

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:
Srimathi Vimala, film actress.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI.

MAY 5 SATURDAY 1956

No. 14

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL POLICY

THE Government of India have issued the text of a resolution which redefines their industrial policy. Much water has flown under the bridge since the Government's industrial policy was first formulated in April 1948. The Constitution Act has since been enacted. An era of Five Year Plans has been inaugurated. The Congress Party has definitely set before itself the attainment of Socialism as its objective. The latest re-statement of industrial policy by the Government, while it does not seek formally to deprive the people of their fundamental rights guaranteed under the Constitution, it re-arranges the economic basis of their vocations. There is a conflict involved in the build up of socialism of the kind visualised by the Government side by side with the preservation of liberty to the individual. The Government are ostentatiously casting off the free way of life, the pursuit by each individual of an avocation of his choice to suit his inner longings and his genius, and are forcing down the throats of the people a controlled economy and regimented industries. It is astounding that the public in India, including those responsible for the running of the industrial and financial machinery, have accepted this challenge to their liberty of action without demur.

A kind of defeatist mentality has enveloped the thinking section of Indian humanity during the decade that has passed since the advent of

political independence and the disappearance of foreign rule. The hasty retreat which the British made from India at the end of World War No. 2 was due essentially to the fear of the rising tide of communism which was overflowing the frontiers of the Soviet Union and was threatening not only to engulf the population of India but also to submerge the British interests in India and the British personnel who were the caretakers of those interests. But the hasty retreat did not save the country from the evil effects of communism though it did save it from the formal rule of the communists. The entire Marxian philosophy has been swallowed without critical examination not only by the communist party of India but by the other political parties that count, including the ruling party of the Congress. Bertrand Russel roundly declares that not only are the theoretical tenets of Marxism false but that, its practical maxims produce an immeasurable increase in human misery. The recent formulation of the industrial policy of the government is based on an uncritical and wholesale adoption of Marxism camouflaged as Socialism. It is a blatant attempt to boost the so-called public sector which will consist of industries run more or less as Government departments at the expense of industries run by the free will of the people. Under such an industrial policy the power of the Government will grow from day to day and the sway of the bureaucrat will go on increasing until it will

embrace the entire economic life of the people.

True, there is an attempt made to preserve what is called the private sector consisting of industries run by the free enterprise of the people. But its scope will be limited and will gradually become more and more insignificant. There are three reasons for the decadence of free enterprise in future. Firstly, the private sector is practically denied permission to participate in the building up of heavy industries and is forced to confine its activities to the smaller industries which have very little economic strength. Secondly, even in the running of these smaller industries by private individuals, the government will constantly interfere with the enforcements of rules and regulations so as to make them conform to the over all patterns drawn up by the Government departments. Thirdly, the Government do not visualise the running of these smaller industries by private individuals for any length of time even in the restricted manner and under Government control. The Government desire that the private sector should ultimately be run by Co-operative Societies and not by individuals. Co-operative Societies, as every one acquainted with their working in this country knows, will be subject to bureaucratic control by the Government. The idea expressed behind the new policy statement seems really to be absolute control by Government of the industrial life of the people whether in the public or in the private sector. What we shall have in India at the end of the second Five Year Plan will be not Socialism with individual freedom but State Capitalism of the kind that now obtains in Russia.

The fact is forgotten that even Karl Marx did not support the idea of instituting State Capitalism in any country. The Communist parties, who profess to follow Marx and have

built up State Capitalism as a permanent feature in their respective countries, have falsified the teachings of their Master. Marx intended the dictatorship of the proletariat as a temporary phase in the transition stage between Capitalism and Communism. He knew the dangers inherent in State Capitalism and wanted the States to fade out as early as possible.

The Congress Party in India which has for so long been pretending to fight Communism has succeeded only in subjecting individual members of the Communist party of India to imprisonment and other forms of repression while they have capitulated to the communist philosophy. The Congress repudiates the propaganda of the communists but has faithfully copied their methods. The limited freedom now enjoyed by the private sector will gradually be narrowed down in the coming years until it will altogether disappear. This tragedy can only be averted if thinking people in India will sit up and act in unison to counter the danger ahead. They must organise and tell the people that an egalitarian society is possible without importing the horrors of communist totalitarianism. The people must be made to realise that socialism need not necessarily be of the Russian variety of State Capitalism which is a perversion and that it is possible to build up industrial prosperity and to secure a higher level of life for the people without interfering with individual liberty. The fact has to be realised by the masses of India that the most advanced nation in the world today which is industrially the mightiest and which ensures to its citizens a higher level of life than what obtains any where else in the world is the U. S. A. and not the U. S. S. R. The U. S. A. built up its industrial might by the exercise of free enterprise and not under the shadow of totalitarian Communism.

SIDELIGHTS

MR. Khandu Bhai Desai, Union Labour Minister, deserves congratulations for his forthrightness. He said at Ahmedabad the other day that it was regrettable that in India there was absence of constructive opposition which was essential for the healthy growth of democracy. But Mr. Desai was not precise. He was speaking to a Ward Congress Committee, and naturally he did not wish to offend his party men by presenting to them the naked truth. He qualified his meaning by using adjectives. He wanted "Constructive" Opposition. What is "Constructive" Opposition? Is there a destructive opposition anywhere? Is the Labour Party in England a constructive opposition to the Conservatives? Is the Democratic Party in the U. S. a constructive or a destructive opposition to the Republicans?

Mr. Desai wants "healthy growth" of democracy. As if there can be any growth of democracy unless it is healthy. If there is a malignant growth, democracy will die out. Mr. Desai deliberately blunted the edge of his criticism by those qualifying epithets.

We do not know what the reaction of his party men was to the condemnation he pronounced against the Congress party. Of course, it was a condemnation of the Congress. The Congress takes credit for everything happening in this country, including the advent of political freedom and the riddance of foreign rule. The Congress cannot avoid responsibility for the non-existence of a constitutional opposition in India capable of displacing the Congress and relieving it of the burden of administration

during a crisis. It is no use saying that the people are so taken up with the Congress that they do not even dream of an alternative government.

What Mr. Khandu Bhai Desai says now has been said several times before and facts and events in every country in the world have justified the statement. Wherever there is the absence of a competent opposition to the ruling party there, in that country, democracy dies out completely. Democracy is like a cart which cannot move except on two wheels. It may be that any one of the wheels of the cart may be yoked to power and will revolve at terrific speed. But the revolving wheel will not move the cart unless the weight, is supported by at least one more wheel also. In its anxiety to monopolise power for all time the Congress has introduced a political set up in this country which is not conducive to the growth of opposition parties. It is no use saying that people do not want an opposition. Democracy is ingrained in human nature and in every political set up free from artificial inhibitions an opposition party builds itself up simultaneously with the ruling party. If in India this phenomenon does not occur the blame does rest with the Congress.

What is there in the make up of the Congress that makes it impossible for people to set up a political opposition to it? Since the best of political parties have naturally induced the growth of opposition parties, there must be something in the make up of the Congress which throttles the growth of any opposition to it. The truth is, the Congress has no

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political make up. It is not a political party. It is not based upon any political principles which may be challenged by an opposition. It is based upon the assertion of certain dogmas which constitute a religion and is therefore above all politics. The Congress High Command is not a political executive but is a religious hierarchy. And as all hierarchies, it is exclusive. It is a priesthood which affirms that its religion is the only true religion and its God the only true God.

Against such a religious set up, of course, it is impossible to build up a political opposition. An opposition to a theocracy must itself be theocratic. The Muslim League has established a theocratic Muslim raj in Pakistan. The Congress has established a theocratic Gandhian rule in India. The Congress in India can and will oppose the Muslim League rule in Pakistan.

But inside India there can be no political opposition to the Congress as long as the Congress does not shed its theocratic character.

A correspondent has written an abusive letter and has challenged the editor to publish that letter in full! There are all kinds of maniacs in the country and it is impossible to keep the editorial table free from being flooded with their outpourings.

Another correspondent has objected to the continuance of the "SIDE-LIGHTS" column after the previous editor left. Nobody possesses a copy-right to the name, and if any one can advance a claim to the column in this journal which goes by that name it is the present proprietors who paid hard cash for every feature of the concern including its bad and un-realisable debts.

SETHU

The SWATANTRA desires to cultivate the latent talents of its readers for literary output. It solicits original articles on current topics, politics, economics and social affairs. Creative writing of every kind is welcome—poem, short story, exposition of art etc.—provided it is in chaste and idiomatic English and is typed on one side of the paper. All contributions accepted for publication will be paid for.

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PEDLAR'S PACK

IT is officially announced that the trade in cement will be organised through official channels along with steel to ensure the proper supply of these commodities to consumers.

**Close on the Controller's heel
Has come the black-market in steel:
And now we may have to lament
The spread of it to cement!**

One of the amendments to the Constitution tabled by the Government provides for the appointment of common governors for more than one state.

As if those appointed to these posts till now have been uncommon!

Speaking in the Lok Sabha on the States Re-organisation bill, Mr. Giri expressed the hope that the zonal councils would lead to the merger of states.

**What are these council zonal
Which everybody wants?—
They're a stunt of politics banal
Promoting costly jaunts
Of M. L. A.'s and M. L. C.'s
In light-hearted jamborees.
Careerists may easier perjure
Than achieve an enduring merger.**

It is understood that the Japanese Government is sending a collection of toys to Pandit Nehru to be distributed among Indian children.

**As the years lengthen their span,
Our leader recaptures the joys
Of an unaging Peter Pan
Playing amidst children with
toys!**

From Moscow comes the news-item that Marshal Tito would be making his official visit to Russia in July next.

**Now that the siren voice of Stalin
Is no more callin',—
— o without
tremblin'**

**To the citadel of the Kremlin.
Nor do the Russians expect Tito
Merely to say to them: 'Ditto!'**

A state department spokesman has denied that America is building air-bases in Pakistan.

The true position seems to be that she is building them for Pakistan!

President Eisenhower has announced that Mr. Nixon will be the Republican party candidate for the Vice-presidency.

**So Mr. Nixon
Sticks on—
Until the day
When the voters say—'Nay!'**

Dr. Ambedkar's comparison of some of the big states to monstrous reptiles has evoked vigorous and wide-spread protest. A charitable view is that he is himself in a sick condition.

**Dr. Ambedkar is like a battered car—
Which creeks and groans
In dissolving moans:—
But odd that his sickness makes
him dream of horrid snakes!**

Mr. W. R. Hearst the American newspaper magnate who toured India recently says that the Nehru government cannot be bribed or bought, and that no aid should be given to it without conditions.

Mr. Sherman Cooper, the American ambassador to India, on the other hand, says that American aid to India should be given continuously and in large quantities.

**Whether Mr. Hearst is First
Or Mr. Cooper but a super—
is a question which I should like
to be decided by Ike!**

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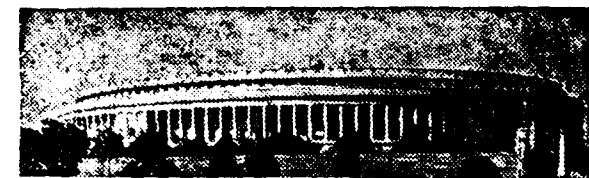


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NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

DESHMUKH'S latest resignation from the Cabinet has reached a stage where it is not easy for him to take it back. The Prime Minister, it appears, made it known that he was thinking of forwarding the letter of resignation to the President. Deshmukh immediately made it known that he did not wish the letter to be sent to the President! The *Hindustan Times* Columnist confirms: "Mr. Deshmukh expressed the wish that his resignation letter be not forwarded to the President, and that he be permitted meanwhile to go 'on leave' for a week or so."

Insaf writes: "There is no doubt that repeated threats of resignation have weakened the sense of joint responsibility of the Cabinet. Mr. Deshmukh was a party to the original decision of the Cabinet to set up separate States of Bombay, Maharashtra and Bombay City . . . This is an awkward way of voicing a disagreement and creates a bad precedent." Mr. P. N. Rajbhoj, who was Dr. Ambedkar's right-hand man, and who recently joined the Congress Party, told Mr. Deshmukh that the people of Maharashtra are suspecting that these repeated threats of resignation are a mere stunt.

Resignation is an honest course for the expression of a genuine difference with colleagues in the Cabinet. But a threat of resignation, however honest in intention, is likely to be interpreted as a cheap and dishonest stunt, especially when it is repeated again and again. Mr. Deshmukh is now learning this to his

cost. The Prime Minister has recently expressed the view privately that nobody is indispensable to this country, not even himself.

Not being a seasoned politician, Mr. Deshmukh is unable to disguise his undoubted political ambition. He has set his eyes on the Prime Ministership of India, and he thinks that he can achieve it via the city of Bombay. He will make a poor successor to Nehru; and must be ruled out.

The Communist Party of India, at its recent Palghat Congress, seems to have confessed that there is hardly any need for it to exist as a separate Party. There is nothing in any of its resolutions or the Party discussions to differentiate it from any of the so-called bourgeois Parties like the Congress Party and the Praja Socialist Party. They now feel that an alternative Government to the present Congress Governments need not necessarily mean non-Congress Governments. They may be Coalition Governments including the Congress Party.

This is a revolutionary change in Communist Party thinking. It must be conceded that this change was made possible by the series of changes for the better which the Congress Party itself has gone through during the past nine years under the leadership of Jawaharlal Nehru. The Congress Party in India came nearest to the KMT of China five or six years ago. At that time Pandit Nehru exercised hardly any organisational control over the Congress Party. As a result of continued

criticism of Government's policies from the people—which, however, hardly found its way into any daily newspaper in India—and as a result of constant criticism at public meetings organized by non-Congress Parties, the Nehru Government gradually shaped itself and its policies according to the needs of the Indian people

The Communist Party has now become a national Party, with practically the same programme as the Congress Party and the Praja Socialist Party. The same thing may be put differently by saying that the Congress Party has accepted the Communist Party programme. There can now be no quarrel about the programme itself. The question is: Who can implement the programme better, Congress or Communist?

The re-appearance of the name of P. C. Joshi in the new Central Committee is a source of great confidence to many who are outside the Communist Party. Joshi is a balanced thinker, not wedded to meaningless Party shibboleths, ever willing to consider every question without preconceived prejudices and with great love and understanding of fellow man. His return to the Central Committee may be regarded as a return to normalcy and to sanity on the part of the Communist Party of India. The Palghat Session has revealed that Joshi's leadership was most acceptable to the rank and file of the Party. It is therefore imperative that he should be entrusted soon with the Secretaryship of the Party.

One of the things that Joshi must take on hand is the Party paper, *New Age*. Wherever Cartoonist Revindren, Legislator Krishnan and I went in European countries last year, we were confronted with one and the same question: "Why is *New Age* so dull?" The obvious answer was that it was not run by journalists. A Communist Party member specially requested last week that the fact

should be mentioned in this Column that three photographs of Ajoy Ghosh were printed on the front page of their issue on the Palghat Congress. Poor Ajoy Ghosh can never be accused of the personality cult, but there the photographs are! P. C. Joshi is not only one of the ablest men in our country. He is also one of the ablest journalists in our country, and should be entrusted among other things, with the task of making *New Age* readable.

* * *

WALTER REUTHER is a first class demagogue. Modesty is altogether lacking in him. We expected to meet an enlightened American, but we had the feeling that a high pressure salesman bumped on us like a bolt from the blue. He donned a Gandhi cap, and explained that he was wearing it both for convenience and out of conviction. That is Walter Reuther in a nutshell. Whatever is convenient to him is his conviction.

Jagdish Chaturvedi and PTI Raghavan asked him several questions about the dismissal of journalists from American newspapers on account of their political opinions. Reuther first denied it; and then he agreed that there were such dismissals when he found that the Federation stalwarts were fully armed with all the statistics. Then he went on to call Joe McCarthy to his rescue, and proceeded to attack McCarthyism. Nobody asked him about McCarthy, because everybody knew that McCarthyism is dead in America. But Reuther fought McCarthy at the Press Conference in Delhi like Don Quixote who tilted at the windmills. When a journalist puts a question, Reuther immediately proceeds to put another question to himself and replies to his own question.

Reuther's is an aggressive personality. Psychologically, he is the Fascist type. The impression he makes on you personally is as bad as the impression he makes on you through

the newspapers is good. "Some people think that I control the Democratic Party"; "Some people say that I am seeking the Democratic Party nomination for President"; and such like stuff suggests that the man is making it all up. Reuther cannot cut much ice in India. He stands for many things for which we also stand perhaps; but there is a lot of difference between the way he stands and the way we stand.

* * *

The democratic type from America—as distinguished from the Fascist type of Reuther—was represented by another visitor from that country, Lee Workum. She also belongs to the Democratic Party, but she is ever so modest, so full of humility and, at the same time, not lacking confidence. Bertrand Russell often said that the American female was superior to the American male in human excellence. Lee Workum and Walter Reuther, if they are typical of the American male and the American female, certainly confirm Russell's observation.

There is a particular kind of simplicity about most Americans which comes out of great goodness. Lee Workum has that simplicity, and yet she is extraordinarily intelligent even in the younger generation of America, which is highly intelligent. During her brief stay in India, she has rendered into free verse Tagore's *Chitrangada*, with the assistance of a Bengali friend. After witnessing Krishnan Kutty's Kathakali, Lee commented that this style was more difficult and more expressive than Western Ballet. When she was introduced to Acharya Kripalani, she told him: "We heard a great deal about you in the States. We read in our newspapers that the Congress Party was doomed and that the PSP was taking its place." • The Acharya was naturally embarrassed.

Lee came to this country on a project by which she was to study India by staying in Indian homes. In Delhi,

she stayed at the home of Chaudhri Krishna Gopal Dutta, who has defeated a terrible disease by sheer will power. Chaudhri Saheb is one of the best men in our country; and Lee could therefore learn a lot from him about India and her people. Lee was present at a Reception given by the Congress Party to Mikoyan. There she saw some Russians face to face for the first time. She was surprised that the Russians were so genial and warm-hearted. One of them asked her, "Have you read Turgenev's *First Love*?" She had. "That is the book you should read at your age," he said.

* * *

Last week, there was a reference in this Diary to the fact that Bandaranaike did not serve alcoholic drinks at his Reception to Commonwealth Foreign Ministers in 1950. Now comes the news that the Ceylon Government has decided to ban liquor at all official receptions both in Ceylon and abroad. I am not sure that this is a good thing, but it is quite logical. Bandaranaike was, like the late Senanayake, a prominent worker in the Temperance Movement in Ceylon.

There is far too much drinking in Ceylon—as compared to India. But the remedy does not lie in the banning of liquor or in Prohibition. Preaching can never achieve any results. For thousands of years Saints and Prophets have been exhorting the human race to tell the truth. I doubt whether there is less lying in the world today than at the appearance of the first man. Exhortations have proved to be futile all along the line.

* * *

One of the Ministers in the new Ceylon Cabinet is personally known to many of us in Delhi. He was the first High Commissioner of Ceylon in India, Mr. M. W. H. deSilva. Mr. deSilva refused to toe the U. N. P.

(Continued on page 35)

SPEAKING ON ORATORS

By S. R. AVADHANI

THERE are orators and orators. We have in our country public orators, circus orators, funeral orators and soap-box orators. Like great men, some are born orators, some achieve oratory and oratory is thrust on some. The three fundamental principles that should guide any type of orator are, how to stand up, speak up and shut up. Many manage to stand up and some even speak up but hardly a few know when to shut up.

In my school days I used to be a great orator. I remember my first debate when I went to the platform and addressed the gathering as 'Ladies and Gentlemen' when I saw a Muslim entering the hall and I added 'and Muslim' not knowing that he could have been easily classified under gentlemen. The trouble was that there was only one Muslim in the school.

I always managed to get by heart in advance all the material I was supposed to speak at the debate. Once I spoke on the subject "Socialism is the only remedy for the economic ills of our country." I got my speech by heart and managed to vomit word for word at the appointed time. A week after this I had to speak on another subject, viz, "Students should not take part in politics." As usual I wrote down my speech a day earlier, got it by heart and was trying to reproduce it on the platform when I came to the word 'Hence' I said 'Socialism is the only remedy for the economic ills of our Country', not realising that it was the subject of debate of the previous week. But I warmed up by saying 'Socialism or no socialism, Ladies and Gentlemen, students should not take part in politics.'

I did improve my powers of ora-

tory when I went to the College. Only on one occasion I was made to feel that I was a member of the weaker sex. The subject for discussion was whether women belonged to the weaker sex. I spoke very well indeed but my classmate who was a charming girl of sweet sixteen scored the honours. She started 'Ladies and Gentlemen, I have come here to prove that men belong to the weaker sex. The word 'woman' encloses the word 'man', whereas the word 'man' does not embrace woman. This itself is enough to justify the superiority of woman over man'. For a while I was inclined to feel that this girl at least did belong to the stronger sex.

A friend of mine, in the College, was always fond of the 'Rhetoric' in speech—He would never be satisfied unless he made an everlasting impression on his audience. He was speaking of the Indian struggle for Independence, on one occasion. He said 'Ladies and Gentlemen, our great nation has gained reputation in our generation. I can say without hesitation after mature deliberation coupled with inspiration that we can rise to any occasion without perspiration or palpitation causing no sensation or frustration. Nevertheless Caution should be the guiding fashion.' We used to flock in our thousands, hundreds and tens to hear him.

I cannot forget the miserable plight a dear friend of mine had when he had to propose a vote of thanks to the guests—poor children were fed on the occasion and the mothers of the children were also present. My friend was the brain behind the show and he had to speak at the end of the function. He was all confusion and nerves when he

(Continued on page 15)

THE CRISIS IN TRAVANCORE-COCHIN

By MARY ISAAC

THE present legislative crisis in the T. C. State is the outcome of a long history of political instability, which has now culminated in the fall of the 5th ministry in 7 years. Promulgation of President's Rule in the State, appears to have installed a period of political calm as far as the general public is concerned, which is significant, for in the past this state has been notorious for its emotional outbursts. In the present instance though the leftist parties (with the exception of the Kerala Socialist Party) have declared themselves opposed to President's Rule, their stand has not met with any appreciable support from the people.

The last Congress Ministry proved itself hopelessly incapable of dealing with the issue of the S. R. C. Report, losing itself in personal jealousies and party hostilities. Under these circumstances it is impossible to believe that any other patch-work Ministry, formed by power thirsty politicians could deal with the situation more effectively. 'Travancore-Cochin is a sick state which must convalesce in the care of the President'.

To characterise the legislative deadlock which emerged at the last session of the dissolved assembly, as the result of strong feelings roused by the SRC Recommendations is completely fallacious. The SRC Report was employed only to camouflage the political manoeuvring in a situation already fraught with conflicting policies, accentuated by a lack of leadership.

The formation of a Kerala State has always been viewed favourably by the people of Travancore-Cochin,

and though there was a certain amount of resentment at the decision to exclude the Southern Tamil taluks, it was an eventuality to which they had resigned themselves and it aroused protest only from a section of the Trivandrum land owners with vested interests in these taluks.

That the main cause for the fall of the ministry was the internal differences within the Congress legislative party, and that these differences were only remotely connected with the proposals for the reorganisation of the state, is fairly obvious when the conditions under which the Ministry had been functioning for the past year are considered.

Panampilly Govinda Menon was the leader of the Congress opposition when the PSP Ministry headed by Pattom Thanu Pillai was functioning. With the fall of the PSP Ministry, the Congress Party formed the Government and Panampilly became the Chief Minister. It was felt by many Congressmen that there were other veteran leaders within the Congress Party who were better suited for the post than Panampilly, who was notorious for his vacillating policies. Dissatisfaction with his leadership was strongly expressed by a section of the Congress legislative members who formed themselves into an anti-cabinet group functioning as an opposition within the Congress Party. The Panampilly ministry found it increasingly difficult to carry on in the face of this internal opposition, whose avowed intention was to precipitate a crisis in the Government.

At the publication of the SRC Report, the PSP leader Pattom Thanu Pillai, opposed the inclusion of the

Tamil taluks in the Madras State. The views of the Congress Party on the subject had till then been unknown, but now the anti-Panampilly Congress group, recognized in the situation an opportunity to embarrass the ministry. They supported the Akanda Kerala movement (in fact, called themselves "Akanda Keralites"), with the proviso that the ministry should resign, if the Congress High Command failed to endorse this opinion. The High Command, as expected, refused to alter the SRC recommendations regarding the Tamil taluks.

The anti-Panampilly group immediately demanded the resignation of the Ministry on this issue, and when Panampilly decided to accept the directives of the High Command, they resorted to co-ercive methods to force the ministry to resign. Eight of the "rebel" congressmen withdrew their support, and the Congress Legislative Party already working on with slender majority was compelled to declare its inability to carry on.

That the Akanda Kerala Movement was only another political stunt is not doubted. Several of the Akanda Keralites were signatories to an agreement accepting the exclusion of the Tamil taluks from the proposed Kerala State. More significant is the fact that several of the signatories of

a charge sheet accusing Panampilly of corruption, favouritism etc. featured in this Akanda Kerala group.

The scramble for power which followed the fall of the Ministry is typical of the political opportunism prevalent among all the parties in T. C. State. The PSP leader in spite of known party policies against the formations of coalitions, was prepared to join hands with either the Congress or the Communist Party. The Communists, who were believed to have had an understanding with the Panampilly ministry favoured the formation of a coalition.

The obvious instability of any coalition under the circumstances pointed to President's rule as the only alternative.

Whether or not the forthcoming general elections will establish a more stable ministry is doubtful. The lack of effective leadership and constructive policy in the various party organizations has caused the election results to depend to an alarming extent on communal factors. The Congress is regarded as the party of the Christians, the PSP of the Nairs, and the Communists have a large following among the Yeshavas. In spite of this, the T. C. State is comparatively more intelligent at the polls—and if a domestic "clean up"

could be effected, could easily set an example to other states in India.

The influence of the Communists in this so called "Red" stronghold has often been described as the cause of governmental instability. But, the red menace has been unduly exaggerated and the Communist doctrine as such has no great following. On the other hand the Congress also fails to command its usual majority, for in this highly literate and politically conscious state, it cannot rely on its reputation as being the party of Gandhi and Nehru.

There are certain problems peculiar to T. C. which demand attention. Densely populated, the pressure on land is abnormal for agriculture forms practically the only occupation of the people. Industrialization has been suggested as a cure, but neither the capital within T. C. nor external capital is attracted to a state notorious for its labour unrest. Improved methods of cultivation, particularly of large scale cultivation are impossible in the immediate future, as the consolidation of the small parcels of land is a Herculean task.

As in other Southern States, there is the real fear that the State is being neglected by both the 5 year plans, and that the centre has not given sufficient incentives for industrialization in this region. Allied to this is the fear that Hindi is being imposed upon the people, who will be at a further disadvantage.

The problem of education continues to bedevil this state. Travancore-Cochin probably turns out more graduates per year than any other state of its size, and only a ridiculously small percentage of these educated young men and women have any prospect of employment within the state. Large numbers of them migrate to the larger cities in other states to find employment—the more intelligent among them being absorbed into foreign business firms. The tragedy is that it leaves an intellectual vacuum in their native state

and this in turn gives way to what is perhaps the prime problem of T. C.—the lack of leadership to undertake the complicated task of co-ordinating and stimulating the activities of millions of individuals struggling to emerge from inactivity, poverty and ignorance.

(Continued from page 12)

said 'Ladies and Gentlemen, we have just now had the pooring of the feed (he meant feeding of the poor). Everyone of us must have the minerality of the liberal (he meant liberality of the mind), and soulness of the full (he meant fullness of soul). Excuse me for the tongue of the slip (he meant slip of the tongue). I must express my attitude to you all (he meant gratitude). I once again tender my thanks to the children and kisses to mothers—I am sorry kisses to children and thanks to mothers. Now that it is too late will the mothers pass on the kisses to their children! He meant well but always courted trouble.

I am reminded of the trumpet orator of Tamilnad the late Mr. Satyapurthi—He always addressed huge audiences without the use of mike. He always ended his speech by saying 'Brothers and Sisters of Tamilnad, India is bound to attain purna swaraj sooner or later sooner rather than later—May I remind you of those prophetic words 'who lives if India dies and who dies if India lives'.

There are other types of orators specially found in South India called Showerbath orators. One could not afford to sit anywhere near 10 yards radius from the speaker for the fear of receiving a shower from the latter while speaking.

India has produced great orators in the past and we have still many silver-tongued orators at present. They are all born orators unlike those like me who are just born and not orators.

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NOW that the idea of 'Zonal Councils' has been embodied in the States Reorganisation Bill, and care has been taken to define that its functions would be purely advisory, there is all the greater need, in the interests of clear thinking, to state once for all the pros and cons of this idea. The party machine will see to it that the proposal goes through unscathed; but we are sure that sooner than later, the public would come to realise what a piece of extravagant futility it is.

It is well-known how the idea of these 'zonal councils' was casually thrown out by the Prime Minister in the course of one of his countless public addresses. His inspiration was derived from an earlier agitation started by Sri H. D. Rajah a member of the Rajya Sabha who first elaborated a novel and revolutionary proposal for the amendment of the constitution to provide for the creation of four regional parliaments, with a Centre on the American model to be administered by the President assisted by the Rajya Sabha as now constituted. Ministers in charge of Foreign Affairs, Defence, Finance and Communications would be chosen from the Rajya Sabha but function under the President and would be responsible for the maintenance of the security, independence and unity of the country as a whole.

As for the regional parliaments, Mr. Rajah's idea was to see that they were based on present linguistic units, but should also transcend them so as to administer the broad affairs of multi-lingual areas knit together by geographic economic or socio-political common factors. They were expected to promote at once economic planning on a massive enough scale and regional coopera-

tion calculated to furnish a solvent to fissiparous tendencies whether they spring from linguism, parochialism or political separatism. The philosophy underlying his conception is the frank and courageous recognition of the permanent inter-play on the Indian scene of the opposing trends of unification and fragmentation,—the centrifugal and the centripetal forces. This is as integral to Indian history as the monsoon has been to our geography. Like the systolic and diastolic movements of the heart, the Indian sub-continent has been functioning on the basis of the parts and the whole acting constantly and mutually as incentives to and checks on each other. It is an undeniable fact that the processes of our past history have enabled us to evolve in course of time fairly strong and compact regional or linguistic cultures flourishing under systems of government which were municipal in essence though they had all the trappings of untrammelled sovereignty and independence. The amazing variety and vitality of organised communal life in different areas of this vast sub-continent—the appeal of our still flourishing handicrafts, the piquant variations of our patterns of social existence, the uniqueness of our artistic and cultural achievements—all these may be cited as gratifying evidences of local genius and talent having enjoyed free scope in the past. At the same time, from the other end, we have also had pressure exerted by a remote centre periodically on the parts making them aware of their helplessness in isolation, and promoting their voluntary participation in a larger association leading to the evolution of a strong, united, free, and powerful nation. Whenever the centre lost

touch with the units, fissiparous tendencies grew and landed us in political misfortunes. But whenever the parts and the Centre worked in balanced and harmonious cooperation, then we witnessed the flowering of a genius which was both local and also national. An integration took place at emotional and cultural levels which furnished the most enduring cement to the political cohesion of the country. This promoted an all-India consciousness which drew its inspiration from unwritten laws and intangible sources which are embedded in our historical memories. Indian Unity has thus always been a greater reality on the emotional, religious and artistic planes than on the merely political side.

