an intensive drive towards religious conversion, the embracing of Buddhism *en masse* would solve their difficulty. They will have to gird up their loins and fight the battle once again for social equality. Where Ambedkar failed they may yet succeed. That is the only hope for humanity in India as elsewhere in the world.

To those who have opposed Ambedkar all these days when he was alive and are damning him with faint praise, now that he is dead and gone, we should like to point out that the disappearance of Ambedkar's personality confers no benefit on them. They simply cannot carry on in the old rut whether there is an Ambedkar to give them battle or not. Untouchability is not a blot or a disability attached to the so-called untouchables. It is a mental complex of the caste Hindus who arrogate to themselves a false position of superiority. This psychological obsession

of the superior castes, while on the one hand it has bred an inferiority complex in the so-called untouchables, has, on the other hand, wrought greater havoc on the superior castes by undermining their moral make-up. This fact is well brought out when members of the superior castes go out to other countries and face the democratic peoples of the world and find themselves looked upon as curiosities, as undeveloped human beings, unworthy of the great heritage of humanity and unfit to shoulder the burdens of adult members of the comity of nations. Ambedkar may be dead but the problem posed by Ambedkar's life has to be solved in the interests of the very superior castes who opposed him when he was alive and who breathe a sigh of relief at his death. The ghost of Ambedkar will haunt the superior castes until they shed their arrogant assumption of superiority.

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SIDELIGHTS ::

THE Rajya Sabha turned down a resolution recommending that India should sever her connection with the Commonwealth. The people of India will not feel themselves really free or breathe the atmosphere of democratic liberty until and unless the link with their former masters and rulers is altogether broken. The suspicion will always be there that the Commonwealth is but a camouflage for the Empire which ground down the masses of this great sub-continent into utter poverty and misery. When Mr. H. D. Rajah asserted during the debate that the economic and the political contacts of India with the rest of the world were being routed through Britain, there were cries of "No, No" from the Congress benches. But it is nevertheless a fact that British vested interests in India continue to exercise their stranglehold on the country's economy and the steel frame of the old British Indian Civil Service still exercises supreme sway over the country. The Prime Minister said in the course of his reply to the debate that his policy was not to give up the link with Britain and her satellites but to create more such links with other countries. He called these links "bridges" which would facilitate international contacts. In pursuance of such a policy he has forged another link with the communist world with the result that India is now exposed to the activities of communist agencies which have gained a foothold in the country and are exercising great influence and power comparable to that exercised by the British interests. Real democracy and political freedom involves the severance of such links which are but preludes to political slavery. We deprecate the unthinking policy of bridge building without the assurance that

the interests served by such bridges will promote the good of our people and will not contribute to their downfall. There are bridges which may open out ways for greater prosperity for our people. There may also be bridges which may only serve to bring in the forces of aggression of economic and political exploitation. The bridges leading to Eden's Britain and to communist Russia are of the latter variety and must be pulled down in the interests of the Indian people as well as of the prevalence of democracy in the world at large.

The severance of the link with the Commonwealth has become urgent and necessary in view of the great economic depression that has set in Britain as a result of her recent aggression in Egypt. The scarcity of oil to run British industries is fast depreciating the value of the pound sterling. As a consequence of the linking of the rupee with the pound, the rupee is gradually being pulled down. In other words, the economic wealth of India is being artificially used up to compensate the growing poverty of the British people. There is an invisible flow of wealth from India to England. This is certainly one of the important reasons why the prices of essential commodities are shooting up in India. The phenomenon is not really one of appreciation of prices of our products. It is, on the contrary, a depreciation in the value of the rupee which is the medium of our exchange. Such depreciation is creating a scare all over India. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, the Finance Minister, made an attempt in Parliament on the 12th instant to explain away this dangerous dependence of the rupee on the sterling by asserting that the gold content of the rupee had already

been defined. He, however, confessed that there was a continued drain on the gold and dollar reserves of the so-called sterling area which included Britain and India. The drain, which Mr. Krishnamachari admitted, was undoubtedly caused by the mad policies of the present Government of Britain. But the question for consideration by the people of India is: why should the slender resources of a poor country like India be used up to boost up the sinking economy of aggressive Britain? There is no way out of this dangerous situation for the government and the people of India except by a courageous walk-out from the British Commonwealth.

Mr. Khrushchev did not realise what he was in for when he uttered the slogan of abolishing the personality cult in Russia. Taking his words at their face value, several sections of the people within the Iron Curtain began to assert their liberty to think independently of the authoritarian doctrine till now imposed upon them by the ruling personalities. Naturally, the students of Russia took the lead in the matter and began to entertain thoughts and nurtured doubts that foreboded ill for the Khrushchev regime which carried on the cult of Stalinism without the Stalin personality. Alarmed at the independence exhibited by the students, Mr. Khrushchev gave the warning to the students that if they were not loyal to Communism they would lose their privileges and the allowances attached to their studentships. He further threatened the students that they would be sent to factories to labour as workers and to earn their own living. Students, by their very nature, are not prudent and it is no wonder that the Russian students did not take Mr. Khrushchev's threat seriously. As a result, it appears that student disturbances have occurred at many places including the Moscow University. According to a news item, over a hundred

students have had to be expelled as leaders of a growing movement critical of the Communist regime. It is said that western broadcasts were monitored and bulletins based on such news were displayed on Moscow University boards. Students stood guard over the bulletins and prevented the authorities removing the sheets from the notice boards. Student meetings were held protesting against such repression by the authorities. So the revolt has begun not only in Hungary, not only in the satellite countries of Eastern Europe but in the heart of Moscow and among the intellectuals. Mr. Khrushchev sowed the wind of de-Stalinisation. He is reaping the whirlwind of de-Khrushchevism.

During the debate on foreign policy in Parliament, Prime Minister Nehru accused the Indian Committee for Cultural Freedom and the Democratic Research Service as being political organisations functioning on the lines of the many 'fronts' put up by the communists who carry on interested political propaganda. These "fronts" are financed by foreign agencies and interfere in the internal affairs of other sovereign states. Naturally the ICCF and the DRS are very much worried and are hitting back at the Prime Minister in self-defence. While there may not be any truth in the allegation of the Prime Minister that the ICCF and the DRS are subsidised foreign agencies and that they interfere in our internal affairs, the methods of propaganda adopted by them give room nevertheless for the suspicion that their professed interest in democracy is not quite genuine. There should be a genuine research with an open mind in pursuit of real freedom. But the ICCF and the DRS have functioned in India all these years as merely anti-Communist propaganda machines and they have acted under a too simplified motto that those who cry hoarse against Communism are all

democrats. In India, the ICCF and the DRS have specifically wooed the Congress Party and have basked in the sunshine of official patronage. In the last conference they held at Madras they lionised people like Mr. Sampurnanand and Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, simply because they lisped the phraseology of anti-Communism. They deliberately excluded the democratic non-Congress elements in Madras with a view to ingratiate themselves the more firmly in the favours of the powers that be. The question for consideration is whether the ICCF and DRS are really interested in democracy. If they are they should feel free to condemn anti-democratic forces in India even if they hide behind the cloak of the

party in power. But obviously they are not willing to take the risk of losing official patronage and hence the acuteness of their disappointment and their chagrin when faced with a round condemnation from the mouth of the Prime Minister. They would not have reacted so sharply to the attack by Pandit Nehru if they had at any time before ventured an attack on the innate totalitarianism of the one party rule of India imposed by the Congress. Having sided the Congress totalitarianism for so long when it ground down all democratic opposition, it is no wonder that they find themselves isolated and friendless when the Congress Party Chief turns against them.

SETHU



Mr. Chou En-lai's arrival at the Meenambakam airport. The Chinese Prime Minister being welcomed by Mr. H. D. Rajah, M.P.

THE TITO-KHRUSHCHEV RACE: A NEW DANGER

By RAMA RAO GIDUGU

THE house that Stalin built is crumbling, and on these ruins is rising Titoism, not without the evils of the much denounced cult of personality.

Sitting in the strategic country of Yugoslavia, Marshal Tito, who defied Stalin only to become a world figure, is today shaking the governments of the Communist states of East Europe from Moscow's control to make them servile to his way of thinking. It was his intervention, if not interference, that brought a change in the leadership of the Polish Communist Party; it was his hand that brought fickle-minded Imre Nagy back to the political scene in Hungary with all the present disastrous consequences; it is his signal again that is creating havoc in Rumania, Bulgaria and Albania—the southernmost Communist states, far away from destalinised Russia and very nearer to Titoist Yugoslavia.

Hungary would have returned to normalcy like Poland, but for the hide-and-seek game that is being played by Tito to replant in power his pet candidate, Imre Nagy. It is more of the fight of Titoist elements than the much talked of counter-revolution that is evident in Hungary today.

Having fought out Stalin, the symbol of personality cult, and made shrewd Khrushchev come to his feet to hammer out a flexible Communist system, what Tito was expected to do was democratisation of political life in his own country. Today, he seems to be more interested in forcing rapid liberalisation in other Communist states of East Europe than in his country—a clear case of interference.

Tito's Dictatorship

The spirit of Stalin entered Tito, and the first Marshal and first citizen of Yugoslavia today puts down

with all ruthlessness any opposition to what he says; his word is the law, law to the whole nation, law to the people, law to all party members. Vice-President Edvard Kardelj cannot express his own views except those of his master, Tito, on Hungary. Bebler, another important member of the Yugoslav Communist Party, cannot come out with a new thesis other than that of Tito. Only one leading member of the party, Vladimar Djilas, came out openly against the Titoist home policies. But what is his position today? He is in prison.

Djilas was Vice-President of the Yugoslav National Assembly in Tito's Yugoslavia. He came out daringly for greater democratisation of political life in the country; he wanted freedom of action for other social democrat parties. That was the end of his career, nay, life. Tito adopted the same Stalinist method of putting down opponents towards Djilas. The rebel was first relieved of his post, then isolated from public life, and lastly the inevitable happened—he was arrested and is now awaiting execution.

Togliatti's Thesis

The egoism in Tito is growing to fatal limits. Yes, it will be fatal not only to himself, but to the entire socialist states of East Europe if it is not checked. This danger is already realised by the Italian Communist leader, Palmiro Togliatti, who has advocated "bilateral relations between individual autonomous parties." He told the national congress of the party on December 8th that there could be no return to the past system of intervention in the internal affairs of parties, and he proposed that the new system should be accompanied by a form of Communist economic

international. This, without infringing on the sovereignty of individual Communist countries, would arrange "a sort of international division of work, reduction of costs, increase in productivity, thus, an increase of well-being in each country."

Togliatti, who faithfully followed Stalin and witnessed the condemnation for secret execution of Bela Kun, the Hungarian Communist leader of 1919, by Stalin's liaison officer at a Comintern meeting presided by Dimitrov, fired his first shot against Khrushchev's policy of giving prominence to heavy industry. It was this policy that forced Malenkov to resign from the prime ministership of Russia, and this was the policy again that brought cabinet changes in most of the East European Communist states with the consequent low standards of life.

Togliatti told the national congress of the party: "Many of the troubles of the East European countries are due to servile imitation of the Soviet model. Certain principles, which led to the victorious solution of the grave historical problem of this passage of socialism in one country alone—the Soviet Union—could not, and cannot have universal value, nor be copied mechanically." He particularly deplored plans in East Europe to create heavy industry immediately and to collectivise agriculture.

Though much belated and though he could not dare open his mouth against servility when Stalin was alive, Togliatti's thesis and warning cut across the present Khrushchev-Tito rift for leadership of the socialist world of East Europe.

Marxism Violated

The worst crime that was ever committed by the Communist parties of East Europe all these years was the rejection of the Marxist principle, which they claimed to follow, the principle of application of the theory according to the conditions of the areas concerned. It was said again and again that these parties were

failing in their duty by adopting the traditional Russian technique of ruthlessness in their administration.

Russians have never seen democracy in their country, for, their country jumped straight to rigid Communism from omnipotent autocracy. Russians cannot be Russians without the iron hand of bureaucracy over their heads. The Czars ruled with all Tartarian severity. Stalin, with his Georgian blood, inherited the ruthlessness of the Czars but not their feudalistic magnanimity. Thus the Russians reconciled themselves to the Communist system and are held, opiated.

Can this system work in countries which have gone through the process of revolts against ruthless rules, and of democratic administration? Can this mode of bureaucratic barbarity be imposed on a dynamic people, who successfully resisted, at the cost of their lives, ways of life foreign to their tradition? Among the Communist countries, Poland had been bullied both by Germans in the west and the Russians in the east. And in this prowess the Poles were steered into a rigid nationalism. The people of Czechoslovakia and Hungary had tasted the fruits of democracy before and it is difficult to hold them in the grip of rigid bureaucracy now.

Whether it is Tito or Khrushchev, they must be aware that they are departing from the Leninist code in their relations with other states—the code they say they are strictly adhering to.

Here is what Lenin said: "We may not use force to compel other nations to ally themselves to Russia. Only a really voluntary, a really free agreement may be used, and this is impossible if there is no freedom to repeal the agreement. Only equals can come to an agreement. For the agreement to be real, and not a conquest masked by phrases, the parties must have equal rights."

How far are Khrushchev and Tito following this doctrine of Lenin?

C. R.: SOME FOOT-NOTES TO HIS FUTURE BIOGRAPHY

I AM allergic to the celebrations of birth-days—both mine and others'. So too was C. R.—if my memory serves. For he deprecated the practice in the course of a chat with a pressman some years ago. It has not however prevented his admirers and followers (if any) from felicitating him in traditional style on completing seventy-eight. Instead of the poet's aspiration for 'one crowded hour of glorious life', C. R. has been deluged with many years of thrilling adventures in which he has distinguished himself with versatile vigour, always playing a star-role. He has been called a saint, a living embodiment of the Gita doctrine, a wily fox, and a ruthless egoist. But whether you like him or not, it is incontrovertible that he has written himself into the history of our times in almost all important phases of it. My tribute to him will take the form of an enumeration of some facts and the recording of some impressions pertaining to our Nestor which have been garnered in the course of the years.

The now forgotten Cripps proposals furnish a convenient starting point for our present enquiry. They plunge us *in medias res*, and then we can work back and forth after the manner of epics, and at our leisure. For there is no gainsaying the fact that C. R.'s life and adventures form a minor epic of our era, much as those of Ulysses form an inset to a greater epic of the West.

C. R. and the Cripps Plan

Cripps was a good man sent to persuade us to buy a pig in a poke. His proposals were the last of the apples of discord intended to sidetrack the course of nationalism. But Gandhi damned them out of hand

by likening them to 'a post-dated cheque drawn on a tottering bank.' Jinnah too would not look at them—which was the more curious, since he acted habitually on the principle that whatever Gandhi disapproved must automatically be to his own advantage. C. R. was the only outstanding figure from the nationalist ranks to put his last jibbah, so to speak, on the Cripps Plan. He braved the wrath of public opinion, broke with his colleagues and even made the Mahatma himself the butt of his dry, astringent wit. He tried in vain to obtain an interview with Jinnah, hoping to by-pass both the Congress and the League at one stroke, and usher in a Machiavellian holiday almost single-handed. But he overreached himself, for Jinnah was alarmed at this animated variant of the Trojan horse, and declined to breathe the very air which had been contaminated with C. R.'s breath!

Thus the Cripps proposals died of political asphyxiation. But an anonymous scribe embodied something of the perplexities of those troubled times in the following rhymes:

If only Jinnah had received Rajaji
Everything would have been pucca—
The League might have claimed an
honorary Haji

Though Congress might not have
gone to Mecca!

The episode gave startling proof of C. R.'s courage—intellectual and political. But whether it also underlined his wisdom or statesmanship must be left to be dealt with by future assessors. Suppose the Cripps plan had been implemented, we would have had a nominally united India, but jerry-built at the provincial level. The communal dog-fights would have become a chronic fixture, while the major minority would have exercised

the veto with the monotonous malevolence with which Russia has since been abusing *her veto* in the Security Council. The coping stone on that crazy structure would have been put by the 'native states' becoming the spring-boards for all kinds of diversions promoted by adventurers (indigenous and foreign) setting up the parts with a view to destroy the whole.

In the pre-Crippsian era, C. R.'s cue was to tread the path of a blameless but unbending orthodoxy. When the Swarajists prematurely clamoured for the flesh-pots, he stood forth solid, stubborn and silent—a no-changer. He had his reward when, on the morrow of the Congress victory in the 1937 elections, a palace revolution gave him the chief ministership of Madras on a salver. Satyamurti, the architect of the Congress triumph at the polls and the inevitable choice for the leadership of the ministry, was jockeyed out by a piece of Gandhian *leger de main* which silenced the public and sanctified the substitution.

With the second world war, Congress went into the wilderness again and luxuriated in it to its heart's content for the entire duration of it. The failure of the Cripps mission synchronised with the knocking of the Japanese forces at our Eastern door. Congress was dubbed pro-Japanese and a call went forth for its suppression. The quit India movement took shape, though it is interesting to record that C. R. was the only national leader not arrested or detained on that occasion. But he met his Philippi in an unexpected manner.

The editor of a local weekly which was obstreperous in its loyalty to the British Raj singled him out as one of the pro-Japanese leaders in the country, and called for action against him. To speak the truth, the entire country was pro-Japanese in that ghastly crisis. It was the only way an impotent people could demon-

strate its anti-British bias. Just as we are all anti-European or anti-American today and Pro-everything else, with the most pharisaical of us riding the high moral horse and laying down the ethical law for other people's edification! But I am digressing . . .

However, C. R. was ill-advised enough to file a suit for defamation against the paper, for he lost his case. Under identical conditions, the Mahatma merely shrugged his shoulders and passed on. That is a measure of the difference between a great man and a—clever man!

Vendetta Against Rajaji

There was another episode in which C. R. figured as the villain of the piece from the nationalist angle. The Tamil Nad Congress Committee called for his impeachment as a traitor to the national cause for having backed Cripps' proposal and put a spoke in the last phase of the revolution. It seemed as if he would end his career not with a bang but a whimper. But Gandhi was determined to be his *deus ex machina*, and staked his all to induct him back again to the gadi of the chief ministership of Madras. He met with a Himalayan failure. It showed the depth of the vendetta against C. R. in his native haunts as inspired by purely ideological considerations.

But Gandhi had other consolation prizes to mollify him with. The Governor-Generalship, the Governorship of a state, a ministership at the centre succeeded one another so quickly that the taste of the Madras defeat was very soon forgotten. Two things only eluded his grasp. He essayed to get into Rashtrapati Bhavan, but the ghosts of his political peccadilloes and his universally detested cleverness rose to baulk him of his hope. The other was his inability to secure the gadi of the presidentship of the Indian National Congress. Congressmen had no use for him in either of these roles; the

rank and file apparently prefer mediocrities for these exalted but ornamental assignments!

The first elections under adult suffrage presented a jig-saw puzzle pattern of parties in the states. In Madras and Kerala, the communist bogey assumed such threatening proportions that the rabble of raw legislators were cowed into the acceptance of a seasoned pilot like C. R. to steer them through the storm which seemed impending. But the second spell of office lacked the glamour and gloss of the first; and as the communist bogey faded into the light of common day, he became more and more exposed to the pin-pricks and pressure of dual government. For the provincial Congress boss had long been ruling, while figure-heads set up by him were content to reign. C. R. is nothing if not self-sufficient; add to it an ill-concealed superciliousness which treated his cabinet colleagues as school-boys in the examination hall, his breezy but private contempt of democracy and all its works; and his love of power—all these conspired to turn a docile following into a resentful caucus thirsting for his elimination. The public was exposed to chronic jitters by the staging of demonstrations aimed at discrediting him or rendering his life insupportable. His legislative measures were assailed with an almost anthropophagous ferocity, and he was thus immobilised on his own favourite front. Worst of all he was caught napping when the Madras Electric Tramways scored over him legally and got away with it. It was another instance of the inadequacy of mere cleverness to dominate or resolve a crisis.

And then came the *coup de grace* in a most unexpected but dramatic manner. He had gone as Chief Minister to open some building or other constructed by a family of successful operators of road-transport. C. R. referred to the pioneering labours of the founder of the firm, and complimented him on handing over the busi-

ness to his sons in his old age. Sri Nadar who was asked to speak after C. R. seemed to decline the invitation with a deprecating modesty. But when pressed, he came up and said with biting brevity: 'How can any one say anything new or worth while after Rajaji has spoken? Let our leader act on the advice he has given to others, and leave the ministry to be managed by younger people.' The effect was stunning; you could have heard the fall of a pin intensified to the reverberations of thunder! He however outstayed his welcome and faded out of the picture only gradually.

Political Isolation

Not one other of his colleagues followed him into the opposition or retirement. That is the measure of his isolation from his contemporaries who, for the most part, belong to an entirely different generation. The truth is that Rajaji never had a following bound to him by considerations of loyalty or faith in principles or policies which could knit and sustain a party in opposition. Nor has he left a grateful or gracious influence on the permanent services. He exercised his patronage in unpredictable ways; perhaps he himself did not plan them before-hand, but trusted to a kind of improvisation in which the dramatic element always predominated. He chose the wrong men—the second bests—for his patronage; men of strong individuality and independence found no favour with him. He gave extensions of service on no recognisable principles; he dragged somnolent septuagenarians from their repose to shoulder burdens which required younger shoulders. He offended party-men by making a minister of an outsider—apparently just to show that he alone could do that sort of thing with impunity. He ordered—almost on the eve of his retirement—the prosecution of a truculent opponent from the Congress ranks against, it is said, the advice of his law officers, only to find the

case dismissed at last. Thus, he remained a law unto himself though he set it in motion against his *betes noirs*!

C. R. as a writer with a di-glot command of English and Tamil is certainly a more cheerful object to contemplate. His work as politician may be said to have been writ in water; but his other writings will survive for historical reasons. Except in a few but powerful short stories, the bulk of his work in English and Tamil is of the pedagogic and journeyman kind; but as an agent of popular education, he has played a decisive part in the development of the modern, colloquial Tamil prose.

The late lamented Kalki was his *alter ego*, and they both went into a collaboration which has profited them and the country. By the way, there was a novel arrangement by which an official of the All India Radio functioned also as editor of *Kalki* after the premature demise of its editor. It would be interesting to know how Mr. Keskar came to be interested in such a deal and why he put it through. I am not aware of any policy decision encouraging the promotion of liaisons between government departments and the press in the country. Perhaps some member of Parliament might elicit the truth about it by means of an interpellation; or perhaps C. R. might throw some light on the matter? C. R. has still a very pervasive finger in that weekly pie through which he keeps in touch with the pulse of his public. Not content with that he is qualifying for the honours of a columnist in English as well. There is reasonable ground for the presumption that he has not yet set the Coom on fire in either capacities.

Commentaries On The Epics

To resume: he still keeps up a steady stream of essays, sketches, stories, translations and adaptations which testify to an insatiable gusto and wide-ranging curiosity. But his approach has been traditional and along

beaten tracks. His renderings of the epics have brought him great popularity; but they do not seem to be based on a first-hand acquaintance with the original texts. For in the course of a recent communication to the press as well as in his Tamil *Ramayana* itself, he has confounded the masculine and feminine genders in a most amusing fashion! Besides his epics are bowdlerized versions in which the intrusions of commentators are indistinguishable from the *ipsissima verba* of the poets. A literal and unexpurgated translation of our epics would find no publishers or readers today; it is a temperamental epitome of them that passes for the real stuff. C. R. has besides a quite irrelevant penchant for mounting the pulpit at every turn; and as, for the most part, he labours the obvious, the result is the infliction of an irksome tedium on the more cultivated of his readers.

Latterly, he has burgeoned out as an expert on international affairs. But his background is so exiguous and his approach so dreadfully forensic that he succeeds in distorting the general picture without being aware of the falsification it promotes. There is a quiet savagery, a subdued but ghoulish glee in his flayings of the Western nations which make one wonder if Rhadamanthus himself has come to judgment on earth. But fortunately, nothing more than ink is spilt as a result of such jousting.

C. R. is however secure in his niche in history. But he is such a glutton for fame that he still snorts like the proverbial war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, and insists on being in the thick of the fight. Which is a pity, for he should know more than most others the diastolic and systolic movements of the human organism—the *Nivritti marga* rounding off the *pravritti* of the earlier phase. What is even more a pity is that in some important ways, he is writing himself down without being apparently aware of it.

—C. GUPTA

A CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN

By FENNER BROCKWAY

KENYA will soon be in the news again. For four years it has been Mau Mau. Now it will be the White Settlers. From the point of view of the wider world, says Margery Perham, in the foreword to a booklet which I want to commend to you, Kenya presents "not an African problem but a settler problem."

How right she is the recent elections of European members of the Legislative Council show. The majority are opposed even to the moderate multi-racialism introduced by Mr. Oliver Lyttleton, which gave 45,000 Kenya Europeans three representatives in the Council of Ministers; 150,000 Asians, two; and 5,750,000 Africans, one! The dominant settler mentality in Kenya is not far removed from South Africa's *apartheid*.

I return to this subject later, but let me first introduce the author and the booklet. The title of the booklet is "The Kenya Question: An African Answer." The author is Tom Mboya.

If civilisation means a society not only based on justice and liberty but manned by human beings who are rational, tolerant, strong in principle, culture and kind, Tom Mboya is one of the most civilised persons I know. I first met him during the exciting visit which Leslie Hale and I made to Kenya in 1952. He was only twenty two then, a modest serving rank-and-filer. Already he was a Health Inspector for the City Council of Nairobi; a year later he established the Kenya Local Government Workers' Union, and became the Secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labour.

Then came crowded years. In 1954 journeys to India and Pakistan; in 1955, delegate to the Inter-African Labour Conference at Beira on Technical Co-operation South of the Sahara; membership of the Labour

and Wages Advisory Board in Kenya; Kenya representative of the I.C.F.T.U. For a year, thanks to the Workers' Travel Association, he has been studying at Ruskin College and he spent this summer at the I.C.F.T.U. headquarters at Brussels. Now he is learning what he can about the Labour Movement in America before returning to Nairobi. I give these details because we should understand the significance of Tom Mboya for the future of Kenya.

He describes in this booklet the harsh repression of the last four years, the arbitrary arrests, the collective punishments, the screening methods, the judicial and police crimes, the suppression of African organisations: but it is to the future he looks. And we must look with him if we are to act with justice.

Denial of A New Deal

Tom begins with the warning given in the first paragraphs above. During the height of the Mau Mau revolt, the European leaders were promising the Africans a new deal. Now that Mau Mau is crushed the new deal is becoming a burst bubble. Theoretically, the colour bar has been ended in Nairobi hotels; but what else is there? Votes for Africans? At least half the Africans will have no vote, "good" Africans (from the European viewpoint) will have two votes, reliable Africans three votes. No African among the Kikuyu, Embu and Meru tribes (numbering nearly two millions) will get a vote unless he gets a certificate of good character from the British District Commissioner!

Tom Mboya gives evidence that Mr. Michael Blundell, the leader of the moderate Europeans, is retreating before die-hard European opinion. Although the East African Commission and Tory members of the British House of Commons have urged

that Africans should be allowed land in the rich White Highlands (reserved now for Europeans). Mr. Blundell stands for its "sanctity." Of course, he says, there must be a European majority and European control as Kenya passes from Westminster rule. He opposes inter-racial schools, hospitals and juries. The time will come when Africans will have to be told "so far and no further."

It is important that we should understand this European psychology. The Blackpool Conference of the Labour Party declared for immediate parity of franchise and representation in plural societies like Kenya, for the ending of racial discrimination and segregation, and for no transference of power until there is democracy based on adult suffrage irrespective of race and colour. We have fine men and women among the Europeans in Kenya who will endorse these decisions, but they need encouragement from this country by a demonstration of the firmness of our purpose.

