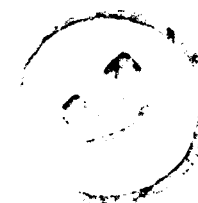


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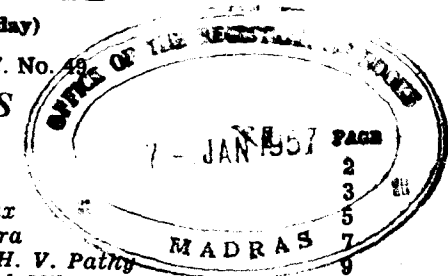
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SWATANTRA

(Issued Every Saturday)

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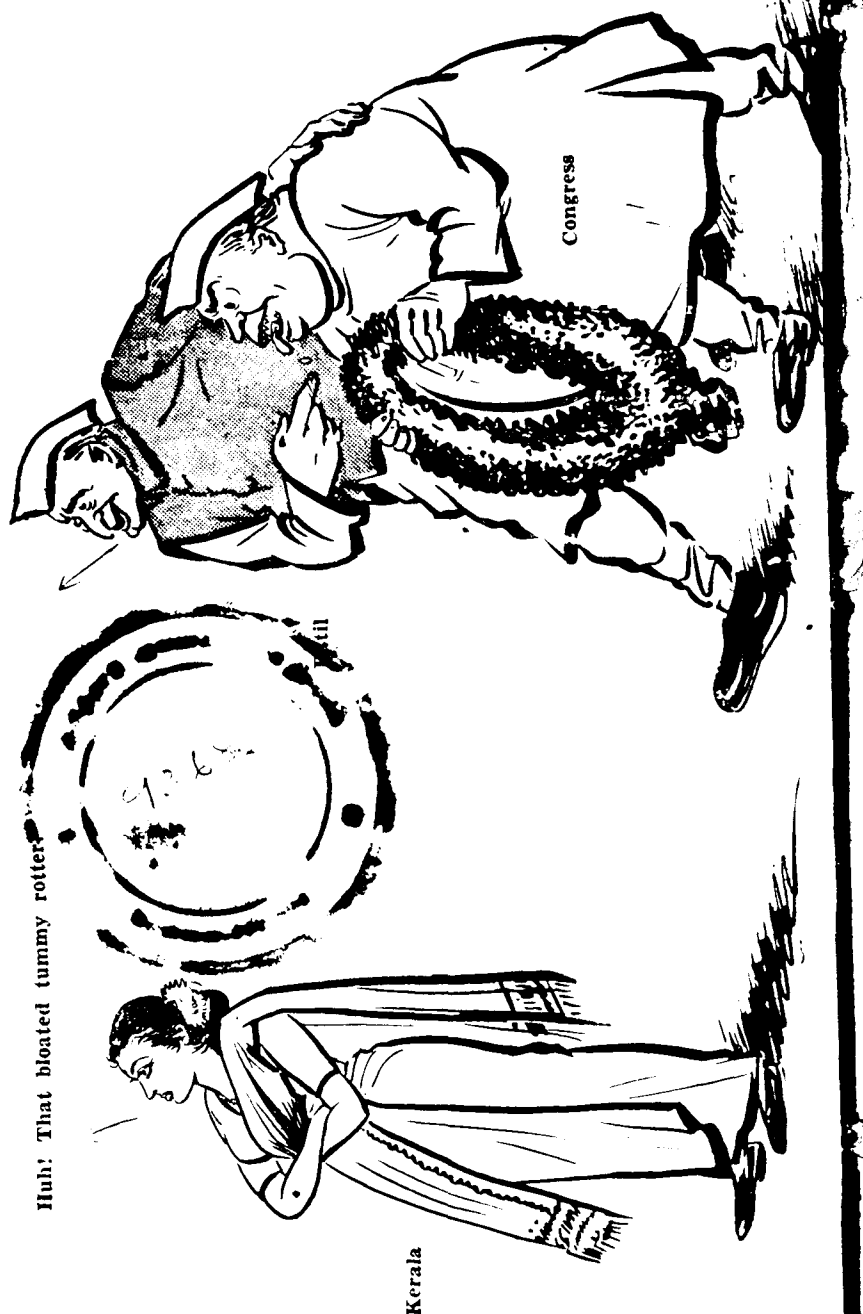
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'Congress does not seem to have full support in Kerala.'—S. K. Patil

How do you like your fiancé?