The problem for current statesmanship is to reconcile the claims of the parts and the whole in the context of the modern world. The Unity of India is of course a paramount consideration; but by the same token it has to grow or evolve through natural causes. The problem of modern government is complicated by numbers. Any system, however efficient in other respects, which fails to interest the people directly in the affairs of the government with a view to secure their cooperation is exposed to the hazards of instability. This is the sole reason for the creation of linguistic units, for only then can the people take an intelligent interest in what is going on and devise measures to shape it according to their will. But the modern world is a shrinking world; neither isolation nor self-sufficiency can be pursued as practicable or desirable ideals. Consequently regional parliaments with absolute powers would be in a position to watch over and work for the economic advance of sizeable areas and large masses of men making the most of contiguity, economic potentialities and complementary industrial activities. Since the four regio-

nal parliaments would in practice be of equal size, extent and potential the danger of any one of them getting out of hand is wholly ruled out. Numerous opportunities will inevitably arise for the parliaments to be influenced by one another both in the interests of themselves and in furthering the prestige of the Centre as well. At one end we shall then have the broad-based and conscious participation of the people in their immediate daily concerns. At the other end—the apex—we shall have a strong centre acting as umpire, mediating between the four parliaments, and presenting to the rest of the world abroad a single, strong, impressive and inspiring front.

The analogy of the United Nations Assembly may be worked out in a smaller but more compact area. The four regions of India would represent the character of four nations collaborating with one another in the tasks of evolving a peaceful community emulating one another in the achievement of artistic or cultural excellence according to the genius of their respective regional traditions. Their dependance upon an enlightened and progressive centre through which they could establish extra-national contacts would help them to import into their outlook and activity the note of catholicity that would relate their lives to the broad stream of humanity all the world over. Regional rivalries and jealousies, the unhealthy scramble for power or the demoralising tendency to sycophancy which is now an easy short-cut to the unscrupulous to exploit their fellows would stop. Personal careerism and private aggrandizement now masquerading as nationalism and patriotism would be found out and denounced. Four regional parliaments functioning vigorously would mean a reorientation of political life and thought which will assuredly make for freedom, originality and initiative. The

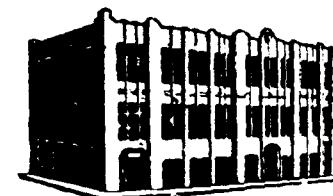
prevailing trends in favour of totalitarianism would be effectively arrested, and democracy would have a sporting chance to come into its own. Above all, the monotonous and almost parrot-like repetition of the slogans of Unity and solidarity of the nation would be shorn of their cant, and become impregnated with a new force and meaning which would reflect the new life of an awakened people.

But the Zonal councils as now provided for in the bill are neither fish nor flesh; they are a colossal red-herring across the path of the nation. When their ineffectiveness is made manifest, then the resultant frustration and anger would vent themselves not against any particular individual but against the entire set-

up of the states vis a vis the centre. The disingenuity of the leaders talking in two voices must stop. If autonomy is sacrosanct, then they must be prepared for the states to run away with the bit in their teeth; but the autonomy of one state cannot honestly be played off against that of another merely to commend indefinite maintenance of the *status quo*. If the latter were so eminently satisfactory, where was the justification for the Prime Minister to come forward with his new toy? The public should not be equated to children in a nursery who may be humoured to keep quiet with some plaything or other. Wherefore we repeat again that the Zonal Councils are a delusion and a snare. They would only exacerbate present discontents instead of allaying them.

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WICKEDNESS THAT IS SOUTH AFRICA

By FENNER BROCKWAY

WHEN Father Trevor Huddleston, priest of an Anglican Order, was recalled by his superiors and left South Africa last year, the Nationalist rulers exulted.

For this man's championship of human rights, his steadfast opposition to the cruelties of apartheid, had made him a hero to Africans and a thorn in the side of their oppressors.

Out of his experiences he has written a book, 'Naught For Your Comfort' (Collins, 12s. 6d.), which should fire the conscience of the world. In it the wickedness that is South Africa stands exposed by lightning flashes.

Here are some of the stories that Father Huddleston tells.

Jacob Lednaba had been arrested for being out after the curfew without his pass. Two days later he came home and told his wife he had been kicked in the stomach in the cells and was in such pain that he couldn't go to work.

He was taken to hospital and died of a bladder injury. The verdict of the court was that he had died of congenital syphilis.

Six men awaited the Father on the doorstep of his home. They had gone to work as usual early that morning, leaving their wives and children asleep under their blankets. They had returned in the dark evening to find the roofs stripped from their shacks; their families squatting in the open round a braai; their children crying with cold. A baby was born under the stars that night.

The Dutch Reformed Church called a conference in December, 1954, on the racial problem. The hall was "zoned" so that the white and black delegates should not sit together.

An African Minister asked: "If our Lord Jesus Christ came into this room this morning, on which side would he sit?"

An African standing at a bus stop (second class) dared to put on a pair of white gloves. This was so offensive that European lads waiting for their bus (first class) set on him, had him down in the gutter and kicked him so that he died.

In September, 1954, Johan Snyman of Harmonie Farm, Koster district in the Transvaal, was brought before Justice Dowling on the Western Circuit. The charge was murder.

The victim was an African convict-labourer, Elias Mpikwa. Said Johan Snyman in evidence: "Mpikwa . . . stood there just like a tree stump. I gave him a couple of blows with the hosepipe and he walked in a slow brutal (Afrikaans "brutaal"—almost cheeky) way and stood again, refusing to work.

"I hit him again and again. It occurred to me that this Kaffir felt nothing with his sack on (convict labourers have their clothes taken away and are dressed in sacks to prevent escape). . . . I told a native to remove it, so that I could hit him on the thighs and see if he could feel anything." Mpikwa died as a result of this thrashing.

The jury found Snyman guilty of common assault. He was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment.

"Not a single native convicted of raping a European woman escaped the death sentence", boasted the Minister of Justice to the recent Nationalist Party Congress at Bloemfontein.

There are fifty-seven South African citizens who, in one year, had been refused passports. One of them, Mrs. Jessie McPherson, happens to be Chairman of the South African Labour Party.

The effect of the latest legislation is to make it impossible for any citizen of South Africa to move out of the country without a passport or a travel permit issued by the State. In other words, the Government can and does refuse the 'privilege' of freedom of movement to any citizen who, for one reason or another, has incurred its displeasure. The Commonwealth has an Iron Curtain every bit as formidable (and, in some respects, perhaps more so) as that across Eastern Europe.

Oliver Tambo, Secretary of the African National Congress, comes from an illiterate family. He went to mission schools and to Fort Hare, African University College, took his B. Sc. and began to study for an Education Diploma. He led students in dispute about playing games on Sunday.

Asked to give a written pledge concerning his religious duties, he said: "I knew I could not sign the pledge. It demanded something from me that I could not give. It would have killed my religion stone dead—an agreement with God, written and signed? I could not do it."

He expected to have to work in a kitchen, but got a job as teacher in mission school. "It would be hard to find a more devoted churchman than Oliver Tambo," says Father Huddleston. But he has been banned under the Suppression of Communism Act and is not allowed to attend any meeting, even of a social nature.

So, one could go on. The book is a living recital of the infamy of white injustice.

It all arises from the philosophy that white and black must not mix and that white is superior to black.

"There is no place for the native in European society", says Dr. Verwoerd, the Minister for Native Affairs, "above the level of certain forms of labour".

The black must do the hard manual work for the white, in the mine, the factory, the kitchen. But he must live in a distant location, he mustn't ride in the same bus or shop at the same counter or sit in the same cinema. The swings in the park are for European children only.

"It is not merely a contrast between wealth and poverty that he sees—it is a contrast based upon the accident of colour. Wealth is white: poverty is black".

How long shall this crime against humanity continue? Until the black becomes strong in organisation, until the Father Huddlestons become stronger among the whites, until we raise our voices to the skies throughout the world.

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IS THIS SECULARITY?

By A Citizen Of India

IT has been reported in the Press that the Dalai Lama and Panchen Lama whom the Government of India had invited to become State guests during the ensuing 2500th Buddha Jayanti, would be unable to attend the celebrations because of heavy work. But some Chinese Buddhist invitees of the Government of India and some Buddhist representatives of the Government of China will be attending the celebrations. This extension of invitation by the Government of India to religious leaders of foreign countries, be it noted makes the much advertised and more expounded secular policy of the Government of India stand on a perfect *sirshasana*.

If Pakistan went to one extreme and called herself an Islamic Republic, India had gone to the other extreme and called herself a secular state. When a democracy requires either secular or Islamic legs to stand on, it is a maimed democracy, not whole. If it is wrong to qualify this ideal with the idea 'Islamic', it cannot be right to qualify it with the idea 'secular'. 'Democracy' should be enough for democracy. The term 'secular state' created no end of confusion in the minds of Indian people and not without reason. 'Secularity' in the history of English language has always conveyed a sense anti-religious. But in India politicians and philosophers joined hands and put across the exegesis that 'secularity' in the context did not mean that the state was opposed to religion as such; it only meant the nobility of the soul of the state, that is to say, that the state did not align itself with any particular religion but looked upon all religions with equal regard.

But in actuality the Government

of India have put on record their repudiation of this thesis. They went out of the way in demonstrating their unequal and special concern for Buddhism. The courtesy they extended to Sariputta and Moggallana was marked by a fervour which did not bespeak 'secularity', impartiality or sense of proportion. With due regard to these two great disciples of the Buddha, it may be said that saints are a legion in India. Are the Government of India prepared or is it feasible for them to extend equal courtesies to all of them? If they are not prepared to do so what happens to the integrity of their secularity? Or is this no question with them at all?

What began with Sariputta and Moggallana naturally got extended to the Buddha. Undoubtedly 2500th anniversary of the Parinirvana of the Buddha may be considered a significant occasion, for any such occasion for rethinking the teachings of the religious leaders is welcome. Indians will do well to make the most of this opportunity and dive deep into the true import of the teachings of the Buddha. But what is the point of the Government's getting involved in this in a costly way? The question naturally arises: Is it religion or is it politics? Is it political religion or religious politics? If it is religion, it is wrong religion for the state loses its integrity. If it is politics, it is bad politics for it drags religion in it. This political religion or religious politics can possibly disturb the natural religious balance in the country and create some artificial situations and quaint fashions of piety. Protestations have been many and frequent where leaders have vehemently warned the people not to mix religion with politics. And the very

same evangelists of secularity are now engaged in compounding religion with politics! The result of this will be the extension of the area of confusion within the country.

This search for rocks—'the bigger the better'—to engrave huge images of the Buddha, this raising of commemoration *stambha*, may be a right royal achievement *a la* Asoka, but is this by any stretch of imagination 'secularity'? Very near the bosom of secularity is atheism. It is the fashion of some professing followers of the Buddha to foist atheism on the Master for saving him from soft-headedness. Whatever solace some people may derive from the Buddha's alleged agnosticism or atheism, it should be seen that in the name of the Buddha some people do not go about spreading among the simple folk their own atheism and that at the expense of the people's money. Buddha should be in entirety—with his background and foreground—left to the people. Could anyone assure this country that some people are not unknowingly playing as instruments in the hands of destiny for bringing about an unholy alliance between classical secularity, callous socialism and clandestine atheism in India? One is confronted with such misgivings because one notices politicians, agnostics, atheists and iconoclasts have all joined hands in the name of the Buddha. If ever a saviour were required to be saved perhaps this is the occasion!

Stranger are the ways of men. The Lamas—the religious heads of a theocratic state—were invited by the secular state of India to come to New Delhi as their guests for attending some religious functions got up by the State! And what was the background? It is not well-known whether or not the Government of India has recognized the existence of the religious heads within the country. The present writer has not noticed anywhere any reference to the effect

that Government of India contemplate inviting all the religious heads within the country to participate in the celebration where religious leaders from outside the country have been invited to attend. Or is it that the Government looks upon this affair in a sectarian way and only invite professing 'Buddhists' just as it has sanctioned travelling concessions only to 'Buddhist pilgrims' from foreign land and not to *all* pilgrims who want to visit the holy places connected with the name of the Buddha? They do not seem to remember that the Buddha was no Buddhist as Christ was no Christian! Now in this vacuum of non-recognition of the religious leaders within the country are invited religious leaders from outside the country. How does it all look? Does not this wrong import policy of religion do violence to the religious self-respect of India? But our administrators will not see this point.

With a wonderful sense of self-sufficiency, the great Prime Minister of India, who has been all these years the plentiful adviser of the nation in all departments of life, from national planning to children's dressing, did not give the impression of finding it necessary to acknowledge the existence of any religious leadership within the country. Of course no one can say that he has not been generous in pouring ridicule and satire on sadhus and the like. In other words, he has recognized if not religious leadership, at least religious misleadership of his understanding! But all the same he sought an interview with the Pope. May it not be said respectfully that holy men like the Pope there are in India too? But they have no thrones. And so they must be 'parasites'!

The way to keep the state and the church separate is not by non-recognition of religious leadership within the country or by usurpation of that leadership by the political institutions and personages of the country.

In countries like the U. K., U. S. A. and Australia with some mature democratic traditions vigorous religious leadership functions side by side the political leadership. And normally the jurisdiction of such leadership remains well-defined on points of courtesy. But here in India the administrative authority tends to consider itself the total authority in the country. This is a bad trend though not well crystallized yet.

Sister Nivedita has thoughtfully said in one place:

'There must be a recognition of righteousness, as well as of holiness. Righteousness lies in duty done; holiness requires renunciation. A thousand good citizens are necessary, as the background of one great Sannyasin. There must then be a philosophy of citizenship, as well as of sannyasa.

'And in truth the exaltation of one thing does not demand the decrying of its fellow. The ideal is always infinite, always divine. A highly moralised society produces the greatest saints'.

When a righteous man decries the holy man he only lapses into self-righteousness—to that extent unrighteous! It is upstartish and unregenerate to decry, belittle or ignore the role of holiness in the India we seek to build. Flowers of the Spirit cannot grow out of the fertilizers turned out in Sindhri, however much self-righteous Sindhri may be. They require the leavening from souls that are thick with God. It is not for holiness to seek vote for itself—vote-seeking is always done by the self-righteous (I am always better than the other fellow and so is my party than the other party; therefore give the vote)!—but it is the duty of righteousness to see that holiness is not cast aside and trampled upon by the self-righteous. Only from a respectful mutuality (*paraspara-bhava*) between the righteous and the holy can ensue genuine good which can stand the test of time.

It is not at all being suggested here that religious leaders from outside India cannot be or should not be invited to visit India. All are welcome to India, more so are holy men from all over the world. But this should be obviously the duty of the religious leadership within the country specially in a 'secular' state like India. Sometime back the leaders of the Russian Church visited England, but as far as we know, the invitation to them did not go from Downing Street, but from the religious leadership of England. And yet Great Britain is no secular state in the sense India is advertised to be.

It is a proven palpable fact that in actuality the Government have themselves falsified their secular policy. That is to say, they have found that in practice they have failed to adopt a negative attitude to religion. They must admit this fact now and take the nation's counsel in defining their policy in this regard. After having done all this for the Buddha Jayanti, if the Government will stay honest, they cannot re-enter the shell of doctrinaire secularity and show indifference to great occasions of religion which may arise from other quarters. It will be the bounden duty of the Government to take interest in other religious occasions. In other words, the Government will have to evolve a spiritual view towards religion in place of their so-called 'secular' view to it.

THOUGHT OF THE GODS.

Thought, like an arrow speeds through
endless space,
How can we catch these arrows by what
choice
Can we retain the swiftest, purest shaft
That shines like silver, by what art and
craft
Can we learn how to arrest the finest
thought
And all its consequences?
Roses wrought
Like sculpture show a beauty that displays
Thought of the gods which everyone
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REGIONALISM IN INDIAN POLITICS

By R. JAMEEL AHMED

ONE reason why an effective solution for the endless linguistic problems of our country has so far been rendered impossible is lack of a realistic and bold analysis of the problem itself. It is inevitable in a democracy that public opinion, whether enlightened or not, must in the ultimate analysis influence political issues and political decisions. The connection between public opinion and political issues has never been analysed or understood in its proper perspective in India. The makers of policy take public opinion for granted and the dangers of its being mobilized and manipulated are often overlooked.

Democracy requires for its success an enlightened and vigilant public opinion and also a sound institutional basis divested of centrifugal and parochial tendencies. The institutional and social background of political changes has never been clearly understood in our country. National unity is a product of several forces, political and non-political, and it would be absurd to think that the problem could be solved by constantly harping on it. Platform speeches however excellent they may be from the point of view of the forensic art can hardly bring out such a vital change which involves complex and varied factors of social psychology. But unfortunately we have grown to think that speeches can solve every problem—from national unity on the political side to socialism on the economic front. National unity is bound to be an elusive idea, a meaningless abstraction and a mirage until such time as the requirements of its realisation are more realistically considered.

Set in the historical context, the contours of regionalism in modern

India become clear. During the national movement, it was natural enough when the country's energies were concentrated in attaining political emancipation for problems such as regionalism which are inevitable and inherent in a polyglot civilization like ours to be ignored. Opposition to the foreigner was the cementing force, the catalytic agent which brought about an artificial though rapid development of national consciousness and it was but inevitable that the moment this common force disappeared and there was no common enemy, the national movement should disintegrate and the forces of regionalism lying dormant till then should prop their head. The lack of positive and liberal thinking—the evolution of an ideology based on reason and not sentiment was the chief cause for the growth of regionalism in post-independent India. It is also deplorable that once it became dominant no attempt was made to face it in a realistic manner. The national movement affected the growth of regionalism in another manner—the technique of resistance that was evolved against the Britisher, intelligible enough in the context of a fight against a non-liberal non-democratic administration became obsolete and meaningless in the context of a democracy which avowedly confers the right of resistance through democratic channels to its citizens. The loose and ready way in which resort is made to extra-constitutional processes of seeking redress of regional grievances is a sad commentary on the national movement and the technique of resistance that it evolved.

The basic reason for the growth of regionalism as a result of which

national unity faces dissolution is, I think, fundamentally due to a lack of realism in approach to it. Those who talk of national unity consider quite rightly regionalism as an evil, but evils are not fought by evading them or by showing angry gestures. It only provokes those who harbour it. A constructive approach is required. To think that the condemnation of an evil will solve it is not only puerile but also betrays an ostrich-like approach to the problem.

Such a problem is not peculiar to India—it is inherent in any heterogeneous society. It needed a civil war and all the paraphernalia of federalism in America to establish national unity and even after that American politics continues to be influenced by sectional pressure groups. The problem in India is more acute. Social diversities here are more sharp and social equality which is a precondition of national unity is yet to be realised. Secularism has not yet become a living faith. There is yet too much of religious thinking and political parties still exist based on religious exclusiveness, inspite of Pakistan. Political parties are bound to act as disruptive forces unless there is agreement on certain fundamentals among them which should not be compromised.

The root cause for all this, as refer-

red to earlier, is a lack of comprehension of the need for mobilising public opinion, in favour of national unity. Education plays a significant role in this and processes should be devised to stimulate constructive thinking on national lines. A sound national leadership must be evolved. A leavening of liberal ideology and of political eclecticism is a desideratum. All regional movements further have their origin in economic grievances and unemployment provides the cannon-fodder for them to grow. Regionalism is essentially a middle class creed which becomes intelligible if the economic state of middle classes is taken into account. A tendency has grown which regards employment opportunities as being the outcome of political power being concentrated at the Centre so that the facile belief that a redrawing of administrative frontiers on linguistic basis would solve the problem of regional unemployment. This attitude may be childish for no region can grow economically rich, independent of what happens to the nation or to its parts, but it must be admitted that this attitude is based on a natural fear and unless the economic basis of regionalism is properly understood and remedied it would become impossible to arrest the forces of regionalism from affecting the solidarity of the nation.

RUSSIA AND ALCOHOLISM

By R. C. SEKHAR

AUTHORITY whether it be in feudalism or capitalism or socialism always abhors the Drink Evil. For neither the industrialist nor the landlord nor the party dictator likes alcoholism to spoil his ambitious schemes of increasing productivity.

Indeed in Russia ever since 1819, almost a century before the October Revolution, which changed the social structure of the country, the Drink Evil had been attempted to be controlled. But right until 1917, every one of these attempts had only resulted in making the problem worse. On the other hand if impartial students of Soviet affairs are to be believed, the problem has now been solved.

It would be worthwhile in the context of our own attempts to introduce Prohibition, to have a brief outline of the history of the problem in Russia.

1819. For more than a thousand years travellers to Russia had always noted outrageous drinking practices there. Vodka was sold and drunk everywhere, free, without control. But the 19th century saw in Europe a new awakening to the horrors of alcoholism. Russia too was caught in this temperance movement. As a part of this movement, the State took over the liquor industry. But the Government of the time was so corrupt that it could not in reality maintain the monopoly in the liquor industry. As an acceptance of defeat the Czar, in 1826, de-nationalised alcohol production.

However another method for reducing alcohol consumption was then tried; alcohol was sought to be made too costly for the common man by putting upon it heavy taxes. Once again the results belied the expect-

ations. For, though it resulted in great profits for the State, it could not prevent the people from drinking; they preferred getting drunk at the expense of their necessities, than going without vodka, costly though it was.

In 1862 the pendulum swung away from laissez-faire to, not State monopoly, but to a system of State licensing. The number of liquor shops were brought down, by requiring every liquor shop to possess a Government license which was granted only in limited numbers. That too would not help, for no efficient method of checking unlicensed liquor shops was evolved.

State control having thus far failed, the next method tried was—education. The chief spear-head of this movement for educating the people was however not the Government but The Temperance Association, the chief members of which were drawn from among the highest aristocrats and the biggest industrialists. Naturally the association was richly endowed. At the Alexis Public House in Moscow was started the "world's first scientific centre dedicated to education for temperance", with huge number of trained scientific workers to do research on the effect of alcohol upon human beings. The best writers, lecturers, and teachers were also employed to spread the knowledge so acquired to the people. Throughout the Empire the association operated a total of 370 temperance theatres. "1903 the peak year of activity, saw two and half million dollars spent in Moscow alone."

The result: firstly a bomb was thrown at one of the chief protagonists of the association, Duke Sergius;

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secondly, the alcohol consumption rose by 500% (Dyson Carter "Sin and Science").

When every other had thus failed, the only thing that was left for the Czar was the hand of ruthlessness. On July 1, 1916 the Czar declared that it would be "a serious crime against his sacred person to manufacture or sell vodka and beer". That was Prohibition with bayonets! And it worked. "Millions upon millions of gallons of Demon rum gushed down the Russian sewers", and the Russians stopped drinking.

But that was only for nine months.

For then came the awakening; tens of millions of Russians suddenly developed a terrible thirst, and all turned to vodka. To quote, the Reverend Prokonoff, president of the All-Russian Union of Evangelical Christians, "Under prohibition instead of having one drunkard in the average home . . . every home became a distillery and a saloon".

It was this terrible state of affairs that was inherited by the Bolsheviks. But they set about solving the problem in an unique manner.

Prohibition was repealed, and with that a new, cheap, high quality vodka was sold by the State. Liquor was however not on sale near factories nor on holidays or pay days.

Then came the advertising campaign. But it differed from the previous campaigns of the Temperance Association in that the scientific facts were presented "without exaggeration or evasion". In theatres and movies, the facts of alcohol in relation to daily life was shown; its effects upon the student, the miners the locomotive drivers etc. The drunkard was shown "not as a sinner but as a quite ridiculous social offender".

For the habitual drunkard there was the scheme of anti-alcohol stations. Anyone found drunk "was taken to the alcohol station given a bath, examined by a doctor, put to bed, and allowed to sober up for a day or two". He was then allowed

to go back to his job, but only to be greeted there with "posters that displayed his photograph (or a witty cartoon), his name plus a lurid description of his bout with the bottle." Second offences were more severely dealt with.

Within a few years this solved almost all cases except those of the psychopaths who however formed only 1% of them. For the psychopaths a special treatment was devised.

There were also a few other aspects of the movement.

Drinking was, apparently paradoxically, encouraged in public restaurants and along with meals. "This apparent backward step . . . was taken for the primary reason that such drinking is less harmful than drinking in taverns and bars where only liquor was served", as also where the deterrent company of "women, children and young people" was absent.

The result of all this can be judged from the fact that "two eminent American doctors Kingsbury and Newsholme were able to report that on a holiday cruise through Black Sea far up the Volga River they saw very little drinking and no drunkenness whatever; yet . . . vodka was for sale without restriction".

Where lack of sympathy, force and bureaucratic corruption had failed, a deep understanding of the psychology of the people, and communist efficiency had succeeded.

Shree P. Kodanda Rao, a member of the Prohibition Enquiry Committee, in a note dissenting from the majority recommendations of the Commission, accused them (the majority) for not making "an objective and comprehensive study" of the problem. Perhaps one of the striking evidences for that is that in all the long report not a single reference is to be found of the Soviet Experiment; the paragraph on Russia ends in the Report with the repeal by the Bolsheviks of prohibition.

WILL TURKEY TAKE THE SOVIET BAIT?

By ANDREW ROTH

BROWS are furrowed in the Foreign Office and State Department over the new Soviet effort to tempt Turkey. On February 20 the Turks were offered a generous trade pact which, if accepted, would have as revolutionary an effect on the Middle Eastern scene as last August's offer of Czech arms to Egypt.

Moscow offered Turkey all of the imports it seeks in machinery, tractors and oil. Instead of the six or seven years repayment asked by the West, the Soviets offered 20-year terms. Even more important, the Soviets would take payment in Turkish agricultural products, rather in foreign exchange of which Turkey is starved.

This is the climax to a gathering Soviet campaign to win the tough Turks from their enthusiastic loyalty to the Anglo-American camp. This has made Turkey into the lynchpin of both the Balkan Pact and the Baghdad Pact and the only sure large source of hardy Asian soldiers in that whole continent. The Western Powers have never forgotten the effectiveness of the Turkish troops in Korea. Nor have the Russians.

The first approach was apparently made by Mr. Krushchev at a Kremlin reception last year. "Why do you Turks turn a deaf ear to all our offers of friendship?" he asked the Turkish Ambassador after a toast to Turk-Soviet friendship. "Russia broke our friendship pact," came the reply. This referred to the 1945 Soviet renunciation of the pact negotiated with Ataturk. This was coupled with demands for Turkish border zones—all as part of a war of nerves designed to make the Turks give the Soviets more ready access through the Straits to the Mediterranean.

Mr. Krushchev blamed the earlier hostility on Beria—although it was certainly Stalin who was primarily to blame for this campaign—and urged a new pact. "We would help you a lot economically. Our countries are natural partners."

At the end of December Mr. Krushchev publicly admitted the Soviet Union had been at fault for poor relations with Turkey.

Always a Turndown?

Western experts on Turkey would normally expect such a turn-down as a matter of course. For centuries the hardy Turks enjoyed their geographical task of 'containing' the southward pressure of the Slavs. Even before postwar American policy made it financially profitable, the Turks enjoyed battling Russians more even than fighting Greeks.

Since 1948, however, the U. S. has poured over \$1,000,000,000 into encouraging what comes absolutely naturally to the Turks. This billion dollars has completely reequipped the Turkish Army's 22 divisions. So far as the Pentagon is concerned, Turkey is the best investment of all in providing hardy anti-Communist troops per dollar provided.

Another \$500,000,000 or more has been provided by Washington to pull Turkey's economy out of the middle ages. In some areas this money produced miracles. New roads unlocked the subsistence economy of isolated villages. Some 40,000 new tractors on the flat Anatolian plateau brought 12,000,000 new acres into cultivation. Formerly obliged to import cereals, Turkey became, between 1950 and 1953, the world's fourth largest exporter of wheat.

But such economic progress has never been enough for Turkey's cloud-prodding politicians. They want to change Turkey overnight—to convert the whole of medieval Turkey to the European facade on show in the impressive hotels of Istanbul. They embarked on a whole range of projects, way beyond Turkey's ability to finance it and even beyond the previously generous supply of dollars from Washington to its militantly anti-Russian ally.

By last summer Turkey was nearing the brink of international bankruptcy and internal paralysis. Its foreign exchange reserves were exhausted. Oil companies, already owed over \$15 millions, would only deliver for cash. Turkey was living a hand-to-mouth existence, staving off the day of reckoning by a series of make-shift credit arrangements.

The Turkish Government sought an additional \$300,000,000 from Washington. But the U. S. would only consider extensive aid if the Turkish Government put its economic house in order first. This the Turkish Government refused to do.

So serious became the internal economic crisis and particularly the inflation which hit particularly at city-dwellers, that the Menderes Government seized on the Cyprus issue as a means of diverting attention from internal troubles. The Government apparently felt this anti-Greek diversion important enough to provide the incendiary "Cyprus is Turkish" organization with secret government funds.

This incitement had its hideous culmination in the holocaust of September 6. These riots were encouraged first by the Turkish Prime Minister creating mass hysteria by announcing that Greek terrorists were planning to massacre Turks on Cyprus. Then, on the day of the riots, the report was spread that the Greeks had attacked a Turkish shrine to Ataturk in Salonika. As well-organized mobs started on care-

fully-prepared lists of Greek establishments in Istanbul and Smyrna, the police looked the other way, under Government orders.

These prefabricated riots quickly degenerated into murder and looting of all foreigners. Christian churches were burned, ancient graveyards desecrated, a priest's eyes were gouged out.

The cost of this to Turkey's moral prestige was enormous because seven important international conferences were being held at the time in Istanbul.

The monetary cost was also enormous. Included in the estimated £100 millions worth of damage was most of Turkey's foreign consumers goods. Not only was Turkey too poor in foreign exchange to replace them, but Istanbul's and Smyrna's Greek shopkeepers were understandably loathe to reinvest their capital.

To restrict criticism, the Menderes Government tightened its already dictatorial measures by imposing six months of martial law and suppressing for a time most opposition newspapers. The previous election had been such a farce that the chief opposition parties had withdrawn their candidates.

Disgust with the regime even within the ruling Democratic Party grew so intense that more than a score of M.P.s resigned or were expelled and formed the Freedom Party in November 1955. The same month brought the fall of the Menderes cabinet and its reshuffle, with the loss of support of another 50 to 60 M.P.s.

Even under conditions of crisis such as this there is little chance that the traditionally anti-Russian Turks will seriously consider Soviet proposals. Long before that they would swallow their pride and agree to put their house in order along the lines suggested by American experts.

But the Turkish Government clearly lives on the top of an economic volcano. And no one can predict what will happen if it explodes.

ON SELECTING A BRIDAL TROUSSEAU

By SAKUNTALA

SEVERAL wedding invitations from far-off Madras, stir in me nostalgic memories of gas lit processions to the temple, undulations of the naga-swaram on the evening breeze and the fragrance of sandal paste and flowers. How familiar is the routine that begins with the whispered rumours of a proposal, quickens with the tempo of shopping, hastens with the round of personal invitations and finally the day that merges into an evening of colour, light, flowers and music; leaving in its wake wilted decorations in a deserted 'pandal' where nothing remains except the memory of a never-to-be forgotten occasion and equally hard-to-forget bills!