Task Before Labour Party

Tom Mboya bases his whole case on the equality of all human beings of whatever race, but he carries it far beyond political enfranchisement. The extension of education should be regarded as an emergency measure, land should be distributed, agriculture developed, minimum wages

lifted, housing humanised, medical services universalised, security for old age established, Africans trained for responsible posts in the civil service. This economic and social programme cannot rely on private capital alone. The Government will have to take a more active part in the economy. International agencies will have to be approached for assistance. In conclusion he says:

"The solution outlined may appear dramatic or radical, but this is a necessary consequence of the present situation in Kenya. Over fifty years have passed during which this unhappy situation could have been averted. Determination is necessary, for half-measures in the rapid pace at which we have to move, will aggravate rather than improve the situation."

"Is it too late? No, of course not. But action must be taken now, for there is no time for further procrastination. The choice before us is clear. This British Government must be prepared to have a show down with the White Settlers now or be prepared to face indefinite political instability in Kenya."

That is the challenge which faces Britain, which faces particularly the Labour Party. This is why I said at Blackpool that we shall need a courageous Labour Colonial Secretary and a nation-wide campaign to win the support of public opinion.

GESELL ON THE NATURE OF MONEY

By GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

GESELL'S chief contribution to economics lay in the field of monetary theory. Although he was also concerned with the problems of land and of international peace, his primary aim was to establish a monetary system that would *insure prosperity and a rising standard of living under private enterprise*. His general theory was adopted with few changes from the Manchester school of economists, but while studying their writings, he noticed their prediction, made explicit by Adam Smith, that the constant expansion of the means of production would increase competition and tend to lower prices, raise wages which narrow the margin of profit, and reduce the rate of interest. To Gesell, as to others, this prediction seemed logical enough, but he knew very well from his own experiences in business that the prediction had not come true. In the first place, the expansion of industry was not constant. Instead, there were booms and depressions, and although the interest rate varied there was no indication that it had a long-run tendency to decline. Why was it, he wondered, *that prosperity always ended in a slump, with workers idle, factories closed down and business at a standstill?* Why was it that interest rates always rose again after a decline? In short, what was wrong with the theory of private enterprise as expounded by those who conceived it?

Gesell's answers were reasonable, simple, and clear. And yet they have been widely misrepresented. To understand them one must have either a certain innocence of mind or the insight of a philosopher. Gesell discovered that the classical economists went astray in their assumptions as to the nature of money

and money is a subject concerning which a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Money is a form of power (the power to satisfy material wants) which is passionately desired by men. It is only natural, therefore, that the various theories of money should be complex, conflicting, and passionately held. The study of money is sometimes called a science, but the truth is that it more closely resembles a doctrine. It is a labyrinth of intricate doctrine, and it is entirely accurate to say that one understands money more clearly before entering the labyrinth, relying upon ordinary observation and common sense, or after passing through the labyrinth, than when one is lost in the middle of it. To those who do not regard themselves as "monetary experts," therefore, it is suggested that in reading what follows, they may safely trust to their plain commonsense.

Necessity of Money

Capitalist economists believed (and Karl Marx agreed with them) first, that money must either be a valuable commodity, such as gold or silver, or a substitute, such as paper currency, which was backed by and exchangeable for a valuable commodity. Gesell denied this, asserting that money was valuable not because of the material from which it was made, *but because it performed a necessary economic function*. In a modern economy, with extensive division of labour, barter is impractical; a shoe manufacturer who has made ten thousand pairs of shoes cannot barter them for other commodities but must sell them for money and then use the money to buy what he wants. Thus all goods and services offered for sale in the market constitute a demand for money, and it is

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because of this demand, and because modern business cannot be conducted without a medium of exchange, that money has value. The experience of this and other countries during recent years has confirmed the correctness of Gesell's view.

Secondly, capitalist economists have held that money has two primary functions, namely, to serve as a medium of exchange and as a "store of value." Gesell points out that these two functions are incompatible. Clearly, if the entire money supply were used as a "store of value" there would be no money available to serve as a medium of exchange, and all business would come to a standstill. Or if twenty percent of the money supply were withdrawn from active circulation and stored, then either prices would be forced down or the volume of business would decline by twenty per cent. That would mean unemployment and depression. Gesell concluded, therefore, that if we want to avoid depressions we must insist that money be used only as a medium of exchange. If people want a "store of value" they should not hoard money, and thereby reduce the demand for the products of industry, but should buy durable goods or invest in new plants and machinery.

Medium of Exchange

Thirdly, both capitalist and socialist economists have assumed inasmuch as money is exchanged for goods and goods for money, that money and goods are equivalents. Gesell claims that this is not so. He points out that money is the only one of the factors in production that can be withheld from the market indefinitely without cost. Commodities rust, rot, shrink, or go out of style, and if they are stored they incur charges for storage, insurance, and taxes. Idle factories incur charges for taxes, insurance, and upkeep, and if workers remain idle both they and their families must soon suffer privation. But money held idle in a bureau

drawer or in a bank costs nothing for storage or insurance; it does not rust, rot, shrink, or go out of style; it does not get hungry; and it is not taxed. Thus one who has money that he does not need to spend has a peculiar advantage over those who have goods or services for sale; *he can sit tight until business is done on his terms.*

If money is to serve efficiently as a medium of exchange, said Gesell, it should in fact be the equivalent of the goods for which it is to be exchanged. Goods and money are equivalents only if neither the one nor the other can be withheld from the market without cost. Those who hoard money, therefore, should be penalized in the same way that those who hoard goods, or withhold labour, are now penalized.

Cause of Depression

Having developed his ideas as to the nature and function of money, Gesell was prepared to explain why economic progress has been characterized by alternating booms and depressions rather than by a constant expansion of industry, and stay down. A boom continues, he said, until it becomes apparent to investors that a further expansion of industry would cause "over-production," an increased demand for labour and higher wages, increased competition and lower prices, and a declining margin of profit. When this point is reached, those who own or control capital funds no longer anticipate a satisfactory return from new investment; so they stop investing and allow their funds to lie idle. It is true that they may speculate in the stock market or in existing real estate, as they did in the late twenties, but they stop investing in new homes, hotels, office buildings, and industrial plants of all kinds. The consequence is unemployment and depression.

The reason, said Gesell, that capitalists are able to stop the expansion of industry periodically is that they enjoy the privileges of holding their

money idle without cost. And it is because of this same privilege that interest rates never stay down. If rates fall below the point which capitalists regard as satisfactory they simply stop lending and wait until the rates move up again. And, unless the government interferes, they are bound to move up eventually. Wages cannot be paid, goods cannot be sold, and business cannot be conducted without a medium of exchange. And so those who have saved or otherwise acquired capital funds in substantial amount are in a position to say, and do say in effect; "You can't do business with our money unless you pay us a rate of interest which we regard as satisfactory. And remember, we can hold out as long as need be, for it costs us nothing to keep our money idle in the bank."

Taxation of Idle Money

It should be clearly understood that Gesell had no objection whatever to capitalists getting a return on their money. If they could lend or invest their funds profitably they had a right to do so, and they were entitled to all the earnings they could make.

What Gesell did object to was that when capitalists could not find profitable outlets for their funds, or when they could not lend their money at a satisfactory rate of interest, they simply refused to play ball. They went on strike, just as surely as workers who have walked out of a plant. But unlike workers, the capitalists suffered no penalty. They could hold their funds idle and throw the whole economy into a depression—and not even be blamed for it. Still, Gesell would not deny them the right to strike. But he said that it should cost them something if they did strike. In short, their idle funds should be taxed. And then capitalists, workers, farmers, factory owners, and business men would all be in the same boat: they would be penalized if they walked out on their job.

—The Science of Equity

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WORRIED
TEA
TAKES THE
LOAD
OFF YOUR
SHOULDERS



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PST. 163

RICHARD SORGE: THE MASTER SPY

With a Nazi membership in one pocket, a Communist card in the other, 'the man with three faces' deceived the top brains of East and West.

By MONROE JOHNSTON

RICHARD SORGE walked to his death wearing a beautifully cut new suit, a gleaming white shirt and new shoes and socks. It was unusual attire for Sorge, who time and again had shocked the Tokyo upper crust with his devil-may-care Bohemian dress. But there was little he could do about it since it was the traditional Japanese execution regalia.

He stepped from the jail corridor into the shadow chapel where the slanting eyes of the Buddha glanced down at him through the smoke of the taper-lit bowls of incense. He offered no prayer and politely declined the governor's offer of tea and cakes.

He was ushered from the chapel to the execution chamber where he took his place on a square marked on the floor beneath the rope. The noose was placed around his neck. As the lever swung over and the floor opened beneath his feet, he shouted bitterly: "To hell with mankind."

And so, the story goes, perished Dr. Richard Sorge, Russia's master spy, the brilliant secret agent who "played" with the greatest armies on earth in World War II and directly influenced the course of history. Until this year no one seriously questioned that Sorge met a spy's death in Sugamo Prison, Tokyo, at 10.31 on the morning of November 7, 1955. His last days and hours were carefully documented by the Japanese and these records fell into the hands of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's chief of intelligence, Maj. Gen. Charles Willoughby, at the war's end. It was Willoughby who broke the amazing

Sorge story to the Western world.

But now a German diplomat—an unwitting associate of the master spy in at least one escapade—has voiced the possibility that Richard Sorge is alive and is perhaps a key man in Russia's world-wide espionage network today. The German diplomat is Hans-Otto Meissner, Second Secretary at the German embassy in Tokyo at the time of some of Sorge's most audacious coups. In his newly published book, *The Man With Three Faces*, Meissner gives his reasons for believing the Red agent escaped the Japanese noose. Not the least among them is his startling revelation that the exchange of super spies, while not generally known, is accepted practice today.

In *The Man With Three Faces* Meissner recounts the espionage achievements that brought Sorge fame, posthumous or otherwise. These included three of the great secrets of World War II: the date of the German invasion of Russia, Japanese military plans in the Orient and the planned attack on Pearl Harbour. Gathered by Sorge's crack team of agents, this information was funnelled back to Moscow, by courier and radio, almost as soon as it was in the hands of Nazi and Japanese war leaders.

Possession of accurate information concerning Japan's Asiatic strategy enabled Russia to recall 2,000,000 troops from Siberia for the defence of Moscow. Meissner, a tank commander in Russia at this time, states unequivocally that the Germans would have captured Moscow had it not been for Sorge's message that

Japan would not push into Siberia but would send its reserves into South China.

Rightly Sorge could say after his capture: "Think of field marshals and generals brooding over plans of operations and sending out battle orders to their armies. Then think of Richard Sorge, the man who has really decided where the greatest battles of all shall be fought. When ships go down and aircraft fall out of the sky, it is I who have been the instigator of their destruction." Sorge's last great triumph was to ferret out the plans for the Japanese Pearl Harbour attack. On October 15, 1941, he sent this message to his Russian masters: "Japanese carrier air force attacking United States navy at Pearl Harbour probably dawn November 6." The Reds did not see fit to pass this information on to the U. S.

The tattered remnants of this message fell into the hands of Japanese counter-espionage agents, thanks to a dangerous decoy planted near Sorge in the person of Kiyomi, a sultry cabaret dancer. The very day the message was despatched, Sorge and his gang were rounded up.

Along with Ozaki Hozumi, a former secretary to the Japanese Cabinet and his chief lieutenant, Sorge was sentenced to death. Three other members of the espionage team—Max Klausen, radio operator, Branko de Vaoukelitch, foreign embassy contact, and Miyagi Yotoko, armed forces contact—got life terms. Miyagi and Vaoukelitch died in jail before U. S. troops entered Tokyo, Klausen was released and vanished behind the Iron Curtain.

It was the horrible fate of the shapely Kiyomi that sparked speculation Sorge was still alive. She died in a hail of gunfire in a Shanghai street in 1947. A few moments before, she had been entertaining the city's cafe society. Her act ended suddenly when she peered at someone sitting in the audience,

shrieked and dashed from the floor. There are many former Tokyo officials, both German and Japanese, who believed this was the final act in the drama of Richard Sorge; that he exacted revenge on his lover and betrayer before he, too, disappeared behind the Iron Curtain.

Meissner advances the theory that Japan and Russia had begun secret negotiations on the spy's fate shortly after his apprehension. Otherwise, he added, there was no explaining the delays in carrying out the death sentence. As a self-confessed spy, he should have died immediately. He remained in prison 1,100 days.

"Immediately after an execution in Japan, it was the rule that the next-of kin or diplomatic representatives should be informed immediately that the body was ready for burial," Meissner writes. "Ten minutes after his death, Ozaki's family was told that his body would be ready for collection within the hour, but in Sorge's case no one knew he had been executed until some time later. One possible explanation is that he was handed over alive to a Russian escort, who spirited him away while Tokyo still thought he was a prisoner." Meissner further bolsters his theory by pointing out that a French diplomat—Sorge was the friend of all European diplomats in Tokyo—swears he saw the master spy in Shanghai about the time of Kiyomi's death.

Sorge's early days as a secret agent were undistinguished. A disillusioned German war veteran of World War I, he joined the Communist party for a number of reasons, including the fact that his grandfather was private secretary to Karl Marx. His first missions found him unmasked by both the Nazi Police and Scotland Yard. It was only when Russian military intelligence packed him off to Tokyo that his expert organizing abilities came to the fore. He handpicked his four top aides and drove them to successes

that were frightening. He installed Klausen in Tokyo as a German businessman with the latest blue-printing presses. Impressed, the Japanese Government gave more and more of its confidential work to this enterprise. Not only were top secret blue-prints of Japanese weapons in Sorge's hands before long, but the profits made by the business permitted Sorge to operate one of the few known self-supporting spy rings. On the side Klausen managed to send by wireless 23,139 words to Moscow in 1939; 29,179 words in 1940 and another 13,103 words in 1941.

Ozaki, following Sorge's instruction, wormed himself into Prince Konoye's confidence and not only became secretary to the Japanese Cabinet but one of a small group in the braintrust known as the "Breakfast Club" to whom all State secrets were revealed. Prime Minister Konoye had unbounded confidence in Ozaki as both an expert on the China scene and a Japanese patriot.

Accepted in the German embassy as both a German journalist and an influential Nazi, Sorge fastened on Col. Ott, senior military attache, as an important source of information. Every drop of information given out by Ott (and inadvertently he passed out plenty) was eagerly seized by Sorge and fitted into his intelligence jigsaw puzzle. In turn, he fed to Ott morsels he had picked up from his agents pertaining to Japanese Government plans. Ott came to be regarded as a first-class expert in the German diplomatic service and was properly grateful to his friend Sorge.

It was a rapturous day for the master spy and his cohorts when Ott was made German Ambassador to Japan. Meissner writes: "Sorge's finest friend in Japan was now the man who had access to the most secret affairs of State; the man who

would be one of the first in Tokyo to know in advance of any further foreign adventures by the Japanese army. It was a stroke of luck only equalled by Ozaki's elevation as principal secretary to the Japanese Cabinet.

"It was soon obvious," says the book, "who wielded the most influence in the embassy now that Ott was ruler—Richard Sorge, the Nazi journalist. There was no blatant 'taking over' by Sorge, but a gradual, inevitable progress that began when he arrived at the embassy at 7 in the morning to breakfast with General and Frau Ott." When the spy ring was smashed, Ott betook himself to China and it is not known today whether he ever returned to Germany.

Sorge's audacity was astonishing. He thought nothing of inviting senior Japanese and German officials to his fabulous houseboat parties. While the diplomats wine, dined and fished on the decks above, Klausen, locked in a cabin below, filed his messages to Moscow.

But he overreached himself when he tangled head-on with Col. Osaki, chief of Japan's counter-espionage. Knowing full well who the Colonel was, Sorge accepted a dinner date and over the table fainted with his capable adversary. Later they adjourned to the cabaret where Kiyomi danced. It was incredible that his sixth sense failed to warn him about this girl. But it didn't and Sorge lost his duel to Osaki.

His long confinement left Sorge unrepentant. His only fear was that the Japanese death penalty would take the gruesome shape outlined by his superiors. It was said that Sorge gasped an audible sigh of relief when he entered the death chamber and found himself facing an ordinary gallows. But whether that gallows really claimed "the man with three faces" may never be known.

MYSELF AND MY PARTNER

MY wife loves to talk. It acts as a kind of tonic on her. She talks her way through her household chores. It needs two to make a conversation. This well-known principle is not necessarily true in my wife's case. Her trained mind is capable of filling a vacuum, but talk she must or she will burst.

Mostly I am the party addressed by her and it matters little to her if the time she chooses to unload her mind on me is the most inconvenient for me. She has the right of way always and at all times and few have survived (figuratively speaking) who have questioned this royal prerogative.

One of the many good habits I pride myself on having cultivated is listening in to the 9 O'clock news bulletin of All-India Radio. I draw a chair near the radio stand, cup my ears (they need slight re-adjustment) with both hands and eagerly speculate on who is going to read the news. It is easy to spot out the news reader at the first mention of "This is All-India Radio." If it is Melville DeMello or Roshen Menon, then I sit up, uncover my ears and am happy. Generally I hear upto: "Here is the news read by . . ." And in the last ten years or more since I went into partnership with my wife over the arrangement of my life, I have not been allowed to hear further.

All the important things in my home happen within the 5 minutes I reserve to tune in to the "news." Generally the proceedings start with a friendly bout between my son and my daughter and end in a test of strength. The stage is reached where both of them go in appeal to the U. N., in this case mamma, and they accumulate evidence by weeping the loudest.

Already the stentorian voice of Melville DeMello is fading away in

the face of the new onslaught on the ear drums and I prepare myself for what is coming. And sure enough there she is, the queen of my home, temporarily appropriating for herself the duties of a constable. Leading the two culprits by the hand she pushes them in front of me and seeks my judgment.

A judge needs to know all about the facts of a case, the prosecution arguments and defence evidence. He has to sift the evidence and weigh the *pros and cons* of the issues raised on both sides. All this necessarily takes time. More important still I appear anxious to hear the news. I had already missed the headlines and DeMello, very fast in his delivery, might soon fade out altogether.

I told my wife: "Can't I listen to the radio for a few minutes without being bothered by you and the brats? How do you expect me to do my work properly if I am not posted with the international situation? Nehru, it seems, has spoken and I would like to hear what he said. I shall take up your case in ten minutes from now."

"Oh! you and your radio," my wife exploded. "One of these days I am going to throw it into the fire. At least it will save me some firewood. If you are not going to train up your children now how do you expect them to shape well in the future? How many things have I got to do in this house, while you comfortably idle in your chair and listen to the radio. Have you no sense of responsibility?"

One thing I know about my wife. I know when she starts, but I have never known her to finish, that, at any rate, is my impression. Now that she was in her element, it was useless to hope that I would be restored my freedom for the next half hour and I switched off the radio giving her mastery of the vocal chords.

She continued to rave at me, cursed the day she was born, cursed

the day she married me, cursed her parents for giving her to me and not throwing her into a disused well which would have been a more satisfactory procedure from her point of view. She ran back briefly to the history of her childhood, the pleasures and sweet memories of the past and the ill-luck and cruel fate which linked her with me. Inevitably, my parents and my close relatives were not spared and generally speaking, it was a fairly comprehensive autobiographical narrative, highly coloured and prejudiced perhaps, but undoubtedly a correct reflection of her point of view.

To an outsider, to a journalist with a nose for news in fact, her oration would have provided material for half a dozen exciting stories. It may be an exaggeration to say that she was brimming with headlines, but there is no doubt that she gave every suggestion of it. To me, however, it was familiar ground. It was history repeated over and over again for my benefit and anyone with not even half my intelligence would have had no difficulty in getting the whole stuff by heart and being able to repeat it verbatim from any point, in the middle, end or beginning at a moment's notice.

So I gave her the impression of listening to her, but my mind was more fruitfully occupied with the problems of tomorrow and since problems are more easily solved in sleep I slipped peacefully into regions where the mind wanders at will unhampered by influences which condition our earthly existence.

When I woke up the next morning fresh and sprightly and glanced through the morning newspapers, my wife was there with the morning coffee. The coffee was only a pretext for a morning chat. "Drink the coffee quickly and let me go. I have work in the kitchen," she would begin. Knowing her so well, I was not easily deceived. I knew she was preparing for a morning session of

her class of which I was the only student.

"What is in the paper?" she asked which was the thin end of the wedge. I, in line with our unwritten script, proceeded to enlighten her on the day's headlines. But I never went any far. She stopped me at the first sentence and took over the microphone, so to speak.

"It seems that five hundred people were killed in the Ariyalur train disaster and that the railway authorities are keeping back the news for fear of the public. Do you know?"

"I don't know where you get your information, but no newspaper, on which I rely, has quoted the figure which your fertile imagination has conceived," I said.

"All that is written in newspapers is false," she rejoined. "They always try to suppress news. They are afraid of Government."

"May I know the source from which you weave your stories," I asked.

"Why, the whole city is talking about it. If you are blind and deaf how can I help?" she replied.

"Who are the city? Give me the names of some people so that I could check up with them," I said trying to corner her.

"Why, it is Subbu Patti who told me and is she not enough? I know you never liked me and you don't want to talk to me. You always pick holes in what I say. If you don't want to talk to me why don't you say so? I have work up to my neck in the kitchen and I shall go."

That brought the morning session to an end and the morning newspapers remained unread. I thought I could snatch five minutes to glance through the daily budget of news now that the chief disturbing element had removed herself from the spot and before I rush to make preparations for departure to the place of my livelihood.

I was too optimistic. A second after I had skipped through a page came

the clarion call from the kitchen. "Lakshmi, ask Pappa to take his bath, the food is ready." That was the first warning. It gave me time to manoeuvre another page or two. Again the voice came. "Pattu" (this is daughter number two), "ask Pappa if he is coming or not." The second warning. I could still afford a minute or so to go through the paper. And then she herself came in person, muttering and exploding. That was the final warning. I hastily closed the newspaper and rose from the chair. But my wife must have her pound of flesh.

She pushed me into the chair. "Have you no concern for others," she began and I knew I had asked for it. She was good for another ten minutes and what a fool I was not to have spent it to better purpose? "I didn't eat yesterday and do you think I am a woman or a beast? I am dying of hunger and it pleases you to be lolling in the easy chair oblivious to everything that goes on round you. In all my life I have never seen a more heartless, selfish individual." And she dabbed her eyes with the end of her saree, a sure sign that she was giving the green signal to the tear box.

"But my dear, why don't you eat if you are hungry?" I asked. "The paper is full of news and I may take more time than usual in reading it."

"What do you take me for," she said sobbing, the tear box in full action. "Have I ever eaten before you? I have not, I hope, become so bad as to throw all decencies to the wind and not show the respect that is due to my husband? I come of a good family and my parents have not taught me to be disobedient to the man who is my lord."

There was nothing else to do now but to surrender. "All right, all right, don't start on the old story. I shall come right away and you can eat with me," I said.

She spread the leaf before me and

served. I was in a hurry and I had to make good my promise to my employer to avoid late-coming. The vagaries of the transport system had been a good excuse, but he had seen through the game and would no longer accept that as a valid reason. So I gulped the food, not knowing or caring to know what went inside. Unfortunately, on that morning my wife had prepared a feast, it being some auspicious day or other and she expected a compliment or at least a verdict on her handiwork.

When none was forthcoming, she was piqued and became sullen. I realised something had gone wrong and asked her: "Why, what's the matter?" That was the cue for her. The flood gates of her anger were opened and she did not spare me. "Here I am taking pains to prepare the dishes you like most and you don't say a word about them. Why should I have taken all the trouble to please you if you are not going to take notice of it even? Come on let me see, tell me what did you eat? What was the curry? What was the vegetable in the sambar?" and so she went on.

She had got me effectively. I did not know what I had eaten. My mind had been preoccupied and my hands did their routine duty of mixing up the food and shovelling it inside my throat. I tried to remember hard but memory was blank.

"Do you know you ate *payasam*?" she asked. "*Payasam*?" I was perplexed and I didn't recollect having tasted it. "Did you make *payasam*?" I asked incredulously. I had done it again. Unwillingly I provoked her to another session of tears and reproaches.

That day when I reached office I found a note from my employer. "Hearty congrats," it said. "You have improved upon your late-coming. Your new record is two hours. See me at once with your explanation."

—SARATI

THE ART OF LEG-PULLING

By SUBHASH J. RELE

THERE is no need to get so morbid or maudlin about hoaxes. What pleasant fancies some hoaxes conjure up! You may have whatever opinion you will, but the desire to play hoax springs out of the exuberance and the passion of life. There is something precisely comic about them. They are the delights to gladden the dull days. They add a strange zest, a delightful piquancy to life and take off the rough edges of living.

Hoaxes have many possibilities of beguilement and excitement. Their unpredictability is vastly intriguing. Perhaps it is this quality that makes them so amusing and illuminating too. As a study, hoaxes are of extraordinary interest. Some are exceedingly funny while others possess an unusual macabre flavour. Some are frolicsomenely outrageous while others are exotic and elaborate. Some are preposterous while others indicate a fine twist of mind. Nevertheless, all make a delightful reading.

A hoax which takes the palm in fooling is that perpetrated by an intelligent student in Paris who made a gift of small turtle to his landlady. He instructed her, "Feed the turtle well, and you will see how it will thrive". The young woman was immensely delighted at the exotic present. She placed the turtle in a little pan on her window sill. Every night, while his landlady was asleep, the young student would reach up to the window sill and substitute a slightly larger turtle. Within two weeks the woman was excitedly showing her enlarged turtle to her friends exclaiming that it must be an extraordinary turtle indeed. Within a month she was puzzled by the great tortoise that required a bathtub to house him. The end of the joke was

not yet in sight. The young artist then spent the next month substituting it with a smaller and still smaller turtle, reversing the former process. When the turtle was back to its original size, the young lady was terribly distressed. She paid regular visits to a psychiatrist at the University of Paris, complaining of hallucinations.

Franklin's Device

Unquestionably the most brainiest practical joke that takes some beating was practised by no less a person than Benjamin Franklin. Oftentimes, he would find himself in argument with his learned friends. But Franklin was a man of brains. When thus trapped, he would say, "Give me a day to think the matter over, for I am correct". He would then go down to his printer's shop, set up the type to conform to his Bible and proceed to state his position in Biblical Language. He would then insert the pages into the Bible. Next day he would tell his adversary, "Whatever you may think, you cannot get away from the fact that Holy Scripture supports my argument. As it is said in the Book of John . . ." and he would show the spurious pages of the Bible to his incredulous adversary. Surprisingly enough, the device was tantalizingly effective each time.

It is certainly not easy to fool the delegates of the United Nations. But some months ago the smiling twenty-nine-year-old Greek arrived at Geneva as the "Director of Health from Alaska". He was feted and feasted. Posing as an expert on drug addiction he lectured the scientists of the United Nations Narcotics Commission. At the World Health assembly

he voted on behalf of Greece. Very shortly, the hoax was found out.

Like every noble art, leg-pulling too has innumerable devotees. Alfred Hitchcock is one of them. He takes impish delight in hoaxes and when Hitchcock conceives a hoax, expense is no obstacle. Admittedly unorthodox joke played by him was on Gerald du Maurier. Many years ago, as Richard the Third, Gerald du Maurier, declaimed loudly on the stage, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse". A few seconds later, when he strode into his dressing room he found a horse that Hitchcock had thoughtfully provided.

The most disconcerting aspect of practical jokes is that sometimes they are malicious. A young couple were about to be married in Birmingham when those officiating were astonished by the delivery of a telegram from London with the message, "Stop marriage at once. His wife and children have arrived in London and will come to Birmingham". The bride fainted and the bridegroom was frantically perturbed at thus summarily being provided with a wife and family. After full investigations it was discovered that the whole thing was a hoax—possibly worked by some rival of the man.