The new bride recovers from the rigours and excitement of her big day and turns to take stock of her new possessions. Her sarees, fabulous in colour and design now appear pathetically inappropriate like a fantastic costume on the morning after a night's masquerade. Bits and pieces of silk presented by friends and relatives bid fair to make a colourful patchwork quilt rather than match her sarees. Her glorious bridal saree of green with gold "sallari" will stamp itself in the sentimental memory of her parents. But will it be right for any other occasion except—another wedding? And what of the much coveted Banaras tissue in which she received her well-wishers in the evening? Highlighted in an assembly of blazing colours, she stood or sat uncomfortable and over-whelmed by this stiff cloth of gold, bearing a striking and unfortunate resemblance to the crusading knights of yore! It needs little effort to visualise this

self-same saree disintegrate into ten rupees weight of silver when neither sentiment nor science can restore it to its former glory.

Exhorted and encouraged by the consoling statement "after all, you get married only once!" hard-earned money is splurged on all kinds of impractical buy. Sometimes extortionate inlaws and sometimes the bride's parents who suffer from a misplaced solicitude, are responsible for senseless extravagance. Weddings, like many details of modern life, have changed in certain respects. But they have yet to break away from certain out-moded conventions.

When a wedding is arranged, elaborate plans are drawn up to make the function a social success. But not enough planning goes into the selection of the bride's clothes. She may be sixteen, small-made and dark or a tall and well-built young woman with an air of self-possession. But quite often, the clothes chosen for her have no relation to her personality except that they are very expensive, grand and of course durable enough to be admired by her granddaughter.

I have often been startled by the clarion call of Madrassi Silk in entirely unexpected circumstances. An outing to the Mylapore temple, a casual visit to a friend or even a trip to the Marina can be performed with aplomb in an ornate Kanjeevaram Silk saree. But it takes considerably more to walk down Chowringhee, Churchgate or Connaught Circus in a silk that is the colour of ripe Mango or red chillies. The South Indian Woman abroad is unmistakable in her casual use of indestructible silk

sarees and high powered diamonds. While loyalty to our well-tried silks is commendable it is time we—tempered it with sense and sensibility.

So when you next plan a bride's trousseau bear in mind the possibility of her travelling beyond the confines of Mylapore or Mambalam. If she is still in her teens she will not have much of a wardrobe to start with. So, let her wedding sarees form the nucleus of a collection which will have a definite relation to her personality now, and at least in the first few years to follow. Do not choose a saree just because it is a new colour or a new design or because it is grand enough for a bride to wear. Cut down the number of grand sarees to a minimum; and as for the rest, they should meet her needs for at least one year by way of party wear, casual wear and lingerie.

Occasional wear should be a minimum of two. Let them be in traditional heavy silk with a distinctive border and *pallo* in a classical design. If the bride is slim and as yet a mere wisp of a girl, avoid deep colours and broad borders that dwarf her. Choose clear medium colours with a clearly defined pattern. Cholis should match the saree colour and not the border. They should be of plain material, simple in cut but clever in fit. An open and deep neckline can accommodate either a maximum of three necklaces or just one single gem-set ornate piece.

Party wear. This is next in importance and likely to be full of the brides favourite sarees. They comprise items for informal and frequent wear with the accent on suitability for all occasions, be it an evening party or a morning function. There is a variety of materials to choose from expensive nylons to inexpensive chiffons, georgettes, rayons and ninons. Prints as fresh as a flower strewn garden or sophisticated with a clever use of design and colour

have variety enough to suit all tastes and moods.

In buying any of the materials mentioned above avoid bizarre patterns, fantastic colour-combinations and excessive Zari or embroidery. Perfectly matching silks should be chosen for petticoats and cholis if thin and light saree material is preferred. Velvets and brocades can be chosen for giving the festive touch to a saree of plain light material. Ruby red-velvet, new choli matched with a saree of pale strawberry pink georgette can be ideal for a teenager. Multi-coloured brocade choli can star with a plain light-coloured Banaras or Kashmir silk that is free from the distractions of border or *pallo*. Never plough the pile of velvet with the vulgar embroidery of *paiseley*, butterfly or flower design worked in gold or silver thread.

Casual wear. The bride of yesterday is the housewife of today. And what can be more refreshing to a newly-wed husband than the sight of a brisk figure in crisp Voile, except perhaps the smell of Coffee and Chota hazri? Shopping expeditions can be undertaken in serviceable and smart sarees of mill or handloom cotton which has the attraction of being air-conditioned. Blouses or cholis for these occasions or workaday moments could be planned more for comfort and free movement rather than for a close fit or clever cut. The effect of white muslins, mulls and meddapolams is hard to beat. But a judicious use of coloured and printed voiles can be pleasing if they do not clash with or overwhelm the saree.

The current craze for folklore in print and designs in vivid colours calls for careful selection and very restricted use. Also avoid fussy lines to the choli like a high closed neck and elbow length sleeves unless cold weather and a plain light saree is indicated. Cotton sarees, mill or handloom, should form the bulk of a girl's wardrobe. They can be expen-

sive or inexpensive and help achieve an unbelievable degree of sophistication on hot and humid occasions.

Lingerie. This is a detail that all brides-to-be should insist upon. Even though climatic conditions forbid elaborate underclothes, the saree in its most popular and fashionable length requires a minimum.

To the bride who has (we hope!) the pleasure of choosing so many new clothes in one stroke, this section should be of special interest. If her trousseau includes a good deal of light saree material, it is very important that the under-skirts be of very fine mercerised white or coloured material to match. Satin skirts give the luxury look to ordinary ninons or fine handloom cottons. Variety can be achieved in the hem, some with scallops, self-coloured embroidery or cut-work or lace insertions.

Those who have experimented with ready-made brassiers know that many kinds have to be tried before the right type is found to fit the figure and give it sanitary support. The exaggerated and obnoxious outlines, that have unfortunately become associated with this essential article of feminine wear must, however, be avoided.

It must be remembered that under clothes need not necessarily be dull, ill-cut or ill-chosen simply because they will be covered by the saree anyway!

The saree is an overpowering costume in itself. So the accessories should be few, unobtrusive and harmonious. The saree's main accessory is the choli. It should be chosen to match the saree's main colour and not the border. It is more effective and creates the impression of an ensemble. Do not try contrasts unless you have a sure and keen sense of colour. Always consider the clothes against the background you will occupy.

Handbags and shoes or sandals are becoming increasingly important.

They should be both of the same colour and material to balance the texture and colour of your saree and choli. A couple of sets in a couple of colours—say crocodile handbag and crocodile shoes or sandals to match or velvet pouch bag in jewel colours with velvet slippers to match can be satisfying accessories to almost all colours in a wardrobe.

Mat, cane and other fanciful accessories that lend a touch of novelty to a western dress can very often look just fussy and incongruous in a saree-wearer's hands.

To begin somewhere sometime is all that matters. Why not begin with the trousseau? It is bound to inspire a desire that is latent in all of us to dress well and distinctively. What can be more rewarding than the satisfaction of combining all the best in our traditions with the finest contributions of modern fashions?

(Continued from page 11)

line. When he was appointed Chairman of a Tribunal to go into charges of corruption against persons in which the U. N. P. was interested, he found them to be corrupt. This infuriated the Party Bosses, and Mr. deSilva came to be regarded as a person who is incapable of impartiality in favour of the U. N. P.!

As Minister of Justice in the Ceylon Cabinet, Mr. deSilva will have an important role in shaping the policies of the Socialist Government of Ceylon. Mr. deSilva was one of those who always favoured the loosening of the ties with Britain. He was not very happy that India had chosen to remain within the British Commonwealth. He told me in Delhi years ago that if India did not come out of the Commonwealth, it would be difficult for Ceylon to come out. Mr. Bandarnaike has made a wise choice of his Ministers. He always said that Ceylon could show the way for other Asian countries. We are eagerly looking forward to his lead.

THE VEILING WAY

By M. KRISHNAMOORTHY

THERE is a necessity for starting a campaign for veiling most of the statues in our cities. Statues, busts and portraits are becoming far too common and it would be too much to pretend that these are works of art. A man is known by his works and when he is of the calibre of the Mahatma, for instance, his memory will be borne for ever in the hearts of his people. But, then, not everybody can be a Gandhi; and lesser mortals are remembered by the concrete works of art they leave behind or by the good they have done to their country in a manner which benefits generations. To lesser people, who achieve prominence of a sort, probably portraits and statues are necessary. It has often happened that a great painter or sculptor has bestowed immortality on his patron or sitter. We remember next to nothing of these men and women but as long as mankind exists, these magnificent works of art will continue to enthrall us.

This veiling idea will apply to the monstrosities which are now often perpetrated. But the very idea of veiling a portrait or a statue is enough to cause consternation among our professional openers. For one thing they will have to change the whole tenor of their speeches and produce not so much the kind of speech which lauds "the qualities of the head and heart" of people (often departed) but others full of sarcasm, contempt or, at best, good natured indifference. I could not, somehow, help thinking in this context, of that magnificent line in "Othello" in which he expresses all the contempt a brilliant professional warrior has for mere amateurs strutting about, with swords at their sides. "Keep up your bright swords,

for the dew will rust them", he says. Some things are best encased in covers, things like statues and portraits. We can well imagine the process, which will be something analogous to the manner in which traffic islands are built in Madras. First comes the choice of the spot, then the inevitable measurements, later the unsightly barrels and finally the slightly more artistic chains "enclosing sunny spots of greenery". A whole new trade will spring up, offering steadily improving means of covering up statues etc. Those who now prepare speeches for important people to use at "opening ceremonies" will have to sharpen their pencils and write in quite another style. The glib tongues of professional speakers will find it more difficult to tackle the veiling speeches.

The veiling process, as a matter of fact, is already under way. We no longer indulge in Neill Statue Satyagrahas but remove offending or superfluous monuments to the decent limbs of our museums. This is a brilliant solution to a vexing problem. But what we want is that even such removals should follow the pomp and circumstance of a public veiling ceremony. What would the press do, otherwise—and the City Reporters! First would gather the crowd and "admire" the so-called work of art. Then, most probably, we could have a tea party, followed by speeches. At the climacteric moment a veil, decent in more senses than one, would be drawn round the statue or across the portrait. Sometimes the programme may be varied; instead of the speeches preceding the veiling, they may follow them. The professional speakers like to vary their ways! In the vote of thanks mention must be made of the individual or the firm which

has so kindly undertaken to start the actual covering up of the statue. First, we might have the whole thing encased in old tin sheets and then—but then, I am not able to make up my mind as to which would be the best material for the sheathing. The ubiquitous plastics suggest themselves but one wonders whether that would be permanent enough. The editor may like to hear his correspondents' suggestions on this matter of definitely public interest. We seem to be having far too many of these unveiling functions. An expression of gratitude to the dead is right and proper but this should not be permitted to degenerate into foolishness. We do not even seem to care what happens to statues set up in past years. The Corporations and Municipalities owe a duty to the people to see to it that these monuments are kept clean. And it will cost so little. But, without appearing to be cynical, it would be no exaggeration to say that some statues and portraits try to preserve the memory of people who are better forgotten—and we know how the money for putting them up has been collected. It is best that these are decently veiled and sealed. For one thing, many artistic monstrosities will cease annoying the people—though, I believe, the birds may complain.

SUPERPHOSPHATE

Better Use Recommended

New Delhi: Farmers are advised to take to the use of superphosphate to get better yields from crops.

Superphosphate is a phosphate fertilizer. It is suitable for application to all crops. Along with nitrogenous fertilizers, superphosphate increases the yield of cereals like rice, wheat and barley. It is particularly suitable for vegetable crops, especially root and tuber crops like potato, carrot, radish and onion. It

also improves the size and quality of the produce. Fruit trees benefit a great deal by the application of superphosphate. Application of superphosphate to green manure crops like sannhemp and *dhaincha* (*Sesbania aculeata*) increases the yield of the cereal crop grown after the green manure crop.

Superphosphate can be applied before or at the time of sowing or transplanting. It should not be used in lateritic soils. The fertilizer should be used in conjunction with bulky organic manures like farmyard manure and compost.

For cereal crops, 100 to 200 pounds of superphosphate per acre along with sufficient quantity of nitrogenous fertilizer is recommended. For vegetables, sugarcane, tobacco and similar other crops, heavier applications will be required.

BUD ROT

Serious Disease Of Coconut

New Delhi: Bud rot is a serious disease of coconut. The young visible leaves of the central spindle start withering. They first turn light greyish brown, then become darker brown, bend over and finally break down at the base. This rot spreads to other young leaves.

Since the disease kills the central bud, the palm does not grow further.

To control the disease, remove the outer sheaths if they are affected, and spray the crown with one per cent Bordeaux mixture. If the disease is far advanced, then cut down the whole crown and burn.

It will be a good procedure to protect the healthy trees surrounding the diseased one by pouring down the crown a mixture of copper sulphate, lime and common salt in the proportion of 1:3:5. One cigarette tin-ful of the mixture is enough for a tree. The other alternative is to spray these trees with one per cent Bordeaux mixture.

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JUDGE VS. LAWYER

By P. KODANDA RAO

(Secretary, Servants of India Society)

THE Government of India have appointed the Law Commission to suggest reforms to make the administration of justice more speedy and efficient and less expensive. In this connection it is worthwhile to discuss some fundamental problems, like the relative roles of the judge and the lawyer and the philosophy of criminal justice.

The Guilty and the Innocent: The philosophy underlying current approach to justice seems to be epitomised in the aphorism: let a hundred guilty men escape but let no single innocent man suffer. It seems to overlook the fact that none can be guilty without some innocent having suffered, and that to let a hundred guilty men escape is to let perhaps a hundred innocent men suffer. In the pursuit of this philosophy, the most conclusive proof of guilt is demanded, and every benefit of doubt is given to the accused, leading often to the defeat of substantial justice and injury to the innocent. It tends to put a premium on crime and the cleverness of the lawyer who defends the criminal as if he were innocent, and who takes the chance of securing his acquittal, and who often succeeds in doing so, and even glories in it! It also tends to promote the manufacture of extra evidence, more helpful than truthful, to prove the guilt to the hilt. Apart from very rare exceptions, the State, the guardian of public interests, is not motivated by antipathy or revenge against the accused. Its legal advisors, as competent as the lawyers and the judges, have to satisfy themselves that there is a *prima facie* case and substantial evidence against the accused before launching the prosecution. There

seems to be, therefore, more justification to give greater credence to the State evidence and give it the benefit of doubt. *It, therefore, seems desirable that the current philosophy should be modified to ensure that the innocents do not suffer and the guilty escape, and the substantial justice, which is all that is possible anyhow, should be preferred to an unattainable absolute justice.* There may still be occasional miscarriages of justice, but they are likely to be far fewer than now. No system can be perfect in an imperfect world.

Judge and Lawyer: It would seem that there is growing divorce between law and justice, largely because of the intervention of lawyers in courts. Litigation increasingly tends to become a gamble in law, a battle of wits between lawyers, than a search for justice, which rests on impartiality. The approach of the lawyer is normally partisan; that of the judge is impartial. And in the event, it is the decision of the judge rather than the argument of the lawyer that is effective. It may well be that justice, substantial justice, will be better served if the judge, who knows as much law as the lawyer, hears the case *without the assistance of lawyers*. It is better to provide the judge with adequate staff of assistants versed in law to give him the help which the lawyers are intended to give, but which they rarely give with judicial impartiality. Graduates in law are better employed as judges and their assistants in the civil service, than as lawyers seeking their uncertain fortunes by gambling in law in the courts and valuing legal scores above justice. Teachers and doctors and

other professional civil servants are trusted to give service without intermediaries. May not judges and their assistants be trusted to give equally efficient and conscientious service, without the intervention of lawyers with their partisan pleadings?

Even today lawyers are excluded in certain categories of cases, and judges are trusted to do justice all the same. Indeed, such exclusion is defended in the interest of justice!

What is Justice? Both parties to an issue cannot have justice, or equal justice, on their sides. But the lawyer for each side will seek to prove that justice was on his side, even when he knew to the contrary. The judge decides in favour of one. His decision is presumed to be just. If the loser appeals and wins, the appellate judgment is presumed to be just. If there should be further appeals to higher courts, the judgment of the last court is presumed to be just. Every judgment is just until it is reversed on appeal, and every appeal may reverse the previous judgment. The system offers tempting incentive for speculative appeals.

When two equally competent judges hear the same evidence and differ in their judgments, it is difficult to tell which is just. When the Supreme Court judges, after hearing the same arguments, differ by a majority of one, it is unfair to presume that the majority are solicitous of justice and their judgment is just, while the minority are indifferent to justice and their judgment is unjust. If there were an appeal from the Supreme Court, its majority judgment may be reversed, and so on *ad infinitum*. Justice seems to be elusive. *Every judgment is more a settlement of a dispute than the determination of justice.*

Appeals: Further, appeals are from lower courts to higher courts in the hierarchy. The former, which are generally manned by less experienced judges than the latter, presu-

mably give justice of inferior quality, justifying appeals to the higher courts for better justice. Since every successive appeal costs more money, most losers in the lowest court have to be content with inferior justice, which seems less just, if not unjust, to them. There seems to be no justification why the poorest should not have the highest quality of justice. Justice should be justice, and not a hierarchy from less just to more just. *Every court should be manned by the best judges, with little need to appeal, or every body should have facility to appeal to the highest court.*

The former is more practicable than the latter. Most judges have the same minimum legal qualifications: they are graduates in law. The chief difference in the hierarchy, except individual excellences at any level, seems to be experience. Judges of higher courts have generally more experience than those of the lower courts. Experience of the administration of justice is better achieved by associating law graduates with judges as their helpers than as lawyers. Senior assistants to judges may be appointed as judges, to secure greater uniformity in the quality of judges and justice, and less need for appeals.

Appeals to the highest court in every case is not practicable, and limitation of the number of appeals is inescapable, with a view to giving finality to every dispute, irrespective of justice. Any such limitation has necessarily to be largely arbitrary, and at best a compromise. *Perhaps it is best to allow just one appeal.* When a single judge or magistrate gives judgment, an appeal may lie to a bench of two judges in the next superior court. If both the appeal judges confirm or reverse the judgment of the lower court, it should be final. If one of them concurs with the lower court, it would amount to two judges against one and the ma-

majority judgment, namely the lower court's, will prevail and be final.

In so far as the nature of the case justifies appeals, a single appeal may be allowed by staggering the initial court. Cases, which are now appealable to the Supreme Court, may be initiated in the High Courts, and cases appealable to the High Courts may be initiated in the district courts, and so on down the line.

Conclusion: No human institution can be perfect and rise above the level of the character and integrity of its operators. An improvement may not be spurned because it is less than perfect. It is respectfully submitted that it would be a significant improvement if every possible care is taken in the selection of judges and magistrates and if they are trusted to administer justice without the intervention of lawyers, and if appeals be limited to one. These reforms are likely to yield substantial justice, which is all that is anyhow possible in this imperfect world, and reduce considerably miscarriage of justice, speculative litigation and appeals, and coached prejudy and toutism.

SALT LICKS

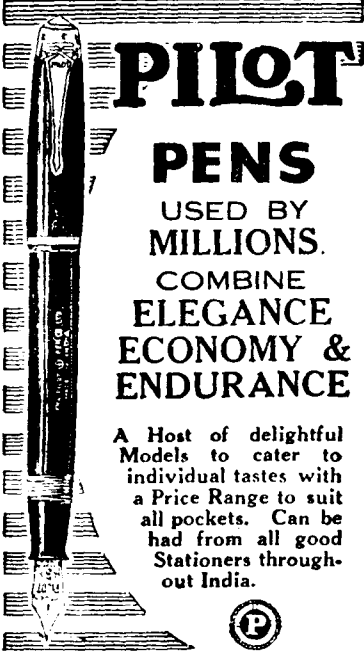
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INNOCENTS ABROAD

By VERITAS

THE visit of the Russian leaders to Britain proved on the whole unspectacular if not disappointing. Whether it was due to the prior propaganda against the guests in a section of the press or to the mature poise of the British public which gave a typical exhibition of insular frigidity the Russians were less cocky and more on the defensive. The agreed communiqué at the end of the visit proves nothing; if anything it discloses a much wider area of disagreement than has been acknowledged in set terms. Doubtless some personal contacts have been made, and a further step has been taken to ease 'prevailing tensions' as the jargon has it. But the net result is: As you were.

The visit however led to a brush between the Russian leaders and some members of the British Labour Party. It was not in the programme, and was all the more piquant for that very reason. A convivial occasion came to an end in an atmosphere of frayed tempers and mutual recriminations. Till then it was a breezy mixture of candour and courtesy, of humour and good humour which the guests displayed to general satisfaction. But the snake in the grass, the serpent in the bosom, the stab in the back—was unexpectedly provided by the younger members of the Labour Party. In the recoil of their disgust, the Russians went to the extent of confessing—to the amusement of the ribald—that the Tories seemed vastly preferable to horny-handed and pig-headed labour! Et tu brute! was the gist of their reflections inspired more by sorrow than by anger.

And what was the point at issue? An insignificant trifle, we might say. It was the alleged incarceration in Russia of an unspecified but large number of social democrats for their political views. Almost every country with any pretensions to civilisation

has legal provision for the arrest and indefinite detention (without trial) of seditious and subversive elements. We have a Preventive Detention Act to save us from traitors; and we should therefore not be surprised if the Russian leaders have some such law to safeguard their freedom and hard-won proletarian sovereignty. But somehow the question upset Mr. Khrushchev. He grew red in the face and lost his temper and argument in an access of unforced anger. First he averred that there were no social democrats in Russia; then he amended it by saying that those who were in detention were not social democrats but traitors. Finally he declared roundly that in any case it was no business of any meddling outsiders!

This touchiness on a comparatively trivial point seems altogether excessive until we remember that it has a direct bearing on the new-found passion of the Russians to sell 'co-existence' abroad. An inconvenient corollary of it on the home front would be the obligation to allow opposition parties full freedom to function on the basis of alternative platforms. The recently promoted attack on the cult of personality carries with it the implication that ideas should hold pride of place in men's minds. But as ideas can prove their vitality or validity only in the climate of free thought, it also postulates the need for allowing an opposition to function normally and naturally. Such a conclusion would be fatal to the massively built monolithic structure of the new society, and so it is that the Russian leaders have not taken kindly to the censorious officiousness of the labour inquisitors.

Another inference also seems legitimate. It is a case of Greek met Greek. The doctrinal rigidity of communism is paralleled by Labour's

faith in its own nostrums. Chief of the latter is 'nationalisation' though there is ample evidence to show that the more seasoned sections of British Labour have come to realise that it can be a double-edged weapon or lead only to a pyrrhic victory. The social democrats of the continent correspond to the moderate wing of Labour in England *vis a vis* the major articles of the communist faith. They are humanists first and revolutionaries afterwards; they are prepared to subordinate dogma to the exigencies of political realism. Above all they view power as a means to an end, not as the end itself. It is true that they have usually suffered from the virtues of their ideology; but that has been their saving grace.

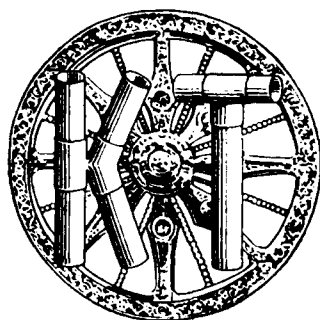
The episode is thus valuable for the light it throws on the alleged liberalising of the regime in Russia under the newly organised 'collective leadership.' On essentials it has a grasp more firm than ever it was in the past. If British Labour hoped to bring succour to the satellite countries, it has been disillusioned swiftly and sharply. Since returning home, M. Khrushchev has indeed made another candid admission, namely, that they had committed many mistakes in the past and that they were trying to rectify them one by one. Does this carry a minatory warning or a message of hope to the neighbours of Russia? Time alone will show what other major modifications in Soviet policy are impending. Is she too exploiting the concept of peaceful co-existence wholly for foreign consumption? Or has she gathered enough confidence in the new order to allow it to sail henceforth under its own steam? This is the real, crucial, decisive issue for it alone has the answer to the question how much longer has communism to be a crusade in the interests of its survival.

If the sensational advances claimed by Russian scientists are true, then Russia has automatically solved the threat of a nuclear war. For even supposing that America had or

has aggressive intentions, it is now clear that her chances of forcing a crushing military victory over Russia have been irretrievably lost. Stalemate in the sphere of nuclear inventions is all to the good; but if it is to lead to an intensification of other conflicts, international instabilities cannot be expected to promote peace. There is no evidence of a change of attitude towards German unification which is the crux of the European problem. The longer that Russia mounts guard over the minds and thoughts of men, the greater is the risk of some such explosion as has happened to demote Stalin occurring to vindicate human freedom. Now that the glamour of communism no less than fear of it have both suffered greatly in world-estimation, the time seems propitious for a return to normalcy in the eastern orbit now under communist control. Here is a wide enough sphere in which peaceful co-existence can be practised dynamically; the results of such an experiment may themselves prove solvents of prevailing suspicions and discontents both at home and abroad.

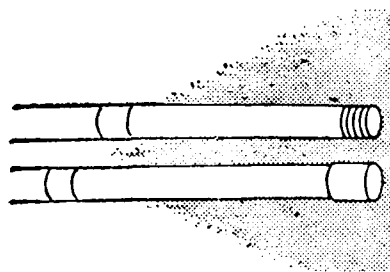
Otherwise, the communist system itself is in danger of being discredited on the ideological plane as not having any principle of automatic renovation within itself, and as fatal to progress. This is the dilemma that faces the Russian rulers. Ten years of indoctrination of the subject peoples has not ensured their spontaneous loyalty to the communist regime; the fact that they function only as satellites proves this. Only by restoring their initiative to them can the future of communism itself be assured. It was a sensible and realistic approach which the Russians adopted in the composing of the differences between the Arab and Israeli groups. A like detachment and generosity are more urgently needed to put Eastern Europe on its feet. Should the Russian leaders take steps in this behalf, it would be an act of faith with great potentialities for the future.

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

ACCORDING to a press report the Soviet Union is likely to sponsor cinemas in India and other Asian countries. In an attempt to secure greater showing of Soviet films in Asian countries, the report adds, the Soviet Government proposes to sponsor a number of cinemas in various towns and cities. The report, however, does not clarify as to the method proposed for sponsoring theatres. If it is proposed to lease some of the existing houses and screen Soviet films one fears that such a move would not be much successful. For already in Bombay one theatre was booked for Soviet films; but the theatre could not be supplied with sufficient product and ultimately the whole project had to be given up.

Indeed to popularize foreign pictures in India it is necessary to have small art houses in all the principal cities. These art houses with limited accommodation of three or four hundred seats could specialize in screening not only Russian film but films from Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Italy, France, Japan and other countries. Such art houses should be started initially in Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta, Madras and gradually extend to all parts of India. Even in United States, these art houses have proved popular; and it is through such small specialized theatres that Italian and French pictures have earned popularity in America.

True, in United States, the exhibition of foreign films is confined only to art houses and they are seldom allowed to be screened in

regular theatres. In India, one need not fear such restriction. For, if a picture proves popular, it is bound to get release in bigger theatres as well. As it is, the rental charged for the big theatres is so heavy that it is not possible to screen the best of foreign pictures in languages unfamiliar to majority of the audience at such theatres on purely commercial scale. Even the highly acclaimed films like "Bicycle Thief" and "The Wages Of Fear" have not been commercially very profitable propositions. Hence, a chain of art theatres in all the prominent towns and cities sponsored by our own Government as well as foreign Government would enable at least a section of picturegoers who are very keen to see such pictures to patronize them. Apart from foreign films such art houses could screen pictures in regional languages like *Pathar Pancholi* which otherwise could be shown only in morning shows in big cities like Delhi and Bombay.

Apart from such small theatres, it is necessary to have regular international film festivals in India. For it is only through such festivals that the interest in foreign films is aroused. But for the festival held in 1952 the Indian picturegoers would never have been aware of the great stride made by Italy and Japan in films. Such festivals should be held as frequently as possible. There is now a move to hold a Japanese film festival; this move is most welcome. A similar festivals of Italian, French, Soviet, Czech, German films would be of great cultural value and would provide a welcome relief to many picturegoers who are bored with Hollywood crime thrillers and sexy romances.

Hence it is to be hoped that the idea of sponsoring film festivals and art theatres would be given earnest consideration not only by Soviet Government but by our Ministry of Information as well.

Picture of the week

Jupiter's *Naya Aadmi* is the Hindi version of the famous Tamil hit *Velaikari*. According to those who have seen the original the Tamil film owed its success to the venomous attack on God, Landlord and even North Indians. The Hindi version is fortunately free from all this venom, though, of course, the landlord is the chief target of revenge and ridicule.

Dramatically it is the story of revenge and a 'bloodless' revenge too. Anand, a young lawyer comes home to meet his father after completing his education on Diwali day only to find that his father has hanged himself out of shame. For, just before the son's arrival Mayadas, the moneylender landlord had auctioned his belongings and house. So Anand decides to take revenge. He tries to kill Mayadas and fails. With the help of his friend and a dead body of a rich man who resembles him and whose identity he assumed, he plans a more subtle and effective revenge.

As a rich youth he marries Mayadas's daughter and harasses her as well as her father by demanding money and misbehaving in public. He and his friend encourage Mayadas and Shekhar his son to part company when Shekhar falls in love with Chandni, a servant girl and defies his father. Shekhar goes away, is accused of murder and saved in dramatic trial by Anand in disguise. Chandni who is supposed to have been burnt when Mayadas get to fire her house is also saved by Anand and is to be married to Shekhar as a rich man's daughter.

It is on the wedding day of his son when Mayadas is accused of killing Chandni by police and finds that all the wealth he has amassed would not save him that Anand's revenge has its reward. True, being human Anand saves Mayadas from death and rebukes him and exposes him before the gathering in a forceful manner.

Full of coincidences and even some improbabilities, the story of *Naya Aadmi* is vigorous, engaging and entertaining. Thanks to pungent dialogue, its satire is always amusing and enjoyable; and as the target of attack is the greedy, miserly money-lender, it is but natural that the audience should enjoy every dig at him. It is further embellished with eleven songs—all of them are tuneful with four very pleasing song and dance numbers. The two songs sung by Lata and rendered by Anjali-devi on the screen are most soothing, the last song is the best written by Rajendra Krishna.

For a maiden effort, the direction by C. P. Dixit is commendable. The production values are not as opulent as one expects them in a picture made in South. They are just adequate. The performances by Rama Rao and Nagendra Rao, who will be remembered for his villain's portrayal in *Nishan* are vigorous but little theatrical. Jamuna has a pleasant face while Anjali is a consummate artiste. It is Anwar Hussain as the friend, philosopher and guide of the hero who steals the show and keeps the audience regaled throughout. Gope acquits himself well while Ram Sharma is effeminate as Shekhar.

Entertaining and engrossing *Naya Aadmi* is a happy reminder of the fact that the producers from South are alive to social problems and do tackle them effectively in their films. After "Mr. Sampat" this is the first significant social to emanate from Madras the Hindi market.

Personality of the week

C. P. Dixit who makes his debut as a director in *Naya Aadmi* is not a product of South. In fact he hails from U. P. and began his career in the filmworld in Bombay years ago in M. & T. Studios. After having training in Bombay he went to Kolhapur and worked with Bhal G. Pendhar-kar while he was making *Valmiki*.

News of the week

From Kolhapur to Madras was not a far-off journey. In Madras, from the beginning he worked with producer M. Somasundaram. He worked as dialogue director and had grooming in direction as well. It was after his successful contribution to the Hindi version of *Manohar* that M. Somasundaram assigned him the job of direction for *Naya Aadmi*.

Tall, fair, soft-spoken C. P. Dixit looks more like an artiste than a director. But from the beginning he has set up his mind on becoming a director and with *Naya Aadmi* to his credit, he can look forward to bright future. He came to Bombay to attend the premiere release of the picture last week while his 'boss' M. Somasundaram was busy with his heavy production schedule of Tamil and Telugu films.

Mrs. Smirnova and Mr. Pronin whose departure was delayed by a fortnight due to unforeseen circumstances left Bombay by Air India International plane on Tuesday the 24th April 1956 for Moscow.

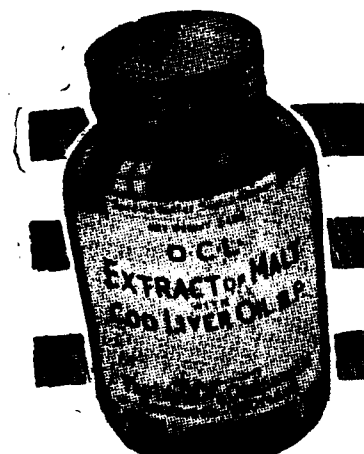
Dilip Kumar replaced Ashok Kumar in B. R. Chopra's *Naya Daur*. Madhubala is cast opposite Dilip. The cast includes Manmohan Krishna, Mala Sinha, Johnny Walker and others. Dilip Kumar is also working in Kardar's costume drama and *Yahudi ki Ladki* in which Nargis is cast opposite him. With all these commitments in Bombay it is felt that he will not act in any 'South' picture for at least next six months.

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ON THE COVER:

Srimathi E. V. Saroja, Dancer.

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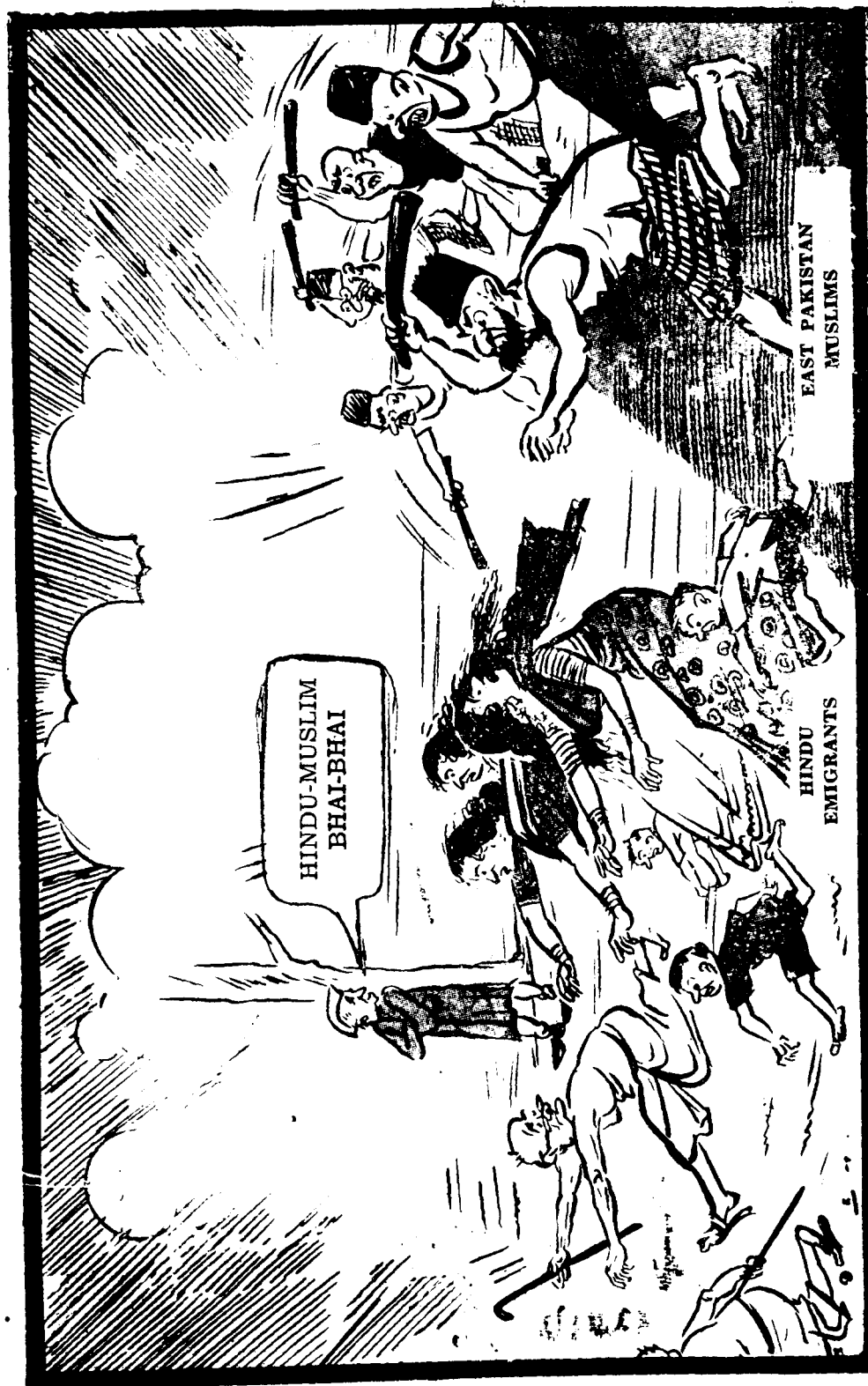
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SWATANTRA

Vol. XI. MAY 12 SATURDAY 1956 No. 15

NEW DEAL FOR LABOUR

THE recent Congress of the I. N. T. U. C. has proposed a new orientation of the Labour movement in India so as to fit the working class into the "Socialistic pattern" of Society which the Nehru Government is building up. Under the new set up, Labour is not the employee in business but is the partner, aspiring to become gradually the major partner and later on to bloom into the only partner or proprietor of the entire business. Under socialism, of course, the capitalist gets abolished or liquidated and labour becomes the owner of all industries. What a tempting prospect held out before the half-starved workers dwelling in the slums! Is it all real? Or, is it just a dream, a "pie in the sky" to keep the labourers quiet and away from the mischievous influences of agitators and strike leaders?

Apparently, the I.N.T.U.C. leadership has been taken in by the promise. It has asked labour to behave like good boys and give up strikes altogether. The Labour Congress has passed a resolution assuring Prime Minister Nehru that there was no room for strikes and lock-outs in the planned economy envisaged by him. Mr. Khandubhai Desai, the Minister for Labour, declared in his speech before the Congress: "today the right to strike should not be claimed. We should claim the right to work". Similar was the refrain of labour leaders in Stalin's Russia. Mr. Desai declared naively, "now there need not be any employer and employee. We are all comrades who have to work shoulder to shoulder

for the nation's progress." Minister-Worker, Bhai-Bhai!

We utter the warning to the working class in India that they are moving towards the edge of a precipice. The right to strike is the only weapon that the workers of the world have wielded to secure prosperity and power. Wherever and whenever they were made to give up that fundamental right, either voluntarily or by compulsion, they were struck down to a sub-human level of existence. That is the fate that overtook them in Stalin's Russia, in Hitler's Germany and in Mussolini's Italy and that is what is happening to labour in Franco's Spain. Ownership of industry is empty and deceitful talk when indulged in to tempt the ignorant, helpless, unorganised, and miserably poor workers in the backward economy of India. It is under such a temptation that the working class of Russia fell under the sway of Lenin and were later consigned to labour camps by Lenin's successor. One of the earliest edicts of the Lenin regime took away the right to strike from the labouring class. When the capitalists are violently liquidated, as happened in Russia, or when they get non-violently abolished, as is happening in India today, the inevitable result is the loss of the right to strike by the workers and the enthronement of an official bureaucracy which tyrannises over labour more ruthlessly than ever did the former capitalist owners.

It may be that the Ministers and the labour leaders who mouth the tempting slogans of utopian socia-

lism to-day are in earnest about their professions. But, judged in the light of history, all these professions sound hollow. Alluring promises of ownership of industry made to labour on the verge of starvation are certainly false and fraudulent.

We do not say that capitalism should endure forever; and we would remind the new dealers that there are others besides professed socialists who support the ideal of an egalitarian society. But the effort to achieve the ideal must be genuine and must be directed to the immediate objective of increased production. A gradual and deliberate accumulation of consumer goods will alone increase the level of life of the people while the forcible deprivation of property or the liquidation of the class which participated in the management of production will remove the incentive for increase in production and would tend to impoverish the people and lower their level of existence. Ownership, like every other

human right, is a slow growth, and must be achieved by incessant toil. The working class can achieve ownership of industry only by gradual increase in their level of life brought about by the production of more and better commodities. All premature talk of achievement of ownership will lead to labour camps where forcible work will be extracted under inhuman conditions. Deprivation of the right to strike is the totalitarian prelude to the labour camp. Such has been the experience of the working class in countries ruled over by the Communists and by the Fascists. If India seeks genuinely to avoid the extremes of capitalism and communism and chalk out her own "middle path" or "the third way out," she should concentrate her energies on the constructive task of building up new and better industries and not walk the destructive way traversed by the totalitarians of expropriation of property and liquidation of the class which has built up industries.

SIDELIGHTS ::

WHAT is it that Bertrand Russell dislikes most about India? This question was put to the famous philosopher by a representative of the monthly journal, *Envoy*. The reply was: "What irritates me is the belief of some Indians that India has much higher ethical standards than other countries. This is quite untrue. Look at your attitude towards child Marriage, cows and religion".

Leaving aside the questions of child marriage and religion, let us find out what is really the Indian attitude towards the cow that so irritates Bertrand Russell. The cow is all over India. Our forests are

denuded, our fields turn into deserts because of the over grazing by super-abundant cattle. The broad economic fact stares us in the face that India is suffering from an over-population of cattle as of humans. There is the consequent under-nourishment of both these species. There is no possibility of economic or cultural progress for this country unless we adopt a courageous and, indeed, a revolutionary programme of birth control in regard to humans as well as cattle. In the case of cattle we can go one step further and have not merely birth control but also selective breeding of the better type by artificial insemination. This latter method will be

quite unsuitable to humans; because it will involve too many social, legal and emotional complications.

In regard to cattle, public opinion in India has to be educated to allow the adoption of the merciful method of eliminating the useless. What strikes a foreign traveller most in our cities is the phenomena of cows roaming about hither and thither in the midst of crowds, in the streets and on the roads, where they are a menace to vehicles and pedestrians alike, and are often the cause of traffic jams and accidents. These cows have no business to be where they are found and they shock the foreigner and serve as the symbol of the essential backwardness of this country and of our people. Indians are naturally immune to such sentiments; because they have grown up in the atmosphere of reverence for the cow which has precedence over humans on the roads as well as in the temples and in the houses.

Worship of the cow, strangely enough, goes side by side with ill-treatment of the cow. People in India have grown immune to the miserable sight of starving animals trudging along the streets, skeletons loaded with open sores, horrible to look at. Mahatma Gandhi called the cow "a poem of pity." He had in mind the miserable specimens which roam our streets. A look at our milkmen who carry about the carcass of the dead calf to induce milk in the cow is a sight of which every Indian should be ashamed. The cattle used to puddle our paddy fields with the wooden plough undergo untold suffering at the hands of our plough boys who twist their tails, prod them with sharp iron nails fixed to sticks and even bite them when they grow tired and refuse to move.

It would be more merciful to kill these animals outright. But Hindu sentiment will not permit such mercy-killings. It is this attitude of the Hindus which is a strange mixture of adoration and callousness which irritates the philosopher.

The Hindu sentiment revolts against beef eating. The implication of that sentiment is that it is wrong to kill the cow to fatten the human body. The ethics behind that implication is perfect and is based upon an ideal of mercy extended beyond the humans so as to embrace all creation. Probably it is the highest morality conceivable by man. But it is nevertheless a fact that cattle get better treatment in Europe and other countries inhabited by beef-eaters than it secures in this holy land of cow worship. The cows in foreign countries are well fed and maintained in great comfort. They are fat and beautiful to look at. They lead happy lives—until they are led to the slaughter house where they are scientifically dealt with so that death does not cause pain. Whether a cow or a human-being, one would any day prefer merciful death to a life of lingering misery. Most of the cows which roam about the streets in India are so pathetic in their suffering and misery that it would be an act of mercy to send them to the abattoir. But such a suggestion will create a riot in any part of India today.

What about the treatment we meet out to other animals? Animal sacrifice is chronic in India. We kill our fellow creatures to propitiate the Creator: We worship the cow and ill treat her at the same time. Well, there is reason for Bertrand Russell to get irritated at the Indian attitude towards the cow.

SETHU

PEDLAR'S PACK

IT is understood that Sheikh Abdullah who began to write his autobiography while in the Udampur jail has decided not to complete it.

One theory is that his decision was the result of a desire not to hurt Pandit Nehru's feelings; another is that he was warned of the risk of being compared with the Indian leader as a politician.

Replying to a Civic address at Devakottai, Sri S. Ramaswami Padayachi, Minister for Local Self-government advised the council not to undertake schemes involving waste of public funds, but to leave them to the State Government.

We cannot but applaud such courageous candour. For waste is more naturally associated with government undertakings!

It is rumoured that Mr. Mohommed Ali, Prime Minister of Pakistan, is likely to join Khan Saheb's newly formed Republican Party, and that there is a near prospect of the Muslim League in Pakistan being wound up.

Authoritative sources point out the inevitability of this step in view of the growing strength and prestige of the Muslim League in India.

The latest position in regard to the evolution of a classless society in India is as follows. In government departments there are to be not more than four classes of officers. In law, mothers will go into class I while fathers will be confined to class II. In the railways, there are to be but two classes—the first and second—with of course 'air-conditioned' which is not a class at all. In the honours lists, there would be but three classes or vargas which is another name for 'varnas'. In all these ways, the entire apparatus of the caste-system would be re-introduced to complete the picture of a future class-less society in this country.

Sri Jag Jivan Ram, Minister for Com-

munications, says that labour can exist without capital, but that capital cannot exist without labour.

This is proved by the large number of our leaders who have capitalised labour!

News comes from Dar-es-Salaam that artificial rain has been produced by shooting salt into the air through two-inch guns.

We have to take this with more than the proverbial pinch of it!

"A Renaissance Prince"

'Nehru's Reflections on his father.'—News Head-lines in Daily.

Our own reflections however centre on the sub-editor!

The Communist Party of India has after all decided to offer full cooperation to the Nehru Government.

It is too early to determine which of them will survive the ordeal.

Speaking at a meeting of Religious bodies in Bangalore, Sir C. V. Raman declared that the religions of the world have been corrupted by the personality cult.

Although I admire Scientist Raman, I'm afraid he was talking gammon When he said that religions were stultified by the 'personality cult.' Was he not tainted with that bourgeois defect When he dubbed his discovery the Raman effect?!

It is understood that all the Select Committee meetings on pending bills of the Madras state legislature will be held at Ooty during the course of this month.

Our M. L. A's in Committees Select Will be spending some time at Ooty;

And all their allowances collect In the discharge of their dooty!

LIBRA

A NOTABLE TAMIL FILM

MADURAI VEERAN

This Tamil film is attracting big crowds in all the theatres in South India. The story pertains to Veeran, a child of royal descent but abandoned in a forest because he bears inauspicious birth marks. He is brought up by a cobbler and his wife. The child grows up to be a valiant youth and rescues the princess of the realm from drowning. The princess falls in love with the youth, but the father objects to her marriage to a low born and she elopes with Veeran. The King of Madurai is taken up with his martial prowess and makes him

Commander-in-Chief of the army. Vellai Ammal, the palace dancer, falls in love with him and co-operates with him in tracing and capturing a gang of robbers who infest the kingdom. But the king, instead of being grateful to Veeran, is jealous of his love for the dancer and inflicts on him a horrible punishment. Veeran's wife and the palace dancer, Vellai Ammal, die along with the hero. The story portrays the civilisation of ancient Tamils. The acting and cinematography are superb.

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EDUCATION AND THE ADMINISTRATOR

By N. BONARJI

SOME time ago Sri Rajagopalachari in his Patel Memorial lecture on Public Administration stressed the need for good administrators in a country like ours whose Government is chosen by a politically immature and educationally ill-equipped electorate. He suggested that our administrators "should come from our organized higher educational institutions." About the same time an official Committee in Madras attributed the fall in the efficiency of the work of the State Revenue Department to the simultaneous lowering of the general standard of education. It is now too late for Sri Rajagopalachari to cry over spilt milk, for what has been done cannot be easily undone. The cautious advice of those who some years ago doubted whether more haste would, in fact, lead to more speed has already been cast aside as reactionary, and now that the wisdom born of long administrative experience has been scrapped for the enthusiasm generated by the constant reiteration of high-sounding slogans and pious platitudes, our chickens are coming home to roost in the shape of fully grown fighting cocks. It would be well for us, therefore, to examine the realities of our situation.

In our present conditions, with a social system still largely based on caste, with our fissiparous tendencies, with a democracy which is based on adult franchise, but whose concepts of social and civic duty scarcely fit in with modern democratic ideas, the impact of education on administration is not as easy of comprehension as it is thought to be, and the theory that the better the education the better, *ipso facto*,

the administrator must be, is correct only to a limited extent, for education does not make the whole man. The present mass manufacture of graduates with no real knowledge of their subjects continues apace. We are multiplying the number of our Universities and Colleges without simultaneously remedying the glaring defects of the existing ones, and we are, in general, as fascinated by quantity rather than quality as the frog is fascinated by the snake. The lack of general background, the futile cramming of notes, the failure of our Colleges to train either the intelligence or the memory are admitted on all sides to be grave faults in the educational system, to the breakdown of which the syllabuses themselves largely contribute. These last instead of giving the student a firm grounding in the essentials of two or three connected subjects quite often jumble up three or four with little or no connection between them—for example, English Literature may be taken together with Economics and Politics. The results are there for all to see. Yet, having seen them, we prefer talk to remedial action.

For an improvement in the educational system, however, to lead to a corresponding improvement in the administration, there must also be a similar rise in the moral standards of the administrator. In the words of Sri Rajagopalachari, the highest qualifications for the administrator are character, a sound sense of values, sagacity, readiness to face facts, the capacity to take a decision, and lastly no caste nexus. A writer in SWATANTRA has put the same ideas in a slightly different form. "We

need," he says, "intelligent, hard working, honest, just officers, with self-reliant minds. We need men without caste or communal bias. We need men with high standards of integrity. *That above all.* It is, in short, the personal character of the administrator that puts the fine edge on his academic attainments, and the raising of the latter without a simultaneous improvement in the former will not get us anywhere. It is a noteworthy point that education, as such, has no connection with most of the qualities that have been listed as essential.

It has to be remembered, of course, that above the permanent official is the political head, and it should be for the latter to be a standing example for the former in the matter of good administration. In actual fact, the relations that ought to exist between the official and his minister are neither defined by convention nor understood in India, and unfortunately neither party appears to place much active value on the qualities mentioned. The late Sir Austen Chamberlain, who held many high Cabinet offices in England, including that of Secretary of State for India, has an interesting story in his Autobiography in this connection. On one occasion the permanent Civil Service Head of a certain Department having failed to persuade Sir Austen of the inexpediency of the policy which the latter desired to adopt, said to his Chief, "Well, if you must do a silly thing like that, is it necessary to do it in that damned silly manner?" Sir Austen was far from being either perturbed or resentful, for he adds that his Service secretary indicated a much better method of carrying out the original idea. The British Governor of one of our former Provinces once told the present writer that, chancing to be on leave, he was summoned to a conference at the India Office in London. The then Secretary of State and the permanent Civil Ser-

vice head of the India Office were present. The former produced the draft of a despatch for the Viceroy—the product of his own cogitation and labour and handed it to the Service official to check. The latter having run his eye over the draft threw it somewhat roughly on the table with the words: "No, No. This will never do. You had better leave it to me." And it was left to him. These are not fables, but good solid fact, and not even the most fertile imagination can conjure up similar episodes with us in the present circumstances. Yet, curiously enough, this was not the case in the days of the former British regime, and the present writer himself knows of comparable cases. It is not suggested that every obscure official in India should be entitled to the same camaraderie with his superiors, but the moral of the anecdotes is that the essentials for the administrator are exemplified in full, the honesty of purpose, the self-reliance, the capacity to face facts, while on the side of the politician there are the sense of values and the sagacity. In India the position is otherwise, for our leaders in placing the "Yes-Man" on a higher moral plane than the "He-Man" infinitely prefer the latter to the former. And yet the administrator does not require high academic attainments, or indeed any special qualities at all, merely to note in the affirmative when the negative is necessary.

Nor is this all. Daily orations from our politicians against casteism, communalism, nepotism and the like certainly sound well, but since positive action has not accompanied talk, there has been little, if any, effect on the continuance of all three.

If casteism is far from being on the wane, regionalism, too, flourishes like the green Bay tree. Nor do we stop there. Our conception of social duty is such as to encourage nepotism, and how many of our leaders can place their hands on their hearts

and sincerely claim that they do not, inspite of their public orations, indulge in it, even though it be on the sly? Our ideas of duty have four boundaries, namely the family (and with us the family covers a vast host of persons that in a modern democracy ought hardly to be classed even as distant relations), the caste, the region and the friend. Our influential personages are expected to provide for each in turn, and the expectations are fulfilled in practice. If the V. I. P. did not act in this way, he would not be held to be doing his duty to society. To ignore these facts is the attitude of the ostrich to the sand despite our oratorical protestations to the contrary.

Recently an Institute of Public Administration has been set up in New Delhi, and such Institutes are likely to be duplicated in the States. To what end? The academic study of Public Administration does not necessarily make for either a good administrator or a good administration. If the basic factors of integrity, justice, punctuality, order, method and a readiness to "carry the baby" rather than to pass it on at the slightest provocation, are missing. In most of our Universities courses in Public Administration have been in the syllabus for some years, and yet in spite of them, there is the general admission that there has been a patent deterioration in the Administration. The establishment of Institutes of Public Administration, therefore, merely to serve as study circles may add a few more to the already imposing array of expensive institutions that form the facade of our democracy, but by themselves can have little effect on the Administration. There is, moreover, another aspect of the case that is slurred over. Above the permanent official is the Ministerial head, and the latter's administrative responsibilities do not appear even now to have been fixed. We have based our system largely on the British model, in so far

as it suits us to have this expensive paraphernalia, but when the model turns out to be inconvenient, ~~hot~~ bricks could not be dropped quicker. In the U. K. the political head is completely responsible to Parliament and the country for the working of his department. If the department's efficiency is his efficiency, for which he is entitled to take the credit, the blame for departmental maladministration and inefficiency also falls squarely on his shoulders. Ministerial weakness in administration always leads to the voluntary (or even compulsory) resignation of the Minister concerned. Flagrant errors apart, the Prime Minister of Great Britain has his Cabinet under constant review, and the not infrequent reshufflings of the political pack from time to time are the means by which Ministerial round pegs are removed from administrative square holes in the interest of sound administration. Forty years ago, during the first World War, the Government of India's disastrous mishandling of the Mesopotamian campaign led to the resignation of the then Secretary of State for India despite the fact that the latter was 6000 miles away, and had had no hand either in the planning or the inefficiency that ensued. More recently, only two years ago, the Minister of Agriculture resigned his office as a result of his Department's misdemeanours in the Crichton Down affair. While these examples could be multiplied, with us the case is very different. Here in theory Ministerial responsibility for the Administration exists. Nevertheless, no progress beyond the theory is made, for although there are numerous examples of administrative inefficiency, and worse, Ministers are not punished for the sins of their Departments, and the Departments themselves go on their way unscathed. Since all our administrators, both political and official, are the products of our "organized higher educational institutions" it is difficult to follow Sri Rajagopalachari's

reasons for thinking that these institutions can, per se, improve our administrative standards and methods.

In the context of our traditions and of our present political circumstances, therefore, how is it possible to re-organise our educational system with a view to "toning up the Administration?" as the ever popular political cliché runs unless our national character and our social concepts are injected with a similar tonic? The argument that the deterioration in our Administration is due solely to the lowering of our educational standards and to nothing else does not appear to the present writer to be entirely valid. It contains a part of the truth, but not the whole truth. The men now at the helm of affairs, both in the Central Government and in the States, are almost all the products of our Colleges of 40 and 50 years ago. It is during their regime that the deterioration is said to have been so marked in spite of their allegedly better education. It is they who represent our democracy and fall in with the latter's superstitions, prejudices and social and civic ideas. Indeed, they are the fathers of Indian democracy. Moreover, it should be noted that quite a number of the worst cases of corruption have in-

volved men who have received the best and most expensive of higher education abroad. Thus it is that casteism, corruption and nepotism continue and those who set their faces against such things may well find themselves "out of touch with the People", or, maybe, "too bureaucratic and lacking the human approach". Let us, therefore, face up to the facts of the situation, and, if we really believe in our words, let us act as well as talk. Over two thousand years ago Kautilya in his Arthashastra laid down the following wise dictum which we would do well to remember: "Discipline is of two kinds, artificial and natural: for instruction can render only a docile being conformable to discipline, and not an undocile being. The study of the sciences can tame only those possessed of such mental faculties as obedience, hearing, grasping, retentive memory, inference, discrimination and deliberation, but not others devoid of such faculties." It requires, in short, moral fibre as well as brains to produce good administration. An educational system, as such, generates neither. It can utilise only the material it is given. And as for Institutes of Public Administration, without the basic essentials they will be merely ornamental superfluities.

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WHEN DUELS MADE HISTORY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

HOW often do we get a chance to witness a duel?

Practically never except on the screen or stage.

Duel is a contest with weapons between two individuals who fight to secure satisfaction for personal grievance. Nowadays people defend their honour in a Court of Law.

Duel has several analogues in primitive cultures. Among the Greenland Eskimos a queer sort of duel existed called the 'nith-song,' a non-material weapon of contest. In this contest the injured person challenges his enemy to a duel of song. The disputants hurl witty, abusive and insulting songs at one another until one of the two contestants has exhausted his vituperation. The audience then gives the decision, and the contestants must therefore be friends.

The duel proper is not found in any of the ancient civilizations. Such contests as those between David and Goliath, Achilles and Hector are duels in form but actually arise from different motives and should be classed as contests of champions. The probable origin of the duel is in the trial by order of the Germanic peoples; it developed out of one of the forms of the ordeal the judicial combat to determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. The judicial duel was a struggle to the death and the early non-judicial duels were most brutal in which the contestants fought savagely and always one was killed and sometimes both. If he declared himself innocent he had to fight the accuser in the presence of witnesses who constituted the Jury. Although

the custom is much older, the ordeal was first legally established by Gundobald, king of the Burgundians.

The first recorded instance of the word occurs in Coryate's "Crudities" (1611) but Shakespeare has "Duello" in this sense, uses "duellist" of Tybalt in "Romeo and Juliet." Duels were not common before the 16th century. Hallam attributes their prevalence to the barbarous custom of wearing swords as a part of domestic dress, a fashion which was not introduced till the latter part of the 15th century.

In England, duelling did not begin till some hundred years after it has arisen in France. There is no instance of a private duel in England before the 16th century and they are rare before the reign of James I. Many were the eyebrows that went up when pistols were introduced as the weapons in English duels. But in France however the small sword and the saber was preferred until the British method was introduced through military circles in the latter half of the 18th century. In France there had been people who could resist anything but the temptation of duelling. De Houssaye tells us that in Paris when friends met the first question was "who fought yesterday? Who is to fight today?" They fought by night and day, by moonlight and by torchlight, in the public streets and squares.

Early in the present century associations to stamp out duelling still flourished and in 1908 an International Anti-Duelling Congress was held at Budapest. Where the laws against duelling have been vigorously and

impartially enforced. duels have noticeably decreased.

In all countries in which the duel had been in vogue many prominent people had been participants or had been involved in challenges. Under the long reign of Louis XIV many celebrated duels took place, of which the most remarkable were that between the Duke of Guise and Count Coligny, fought on the Place Royale, and that between the dukes of Beaufort and Nemours, each attended by some friends. Of the ten combatants Nemours and two others were killed on the spot, and none escaped without some wound.

The poor Voltaire also had to fight a duel. The story runs that Voltaire met the Chevalier Rohan-Chabot at the house of the Marquis of Sully. The chevalier offended by Voltaire's free speech, insolently asked the marquis, "who is that young man?" "one, who if, he does not parade a great name, honours that he bears," replied Voltaire. The chevalier said nothing at the time, but seizing his opportunity, inveigled Voltaire into his coach and had him beaten by six of his footmen. That was definitely not cricket and Voltaire was not a person to take it lying down. He set to work to learn fencing and sought the chevalier in the theatre and publicly challenged him. A 'bon-mot' at the chevalier's expense was the only satisfaction that the philosopher could obtain.

The year 1808 is memorable in the annals of duelling in England. Major Campbell was sentenced to death and executed for killing Capt. Boyd in a duel. In this case it is true that there was a suspicion of foul play but in the case of Lieut. Blundell, who was killed in a duel in 1813, though all had been conducted with perfect fairness, the surviving principals and the seconds were all convicted with murder and sentenced to death.

One Naval Officer challenged Tolstoy to a duel "unto death". According to the plan the two of them were to hold each other firmly and then throw themselves in the water. Once in the water each was to try and drown the other. This hardly suited Tolstoy who was absolutely ignorant of swimming. But since the duel was supposed to be a fair fight where one should use weapons in which both the contestants are well versed, the two agreed to postpone their fight until such time as a common weapon were found.

However the most remarkable duels were: Lord Byron killed Charworth in 1765; Charles Fox and Adams fought in 1779; William Pitt and George Tierney fought in 1796; George Canning and Lord Castlereagh, 1809. Christie killed John Scott, editor of the 'London Magazine', 1821. Earl Cardigan wounded Captain Tuckett—was tried by his peers and acquitted on a legal quibble, 1840. It sounds rather incredible that Abraham Lincoln too was challenged to a duel. Gustavus challenged Napoleon to a duel.

Numerous unorthodox duels have been fought in the past. At the turn of the century the swash-buckling writer, Richard Harding Davis challenged a reporter of the "Chicago Sun" to a duel. The reporter knew that Davis was a deadly shot, but he also knew his rights and when accepting agreed to fight with custard pies at six paces. Davis however was not a fool to fall for such a transparent trick. To save himself from further ridicule he dropped the matter altogether. For days the whole America enjoyed the joke.

Human life abounds in all sorts of eccentricities and is perhaps the more colourful because of that. Fashions in duels can also be eccentric. They can be elusive too. If a challenged man keeps his head he need never fight. When Isaac

Putman, a general in the War of Independence was called out to a duel with sabres, "Sir", wrote his opponent, "I have been challenged, so the choice of weapons is mine. I suggest that we shall sit in a room in which shall be placed an open barrel of gunpowder. On it shall be placed a burning candle. The first man to leave shall be adjudged a coward and the loser." Quite a sensible idea you might think but his adversary's nerve could not stand such a hopeless test, so the affair was called off.

Another bloodless duel that reads more like fiction than truth was the result of a challenge thrown out by Bismark to the Russian Scientist, Virchow. The Professor wrote that as it was his privilege to choose the weapons, he had decided upon sausages. Two sausages would be placed on plates, one packed with deadly disease germs and the other free from them. Bismark would select and eat one after which Virchow would devour the other. Bismark looked at the idea upside down and

found himself in a great predicament and wisely declined.