"Last Dying Speech"

A good hoax is an efficacious spirit raiser. The most intelligent hoax which made history was the product of Dean Swift's brain. Swift caused a broad-sheet to be printed and circulated which purported to be the "last dying speech" of one Elliston, a street robber, in which the condemned thief was made to say:

"Now I am a dying man, I have done something which may be of use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account

of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and all of those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and I have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or house-breaking, he will look into this list, and if he finds the name of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the Government. Of this I here give my companions fair and public warning and hope they will take it." So successful was this hoax that, for many years afterwards, street robberies were almost unknown.

Some months ago the sensible people of Lancashire were fooled when a practical joker began telling his friends of a prize contest he said he had heard announced by Radio Luxembourg. Prizes of £50, he said were being offered for empty packets of cigarettes of a certain make with the packer's mark 'C' in the seams. The rumour spread like wild fire and the results passed beyond the joker's ken. Soon Radio Luxembourg was besieged by empty cigarette cartons of various brands; the prizes were thought to range from £15 to £150 and thousands of people were looking for the packer's mark.

An Indian Hoax

We, in India, have however lost the finer nuances of the art of leg-pulling. It is hard to escape a troubling conclusion that at times we feel with Mr. Micawber that life is just "one demand horrid grind". In our country we indulge in hoaxes only at the time of the April Food Day, a day consecrated to the playing of practical jokes on friends and relatives. Most of these hoaxes are commonplace while very few are noteworthy. The one played by a Parsee official in the service of a major Indian State is

extremely amusing. The Parsee gentleman issued invitations to a dinner party to many high officials and the princes. But when the guests arrived they found to their astonishment the house empty. The hall was stripped of all furniture, and tied to a post in one corner was a donkey wearing a placard which bore the words: "April Fool."

Seriousness is the curse of our

nation. Lately, in addition, we have developed an unsquashable tendency to cynicism, with the result that we have even lost the capacity for enjoying a good hoax. I am tempted to change the Caliph's question to Hassan, "What will happen to a nation which has forgotten poetry?" and ask instead, "What will happen to a nation that can no longer play and enjoy hoaxes?"

AMAZING FACTS ABOUT DEEP BREATHING

By SYED A. SATTAR

TO breathe deeply is to appear lovely! Deep breathing is indeed a marvellous aid to beauty. It enables the lungs to have an increased volume of oxygen, which in turn improves one's complexion better than a 'life-time of massage.' All the beauty specialists know this simple truth although they may not always confess it for obvious reasons.

Deep breathing is also an ideal cure for insomnia. If you tend, therefore, to get no sleep at night, just take, say 20, deep breaths the last few being *prolonged* ones. In other words, for the last few breaths inhale very slowly, hold the breath for a few moments and then gently exale. When once it is done, you are bound to fall asleep, provided of course you keep your head clear of all worries which, instead of solving your problems, will only sap your energy. Thoughts are indeed corrosive for things that are not to be remedied.

Insomnia apart, deep breathing is also of special importance to speakers, actors and singers alike. The late Mr. Dale Carnegie always took a *handful* of deep breaths before facing any audience, and insisted on his

students following suit. A star actress like Miss Helen Hayes also admits: "For years I could play only minor roles because I had only a fluffy little debutante's breath. I could never have played really important roles without the power and poise I acquired from learning how to breathe."

And as for the singers, it is common knowledge that they give a good deal of thought to deep breathing. Its constant practice, they know, increases the depth of their voice, sweetens its tone and modulates the pitch. Singers it has been found incidentally live often to a ripe old age. There have of course been some exceptions, but exceptions only prove the rule. It has led in any case for some to surmise that deep breathing besides sweetening your voice, will also prolong your life.

Wards Off T. B.

It will further strengthen your lungs with the result that you will be immune from tuberculosis and kindred diseases. Realizing this fact doctors recommend deep breathing to the T. B. patients as well as to those who suffer from chronic cold.

Properly practised, it may even ward off your fatigue, and invigorate

your nerves. While climbing a mountain or doing a strenuous task breathe deeply—indeed vigorously. You will then experience an 'oxygen intoxication' with an attendant feeling of light-headedness, making your task appear in consequence infinitely easier.

Finally, it stimulates your mind. Evidently it is for this reason that deep breathing forms so integral a part of the Yogic system.

Elaborating this point Paul Burton points out that there is an intimate connection between breath and thought and that the early Jesuits and the Indian Yogis practised it. He declares, "Those who have not studied the subject cannot realize what striking changes can be brought about in the body and mind through the simple means of changing the rhythm of breath."

"A child," he continues, "understands that a breath blown into hot milk will cool it and that the same breath blown into cold hands will warm them. But we have yet to understand that breath can also be used to resist the diseases of the body to endure the effects of extreme heat and cold and to change the tone of one's thoughts. Consider for a moment that when you are excited your breath comes in quick gasps, but when you are plunged in deep thought it comes quietly and slowly. Watch a man who breathes in tumultuous jerks and you will see that his nerves are equally restless. Does this not show how much friendship is there between breathing and the mind?"

Deep breathing is undoubtedly the only thing on which the doctors, naturopaths, mystics, philosophers and psychologists are all agreed. It is probably the only exercise which though simple works miracles. Its constant practice gives you a new personality with a new outlook. "To breathe properly," says a Sanskrit proverb, "is to live properly." Oxygen

is the life-breath of our existence and deep breathing its means.

Even though on the wrong side of sixty Mr. Nehru appears hale and hearty, putting to shame most of the youths of twenty. And obviously it is his habit of devoting daily some moments to deep breathing and 'Sirasana' that accounts for it, as Mr. Nehru himself has revealed.

Invigorates the Diaphragm

Before waking up in the morning and retiring at night, take some deep breaths. Also, while walking try to maintain some sequence between the breaths and the steps you take. In other words, for the first three steps or so, inhale as much air as you can, hold it for a few moments and then gently breathe it out. Walk in this way for some days. Eventually, it will turn into an unconscious habit.

And now a word of caution. Deep breathing, you should remember, is just an exercise, and like any other exercise, unless done in the right way it won't yield any worthwhile result. Breaths should proceed from the lower section of your lungs, not its upper ones; there should be an expansion not only in the front but also in the back and sides. Practised thus, it will give you a vigorous diaphragm, which is the first requisite for a puissant voice.

The value of deep breathing has now been recognised by the world at large. Every day numerous articles are being written and even books published on this subject, exhorting the people to breathe deeply. The Americans too have caught the idea, but have gone with them to ridiculous lengths. Only the other day *The News Tribune* reported: "Members of the Lion Club stretched and strained as Swan John, local physical therapist, demonstrated deep-breathing exercises during club meeting. There will be no meeting next week."

THE U. S. AND THE PANAMA CANAL

[In view of the Suez Canal embroglio, the following account of the origin of the Panama Canal, the second greatest waterway of the world, may interest the readers.—EDITOR.]

By AVRO MANHATTAN

THE idea of linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by cutting across the waist of the American continent had been entertained for some time by various individuals, and contemplated by several Powers. The United States naturally showed a keen interest in the project but without doing anything concrete about it. It was left to Europeans—to Frenchmen, to be precise—to do the spade work, started in 1884 and continued for over five long years. But the French, who had begun the construction of the canal across the territory of Colombia, finally had to give up. The construction company went bankrupt and the work was called off. A canal linking the two Oceans, in neutral or even unfriendly hands, might become a danger to the United States. It was essential therefore for American security that it be in North American control, and the United States set out to find ways and means by which they could themselves construct it.

Here was a unique opportunity for someone with imagination to make a good deal of profit at the American Government's expense. The man with imagination appeared in the person of the chief engineer of the bankrupt French company. Bunau-Varilla acquired the right and the equipment of the French company, contacted a famous New York attorney, Nelson Cromwell, and the two offered the unfinished canal and the company for sale to the United States Government.

Bunau-Varilla had no doubt that the canal was a fabulous idea, that what had already been done was a

fabulous work, and that for the United States it would represent a fabulous bargain. And so, naturally, he asked a fabulous price: 100,000,000 dollars.

"Cataclysmic Reactions"

Although of truly American proportions, the figure sounded a bit too fabulous even for an American Government. A Congressional Committee was set up and, after due investigation, estimated that the bankrupt company's assets were worth about 40,000,000 dollars. Bunau-Varilla and Cromwell received a fabulous "no offer." But the investigating Committee was indeed a fabulous Committee, which is proved by the fact that it put forward a positive suggestion. The canal, it said, should be dug across Nicaragua, instead of across Colombian territory. The American Government set out to implement the suggestion. Even in those days of composure the sight of 100,000,000 dollars slipping away so malignantly from an honest man's grasp was enough to make any chief engineer mutter tropical profanities. Bunau-Varilla had cataclysmic reactions. He had apocalyptic visions of American Congresses, American Committees, projected canals, and particularly of Nicaraguan Republics being scattered and indeed wholly obliterated by the smoke, the flames, and the boiling lava of vomiting volcanoes.

But if the chief engineer had a fabulous imagination, he was also possessed of a most fabulous realism. And on an ordinary day he went to an ordinary post office and bought some ordinary stamps. Thereupon

he quietly, unhurriedly, and composedly set to work to enclose them in a number of envelopes. It was a small oddity, but after the shock of the lost 100,000,000 dollars it was incredible that he did nothing more spectacular. The letters were addressed to every member of the American Senate, which had to approve the new Bill. And when they arrived at their destination Nicaraguan stamps bearing the picture of an erupting volcano fell like blazing cinder flames into the Senatorial hands.

A Timely Eruption

Senators, however, from Ancient Rome down to the times of the projected canal and after, have been known for their immunity to childish jokes and consequently are no longer as impressionable as at the beginning of their political careers. So they contrived unperturbed to debate the Bill. And after a ponderous discussion they reached a final decision: "The new canal," they decreed, "shall be dug in Nicaragua." But then, just while the final Senatorial decision was being put down on its official record, one of those volcanoes broke loose: not on the Senatorial stamps, but in Nicaragua. Such a timely eruption tickled the Senatorial imagination, which, anxious that the American Navy be not forced to float on melting lava, had the Nicaraguan project instantly repealed.

If the printed and real volcanoes defeated the Nicaraguan plan, they did not yet convince the Senators about Bunau-Varilla's 100,000,000 dollars. The United States, having bypassed him, became engaged in discussions with Colombia for the construction of the canal. Their offer: 10,000,000 dollars cash and a yearly rental fee of 25,000 dollars. The Colombia Congress thought it inadequate and adjourned without approving the treaty. 10,000,000 dollars is a small sum compared with 100,000,000 but it is a large sum when compared with nothing. That was what Bunau-

Varilla, his attorney Cromwell, and friend Manuel Amador, physician of the Panama Railway Company, thought at this stage. Bunau-Varilla, who had already pondered upon physical upheavals, now speculated upon political ones. If an erupting volcano, why not a revolution? With 10,000,000 dollars and the help of the United States, this should be easier than to time the sprouting of flames from the bowels of the earth with the debating of a Bill in the American Senate.

For that is precisely what the United States had decided to do after the Colombian Congress had rejected their offer. It was simpler, cheaper, and more profitable to seize the stretch of land where the canal was to be constructed than to have to hire it and be at the mercy of the whims of a democratic assembly like the Colombia Congress.

U. S. Sends A Warship

Democratic principles, however, could not be violated for the sake of easy gain. But if such principles had to be respected by the United States with regard to a neighbour nation, that neighbour nation had to respect them with regard to some of its citizens. For the United States, curious as it may seem, suddenly remembered that there had been flurries of separatism inside Colombia, particularly in a certain province. Having regard to the fact that it was its sacred duty to help the patriots to achieve their independence, the United States came to the conclusion that there should be a revolution, for the sake of the independence of the unhappy Colombian province. The revolution, however, had to be a genuine uprising, had to be the work of true "patriots," and, above all, had to be spontaneous manifestation of the will of the people.

As soon as the revolution broke out, the seeding Colombian province would have the immediate recognition of the United States. In addition to this promise, the United States, to help

matters along, sent a warship, the *Nashville*, to the spot, with definite instructions to prevent an armed conflict. Genuine patriotism must not be stained by the useless effusion of blood.

The revolution broke out, and the American soldiers from the *Nashville* refused to allow the Colombian troops, sent by the Colombian Government to quell the disorder, to cross the isthmus of the province. Thanks to this the revolution came off. The news was wired to the United States. The new nation was instantly given official recognition by Washington one hour and 25 minutes after its birth, a promptitude contrasting somewhat lamentably with the American recognition of another revolution, the Russian, which it took the U. S. A. 15 years to acknowledge; or for the Chinese revolution of Mao Tse Tung, which, according to America, never took place. Negotiations were promptly entered upon with the new Independent Republic, and in no time the construction of the canal was under way. For the name of the Colombian province which had so genuinely yearned for such swift independence—oh, truly blessed coincidence—was Panama.

The "patriots" who had engineered it all were duly compensated by the United States Government itself. Bunau-Varilla was nominated the first Panama Minister to the United States; Amador, the railroad doctor, became the first President of Panama; and the New York attorney Cromwell received a cheque for 800,000 dollars.

Gain For Freedom

The Panama affair greatly embittered Colombia and Latin America. But if Panama was a loss for Colombia, it was a gain for freedom. The United States could not disregard the wishes for independence of the Panama people. After all, its Secretary of State, Elihu Root, in 1906 had said many a time (had he not?) that "the independence of the smallest or weakest member of the family of

nations is entitled to as much respect as that of the great empire." So he had declared, and his was the Voice of America.

Some years later, in 1911, Theodore Roosevelt slightly contradicted his Secretary of State: "I took the Canal Zone and let the Congress debate," he said, "and while the debate goes on the Canal does also."

This contradiction cost the United States 25,000,000 dollars, the belated compensation given to Colombia in 1921 for the loss of her Panama province.

That is why in Washington, prior to the outbreak of the Second World War, the Hitlerian technique of dismembering neighbouring nations and of making independent "satellites" was ever seriously accepted as wholly original. The independent republic of Panama was still a reminder that the technique had first been conceived and adopted by that protector of the Western Hemisphere, the United States of America.

—The Freethinker

MANUFACTURE OF DIESAL ENGINES

Mr. Lawrence Robson, a prominent British industrialist, addressed a press conference at Hotel Connemara recently. He revealed that M/s. Henry Meadows, England, (of which Mr. Robson is the Chairman) were drawing plans for the manufacture of over 3,000 diesel engines for shipment to India. The Company, he added, was interested in the manufacture of its automatic diesel engines in India.

Mr. Robson is also the Vice-President of the British Liberal Party. He said that the English nation was horror-stricken by the recent developments in Hungary and in Egypt. In his opinion the world could be saved from another destructive war only if all the countries shed their narrow nationalism and parochialism and formed an international armed force to preserve peace.

—By Our Staff Correspondent.

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DR. B. R. AMBEDKAR

By D. ANJANEYULU

THE death of Dr. Ambedkar removes from the Indian political scene not only a brave fighter and a born rebel but also an original thinker and a great scholar. It is in a way symbolic that an intrepid fighter should meet a sudden end just as a stormy career should be crowned with the triple vow that leads to the path of peace laid down by the Buddha. The regret at the passing away of this savant is all the greater as the world has lost the classic on Buddhism that he might have produced in the last *ashram* of his life. The under-privileged classes, to whose cause he had dedicated his life, must feel orphaned at the loss of a stout champion of social equality, who fought for the goal of human dignity according to his lights, which were never dim.

The country, in general, will remember the learned doctor as one of the main architects of the Constitution of Free India which seeks to combine in itself all the best features in the constitutions of the various countries of the world. In spite of his earlier associations with the politics of vivisection and the forces of separatism, his influence on the Constitution was in support of the elements that made for a strong Centre that reinforced the roots of national solidarity. To the Hindus, whom he seldom cultivated with flattering courtesy, he would remain as the master mind who could almost be described as the "modern Manu" for the memorable and difficult work of the codification of their laws.

Colourful Career

The full meaning of Mr. Nehru's homage to the "symbol of revolt against oppression" cannot be realised if we do not recall to our minds how young Ambedkar learnt his early

lessons in school, from which he was kept at a safe and respectable distance, by precariously perching himself on a nearby tree at a hearing distance. Needless to say that he went far ahead of the caste Hindu boys who had pursued their studies from more secure seats closer to the earth. He was ever grateful to Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda, whose generous gesture had helped him to proceed to the U. S. in search of fresh fields and pastures new and return with all the academic laurels. His passion for study had something in it of the quality of religious devotion and the thirst for knowledge was not satisfied until he spent enough time at the London School of Economics and the India Office Library and the Gray's Inn as well as the Bonn University where he did research on problems of finance and currency.

At every stage of his varied career, it became increasingly clear that he hated social indignity more than he loved security and that mere office and power had no lure for him if he was not able to do something for the unfortunate members of his community. He was Military Secretary to the Gaekwar but he could find no shelter except in the Bhangi colony and his subordinates would not touch him with a bargepole, while even the pettiest clerks would throw the files at him from a distance. His intense bitterness against the caste Hindus could be explained as a natural reaction to his being hunted out of every choultry after an unsuccessful attempt to pass for a Parsi. For one who had acquitted himself creditably as a Professor of Political Economy and Principal of the Government Law College in Bombay quite early in his life, it would not have been difficult to attain the prudent respectability of the High Court Bench, but not for

him the arid path of safety and security.

Spokesman of the Scheduled Castes

It was rather curious that the burning zeal of Dr. Ambedkar for the cause of the untouchables should bring him into violent, almost lifelong, conflict with Mahatma Gandhi. In his impatience, the revolutionary doctor held it as an article of faith that small concessions were an enemy of reform and reform itself acted as a preventive against a revolution that the Hindu society badly needed, in his view. It was not charity and kindness that the untouchables sought but a full recognition of their basic rights. Small mercies were anathema to one who wanted his people to stand for their inherent rights as human beings in a society that talked of liberty, equality and fraternity. He avoided compromise like the plague. His wrath was against the Congress which went out of its way to appease Jinnah and his co-religionists but seemed to take the Harijans for granted. When the British rulers began to make use of the minorities in weakening the main front of national opposition, Ambedkar was not above joining the show as a junior partner with Jinnah, in his anxiety to get some crumbs by way of reservation in services for the Scheduled Castes. To Pakistan, which was then merely a picturesque slogan, he supplied the intellectual fabric with facts, arguments and data; but, for the services rendered he was cold-shouldered by the *Quaid-e-Azam* and abused by the nationalist sections as a devil's advocate.

The Moses in search of the promised land for his untouchable followers was led to many awkward situations. Dr. Ambedkar's threats to convert his flock wholesale to Islam, Sikhism and Christianity by turns for political rewards only made the people treat such attempts as his mental aberrations. The mass conversions to Buddhism were different as there was no

material gain in them for one thing and the ideal was obviously that of social equality, and elimination of the evil of caste. Dr. Ambedkar's tenure as a Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council during the Second World War was not an altogether happy one to a politician who was not an office-hunter by habit or temperament, as he soon realised that he was being put up merely as a show-boy and was nothing but a pawn in the imperialist game of divide-and-rule. The rebuffs that he had received from Sir Stafford Cripps in Simla and from the British leaders in Whitehall shook him out of his delusions and brought him to the sane conclusion that the salvation of the Scheduled Castes must be achieved by themselves with the help of fellow-Indians.

Architect of the Constitution

After a little sulking and show of fight in the Constituent Assembly, Dr. Ambedkar was seen as Law Minister and Chairman of the Drafting Committee on which the best legal minds of the land were represented. For once, it looked as though the impossible had happened. It was almost like the leopard changing its spots or the lion lying down with the lamb. He outdid liberal constitutionalists in his respect for Fundamental Rights and the Rule of Law and went the whole hog of it with the progressive democrats in his preference for the rule of the majority, with, of course, the minimum safeguards for the minorities.

The value of 'Constitutional morality' was uppermost in his mind when he urged that the Constitution should be worked more in the spirit than in the letter of the law, for which it was necessary that the majority should not hesitate to vacate office when it lost popular confidence, and always respect the sentiments of the minority, while the latter should offer willing co-operation. The citizens should not only be conscious of

their rights but be aware of their duties.

But very soon the wheel turned full circle and the poisoned dagger planted in the heart of the outcaste began to show its ugly head. The Law Minister of the Union Government, for a time, found himself in the false position, as the 1952 elections were fast approaching, of indicting his own Government for their step-motherly attitude to the untouchables. Even the Prime Minister was not left alone as Dr. Ambedkar made an attack on him for his lukewarmness for the Hindu Code Bill, of which he wanted all or nothing, as in other things.

Drift to Buddhism

Free India's first general elections saw Dr. Ambedkar allied with strange bedfellows. Make-shift alliances, with no unity of outlook or harmony of ideology, proved no better than opportunist misadventures, when he was not able to rise to the occasion to cope with the upsurge of democratic currents in a joint electorate with a widely extended franchise. He grew sadder, but not wiser, when he found that even a stronghold of his community could do nothing for him if he did not succeed in enlisting the goodwill of the majority community who had a final say in the matter. Defeat led to bitter frustration in a man who could never forget his past. The soul was so warped and the vision so coloured by now that with every blow he became less restrained and his diatribes against popular leaders grew all the more violent. An inveterate opponent of the caste system which he saw as a collective embodiment of all social injustices, Dr. Ambedkar sought refuge in the Buddhist *Sangha* in his search for equality. His admiration for the Buddha, whom he hailed as the Prophet of Reason and Apostle of Equality, could be traced to his own rationalistic approach and egalitarian outlook. His home in Bombay is known as *Rajagriha* a

name closely associated with the sacred rings of the Enlightened One, and the colleges he founded in Bombay and Aurangabad are named after Siddhartha.

Reliant Intellect

While there may be no agreement on the methods adopted and policies followed by Dr. Ambedkar, there is little scope for difference on the fact that he was one of the best brains ever produced by this country. His intellect was of an encyclopaedic range and his personal library that filled his whole residence is among the best equipped in India. To a robust originality he added a clarity of thought and a rare power and cogency of expression. His mind was essentially analytical and could easily sift the chaff from the grain, whether it be in public finance, political economy, constitutional law, religious classics or current affairs. In his "Problem of the Rupee" he pleaded for an inconvertible rupee with a fixed limit of issue. On provincial finance he said that a sound system of finance was not possible without a good centralised government. He urged the total annihilation of caste and would have nothing to do with a half-way house. He called a spade a spade, or rather something more than a spade—an incurable habit that made him many enemies. He never minced words nor trimmed his sails to the passing wind.

The rise of a poor untouchable, with none of the advantages of birth and wealth, to the position of an architect of the country's Constitution, goes to show that the human mind cannot be cribbed, cabined and confined by the walls erected by man against man. That he could not rise further and had to hibernate in a kind of political wilderness towards the fag-end of his life might go to prove that even genius would get stultified in a social order that enshrines man's inhumanity to man with the seal of sanction by custom and tradition.

Short Story

By Lalita Rajamoni

THE MASQUERADE

"I often wish I could meet such a genius and see what he really looks like.
I think he must be wonderful."

RAJARAO SHARMA, the foremost dramatist and writer of his time, waited in the outer office of Bharat Kumar, the famous film producer. He had been waiting for nearly thirty minutes and was about to give it up and go home when an exceptionally pretty girl who appeared to be in a hurry rushed past him and ran a little breathlessly up a flight of stairs. He was so absorbed in watching her even after she had vanished from his line of vision that it came as a shock to him to find the saucy office boy standing at his elbow.

"Mr. Bharat Kumar's secretary would like to see you, sir," the grinning imp piped. The significant grin which gave his roguish countenance the semblance of an ape served to nettle Rajarao. "Why the Dickens did he keep me waiting so long then?" he demanded.

"Not he—but *she*—Miss Indira Devi," the grin broadened perceptibly till the whole face took on an absolutely simian shape.

This startling statement gave him a surprise and made him wonder whether the secretary might be the strikingly startling vision who had swam into his ken a few minutes earlier.

"Gentleman wants to see Mr. Kumar," the boy forcing a lump of toffee into his cheek announced.

The girl looked surprised. "Hasn't Mr. Kumar come yet?" she enquired. "No, Miss".

"Have you an appointment?" Devi asked the man as she switched the

cover off a typewriter and slid a sheet of paper into the machine.

"Yes,—half an hour ago," he replied. "Don't film people ever keep appointments?"

The girl felt a strong desire to shoot back a retort but the task of pacifying visitors as and when necessary was one of the things for which she drew her salary. So she just nodded in sympathy.

"I thought you secretaries, all came zooming to work soon after dawn," the young man remarked, at the same time noticing that her eyes of dark grey were fringed with long silken lashes. There was the bare suggestion of a dimple on her golden brown cheeks. Mentally she judged him to be a cheeky lad. With an air of disdain, she typed half a dozen keys.

"The boy will attend to you when Mr. Kumar comes," she added with a slight movement of her head which he interpreted as a suggestion that he might find it convenient to return to the outer office.

"Thanks, but I find the boy singularly depressing" came the answer. "He seems to have been in the world long enough to have lost faith in everything. Says Mr. Kumar might come in before lunch and then again he might not. So I think I will deprive myself of the youngster's society. In fact I won't bother to wait any longer. You can tell your august employer that he can go to . . ."

The typewriter which had begun to clatter stopped suddenly. Devi glanc-

ed across at the visitor as though a disconcerting thought had just leaped into her head.

"What is your name?"

"Ram Prakash." He told a bare-faced lie.

Devi, that was her name, looked relieved and prepared to resume operations with the key board. "The office boy is probably quite right for once" she observed. "As Mr. Kumar has not yet arrived, he may not be here till after lunch. I remember he said he was going into conference this morning on a matter of importance."

"I see," Rajarao replied, "something else bobs up and I am left kicking my heels. I must say you people have the most insane way of doing things. I'll bet he's only gone to have his hair-cut."

She looked up challengingly. "If you really mean that, I'll take your bet."

"All right, a box of chocolates. But how are we going to settle the question."

"At this moment Mr. Kumar is probably talking to a dramatist."

"A writer," the visitor scoffed.

"One whom he is extremely anxious to tie under a contract."

"So he leaves me flat for one of those penny-a-dozen fellows."

Devi's lips curved alluringly. "You have put the price too low in this case. The dramatist in question happens to be a very famous person."

"Really! Who?"

"Rajarao Sharma."

"Never heard of him," was the retort.

"Then you don't know much about the theatre. He has three successful plays running on Broadway at the present moment."

"Did he write the thing that is on at the Gaiety?"

"Little Sister? Heavens no! Rajarao does real stuff. You ought to see *Heaven-born* at the Regal Theatre. It might be an education for you."

"I went to the show last week. Very poor. The man has no theatre sense. I prefer something with a bite in it."

Devi studied the young man afresh. He seemed normal and yet you never could tell. He hadn't the usual air of people who came here looking for jobs. He was about twenty-five, she fancied, or possibly a shade more with grey eyes behind which you would have thought there was intelligence. "I should not be wasting time talking to you," she said, "but there must be something wrong with your perspective. I can't understand anyone not liking Rajarao's plays. I love them. He must have a delightful personality. I often wish that I could meet such a genius and see what he really looks like. I think he must be wonderful."

"Some geniuses are wonderful, some are not!" he replied quizzically. "Genius in every day life is something of a delusion and more often than not loses its charm in close contact. As for your admiration for Rajarao, why, he would feel immensely flattered. You ought to drop him a fan post card," he suggested. "If you caught him in a benign mood he might send you his autograph, though I've heard that he's a pompous ass."

"Whatever he may be, he can write fine plays," the girl replied stubbornly. "Several of them have been big successes in Madras and, believe me, the theatre-going folk today are very candid."

"I'm still entitled to my point of view," said Rajarao, "and I don't see why I should have been left twiddling my thumbs here while your boss went off with this penpusher."

At this juncture, a man's voice became audible in the outer room. Devi recognized the voice. "The manager, Mr. Vikram, has come," she said and rose from her chair to explain the visitor. But ere she opened her mouth, Vikram exclaimed: "Hello. Mr. Rajarao! sorry the boss kept you waiting but the delay was unavoidable . . ."

"Rajarao?" repeated Devi faintly and while Rajarao gazed at her white face which only served to enhance her charm, with keen amusement. Vikram went on unheeding the interruption. "Miss Devi, I'm afraid you are in for a shock. I've brought bad news."

The girl continued to stare at Rajarao. "Really?" she cried, "what has happened?" Can anything worse happen than what has taken place just now in the office? However could the man be so brazen as to masquerade before her under false colours! Was he really the great dramatist whose praises she had been singing so lavishly? Through a haze she heard Mr. Vikram speaking: "Bharat Kumar was involved in a motor accident while he was on his way to the office and was taken to the General Hospital. I was phoned up and am coming straight from there."

"Accident?" she repeated. "But nothing serious I hope?"

"No, though he is still unconscious from a severe bruising. The doctors say he will be up and about in a few days." And turning to Rajarao he said, "I'm so sorry, Mr. Rajarao, for having kept you waiting. But you will understand, won't you?" As he went out saying "Rajarao I'm really sorry" the other murmured, "to hear about Mr. Kumar. I do hope he'll be O.K. soon."

The girl now turned with flashing eyes on him, "You came to sign the contract concerning the film rights of your play *Heaven-born*?"

"I don't suppose the play would

have made a very good film," he replied calmly, "but what do you thing?" he asked her.

"I think," she said with the flash of anger still in her eyes, "that my remarks about your works must have given your vanity something palatable to feed upon. Good morning."

"As you wish," he rose to his feet. "But still it won't be fair. Here you go expressing a wish that you could meet Rajarao and now that he is in truth before you, you are scornful and antagonistic. But please do forgive me. I did behave like a perfect brute. I know it."

He came across to where she sat. "Don't you think we ought to get better acquainted? And besides, there's the question of the bet. Don't you think we ought to be friends? Couldn't we begin by going out and having a spot of lunch together?"

"You can begin by paying up your bet and going away," Devi interrupted with impatience. "If you can afford to waste time on silly pranks, I can't. I have to earn my living."

"Oh—same here," Rajarao sounded serious, "but you hadn't stated definitely when making the bet as to what kind and what brand of chocolate you preferred. You know there are many varieties in the market. To name a few—plain milk chocolate, nut-milk chocolate, caramel chocolate etc., etc. That's one reason why I've just suggested lunch for us. We can't discuss private transactions in the office. Can we?"

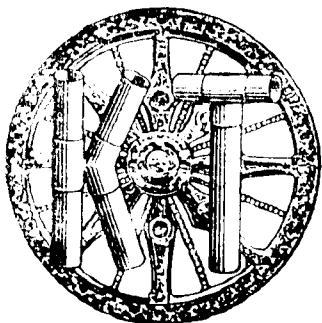
A gentle smile flitted across Devi's stern face. "I've made you smile at last," chuckled Rajarao.

"If I smiled, it was not at you," she assured him, the colour rising warmly to her cheeks.

"No?" he leaned over the table, "then I should make you to," he said. "I think you have the most adorable smile in the world."

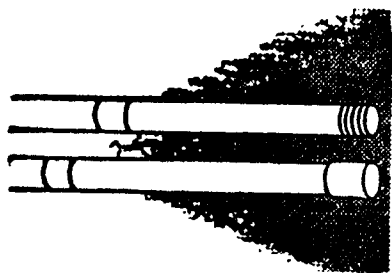
And that did it. For Devi did accompany him to lunch that day.

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE most unexpected and surprising item in the new taxes announced by Shri T. T. Krishnamachari, the Finance Minister, was the rise in the Import duty on cinematograph films. This tax has been raised from 4½ annas per foot to 8 annas per foot.

One does not know how much difference this tax would make to the national revenue; but one does know that this tax would almost put an end to all efforts to import film from countries other than the U. S. A. or Britain. For this tax would raise the price of one imported print of a foreign film from Rs. 2100 to Rs. 4000 calculated on an average length of 8000 feet. And with the release of non-Hollywood films so difficult, it is doubtful whether economically the importers of foreign films would find it profitable to pay the raised duty and continue their business. One of the prominent distributors who has been negotiating with several European countries told me that as a result of the increase in import duty, he had decided to call off all negotiations as they were not likely to be fruitful.

The Indian producers are, however, not affected by this tax; and some of them might even welcome it. But even those producers who are making colour pictures which are processed and printed in foreign laboratories, will have to bear the new levy as they too import exposed film. As a result, the cost of each colour print would go up considerably and almost become uneconomical. In this case at least the Federation should lose no time in impressing upon the Finance

Minister the necessity of exempting the film made in India but processed abroad from the additional burden of the tax. In any case, it is surprising that our film producers who lose no opportunity of criticising the Government's taxation policy have not so far registered any protest against the new taxation on cinematograph film which also in a way affects them.

Picture of the Week

Sohrab Modi has established a reputation for himself as a producer of historical films. He is known for presenting our cultural pageantry with authenticity and vividness; he set a model with *Pukar* which is still being emulated by him and other producers.

Rajhat which presents "a page from the annals of Rajasthan" is a historical picture produced in the tradition of Sohrab Modi. There is grandeur, pomp and the requisite theatrical gusto to mark it as a working product of Sohrab Modi. Unfortunately, however, the story has no historical significance. It is purely imaginary and deals with a theme which has formed the basis of many a motion picture in the past.

It is the same old story of the pride and prejudice, the rivalry between two Rajput ruling families, the love of children with their parents hating each other and ready to fight each other. As a result, at no stage the story appears to have any novelty and originality about it. It develops on familiar lines. Daljitsingh, a Rajput ruler forgetting the past animosity sends an offer to Bakhtavar Singh, a rival ruler, that his son should be married to his princess. The ruler rejects the offer and insults the messenger. This incites Daljitsingh of the princess who vows to take revenge on Bakhtavar Singh and his son. The princess herself helps him to find the map of the opponent's fort but in the process falls in love with the prince who also reciprocates. Thanks to his intervention, his father bows down and leads a *Baraat* to the Raj-

put ruler's palace only to be insulted and humiliated. But the daughter's love triumphs over the adamant Rajput's pride and the father goes begging for *Baraat* to return.

The young lovers are married and it seems as if the walls of pride have fallen down. But, alas, the pride of Rajput is not so brittle. The Rajput ruler offers his head to the god for his defeat and on that sober note ends the film.

It is this character of the adamant Rajput king played by Sohrab Modi with his usual theatrical gusto that distinguishes *Rajhat* from other pictures on the same theme. Sohrab Modi must be complimented on succeeding in making even the usual clap-trap situation interesting and entertaining. The character that he plays and his direction and production values save *Rajhat* from being just a mediocre Rajput yarn. The music by Shankar-Jai Kishen is also pleasing and the lyrics are apt. But the songs are rather unevenly introduced and mar the dramatic impact of the climax scenes. For while in the first half, there are three or four songs, in the second half there are six songs with three in the last three reels. The inopportune placing of songs have detracted their value and spoiled the dramatic force of the supreme sacrifice of Daljitsingh which is intercut with a song and dance number.

Consequently, Daljitsingh's character does not rise to the same heights which the character of Rajguru did in *Amritmanthan* as portrayed by the late Chandramohan; Madhubala is lively and Pradeep Kumar appears to be improving with every film. Ulhas rants and fumes as usual.

All said *Rajhat* is in keeping with the tradition of Sohrab Modi and Minerva.

Personality of the Week

With Mr. Chou En-lai, the Prime Minister of China stealing the lime-light, the film stars played a second fiddle. In fact, they were keen to

have an opportunity to meet the great Chinese leader. Some of the film personalities like Prithviraj, Bimal Roy and Balraj Sahni, had already met the Chinese Premier last year when they visited China as members of the Indian Film delegation.

In the crowded programme arranged for him in Bombay there was no opportunity for the film artistes to meet him. But, at the last minute a programme was arranged at about midnight at Excelsior where many film children rushed to meet the Chinese Premier. David, as usual, introduced the film people to the guest of honour. And several artistes including Sohrab Modi, Mehtab, Jairaj, Leela Chitnis, Durga Kote, Usha Kiran, Balraj Sahni, Nirupa Roy and Prithviraj were introduced to Mr. Chou En-lai who was also treated to a programme of songs and dances.

Apart from this function, in all the other cultural programmes arranged for the Chinese Premier, the film people played a significant role. Talat, Mukesh, Geeta Roy and Sudha Malhotra sang songs while Sitara and Gopi Krishna gave dances. And it is interesting to note that at the behest of the Chinese Consul, Talat sang the famous song *Awara Hum* which has become popular in China as well as in the Soviet Union.

Incidentally, China has evinced keen interest in Indian films and apart from the Soviet Union, is the most potential buyer of Indian films.

News of the Week

Raj Kapoor and Nargis returned to Bombay on Thursday 6th December evening, after a prolonged stay in U. K. where they were detained because of the heavy rush on planes.

The muhurat of Nataraj Productions 'Johnny Walker' directed by Ved and Madan was performed on Saturday 8th morning at Kardar Studios. O. P. Nayyar is giving the music, with Johnny Walker, Shyama Raj Mehra, Shammi in the stellar roles.

PEDLAR'S PACK

WE are receiving a regular stream of foreign notabilities to sample our lavish hospitality, admire our lions and go away after signing their approval of *Panch Shila*. These visits are getting to be somewhat tedious and costly. How refreshing it would be, if for a change, some of our guests were taken to witness the routine activities of one of our fair-price rice shops where they dole out a measure of rice for each head per day. The queues are of incredible length and extremely pathetic to behold. Why is it that this ghastly failure of the first five-year plan is not more widely acknowledged? As if to clinch the issue, the Food Minister has just announced that our import programme for 1957 is to be half a million tons from America and Burma.

The dangers of our Alnaschar-planning are another topic on which there is a good deal of ignorance. Pandit Nehru has a way of deducing out of his own premises untenable conclusions. For instance, he recently made a casual reference to the disorders in Poland and Hungary as having been brought about by 'unwise planning.' He did not elaborate the phrase. But how is he so sure that his own planning is—otherwise? If, as is generally acknowledged, there is a danger of provoking an imbalance between the industrial and agricultural sectors of national progress, the remedy would seem to lie in abridging our plan-frame—not in stretching it out, swell its figures and hamstringing the nation in mid-career. The worship of heavy industries is the new idolatry which the devotees of romantic science wedded to a priori conclusions promote with fanatic zeal.

Speaking in the Canadian Parliament, Mr. Louis St. Laurent declared that the era of the Big Powers was ending, and that the small powers are now coming into their own.

There is no warrant
For the views of St. Laurent
That we are starting a new era
With the Big Powers' hasty Hegira!

For the cats only seem to be away
And secretly watching the mice at play!

Defending his interim budget proposals, the Finance Minister Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari opined that there was no sanctity pertaining to 28th or 29th February, but that he proposed to introduce as many budgets as he might consider necessary all through the year.

They say that an apple a day
Would keep the doctor away:
What should we do, tell us, pray
To get rid of our T. T. K.?
Either all of us must go pauper
Or he must come a cropper!

Writing in an American paper, Low the famous cartoonist says that there is a decline in the number of the world's striking personalities. In his view, the British educational system did too good a job with Nehru, and praised Gandhi as the uncommon man. He listed in their order Khrushchev, Nasser, Ben Gurion and Archbishop Makarios as fit figures for cartoons.

The world's leaders in a row
Don't satisfy exacting Low,—
They may sport names which are
tunable
But their profiles are not cartoonable:
It's easier to have international
stature
Than a figure that's fit for caricature.
Indian admirers of Nehru
May enthrone him on Mehru—
But satirists have dismissed him
Since he's the product of the British
public school system!

The dear, departed uncommon Gandhi
Offered copy, unfailing and handy.
First of the rest is burly Khrushchev
Ever smiling under a close shave
Follows next Play-boy Nasser
Steely, taut and tough like hawser.
Next comes the Jew, Ben Gurion,
Who may live to be a centurion.
Last, not least, is Makarios
A priest whose troubles are vicarious.

ELECTIONS THEN AND NOW

By INDEPENDENT



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GOOD ADVERTISING HELPS ALL OF US

IT fell to my lot to contest several elections conducted under Statutes that have now been replaced by the present Indian Constitution. I stood for and was successful in elections to the Madras Legislature and to the two Houses of the Central Legislature in succession. The electorate of those days comprised only a fraction of the numbers that will proceed to the polls under our present laws. But it is noteworthy that the same tendencies and qualities were manifested by the electorate then as are now noticeable with certain exceptions which I shall presently mention.

It was in the year 1920 that I stood for election, under the Montague-Chelmsford scheme, to the Madras Legislature; and, prior to that time, I had also stood as a candidate for election to the Madras Corporation from the most populous urban division in the Madras City. Political parties, with the exception of the Justice Party, were not then fully organised and some were not even contemplated. In any case, I stood as an independent candidate and therefore a great deal of personal canvassing was called for and was indispensable. Many methods now available to evoke the present mass appeal were not then in evidence and each candidate had to rely on personal contact and persuasion to secure the suffrage of the constituency. During the elections that have taken place after the rise of the Congress party into power, candidates chosen by that party could capitalise on the influence inseparable from Gandhiji's name and prestige. When a Congress candidate stood against a Socialist or a Communist, he solicited support under the aegis not only of the Congress organisation but as a representative in microcosm of Gandhiji himself. In many rural localities, the slogan or

war-cry was that a vote given to the Congress candidate was a vote given to Gandhiji's personality and teachings. During the forthcoming elections in 1957, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru's name will probably be utilised in a similar manner. Such factors as stated above undoubtedly made the election campaign easier for the candidates put up by the party in power and queered the pitch for persons belonging to other political parties. In the case of the Communists, they can invoke the examples of China and the U. S. S. R. and point to the amazing progress supposed to have been made under the stimulus and inspiration of the Marxian doctrine and they can promise the speedy attainment of an earthly paradise if those doctrines are implemented in India.

Commonsense of the Rural Folk

In the days of my experience of elections, none of these elements was in existence but, then as now, the Indian elector not only in the City but even more noticeably in the country-side, was and will continue to be an extremely shrewd person with much more sense of proportion and perspicacity than was expected from him by his political preceptors. During the last dozen years, the uniform question that was put to me by audiences in the United Kingdom, on the Continent of Europe, in the United States and in Australia and New Zealand was as to the possibility of a largely illiterate mass of people understanding the issues before them so as to cast an intelligent vote at the elections. My uniform answer which was confirmed by the results of successive elections was that the Indian peasant has cultural heritage fortified by the age-long and orally-transmitted tradition. I have always emphasised that the culture of India

is not confined merely to the so-called higher classes but has pervaded the country and has been transmitted not through the eye but through the ear. The last elections successfully proved that though the country was, to no small extent, under the influence of Gandhiji's personality and organising capacity, yet in the actual choice of the candidates, the people of the villages could appraise the work and the potentialities of candidates irrespective of political slogans; and so it turned out that many a Congress candidate lost his seat because of his inefficiency as a legislator or as a Minister. It is even more noticeable that what weighed with the elector was character more than advocacy or the possession of wealth. It is a fact worthy of note that throughout the history of India, money power has never acquired any wide-spread prestige and the hero as a plutocrat has never been the subject of chronicle or praise. Even in the old days and on the occasions when I had to canvass votes in the Madras City or in districts like Tanjore and Trichinopoly, the voter not only took an intelligent interest in the things that specially concerned him but displayed qualities of balance and perspective in respect of large questions of policy when adequately presented to him.

The Ensuing Elections

The forthcoming elections, however, will present some problems of a novel character and will demand new qualities both on the part of the candidates and of voters. A repeated demand is being made that the Parliamentary system of democracy cannot be efficiently worked unless there are alternative programmes and parties in opposition to the one in power which can, when called upon, take up the reins of Government. Acute controversy has ranged around this question. Elder statesmen have gone to the extent of advocating a self-denying ordinance on the part of the leaders of the Congress; but,

in truth, it is both futile and unreasonable to expect anyone in the front rank of a party to split that party or to yield place voluntarily to one holding opposite views to his own which he may consider to be detrimental to public interests. What however is essential and should be pursued is the active education of the public by persons not belonging to the party in power or by splinter groups representing the right or the left wing of such a party in matters of policy, political, economic or social, in respect of which clear-cut and intelligible divergences from the doctrines of the majority group have manifested themselves. At present, all such differences are too often subjected to the steam-roller of party discipline fortified by the lure of preferment. At present, excepting the Communist Party and the Hindu Maha Sabha, most other parties say the same things with different accents and emphasis. Very little has, so far, been done to analyse the First and the Second Five-Year Plans, the monetary or the foreign policy of India or the question of public sector *versus* private sector, in such a manner as to enlist discerning public support or critical public dissociation with the policies advocated by the Government in power. It is too often the case that those very persons who advocate the formation of a healthy opposition, deride and denounce any attempts made in that direction by describing their opponents as rank communalists or as blind votaries of the Kremlin.

When the struggle in India was to get rid of foreign rule, slogans and catch-words and invocations of the names of great personalities often sufficed as weapons of political warfare. The great danger is that those slogans may be enthroned as magic spells even after their original purpose has been served. The duty is therefore imperative on the part of those who really differ, either in political, social or economic policy from

the party in power, not to preserve a vow of silence but to publish and advocate their views, and work for the implementation of their ideas through the Press, the platform and the Radio so that a process of education of the public may be fully conducted. There is a sacred duty devolving on those who conduct the Press and other organs of publicity to give full scope for the expression of all views even if not conformable to the policies or desires of the party in power. In most countries including those strongly devoted to party groupings like England and the United States, great importance is attached to the independent voter who is not pledged to either party or its nostrums and is prepared to judge of events and programmes on their merits without pledging himself beforehand to any candidate. The rise and encouragement of such an independent party is one of the essentials of democracy.

Wanted: Party with a Creative Programme

The Communists are devoted to their own Marxian dialectic but they have undoubtedly lost much political prestige by their sensitiveness to the barometric changes in Moscow and, at present, they are in a quandary on account of the vicissitudes

of the Stalinist idolatry. Moreover, neither the Socialists nor the Communists in India have developed a distinctive Indian programme as distinguishable in essence from that of the Congress. Therefore it follows that unless between now and the time of the elections, some other party undertakes the great and difficult task of producing a programme, not merely antagonistic to that of the Congress but intrinsically formative and creative and in what must be a whirlwind campaign and is able to secure popular support to that programme, the indications are that the elections will again bring into power a one-party Government without any effective opposition. Oppositions that arise from disappointed personal ambitions or vested interests of a purely self-seeking character will never be effective or lasting.

It is possible to publish alternative election manifestoes clothed in comprehensive and ambitious platitudes; but the voter will ask for a clear definition of differences and it is to be hoped that mere motives of prudence or conformity will not, as has too often been the case in the past, prevent the growth and expression of vigorous and strongly held beliefs and plans for the governance of the country.

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OBITUARY:

M. DORAISWAMY IYENGAR

VAIIDYARATNA Pandit M. Doraiswamy Iyengar who passed away on the 2nd December at the age of 68 was an erudite scholar in Oriental Learning and in Indigenous Medicine. One of his main aims had been to make intelligible to the Tamil Vaidyas and the public, the great Sanskrit Ayurvedic works.

He was at the same time interested in Sanskrit and Tamil literature. As he had great versatility in both these languages, he successfully translated into Tamil many classical works of Sanskrit literature, like *Kadambari*, *Kumara Sambhavam*, *Sakuntalam* etc. Some of his translations have already been published. In collaboration with the authorities of the Adyar Library he brought out *Jivanandam*, a medico-literary drama with his own commentary.

He was the General Secretary of the All-India Ayurveda Maha Mandal and Vidhyapita for 5 years (from 1920 to 1924). He presided over the All-Ceylon Ayurvedic Conference held at Jaffna in 1937, when hundreds of practitioners of Ayurvedic, Siddha and western systems of medicine assembled.

He worked as a member in the Governing Body of the Government School and Hospital of Indian Medicine for over six years and was also a member of the Central Board of Indian Medicine.

In the midst of these activities he was also practising as an Ayurvedic practitioner and his clients extended to Northern India, Ceylon, Malaya and Singapore. In recognition of his valuable services to the cause of Ayurveda, the Government of India conferred on him the title of "Vaidyaratna" in 1935. He devoted himself to popularise invaluable Sanskrit classical works in Ayurveda which

were scarcely known outside the very few who were proficient in Sanskrit. To this end he spent immense energy and years of his life for the translation into Tamil (with commentary) of such books as "Ashtanga Hridayam" of Acharya Vagbhata, "Sarangadhara Samhita" of Sarangadhara, "Madhava Nidana" of Sri Madhavakara and "Rasaratna Samuchaya" of Acharya Vagbhata and published them by spending his own money of over Rs. 15,000. He also wrote some Sanskrit treatises. As a part of his aim to popularise and make known Ayurvedic Medicine and methods of treatment to the public and Tamil Vaidyas, he contributed a series of articles for over 15 years in the Tamil weekly, *Swadesamitran*. His many reviews on books of Indian Medicine and Sanskrit literature were also published in the *Hindu* from time to time.

He was untiring in his efforts to preserve and develop Ayurveda as a distinct system of medicine and was till his last day firmly convinced of his belief that, only thus it could be properly utilised for the treatment of the suffering public particularly in the rural areas. He was an exponent of "Siddha Ayurveda," and did not want Ayurveda to lose its individuality in an integrated system of medicine. He believed to the last that Ayurveda was one of the invaluable assets of our heritage and hoped that the Universities and the Government in the country would help to give it its proper place in the various systems of medicine.

In brief the Vaidyaratna dedicated his life to the development of Oriental learning. In his demise the field of Ayurveda, as well as Sanskrit and Tamil literatures have suffered an irreparable loss.

—By A Special Correspondent

SWATANTRA

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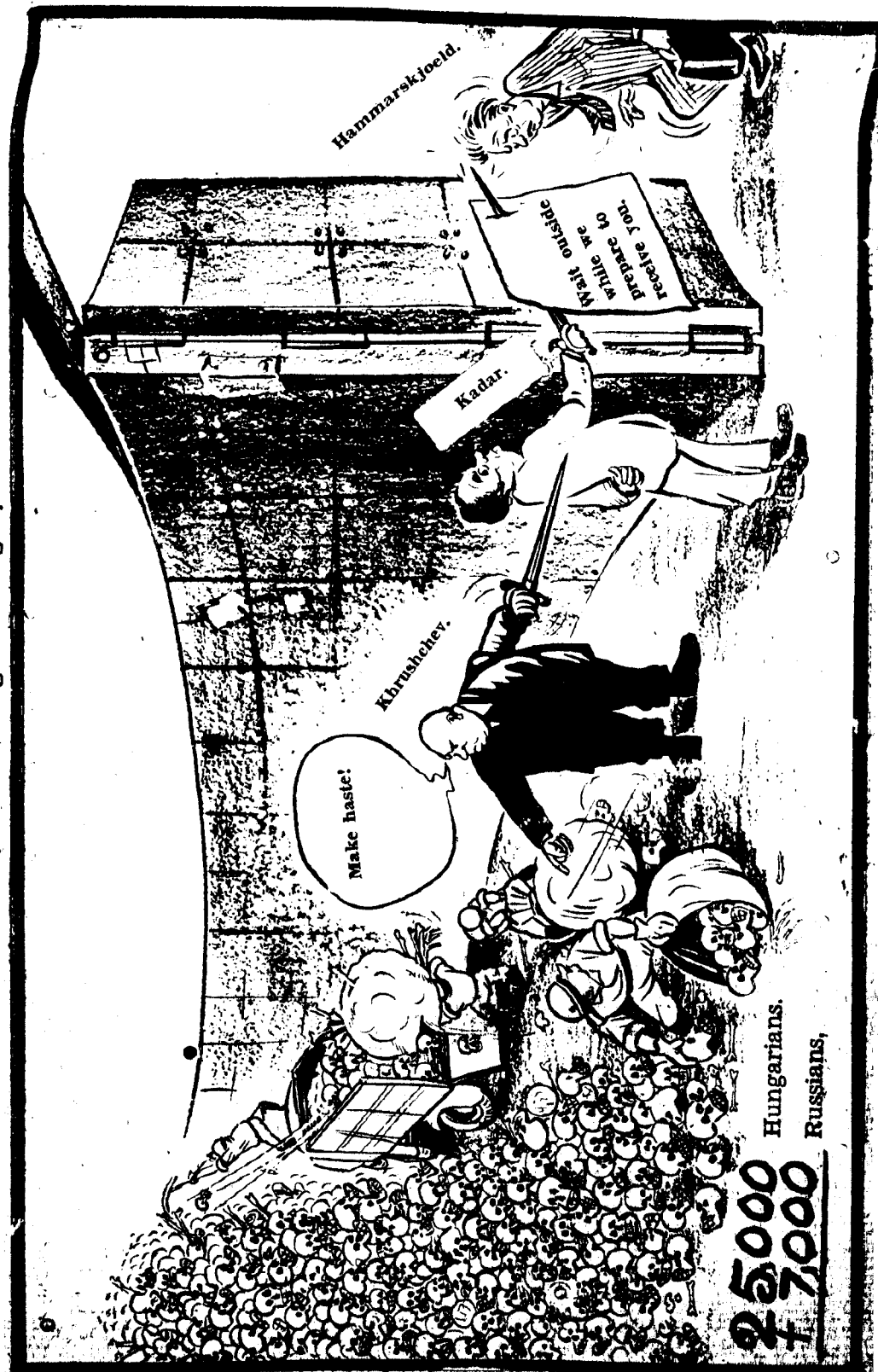
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SWATANTRA

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PRIME MINISTER MEETS PRESIDENT

THE press in India is playing up the visit of Pandit Nehru to the U. S. and is regaling the public with details of the dress he wore and the menu at his lunch with the President. The people have learnt with satisfaction that their Prime Minister does not sport about the white cap when it does not suit the occasion and that he is not a vegetarian and is capable of tackling with relish a plate of fish or a side dish of meat. It is good to know that the Prime Minister is a human being and is not a fabled saint as he is represented to be while in India. If for nothing else, at least for this single achievement of bringing down to earth the personality of the Premier, his visit to the US was worthwhile.

It is said that as a result of Pandit Nehru's personal pleadings, the President of America has already consented to a large dollar contribution towards the success of our Second Five Year Plan. It would certainly be to the advantage of India if Pandit Nehru secures American help for the prosecution of the Second Five Year Plan. But if that is all the object of the Pandit's present visit to the U. S. it is not a matter which would stir the hearts of the people of India or of the people of the world as apparently it seems to be doing.

The real merit of the visit is the bringing together of two personalities who lead the Governments of two of the greatest countries of the world, and the possibility of achieving a mutual understanding of the needs and the aspirations of the two peoples. Indo-U.S. friendship is vital to

India's prosperity and to the maintenance of the peace of the world. It is well known that in recent times there has been a great deterioration in that friendship with the consequent rapprochement between India and the Soviet Union which is fast dragging India into the Communist orbit. If America refuses to be our friend it is but natural that we should look elsewhere to secure our needs. However much we may fear and even detest the totalitarianism inherent in the Communist hegemony, we shall ultimately be drawn into it. India cannot exist in a vacuum. She is too weak to stand on her own legs and build up her strength, drawing on her own resources. The talk is already prevalent in India of building up a kind of socialism which is hardly distinguishable from Communism. A half-starved people who aspire for a higher level of life cannot be persuaded to keep away from the proffered help of totalitarians although they may be dimly aware of the dangers inherent in accepting help from such a source.

Why has India got into this predicament? Why should she be obliged to turn towards Communism and away from the free world? Is it entirely India's fault? It is not with a view to assign the blame to one party or the other that this investigation should be made; but it is with a view to assess the historic circumstances which have created a dangerous situation, dangerous for India and dangerous for the whole world. Let not the cocksure American imagine that the assurance of superior military strength and even the supposed monopoly of hydrogen

bombs and of guided missiles by the US would protect him against the onslaught of Communism. If India goes communist, the vast majority of the world's population would be within the Iron Curtain; and while the atom bombs may destroy the world, they would never retrieve it for freedom and the fate of humanity would be sealed. It is, therefore, not a question of charity towards India or of extending dollar help towards the Second Five Year Plan that this summit meeting at Washington should be concerned with. It is the question of world peace, of human survival.