In 1936 Illionis was the scene of a most unusual duel in which both men were the unhappy losers. But they were millionaire oil men who did not know how to get rid of the gold that had flowed into their coffers. They met in the street and went into a restaurant for dinner, a meal priced at four shillings. They sat at the same table and each insisted on being served by a pretty waitress. When they finished one of the oilmen placed a £3 tip on his side plate. "Huh," snorted his friend and planked down twice as much on his plate. Instantly the other added to his tip. His friend took up the challenge "I will be darned if I let you beat me," he exclaimed and his pile of silver increased. The waitresses looked on with interest. When ultimately both men were cleaned out of ready cash it was found that they had between them contributed £72 in their unusual tipping duel. Who do you think was the winner? The waitress of course.

ROADSIDE ROMEOS

By Prof. N. C. MUKERJI

THE city of Raipur, in Madhya Pradesh, has made history. An example of 'massive resistance' and 'massive retaliation' of the Dulles type has been given by the girl students against the vexatious attentions of the Romeos of the place. They led through the city a procession of two thousand. It must have been a grand parade and an impressive march past.

Living as I do within hail of an ancient university, where I ended my working days, university news seeps in, though I am in the 'unattached'

list now. The other day walking along one of the roads leading to the Allahabad university, I noticed a Romeo incident. A rickshaw loaded with university girls was passing, and on the heels of it two young Romeos on cycles. I distinctly heard the first word shouted out at the rickshaw "Goodbye", the second word was indistinct but significant.

Last session most obscene shouts were raised in the convocation pandal at the Allahabad University. Happily it has been condemned, and the student leaders have dissociated them-

selves from it; a thing which proves how crowd behaviour is not always an index to individual character. Then, there was another happening. From an underground typewriter were anonymously published the foulest slanders against some girls and broadcast. We do not send our girls to the university to have their characters aspersed on and to have words and images thrown at them which would soil the imagination for the rest of their lives. But the Allahabad University authorities took no notice of it, or it was not brought to their attention. Perhaps only a massive *julus* led by parents and guardians of the university girls, after the Raipur model, will rouse our somnolent university conscience. It seems great issues can now be settled only in the streets, as a famous Lok Sabha sentence has it.

But we have to think of other measures, if the poison has to be thrown out. We lived under an authoritarian system of social control, and we were restrained from such conduct in the past. Besides, our women were veiled, and to show our respect, we jumped yards away from the veiled woman. Now, with the veil gone, the unveiled woman is considered fair game for all and we hunt them in packs.

Could not our convocation addresses, which tell us what we should do from the cradle to the grave, tell us, to begin with, something about the training of our eyes? You might admire Beauty, but embarrassing the object of beauty with your attentions, especially unwanted ones, is a very different thing. Then they might, after Plato, give us an exposition on Love; and how we have to rise from the lower to the higher, and so guard us against the psychologists who claim that both sexual and divine love stem from the same root. They might go on thus to fortify our poor students against the heavy sex-charge which they have to stand in the name of Love from

our new masters, the film and the radio. Erotic religion and songs (not confined to one religion) form a good part of our activities. The ambiguity inherent in explaining divine in terms of human love is what appeals to the unregenerate mind, and is apt to encourage unsocial tendencies in youth.

All this, however, might be a crying for the moon. It is beyond our powers. But there are certain things which are within our power. What we need is a purer and better literature. A new literature is always preceded by a new criticism. As an educational fellowship, we can do much to set in processes here which will make for this change. In the past, when love letters of celebrated authors were published, after their death, there was a considerable stir and protest. It seemed a puritanical aberration then. But we have travelled a long way on the same road, since. Now we have authors who write their autobiographies and include their love life in them. They demand it in the name of self-expression for their art, not content with the self-declaration necessary in the depicting of their subjects and characters. Art, however, cannot demand an independent life for itself and has to submit to social judgment. And here we find that not all our artists can claim to have reached the heights of character of a St. Augustine or the Mahatma, to be able to speak of their sex life, without besmirching themselves or their readers.

One university has started a probe into the character of teachers. This is as it should be. But to carry the principle of being thorough, we should see to it that no one should be associated with the university, as a teacher or adviser, who does not pass the necessary test here. But this is perhaps too big a nettle to be grasped safely by anybody, considering the lamentable laxity of standards of our present transitional society.

THE PROBLEM OF GOA

By K. N.

THE problem of Goa should be resolved early lest it gets into a stalemate like the problem of Kashmir. Propaganda as regards the justice of our claim to that small territory must be intensified. This is necessary in view of Portugal's assertion that it has an inalienable right to it on the basis of a treaty with Britain. England has not avowedly abrogated it probably because it has been relegated to the limbo of oblivion and has no more relevance in the present posture of affairs than the claim of England to America on the score of its having been colonised by Britishers. That it was under the domination of Portugal or still continues to be under her domination is no justification for its continuance under an alien rule. The Western democracies, particularly U. S. A., must be made to feel the absurdity of the stand taken by Portugal in wanting to retain its hold on Goa on the basis of an agreement with Britain centuries back.

Moreover, it is very much like two dacoits agreeing to let one of them have the plunder of the loot without consulting the wishes of the inmates of the house. We are told that the Goans love to be ruled by Portugal. There cannot be a worse slander against them. It is like asking a frog in the mouth of a snake how it likes being there. Dare it deny its pleasure? That, despite regimentation and the danger of speaking out the truth, there have been men in Goa prepared to face a life of imprisonment for the cause of liberty, speaks volumes for their courage and sense of patriotism. The External Affairs Deputy Minister said in Lok Sabha that 'Goans who were in danger in Goa' had not been asked

to go back but where there was illicit immigration from Goa the Government of India had to send them back to their places. The attempt to flee from Goa does not speak for their desire to continue there.

A great writer has said: "it is better to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied". Need we say that it is better to be a free man dissatisfied than a slave satisfied? And, from information seeping through, conditions of living in Goa are not far removed from those obtaining in the camp of forced labour. Even were it not true, would the Goans prefer to be exploited by a foreign nation? Few in this country will have the hardihood to aver that the lot of the common man after the advent of independence is better than during the regime of the foreigner. Still, none would welcome the return of the Britisher as an overlord. 'Man does not live by bread alone.' We, in India, are now satisfied that we have political freedom. We shall get bread in course of time. Hope, that perennial spring, is buoying us up to bear the present ills for a future pregnant with possibilities. Even this outlook of a better future is denied to the denizens of Goa if they are to continue under Portuguese rule.

The Portuguese authorities are now appealing to the International Court of Justice as regards their right of passage over Indian territory. The Prime Minister stated in Lok Sabha that, while we deny to the Court jurisdiction to consider the matter, we will argue the question of jurisdiction before the Court. This may place us in a false predicament. If the Court decides that it has jurisdiction to take up the issue, what

will be our stand? While admitting its competence to decide the issue of jurisdiction can we deny its right to judge the merits of the case? When India sought the help of U. N. O. to improve the lot of Indians in South Africa, the South African Government protested against the issue being considered by the International body on the plea of its being a domestic matter. Despite the U. N. O. deciding that the issue was fraught with potentialities of danger on a larger scale and, on that basis, passing resolutions year after year, the South African Government has gone on ignoring the resolutions and forging further measures of segregation and tightening of the stranglehold on the Indians. While two wrongs do not make a right and we may not imitate the South African Government in its indefensible attitude we need not unnecessarily take a step which we may have to retrace at a later stage. The appeal to the International Court in respect of the right to fly over Indian territory may be only a feeler to know the trend of Indian reaction. It behoves the Indian Government to be circumspect and not be caught on the wrong foot.

While Goans have to bear the main burden of the struggle for their liberation, we cannot expect them to carry on the fight unaided by the help of their fellow countrymen in

India. Their present masters are not noted for their tolerance; nor are they beset with any qualms in their dealings with those who revolt against their authority. Their methods of repression are not confined to imprisonment but embrace the whole gamut of physical torture. A handful of people cannot be expected to stand up to such summary reprisals; nor is the mere moral support of Indians sufficient if such support is limited to words of encouragement and cheer from a distance. Goa is a part of India and Goans are Indians. It is upto us in India to carry on the struggle on their behalf. An organisation on an All India basis should be formed, membership in which should be thrown open to all irrespective of party affiliation. Funds should be collected. The organisation should be controlled by men of integrity and calibre. The methods adopted to wrest power from the hands of the British rulers of India may not suffice to dislodge the Portuguese. It may be that the struggle will be protracted and the sacrifice will be greater than we anticipate, for the Portuguese Government is more ruthless and less intelligent than the British. But, whether the path is rugged, narrow and dangerous, or broad, smooth and safe, carry on we must, until victory is won.

Padmuni who plays the role of Vellai Ammal in MADHURAI VEERAN



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THE UNEXPECTED MIRACLE

By ANDREW ROTH

NOTHING can be more satisfactory than to a pair of aspiring parents who predicted their child would be still born. Nothing can be more satisfactory to Sir Anthony Eden than the knowledge that out of his invitation to Messrs Khrushchev and Bulganin came what Sir Anthony modestly described as "the beginning of a beginning."

It is very easy to scoff at the products of this brief liaison, described contemptuously by *The Economist* as the "Ten days that failed to shake the world." There is little meat so far to cover the bare bones of an extended probing operation.

But the fact is that the visit managed to breathe life into Anglo-Soviet relations which had lain inert since the end of the war.

However fragile a creature compared with its lusty, full-grown rivals like Anglo-American relations or Soviet relations with Communist states, the fact is both parents are determined to nurture it carefully.

Even as they departed, the Soviet suitors left behind them indications of the seriousness with which they consider the task of providing the right conditions for the sturdy growth of Anglo-Soviet relations. Perhaps the most revealing lines in the over-long statement which Mr. Bulganin read to his first press conference was that the Soviet Union and Britain "will, in one way or other, through the pressure of events, find a common language on the basic problems relating to the maintenance of peace."

As a token of the economic circumstances in which they expect Anglo-Soviet relations to flourish, the Soviets dropped an order worth £1,000,000 in the lap of a small manu-

facturer of plastic door handles who was wise enough to have a Russian speaking sales director. This was but a token of the increased trade demanded by the Russians, two thirds of it outside the embargo list. What nursing Anglo-Soviet relations can have such tangible rewards, British industrialists cannot help but be interested since they find themselves increasingly blocked in other directions.

The Threat of Sterility

Until the last day or so of the Anglo-Soviet liaison, there was plenty of reason to expect it to be sterile—the frustrating meeting of unwanted suitors and the frigid recipients of their wooing.

Their first meeting at Victoria Station was a revelation. Sir Anthony Eden's 'welcoming' speech in the undecorated station was little more than civil and certainly exuded no warmth. This seemed a compromise between his own hope the visit might prove fruitful and the tremendous barrage of criticism within his own party. These critics, whose views were voiced by the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph*, treated him like a well-bred but weak-minded young girl who had impulsively invited a pair of thugs home for tea and then did not have the courage to cancel the invitation when she learned they had been behaving badly elsewhere.

Throughout the ten-day visit these Right-wing Conservative papers jeered and sneered, much as the Liberal and Labour press criticized Ribbentrop when that Nazi emissary was in London in the '30s. When I asked a Conservative M.P. whether he thought it would have happened if Sir Winston Churchill were still in office, he admitted he thought not. Somehow the Rightwing Conserv-

tives trusted Sir Winston to be strong enough to handle the Russians, although, in fact he had given away to the Russians much more than Eden was prepared to grant at Yalta.

The combination of Rightwing press jeering and the chilly formal hospitality of Sir Anthony helped to set the tone of coolness with which the crowds viewed the fast-moving Soviet visitors. There were few boos, but equally there was little applause. Mostly there was silent curiosity.

The difference between the Malenkov and the Khrushchev and Bulganin visits was striking. Malenkov, of course, stole the show as the first major Soviet leader on show here. Moreover he won the natural British sympathy for the underdog as a leader who had been toppled but, luckily enough, had survived. Among British Conservatives there was the feeling that Malenkov was a man on their conscience. Sir Winston Churchill had told them that Malenkov had gone out of his way to befriend the West, but had lost because Britain, among others, had given him little or no encouragement. Moreover he had a genius for public relations and had the opportunity to display it since he was not hemmed in by the stringent timetable and security precautions of an official visit.

There was less curiosity and infinitely less tolerance for Khrushchev and Bulganin. By his speeches in India and Burma in November and December, Khrushchev had dealt an audible blow to Britain's *amour propre* and stigmatized the two of them as Stalin's heirs as the authors of Soviet mischief abroad. Neither the attacks on Stalin, in which Khrushchev took such a leading role, nor the conciliatory gestures, such as the dissolution of the Cominform and the pacifying statement on the Middle East on the eve of their arrival here did much to erase this impression.

So cool were both the official receptions and the public response that

one was struck by the reversal of roles. In the old days it was the powerful and confident British who were apparently impervious to criticism and the Bolsheviks who were unsure of their strength and therefore suspicious and touchy. One feared what might have been Britain's fate if these Russians had not come sure of their strength and determined to be friendly, however chilly the reception.

With the exception of one or two extremely well-publicized incidents particularly the Labour Party dinner the two Soviet leaders scarcely ever put their feet wrong. Their speeches were so appealing and such an improvement over traditional cliché-ridden Communist speeches—that the British press, in its chauvinistic way, suggested they must have been written by the defected diplomats, Burgess and McLean. Khrushchev's speech in Birmingham, in which he was accused by the *Daily Mail* and others of "brandishing the H-bomb" was no such thing. It was a cleverly reasoned appeal addressed to British industrialists to scrap the strategic embargo. He illustrated the stupidity of the embargo by pointing out that although it was supposedly meant to prevent the advance of Soviet armaments it had not stopped the U.S.S.R. being the first to explode an H-bomb from an airplane.

The Soviet leaders proved less successful at appealing to hostile Labourites. One could not expect Mr. Khrushchev to enjoy the baiting of George Brown. But the Soviet Embassy might have informed him in advance that one of his auditors at the Labour Party dinner had made his start in politics in the Popular Front days as the late Ernest Bevin's hatchet-man in a vitriolic attack on the late and now sainted Sir Stafford Cripps. He is one of the small group of Labour M.P.s who are always assured of Conservative applause for violent attacks on Communist countries or demands that Aneurin Bevan be expelled from the Labour Party.

The polished Mr. Gaitskell cannot be put in the same category as the rudely provocative George Brown. But one cannot help wondering whether his courteous but semi-public request that the Soviet leaders stop discriminating against Jews and ask their satellites to release imprisoned social democrats was meant more to effect the latter's release or to impress America's anti-Communist labour leaders or the U. S. newsmen who were alerted to stand by. Communist destruction of socialist critics and competitors arouses all democratic socialists. But if one wants results one considers the sore spots of one's guests. I doubt if Mr. Gaitskell would ask a traditional-minded American labour leader from the South of the U. S. when Southerners were going to stop lynching Negroes; at least not at a semi-public dinner.

There is no confirmation of the story that Mr. Khrushchev said he would prefer to be a Tory if British, rather than a Labourite. But certainly the Soviet delegation made a close study of the Conservatives, and above all Sir Anthony Eden. In almost a week of solid and searching talks they set his mind at rest on three vital subjects.

Knowing that the Anglo-American alliance is for him a matter of faith as well as his first diplomatic principle, the Soviet leaders immediately reassured him that they were not attempting to make him choose between friendship for them and the Americans. They flatteringly insisted they too wanted to improve relations with Washington and wanted him to advise them and intercede on their behalf. This was presumably intended to reawaken the British hope of becoming the 'honest broker' between Moscow and Washington.

Even more important for the immediate future was their reassurance on the Middle East. They insisted they had the same right to sell arms there as the Western powers but stuck to their insistence that they

had only encouraged Czechoslovakia's sale of arms to Egypt as a counter-blow to the hostile Baghdad Pact. Sir Anthony could not help but be relieved by the new Soviet position on the Middle East as expressed by Mr. Khrushchev at the press conference: "If it were possible to agree through the United Nations or otherwise that this (supply of arms) would not take place, we would welcome that." This meant, of course, that Russia would stop arming the Arabs but would have to be recognized as a Middle East power. Sir Anthony, who had once favoured this, now seemed to lean toward it again.

This more peaceful approach to the Middle East was part of a successful effort to convince Sir Anthony that Russia knew that any war involving the great powers would probably be fatal for the whole world. The Russians were undiplomatically blunt in their dismay at the West's retreat from Western disarmament proposals everytime the Russians accepted them. But to reassure him further they agreed to examine the questions of conventional and nuclear disarmament simultaneously, but without making agreement on the first dependent on agreement on nuclear weapons.

They explained they wanted to switch from armaments to civilian production, a desire which Sir Anthony, at the help of the overstrained British economy could only reciprocate. To facilitate his task they offered to increase Soviet purchases here from the present £30-40 millions now averaged annually to about £200 millions. Although they made clear they thought strategic controls should be scrapped as soon as Britain could persuade the Americans, Sir Anthony was delighted to learn that two-thirds of their shopping list was, in fact, not embargoed.

The Soviet leaders left him politically owing them much. He could say to Conservative critics of the talks: "They were certainly worth-while."

WANTED COMMISSION ON SEX EDUCATION

By S. C.

MRS. Durgabai Deshmukh, addressing the All-India Conference for Social and Moral Hygiene at Jaipur recently, suggested the imparting of sex education in schools and colleges and making it a part of the social education programme.

For building up a healthy nation the ancient races made arrangements for the study of the science and art of sex. They had some system of 'making men', that is of teaching youth first arrived at puberty nice conduct of the 'instrumentum paratum platandis civibus,' a branch of knowledge-tree which our modern education grossly neglects, thereby entailing untold miseries on the common people. Modern civilisation condemns the vital subject foul and fulsome; society sickens at all details.

In the East sex studies were aided by a long series of works, many of them written by learned physiologists, by men of social standing and by religions in high office.

In ancient India valuable sex education was available. Some great Rishis and Munis gave learned discourses and also wrote some helpful treatises on the subject. Some temples depicting the art of sex are still found in Puri, Sonepur and Khajuraho for the benefit of the common folk. But at present sex is taboo. Books are there but mostly obscene.

If the nation is to be strong, the citizens must learn something of the science and art of life. Education in the young in the vital subject of sex would sweep most of the present evils of ignorance. This at least will help them in having sexual adjustment and once this has been attained, one thousand and one other differences in married life would pale into insignificance.

It is necessary that a welfare state should have a planned parenthood. Family clinics are not enough. Is it not essential that there should be a plan for sex life also? A commission should be set up and a 5-year plan drawn up for this purpose which affects not posterity only but the present generation also. The commission of experts with Dr. B. C. Roy as chairman may make scientific investigations about the subject-matter dealt with in the works of 'Kamasutra,' 'Ratirahasya,' 'Anang-rang' and 'Nagar Sarvashayam.' And after eliminating the superfluous and the obscene, the Union Government should publish a standard work in all the major languages of the country for the guidance of the nation. This would underline the Nehru code on marriage.

Generally only one marriage in four may be judged as even tolerably successful and a very much smaller proportion can fairly be considered as really happy. So many men and women lack the aptitude, capacity, good-will and determination to make their marriages successful. Large numbers of them are not wanting brains for business, commerce, the professions, politics and other useful duties of modern life. But the widespread marriage failures prove that there is something very wrong with humanity. This frequency of unhappiness is only one manifestation of a widespread sexual unhappiness.

In Scotland before the Reformation, it is said, there existed a genuine custom known as 'hand-fasting.' "At the public fairs men selected female companions with whom to live for a

year. At the expiry of this period both parties were accounted free; they might either unite in marriage or live singly." A similar custom prevailed in Ireland too, it is said. "And the people of Wales," according to an old sociologist, "did not marry until they had tried by previous experiment, the disposition and particularly the fecundity of the person with whom they were engaged."

Among some Indo-European peoples and some other races also in the past, they used to select their partner for life at public fairs. Fairs of brides and grooms were held in ancient Egypt, ancient Babylon and till recently in Belgium and in Bengal and Bihar also. Akbar the Great used to hold a fair of girls for selecting brides for the noblemen of his court.

The above reads somewhat queer. But the great Scotts and the shrewd Irish had forestalled the modern West where marriage is now held after regular trial. There is courtship sometimes for years and the partners know each other well before they are formally united in holy wedlock or sign a marriage contract.

For various professions some training is imparted and some test held before recruitment. For marriage, the biggest contract for life, neither there is any arrangement for training nor any test held in the modern world. Is it not also queer?

Indeed, the uncivilised have set an example in this respect. In many tribes no man is allowed to marry until he has given some proof of his ability for the purpose.

Among the Macusis of British Guiana before a youth is allowed to marry, 'he must prove that he is a man and can do man's work. Without flinching he suffers the infliction of wounds in his flesh; or he allows himself to be sewn up in a hammock full of fire ants; or by some other similar tests he shows his courage.

Among some of the Wapokomo in British East Africa no man can marry

until he has killed a crocodile and given a part of the flesh to the lady to eat. Among the Bechuana and Kafir tribes, south of the Zambesi, a youth is permitted to marry only after he has killed a rhinoceros.

The Hebrew in the ancient past used to win their brides by serving her parents for sometime. The custom of securing wife by services rendered to the parents is found among many North and South American Indians, among various Siberian peoples, in a large number of aboriginal tribes in China, Indo-China and India, in many islands of the Malaya Archipelago and among several African peoples.

The groom generally has to go and live in the home of the bride for a certain time, during which he serves the parents of the bride. The period of service varies greatly among different peoples; it seldom lasts less than a year and may even last as many as ten or twelve or fifteen years. During this time he may or may not have access to the bride. He may have to serve after his marriage as well, until a child is born or longer, and he may have to remain with his wife's parents for ever. The bride's father gives his assent to the marriage only after the groom has stood the probation well.

The period of service is intended to test the groom's ability to work and to show whether he is an acceptable husband and son-in-law. During his term of service, his endurance, patience, and meekness, his adroitness as a hunter and his zeal and frugality as a herdsman, are tested. It is the youth's business to render himself agreeable to the young lady as well as her parents. This trial of the groom, who must perform tests dangerous and win contests, thus serves an useful purpose and makes the union more happy and lasting.

Among the Adivasis of Chotanagpur the boys and girls receive

(Continued on page 32)

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Short Story

HER ORDEAL

By R. Shankar Rau

THE landlord was a grim-looking, middle-aged man, rather stout of build. While his protuberant paunch reflected his prosperity, his handle-bar moustache told of his ferocity and merciless nature. To the young woman who timidly opened the door, he almost barked, "Where is the rent that you promised to pay yesterday?"

Jaya almost trembled before him. "You see, sir," she stammered, "my sister who is working in the studio is expected any moment now. She has been absent for a fortnight, and my husband is very ill. I shall pay you the rent in two days. I beg of you to bear with me till then."

"No!" exploded the landlord. "Young lady, I don't want your cock-and-bull stories. Either you shall cut seven rupees to-morrow morning or I will ask my men to throw your things out into the street. What do I care if your husband is confined to bed or your sister has gone out with some man? Better you quit, I say. There are five people already offering me fifteen rupees a month for this flat. I shall bring my men tomorrow to throw you out if you will not pay the rent."

The ultimatum sent Jaya staggering inside. "Oh, my God! What can I do?" she cried aloud, beating her head with her hands. She looked at her husband. Stretched on a mattress, he was sound asleep, a bedsheet covering him up to the chin. He might be about thirty years of age and might have been strong and handsome in his youth. Paralysis of the legs crippled him six months back. He had been an in-patient in the General Hospital where the doctors tried all sorts of remedies, and when they all proved in

vain he was sent back home. Needless to say, he had lost his clerical job in a hardware firm, and it meant starvation for the family of three, which included their two-year-old son. During the months following his admission to the hospital, Jaya sold out all the jewels in her possession. He had lost both his parents before his marriage. Jaya's only surviving relative was her younger sister, Saraswathi. Ever cheerful and attractive, Saraswathi was working as an "extra" in a studio and was often found in the company of her men friends. Her brother-in-law Sridharan had forbidden her to enter his residence or see her sister. Her conduct had humiliated him.

But his illness brought about a change. Saraswathi vacated her room in Mylapore, and moved into her sister's two-room flat in Gerge Town. She gave Jaya a good slice of her meagre salary and managed, all the same, to keep herself in comfort. Her admirers gave her what money she required but neither Jaya nor her husband made any comment now. What upset them most was her return home in the small hours of the morning but they dared not question her. Luckily for them, their portion of the house stood on the roadside and the young woman could go out and slip back almost unnoticed. In course of time, however, the other tenants got scent of her irregular habits and movements, and one or two of them protested to the landlord against allowing such people to associate with them.

Jaya was touched to the quick at the landlord's insulting reference to her sister. Her husband seemed totally unaware of the scene that

had just been enacted. She thanked God that no co-tenant had witnessed it. A free music performance in the neighbouring temple had lured them all out of the house. Jaya was too dazed to do anything. Her sister had left the city a fortnight back with a man from Madurai who had been working with her in the studio and who succeeded in enticing her to his home town. Moreover, production in her studio had been held up owing to the illness of the hero. It all meant starvation for the sick man, his wife and child. 'How thoughtless of the girl to leave us in the lurch like this!' Jaya said to herself.

She leaned against the wall and thought furiously. She would move heaven and earth to obtain the seven rupees before the morning. Otherwise, she knew that the landlord would carry out his threat. Her husband, her child and herself would be stranded in the street with all her belongings to tell their own tale to a mocking world. She would rather die than face such a situation. And then the thought struck her with the force of a sudden gale. Why should she not hang herself and end all her troubles? She looked at her two-year-old darling son sleeping so quietly on the floor: she rejected that idea with scorn. She had brought him into the world and she must give him her protection as long as she could.

She got up and went into the front room, set apart for her sister. She opened her trunk and rummaged among its contents. There were various powder tins, plastic soap boxes, one or two scent bottles, combs and sewing material. Near the box was a bundle of Saraswathi's clothes which the laundry-man had delivered a week ago. And then another idea occurred to her. The very diabolical nature of it appeared to overwhelm her, and she trembled like a leaf in the wind.

In no time did she untie the bundle of laundered clothes and took them out one by one—her sister's georgette

sari, silk jacket, muslin bodice, kerchief, petticoat and underwear. She struggled into the bodice and jacket, and when she looked at herself in the mirror she was amazed at the extra-ordinary youthful appearance that she had gained. She cast off her rag of a sari and draped her sister's round her body and dabbed some scent behind her ears and on her neck.

Her husband and child were still asleep. She stole out, shutting the door behind her and emerged into an ill-lit side-lane that led into Broadway. It was nearing midnight. The road and the lane were deserted and the few stragglers were hurrying home. Heavy clouds had blotted out the stars. She stood there waiting, wondering at her own audacity in coming out of her house and the calmness with which she stood up to this unknown challenge. She had not long to wait, though. A young soldier walking on the main road espied her standing near the lamp and walked straight towards her. He was handsome to look at, tall and erect in his bearing. He looked very young, far younger than herself. And he was abrupt in his manners. He gripped her left arm and grinned. "Won't you come to my hotel room? We shall have tea and a chat. Come on," he invited.

She was too confused to reply but walked on with him. "How much do you want?" he asked, bluntly enough.

"Oh, anything, give me ten rupees now," she found herself demanding.

The young man appeared to hesitate for a minute. "Ten rupees, did you say, woman? All right. That is too much, I think. But I am charmed with you. Here is a tenner. Take it, and come on."

She eagerly clutched the currency note in her right hand and almost ran with him. The soldier strode very fast. "I say, you are halting and stumbling. You don't seem to have taken food for a week. Pardon my joking. Now what is the matter



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with you? You are falling again."

He lifted her up with both his arms and was amazed at the tears on her face. She sobbed and held her scented kerchief to her mouth. "What is the matter with you, woman? Have I hurt you?"

"No, sir," she said, weeping. "My husband is seriously ill and probably dying and myself and my little son are starving."

The soldier stared at her pinched-up face for a while. "So this is your first night out. Am I right?" he asked in a gentle tone.

"Yes, you are right," she sobbed.

"Look here, lady. I am really ashamed that I approached you. You forget that I invited you to my hotel room. Here is another tenner. Take it also and go back home. But remember, any other man in my place would not have spared you. Your face reminds me of my sister who adopted this profession years ago and brought misery to herself and disgrace to my people. Take a rickshaw if your house is very far and give up all thoughts about this business. Good-bye, sister," he said, waving his hand.

In another minute, he was off on the road and disappeared into the inky blackness of the night.

Jaya did not know how she reached home. She went in and threw herself on the floor with an endless stream of tears racing down her cheeks. She still held the two ten-rupee notes in her hand. Saraswathi, who had returned meanwhile, emerged from her room and stood speechless as she looked down at Jaya. She wanted to ask her where she had been and why she should be wearing her clothes, but the question froze on her lips when she saw the tell-tale notes in her hand. She suddenly bent down on her knees and embraced her sister. "Jaya, dear, I have come back with two hundred rupees, and the studio re-opens tomorrow. There is no need to worry about the immediate future. I am sorry I was away from you all."

GERMANY TODAY

By Dr. V. N. SHARMA

WHAT shall I write of Germany recording my impressions of this great land, the backbone of civilization and culture of Europe? Germany is now split into two big pieces. The rich soil of Germany which has fed hitherto not only the entire country but also all other parts of Europe is now under the mighty power of Soviet Russia and the industrial area which was once the pride of the German technical enterprise is now under the control of the mighty allied powers of the west. There are certainly national governments managing the destinies of the German people, one sitting in Bonn with the blessings of the allied powers and the other at Berlin under the constant vigilance of the Soviet Monarchs with the iron curtain dividing the German people from their kith and kin. Except for those who are in the good books of the Soviet power and who can have the courage to move about in that vast land of agricultural and industrial wealth, one never knows what is going on in the Eastern Germany behind the Iron Curtain.

The German Democratic Republic of East Germany proclaims time and again that every thing is quite O. K. with the people under its jurisdiction. It declares "There is enough food for the population: every one of the poor, middle and the rich classes have plenty of work to do for the revival of their agricultural wealth and industrial enterprise. All the villages, towns and cities, destroyed during the last war have now been rebuilt, proper provision has been made to all the homeless by building plenty of living cottages and houses on the country side, and large flats and dwellings in the urban areas. Trade balance is on the side of the new

Republic as food and machinery etc. produced over and above the requirements of the population finds a very good market in all foreign countries. New schools, technical institutes, Universities etc. are started everywhere to meet the growing demand of young scholars who could not secure admission in the already overcrowded educational institutions of the country. But people are not happy to live in this supposed paradise on earth, not hundreds but thousands and thousands of Germans from the eastern area are flying day after day to the western parts and seek asylum. It is gathered from statistics published that more than a million Germans have left the eastern area for good and have sought asylum in Western Germany.

The Federal Republic of Western Germany is in a precarious position, even though it has as its head, Dr. Adenauer, a very capable and shrewd lawyer and businessman with a band of loyal ministers. But to what extent can this soul face the ever-increasing gigantic problems of life and death affecting the German nation as such. There are very many powerful political parties—Extreme Right and Extreme Left with a number of moderate parties which endeavour their best to hold the extremes in balance. All talk of the security and solidarity of their country, but when the question of a common platform for work is thought of, each one puts forward its own ideology and insists on the same being implemented. The country is disarmed from the very day the armistice was declared. It is indebted to the neck to the allied powers for the money it has borrowed for its rehabilitation under one nomenclature or other. The United States of

America the ~~the~~ creditor, has put into the coffers of the German Treasury amounts soaring up to several digits in the form of loans and loans. The question of repatriations to be paid to the allied countries for the destruction of cities and the loss of men and property during the Second World War, has not yet come to the fore front even though the German political parties refer to this with great caution in their political manifestoes. Along with this, there is the ever burning question of Germany joining the European Union—some sort of a Federal Government of all the powers on the Continent that have joined the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, of course with the exclusion of the United States of America. Besides this there is the Montana Union which is still in its infant stage and all the countries that have been asked to join the Union have not yet made up their minds whether to join the Union or exist as independant nations. Every one is waiting with impatience to see what Germany would say on this problem.

Dr. Adenauer is very enthusiastic to join all these organisations at least to save his great country from disintegration. But the Moderate and the Leftists are not for this holy union of their land. The Nazis are not dead! they will have to be still reckoned with. They work underground as a powerful organisation—I will not say as a menace—supported by the disgruntled elements in the country. Some as well propagate their ideology openly and the Government does its utmost to put these down. Still the Nazis are able to work in some form or other. The Communists—one should not forget this political force—are also gathering support from the working classes to a great extent and from the middle and lower middle classes to some degree. Their membership, however, is a nominal one in the Federal and State Parliaments. Reconciliation talks are also in progress between

the political leaders of the West and East Germanies.

Berlin is an island surrounded on all sides by East Germany which in some form or other is under the supervision and control of Soviet Russia. Berlin's contact with Bonn is only possible by Air. The sufferings of Berlin are immeasurable. Every step taken by Berlin in its day to day administration is viewed with suspicion by the East German Republic which has its headquarters within a stone throw from the western side of Berlin, a great metropolitan city cut into pieces mercilessly. The Berlin Government had to feed and educate not only its own citizens but also the ever-increasing number of refugees from the East Germany arriving day and night, seeking hospitality at the hands of their old mother. Berlin is generous and the spontaneous and unbounded flow of its generosity was a sight to see. It offers every thing it can command to these homeless and desperate men and women of the soil. Work has been created in the several refugee camps for those who desire to live peacefully in Berlin itself; others are transferred to several areas in the West Germany where they are received by the local people with open arms. How much property they left behind the Iron Curtain? How desperately they cut themselves off from their kith and kin from their homesteads? It reminds me vividly of the period between 1947 and 1949 in our own country. But the conditions in Germany are not the same as in India. In Germany one can live somehow or other during summer months; but when winter approaches people are helpless and they are subjected to extreme hunger and cold. A courageous nation is Germany. What an amount of patience they possess to face these miseries of troubles from within and without.

The question of migration is a serious one and adds new burden to the increasing problems facing this country. Allied powers have tried

their best to transfer a large number of displaced persons to Australia, Canada, South America and Africa. You cannot consider that every one in Germany is born as an agriculturist or an industrial worker. There are a large number of persons belonging to the intellectual classes among these displaced persons as also among the prisoners of war. These people were unhappy on the foreign soil as work that would suit their physical and mental aptitudes was not available there. I happened to meet a number of German friends who returned on the boat when I was travelling from Bombay to Genoa. They said they would prefer to starve in their home-land rather than adjust themselves to the conditions that were unsuitable to them. The Government is tackling this question and doing their best to provide suitable work to all these men and women who have returned to their home-land.

Mr Konrad Heiden, a famous journalist and writer who was in exile for more than nineteen years abroad and who came back to the country of his birth recently gives us a vivid picture of Germany on this side of the Iron Curtain. "West Germany is a nation with a shell around its soul. Its prescription of living has been a simple one; efficiency without enthusiasm. Its people have bent to the job of wresting a living from this wretched peace with heedless diligence of termites. They have recorded memorable achievements, such as absorbing the nine million Germans driven from the lands to the east. But it is significant that all this happened in a highly unemotional way an achievement of competence, not love! "The Government with the full support of the various states under its federal jurisdiction has really done wonders within two years (between 1950-52) after taking up the administration from the hands of the allied powers. Devastated towns and cities have been rebuilt housing pro-

blem in all the urban areas have been tackled, almost all the industrial establishments have been reconstructed and their output is now "forty percent higher than in 1936 and the export of the finished goods 75 percent higher." The streets are once again tidy everywhere, there is now safety for human life in the countryside and in the urban areas. More schools are now started; more technical institutions, more trade institutes, more research institutes, more settlements for adult and social education one can find everywhere in the West Germany. Voluntary Organisations one can find almost in every village, town and city engaged in the rehabilitation of life that was destroyed before the war, during the war and in the early stages of post-war and in assisting the people who had lost trust in God and in themselves. But people accepting the assistance question themselves if they could accept it as they feel sometimes that all this help may carry some ideology behind which may be thrust upon them at a proper moment. Not only the older generation but also the younger generation is rather sceptical over everything. This suspicion is seen among the students in High Schools, Universities and in all the organisations that plan to bring home a new culture, light and life. The teacher in the school and the professor in the University ought to be a hero to win the hearts of the scholars and lead them to that path that would help them to feel their feet on this earth. I am sure the teaching profession in the country will stand the test. This psychological problem is what intellectuals now discuss in all conferences and in all informal gatherings. The teaching profession is conscious that they were cowards in those terrible times during the last war and they let the youth down; they are not to repeat it now. One finds in the writings of the current day authors and writers an earnest effort to assist the young-

ger generation to grow with confidence in their future and to restore the glorious tradition of the German culture and civilization which is the fountain head of all European Civilization and Culture. May their effort bear fruit ere long. Max Muller, the great scholar and philosopher once said that Germany is Sarmanya Desa—the land of eternal and immortal Peace. It was German Savants who understood us, our culture, our thoughts and our heritage for upholding Peace and understanding among all men, among animals and, yes, among life visible and invisible. They made this known to their countrymen and all nations of the western world through the translations of our rich lore of Vedas, Upanishads and Epics etc., that contain the eternal secret of life. May all this treasure of literature bring

back to the German youth the courage and confidence to grow into fullness of life.

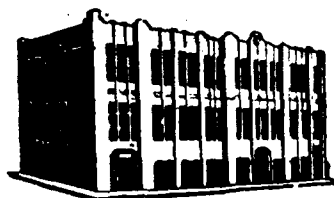
(Continued from page 24)

good guidance and help for selecting freely their spouse. There is a 'Ghotul' or Dhumukia, a central hall in every village, where the bachelors and maids gather in their colourful dresses. After amusements they flock together for a common dance. And they sing in unison and dance with the beat of big drums, till late at night and then take repose in the lap of their love. The acquaintance ripens into friendship and ultimately into holy union.

Marriage is always something of an adventure. And an Eastern marriage a hazardous lottery, it is said. And possibly that is why the Geisha girls in Japan run schools for marriage.

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PARK STREET PARADE

By SAKUNTALA PADMANABHAN

EVERYBODY who walks down Park Street in Calcutta looks into at least one shop window or meets at least one acquaintance. It is typical of fashionable shopping districts in any big city. It is a far cry from South Calcutta with its cows that are partial to grass between tram-tracks and its multicolour banner of drying Sarees that hang from tier upon tier of tenements.

The cosmopolitan crowd that throngs the Park Street pavement has all the colour and spectacle of a Hollywood film. Shops and Restaurants on either side of the street glitter behind a neon-lighted glass facade that soars to less glamorous but nevertheless imposing living quarters; Boarding house bathrooms where a pair of socks keep company with a solitary handkerchief, or Verandahs where stout clotheslines sag under the wash of a three children two-bedroomed apartment reveal signs of 20th century living under stress of space shortage. Cut flowers may be coaxed to smile from vases, but how many children in Park Street have chased the wind over the turf or watched birds nest in trees, not just during week-ends?

The clientele of Park Street shops may be exclusive but the pavement teems with a motley crowd. Swiss pastries melt the wayward palate, but a 'pan' speedily restores it to National consciousness. The Dry-cleaners' window have the look of a fancy dress party. It's always party-time in the furnishes window too. The curtains are drawn, soft lights caress the virgin carpet, and the guests have not yet arrived. The auctioneers are indispensable it seems, for they have their public too. Young couples hopefully test ramshackle prams, bargain hunters handle lovingly grotesque objects des

arts. Last year's expensive craze is available this year for a song!

Four little bundles of fur stand to attention in a jungle of marching feet. Claustrophobia is a common complaint with the canine population of Calcutta. What can liberty mean to a dog that is given a yard of leash to strain at? Wide open spaces are only dusty, crowded parks and the return home finds the walls of a small flat closing in on a little wicker basket that holds a whimpering little dog.

She sits amid brass and copper, her face is wooden; who is she? Her wares are expensive, her smile is reluctant, and her customers are self-styled Antique hunters on the prowl for exotic ornaments to highlight their newly-decorated-on-a-budget living rooms. Masks and goblets, bowls and salvers glow with the dim radiance of dusk in the hills.

Also in the arcades, and spread upon the pavement, are books, periodicals and newspapers, whose flamboyant covers and arresting headlines offer violence and variety in reading material. Rail disaster and Royal romance may catch the eye, but the women who stop to rustle the pages are finally prevailed upon by a new knitting pattern or a novel recipe.

Fashions may be frivolous or fantastic but never dull on Park Street. Here again, the dress makers' window sets the mood. A wisp of dramatically tinted chiffon highlights a simple dress, or yards and yards of tulle the shade of Riviera sunset beckon susceptible hearts to venture into glamour-land. Such witchery is safe behind plate-glass, and so let us have fun, watching the types that pass us by on the pavement...

First come the bright young things, out for the morning's shopping. Two pairs of brightly lipsticked mouths pout and grimace over an exchange of greetings. Feather-cut vies with poodle-cut, bamboo accessories challenge nylon rivals, and the whole sidewalk reels under the combined impact of Chanel and Schiaparelli.

While these two mutually appraise one another, a third walks by. The vivid gash of her lips match the gong-like clamour of the tikkie on her forehead. Her well-oiled tresses are gathered into an uncompromising knot at the crown. The rustic motifs in her outfit have a guilty air of sophistication undreamt of by her village counterpart. Knobbly beads encrust her coarse choli while the final touches are a handbag fashioned like a winnow and sandals shaped like upcountry clogs. While her rustic original however relies on the scent of fresh flowers, the city counterfeit attempts to reconcile Cuttack fabrics with Californian Poppy and concentrate of Jasmine.

Clicking heels draw our attention to yet another. Calf-hugging slacks soar to form a Monroe silhouette. Blonde ponytail swings in rhythm with gilt hoop earrings. Tall well-dressed giants walk with an air of leisure and luxury—expensive cigarettes or cigars in their hands, and ostensibly the whole world at their feet. There are also men in a hurry, and men in carefully chosen bizarre Hawaiian shirts. However, the mood in Hawaii and Miami is missing, and these souls look (ridiculously incongruous) if they are muscular specimens, and just pathetic if they are fat and forty.

Then there are creatures out of this world; their clothes a credit to the latest craze in Paris or New York. There are dowdy women unpretentious figures and uncompromising teeth. The hairdressers and beauty parlours offer help to the unruly

tresses and neglected complexions, but it still remains a fact that one has to be born beautiful!!

The Restaurants are constantly filling up and emptying. Some tables however, are faithful to their occupants. They have about them an air of faded gentility as they linger over a cup of tea and cigarette, reading weeks old news of their erstwhile homes now lost in a haze of nostalgic memories.

All the chemists by common consent seem to exhibit only toiletries in the window. And perhaps rightly too, for who would think of illness in this gay throng.

Pets and hobbies, games and toys transform grown-ups into children, and tantalise the little ones. Frightening price-tags and a forbidding wall of glass keep out the casual passer-by. But there are compensations on the pavement. There's a wizard with balloons, twisted into multicoloured fantastic shapes. Tea kettles, rattles, tricycles and crowns, all can be bought for a few annas. Then there is the other magician, who conjures up monkeys out of pink and yellow cotton-wool that leap on a stick, or glittering horses that simulate their originals on the race track. Paper alligators with their paper and spool chassis glide realistically and raise screams from ladies.

Cars pull out, cars draw up at the kerb, parcels are stacked; the rich man and his family leave Park Street to new arrivals and patient beggars.

Yet Park Street also has her lonely hour. The neon signs still cast their glow, the road runs like a purple carpet between deserted pavements, under the changeless sky. Only the apartment windows above the shops are open, and keep watch while Park Street turns on the side and snatches a few moments sleep before the light of another day resounds in its tumult of traffic and trade.

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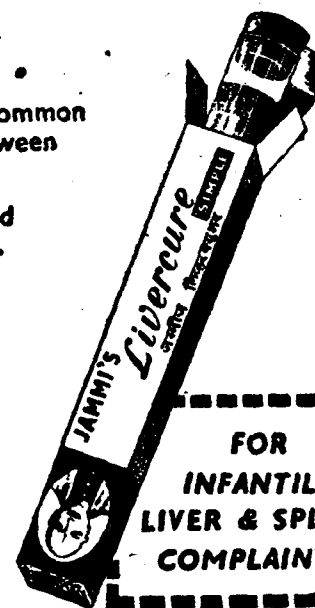
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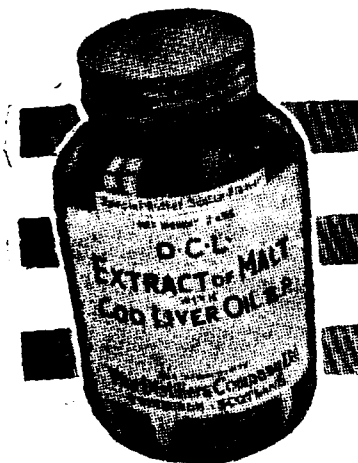
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE 'DAN' MOVEMENT

By T. K. SETHURAM

ACHARYA Vinoba Bhave believes, as did Mahatma Gandhi before him, that to transform society the individual should first be transformed. By changing the external institutional forms of society, we can only mitigate the evil, because individuals who form the units composing society are the same, with all their defects. To transmute a society, individuals should transmute themselves.

But how to attain that transmutation? Not by mere argument. Arguments seldom convince anybody. The heart should be moved, not the head. By appealing to the heart, the higher nature of man, by means of suffering and prayer, we can transform human nature. Mahatma Gandhi said: "I have come to this fundamental conclusion that if you want something important to be done, you must not merely satisfy reason, you must move the heart also. The appeal of reason is more to the head, but the penetration of the heart comes from suffering. It opens the inner understanding in man".

The apparently different and isolated individuals, being sparks of Omniscience, are essentially one. Irrespective of the individual's status or the circumstances in which he is placed, a sympathetic vibration can be set in motion. The 'changed' individual by living and moving amidst 'others', by a kind of spiritual osmosis, as it were, inevitably changes the latter. Thus starts the process of spiritual reorientation and society is ultimately transformed. The process may be slow, but it is steady; it may not be dazzling but it will be deep and abiding in its effects.

With this conviction in him, Sri Vinoba Bhave walked down to the villages and asked for lands. Thousands of acres were placed at his disposal. Within three years, he obtained some 33 lakhs of acres of land. His target is 5 crores to be collected by April, 1957. His ultimate aim is 'Villagisation', every individual in the village joining his movement. Already there are 12 such villages, given as 'Dan', working according to the principles of 'Dan'.

Let us examine his fundamental belief as outlined above? Is it tenable? Is it in accordance with human nature? Will his movement of 'Villagisation' succeed as against the onrushing tide of industrialisation? Will his method solve the poverty of the masses as he fondly hopes? The time is not yet for answering these questions. It is true that mere arguments seldom change a man. Intellectual understanding cannot give impetus to action. Only *Compassionate understanding* can. As Hume said, 'Reason is and ought only to be the slave of passions'. . . . Man lives more by his habits than by his will. If at all we know anything about human nature, it is that it changes, it is pliable. The mutability of human nature, in the behaviouristic sense of the term, is an historic fact. Human nature is conditioned by the conditions in the social environment of the particular time and place. When the latter changes, the former is forced to change.

We shall look at it from another angle. Habit is a patterned activity in a certain context. By changing the context, we can force the habit to change itself or make it ineffectual

in the altered conditions. For instance, take the case of a miser who is in the habit of accumulating money. He chooses money instead of anything else, however, valuable the latter may be, by force of his habit. His activity is determined by his habit. By changing the objective conditions, say by demonetising all currency, we can forcibly change the miser's activities or make his activities ineffectual.

The fundamental mistake of the Acharya's position is, what I may call, his over simplification of human nature by applying a sort of social arithmetics. He believes that by changing individuals one by one, the momentum can be gradually increased so as to culminate at the end in a successful mass movement. And only by becoming a mass movement will the 'Dan' movement succeed in transforming Indian Society. This arithmetic process is implied in the phrase 'appealing to the heart'. Herein lies the Acharya's miscalculation. An individual is an individual and is different from the mass, though at the same time is a part of the mass. In Koestler's phrase, he represents both Zero and Infinity in social equation. And finite calculations are disrupted once Zero or Infinity is smuggled into them. In other words, an individual is a thinking being only as an individual; as a part of the mass he is no more a thinking being. The factor of irrationality has more weight in a mass than in an individual which ultimately vitiates the calculations of the leaders of mass movements. The Acharya has not, I am afraid, given any consideration to this factor of irrationality in a mass movement. He applies individual ethical consideration to masses without analysing the inevitable changes the former will undergo when applied to the latter. The transit seems to be easy and tempting, hence slippery.

Assuming that the Acharya will succeed, will his conception of vil-

lagisation succeed in eradicating the poverty of the masses? His conception of village life is summed up, I believe, by 'the Sickle & Plough, the Saw & Chisel, the Spinning Wheel & the Pit Loom'. In other words, simplicity of the organisation of production in self-sufficing communities is the right royal route to Ram Rajya.

The ossified and stubborn factor that blocks the way of the material progress of India is this: an advancing industrial sector is tied down to an outmoded agricultural sector. This is the crux of the poverty of the masses. The industrial sector is advancing because science is applied to it. Scientific inventions have revolutionised techniques of production and the industrial sector has benefited from them. Science occupies the central position in industrial technique. In Western Countries scientific methods are applied to agriculture as in other industries. In India, it is not the case. This is so because, as Karl Marx said, the autarchic village system restrains the human mind within the smallest possible compass, making it the unresisting tool of superstition, enslaving it beneath traditional rules, depriving it of all grandeur and historical energies. The rural atmosphere is surcharged with religion which is fundamentally opposed to the scientific outlook on life which implies the understanding of nature in its own terms and thereby getting control over it.

Further, science is costly. This is obvious to any one who has been inside modern laboratories. I do not mean merely buildings but the complicated apparatus inside whose cost is clearly beyond the means of the autarchic village communities.

Agriculture in India is a social problem. This is one of the effects of British rule. In pre-British days, the village possessed the land, supervised the agricultural operations of the peasants, and distributed the pro-

duce according to customary laws. And the village panchayat had judicial functions. The British undermined all these. The introduction of their land revenue system, Zamin-dari as well as Ryotwari, which was based on individual holdings of land as units for purposes of revenue assessment and revenue payment and which insisted on cash payment of revenue instead of payment in kind, eliminated completely the system of considering the village as the unit of land holding. The new system was logically followed by the phenomena of the acquisition of legal rights by the individual of hypothecation, sale and purchase of land. Moreover, the uniform currency system along with the commercialisation of all production strangled the harmony that existed between village agriculture and industry whose production for needs was substituted by production of commodities for sale. To cap all these the panchayat's powers and prestige were usurped by the centralised state.

Historically speaking, these changes in the village, its economics and social set up, constitute a step in advance. The fact remains that the village life existed on a narrow village scale, was poor in cultural quality, unprogressive and passive. If the Indian people were to advance to higher forms of social existence, such as nation-hood, economic unity, and intellectual progress, the self-sufficient village had to leave the stage of history". (Dr. A. R. Desai). Is it possible to stem the historical flow? Is it possible to tackle the National problem by means of villagisation? Will not villagisation revive our traditional ills of parochialism, casteism, and religious obscurantism? Will any scheme of organisation survive in these days by ignoring science? I am afraid the Acharya has not given serious thought to all these questions. And precisely because of this gap in his conception of villagisation, I believe, he will fail in his endeavour.

PALGHAT MANI

By M. KRISHNAMOORTHY

WHILE we can leave it to the expert to assess the technical excellence of Sri Palghat Mani Iyer's playing of the *mridanga*, we can all share in the pleasure of his mastery having won well-merited recognition in the shape of the Presidential Award for 1956. Quite often a performance is lifted out of the rut of the ordinary by the artist's individuality. While the vocalist gestures impotently and finds, alas, that his spirit is willing but his flesh (i.e., his vocal chords) is weak, while the violinist finds that neither his bow nor his fingers are sufficient unto the day, Mani Iyer goes on imperturbably, charming

such exquisite music out of his instrument which, in the hands of most others produces but a tom tom *cbblligato*. It has become quite a habit with us to burst into spontaneous applause whenever he finishes his solo essay into the charms and mysteries of *tala*. Nor is this applause ever anything but what is due to a master. When other *vidwans* (with the exception of two or three) set forth on their solo efforts we know what they will be doing soon: and turn to our neighbours in the hall for some conversation or betel leaves, or, much worse, walk out rudely. They are incapable of surprising us by a



Palghat Mani

fine excess. Routine is the bane of their performances. They do not revel in the artistry of the unexpected. This is where they differ from Sri Mani Iyer. You can go on listening to Palghat Mani week after week—and continue to marvel at his infinite variety. He knows how to sum up the mood of a principal performer and adjust his accompaniment accordingly. He realises the importance of satisfying the audience. When a vocalist threatens to be a flop, Mani puts forth an extra effort: when the vocalist is good, so is the *mridanga* in Mani's hands. When the vocalist is in exceptionally fine form, Mani too equals him, but without any obvious extra effort. As far as I can remember Palghat Mani never has had an off day. I like the calm of his behaviour: there is nothing physically grotesque in his performances. He comes armed with more than one *mridanga*, a habit which lesser fry seem to be on the point of imitating! He brings with him a devoted attendant, who, apart from preparing the *mridanga* for the Master, is soon wrapt in the magic woven by Mani's extra-ordinary fingers. When the

first solo "chance" for Mani comes along, the audience leans forward in eager expectation. Those who know something about *talas* are soon *en rapport* with the Master. *Ha ha s!* and *sabash* go up frequently. The tempo increases: and the enthusiasm infects even the other performers on the dais, those who have grown quite *blase*. There is a stillness in the hall, people waiting breathlessly for the next surprising stage in the development of the *tala*. With a crash of applause, the vocalist joining in at the last stage, Palghat Mani reaches the end of his "Solo." There is a buzz of eager comment. Mani is Olympian in his calm—one almost said disdainful, but one remembered the charming smile which entirely transformed his somewhat stern features—and turns his attention briefly to setting right the *sruti* of his instrument. Incidentally, I wonder whether there is anybody who can excel Mani in assessing *sruti*. Or, for that matter, is there any other *mridanga Vidwan* who equals his capacity for reading the minds of the audience? Often he seems to plot the course of the performance; and, it is when his mastery is matched in friendly rivalry with that of a great musician like Ariyakudi that the *rasikas* sit back to enjoy a feast of music fit for the gods: "Here's a Mani: when comes such another?" Among our vocalists there seems to be none outstanding in the younger "set". Among our violinists fortunately, the younger *vidwans* are no whit inferior to the old stalwarts. Indeed some hold the somewhat blasphemous view that the younger "set" is the better set. Among *mridanga Vidwans* where are the younger men who can equal Mani? We need not be disappointed at this: for Mani is more than a *vidwan*. He is a genius and only Nature (though assisted by long and hard practice) can fashion genius.

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★

ENGLISH IN THE PRE-UNIVERSITY COURSE

THE pre-University course which is expected to be launched in the coming academic year is unlike the proverbial curate's egg—*bad* in parts! It is particularly so in its proposals under Part I dealing with the syllabus of English studies. It halves the duration of the present Intermediate, but reduces the curricular content of it in English by about one-third only. Qualitatively there is little to distinguish the new from the old; but the slight quantitative increase is both intriguing and not evident enough at a first glance. Even more curious, the entire scheme seems like a calculated or deliberate experiment in Fabian tactics or masterly evasion of an irksome responsibility. For it offers no answer to or solutions of any of the criticisms or demands made in the interests of a radical reform of our educational system. Above all it fails to integrate academic ideals and cultural values with the springs of national life and character.

The first striking feature of the new syllabus is the elimination of Shakespeare from compulsory study. But poetry is however retained, though the number of lines to be studied is reduced from 1000 to about 600. If the elimination of Shakespeare is sound, then there can be no justification for the retention of poetry. Thus at the very outset the concerned authorities are caught on the horns of a dilemma. If English is to be studied compulsorily by all and for utilitarian reasons, then there is an unanswerable case for giving them the benefit of a functional or, basic brand of it. It may lead to the acquisition of what is reassuringly dubbed a "working knowledge" of it, which is one of the cliches much in request, though how it works is more than I can tell. But if the aim is to pro-

mote a qualitative appreciation of it as literature, then not only should Shakespeare loom much larger, but the study of it should be offered as an option more extensively and intensively to a minority of the fit and few. As this is already provided for in our honours courses, the half-hearted and diluted duplication of it is both indiscriminating and pre-vius. Unable to make up their minds between such contradictory claims, they have merely made a hash of both. The lot of the candidates that means all students forced to oscillate uneasily between quantity and quality—may be better imagined than described. This goes to the very root of the matter as I shall endeavour to show before I conclude.

We then have only one prose text instead of two; and there is to be one paper of three hours' duration covering the poetical and prose selections to be answered at the end of the year. Under what is known as 'non-detailed' study, two books are to be studied instead of three. But this marks a distinction without any difference, for hitherto it was possible for a candidate to ignore one of the three texts altogether. On the other hand a new and gratifying feature is the provision for the compulsory study of English grammar. But the beneficial effect of it is nullified by another provision which gives candidates option to answer either a question on paraphrase or a question on grammar. In practice therefore it bids fair to remain a dead letter. The second paper would thus correspond to the present third paper.

Over and above these features, additional provision is made for the special (and presumably intensive) study of English under Part II of the course as an optional. One play of Shakespeare and one non-detailed

text, are to be studied for three hours a week leading to a test of three hours' duration at the end of the year. The introduction of optional English under Part II of the course is a tacit and uneasy recognition of the possibility of the course under Part I failing to deliver the goods. It is valuable as an indication of the unspoken apprehensions of the sponsors concerning the pedagogic soundness and practical utility of the new course.

Such is the scheme as a whole, and its inadequacy is plain enough for all to see. But its truly retrograde character will stand more clearly when it is considered against the background of historical trends and prevailing discontents. The problem of determining the place and scope of English studies in our Universities has been complicated by extraneous considerations which have merely darkened counsel. So long as education was a minority pursuit and its aims and objectives were controlled from above, neither first principles nor ultimate objectives were much thought of. It is however worthy of note that Macaulay did both vicariously in his famous minute which has, unluckily for us, been more often taken for granted than read. For it was his hope that the study of English by Indians would serve as a catalytic agent in promoting the resuscitation and modernisation of Indian languages so that they might become the natural and proper instruments of the progress of the masses at large in the context of modern civilisation. But the first generation of English-educated Indians were so enraptured at their discovery of the 'beauties' of English literature that they determined to convert a half-way house into their permanent home. Many succeeding generations repeated the process until a vast but intangible vested interest came to be established in the country among educated Indians whose cultural and emotional outlook became bound up with the refracted idealism of Eng-

lish literature. In numbers they were few, but in prestige they were well-nigh irresistible by virtue of their strategic control of key-positions.

In course of time however nationalism in its cultural onslaught endeavoured to discredit English as vigorously as it was formerly admired. A contributory factor was found in the revival of interest in Indian languages and their literatures followed by the appearance of men of genius in almost all of them who brought to their media a tremendous accession of prestige. There was actually one phase in the national struggle when the English-educated Indian struggling to accommodate himself to the resurgent mood of the people around him became a butt of raillery instead of continuing to be an object of admiration. The earliest manifestation of this aggressive spirit was the demand for education through the mother-tongue. (The round-about and apologetic description of it as the 'regional language' was a sop to an unspecified Cerberus). It was only recently that this long-delayed reform was carried out. Since then the expectation has been general that the principle, thus conceded at long last, would be methodically extended until the highest type of education would be made available to all our people through the mother tongue with the parallel study of English as a subordinate second string to our bow. The coming of Freedom within the last decade has invested the problems of our education with an urgency which has been reflected in the multiplicity of commissions and committees and the basic uniformity of their recommendations in regard to fundamental issues.

It is at this juncture that the present counter-attack has been let loose. For the details of the pre-University course as analysed above are remarkable for their heroic attempt to arrest a natural and healthy trend. Students at the secondary stage educated in the media of

the mother-tongues found themselves hamstrung at the collegiate level and were unable to adapt themselves to the sudden imposition of English as the medium of all studies. The lack of co-ordination between school and college, secondary and Universities which contemplated with unconcern the struggles of students trying to save themselves from the grinding wheels of an academic Juggernaut! Standards fell—naturally. It is this fact—isolated from its attendant concomitants—that has now been used to put the entire machinery of education in reverse gear.

Would this new scheme succeed in arresting the fall in standards? And what do we mean by speaking of standards at all? If the objective we aim at is that all our educated public should sport diglott proficiency, it may be summarily dismissed as a childish aspiration.

As for the fall in standards, it has been a general phenomenon of the post-war world. An immediate cause of it has been the assault of numbers on quality. We in this country have perhaps suffered more from this single factor than more enlightened and better organised people elsewhere. After all the new scheme is not new except in the label. The routine of instruction, the character of the tests and the quantum of knowledge expected to be mastered all remain in the same old rut which has put a premium on cribs, short-cuts, substitutes and subterfuges which have debased the study of English into a deplorable racket.

The gift of tongues is a rare accomplishment, and is achieved but by a few. That is why St. Paul rates it highly. But when it is unrelated to a living, faith or active ethic, it is in St. Paul's words again, little better than sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The reform that is called for is simple but carries in itself stupendous possibilities. Extend the use of

the mother-tongue as the medium of instruction, step by step, cautiously, slowly—anyway you like—but make a beginning with it. Keep up the study of English too as a compulsory second language in a simplified basic norm. Let its literature and higher reaches be made available as an optional to those with special aptitudes for such study. If we do so, then within a measurable distance of time, the mother tongue will unveil its unsuspected potentialities, and shine in use.

Having ensured the primacy of the mother-tongue in the educational scheme, we must next agree on the need for studying English in two reaches. About twenty-five years ago, a scheme was drawn up by Mr. Douglas according to which English could be studied in its basic essentials by all and mastered as a tool for utilitarian purposes, while as an optional it could be studied more fully by those with aptitude for such application. He eschewed all literature from the first section, and put it all in the second. I was one of the misguided majority which fell foul of that scheme and helped to defeat it. It seemed monstrous to us then that our countrymen should be deprived of the exhilaration of enjoying the glories of English literature; some of us even suspected that it was an insidious move to hurl us back into the outer darkness from which we were painfully struggling to emerge. Mr. Douglas acknowledged his defeat sadly, but we the victors have grown none the wiser for it. Unless we resuscitate the Douglas scheme with suitable provision for giving pride of place to the mother-tongue, there is no educational future for us. How much longer it would take our leaders to determine our linguistic priorities in a rational manner, and then put first things first are questions which, in the prevailing confusion of thought, can only be referred to—astrologers for answer!