The first step towards the achievement of Indo-US friendship is the annulment of the military pact between the US and Pakistan. It was the pact that threw the apple of discord between the peoples of India and of America. It may be that the Government of India was not alert at the time of that pact and was not wise enough to be the first in the field so as to secure an Indo-US military pact which would have forestalled and prevented the Pakistan-US military pact. Such a course might have been possible, or it might not have been possible owing to the internal political situation and a growing Communist movement inside India's frontiers. There is no use in harping upon that point to-day. But it is important to realise that the conclusion of the military pact between the US and Pakistan precluded the possibility of continued friendship between the US and India.

It is being asserted by Pakistan that there is no enemy for her in the world except India. There is a corresponding feeling in India about Pakistan. In spite of protestations of peaceful intentions and of the faithful following of the doctrine of *Panch-shila*, it cannot be hidden that the people of India reciprocate the unfriendly feeling of the Pakistanis, and that there is rancour and enmity in the hearts of both these peoples towards each other. This

basic fact of mutual antagonism between India and Pakistan has to be realised by all foreign peoples who wish to be on friendly terms with India. In that context it should be no matter for surprise that the military alliance the US concluded with Pakistan was construed in India as a kind of declaration of war between the US and India. The glib assurance that came from America that India's fears were unfounded and that a similar military alliance with the US was still available to India was spurned at by Indians because it had no meaning. There is no sense in concluding a military alliance with one who is already a military ally of your enemy. This basic fact of the incompatibility of India and Pakistan has not yet been realised by the American people. If the present visit to the US of Pandit Nehru does in any manner bring home to the American people this fundamental fact and helps in a re-orientation of American foreign policy, it would thereby achieve great success and would open out fresh avenues for the achievement of Indo-American friendship.

It has to be realised that neither America nor India can be expected to embark on radical reversals of policies which some people fondly hope for. It would be unwise of India to insist on America abandoning Nationalist China and recognising the Communist regime of Chiang Kai-shek. Neither can America expect India to give up her claims in regard to Kashmir and Goa. But the minimum result that would make the meeting between the Prime Minister and the President worthwhile would be the annulment of the military pact between the US and Pakistan. Short of this achievement the meeting would be deemed a failure, although it might bring in dollars for the prosecution of our plans and civic honours may be showered upon Nehru with super-abundance of words of praise to sing his glory in the true American style.

SIDELIGHTS ::

C. R. has celebrated his 78th birthday. We wish he will live for another twenty two years at least and complete the century. Mr. K. Hanumanthayya, the former Chief Minister of Mysore, paid a left-handed compliment to our leaders like C. R. by comparing them to temple towers, the *gopurams*. Most of these towers are in a dilapidated condition. They are useless and are an eye sore. Surely our leaders are not quite that.

The point that Mr. Hanumanthayya made in favour of C. R. was that he was not among the "blind following." Criticising the attitude of "blind following" now adopted by all Congressmen, Mr. Hanumanthayya pointed out that the proceedings of the A.I.C.C. and the sessions of the Congress during the last decade did not disclose a single speech or opinion expressive of dissent from the official attitude of the High Command. It is universally recognised that Congressmen have ceased to think for themselves. Mr. Hanumanthayya was uttering a truism. Even apart from the ranks of Congressmen there is little evidence of independent thinking anywhere in the country today. The reasoning faculty is on the down grade. We are all orthodox. We may not all of us be gods who are privileged to sit in the seats of power; but we pretend, all of us, to be saints who may any day be promoted to the rank of the gods.

The claim that Mr. Hanumanthayya made regarding C.R.'s independence in thought and his not being among the "blind following" needs investigation. Obviously, Mr. Hanumanthayya was not referring to the anti-B.C.G.

campaign or to any of the many tiltings at the wind mills that C.R. has indulged in after his latest retirement. These expressions of impotent fury are looked upon with tolerance by the powers that be, and with amusement by the people at large, as permissible conduct on the part of a giant who has unfortunately to be kept in chains and in forced idleness. But it is useful to remember, in assessing C. R.'s life, that he was capable of independent thought once upon a time. To C. R. belongs the credit of having spotted Gandhi out as the future leader of India at a time when Gandhi was unknown to fame and looked down upon as an impractical visionary and a child in politics by the then leaders. C. R. gave up his profession, burnt his boats and joined Gandhi in a crusade which had little prospect of success. Popular emotion is an unpredictable tide and Gandhi was wafted up at the crest of a wave of passion and C. R. went up with him. At the Gaya Congress in 1923 C. R. did exercise his independence of thought. He led the opposition to C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru and floored the two giants. His was the real voice of Gandhi in prison. It was no wonder that the combined strength of C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru could not resist him. C. R. was then the Nation. It was the moment of crowning glory for C. R. He might remember it with pride, because history will not forget it.

The tragedy of C. R.'s life is that he has no self-confidence. At the crucial moment, when history beckoned to him, he did not assume the leadership. Instead he cringed before the giants whom he defeated and offered them the crown which was his

by right. They spurned it with proud disdain. But later they claimed it back in their own right by fighting another campaign in which C. R. and Gandhi and that revolutionary upsurge they represented were together defeated. Gandhi outside prison was less powerful than Gandhi in prison.

* * *

These facts relating to the earlier career of C. R. are almost forgotten and are overlaid by the more recent events which claim our urgent attention. Nevertheless, they are important events in history. The feature of C. R.'s character, which made him abjectly surrender the leadership of the country to C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru, has persisted throughout his career and has been responsible for all his later failures. He wants to lead but hates to be the leader. He would have liked Motilal Nehru and C. R. Das to be the formal leaders if they would consent to carry on his policy of Gandhism after the Gaya Congress. But these two great men refused to be puppets. C. R. has always been in search of puppets.

* * *

Having failed to manufacture puppets on an all India scale, he has indulged in manufacturing them in plenty locally at Madras. For a man of his stature, the Presidentship of the Provincial Congress Committee could be had for the asking. But he did not wish to be President. He wanted a puppet in that seat to dance to his tune. In the classic battle that C. R. waged with the late Satyamurthi for the leadership of Madras he would have secured an easy win if he had ventured to nominate himself as the candidate for the Presidentship of the P. C. C. Instead he sponsored a puppet and lost the whole battle for leadership. Satyamurthi demonstrated that he could put up a more colourful puppet show. As a result of the

C.R.-Satyamurthi rivalry in the show business, the entire politics of Madras was side-tracked. First-rate men went to the wall and lost heart and third rate men who deigned to participate in the puppet show were saddled with power. Had C. R. the courage to come out in the open as the *de jure* as well as the *de facto* leader of Madras the communal problem would have been the more easily solved. But he played with the problem even as he played with the puppets and thereby accentuated its intensity. The evil had to be brought into the open before it could be tackled with success. But it was hidden in the shadows. It was invincible in the dark alleys. The result has been that Madras is cursed with the rule by the castes and the rule by puppets. The responsibility for this tragedy is entirely C. R.'s; or rather the responsibility belongs to that feature in his make-up which he cannot help. He wants to lead, but refuses to be leader. He poses a dichotomy between fact and formality, between substance and form, which is injurious to private life but is a disaster in public affairs.

* * *

Perhaps we are unjust to C.R. Perhaps this belongs only to the past. There has been a change in him. In spite of his great complex, he has functioned as Chief Minister, Central Minister, Governor and Governor-General. In later life he has mellowed. He now wants to discard his puppets. He would both reign as well as rule. But fates are against him. He is weighed down by his past. The puppets having tasted power, are greedy. They are powerful and can no longer be dislodged even by their creator. It is the Frankenstein story come to life. C. R. watches in agony. His monsters are abroad and work havoc among the people.

—Sethu

A TITAN PASSES AWAY

By N. RAMANATHAN

CARNATIC Music in general and the art of *nadaswaram* in particular has suffered an irreparable loss in the demise of Tiruvaduthurai N. Rajarathnam Pillai. For well over four decades, this celebrated artiste strode the musical world like a colossus. At a time when classical music faced the competition of cheap and vulgar cinema tunes, the late Pillai cast his weight on the side of the classical school and helped to resuscitate *nadaswaram* from the unsympathetic criticism of the neo-classists that it was a barbaric relic of the old order. In fact, his chief claim to immortality lies in his untiring efforts for popularising the art of *nadaswaram* and for bringing it from the temple corridors and open air to the centre of the concert hall.

Music in the Family

The late Rajarathnam hailed from a distinguished family of musicians in Tanjore district. One of his maternal uncles, Thirumarugal Natesan, was the *Asthana Vidwan* of the Tiruvaduthurai Mutt. It was here under the guidance of Thirukkodikaval Krishnan Iyer that Rajarathnam cut his first musical tooth. Even as a boy of six or seven he displayed a rare genius for reproducing difficult *ragas* with a perfect vocal control over the technicalities of *alapana*. Later, on the advice of his admirers and well-wishers, he switched over to *nadaswaram* and reached dizzy heights of fame.

The art of Rajarathnam was the result of unmixed classicism, patient training and a born aptitude. Without tiring his audience, he could render any song or *raga* with grace, sweep and majesty. *Todi* was his

forte; but he himself had a penchant for *Shanmughapriya* and *Sahana*. I have heard him effortlessly render *alapanas* of even minor *ragas* for hours together at Alleppey (where he gives performances every year during the Mullaikal temple festival.)

In private life, Rajarathnam was accessible to even young musicians seeking his valuable advice and hints. He had an enviable sense of humour.

Travels Abroad

The fame of Rajarathnam was not confined to the boundaries of Tamilnad. He had visited Malaya and Ceylon in addition to giving innumerable performances in North Indian cities. When he visited the U. S. A. some years ago, the New York Press played him up in print and pictures while the T. V. Studios were amazed by the unique notes he created with his long wind pipe.

After the advent of freedom, Rajarathnam took a keen interest in the policies initiated by the Government for improving the standards of music in the country. He was a member of the Madras State Sangeet Natak Sangham at the time of his death. Recipient of the Presidential award for Instrumental Carnatic Music in 1955, he was also the holder of a string of titles like "Nadaswara Chakravarthi," "Isai Mannar" and "Sangeetha Rathna" conferred by music sabhas and academies.

Death has silenced the voice that moved millions. But the gramophone records of the late Rajarathnam, especially his *Todi* in four parts, will preserve for posterity his artistry and genius.

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THE TWENTIETH CONGRESS

By N. BEGLAR

WHAT is of literally singular significance about the Twentieth Congress is its bearing on those aspects of Communism which can only be described as religious. Religions, aside from their content, have had as their basic attributes a universal solution to the problem of man—a deity or deities, prophets and disciples, a central holy see for infallible pronouncements, sacred writings, and particular forms of ritual. Communism has always had all of these attributes. And it is they, more than anything else, that determine the essence and nature of Communism. Remove these attributes and Communism will no longer be Communism; it will no longer be a religion.

Disavowal Of Stalin

The Twentieth Congress of the CPSU has attempted, though maintaining intact the religious nature of Communism, to discard two elements which have been intrinsic parts of the religion. First, it has disavowed a prophet whose stature bordered on that of a deity—while he was alive, the sole deity. Second, it has disavowed not just the passing interpretation of a holy tenet, but the tenet itself.

The disavowal of Stalin raises many interesting questions of motivations and forces that brought it about, of underlying purpose, of consequence within the structure of the ruling hierarchy. But above and beyond these immediate considerations are those effects which touch upon the essence of Communism and which affect its very nature. It is because they realized this that throughout the Congress the Communists made a sustained effort to maintain the religious aspect of Communism. Thus, after citing the three different solutions which Lenin had advocated in three different instances (before

February 1917; between February 1917 and July 1917; and after July 1917), Mikoyan asked: "When was (Lenin) right, in which case?" And he answered his questions in these words: "There can be only one answer: Lenin was right in all these cases." Such fervent reverence for, and acceptance of, the prophet's every word and action—even when seemingly contradictory—is in complete and consistent harmony with the religious nature of Communism. Communism remains faithful to its dogma that the prophet is infallible.

But now a completely new and deeply disturbing element is introduced. Now, Communism suddenly says, we must look at the name of the prophet before we can blindly accept his utterances. If the name happens to be Marx or Engels or Lenin, our religious reverence retains all its ardor and the word of these prophets is our law and our faith. But if the name is Stalin, then his word must be taken with that very particular grain of salt which *Pravda* is now passing around with ever growing abandon. The pedestal of the prophets is a common pedestal. On it stand all those who attain its height. On Communism's pedestal of prophets have stood Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin. Khrushchev and Company have attempted a rather challenging feat: to so shake the pedestal as to shatter Stalin's cult of personality that is at stake, but Communism's cult of the prophet itself. And this affects, the essence, and nature of Communism.

Sacrilegious Acts

This same development holds true of still another area—the area of sacred writings of the Communist religion. Since the days when ideological Communism and the intoxication of power established their dua-

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lity in Lenin's mind, the "Communist line" has baffled many a political map reader. But though infinitely flexible in both strategy and tactics, this line has been anchored to certain basic, unalterable tenets. And since we are considering the religious nature of Communism, one might call these tenets the eternal, biblical truths of Communism. One of these, which bears directly on how a proletarian dictatorship comes to power, has held that war is inevitable in the era of imperialism. This tenet, this biblical truth of the Communist religion, Khrushchev and Company have now taken it upon themselves to disavow. By so doing they are attempting an almost impossible feat of political prestidigitation, which will require them to tear out certain pages from the Communist bible without appearing to desecrate what they wish to preserve as holy.

Both as regards their prophets and their sacred writings, Khrushchev and Company have sacrilegiously, and I use the word advisedly, violated not the outward forms but the religious roots wherefrom stems Communism. For if one, any single one prophet can be brought to dust, so can they all. If any one prophet ceases to be infallible, it is of little avail to speak of the infallibility of the others. And if one chapter of the Communist bible can be torn out and destroyed as no longer reflective of an eternal Communist truth, then all other chapters are tainted and all Communist truths are made vulnerable.

Finally, it is not unimportant to consider the authors who within the sacred temple of Communism (its Party Congress) have committed these sacrilegious acts. They are mere high priests. Stalin, who had risen from priest to prophet to deity, may have yet covered his tracks with his vast shadow of Communist divinity. But he attempted no such desecration. He kept alight the candles before the icons of Marx and Engels and Lenin, and he preserved unsullied

the fundamental dogma of Communism's sacred writings. For he knew what he was doing.

Political Myopia

"If Communism were to change... How often do we hear that? Possibly we hear it so often because it is not such a simple thing to comprehend that if Communism were to change, really change, then it would cease to be Communism, and a new era in the history of mankind would have dawned. And in a most immediate and pragmatic sense—in the sense of Power—Communism has not changed. The measure of a dictatorship's control over its subjects could very possibly be its ability to perform that which is most unpopular, without any popular opposition. Stalin signed a pact with Hitler when for years his subjects had been taught to hate Hitler, and he had done the teaching. The dictator's control being total, he could without fear take a step in diametric opposition to his subject's inclinations. But this step touched not upon either the essence or the nature of Communism, the religion whereby, and in the name of which, Stalin ruled. And he knew that. Khrushchev and Company have dared to take a step far more fateful than any initiated by Stalin. That they have done so may be taken to reflect their confidence of having an even greater control of the millions in bondage. But it may also prove that they lack that profound comprehension of the religious in Communism which was Stalin's greatest single asset.

In conclusion, two things are already certain. First, that right now millions in the Soviet Union, in Communist controlled countries and throughout the world in Communist parties, are asking themselves: if yesterday's pygmies can be correct in their reappraisal of Stalin, depriving him of all goodness, all accomplishment, all wisdom, then, perhaps, the

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BASIC EDUCATION

By M. G. BAILUR

JUDGED by the public pronouncements made in the highest quarters, Basic Education is to be the pious, saintly leaven in the entire system of the nation's teaching in the future. Its claims have been debated for at least 18 years, but debate is probably not quite the right word, since they have encountered little critical scrutiny and almost no dissent. On the contrary, praise for its merits has been pitched in a steadily rising key. Eighteen years is a long enough period in which with the help of even a few experimental schools, a body of tested knowledge could have been made available in the light of which its postulates could be examined in relation to practical policy.

The appeal even now is hortatory, to large generalisations stamped with authority, to a blend of ideological and aesthetic convictions, to *a priori* verities, in all of which the degree of assurance professed is in inverse proportion to the intrusion of experience and expertise. In the form in which Mahatma Gandhi can be said to have formulated the leading ideas of Basic Education into anything like a unified system, it is a highly personal manifesto, deductive in its reasoning, and derived from what for him were ethical absolutes and from his views concerning the nature of man and the ends of existence. When he appeals to any residuum of experience, it is always to adult experience, which a genuine insight into the mind of the child, for example, its capacity for boredom, its aversion from repetitious operations, its unending curiosity, should render highly dubious as a guiding light to theory.

No Rational Conviction

Though his authority is quoted as a self-sufficient answer to almost any question, it is seldom invoked when

the testimony of experience or of verifiable knowledge can be brought to bear upon it. When a course or a policy is recommended on the sole ground that Gandhi recommended it, it is pretty sure to be one which lacks any justification carrying rational conviction. Over a wide and ramifying area of secular effort in every field, many of his explicit teachings are overlaid by newer counsels of experience or expediency, or calmly brushed aside, but not wholly without a kind of guilt-complex corroding self-possession. In consequence, much that could be reasoned support to the distinctively Gandhian strand at other levels of concurrent national activity, as expressed, for instance, in the Bhoodan and Sarvodaya movements, tends to become by some law of compensation mawkish and, as with Khaddar and the Charkha, totalitarianistic.

Basic Education has often been described as a preparation exclusively in terms of the Bhoodan and Sarvodaya movements. They undoubtedly represent laudable aims, but they do not exhaust the range of human aspirations. Some of their postulates are inspired by an outlook in essence pre-industrial, but greatly fortified by the infestation of contemporary fears of science and the monolithic state. These fears are real enough, but in alliance with the forces of medievalism with which they tend to make ready accommodation, they become an arcanum which the critical intellect is forbidden to penetrate. The Bhoodan movement has raised daring hopes, but though surrounded by a nimbus of exalted sentiment, its logic is empirical and must be justified entirely by results. If its highest expectations are fulfilled, it will still remain true that it is a limited means to a limited social objective. The

"trust" view of property which it fosters and sanctifies is a specious dissimulation of motives less seemly than we like to admit, and is not perhaps its best advertisement; yet it is on the childish simplifications which furnish its rationale that credulous admiration is lavished.

Sarvodaya, incomparably broader in conception and aims, nevertheless suffers from certain economic and revivalist obsessions which render it inimical to technological progress, and put it in explicit opposition to much that the imagination, liberated by science, must value, and much that is actually being attempted under its impulse. By annexing the nation's education, since Basic Education is meant to be a national system, these two movements between them at the very least propose to condition a whole generation to the service of an ideology. Clearly, something of deep value far above the calculus of utility is thus taken away from any self-sufficient system of education conceived on these lines.

Its Distinctive Character

In the combination of instruction of the mind with the training of the hand in integral co-ordination, Basic Education embodies a theoretically plausible system in line with seemingly advanced current precept. This is not, however, what gives it its distinctive character. In a report prepared for the Government of India by Mr. S. H. Wood of the British Board of Education long before the Mahatma turned his ardent attention to the problems of education, something very much on its lines in principle had been foreshadowed. Its distinctive character in the Gandhian transmutation derives from the belief that manual training should take the form of learning to wield the spinning wheel, and that this should enable the pupil to pay part or whole of his way through school. That is to say, a system of teaching which *ex hypothesi* should prove far more onerous and complicated and expensive than

the traditional system because of the unwonted additions to apparatus and equipment and talent entailed by its introduction, is turned into something only at once remove from what may frankly be acknowledged as child labour.

It is true that even its most enthusiastic votaries have been unable to swallow it whole and that some of its inconvenient injunctions are being unceremoniously jettisoned. The Charkha is to be eked out with other handicrafts, and "earning while learning" is a poor relation which it is not seemly to parade in public. But "handicrafts" is only what Humpty-Dumpty called a "portmanteau" word. It does not represent a corpus of organised and graded knowledge and experience in easily communicable form, but something rather vestigial and very refractory to any but local diffusion. Indeed, the discoverable defects of the system have nothing to do with the theoretical structure of its beliefs. Its principal defect is two-fold: the universality of application which is being forced upon it and the circumstance that its directive inspiration is narrowly ideological and anti-intellectual, and in manifest opposition to the claims of disinterested inquiry.

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same can be done, and validly so, to Lenin and Engels and Marx? And if to them, then why not to this entire religion that is Communism? Second, that again, right now, one man, one man out of the two billion human beings of this planet, alone in his room, is ruefully decrying and cursing the political myopia of those in whose hands events entrusted the fate of Communism. The name of this man? Mao Tse-tung.

—Symposium of the Institute for the study of the USSR.

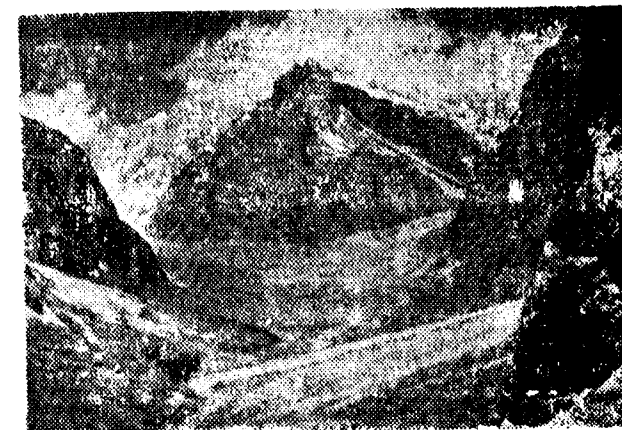
A WEEK IN THE HIMALAYAS

By Capt. G. N. S. CHARI

WITH the Commandant's lunch on 2nd June for the passing-out course, marking the end of the term, came a billiness over the Military College campus, a calm after a storm. However, a private storm was till raging for the Gentleman Cadets who were to start for Badrinath three days later on a hike-cum-endurance programme on behalf of the Mountaineering Club.

It rained quite heavily and the sky was laden with dark and heavy clouds. What with the reports in the Press that the monsoon would set in earlier than usual, and the rumours of landslides en route to Badrinath, it looked as though the trek would be cancelled and there was disappointment all round. It was not till Major P. S. Dhillon, Officer-in-Charge of the party, went into conference at 9 p.m. on 5th June with all those who were to go on the hike, that we were happy and certain that the programme was not being abandoned.

We were off within a few hours, leaving Premnagar by a special bus at 3 a.m. on 5th June as scheduled. While the party consisted of Gentleman Cadets mainly from the Mountaineering Club and some from the Camera and Arts Club, there were also five of us, officers of the Army Education Corps, who had planned earlier to go to Badrinath on our own but had hitched ourselves to the official party. We reached Rishikesh at dawn, and after a brief halt transferred ourselves to another bus which



A section of the route to Badrinath along the picturesque valleys of the snow clad Himalayas.

was to take us to Keerthinagar, 64 miles from Rishikesh. As we moved out of this sacred place, full of pilgrims, we had the first glimpse of the majestic Ganges. Soon we passed the famous Lakshman Jhoola—the first of many suspension bridges which we were to see on our way.

Leaving Lakshman Jhoola was like leaving civilization behind. We were now in the sub-Himalayan ranges of Tehri-Garhwal and the bus started struggling its winding way up and across the chain of mountains. The road, cut on the steep slopes of the mountains, is a remarkable feat of engineering skill. Often dangerously narrow, it bends and twists its way over precipitous gorges while, down below in the valley, the Ganges flows deep and fast—much faster than in the plains, though placidly in comparison with what we were yet to see of this enchanting river. On the other side of the valley was a brown, ribbon like foot-path. It was the old pilgrim route to Badrinath.

On the way we passed several small villages, some consisting of as few as

four or five mud huts, set picturesquely amidst the terraced fields. Seeing these Garhwali villages, one marvels at the enterprising nature of man, who can use strips of land as narrow as only two feet, making a wide staircase of the steep mountain slopes for terrace cultivation. The waters of the Ganges, flowing below at depths of 200 ft. to more than 1,000 feet are of no use to these farmers. They have their own ingenious way of directing little water channels to their land from some mountain stream or spring above. Not noticing the passage of time in our engrossment with these sights and with the sounds of the engine groaning and the Ganges roaring below, we covered 43 miles in five hours and reached Devaprayag, the principal halting station on the way to Keerthinagar.

Devaprayag presents a most picturesque sight, with its houses perched at varying heights on a hill on either side of which the rivers Bhagirathi and the Alaknanda flow in sharp, well defined lines to mingle at the foot of the township, as at the apex of a triangle, to form the single stream of the Ganges which we had followed so far. Here we crossed the Bhagirathi to follow the Alaknanda on its western bank. The bus rolled ahead for another 21 miles to Keerthinagar, with the sun as hot in these lower Himalayan valleys as in the plains. In the absence of a motorable road bridge at Keerthinagar—though one is now under construction—we crossed the Alaknanda over a pedestrian suspension bridge to find ourselves in what is still called 'British' Garhwal by the local inhabitants. A bus ride of three miles took us to Srinagar, formerly a flourishing town and the capital of Garhwal before Pauri was made the district headquarters. Reaching Srinagar rest house at 3 p.m., after 12 hours of journey by bus, we relaxed over a round of tea while the two cooks who had come with us started preparing the meal for the night.

Gates To Regulate Traffic

We were up and on the road again by bus the next day, 6th June by 7 a.m., now following the Alaknanda on its left bank, on the second lap of our journey—a distance of another 64 miles—upto Pipalkoti, where the motorable road to Badrinath ends. On the entire route, which is precariously narrow, there is a system of 'gates' to regulate the movement of vehicles and allow only one convoy of buses at a time in one direction. This involved our halting at several such 'gates.' These halts were very welcome, however, as they happened to be at some of the loveliest spots.

We next reached Karnaprayag, where the river Pindar Ganga joins Alaknanda. We crossed the tributary here to resume our journey along the main river to Nandprayag, where the Mandakini joined the Alaknanda. Beyond Nandprayag our convoy halted at Gauchar to allow the downward convoy of buses to pass. True to its name, the village has a vast level area of green meadow right in the midst of steep hills. I thought it would make an ideal air strip. We soon reached yet another of the tributaries of the mighty Ganges, the Birahi Ganga.

Hill Tribes

Pipalkoti town (4,300 ft.) where we arrived in the evening is important both as the terminus of the bus route and the starting point for the pilgrimage on foot and as a trading centre for skins and wool. It was here for the first time that we saw some real hill tribes—the Bhotias, and others of mixed Tibetan and Garhwali blood. The place is full of life and overflows with humanity in the evenings, when hundreds of pilgrims are unloaded by the convoys of buses coming up and hundreds more come down from Badrinath. But Pipalkoti gets almost empty in the morning when the pilgrims have parted either way.

Here the more affluent pilgrims hire mules for riding up to Badrinath or

ponies to carry their baggage, or engage palanquins and coolies. The less fortunate march on, carrying their meagre necessities on their heads. It is not uncommon to see a man or woman being carried by one of the local coolies on his back, in a wicker chair strung to him by a rope supported on his forehead. I wondered whether a pilgrim who rides on the back of a human being that way to Badrinath, with a view to ridding himself of his sins, would ever go back lighter!