P. M.



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

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CORRUPTION IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

By K. S. VISWANATHAN

"Not round the inventor of new noises but round the inventor of new values doth the world revolve: inaudibly it revolveth."—NIETZSCHE

THE most depressing feature of our public affairs today is chronic corruption. Every field of public activity bristles with malpractices. Nay, corruption has set in motion a vast chain reaction, threatening to devour the entire nation. "Get rich quick", and "the end justifies the means" have become favourite slogans. Money today is a monster making maximum mischief. The atmosphere is steeped in duplicity, diplomacy and dishonesty. "No great country was ever saved by good men". "Great men were nearly always bad men". These are the doctrines a vast majority subscribe to. Muddles, rackets and scandals have become quite a feature of the present. Whether we go to the bazaar, or travel in a train or a bus, or go to a restaurant or a sports club, we hear of the same sad tale of the wide prevalence of dishonesty in public affairs. It may be stated without fear of exaggeration that our public life is honey-combed with corruption from top to bottom. Democracy with corruption is hypocrisy without limitation. The instance of a former top-ranking officer of the central government being convicted for corruption is proof positive that it is a disease which has developed diabolical dimensions.

The following words of Walt Whitman referring to U. S. A. in the 19th century in his masterly essay "Democratic Vistas" are true of India today:

"I say we had best look our times and lands searchingly in the face, like a physician diagnosing some deep disease. Never was there, perhaps,

more hollowness at heart than at present, and here in the United States. Genuine belief seems to have left us. The underlying principles of the States are not honestly believed in (for all this hectic glow, and these melo-dramatic screamings,) nor is humanity itself believed in. What penetrating eye does not everywhere see through the mask? The spectacle is appalling. We live in an atmosphere of hypocrisy throughout. The men believe not in the women, nor the women in the men. A scornful superciliousness rules in literature. The aim of all literature seems to find something to make fun of. A lot of churches, sects etc., the most dismal phantasms I know, usurp the name of religion. Conversation is a mass of badinage. From deceit in the spirit, the mother of all false deeds, the offspring is already incalculable. An acute and candid person in the revenue department in Washington, who is led by the course of his employment to regularly visit the cities, north, south and west to investigate frauds, has talked much with me about his discoveries. The depravity of the business classes of our country is not less than has been supposed, but infinitely greater. The official services of America, national, state and municipal, in all their branches and departments, except the judiciary, is tainted. The great cities reek bribery, falsehood, mal-administration; and the judiciary are saturated in corruption, with respectable as much as non-respectable robbery and scoundrellism. In fashionable life, flippancy, tepid amours, weak infidelity, small aims or no aims at all, only to kill time. In business, (this all-devouring modern word, business) the one sole object is, by

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any means, pecuniary gain. The magician's serpent in the fable ate up all the other serpents; and money-making is our magician's serpent, remaining today sole master of the field. The best class we show is but a mob of fashionably dressed speculators and vulgarians."

India is on the march. Great schemes and projects have been undertaken. The First Five-Year Plan is over and we are on the eve of the Second Five-Year Plan. The country is not deriving the full benefit of the plan owing to the prevalence of malpractices.

A fact of fundamental importance is that the corruptor is as much to blame as the corrupted. Some method must be devised for hauling up the corruptor. Besides, the parents and teachers have a great responsibility in the matter of inculcating in the young the right standards of conduct. The attitude of parents and teachers today is one of apathy. It is high time they realised the impe-

orative need of shaping the morals of the young. Any person guilty of dishonesty or fraud however high his position may be must be weeded out and penalised. Above all, non-official, non-partisan committees in various centres must be formed by the public to fight dishonesty, fraud, bribery and other anti-social activities. The members of such committees should not be Government nominees for they will be a set of "Yes" men. The public must select them. We have to exercise the utmost care and circumspection in the choice of members to such committees. Only men of sterling character should find a place. There is no use selecting clever and calculating people for the committees meant for combating corruption who themselves become cauldrons of corruption.

The prevalence of this malady is thus a problem of major magnitude and upon the timely and effective control of it depends the progress of our country.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THOUGH the collections at the box office do not show any sign of slump, the producers are not as happy as they were a year ago. For, instead of getting more share out of the collections, they are getting less share thanks to the rise in hire and protalic figure in theatres. The increased hire has made a difference of Rs. 2000 a week at the principal theatres and at least Rs. 1000 at other theatres. As a result, considering the gross collections, the producer is getting less share today than last year. And it is surprising that the distri-

butors' Association of Bombay is blaming producers for their alleged zeal to have long run instead of exhibitors for unwarranted increase in hire.

Indeed, between the distributor who is also charging more commission and the exhibitor, the producer is hardly making any money. Recently, I asked two producers of successful pictures whether they had received any profit or extra share from the distributors; both the producers said that their pictures were successful but they did not get any money out of it. If this is the situation of successful producers one can imagine the plight of the majority of producers whose pictures are flops. The producers feel that though they are the main source of income, they cannot survive unless there is a radical change in financing, distribution, and exhibition arrangements. As such,

any step on the part of the Government which would better their position is welcome, and the producers would even welcome the licence system.

The other alternative is to form big combines as in Hollywood or Japan which would jointly control production, distribution and exhibition. Tolaram Jalan of Filmistan had made a bold beginning in this direction by opening distribution offices all over India and acquiring chain of theatres at low price. Unfortunately for him, Filmistan has not been able to keep up the supply of good pictures as a result the company had to give up its original plan to some extent. Gemini and A. V. M. have also opened their own distribution offices, though they have not yet acquired any theatres.

But such monopolistic development would not help the progress of film art and as such it is not a happy sign. And yet under the present circumstances unless the state intervenes the small independent producer has a rather bleak future. For he can never make profits by merely making good and successful films unless he can control exploitation as well.

So, on all counts, either the state will have to assume greater control over the film industry or the big combines will control the industry if the present erratic and insecure state of affairs is to be changed.

Picture of the week

It is rather significant that in these days most of the outstanding Hollywood films are based on successful plays or novels. The recent examples are "Picnic" and "The Rose Tattoo," both of which won academy awards and are being currently shown in Bombay.

"Picnic" based on William Inge's Pulitzer-prize winning play is an interesting story of a young jobless man who visits a town to meet his rich college friend, joins a picnic, falls in love with his friend's girl and

is accused of stealing the car and is ultimately forced to leave the town. The girl is a poor but beautiful blonde who is tired of being always called just pretty. She has an ambitious mother who deserted by her own husband, hopes that her elder daughter will marry the rich youth and is shocked when she finds her in love with the jobless vagabond with whom she goes away in the end. The younger daughter who dresses like a boy and is busy reading, the spinster school-teacher who creates a row and forces herself into matrimony with a middle-aged businessman are the other interesting characters.

"Picnic" has hardly any plot. It is however, gripping with its brilliant characterizations and the inter-play of the characters on a picnic day provide you an interesting and amusing study in human behaviour. The most interesting character is, of course, that played by William Holden who always got into troubles because of wine and women and who dreamed of a big salaried job and a pretty secretary. He is just drifting but love transforms him and impresses upon him the need to settle down and take up a decent job. "Picnic" is a real 'social' picture and all its characters appear alive and real. That is its strength and though based on a play, thanks to mobile camera work by James Wong Howe and clever direction by Joshua Loyan, the picture never becomes static.

Compared to "Picnic" "The Rose Tattoo" is a rather sombre and even more subtle drama. This picture has also realism as its key-note. Like "Picnic," this is also a story of mother and her eligible daughter; but while in "Picnic," the mother is in the background; "The Rose Tattoo" is mainly the mother's story.

It is the story of a Sicilian woman who clings to the memory of her husband and shuts herself up and does not allow even her daughter to have fun and good life. The allegation of unfaithfulness against dead husband shocks her and her trans-

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formation to a normal woman who finds life and joy again in the company of another man. The scenes between the mother and daughter, or rather the mother and the daughter's boy-friend are really brilliant; and the love affairs of the widow is also handled in a very delightful manner. Being a play by Tennessee Williams, it is but natural, that the emphasis should be on dialogue which are sharp and pointed. It has, however, many dull patches and suffers from melodramatic overtones; it also lacks the taut tenseness of previous Tennessee Williams' plays and Ella Kazan's direction. Acting is really superb and not only Anna Magnani, but Burt Lancaster and Marisa Pavan also give excellent performances. The picture is devoid of the usual Hollywood glamour which is evident even in "Picnic." That is its great strength.

Both the pictures show that stage in America is more aware than the Screen of the contemporary social life.

Personality of the week

The Japanese cultural delegation which visited India last month included a film director of repute. His name was Keisuke Kinoshita. Lean, youthful, Kinoshita has directed twenty-five films during the last thirteen years. I met him at an informal party which was attended by some of our film celebrities including Nargis, Bimal Roy, Balraj Sahni, Nirupa Roy, Vijay Bhatt, Jairaj, Achala and others.

Kinoshita's "Twelve Pairs Of Eyes" is regarded as an outstanding film which has been shown in United States, Europe and China. It is the story of twelve students and their teacher and how they find their fate subjected to the war and its consequences. Kinoshita is associated with Shochiku Film Co., one of the big producing concerns which produces seventy pictures a year.

Kinoshita said that "Yukiwarisoo" was not a bad picture and he attri-

buted its success to the 'family' story which had much common with Indian family life; but he rates "Rashoman" very high as an outstanding work of filmcraft. He and Prof. Tanikawa, the leader of the delegation dealt with "Rashoman" at length and explained how it was a legendary story re-written to suit the present times.

From the talk and the information given by the director, one could gather that the Japanese film industry was controlled by the six big combines while the foreign films market in Japan was controlled by Hollywood. It was a revelation to know that Hollywood producers refuse to get their pictures censored in Japan; and that the Censor code in Japan is modelled on American code. It was also interesting to learn that the independent producers in Japan are finding it difficult to get their product released and the fall in independent productions has affected the contents of films. The production of social films—films with social criticism is sharply declining and last year only 9 such films were made as against 19 in the previous year. The big combines are banking more on action films, romances and emotional 'escapist' fare. That is not a happy sign; but it is to be hoped that Japanese films like Post-war Italian film will not lose their character and follow Hollywood's.

Mr. Kinoshita appeared to be an intelligent and amiable director. He extended an invitation to our film folk to visit Japan and left a good impression on the Indian film luminaries who had an opportunity to meet him.

News of the week

"Do Ankhen Bara Hath" has ultimately been fixed as the title of Shantaram's next picture.

Dilip Kumar is reported to have been signed by Sohrab Modi to play the lead in "Nausherwan," the historical tale of Persia which has been written by Shums Lucknavi.

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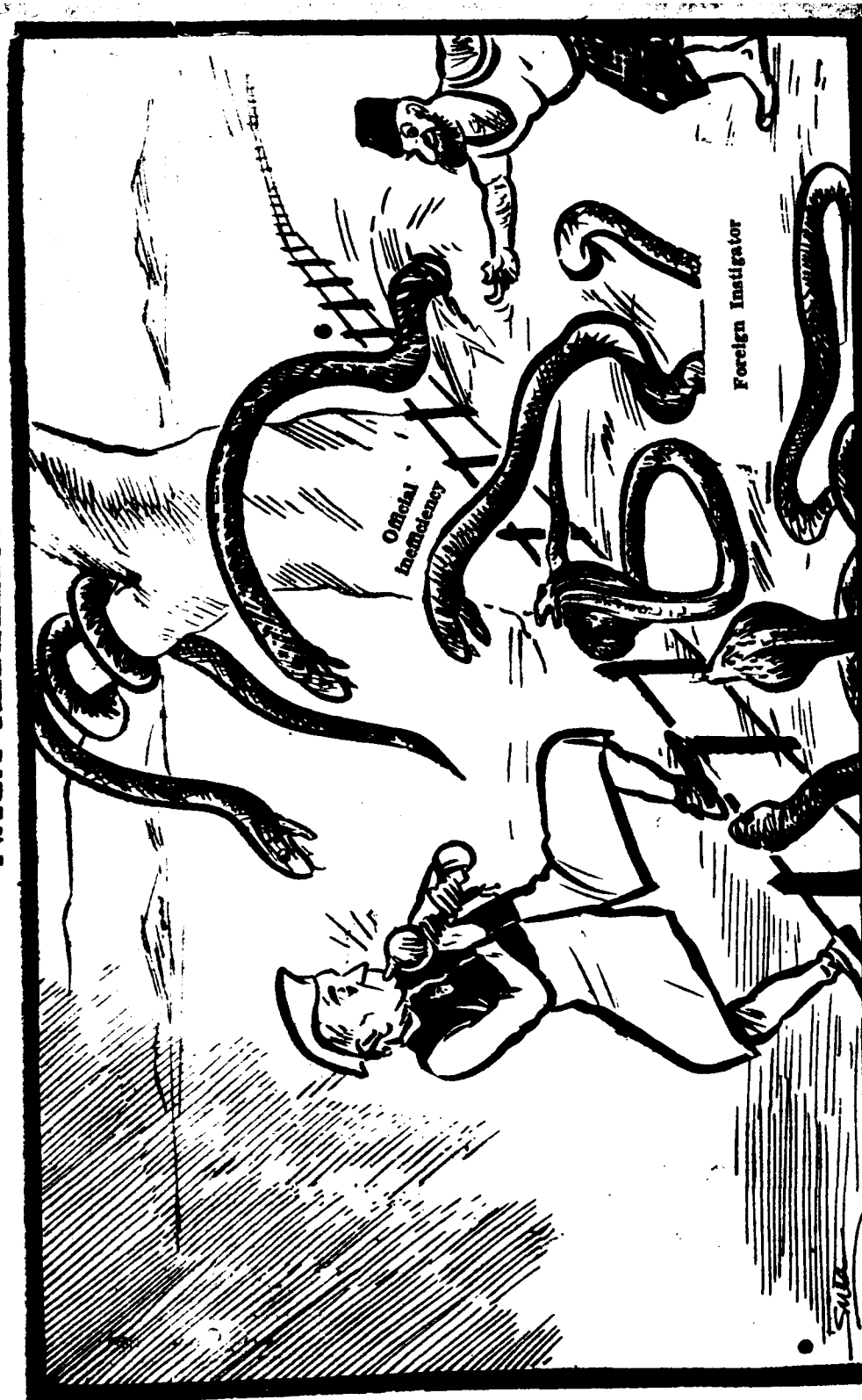
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THE DICHOTOMY

PANDIT NEHRU has presented the full text of the second five year plan to Parliament. The plan involves the expenditure of 7,200 crores of rupees which is a figure of such astronomical proportions that it cannot easily be understood or assimilated in the minds of ordinary people in a poverty stricken country like India where a few tens of rupees constitute the entire wealth of the average man. Pandit Nehru commands a steam roller majority in Parliament and this proposal is bound to go through whatever be the nature of the opposition. It is prudent therefore for all Indians to pause and to consider the effects of the Plan on himself, on his family and on the larger society he cares for which supports and sustains him. The Five Year Plan is a must. It will operate whether you like it or not. The individual citizen in this country can do precious little either to obstruct its operation or to stimulate it or to alter it. It is a gift from above and he must digest it to the best of his ability.

In such a helpless position, it is necessary for one to understand the workings of the Plan so as to be able to adjust one's conduct to the course that the plan will take in accordance with the inherent modulations and twistings embodied in its frame work. Although a high powered Planning Commission has been sitting at it for long periods working out its minute and complicated details, there is no doubt whatever that the plan, as it has now emerged and been placed before the people, is not a logical structure.

The Planning Commission was not of one mind. It was not directed by a single intelligence. There are at least two conflicting tendencies which have gained a foothold in the plan and are pulling in opposite directions. As a result, there is an inward tension developing towards a burst up of the whole plan instead of an all comprehensive momentum to carry the plan through to a successful fruition. It is necessary and important that the average citizen in India should understand this innate conflict. Based on the Russian model and piloted by Pandit Nehru's dynamic attempt to imitate the achievements of Soviet and Chinese Communism, the trend is manifest in the plan towards a rapid industrialization of the country by the starting of all basic and heavy industries. This is the primary and paramount urge in the plan. This attempt is supported rather than hindered by the vested interests of the existing industries in the country, whose continuance may be threatened by the socialistic and expropriatory pattern of the Plan. But the industrialists in India seem to have reconciled themselves to the position that their interests will be gradually liquidated. There is, therefore, no conflict threatening as between socialism and *laissez-faire* capitalism. The conflict is developing in another region.

The Gandhian tradition of revival of village industries as symbolised by the Charkha has permeated the entire plan, and is directing it towards its set objective of what is called 'Sarvodaya'. In principle, this

trend is opposed to automation, the introduction of labour saving machinery. Sarvodaya prefers to work with primitive implements which are entirely manipulated by the un-aided human hand. The new word coined to boost the hand method as against the use of power driven machinery is "employment-potential." The idea is that hand methods of production guarantee maximum employment for minimum output, while automation aims at maximum output for minimum employment.

Inside the Planning Commission and in the Central Cabinet, rival groups face each other advocating these two conflicting ideologies. Roughly it may be said that Ministers Sri Deshmukh and Sri Krishnamachari represent the cause of automation while the ministers Nanda and Reddy represent the cause of Sarvodaya. The Prime Minister, as is usual with him, has not yet made up his mind and is sitting on the fence, now pulling in one direction and now in the opposite so that he entirely stultifies himself. The matter has come to a head in the question of the textile industry whose development is sought to be represented by refusing permission for the import of the necessary spindlage to maintain its normal development. Further, an excise duty is sought to be imposed on textile production through the mills, which duty after collection is to be used to subsidise the hand industry of weaving and spinning. This disastrous policy has already had an adverse effect in the cutting down of the value of the exports of the country as is evident from the following extract from the report of the speech of Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, the Minister for Commerce and Industries, at Ahmedabad the other day:—

Mr. Krishnamachari referred to the "declining trend" in textile exports, and said that in 1955-56 exports had declined by 80 million yards and earnings by about Rs. seven crores. This decline in

the trend was being maintained and it looked as though it might gather momentum.

"I have no desire," Mr. Krishnamachari said, "to blame any particular sector of either the industry or the trade for this state of affairs. Undoubtedly, we are in the buyer's market so far as textiles are concerned. Besides, the world market in textiles is shrinking. We have an extraordinarily aggressive competitor in Japan, trying to take bits of trade from you here and there.

In regard to the general position of the textile trade, Mr. Krishnamachari said, "I would like to take full responsibility because quite a lot of it has been created because of our antediluvian thinking. It is no extenuation of my responsibility when I say I am a creature of circumstances, a victim of antediluvian thinking in some ways. It is true we cannot reconcile our export ambitions with a restrictive productive policy in regard to textiles, though that policy is directed primarily towards home consumption. It is not always possible to separate the interests of home consumption and export trade whether in the total volume of goods available or standards of goods that are supplied.

"While we are keen on helping decentralisation of this industry and the more uneconomic portions, we are not prepared to follow the logical policy of making exports possible by the highly organised industry by a differential system of taxation. We sympathise with small producers. These are incidental to the developing economy.

"At the same time, I am not sure that sympathy by itself will help our exports. But I am not unduly depressed by the present state of affairs because ultimately it is my hope that reason will assert itself in democracy. What I am afraid of is the time taken for reason to assert itself may be so long that we might lose the advantage of exports in foreign countries in the meantime."

It is a revealing speech. The minister frankly admits that the diminution in our exports is due to antediluvian thinking which has led to a restrictive productive policy in regard to textiles. If the policy is anti-

diluvian and has produced harmful results, why not abandon it? The minister confesses he is helpless: he is a creature of circumstances! In so many words, the minister tells the country that the sarvodaya group in the cabinet is so powerful that he is unable to prevail against their antediluvian thinking which has caused great losses to the export trade of the country and endangers the normal development of the key industry of textiles.

The division in the central cabinet is no longer a secret. Minister after

minister has proclaimed it from the house tops. The country knows what exactly is behind this division. It is a difference in ideology which cannot be tolerated among the membership of any democratic party. It is a scandal that such differences are fostered inside the ministry. The harmful effects are already felt in the export trade. The life of a vital industry is at stake. The Prime Minister carries immense prestige. But how long can he afford to run with the hare and hunt with the hound?

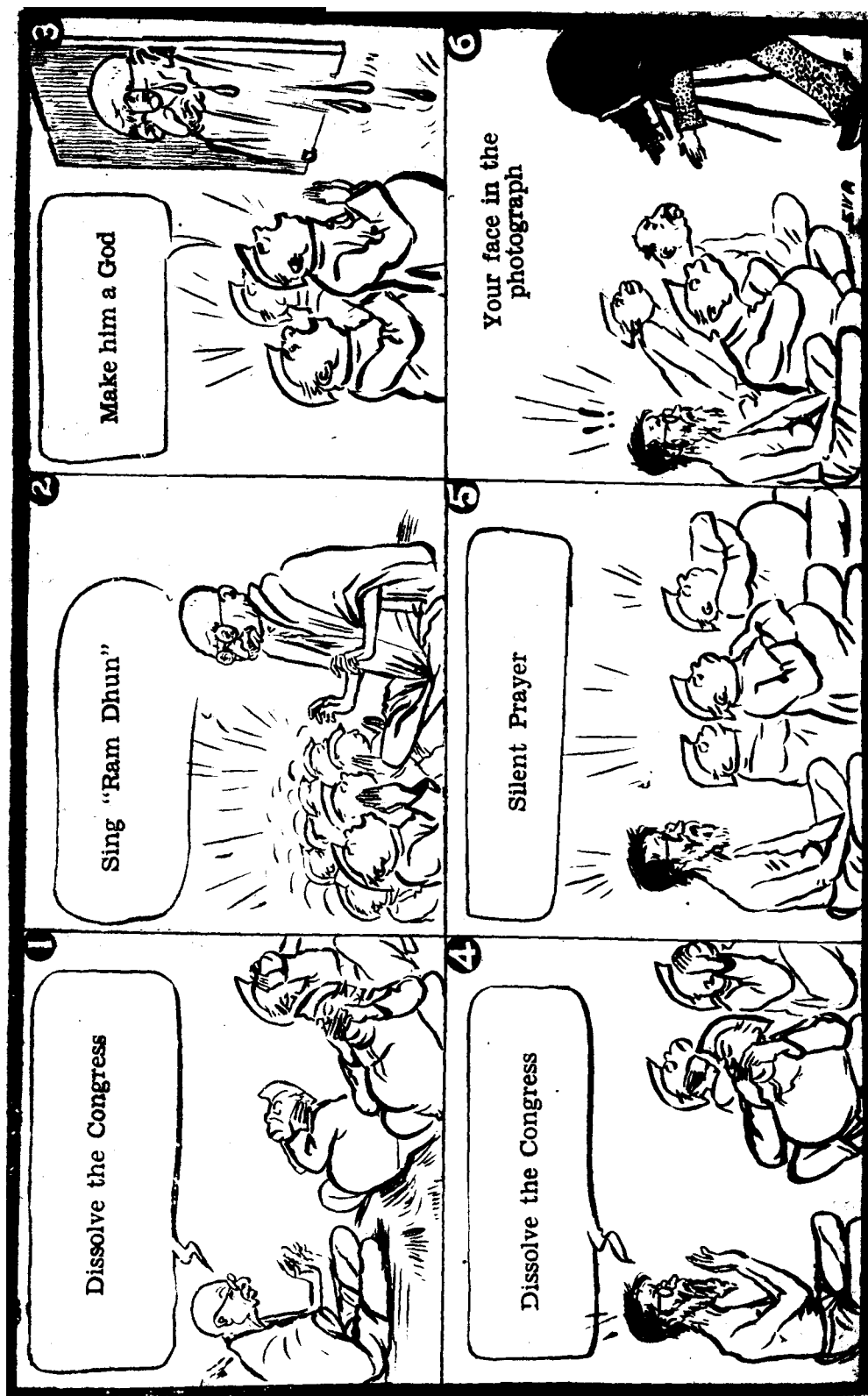
SIDELIGHTS ::

TWO thousand five hundred years ago, a great man lived and died in India. He was probably the greatest human being that was ever born. He was a prince, had a loving wife and a pretty child. He gave up his kingdom and his family. He took the beggar's bowl and led a wandering life in an effort to save the world from misery. It was a vain effort. There is more misery now, after him, than before him.

He was Buddha. He claimed to be emancipated. His message of peace, of love and of truth has been ignored by the world. Judging by the pomposity of the celebrations of his Jayanti now going on in India and outside, he should not be counted a failure. He succeeded in a way which he did not anticipate, he did not want and would repudiate were he alive today. He is worshipped by millions as a god, as the God! Idols and statues have sprung up all over the world in his image. Colossal figures of stone, of marble, of metal, of gold, of precious gems, attract peoples' eyes

and demand their reverence. Millions upon millions of the world's wealth have been poured out in building magnificent temples in the four continents to proclaim his greatness. Colourful festivals are celebrated attracting crowds from far and near who pay their tribute to him, and incidentally fill the pockets of the priests.

But these were the very things the Buddha abhorred. He wanted to eradicate superstitions. Fresh superstitions are springing around his name. He fought the priests. New armies of priests have sprung up to hail him as their leader. He hated rituals. Elaborate ceremonies are performed to invoke his memory. He revolted against caste and the division between man and man. New divisions are multiplying around his message. He despised the scriptures and defied their authority. New Buddhist scriptures claim universal authority. He denied the Vedas. He is now a god of the Vedic religion.



May 28 1950

SWATANTRA

up. *swatara*. Buddha stands, but defeated.

But why? How was Buddha defeated? For a reply, read the speeches being delivered all over India during the Buddha Jayanti celebrations. Scan the newspaper reports. Read between the lines and find out what the speakers wish to say and desire to conceal. What does Vice-President Radhakrishnan say? What is in the mind of Sri C. Rajagopalachari and what does Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer mean? Their meaning is plain. It is this. No doubt, Buddha appeared to be a rebel. But that is only appearance. He came "not to destroy but to fulfil." He did not fight the priests but only clarified their message. That is it. The trick. It worked two thousand five hundred years ago. It works still.

"Not to destroy but to fulfil." There are crying evils in the world. There is injustice. Behind it all, there is crime. How do you deal with crime? Not to destroy it, but to fulfil it? Ask the judge in the criminal court. He cannot help you. He will only destroy and not fulfil. But ask the criminal. He will jump up with joy at the opportunity you offer to him to escape and to continue his criminal career along new ways. Release him from the clutches of the law, cancel the sentence against him by the

judge. He will then feel not destroyed but fulfilled. That is the way the ancient exploiters of religion took to continue their career of crime and to defeat the great effort that Buddha put up to save the people from priestly oppression. Buddha came to destroy but he has been made to fulfil. That is the verdict of history on the greatest man of the world.

The same can be said of Jesus Christ. The grandeur, the power and the wealth of the Christian Churches would stagger the imagination of Jesus, were he to come back to life. But he would not recognise his message of turning the other cheek being practised by any one in all the vast mass of his alleged followers. On the contrary, he would weep at the sight of priests taking his name to bless the guns and the bombs which are intended to kill, to decimate life. Jesus stands defeated, though his Church has grown in might.

What shall we say of Gandhi, the Mahatma? Though dead, he is still so much part and parcel of us that it requires not merely insight but heroic courage to assess the extent of the betrayal that he has suffered. We worship the Mahatma day in and day out. We hang his pictures at all odd places. We betray his message every moment of our lives.

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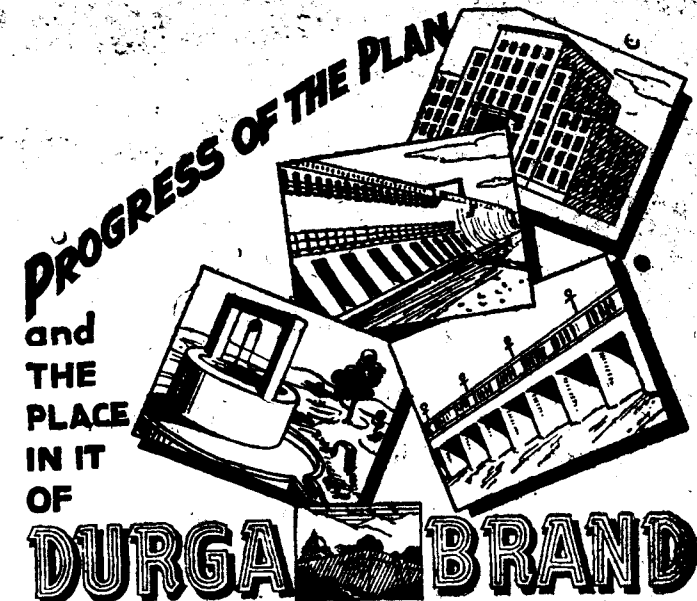
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THE N.G.O. AND BIRTH CONTROL

PANDEMONIUM reigned at the Madras conference of Non-Gazetted officers on the 20th instant. Mr. R. A. Gopalaswami, Secretary to the Government in the Education Department, inaugurated the conference in a speech advocating the adoption of Birth Control as a means to cure the many ills from which the N.G.Os. are suffering. There is nothing wrong in the advocacy of Birth Control, especially during the present economic crisis in our country when even the accelerated tempo of the production of goods under the Five Year Plans is unable to meet the demand of our ever growing population. The N. G. Os., who are most of them educated and cultured men would, in their calmer moments and on a different occasion, certainly have supported Mr. Gopalaswami in his advocacy of Birth Control as a sovereign remedy for our economic ills. But at their conference on the 20th they were assembled for a set purpose and were very much grievance conscious. The fact is patent that the entire cadre of N. G. Os. in this state are subjected to invidious treatment by the powers that be. There is the glaring injustice of the employees in the Central Government occupying similar posts with similar qualifications being paid higher salaries and being provided with superior amenities. No excuse can be offered to justify this anomaly. On the top of it all has cropped up the rise in prices of commodities which has made it impossible for those in the lower ranks of the administrative services to make the ends meet. Education of children is not only costly but is subject to restrictions which cannot be tackled by the mere N. G. O. At their conference assembled on the 20th, therefore, the N. G. Os. wished to ventilate these and similar grievances and to seek remedial measures from the

authorities. A responsible officer of Government chose such an occasion charged with emotion to advocate a measure which has no special application to the N. G. Os. and their grievances although it may be of national importance. Mr. Gopalaswami appeared to mock, from his safe position as an officer drawing a high salary, at the miseries to which his inferiors in the service were subjected. The economic involvement caused by inadequate salaries and rising prices constitute an immediate practical difficulty and poses a difficult problem for the N. G. O. to solve. Birth control and limitation of the family form part of a long range programme whose benefits will have no relevance whatever to the immediate problem posed and will have results observable only in the remote future in the next and the coming generations. It is intolerable cynicism on the part of Mr. Gopalaswami to have spoken in the manner he did to his fellow employees in Government service who were in such acute distress. What could the poor N. G. O. do if he accepted Mr. Gopalaswami's sage advice in good faith? In our country of early marriages, the N. G. O. would have already reached the stage in life when he would have finished contributing his quota towards the increase in population and most of those assembled at the conference would not be in a position to add materially to the number of their families. The adoption of birth control would, if at all, affect only the future coming into being of the children of their children and the effect on the family budget would be very little on the score of grand children. We are sorry Mr. Gopalaswami made the wrong approach to the problem of Birth Control, and instead of serving a great cause which he undoubtedly wanted to and for which he deserves full credit, he did a disservice to the very cause he had at heart by his wrong approach.



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New Books

BACK TO REALITY. By Gustave Thibon. Hollis & Carter, London. pp. 152. Price. 13-6.

HAS human progress been all going forward? Some hold that it has not been a going forward. There has, of course, been almost infinite advancement in physical comforts and conveniences. There has also been a growing recognition of the fact that force and violence do not really settle any question. The increasing efforts that are being made for raising up the standard of life of the lower classes should also be placed on the credit side. And yet there are certain fundamental errors of outlook that spoil the onward trend of human life. Among those who hold this latter view one of the most prominent is the distinguished French author, Gustave Thibon. For originality of thought, fearlessness of facing logical conclusions, and for expressing his views boldly, Thibon is the equal of any other thinker of the day.

The fundamental error of modern thinking is the dream that we can create a paradise on earth. This Thibon calls building funk-holes out of words and dreams. The result has been a retreat from the realities of life. So in his book, *Back to Reality*, he points out the errors that have crept into human outlook, and explains how for the realization of true human happiness we have to go back to the realities of life.

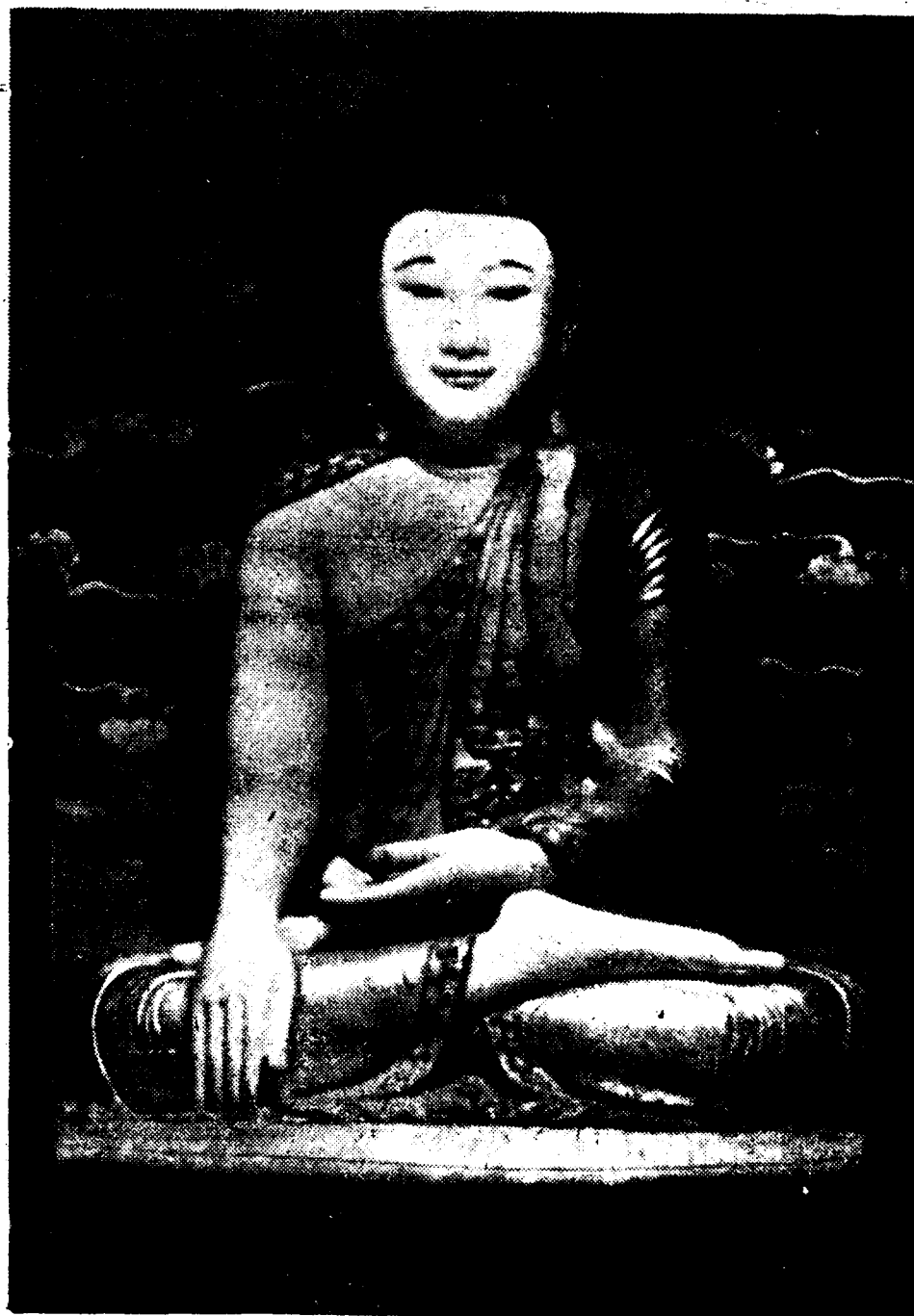
What are these realities? Thibon holds that they are the land and the family; work, country and religion. It is by losing touch with these that humanity goes astray. The truth of this view is elaborated in a series of chapters of close reasoning and telling illustrations. Of the land, for example, he says: "There is one thing

that never lies, and that is the land." Everyone else can cover up with words his failures; but the farmer cannot do so. The land will show him up. It also makes man become reconciled to failure, sorrow, and the disappointments occasioned by superior powers. All the good effects engendered by land are lost by the modern disassociation from it.

Thibon does not advise, therefore, that everyone should go back to land. That would clearly be impracticable. What he advocates is: the creation of a social order in which each feels vitally bound to his task," and in which the virtues engendered by the land are enabled to develop and influence life for sustaining its health. He discusses in detail what these are, and makes special observations about civic realism, democracy, social realism and related topics.

To a superficial reader of Thibon's book it might appear that he is a mere conservative. But really he is a conservative with a difference. He praises the land not for itself, but for the virtues that inevitably grow out of it: the impossibility of covering up failures, and the consequent development of sincerity and honesty; the love of work; the sense of responsibility; the yielding to destiny; patience and resignation. He is, again, opposed to big machines and factories only because of the evils resulting from people being uprooted, as it were, from their homelands, because of their becoming mere cogs without a living interest in their work, and because of the evils resulting therefrom. Again he is not opposed to democracy as such, but to democracy that takes all human beings as one mass without distinction.

As an original and deep thinker Thibon has the habit of putting his



With the spread of Buddhism in countries far and wide, the representation of Buddha naturally varied—different races promoting different conceptions. The tender yet serious and solemn face of Buddha is featured in various poses in the images that are to be found throughout the length and breadth of Asia. But all these images wear a serene smile and have half-closed eyes.

This life-size image of Buddha is called Yo Fo (Jade Buddha) and is found in the North Lake (Pei-hai) district of Peking, China. It is exquisitely carved out of a single piece of spotless Tibetan white jade and is depicted in what is known as the 'Witness' attitude.

ideas into interesting aphoristic sentences. Here are a few collected at random from this book: When the grain is germinating it makes no sound; monstrosities have a horror of mirrors; every mirage deprives us of a fragment of oasis; a man of good sense is always a man with ties; from people who are wholly without roots it is idle to expect fruits; the contents of the bottle mean more to me than the label.

With such fine observations starting every page it is a pleasure to read Thibon's book; but every page also asks the reader to stop and think.

The Rapids. By Basil Davidson. Jonathan Cape. London. pp. 288. Price 12-6.

It is truly said that Shakespeare and Scott are often better interpreters of history than the regular historians. In the same way it may be said that current events also figure more realistically and show themselves in impressive colours in good fiction than in dry narrative. Hence, it is not strange that Basil Davidson's novel gives a more living picture of the stir and strife in Africa on account of the awakening of the natives. The simple oppositions, and the more poignant complexities that arise out of divided loyalties, are all vividly seen in the novel more than in the many accounts that have been published in recent years by prosaic observers on the scene.

Mr. Davidson has already written a book, *The African Awakening* which has been highly praised. So it is with real knowledge of the country and the people that he writes. It is clear that colonialism has to go and is going. Observant people see that and wise people recognize it. But unfortunately all men are not wise or even observant, and hence the confusion and trouble.

In this story Captain Staunton had been in Africa for some thirty years. He knew the country and the people,

and though he was one with other Europeans, he was able to understand the urges of the Africans. But in his old age, after years of loneliness, all that he wanted was a happy time with his daughter who was returning to him from Europe. With anxious eagerness he looks forward to her coming. But with her coming his tragedy begins.

She was friendly with Muscombe the African fighter for freedom and they came together to Europe. They were in fact soon in love. The other Europeans could not stand either the fight for African freedom or the love of Muscombe and Stella. The very simple demands of the Africans are turned down, and though they resort to no violence, the fear of the Europeans make them imagine troubles, and thus the story moves rapidly on to tragedy.

Mr. Davidson has revealed the workings of the minds and hearts of his chief characters with wonderful skill. The blundering, hesitating but essentially honest Staunton, the impulsive but true hearted Stella, the helpless-seeming though valiant Muscombe, and a number of others are living and breathing characters, and they give the readers a better understanding not only of life in awakened Africa, but also of human aspirations and of human loyalties.

P. L. S.

A SOUVENIR

We are in receipt of a pictorial book-let commemorating the 2500th anniversary of Parinirvana of Buddha printed at B. N. K. Press (Private) Ltd. and issued by Sri B. Nagi Reddi, the famous film producer and the proprietor of a chain of multi-lingual popular children's magazine 'Chanda Mama'. The cover page in colour is very pretty. There are several pictures depicting the various incidents in Buddha's life. The souvenir is attractively got up.

PEDLAR'S PACK

DURING the week that has ended, two news-items appeared which went by unregarded. These were that we would be importing 400,000 tons of rice from Burma during the next three years, and that the Reserve Bank of India has directed scheduled banks not to advance loans on stocks of food-grains and other commodities of the like kind. The conclusions to be drawn from these two facts are unfortunately of a contradictory nature. If there is a deficit in our over-all food production, it stands to reason that we should import from anywhere anyhow. In that case, what becomes of our much boasted achievement of self-sufficiency in this matter at the end of the first five-year plan period? Were the authorities deceiving themselves or deceiving the public, and if so for what reasons? If on the other hand, we have adequate stocks and there is no fear of shortage, the action of the Reserve Bank in interdicting advances against stocks of grain becomes arbitrary and high-handed. It is tantamount to a needless and vexatious interference with the operation of credit facilities among the trading community.

What then is the real position concerning this mystery? My own view is that inflation so complacently envisaged by the government in connection with the targets of the second five-year plan has already begun to make itself felt. Much has been made of the fact that the price of rice had shot up unduly. But no attention was paid to the sympathetic advance of the price-levels of most other essential and consumer commodities. Gingelly oil doubled the price which was ruling about two months ago. Sugar which is a controlled commodity from beginning to end has been creeping up in prices from an initial 1-0-6 or so to the present 1-5-0 to 1-8-0 according to locality. Here is a whole hierarchy of middlemen all scrambling for a little more and more at every suitable opportunity. Consider next the price-levels of cement, steel, bricks and other building materials in general. They have registered far steeper rises than are generally publi-

cized. Reason? The incursion of the Government itself—like the proverbial bull in a china-shop—into these trades as purchasers on mammoth scales. The building plans of the government have meant basic producers and contractors getting standing orders which are to be executed in preference to the satisfaction of the demands of the private consumer. So prices have rocketed up in these commodities. One instance should suffice. Bricks which were selling at Rs. 20 a year ago are now quoted at between 30 and 35 per thousand.

The net result of these forces at work is to squeeze out with methodical relentlessness the petty bourgeoisie who find life in general a nightmare and the first of every month a dreaded day. No wonder therefore if the N. G. Os. who recently met in conference have unfurled the standard of revolt. The public of which these neglected but necessary members form a vital part may therefore be sure of worse in store for it unless heroic measures are devised by the government. Planning should not become the new Juggernaut crushing the people between its inexorable wheels in the interests of deceptive targets.

Speaking at a reception in Kashmir, Sri V. K. Krishna Menon is reported to have said that Kashmir has ever been the spiritual home of India.

If so, it has been a well-kept secret so far! Our own view however is that it is the sentimental home of the Nehrus.

In a signed article in a Hyderabad paper, the Nizam has disclosed that he has nominated his grandson Mukaram Jah as his heir and successor.

The future alone will show what he will succeed to.

Speaking in the Lok Sabha, Pandit Nehru has turned down the suggestion that there should be a ceiling on incomes.

But his views on the question of a ceiling on land are still shrouded in mystery.

Short Story

THE YATRIK & THE NARTAKI

By Kalpakam

IT was evening, the waning light of the westering sun fell softly on the still surface of the pool and broke into a riot of colour. The ceaseless autumnal stream brimming with laughter rambled on, murmuring an endless song of glee while the wavelets kissed the greenery on the rushy banks. The cool breeze blowing through the vale caressed the tender flakes of the red oleander flowers, while the evening dew that pearlyed its tresses pranced about glistening like Orizents. Nature with her vernal smile cast a magic spell and everything seemed to float in the soft grace of glowing hues.

At this festal hour, Bodisatwa, with a bowl in hand, treaded his path through the golden fields against the sunset. He knew no rest nor respite. In his face was the effulgence of light and in his bosom the brilliance of the dawn.

A nartaki she was, her face creased in a smile, she was bathing in the cool waters of the stream, standing knee deep. The evening glow was falling lightly on her forehead of ivory sheen, her wet tresses lay fleecy on her head and covered her shoulders, her back glittered in the golden rays of the setting sun. She appeared audacious and confident as she churned the waters of the stream in idle sport, the silver anklets of her feet and the golden bracelets of her wrists made music, the diamonds in her trinkets shone like her eyes.

The Bikku neared the stream. The alluring bather, gathering her dishevelled robes dripping with water, rose from the limpid stream, like a woodland fairy glittering in her glory and made deep obeisance. The Bikku saw her. Her half-naked body wet

with the waters of the stream, beaming behind the dripping robes, whipped up no ripples in his heart nor let loose the drowsy desires. He was calm and quiescent, like a lofty main lulled to rest. Her bewitching charms, neither turned his mind nor moved his senses to reckless wonderment. He noticed the graceful contours of her form as part of the serene grandeur of the jagged hillocks afar; he craved as little for the smoothness of her creamy breasts, ripe and round, as for the profound majesty of the sun set beyond.

"O Exalted One, I feel happy and honoured by thine unforeseen visit. Pray, vouchsafe to accept my services" spoke the siren, her hands outstretched as if to clasp him, her lips parted in a glorious, rollicking, welcoming smile, sparkling with joy.

"Yes, uncalled by you, I have come to thee, woman, to open thy eyes, to wake you up to witness the One Reality and to redeem thee" replied the happy One and smiled.

"Blessed Sire" flashed out her mocking answer, her voice rang like mandolin: "You shall surely wake me up to witness the One Reality and redeem me in good time" and dipping her hand into the water she raised a little mellow sand in her palm, and let it run down thro' her fingers. She said, her whole frame quivering with passion: "Gather me into thine arms like a flower and deck me with the festoon of thy many-coloured fancy's wonderment. Aye, drink of the delicious pitcher of Life and discover how happiness tastes!" She laughed and echoed the wordless melody of life. Her teeth, white and round glimmered in the glowing light.

The master's countenance was peaceful and not a muscle in his face moved. "Maiden, your rosy lydiash flesh will, with the waste of the years, soon shrivel and shrink like the skin of the mango. Your cherry lips will in time turn hoary with age. The bright lustre of your laming eyes will pale like the moon in the morning light. When the prime is past, your body will become the home of manifold ills, and you'll be dead one day. Maggots will eat out the very marrow of your maidenhood. O ignorant woman, remember that all the marmoreal charms of your maidenhood are ephemeral and like the globe of soap will burst into nothingness."

Hearing these words of the high souled, the enchantress laughed and the tinkle of her derisive laughter echoed like the vibrations of a timbrel. Her heart did not quiver with the resonance of the fear of coming death. She giggled in pride like a bird in hurried flight. "My prime and beauty will win their booty and tribute in the world. The taste of my red lips will make monarchs meander towards me; my maiden charms will make youth run to me for alms of love and grace. Men in thousands will cluster and wait at my door step, like a flock of sheep, to get a peep at me. Do you call all this vain, false, empty?" She asked him in pristine pride.

"If you will listen to the clarion call of Truth, your charms will surely reveal themselves to you to be vain, false and empty. They are sure to perish and become one with the mud. The tender flush of your flesh will soon fade like the yonder colours of sunset on the onrush of age. You'll die, and be gone and forgotten. Hence, ponder well, ye woman, before the thunder of the chariot wheels of Death is heard from afar. Pause well, before ye take an ephemeral repose on the seemingly soft rosy couch of life. For yet there is time and God's patience is inexhaustible."

"O Master, I have a tiny drop and drop into the dust and die like a flower that has forsaken its beauty and so do all. Why, your Holiness too, shall one day in lowness crumble and crumble to dust, like me. Hence, awake, wherefore this vain talk"—mockingly muttered the woman in maze.

"Ah, yes," answered the sage, "you will die and my body will become a meal to the worms like yours. But my soul will not be caged in the body again like any other; and twirl its trails and travails, in the cycle of rebirths and deaths. Instead it will flee and regain its lost liberty and it will become one with the eternal, effulgent light. Come, come with me, you too shall escape. Come, I'll attune thy soul to the life divine. I'll lead you to the Promised land, whereth your life will not, like the pendulum, touch now this extreme pleasure, now the other pain, but will be soaked in perennial bliss ever."

"You admit, you are a fellow perisher, a pedestrian in the same predicament, how then can you help me" queried the NARTAKI, impelled by curiosity.

"By breaking the walls of mud raised by your ignorance, with the spade of knowledge of Truth. The light will make the darkness flee in fright."

"Light! Eh, may I know O wise man, what light is that? Death is the end of humanity, nay of everything that breathes on earth. There is no life or light beyond its frontiers. The aeons of Time devour millions and millions of human beings who live and die like me. O Bikku, trust in life and live thy terrestrial existence. Why harry thy life here with worry of what happens elsewhere, after death? While you are here, play upon the harp of life and enjoy the music. Forget your fancies of a future strife."

"O, you misled woman, do not fasten your life with the fangs of desires. Take to the path of light and the truth will save you."

"Ah, no, Bikku, cast thy burden of knowledge, and come with me into the garden of life. Mingle thine longings with mine, like the riparian of two rivulets entwined in dulcet song of joy; taste of the wine of happiness born of our two hearts beating in union benign. With claps keep time to the rhyme of my foot falls' chime and you can take to the track wherein you can see the light that leads poor mankind. Touch me, you'll know the softness of life; stroke my hair, kiss my lips and caress my eyes, you'll see the serene wonder of creation. Embrace me, place thy belief in me, you shall be the victor in life's battle." She fingered the hem of her fluttering garment, the henna in her finger tips glistened in the glow of the hurrying sun in the distant horizon.

All this out pouring of the woman evoked only pity in the heart of the Buddha. "You're wild with the delirium of delusion, you are caught up in the deep quagmire of life and you'll perish in it. I can show you the way to attain the real and discard the ephemeral. I can help you to light the lamp within you. You must use that light and you must travel the road to Reality. Neither I nor any one else will nor can take you further than you will," so said the benevolent YATRIK, his palm raised as if to proffer his benison.

The Buddha's words of wisdom fell flat. She turned on him in a sudden transport of rage and cried: "I'm caught in the quagmire of life! But life is real, starkly real as the sand on which we now stand; but you're caught in your false illusion. You have pinned your being to a profitless dream and parade it as profound. Your recondite talk is your undoing. Your 'One Reality' is false. You are

caught in a mesh. In the maze of a fancy you've forgotten your fellow men and your life. Your path, false and slippery, leads nowhere. You will achieve nothing and you'll reach nothing. Yet you will cling to your illusions and will continue your vain pursuit. Wander on, mendicant, wander on. I wonder, what glory thou find in austerity and what vice you discover in the grace of life." Bodisatva replied: "Blindfold you make hurricane of life's tempest, you toss and tumble eternally in the limitless expanse of the ocean in the gloom of many births and deaths. If ever you feel the need for me, make the sign. I will give thee an answering call." The Perfect One moved on in his pilgrimage. The maiden made a mocking obeisance to him as darkness unto the departing light.

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NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD

THE Prime Minister himself is not without some point of reservation or views of disagreement in regard to some matters contained in the Second Five Year Plan. "There is not one person here, including some members of the Planning Commission, who has not got his own viewpoint in regard to some matters contained in the Second Five Year Plan," said the Prime Minister to the National Development Council. Pandit Nehru did not like the frontal attack made by the Chief Minister of Mysore, Mr. K. Hanumanthaiya, on the way in which investment seemed to favour the North as against the South:

Mr. Hanumanthaiya: One thing we were harping upon was this regional distribution and there is not one word about it in the resolution of the National Development Council.

Dr. B. C. Roy: If we go and put that in the main resolution, then everybody has got something.

Mr. G. L. Nanda: I do not think it was intended to be in the resolution. It was only meant for the record.

Mr. T. T. K.: To invoke the procedure of the United States, such a thing is kept on record but does not form part of the resolution which is carried unanimously.

Mr. Hanumanthaiya: The point about the regional distribution of expenditure must be considered. Otherwise, it will be an injustice.

Pandit Nehru: You mean you are dissenting? All of us have our own views, and have our differences with some points in the Second Five Year Plan. What this resolution says is that we record our general approval and acceptance of the objectives, priorities and programmes.

It is difficult to understand why there should not have been an assurance about equitable distribution of investment on a regional basis. Doubts and suspicions must be allayed, and not stimulated.

There has been a lot of bungling in the handling of the Naga question by the Government of India. Our Central Government fights shy of Provincial Autonomy. To concede a little power to the different States of India appears to them to be paving the way for the disintegration of the country. How long can one hold a country together by sheer physical strength? The only way of fostering unity in our country is to give a wide measure of power to the States.

If this little truth was understood—as Subhas Bose had understood it—we would not have had a Naga problem today. In a vast country like India there must be several autonomous regions. Look at the way the Tibetan question has been solved by People's China, in spite of every threat of foreign intervention. We must understand once and for all that in order that our Central Government might be able to function effectively, it is very necessary that the people of the different regions of India feel that they are

masters in their own homes. There is no point in the Nehru Government creating enemies for itself all over the country by refusing to concede at least a little power in the administration of the different parts of the country to the different people inhabiting those parts.

The Nagas are a freedom-loving people, like any other people. Mr. Harish Chandola, who has visited their land many times, gives in the *Times of India* the long history of misunderstandings created among the Nagas by the unimaginative administration and police officials of the North East Frontier Agency. The Nagas are a simple people and a democratic people. They are indeed the much-maligned Nagas, who have suffered greatly at the hands of the British administration in the N. E. F. A. The Prime Minister was good enough to visit that area, and talk to the Nagas, and clear up all misunderstandings.

Indrani Rahman made her first appearance at Aspra House after her return from China last year. The ovation she received was unequalled.

The outstanding feature of Indrani's Bharata Natyam performance was a *hoka* in Telugu on the *Dussevatharas*. The style—or the variation of it—was Bharata Natyam of Koochipoodi. This was the first occasion when an audience in Delhi had the opportunity of seeing Koochipoodi properly rendered. We have had two or three Koochipoodi Groups visiting the Capital, but none of them was either competent or even genuine. The only exception was, of course, Mataraja Ramakrishna—but then, he gave a demonstration for a few minutes, and not a recital, without any musical accompaniment. Ramakrishna was superb.

A few months ago, we had a number of children below ten performing awfully during the so-called National Dance Festival. All Andhras felt ashamed that their Art was thus being humiliated. Delhi audiences gene-

rally, and Andhras in particular, should be grateful to Indrani for rehabilitating the reputation of Koochipoodi in the Capital.

Koochipoodi style, as is revealed by this outstanding danseuse of Bharata Natyam, has a very rich vocabulary in the language of gesture and expression. The idea of "Sita", for instance, is usually depicted in the Pandanallur School by a very simple gesture of "Woman"—which, of course, is more complicated than the simpler gesture of "Man"—whereas the Koochipoodi experts refer to her by diverse gestures showing that she was the one who entered the fire that she was the one who was found by Janaka when the earth was being ploughed, etc. It is not suggested that this cannot be done in Pandanallur. Normally it is not the practice. The great Balasaraswathi herself learnt her *Abhinaya* from the *nattuvanars* of the Vedantam family. Indrani is certainly not perfect in her *Abhinaya*; and will do well to take a few lessons from Koochipoodi as Bala has done. (Incidentally Indrani's mother, Ragini Devi, taught her this Koochipoodi number. She has done a good job of it).

Indrani Rahman is one of the foremost exponents of Bharata Natyam in India today. Aesthetically, her dance recitals are the most happily blended ones. She has a better sense of presentation, of the right use of colours for her costumes, and of the proper use of the available stage-space, than any other solo dancer in this land of ours. Indrani is in Bharata Natyam what M. S. Subbulakshmi is in Karnatic Music. It can command the widest appreciation from mass audiences as well as from the most highly exacting connoisseurs. She is thus best fitted to be India's Dancing Ambassador.

The accompanying music was provided by Lokiah and Party. Lokiah is well-known to Delhi audiences for his sense of softness in music. He also went to China last year.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE 2500th Buddha Jayanti is being observed on 24th May 1956 all over India and Asia on a grand scale. Coinciding with this great event a number of pictures on Buddhist history are being made though no picture on Buddha's life itself is planned yet. For a long time producers have toyed with the idea of making a feature film on the life of Buddha. Years ago, when Shantaram was associated with Prabhat, he had announced a picture on Buddha's life, while Vijay Bhatt had actually made preparations for such a picture but had to abandon it because of the protest by Buddhists from Ceylon. But during the silent days a picture was made on Buddha—by Himansu Rai, the great pioneer, and it was aptly called *The Light of Asia*. It was made in co-operation with foreigners and, I believe, it was shown abroad as well.

Apart from Buddha's own life, several pictures 'eulogising' Buddha's teachings have been made from time to time. Unfortunately none of these pictures, not even the picture on the life of Samrat Ashok, can be described as memorable. Indeed, there is so much rich dramatic material in the tales of Buddhist Period, that it is a pity that our producers have not made much use of it. It must be also conceded that it is difficult to create the Buddhist era on the screen. Though the stories of that era may have an appeal to literateurs and artists, they are not so known to common masses.

But to any producer who wants to bring to the screen the glories of ancient India, the stories of the post-

Buddha era provide a splendid basis. And already in pictures like *Samrat Ashoka* and *Samrat Ashoka* we have had some idea of the effective and popular way of presenting stories of that era.

In any case, thanks to Buddha Jayanti, the interest in Buddhist period has been revived. Chetan Anand is already making a picture on that era entitled *Samrat Ashoka* and himself playing the role of the Emperor. Himansu Rai is making *Angkorwald*. The story of *Vamsavatta*, the courtesan, and the *Maheś Upagupta* is also being filmed. Raj Kapoor has plans to make *Samrat Ashoka* in technicolor. The picture *Samrat Ashoka* with Buddhist ideology. If some of these pictures catch public imagination and prove successful at the box-office, there is no doubt other producers also would be interested in making pictures on the same theme. Meanwhile at the behest of the Government of India, Eminent Roy Productions have made a documentary on Buddha and this documentary is expected to be shown from this week through the Films Division.

Apart from the topical significance of Buddhist ideology of non-violence and peace today, the depiction of Buddhist period on our screen would help to raise the aesthetic and cultural standard of our films to a great extent. It is for this reason of art, more than anything else, that one welcomes the interest evinced by producers in Buddhist themes.

Picture of the week

In the wake of *Musafir Khana*, Sadique has made *Chhoo Mantar* an all-out farcical comedy with Johnny Walker as its hero. Johnny Walker is the top comedian of the day; and gradually like Charlie of the old days, our producers are banking very much on him.

But, given a full-length role, Johnny reveals his limitations and so does the author-director M. Sadiq who is:

unable to provide a continuous series of hilarious situations for Johnny. As a result, in spite of Johnny, the picture has dull passages which to a certain extent mar the hilarity of the film; and this time there is no Om Prakash or Gope or even Karan to supplement Johnny's efforts as they did in *Musafir Khana* to keep it amusing all the while.

Most of the time, *Chhoo Mantar* is quite entertaining. The story revolves round a youth called Baiju who always sang love lyrics. While the young maidens of the village appreciated them, the elders of the village thought that he was spoiling the girls. So they beat him and beat him several times; but like the cat who has nine lives, Johnny came out of every beating more alive and lyrical than ever. Ultimately he was banished from the village. On the way out he made friends with a fisherman and was attracted by the voice of a princess. He saw her and fell in love with her. Just in front of the window of her room he sat and worshipped her. Several efforts were made to dislodge him; but they proved useless. Ultimately, he was put in a bag and thrown into a river. Luckily, his fisherman friend saved him. Now, as luck would have it, the Princess was engaged to a Zamindar's son whom Sanoli the fisherman's daughter loved. So Baiju and Sanoli made common cause, stopped the marriage, agreed to raise fifteen lakhs of rupees and ultimately succeeded in bringing the money.

The story affords ample scope for Johnny Walker and he lives upto expectations in the first half. It is only when he goes with Sanoli to Bombay to raise the huge amount that the proceedings lose their grip. It is a pity that Sadiq could not think of some hilarious adventures and had to rely on the outmoded show business and gangster drama for the climax. Had Baiju and Sanoli raised the money through misadventures, the climax would have been really

funny. But for this vital lapse, the picture is amusing even in the latter portion, thanks to Shyama's dances and O. P. Nayyar's tuneful music.

O. P. Nayyar reveals as in *Baap Re Baap* that he has not only a flair for Westernized music but Indian tunes as well. *Tumhine Dard Diya* is the best song of the film; the Western tune in the second half is also tantalizing. But for Johnny Walker and Shyama, other artistes have hardly any scope. Anita Guha looks pretty while Karan Dewan and Jagirdar are wasted on insignificant roles. The photography, decor are first-rate; the direction by Sadiq is competent, the dialogue by Azm Bazidpuri is verbose and theatrical.

All said *Chhoo Mantar* would appeal to all those who like Johnny Walker.

News of the week

B. R. Chopra starts the shooting of *Naya Daur* on 21st May, 1956 and not on 20th as earlier announced. The shooting will begin with an informal muhurat at Kardar Studios.

On 24th May, 1956 Bimal Roy Productions *Pariwar* will go before the cameras at Mohan Studios. Based on the Bengalee film *Ardhangini* it will be directed by Asit Sen.

Nargis, Prithviraj, Balraj Sahni, Achala, Manmohan Krishna, David, Jairaj are cast in Indo-Soviet co-production *Pardesi* which is now expected to go on sets in July 1956. Anil Biswas is composing the Music. Prem Dhawan and Sardar Jaffri will write the lyrics.

TAIL PIECE

"There are after all few emotions of which one has less reason to be ashamed than the little lump in the throat which the Englishman feels when he catches sight of the white cliffs of Dover."—DEAN INGE.

"Increase of wealth divides rather than unites a nation. But suffering shared in common unites with hoops of steel."—DEAN INGE.

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