Having hired four mules to carry the baggage of our party of 27, we started on our *padyatra* to Badrinath, a distance of 38 miles from Pipalkoti. We were now one with the pilgrims, young and old, rich and poor, from all parts of India, toiling up in the heat and shouting, "*Bole Badri Vishal ki Jai!*" Almost every one of the pilgrims, man, woman or child, would shout this slogan at us, and we soon learnt to reciprocate likewise. To our left we could see a freshly laid motorable road, which is the beginning of the extension from Pipalkoti to Badrinath. Probably within 10 years the pilgrim will be able to reach Badrinath by bus. But it will be a sad day, for he will no longer enjoy the solitude and silence of the Himalayas.

We walked five miles to reach the confluence of the river Garud Ganga with the Alaknanda. This was the first of 'chattis,' of hamlets which have grown round a cluster of tea shops and humble restaurants, which dot the pilgrim route. On 7th June we woke up to the music of the river, and saw several pilgrims bathing in its ice-cold waters early in the morning. After a hurried breakfast we set off for Joshi Mutt, a distance of about 15 miles, with a lusty '*Badri Vishal ki Jai!*' We soon passed the village of Tundni, from where for the first time we saw some of the snow-clad Himalayan peaks in the distance. The morning was glorious, with the sun gradually rising majestically from

between the cliffs, as though to have a look at the Alaknanda deep down in the valley and, with its warmth, give the river her daily feed of melted snows.

Crossing the Patal Ganga

Marching briskly along, stopping only to absorb any particularly beautiful view of the Alaknanda valley, we came upon one of the most dangerous and awe-inspiring parts of the entire route—the crossing of the Patal Ganga. This tributary of the Alaknanda has been appropriately named, because, it is through a real *patal* (nether world) that the tributary seems to flow here—some 2,000 ft. almost directly below the pilgrim path, and between two very steep hills which almost touch each other. One had to go gingerly to the very edge of the path, after which is a sheer precipice, to get a view of the Patal Ganga below. Since the path lies on the rubble left by a gigantic landslide some decades ago, it looked as though a single step at the edge might start another minor landslide that would take the unwary traveller hurtling down. We followed the circular path round the hill to reach a narrow gorge where a suspension bridge took us safely across to the opposite hill, round which we walked again to rejoin Old Alak with a distinct feeling of relief.

The last members of the party reached the P. W. D. rest house at Joshi Mutt by 7 p.m. though most of the GCs had got there two hours earlier. It was here that Maj. Dhillon joined us, having left Dehra Dun with a couple of GCs 16 hours after we did. Maj. Dhillon, it should be mentioned, has to his credit 49 miles of Himalayan trekking in 21 hours (with only three hours' rest in between and involving all-night marching) during an earlier hike in Uttarkashi. With him around, it was agreed that we should do the remaining 19 miles to Badrinath at one stretch the next day.

(To be concluded)

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GEORGE ORWELL'S EMPIRE OF FEAR

By C. V. G.

WHEN George Orwell began writing, he chose poverty as his raw material. He had to be authentic and required more than a casual acquaintance with poverty. Dissatisfaction with his job in the Burma Police and his subsequent turn-over to a precarious living in Paris gave him this much needed familiarity with poverty and he made discoveries which he set forth in his early autobiographical novel, *Down and Out in Paris and London*.

The squalor of bug-infested cellars in Parisian slums, the sordidness of the daily existence of the *plongeur*, the scullion and the cooks in Parisian hotels, the hunger and misery of England's tramps,—all these entered into Orwell's portrait of poverty in *Down and Out in Paris and London*. Afterwards he wrote a number of books, *Burmese Days*, *Keep the Aspidochelone Flying*, *Homage to Catalonia*, *Coming up for Air*, *The Road to Wigan Pier*, etc., all inspired by different themes and not having any direct bearing on poverty. Even *Animal Farm* was just a brilliant satire on Soviet Russia and did not carry forward the studies in poverty made in *Down and Out*. His excursions into poverty helped an important discovery, which however, was only implicit in this first book and he had to wait for more than a decade before he could make it explicit in his last novel, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. And this discovery was that poverty bred fear, led to power and then to '1984.'

Enslavement of the Poor

The tyranny of the social order that chained men to leisureless drudgery in the stifling subterraneanism of

hotel dens was explained by a rationale, the speciousness of which Orwell had no difficulty exposing. Such slavery was claimed to be the unavoidable requisite of a civilisation providing for luxuries very much in demand. Orwell demonstrates how these are doubtful, poor and dispensable luxuries fusing as they do dirt, sweat and spittle into the "smart" food dished out in posh restaurants and human degradation into rickshaw pulling and riding in the East. His intimate knowledge of the lives led by the dregs of society in Paris and London, gained from personal experience, enabled him to see through the hypocrisy of apologists for a social order that condemned large numbers to genocidal drudgery. The educated are generally the middle-class gentry aspiring to be rich. They have no acquaintance with poverty or knowledge of the poor and generally get no opportunities to remedy this deficiency. Frightened by the natural enviousness of the poor, the rich are seized by a chimera which the educated also share because of their lack of knowledge of the poor: "The educated man pictures a horde of submen, wanting only a day's liberty to loot his house, burn his books, and set him to work minding a machine or sweeping out a lavatory." Provision of leisure or comfort to these hungry fiends is therefore unthinkable and dangerous. Safety and peace can be ensured to the rich only by the permanent enslavement of the poor to gruelling leisurelessness.

Nineteen Eighty-Four resulted from the drive of ruthless logic making clear the terrifying implications of the demophobia Orwell discovered in

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Down and Out in Paris and London. The successful tackling of poverty as a problem calls for an attitude and approach of academic dispassionate-ness and detachment that Orwell himself could easily assume in *Down and Out*; in fact he could see that poverty was never too fearsome to defeat human efforts at its annihilation; and yet, its magnitude and immediacy could paralyse sane thought and action. If and when this thought-destroying moment eventuates, fear takes over; and then fear becomes power and power the phantasmagoria of *Nineteen Eighty-four*.

Self-perpetuation and Secular Welfare

Orwell's representation of the *modus operandi* of revolutions inspired by poverty offers no justification for complacency or optimism over political ethics and motives. The precipitation of politics makes the lofty humanitarianism behind revolutions irrelevant and meaningless; for, politics as power-seeking is predatory. With all its depravities, poverty is not automotiv. Revolution is the catalysis induced by the action of rabble-rousing politicians on poverty. Orwell points out how ill-advised and dangerous it is to repose faith in these revolutionaries whose own ends are far removed from the ends they profess and popularly aspired for. *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is a demonstration of the total incompatibility between these ends, self-perpetuation and secular welfare.

The moment the revolutionary wins power, the identity between him and the demos ceases to exist and a purposeful intent on self-perpetuation discards all pretensions to such identity. He becomes subject to the same onslaught of fear of the mob which harried the earlier ruling and middle classes. Power becomes his end and fear the operative, both being un-abandonable. His security in power is ensured for the revolutionary only by a suspension of popular expectations aroused by the revolution, and

popular mental growth; and the revolutionary seeks to achieve this through a permanent freezing of society in the state of tension and fervour that the revolution plunged it into. This calls for a technique the monstrous perfection of which is depicted in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Normalisation of Fear Psychosis

The tyranny springing from fear of the mob that condemned men to such drudgeries as that of a *plongeur* in Paris Hotels in *Down and Out* receives direction and plan conceived by a master-mind for evil, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Ceaseless warfare between the three super-states, Oceania, Eurasia and Eastasia ensures the leisurelessness of the toiling millions the "proles," by chaining them to military manufacture which achieves the twin object of a chronic shortage of consumption goods and of diverting war hysteria. A society governed by fear, fancies enemies everywhere and is therefore led to ceaseless all-round sparring. The most formidable of these enemies is reality, control of which is sought through "doublethink" and organised historical falsification and manipulation of documented past. The normalisation of the fear psychosis renders every activity other than that springing from fear and hatred unnecessary. The rich and varied vocabulary of language as a medium of thought in such a society where constructive activity is punished and excluded becomes subversive and superfluous and so the language itself is drastically abridged to serve the needs of a populace becoming muter and muter. Society relapses into a shadow world of fear, hatred and persecution, the articulation of which is through the thought-limiting and consciousness-reducing *Newspeak*.

Nineteen Eighty-Four is Insanity Fair. Whom the gods want to kill, they first turn mad. The reduction of Winston Smith and his sweetheart Julia in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

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through a nightmarish technique points to the terrifying absurdity of the ambitions of the rulers of the Empire of Fear—the mutation of men to sheep. The monstrous processes for the destruction of the human spirit accelerating to greater thoroughness and terrors portend only to a condition of muteness not unlike death—in which the *Newspeak* itself becomes unusable and unnecessary. Significantly enough Orwell himself calls the Eastasian counterpart of the Oceanic philosophy of *Ingsoc*, death-worship.

The Realism of Orwell

The rigours of reality did not deter Orwell from drawing the fantasy of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. As a novel, its exaggerations could escape criticism. And yet, it is by no means divorced from reality. The "reality-control" of *Ingsoc* through "doublethink" can be regarded as a permissible distortion of dialectical materialism, which installs man, instead of God, at the centre of the universe. Metaphysical ingenuity can advance proof of the relativity of reality itself on such lines. What is of import to our purposes is that the descent of Communism in Soviet Russia and its sudden, creepy spread over Eastern Europe after the war and the blighting potentialities of power appalled Orwell into *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Totalitarian omnipotence was so inescapably menacing and real. He did not live long enough to realise from later events that this omnipotence was by no means assured.

And yet, Orwell was by no means politically condemnatory or moralistic. As a writer, he was realistic and he wanted to portray the sordiness of political power the inevitable concomitant of which was fear, despite human idealism and nobility that have often sought to influence and chasten politics.

Orwell saw that poverty that led a politician to power could lead him

to totalitarianism, terror and '1984.' Orwell was himself non-political and in his depiction of the poverty and destitution of the Paris *plongeur* and the English tramp he was content with mere description. He was not suffering from the politician's itch for solutions. It would have been difficult for a politician in the circumstances described in *Down and Out* to have avoided Communism and visions of a Marxian Utopia. Orwell, however, would have disclaimed any superiority on this account. He chose slumming in Paris and London, stung by a writer's hunger for experience; and while the choice helped him live with the poor, he was never of them. He was himself unaware of this deficiency. Towards the end he says in *Down and Out in Paris and London*: "Here is the world that awaits you if you are ever penniless. Some day I want to explore that world more thoroughly. I should like to know people like Mario and Paddy and Bill the moocher, not from casual encounters, but intimately. I should like to understand what really goes on in the souls of *plongeurs* and tramps and embankment sleepers. At present I do not feel that I have seen more than the fringe of poverty." He, therefore, could emulate a detachment which the professional politician, to whom poverty was political feed, could not. His portrait of poverty in *Down and Out* led to the portrait of power-politics in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and while etching the evil, its exaggeration only suited and served his purpose.

Boys and girls cannot grow up into good citizenship in an institution which directs their lives from above, and gives them little or no responsibility in the management of their own business. They can learn to be members of the larger community only by living in a real community on their own level of experience.

—WILLIAM BOYD

THE BUG MEDICINE

I HAD gone to call on my friend Nathan. I knocked at the door of the small apartment in which he lived. There was no response. I knocked again. After some time, which seemed to me a long interval, a woman's voice asked: "Who is it? Whom do you want to see?"

This voice made me curious. My friend was a bachelor and I was not prepared to believe that he would have shed this status without dropping a line to me about the momentous event. On the other hand, I knew he was addicted to women and it was quite possible that he was with a companion now.

I replied I had come to see Nathan and wanted to know if he was at home.

The voice said: "He left the house early in the morning, I don't know where he has gone and when he will return." The voice shut off and I had an impression that the interview with the invisible lady was over. I turned back and had gone back a few steps when a man's voice pulled me up.

I recognised the voice. It was my friend's and it came from the house. I was perplexed and had a feeling that someone was having a joke at my expense. I came back and there at the doorway was Nathan, like an apparition, smiling and waving his hand. He offered his hand and I made sure it was a human hand before I put mine into it.

"Idiot," he said using a word of endearment which he reserves for me, "when did you become so superstitious? It's me all right?" and he gave me a resounding slap on the back, another way of expression of love with which I was familiar.

He took me inside to a room which he called his drawing cum study room, but which to me looked more like a store room. Things were

thrown about in it and we had literally to wade through to two old rattan chairs near a window, removing the obstacles in our way.

He pushed me into a chair and himself occupied the other. I was hardly in my seat for two minutes when I jumped with a curse in my lips. My face was contorted with pain and I began to scratch the affected parts of the body. While I was collecting my thoughts and thinking of the choicest expletives, Nathan, who appeared the least perturbed, remarked in a matter of fact way: "I am so sorry, I have given you the bug chair. It is force of habit. Well, here, take mine, the royal seat."

He vacated the chair and perched himself beside the window. We were now settled for a conversation and there were many things about him which I wanted to clear up. I threw my eyes about the room, but there was no evidence of any woman having occupied it. Then what happened to the lady who answered my call from behind the door?

"I have a grouse against you," I began. "I didn't know I had fallen so low in your estimation that you didn't think it necessary to invite me for your marriage."

He was amused and he laughed. "What rot are you talking?" he said. "What gave you the impression that I had tied myself to the chariot of matrimony? I remain single and hope to stay so for a long time to come."

"But then who was the woman who told me you were not at home?" I asked trying to embarrass him and get the truth out of him. "Perhaps you were enjoying yourself."

"Oh! that!" he laughed with a sudden gusto which was alien to his nature. "It was me," he said and laughed again.

I felt like an ass. I had been foo-

ed, but why did he have to do it? I waited for him to explain.

"You see, idiot," he started, "I didn't know it was you and you did not take the precaution of announcing your name. I get mostly unwelcome visitors and I would rather not face them, for they make too many demands on me. I could not very well open the door to them and tell them I am not at home. That won't deceive them, would it? So I have perfected some methods which would keep them away from me and one of them is the lady's voice which frightened you."

"But why do you have unwelcome visitors? And what could they want from you, a pauper?" I asked.

"That's exactly the point," he said. "Those chaps didn't realise I was a pauper when they lent me money and now they want it back. I just can't oblige them. If I begin repaying all the loans I have taken, big and small, then I shall have to apply to the World Bank for monetary assistance and I am told that that international institution does not deal with individuals, but only with Governments."

"Are all your creditors deceived by your tricks?" I asked incredulously.

"Not all of them, by no means," he replied. "When God created creditors He seems to have provided them with extrasensory perceptions. Some of them are possessed of X-ray eyes and they see through the door and discover it is a man speaking like a woman. Then the first line of defence is breached."

He paused and smiled at me. I smiled back to encourage him to continue his tale.

"As a diligent student of history, you must have heard of the Siegfried and Maginot lines of defence," he said. "I have fashioned my defence in my own way suited to conditions and circumstances of my existence. When the unwelcome visitor walks through the initial barrier, I

put up a brave show and smile and pat my guest on the back and say: "Oh! it's you. I thought it was the bunkwallah. You know he is a rogue and a rowdy. I have a mind to hand him over to the police one of these days. He is a menace to the peace of this locality."

"Now you wonder what was the purpose in my bringing in the other chap into the picture when my foremost aim should be to get rid of the man on hand. It is part of the softening process before eviction operations begin. I know my visitor and the bunkwallah are deadly enemies and that the former is mortally afraid of the latter. Any mention of punitive action against his foe, pleases my guest and reduces the tension between us. The keenness on his part to get back the money he paid me several years ago loses its edge and all his attention is rivetted on ways to destroy his enemy and he likes me to expatiate on my plans for achieving the end.

"This may be a tedious job and it becomes necessary to send him away as quickly as possible. And here is where the bug chair proves of wonderful value. I have found it the cheapest and most reliable weapon to dispatch irritating guests. I don't have to spend a pie on it, but the returns are enormous. The bugs and allied insects have established a vast network in the chair and their system of intelligence is remarkable for its alertness and skill in conveying information to headquarters. I have entered into an unwritten contract with them by which I have given them permanent lease of the chair and they, on their part, have undertaken to keep clear of the chair I have reserved for myself.

"I must say that the other party has kept its part of the bargain correctly and to the letter of the deed and I have nothing but praise for the way they handle my visitors. Perhaps you would like to know details of their operation.

"As soon as the visitor is safely entrenched, the siren calling the bugs to battle stations goes and operation "B" is put into action. The enemy is at first tickled at the back. He is not vastly worried by it, but adjusts his back, all the same to another part of the chair. He is tickled again. He is now worried and places his hands on the arms of the chair the better to think. This is where they want their enemy at bug headquarters and the battle is now in full swing. A thousand bugs move into action, their target being that part of the anatomy which extends from the fingers to the elbow. Simultaneously, other bugs are thrown into the battle at the seat of the chair, the back and the legs. Hitler's blitzkrieg would pale into insignificance compared to the swiftness and total blow struck at the enemy by the bugs.

"The visitor squirms and shouts in pain, his face a contortion and his hands busy tearing the skin by scratching. He rushes out and it is then that I am at my best in hospitality. I tell him: 'Why are you in a hurry? I still have many things to tell you and I have not given you a cup of coffee yet.'

"His response is usually unprintable but shorn of the obscene, it would amount to saying: 'Blast you, I wouldn't set my foot into this house again. Oh! God! look at all the swellings in my hands and feet. I have been bled white.'

"I try to intervene by saying: 'As regards the loan,' but that far only I am allowed to proceed. 'Damn the loan,' he says, words sweet to my ears, 'I shall write it off.'

"That is an entirely satisfactory arrangement to me and I hasten to speed him out of the house."

I was speechless during this narrative and marvelled at his sagacity and resourcefulness. But I had my doubts. I said: "Once bitten, twice

shy. How do you think that an unwelcome visitor will sit twice in the medicinal chair?"

"He doesn't, that is the point," he replied. "Any man who sits there once never returns and so one creditor is less and I am the richer by the amount written off."

"Does it always work?" I asked.

"Mostly, it has been an unfailing remedy, but occasionally some of my visitors equip themselves with thick array of dress and that is where the bugs get beaten. They are then at their best in tactical manoeuvres but so far their tacticians have drawn a blank. Undoubtedly, their infiltration methods have much to recommend them, but they need to be perfected. Generally, the visitor carries with him a fully equipped commando force in his pockets and they establish new colonies in new homes and are therefore considered as pioneers."

"But what about you? What do you do when the bugs are defeated?" I asked.

"Then I put into action the third and final phase of Operation Eviction. I press my visitor to drink coffee and you may be sure no fellow will refuse a cup of coffee. I ask: 'Would you like to have some more sugar' and if he says, 'yes', I avoid sugar altogether and drop a pinch of chilly powder into the coffee and place it before him. He will take a sip and that will be the last also. I wouldn't have to escort him even to the door. He will fly, thinking that I was trying to poison him.

"In case my visitor says: 'No sugar please,' I just go on adding sugar till the crystals swim in the coffee and it sure enough acts when the poor chap drinks it. He doesn't stay even to say good-bye."

—SARATI

PROFILE:

SUHRAWARDY: PRIME MINISTER OF PAKISTAN

By C. H. V. PATHY

FOR the man who waits in the antechamber for the ball to come to his feet, some day it will come. This is the lesson to be learnt from the political life of Hussein Shaheed Suhrawardy who today is the Prime Minister of Pakistan.

The Suhrawardys of Calcutta, like the Nehrus of Allahabad, hail from an illustrious family. Shaheed's father was a famous mill magnate. He is a product of Calcutta and Oxford and speaks English with a foreign accent. His brother was a well-known educationist.

He was groomed to politics by the late Chittaranjan Das. Later he gravitated to the Muslim League. An important and unsavoury landmark in his early political life was the Hindu-Muslim riot which took a toll of many lives when he was the Chief Minister of united Bengal.

When Pakistan was born, Shaheed like many other ambitious politicians migrated to Karachi. I remember vividly the scene at Government House in 1947 when he was almost standing on the threshold of power. Jinnah had perforce to take someone from East Bengal into his Cabinet and who had better chance than the spruce, self-groomed former Minister of Bengal? But it was Jinnah's strategy to keep clever men at bay and when the names of the new ministers were announced, the dark horse, Fazlur Rahman romped home to victory. Suhrawardy walked out of the platform, his brow wreathed in sorrow.

Great Thirst for Power

Ever since then, his one aim and object in life was to create conditions to step on the ladder of power. The end justified any means. He began

to hit out at those who stood between him and the political throne which he coveted. He harped on the harm done to the eastern wing of Pakistan, blamed the authorities for the hostility shown by the Hindus. He said that there should be no distinction between the Pakistan Hindu and the Pakistan Muslim. Part of his campaign is based on his belief that Hindus with seats of their own might become too pivotal in a divided Assembly. So he pleaded for joint elections. In one of his animated speeches he said that a majority had a great gift that could never belong to a minority, the gift of being able to be magnanimous.

Suhrawardy made headlines when he accompanied Gandhiji in his Noakhali mission. His enemies twitted him as a quisling with one foot in Hindustan and another in Pakistan.

He capitalised the discontent against the Muslim League by forming his own party, known as the Awami League. He toured from village to village in East Pakistan.

His mission to Goa and Portugal is still shrouded in mystery. But he became unpopular with Indians when he showed his sneaking sympathy with Salazar.

After nine years of waiting, power has come his way. But he still sits on a precarious political throne. The deluge may come any day. The Punjab dominated western wing of Pakistan does not like to be ruled by an East Pakistani, however clever he may be. Even in his own province he has enemies. Once when he was on a visit to East Bengal he was detained by the authorities as an undesirable.

A Figure to Reckon With

Suhrawardy has a vitriolic tongue. He can handle the toughest pressman with skill. He has been a widower for many years. Though he does not smoke or drink, he likes gaiety. He is passionately addicted to music and is immensely fond of ball room dancing. He spends lots of his time in a small bed room which has twin beds. On one he sleeps and the other is littered with blue books, files and newspapers. He owns over a thou-

sand gramophone records. He dances to their tunes.

He does not wear western costume often. Ordinarily he is seen in an open white shirt and white trousers.

He is 64 but looks many years younger. He has a son at Oxford and a married daughter at Karachi. He owns a Mercedes car which he drives himself.

Whether in power or in opposition, he will be a figure which Pakistan will have to reckon with.

NEW U. S. ENVOY AWAITS DELHI ASSIGNMENT WITH INTEREST

MR. Ellsworth Bunker who will assume the American ambassadorship to India at the beginning of next year is at present a full-fledged delegate representing U.S.A. in the current General Assembly of the United Nations. The other day he held a press conference at the headquarters of the United Nations attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the world press. Mr. Bunker looks somewhat like an elderly Leslie Howard. He is mild mannered, affable and puts you at ease when talking to him. Like Mr. Chester Bowles he is an Yankee coming from the North Eastern States of U.S.A. The Yankees are notorious for their thrifty habits and famous for their high sense of duty and their regard for the democratic way of life. They are not easily taken in. We feel behind Mr. Bunker's kind face and mild manners a man of courage and determination who will do what is right and what will bring about better relations between India and U. S. A. Of course, he looks physically far different from his fellow Yankee, the stalwart Chester Bowles. But both of them, we feel, are inspired and nurtured by the same ideals.

We cannot here refrain from mentioning the predecessor of Mr. Bunker at New Delhi, Senator Sherman Cooper. Mr. Cooper comes from the

so-called South where people are famous for their hospitality and pride of tradition. Strangely the rip roaring Yankee, Chester Bowles, and the very conservative Southerner, Sherman Cooper, proved themselves to be not only the best emissaries of U.S.A. in India but were influencing Washington to understand modern India, its leaders and its problems. We have no doubt that Mr. Ellsworth Bunker will do the same.

Distinguished Businessman

Born in Yonkers, New York, on May 11, 1894, Ellsworth Bunker had a long experience in industry and public service before becoming President of the American National Red Cross. He was elected in November 1953 and took office on January 4, 1954.

In July 1956 President Eisenhower appointed Mr. Bunker a delegate to the General Assembly of the United Nations. The appointment was made while Mr. Bunker was returning to this country from a study of several Red Cross societies of European countries, including the Alliance of Red Cross and Red Crescent of the Soviet Union.

After his graduation from the Yale University in 1916, Mr. Bunker began work with the National Sugar Refining Company becoming the President and then Chairman of that company.

He also acquired interests in sugar companies in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Mexico. In 1936, when the industry organized the Cane Sugar Refiner Association, Mr. Bunker was named as Chairman and still hold this position. In 1942, he was one of the organizers of the Sugar Research Foundation.

In January 1951, Mr. Bunker terminated his business career by accepting an appointment as U. S. Ambassador to Italy, where he served from April 1952 to April 1953. He has been highly commended for his conduct of both the difficult diplomatic assignments.

Mr. Bunker is married to former Harriet Allen Butler, of Yonkers, and has three children and six grand children.

In an exclusive interview to *Krishnappa's News Service* he said:

"I am, of course, looking forward with much interest and pleasure to be serving as the representative of my government in India. While I have not yet had an opportunity to visit India, together with all Americans I have followed with a sympathetic interest India's struggle for independence and her efforts to develop her resources, and improve the living standards of her people. We are all aware, too, of the important position India occupies

as a leader in a part of the world where so many countries, with their new found independence, are endeavouring to develop political, economic and social systems suited to their needs and genius.

"I shall look forward to the opportunity to interpret my country and its ideals to the Government and people of India and in turn to interpret India to the American people.

"It is important that the warm friendship which already exists between India and the United States should be continually nurtured and strengthened through a more complete mutual understanding of the aims and ideals of our two countries.

"This is more important at this critical juncture in world affairs because of the influence which both India and the United States can exert toward the solution of the problems facing us today.

"I am sure that the forthcoming visit of Prime Minister Nehru will contribute greatly towards this end. I am looking forward with pleasure to the opportunity to meet Mr. Nehru as well as your distinguished Ambassador Mr. Mehta, and Mr. Menon and the other members of your delegation to the United Nations, where I am now serving."

—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.

DISTRIBUTION OF POPULATION IN RE-ORGANISED INDIA

By S. P. SHARMA

THE re-organisation of States in India on a purely linguistic basis has, it is widely recognized, resulted in an irrational arrangement of the constituent units from the point of view of their respective area, population and natural resources. The new set-up has States as large as Bombay which comprises of 188,240 sq. miles and as small as Kerala with an area of 14,980 sq. miles; wide differences in population as between the U. P. which has 632 lakhs of people and Jammu and Kashmir with 44 lakhs; and disproportionate distribution of population—in Kerala the density is 908 persons per sq. mile whereas in Jammu and Kashmir and Assam, it is 47 and 106 per sq. mile respectively. The following table makes interesting reading:

State	Density of Population. persons per sq. mile	Area sq. miles	Total Population in lakhs
		(a)	(b)
1. Kerala	908	14,980 (14)	136 (11)
2. W. Bengal	787	33,279 (13)	262 (6)
3. Madras	598	50,170 (11)	300 (5)
4. Bihar	573	67,830 (9)	389 (3)
5. Uttar Pradesh	557	113,410 (4)	632 (1)
6. Punjab	343	46,616 (12)	160 (9)
7. Andhra Pradesh	292	110,250 (5)	322 (4)
8. Mysore	261	72,730 (8)	190 (8)
9. Bombay	254	188,240 (1)	478 (2)
10. Orissa	243	60,140 (10)	146 (10)
11. Madhya Pradesh	152	171,200 (2)	261 (7)
12. Rajasthan	121	132,300 (3)	160 (9)
13. Assam	106	84,924 (7)	90 (12)
14. Jammu & Kashmir	47	92,780 (6)	44 (13)

Note: The figures in brackets show the rank of the unit in (a) area and (b) total population.

It will be seen that the smallest of States, Kerala and W. Bengal have the maximum density of population. It is contended that the States Re-organisation Commission fully examined the viability of the units. But the distribution of population in the various States does not seem to have received adequate attention. This lop-sided distribution is sure to create problems in the wake of reorganisation, making it extremely difficult for backward areas to progress. It is imperative that the different areas should advance more or less uniformly if the country as a whole is to reach the goal we have set for ourselves.

The prosperity of the country is envisaged by our planners as an increased standard of living for the masses. This in turn is measured by an "average" increase in the per capita income and consumption of the necessities of life like food and clothing. But it must be realised that any real prosperity must arise from a receding of the spectre of unemployment and starvation which make people vulnerable to exploitation and impoverish them ultimately.

Unemployment

Thus employment for the masses is one of the most important factors in the economic development of the country. Density of population has a very close bearing on the employment problem as where there is concentration of workers, there is cheapening of labour and lowering of wages besides the difficulty in providing jobs for all. It is therefore clear that merely locating a few factories and other sources of employment cannot neutralise adequately the adverse effects of denser population in areas, especially because of the

high percentage of literacy and education in some of them.

We also hear about increasing agricultural output as a measure of economic amelioration. Allowing it is possible to increase the area under cultivation and yield per acre, as a long-range plan, this can hardly meet the needs of the problem States. Partly because population keeps on growing and partly because agricultural production cannot be increased beyond a certain limit. Fertility of the soil decreases with the passage of time and the vagaries of nature in the matter of rainfall, pests etc., are always dogging our steps from time to time. Added to this, legislation in this country has not been far-sighted and is not designed to provide for proper incentive for increased cultivation and we have not even touched the fringe of the problem of making agricultural labour a co-sharer in the increased returns from land when it results.

Political Factors

On the top of all this, we have to take into account certain political factors also. In Kerala—in the former T. C. State—a stable administration has so far been problematical and it is anybody's guess how conditions in this respect would be in future. Only a strong team of able administrators, which has a chance of continuing in power for a reasonably long period, can devote itself to the tackling of problems of the areas with any amount of success.

From all these considerations, it is quite obvious that the powers that be should awaken before it is too late to the realities of the situation. Concentration of population in areas should be tackled in the only logical way, namely, a more or less even spreading of population throughout the country. The Government and the Planning Commission would do well to take steps to encourage and promote on a planned basis resettlement of population from the densely inhabited areas in States where there

is scope for them to play an effective role in their own and thereby aid the country's economic advancement.

This solution is by no means impossible or new in India. We have heard of a few families from T. C. and West Bengal being resettled in Bhopal and in the Andamans and Nicobar Islands. We have also, though tragically, earned considerable experience in handling millions of refugees from Pakistan and we have a reasonably fair record in this sphere.

No Scope for Emigration

India's average density of population is about 285 persons per square mile. Thus we see that the problem provinces are Kerala, W. Bengal, Madras, Bihar and U. P. in that order. With the trouble we are having in Ceylon and South Africa and other countries regarding people of Indian origin, not only are avenues for foreign migration almost closed, but India is also facing a serious threat of having to take in Hindus from Pakistan and our nationals in the above mentioned countries.

Unfortunately and ironically enough, the linguistic division of India militates against this re-distribution of population. With emphasis on regional languages, with English, which had been a cementing factor in earlier days, almost made outcast and Hindi still having to go a long way in replacing English and the increasing provincialism, free movement from one part of the country to another has received a serious set back. But the fundamental unity of the country is both a factor which we can draw upon and which at the same time stands to receive fresh reinforcement by tackling of the population problem as suggested here. The proposed Zonal Councils, which are expected ultimately to pave the way for a more equitable formation of administrative units, should make a beginning in the consideration of the various aspects of this complicated problem and explore the possibility of tackling it on these lines.

BEAUTY PARLOUR FOR MEN

By SUBHASH J. RELE

IT is the happy prerogative of woman to look as beautiful as possible and it is her heritage to exercise her charm. It is women we usually associate with beauty aids. But beauty aids have had their acknowledged uses for males too. It seems odd—does it not? But truth is at times stranger than fiction.

Indubitably, the beauty-aids of early men were as intriguing as those of women. Men were just as much slaves of beauty-aids as women, the only difference being that their fashions changed more slowly. The application of beauty-aids demands infinite subtleties that cannot be discounted. Nevertheless, men were perfect in the art.

The early man, long before he took to wearing the skins of animals, decorated his body with bright flowers and mysteriously daubed himself with paint. Among the earliest pre-historic finds are red and black colours ground into powder, which, mixed with animal fat, adhered to the body. Possibly it was the men who first painted their faces and adorned their bodies. In the beginning perhaps they only greased their skins to keep them supple in the dry winds to which they were subjected. Artificial colouring of the body to attract women and frighten enemies was man's first attempt at applying beauty aids.

Ancient King's Beauty Cream

Perhaps one of the most fascinating and revealing discoveries in King Tut-ankhamen's tomb was the noble young King's cosmetic jar—which was a thing of exquisite beauty. When it was opened, the jar still contained a cream which had odour suggestive of coconut, but which later on was analysed as an animal fat.

The Roman males were enormously particular about make-up. The Roman conquerors, when they came riding into Rome after a conquest, painted themselves with vermillion dye, and Caesar, in his commentaries, candidly mentioned the fact that the Britons were strongly painted for battle. Beauty aids were an endless source of diversion too. Petronius poked fun at a young gallant whose facial paint had melted in the heat and run down his chin.

By the time Nero was the Emperor of Rome, cosmetics and perfumes were playing an important part in court life. Nero personally used many cosmetics while Poppaea, his wife made no secret of the artificiality of her toilet.

Cosmetics were as freely used in ancient Greece by men as by women. The men took unbounded enthusiasm and keen interest in the art of make-up. They had an amazing penchant for applying chalk, black and blue paints, milk and vermillion to their faces. The effect was no doubt eminently agreeable to them.

In Greece both men and women indulged in fancies for the hair. Blonds were extremely popular, while the rage for light-coloured hair was at its height. Men often employed strigil or flesh scraper, with which, after the bath, they removed from their bodies the fuller's earth and lye powder which were used as soap. The strigil worked wonders for it also removed dead skin and kept the live skin glowing and healthy.

The Persians were connoisseurs of scents; they were believed by the ancients to have invented perfumes and cosmetic creams. The king of Persia never went to war without a costly unguent to ensure his fragrance in victory or in defeat.

The highly sophisticated males in Egypt knew all the nuances of the art of make-up. Perhaps they utilized more beauty-aids than any other ancient peoples. In many places the enthusiasm was catching. The Egyptian men adroitly painted their eyebrows and all round their eyes with antimony. In the British Museum are Egyptian toilet articles and vases of unguents over 5000 years old. Egypt's withering heat also led to the artificial bath. Men and women went out with cosmetics on, what with white lead and chalk to lighten the skin: fucus—a sort of rouge—for cheeks and lips; pumice—stone to 'bryten' the teeth.

Men Prized Slim Waists

Nor were men less devoted to dress in ancient times. The earliest Babylonian male wrappers were artfully arranged in spiral folds which needed thirty feet of material a yard wide, as examples found in tombs have proved. A tailor's bill carved on a chalk tablet found in Chaldea demands payment for ninety-two robes and tunics of which fourteen were more expensive than the rest, being perfumed with myrrh, aloes and cassia. The Egyptian dandies of the Middle Kingdom originated a new form of coquetry when they began wearing a long, exotic skirt of trans-

parent material over the customary loin-cloth.

Waist-tightening was not the privilege of women only. It has been used with effect as the oldest form of coquetry by men too. From time immemorial in Crete men belted in their single garment extremely tightly to make themselves wasp-waisted. Aristophanes however ridiculed the Greek poet Cinesias for pulling in his waist by means of a corset fashioned from small wooden planks.

Perhaps you will be surprised to learn that as recently as the 19th century it was considered handsome for a man to be elegantly narrow in the middle and corsets were much more commonly worn by men than generally supposed. All this sounds pretty strange. Nevertheless this sartorial convention was taken as a great beauty-aid. Most of the portraits of Albert, the Prince Consort, was certainly regarded the 'bel homme' of his day, depicting him with a waist as narrow as a girl's. This no doubt was a remarkable way of attracting attention. Small wonder it gave rise to a new crop of coquets among males.

On second thoughts, is it not indiscreet on our part to complain and say that males have been given a raw deal in matters of beauty-aids?

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SOCIAL JUSTICE

By M. V. BALAKRISHNA RAO

NEITHER *laissez-faire* individualism (which is capitalism) nor *laissez-faire* collectivism (which is Stalinism) is the Promised Land of peace and plenty the people are hankering after. Once they hungered for wealth and achieved capitalism. Then they hungered for equality and achieved Stalinism. The free market under conditions when a few are rich and the many are poor satisfies the needs of the rich by exploiting the poor and profiting the capitalist. The profit-motive under unrestrained individualism results in maldistribution of wealth to such an extent that the rich can do anything they like and get away with it, while the poor cannot have even the creature comforts of life. The capitalist with his great wealth corrupts the State and employs it for his personal gain at the cost of the legitimate rights of the poor.

The collectivist State under conditions when a few are rulers and the many are defenceless satisfies the needs of the powerful—the bureaucracy, the army and the police—by exploiting the masses and profiting the politician. The power-motive under unrestrained collectivism results in maldistribution of political power to such an extent that the politicians can do anything they like and get away with it, while the masses cannot have even the elementary right to think their own thoughts. The politician with his overwhelming power corrupts the State and employs it for his personal gain at the cost of the legitimate freedom of the masses.

Capitalism and Stalinism

If capitalism is the result of unrestrained economic individualism, Stalinism is the result of unrestrained political collectivism. Under capita-

lism only the rich have effective political power; under Stalinism only the politically powerful have sufficient wealth. Under capitalism, the capitalist and the proletarian have mutually antagonistic interests; under Stalinism, the Stalinist and the masses have mutually antagonistic interests. Under capitalism the proletarian lacks effective political rights to withstand the aggression of corrupting wealth; under Stalinism the mass lacks effective economic rights to withstand the tyranny of corrupted politics. Both capitalism and Stalinism remind us of the young man who said: "Before marriage I hungered for her; now that I am married, I am fed up with her!"

The question remains: Of the myriad panaceas and 'ideologies,' which is the lake and which is the mirage? Which is that water which not merely glistens, but quenches the thirst? Social justice, the ethical drive of Socialism, has its eye not so much on production as fair distribution of wealth. Distribution is the criterion of the justice of an economic set-up of society. Distribution has two aspects, corresponding to the two sides of a transaction—the production side and the distribution side.

The nature of the products of each industry must give us the clue for arriving at the proportion of utility contributed by each grade of workers employed. The total proceeds can be divided according to the just percentage for each grade of workers and the resulting amount can be divided by the number of workers of that grade in each factory to give the just wage. This means the labourer is also submitted to the risks of the changing needs of the consumer; that

means he faces the consequences of the losses also.

The irresponsible politician has less scope if each industry has a legally enacted proportion of distribution provided the proportions can be altered according to the needs of the industry by a *due procedure of law* which demands the consideration of all the human agents effected by the change.

The principle of justice assumed in the Marxian notion of surplus and the worker's right to have his share is that man has a right to the exclusive use or disposal of what he creates by the application of his skill and effort. One can readily agree with this principle of justice.

The principle for law derives from this principle of justice that any man who attempts to confiscate the fruits of another man's labour is unjust and therefore physical force may be legitimately used against him to protect the victim against unjust confiscation. Thus force used by the police is justified but the force used by robbers and thieves is unjust. One is a socially beneficial force and the other is a socially harmful force.

Property is the product of the individual's labour applied to natural resources and transformed into 'utility.' 'Utility' is nature's just reward for man's skill and effort.

The Two Essential Rights

Under social conditions, that is, when the available natural resources are limited and the production of a commodity involves more than one person, the purely social problem arises. Man needs 'utility' to live. Utility, the consumable commodity, is both stuff and form. The stuff is the 'gift of nature' while form is human creation. But human 'creation' is a dependent creation, dependent on available stuff.

This in social relations creates the two indispensable 'rights' which must

be present if man is to live at all. Without the 'right to land', the 'right to work' cannot be exercised. And without the right to work man, says Nature, has no 'right to live'! These rights are part of the struggle for existence.

The 'right to land' and the 'right to work,' are conditioned by the existing natural resources. This gives a lead to the understanding of the relation between political and economic organisations. Politics is the maintenance of a steady supply of land. Economics is the maintenance of a steady supply of technology and labour, and wealth is a steady supply of satisfactions. And a stable series of satisfactions is happiness, the fulfilment of individual personality.

Thus the political right is the guarantee of access to 'the means of production' in so far as it can be granted by men in co-operation. A political right does not create land, it only distributes what the group of men as a whole have access to. An economic right is the guarantee of undisturbed application of human effort and skill to the 'stuff' obtained through political right. An economic right cannot create human skill and effort, it only allocates the skill among the different needs within the community. And the personal or individual right is the freedom to consume 'property' which is the result of having exercised first political right, then economic right. This again is a guarantee which is limited by the ability of men to keep it up.

Choosing An Ideology

Each ideology recommends itself to the whole people. Each is based on a body of knowledge and each recommends a set of purposes to be commonly pursued based on this knowledge, and each recommends a scheme of interpersonal behaviour required by the purposes to be fulfilled.

How are we to choose from the many ideologies?

The human cycle of life is desire, action for the fulfilment and the enjoyment of the consequences of purposive activity. The origin of purpose is always one single individual person. It may then be accepted by a few and later by the majority. After the acceptance by a majority it demands new patterns of interpersonal behaviour which are necessary for the newly accepted purpose and therefore commands the service of socially beneficial force by acquiring political power. From political power follows economic power adapted for the newly accepted 'social purpose' and as the natural consequence follows the new pattern of consumption. The new pattern of consumption, in contrast to the previous pattern, is the growth of society, an increasing approximation to 'social justice.'

All social institutions are patterns of interpersonal behaviour indispensable under the prevailing conditions of living together in pursuit of a common purpose. Institutions are ethical ideas as Bosanquet put it. Institutions are there to serve the recurrent needs of men in society. An institution unites more than one person with the same purpose, and it is intended to endure. Institutions are distinguished by the purpose they embody. This purpose itself is a means to the individual's 'satisfaction'.

The Laws of Nature

Once man conceives of a purpose, it is the nature of all the materials used in the interval between the decision to act and the enjoyment of the sought-after 'satisfaction,' that determines the 'right' or 'efficient' or 'economical' course of action man must resort to in order to have the desired experience. The principle of Reason is here at work. Given a purpose, a set of facts as they are, the properties of things, and the knowledge of varying their relations by the use of human skill, how to arrive at the

optimum to satisfy the purpose within the given time span?

The sciences study nature with a 'neutral' purpose to discover ways of utilising the world for human purpose. This in other words means, that they study and classify the 'laws of nature' which may be used for 'any human purpose' permitted by the nature of the subject studied by the particular science. The 'laws of nature' are the probable constant behaviour patterns of the specific aspects of nature under investigation. Each science is distinguished by the aspect of nature it selects for study. The unity of a science is this unity of aspect, the constance of the purpose of the classification of phenomena.

The determination of the optimum combination of natural and human elements based on the knowledge of natural and social sciences for a specific social purpose is the formulation of an 'ideology.'

PARADOX OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE

"It's a strange paradox, the English theatre. The Government consider it, like all the arts, unimportant. The average Englishman is apathetic towards it, or likes it in its cruder forms; playwrights find it difficult to get their plays put on; the vast majority of actors are out of work. And yet, when future generations look back to England today it may seem like a golden-age in the theatre—the age of the poet-playwrights, T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry; the age of the glorious actors—Sir John Gielgud, Sir Laurence Olivier, Michael Redgrave, Alec Guinness, Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ashcroft. No, England doesn't seem to care about her theatre—but oddly enough it does flourish."—YVONNE MITCHELL, a young British actress.

TRAIN-TALK

By NILKAN PERUMAL

TRAIN-TALKS can be sometimes very interesting. You meet in your compartment men of different callings, with different views. Like the talk in a club house you exchange views. Unless you travel with the conventionally-minded who insists on introduction, you get on fairly well with your fellow-passengers and rattle a lot of talk on topics of interest. I make it a point that I am not Master of Ceremonies or the Major Domo on such occasions, but when someone in the compartment sets the ball rolling, I freely respond to the train-talk and profit a lot by gauging public opinion. It so happened a week ago as I was travelling to Coimbatore from Madras.

We had a veteran, a department stenographer of the railways, past his retiring age of fifty-five. He appeared to be a talkative soul and he opened the compartment-forum that evening. The second person was a Consulting Engineer. There were also a couple of youngmen drawn from the banking community of Nagerathars. I, humble scribe, shared their company.

The stenographer began with an eulogy of old times, the demoralization of the present-day standards in everything, education, social life, morals, honesty, integrity etc. "Oh, in our days, life was worth living," he said and mourned about the fall that had come to our countrymen. Every one around the talker shared his views. He then said how he could even today recite word by word passages from *Julius Caesar* and how modern graduates remembered nothing. To which remark I put in a casual observation of Mark Twain that "you need remember nothing, if you are telling the truth always." Next, the talk veered round the

standards of administration in India. The stenographer said he had lived under British rule and now, he was working badly in recent times. Why, he seemed to prefer, unpatriotically enough, the glorious days of British rule, adding that "self-Government is no substitute for good government." He instanced how our railways were working badly in recent times. "Why should Lal Bahadur Shastri resign for an 'act of God' or the incompetence of railway servants?" he asked. We all nodded our heads in agreement. Now, the trains ran slow, due to cautious driving and arrived late at their destinations, he said and asked whether there was no caution before the Ariyalur accident? The marathon-talker went on with his multi-farious-theses. We Indians, he said, had a nasty habit of blaming the British for everything, unthinkingly. "If the bug bit us, the British were blamed, if the scorpion gave a sting, the British were responsible for it, what nonsense! Now everything goes wrong, but we are not blameworthy of anything!" We all smiled, enjoying the veteran's dig at everything Indian.

It was now the turn of the engineer. He drew our attention to the new Capital Gains taxes. He complained that the State was collecting too many taxes, too much. Then I put in that we ought to follow the maxims contained in the *Artha Shashtra*. Therein it is said that "if a Finance Minister collected more taxes than it was absolutely necessary, his nose should be cut off." But then, the problem arose as to how to cut off T. T. K.'s nose?

The engineer initiated a discussion on nationalization. It was interesting. "Which is the one walk of life in India today where the Government

(Continued on next page)

EQUALITY OR CHIVALRY?

By M. P. JOHN

THE Constitution of India does not ask us to be over-nice to women. Neither do our women want us to be over-attentive to them. It looks as though *equality* has been mistaken for chivalry and *chivalry* itself misunderstood. At any rate, the age of chivalry ended with the sinking of the Titanic in 1912 when women travelling first and second classes were rescued and children in the third class left to a watery grave.

Of course, it is just nice to give your seat in a State Transport bus to a lady. But what is not so nice is to hang around her expecting her 'thanks' and refuse to move forward. No wonder you often come across girls who refuse your *kind* offer. They have developed a better sense of equality.

It is certainly laudable on your part to stop your car and give a lift to a lady waiting in the rain for a bus. But is it so necessary to offer to teach her driving? Do you make such offers to your best male friend?

Somebody once suggested in the Parliament that separate seats be allotted for ladies travelling by plane. Male members retorted vehemently. But it was revealing to the common man (who does not get plane seats at Government expenses) that gentlemen try to be over-nice even at high levels.

All these are mere pin-pricks when compared to the fate of working girls. A recent advertisement called for a girl who would not exploit the situa-

(Continued from previous page)

has not put its finger?" he asked. The railways had been nationalized, the telephones, the transports, some hotels, the airways, the insurance business and a variety of others. Even banks are semi-nationalised, since the activities of all banks come under the control of the Reserve Bank these

tion for marriage—as if men allow her a more respectable way out!

Does the working girl get a fair deal? No. Is it because of ill-treatment? Of course, not. Every one including the officer is nice to her. As days go by, he is even more nice to her. And that is the beginning of the end. The idea is working in his head, or as the saying goes, he is getting ideas in his head. He starts confiding in her all his business worries and then his personal troubles. He even tells her what a miserable specimen of humanity he is, not even understood by his own wife. The danger signal is now on. Special privileges, flowers and costly presents trip one over another. The poor girl has henceforth to play hide and seek and make herself fit for the most difficult assignments in diplomacy. Failing which she has to seek another job to maintain her children or aged parents. Or give him a slap, and seek another job.

Is the male of the species ever so nice to his own mother, sister or even his wife? Not if he can help it. Only if she can extract it.

Our Government is repeatedly asking the women to take their equal and rightful place with men and to contribute their share to build up the nation. But the cry for equality has something psychologically wrong about it. Men are a bit too *chivalrous*. Perhaps all may be well if we replaced it with the slogan "Don't be over-nice to women."

days. Then, he wittily added that even *applam*-making is nationalised! Refugees and helpless women are made to roll *applams* and sell them through co-operative societies. And it seems such *applams* cost much more than those produced by private enterprise. The engineer did not stop. "Even barbering would soon be

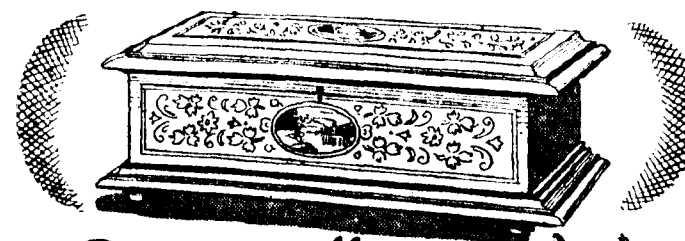
nationalised affair," he said, explaining that a School of Hair-dressing was to be shortly established by the Government in Bombay. The stenographer then asked what the curriculum in such a school would be? Would they teach aspirant-barbers only hair-cut, shave, massages and manicure, or include a course for *arranga* shaves as well? Really, when the engineer shot at point blank such a clear-cut question, none of us had any answer.

The *Nagarathar* youngman in the compartment, at this stage, drew our attention to what a Bombay weekly paper published regarding a reported romance of our former Governor Sri Prakasa at his ripe old age of sixty-even. The report was subsequently contradicted, said the engineer, adding that "there can't be smoke without fire." Another *Nagarathar* present said that there was a wild rumour that Prakasa had already married secretly a beauty from Malabar at the Nataraja shrine in Chittambaram on November 22 when

he was there. "Nonsense," I contradicted, "rumours should not be always taken seriously in this land of rumours and rumours."

Then, the attack was on me. My fellow-travellers enquired why I had ceased to be a *journalist*? I repeated what I said in an interview to a Bombay daily newspaper last August. "Journalism must have a purpose, a phase for creative art. None such exists in journalism today in India," I answered and explained what the Press is presently doing in India. "That is something new on us," put in the engineer in agreement.

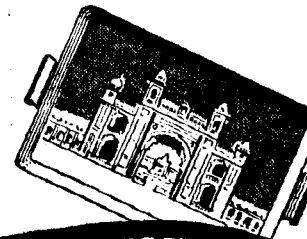
The train steamed on. Arakonam was reached. An hour and twenty minutes had been spent by us in the compartment in prattle. The veteran stenographer got out, leaving the rest of us to munch refreshments. The talk was an eye-opener to me. I learnt what people generally thought of our current problems. Yes, I look forward to more such talks in my future train-travels.



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New Books

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY. By Bertrand Russell. Published by Allen & Unwin, London. Pp. 237. Price 16 sh.

LOOKING back and reflecting on eighty-two years of active pursuit of ideas and association with the outstanding men of the period, Bertrand Russell gives the reader a book of the utmost interest. Though he has not attempted to write an autobiography here, the chapters are glimpses into the author's life, and even those that are not biographical have something of that character on account of the personal point of view emphasized in them. Hence, throughout the book there is a warmth and feeling, whatever the author may be writing about.

Some of the most interesting chapters, however, are those in which the author gives rapid sketches of the most important men and women he knew. There is his grandfather, Lord John Russell, impressive and aristocratic, in whose house the author's early years were spent, and whose influence did much to shape the personality of the future philosopher. All the others who are portrayed are presented in short essays in which the light of personal estimate is turned on them in a very skilful manner. Bernard Shaw is the most outstanding of them. Russell noted three phases in Shaw's life: the first when he was a reviewer of music and letters, the second as a writer of comedies and the third as a prophet. Bertrand Russell appreciated him most in the first two periods, but the last in which he demanded "equal admiration for St. Joan of Orleans and St. Joseph of Moscow," he did not find to be so satisfactory. So also he complains that Shaw often mistook wit for wisdom. But he recognizes that Shaw did a good service by attacking Victorian humbug, and gives

some very interesting anecdotes in that connection.

Russell had greater political sympathy with H. G. Wells, and he claims that "Wells' importance was primarily as a liberator of thought and imagination. He was able to construct pictures of possible societies, both attractive and unattractive, of a sort that encouraged the young to envisage possibilities which otherwise they would not have thought of." More interesting than this estimate for the modern reader is perhaps the personal observation that Wells had very bright eyes and that, though he talked as if he had only an impersonal interest in the subject, he was a very vivacious and amusing talker.

D. H. Lawrence does not seem to have very much satisfied Russell. Possibly it was because he felt that in Lawrence there was a general hatred of humanity. There is, however, much truth in the criticism of the causes which led to the awakening of the hatred in Lawrence. But he had also in his time given some stimulus to Russell. George Santayana, Joseph Conrad and A. N. Whitehead are some of the other contemporaries who are presented with much discrimination.

But it is the Webbs that are described with the keenest insight and understanding. Though the two have come to be closely associated in the popular mind, Russell points out their essential differences. He knew them intimately for a number of years, and he declares that they "were the most completely married couple" he had ever known. Though their collaboration was quite dove-tailed, he thinks that "she had the ideas and he did the work."

The estimates of these persons and the vivid sketches of their personalities are made all the more interesting by the anecdotes scattered throughout

the book. Lord John Russell told the Shaw that his house was a small one. The Shaw replied, "Yes, it is a small house, but it contains a great man." When the capture of Paris was imminent Santayana told Russell: "I think I must go to Paris, because my winter underclothes are there, and I should not like the Germans to get them. I have also left there the manuscript of a book on which I have been working for the last ten years, but I don't mind so much about that." Readers will recognize that this is of a piece with the spirit pervading the books of Santayana. Another anecdote shows Bernard Shaw's effrontery. Masaryk the creator of Czechoslovakia was in London and had said that he was willing to meet a few people before ten o'clock one morning. All arrived punctually. Shaw was late. "He marched straight up to the Great Man and said, 'Masaryk, the foreign policy of Czechoslovakia is all wrong.' He expounded this theme for about ten minutes, and left without waiting to hear Masaryk's reply." There are many more of such intimate glimpses.

The book contains also a number of impersonal essays. There is a study of John Stuart Mill. 'Mind and Matter,' 'Knowledge and Wisdom,' 'History as an Art,' 'A Philosophy for our Time' and 'A Plea For Clear Thinking' are some of the other impersonal essays. Since Russell had gone to jail for four and a half months for being a pacifist what he says about 'Steps Towards Peace and Man's Peril' is of special interest. But from a man of eighty-two and a great thinker it is of interest to hear about 'Road To Happiness' and 'How To Grow Old'. According to Russell the two things to be avoided by old people are undue absorption in the past and clinging to youth. As for happiness, he insists that: "The most important thing is an activity which at most times is enjoyable on its own account, and which in addition gradually builds up something that you are glad to see coming into existence."

Bertrand Russell's wide knowledge, deep and original thought, and easy, clear style are evident throughout the book.

P. L. STEPHEN

Theatre

"DEVAKIYIN KANAVAN"
Story by 'Kalki'; Dramatised by N. V. Natarajan; Directed by N. S. Natarajan; Presented by The Adyar Nataka Manram on 13th December at the Rasika Ranjani Sabha, Mylapore.

THE Adyar Nataka Manram shot into fame within a very short time of its inception. They were first introduced to the public by the Rasika Ranjani Sabha and their play 'Aval Vinaiyu' elicited high praise from the critics and won public ovation. Mr. Partha, the distinguished critic of the *Sport and Pastime*, reviewing it wrote that "the play was a remarkable combination of action and drama which seemed to put in the shade some of the more experienced amateurs and even professional

troupes." This is no mere adulation, and this youngest of all troupes would have shown their talents better if they had been encouraged by the other Sabhas and given more chances to perform on the stage.

Their new play 'Devakiyin Kanavan' has not the twists and the dramatical conflicts which are the ingredients of the ordinary type of plays. Devaki is the only daughter of Padmanabha Iyengar, the headmaster of the Thiandangoral High School. Krishnaswami Sundaram and Vaithi are the classmates of Devaki and they all fall in love with her. Krishnaswami has earned the affection of both the headmaster and his wife. This enables him to move closely with Devaki. The headmaster decides to give Devaki in

marriage to someone whom she does not know at all. Devaki objects to the marriage but her protests go unheeded. A faked love letter gets into the hands of the bridegroom and stops the marriage. Krishnaswami who is accused of writing that letter quits the village. After ten years, he accidentally meets Devaki and her child in an exhibition at Madras. When he enquires about her husband she replies that her husband who went to Hyderabad never returned. Later, at her house, he is told by her father that her husband is in a lunatic asylum. Sundaram, whom he accidentally meets, informs him that Devaki's husband committed suicide. In the end Krishnaswami learns that these three versions about Devaki's husband are taken from a play in which Sundaram was acting as the hero, and that her husband is none other than his friend Sundaram himself. Devaki reveals that the faked love letter was planted in the pocket of the would be bridegroom in pursuance of a plot by herself and Sundaram.

The play is not as gripping as "Aval Ninaivu." The production and the performance also cannot be said to be as good as in their previous play. But the troupe still managed to maintain their superiority in amateur stagecraft.

The dialogue is well written but there are too many unnecessary and irrelevant conversations. By curtailing these, the play could be much improved and the tempo accelerated.

The best performance was from Vijayalakshmi who acted as the wife of the headmaster. She distinguished herself by restrained and dignified performance. S. Prabhakar appeared as Boogolam, the peon of the school. This born comedian is shaping very well and has a great future. He is the Dany Kaye of South India and will prove to be an asset to the film world if any enterprising producer would venture to utilise his talents. Saroja as Devaki and Santhakumari

as maid-servant played their parts well. But the former spoiled her acting in the later scenes by rolling her eyes too much. The latter used too many gestures. Bhudalur K Sethuraman gave a very realistic portrayal as the headmaster. K. A. Narayanaswami as Krishnaswami was good. His acting in the parting scene after the stopping of the proposed marriage of Devaki was touching. But he lacked proper facial expressions. Constant Coquelin in his book "The Art of the Actor" wrote, "One word about the physiognomy of the actor on the stage. It is the eye that sums it all up. It is the light, the transparency, the life of expression. There the public watches you, and there it tries to read you. Let it then be your first care. If you allow the glance to remain inexpressive, wandering, uninterested in what is being said or in what is happening, the public is put out: it loses interest, and begins to feel, 'what is the matter with him?' He is looking at the audience!" And while the public considers these points, what becomes of the play? You have a story to tell, yet your eye visualise the thing you speak. The public will see it reflected there." Narayanaswami and N. R. Rajagopal acted with ease in the latter part of the play. N. V. Natarajan's acting as Vaithianathan was not satisfactory.

It is to be noted that two of the actresses are not of amateur status. It would be better to have on the amateur stage only amateur artistes. Only then can the troupe call themselves as real amateurs.

Proper atmosphere was not created for the temple scene. This could have been done by playing a *Thambura* and by ringing bells. Lighting was not upto the mark.

The veteran actor of the Triplicane Fine Arts Club Sambhu N. S. Natarajan directed the play and his direction was the chief reason for the continued success of the Adyar Nataka Manram.

—BHAKTHAN

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

At last the film industry is celebrating the Silver Jubilee of Indian Talkies from Sunday the 10th December. During this week, about 27 classic films will be shown, a symposium will be held on films and the nation and a variety programme on the 22nd will provide a fitting climax to the festival, during which the pioneers including Ardeshar M. Irani who produced the first full length talkie picture, will be honoured.

On this occasion, it is rather unfortunate that we should have not a single producing concern 25 years old, though we have several active producers and directors notably Shantaram, B. N. Sircar, Debaki Bose, Chandulal Shah, Nandlal Jasswantlal, Bhavnam, R. S. Chowdhary, Jayant Desai, Manubhai Vakil and Vijay Bhatt who have been making pictures for over twentyfive years. Similarly, we have technicians and artistes who have put over twentyfive years of service in the film industry. In spite of insecurity, there are many people in the film industry, working for so many years.

From *Alamara* to *Jhanak Jhanak* and *Pathir Panchali* the Indian film has certainly made a notable progress. The technical progress is really more than satisfactory; even in acting, from the old theatrical style the Indian film has attained maturity and realism. The natural acting school started by Motilal has found its perfection in Dilip, Raj and Nargis. The twentyfive years can be divided into four epochs. The first epoch began with the introduction of talkie and lasted for five years in which the talkie came to stay and

replaced the stage as a form of entertainment. During this era, the mythological films dominated on the one hand and the stage technique on the other. Later, came the era of progressive social films which began with *Chhaya* and *Devdas* and culminated with *Admi*, *Zindagi*, *Sarkari Pash* and *Aurat*. This was the most fruitful era and revealed the power of screen as a purposeful entertainer spotlighting the evils prevalent in contemporary life. It also marked the introduction of social satire in pictures like *Bramachari* and *Sunhera Sansar*.

With the advent of war came the plethora of inconsequential entertainers and boy-meets-girl romances like *Khazandri* and *Banshan* and the school of box office formula prevailed till 1945-46, and brought in its wake the evil of soaring star prices and theatre hire.

The twin evils are dominating the film industry even in the post-war period in which efforts have been made to revive realism and comedy but the spectacular star-studded entertainers continue to dominate the scene with colour as an added attraction. Yet *Do Bigha Zamin*, *Rahi*, *Pathir Panchali* and *Jagte Raho* have again demonstrated the screen's power in presenting the evils of our society and the plight of the poor people. Their success in India and abroad might still pave way for progressive and purposeful films and lift up the contents of our films in the years to come. If this week's celebrations help to remind the industry of its task ahead and its lasting achievements of the past, they would have served a useful purpose.

Picture Of The Week

Raj Kapoor's *Jagte Raho* which was released three months later in Bombay than other places, thanks to the theatre problem, is a remarkable film in more than one way.

Its screenplay tries to maintain a perfect unity of time and place. All the action takes place in just one night and in just one particular mansion; and yet it has more speaking characters than any picture. Moreover, this is the first picture in which Raj Kapoor sheds all romantic glamour. True, he has played the role of tramp before. But this time the tramp is not an adventurous youth who indulges in crime but just an unclean simpleton in search of water in a big city.

Persued by the Police, he takes refuge in a big building when he is chased as a thief. The picture mainly recounts this chase and deals with the people whom he encounters while hiding in one flat after another. He comes across a young girl meeting secretly her lover, a drunkard who wants his wife to dance, a race-goer who is prepared to steal his wife's bangles, a boot-legger and a gang of people who print counterfeit notes. All these encounters are aptly dramatized with accent on satire which is both subtle and penetrating. Though the treatment is hilarious and there are many moments of laughter, the satire dominates the comedy and dramatic irony impresses more than the hilarious gags.

The screenplay is compact and yet one feels that there is too much of dialogue and some of the sequences are little over-drawn, while the satire on hypocrisy, cheating and the greed of the city people is ruthless and even bitter. But the pattern of satire becomes a little monotonous as the picture proceeds and unfortunately there is no counter-point to the satire sharing the essential goodness of the people. But for a child, the hero does not come across as a single honest individual, honest to himself and humanity. At least there should have been a couple of characters to provide the necessary contrast and counterpoise to the satire.

But for these blemishes *Jagte Raho* emerges as a brilliant film with several outstanding features. Raj Kapoor as the peasant caught in the frenzy of city life gives a memorable performance proving that he is not just a play boy but a mature artiste of high calibre. Pradeep Kumar for the first time reveals a flair for comedy. Motilal as the drunkard is good, but tends to be mechanical at places. The other artistes give excellent support to Raj.

The sets are realistic, the photography superb as usual. The background music by Salil Chowdhary deserves special mention. Among the songs, the first song rendered by Mukesh and the Punjabi songs are excellent with Manohar Deepak's dance a treat by itself.

Jagte Raho may or may not bring money but it certainly would bring name to Raj both as a producer and as an actor. It would mark a good beginning for the new-comers, Som-bhu Mitra and Amil Maitra, the author and the director of the film.

Personality Of The Week

Rossellini, who set a new vogue in neo-realistic film by marking *Open City* and *Shoe Shine* in India. He is quite different from all American and other foreign producers and directors. He selects a subject and generally shoots on location, writing the script alongside and usually prefers people to professional artistes for acting in his film. Generous and clever, he made news when Ingrid Bergman divorced her first husband and married him. She was also expected to come with him to India. But he came along with his camera man.

He is such a believer in realism that once while on location, he sacked his cameraman for altering the

effect of nature by removing some stones on the way. He prefers to picturize nature as she is, rather than alter or beautify her.

As soon as he arrived in Bombay, he was asked as to what picture he would make. His answer was non-committal. He said he would see the country first and then decide on the subject. So, apparently it is not correct to say that he has come to India to make a picture on the *Bhoodan* movement. When a reporter mentioned the word *Bhoodan*, his reaction indicated as if he did not know the meaning of the word.

Later, when his hosts—distributor Bosker and Amiralal Patel—asked him to accompany them to see Bombay in a car and go round Bombay he is reported to have replied 'how can one see the place through a car-ride'. He prefers to go about walking or in a bus or tram so that he can see the people and watch them. Walking round Kalbadevi and the busy bazaars of Bombay, he felt a great thrill.

Whatever he decides, one thing appears to be certain: that unlike other foreigners Rossellini will make a really significant picture on India today.

News Of The Week

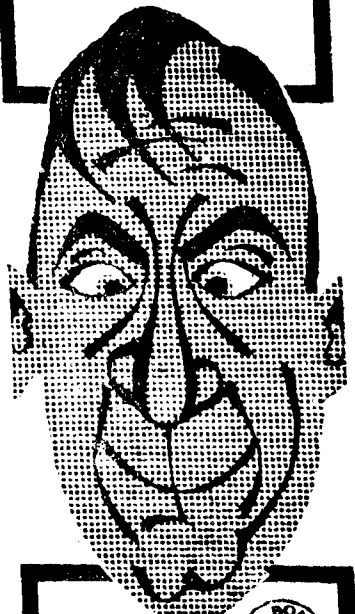
Bimal Roy began the shooting of *Madukumari* at Mohan Studios on Friday the 14th. Both Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala reported for work on the sets that day.

The Muhurat of Light and Shade's *Ration Card* was performed on Tuesday the 11th December. Based on a story by Jagdish Kanwal, the picture stars Ashok Kumar, Nirupa Roy, Amita Guha, Sunder, Raj Mehra and Om Prakash. It will be directed by G. Singh.

Nargis reported for work for the first time last week in Naya Sansar International's *Paradesi* at Mehboob Studios. The picture is being shot almost every day.

WHEN
YOU CAN'T
THINK

TEA
CLEARS
YOUR
MIND



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PST 164

Short Story

By Vera Clacton

"NEEDS A LONG SPOON"

"What do you mean by it?" Nicholas Eld asked her through clenched teeth.

"I am tired of being played fast and loose with. You'd no business to accept my help one day and Dr. Stanton's the next!"

DONA SHAW hurried towards the office through the pale and fitful morning sunshine. Hers was a typist's job and she hated it, but it was not that that had brought the brooding look of tragedy into the cornflower blue eyes or drained the colour of her cheeks. Life had been a morass of bitterness, grief and growing despair since that awful time when the news had been broken to her by a kind-eyed, white-haired doctor.

"It is definitely T. B. He will have to take treatment, of course. We will do our best, but—"

Pitying eyes had looked straight into hers, his hands had made a rather hopeless gesture. She had thought wildly that it could not be true—not for Jimmy, her Jimmy. But it had been true, and slowly as the weeks passed she had come to know that the battle for her lover's life was a losing one.

"If he had come to us earlier," the doctor said once.

Dona had wanted to hurry on the wedding, to snatch at a few months of happiness, but the look in Jimmy's blue eyes shining in his haggard face gave her the answer. Then she had suggested desperately sanatoriums abroad—Switzerland—glorious mountain air. Surely a change of climate was supposed to work miracles?

"Most certainly," the doctor had replied eagerly. "I'll bring you some leaflets!" Those leaflets had been enough. Dona had wept over them.

Where could either she or Jimmy find the money?

Now she glanced at her watch as she hurried along. She turned in at the imposing entrance and took the lift. She hoped the boss would be in a good mood. The business deals in which Rimmen & Son were engaged remained largely a matter of conjecture to the staff in the outer office, but Dona had suspicions that all the appearance of opulence and modern efficiency was based on very doubtful, even shaky foundations. Nor did she like some of the people who came to see the boss: especially she detested one person whose car bore the name Nicholas Eld.

Still, a job was a job, she thought, as she slipped into her usual place and opened her typewriter. If only she could find some way to make money—an awful lot of money, so that Jimmy might find health again in a better climate. She had nursed the ambition once to become a great film star and had even joined a dramatic club, but nothing had ever come of it.

"Here's that Mr. Eld again," the office boy said, putting his head in at the door and then vanishing. Nicholas Eld stalked past on his way to the inner office, and Dona stole a glance at him. He was a tall, hawk-featured individual; she judged him to be about fifty. His tightly curled black hair suggested an Eastern origin. She did not like those full lips, that slanting-eyed piercing stare, those small pointed ears, the cynical lines about his mouth or the elabo-

ately expensive grooming apparent in fine primrose-coloured gloves and smooth broadcloth.

When he again returned through the outer office, she happened to be alone. He paused a moment, and then came towards her desk.

"Miss Shaw," he spoke with deference, "I am quick to read faces; I fear you are in trouble of some kind? I wonder if I could be of any assistance? It would amaze you if you knew how many people come to me for help in their difficulties."

Dona was startled, even a little frightened. Nevertheless—"he's very sympathetic," she thought. She decided that the inward sense of repulsion she had hitherto felt for him had been mere feminine caprice.

"Oh, I have my worries!" She tried to speak lightly, and somehow failed. Then to her utter amazement, she found herself explaining her problem. The thing was fantastic. She was usually one of the reticent type. He heard her out.

"I fancy I can er—adjust matters," he told her, and raised one hand to stem the flow of emotionally warm words of hope, relief and gratitude. "But I'd like the details a little plainer first. Suppose you meet me somewhere outside office hours?"

For a moment she felt a pang of fear, then she recovered.

"That is very kind of you. It is my afternoon off. I often slip into St. James's Church for a few moments on my way home. Shall we meet there?"

Nicholas Eld drew himself up rather stiffly. "Certainly not. I am too old, my dear young lady, to risk the damp and chills of a gloomy church. But there is the park. Suppose we meet at the gates at two o'clock?"

So, at that hour, Dona was at the park gates and there Nicholas Eld

joined her. They walked in silence under the gently rustling branches of the huge beech trees. Together they found a bench. He was first to speak.

"I take it that money is your chief difficulty?" he said musingly. "Strangely enough, I find that so in nearly every case where I do my poor best to assist. Money, money, it gives power to relieve the sickness of dear ones, it can help to bring together lovers parted by thousands of miles of merciless distance. Yet ungrateful mankind persists in referring to money as the root of all evil!"

Dona moved uncomfortably. "Well, one has to pay for things. You can't expect bakers, farm labourers, plumbers or anyone to make work simply a labour of love, can you?"

His eyes flashed. "No," he said with an odd air of triumph. "That is why money is so important. I can quite easily arrange for assistance to reach you. I have my own ways of handling these matters!" Here he threw a curious leering, half challenging glance at her.

"But I also ask payment of some kind, though not in money, my dear young lady, not in money!"

It was then that white-lipped terror gripped her. She half rose from her seat, but he caught her wrist, and she sank back trembling.

"Don't be startled!" The words were spoken in an unpleasant oily fashion. "Surely you have guessed by now *who I am*? Your nice silky-white girlish soul would not seem much to give in exchange for what you want, would it? Why you've hardly used it up to now except to let it loose in the garden of love for a few moments. You'll never miss it."

"You—you must be mad. You can't mean what you say—what you imply." Dona hardly knew that stammering shrill voice for her own. He smiled slowly, frighteningly.

"I am called the father of lies, but I quite often speak the truth. Men have made it so unpleasant that it frequently suits me. As for the proof—shut your eyes!" She obeyed, and felt something thrust into her hand—the hairy, cloven-hoofed foot of some animal. She screamed and snatched away her hand, opening her eyes wide with dread. She realised in one nerve-chilling second that it had been Nick's hand she held.

"You believe?" he murmured imperturbably, and she nodded. Her throat was chokingly hot and dry; she could not have spoken. Then he said with what seemed like ominous complacency: "Our little transaction can be put on a business footing. In a short while you will receive the assistance you require. Don't be surprised at the form it takes!" He rose. "I trust you will be very happily married," he said, and moved away briskly, leaving Dona half fainting. Somehow she managed to stumble her way to the gates and catch a bus home to her lonely bachelor-girl rooms. Dismay shook her, mixed with a sort of wild triumph. She had bought hope for her lover, but at a price that sent the blood draining from her cheeks.

"I've sold my soul," she whispered hoarsely, pressing her fingers together in an icy grip. "I've sold my soul!"

Somehow she got through a feverish restless night, and next day set out to work heavy-eyed.

"My poor sweet, you look the complete dishrag, what's the matter?" Lorna Stanton, an acquaintance, said sympathetically over their cup of morning coffee which they often shared at the Kosy Korner.

Dona found herself telling all about Jimmy and her fears for him. She did not mention Nicholas Eld, however. Lorna broke in:

"You precious nit-wit, why didn't you tell me this ages ago? My father is Doctor Kenneth Stanton. He runs his own Hydro looking out over the lake of Ardo in the Alps. Of course your Jimmy must go there, so don't say a word. Do you think that after all you did for me that time when I was in a jam, that I'd not seize this chance of helping? Payment? Poch! I've only to breathe a word to Dad. There's not a day to lose. We'll have that boy-friend of yours taking up hurdle racing yet. No, seriously, my dear, I'm not joking. You leave it to me!"

Dona lifted a shaking hand to a trembling mouth. It had come—the wonderful hope so dearly purchased, but in a fashion that left her dazed with astonishment. Yet Nicholas had warned her not to be surprised. She started crying.

During the next few days she lived in a whirl of golden love dreams. Only sometimes at night she remembered the awful nature of her bargain, and choked with fear. But nothing else in the world mattered save Jimmy. Why, the very day after her talk with Lorna, a letter had come offering her a dazzling film career. It appeared that some marvellous director had seen her in the dramatic club's presentation of *Romeo and Juliet*, and had marked her name for future use. Now he offered her the coveted title role in a forthcoming masterpiece. Dona had laughed. What—take up a career at such a time? She wrote back to say she was no longer interested in such matters and could not enter into any contract.

It was by sheer ill-omened mischance that Jimmy discovered her secret on the eve of his departure, with all the arrangements made. A slip of the tongue, a few moments' dreadful stammering on her part were enough to set him questioning and cross-questioning in hideous doubt. At first he could not believe

it. Then, to her amazement, he was furious—and with her.

"Such a price," he cried. "No man's worth it. No man would want a girl, his girl, to do such a thing. You should have known that! What in the name of all that is ghastly made you consent?" He took her by the shoulders, and the grip of his fingers made her wince. She gazed mutely into his face so terribly marked by illness and now darkened by that look of despairing reproach.

"But, Jimmy, I should have lost you. What else could I do? Why, you wouldn't even marry me." He broke in then.

"Oh, Dona, oh Dona," he groaned, and turned away, clenching his hands. "That makes it worse. I feel so rottenly to blame!" Then—more sharply, "But I won't go. I won't buy my life so dearly."

"You can't refuse," she wailed in sudden fear. "Why, everything is ready. You'll break my heart. Don't you see you've got to live now for my sake? Don't let all I've gone through be wasted. Oh, Jimmy, don't, don't!" The scalding tears of her anguish blinded her. In a second he was on his knees.

"I'm not worth such a sacrifice, but since nothing can undo what is done, you must let me try to make it up to you, but—" he made a helpless gesture, "that is impossible!" He raised his haunted eyes to hers. She slipped her arm about his thin shoulders.

"I don't quite know what is supposed to happen to people without a soul when they die," she said tenderly. "But till then shall we love each other and be happy?"

"My darling," he whispered humbly, "oh, my darling!"

It was a few days later when Dona was sitting once more on one of the park benches that she saw Nicholas Eld striding over the grass towards

her. He was scowling heavily, his full-lipped mouth was twisted in a threatening expression, half snarl, half wolfish grin.

"What do you mean by it?" he asked through clenched teeth. "I am tired of being played fast and loose with. You miserable puny mortal, you'd no business to accept my help one day and Doctor Kenneth Stanton's the next!"

"But," she stammered. "I thought that that was your arrangement—your help?"

"My arrangement?" He repeated the words with savage emphasis, his face convulsed. "Of course it was not. But men will meddle nowadays, even undermining my power. There's too much of this beastly comradeship and co-operation left from that war. People helping each other forsooth! And why that insolent letter refusing the film contract. I had everything prepared. I should have made you rich—great. That was what you wanted really, wasn't it? Money to pay for travel and sanatoriums, money for everything? You said so yourself!"

She gathered her scattered wits. "Then I don't owe you anything?" she cried, heedless of the frightful gleam which flashed into the malignant green eyes. "You've no power over my soul?"

"No, curse you," he ground his teeth.

"Then get away, you horrible thing. I defy you, just defy you!"

He took a quick step back. For an appalling moment the look on his dreadful face would have betrayed his true nature even if she had not known it. A cloud shadow darkened the grass for a brief instant; it was a hot heavy day; thunder rumbled startlingly close! Then the sun streamed out again. The Devil had gone!

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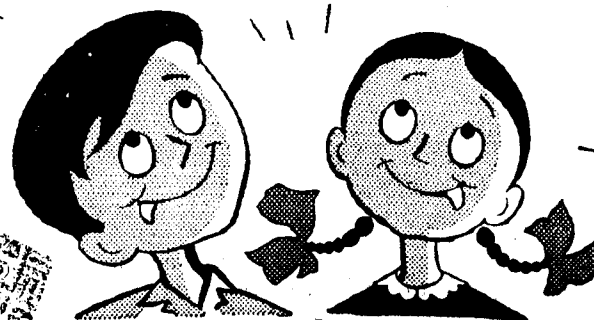
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BRITANNIA



PEDLAR'S PACK

THE most amusing part of American comments on our Prime Minister's role as the voice of resurgent India and as the bastion of democracy shows a total ignorance of the spate of socialistic legislation that is deluging this country both at the centre and at state-levels. We are weakening communists in our midst by the simple device of implementing their policies ourselves! If that satisfies American opinion, all that can be said at this end is that it leaves many sections of the people here dissatisfied, resentful and jittery.

Before he took off for his present foreign tour, Pandit Nehru referred to the complaints in the Lok Sabha that his Deputy Minister for External Affairs had included his own relatives in the Cultural delegation to Russia; and said that the position was that Mr. Chanda had taken his wife, not a relative, that there was a niece rather distantly connected, no nephews and that the son who joined the party travelled at his own expense.

Whom we think superlative

We choose for a wife:—

To call her a relative

Is to risk domestic strife!

As for nieces, they're delicate pieces

While importunate sons or nephews
must be put to national use!

Another news-item: The dinner served for two at the Gettysburg Home-farm of the President comprised baked speckled trout, mashed potatoes, carrots, baked custard, tea and coffee.

As Nehru tasted speckled trout
His ideas began to sprout:

With the arrival of mashed potatoes
He was figuratively on his toes!

Next came on the scene carrots

He thought inconsequently of parrots!

But at the sight of baked custard

He had all his points mustered,

And washed down the whole with coffee

And the dessert included toffee!

When the Food Minister was asked in the Lok Sabha how it was proposed to pay for our imports of wheat and rice in the coming year, he remained silent.

It is considered likely that we would pay through our nose.

Photographers following the tour of the farm by the President and Pandit Nehru begged the latter to pat the President's favourite bull on the head, so that they might snap it.

People who expected our Prime Minister to take the bull by the horns are naturally disappointed that he let slip such a golden opportunity to show his prowess.

Speaking on the motion to expand the strength of the Security Council, Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon said he was opposed to Gentlemen's agreements, but that all decisions should be made by the Assembly.

We hasten to say that this distrust of gentlemen is not one of our national characteristics.

Explaining India's stand in world affairs, Pandit Nehru told the American public that her aim is to serve as a bridge-builder between nations.

The Ariyalur disaster shows that what we need is not more bridges but better supervision of the existing ones.

Mr. Dulles is reported to have met both Mr. Lloyd and M. Pineau and exchanged views in a cordial atmosphere.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd

Was not over-joyed

To welcome Mr. Dulles

Whom he had mistaken for Nulles:

So, it was an ordeal

To meet him and be cordial!

As for M. Pineau

He said, he had enow

Of their pleasant Yankee

And wouldn't even say: 'Thankee!'

LIBRA

December 22 1956

PEOPLE'S CAPITALISM IS THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

By LOU SCHNEIDER

COMMUNIST Russia's leaders are so provoked by the success of people's capitalism in the United States that they ordered their leading economist Eugene Varga to uncover data to fight that truth.

Statistician Varga tried hard, and dug deep. He had to. But the material he offered was so thin that it couldn't be used even by the Communist propaganda machine. Why? Because Americans do enjoy and benefit from individual capitalism.

The people's capitalism that now prevails in the United States is a new era, and entirely different from the old reactionary capitalism the Kremlin is fighting. People's capitalism is proved in that 10 million people have purchased shares in U. S. corporations. On a population basis, it means one of every 16 men, women and children are stockholders.

General Motors is owned by 639,509 stockholders. American Telephone & Telegraph Co. is owned by 1,450,000 stockholders. And 100 million other Americans are indirect owners of corporations through their life insurance firms, pension funds, mutual savings banks and other financial institutions.

In Communist Russia the average worker is paid about 500 rubles a month. At the official artificial exchange rate of 4 rubles for \$1, it means Soviet workers are paid \$125 per month. In the United States the average hourly earning is \$1.98 (for production workers in manufacturing industries) which adds up to \$79.20 on a 40-hour weekly rate. That totals more than \$316 per month. That's only the minimum pay. All workers enjoy time-and-a-half for hours worked above a 40-hour week.

The real cash income per family in America, and after taxes, amounts to about \$5,400. There are 66.7 million people working at the highest wages in history of any nation in the world. They obtain vast benefits from their labour union pension and health funds. The United Mine Workers Union last year distributed \$127.6 million to 206,919 beneficiaries for pensions and medical care.

Americans are health-minded. About 115 million people own more than \$425,000 million in life insurance. About 75 percent of the life insurance payments, which total about \$100 million each week, go to women. And another official figure shows that 110 million people are covered with insurance to pay for hospital and medical care.

People's capitalism is the American way of life. It is a system of free enterprise. A man can work where he wants to work, earn as much as he cares to earn, and invest his money in any manner he likes.

WORLD BANK PRESIDENT'S THESIS

It is a dangerous myth to believe that economic development is a matter for government alone. The great and growing reservoir of human energy in the less developed countries today cannot possibly find a constructive outlet if all decisions affecting economic growth are left to the state. The enthusiasm and potential contribution of every individual must be courted in a successful development programme. And that means leaving a wide area of freedom for individuals to follow their own development initiatives and encouraging them to do so.

—EUGENE R. BLACK