Huh! That bloated tummy rotter!



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Vol. XI. JANUARY 5 SATURDAY 1957 No. 49

THE CONGRESS ELECTION MANIFESTO

THE release of this document on the eve of the Indore session is intended to serve as a curtain-raiser to the detailed proceedings of it which will flood our dailies for the next week. It is a rambling performance prefaced by a historical survey of the freedom struggle and followed by a resume of the achievements of Congress in power. Some amount of space is devoted to an exposition of ideology, and planning is boosted as the panacea of all our ills. There is a chronicle of legislative achievements of Congress, with special credit being claimed for the reorganisation of Hindu society on secular, progressive and rational lines. The cumulative impression sought to be promoted is that Congress alone has done all the wonders and that a further lease of office for Congress is necessary to complete the foundations of the renascent India of tomorrow.

The claim has been made that the First Five-Year Plan has been completely successful. It is regretted that such a terminological inexactitude should be indulged in by responsible political leaders. Planning has both priorities and urgencies, material targets and imponderable reactions. On a simple and crucial issue—of our self-sufficiency in the matter of the nation's food requirements,—there has been a chronic and growing gap which ought to give room for serious concern among all our leaders, irrespective of their party loyalties. In the case of Britain, the

her dependance on imported food for the feeding of her population was a slowly evolved phenomenon which had its compensations in the industrial and commercial supremacy which she still enjoys in a substantial degree. When she appeared on the world-markets, she had no rivals at all. But even granting that we boost our industrial potential in the next quinquennium or decade, we have to remember that we will have to face an over-crowded if not saturated market where there would be more sellers than buyers.

To take a concrete illustration: Japan has been lying low during the last few years as a result of the chances of war. America, which defeated her is now at pains to rehabilitate her in her own interests. One of the causes of the second world war was the formidable threat which Japanese industry and initiative posed to the Western nations. The re-emergence of Japan as a rival in the Eastern markets, not to mention the coming up of Germany from the other end, would almost certainly baulk us of the full-fruits of our export potential. We would thus arrive at a point where we would neither be self-sufficient in basic needs like food, nor earn enough foreign exchange through our trading operations abroad to keep our industries going. In short we would be losing both on the swings and on the roundabouts. This aspect of our planning has been completely lost sight of: what is worse, the

nation is being lulled into a sense of false security and gulled with hopes which on any sober appraisal of the facts and trends are foredoomed to disappointment.

Coming to other aspects of internal reform, there is the usual dichotomy between Gandhism and its opposites running through the entire manifesto. We have heard of eclecticism in religion and culture; it has been reserved to our leader to introduce it in a daring fashion into politics and economics as well. We are supposed to be equally committed to socialism, private enterprise, co-operative commonwealth, state trading and the bureaucratisation of national life in vital aspects. By giving hostages to all shades of opinion, it is hoped to immobilise the Opposition. This may be sound election tactics; but a retrograde step in the drift to one-party rule and the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy itself.

There is an ambiguous reference to the travails which accompanied the reorganisation of the states. "In spite of the strong feelings which these changes had aroused, the people of India showed their basic resilience and vitality and their capacity for peaceful adjustment even when they disagreed." The mountain went to Mohammed, and not Mohammed to the mountain! A more lamentable instance of playing hide and seek with democracy in recent months cannot be imagined than the way in which Bombay-Gujarat became the scene of vacillations, double-crossings, evasions and apostasies by those who had usurped power and who were determined to stick to it at all costs. Had the state reorganisation proposals been made an issue at a general election, and had they received popular support before their implementation, the cause of democracy

might have obtained an accession of strength which would not have discredited any leader or party. As it is, discontents and frustrations have been driven under-ground; and we shall not be surprised if they rear their ugly heads at an inopportune moment in the coming months.

There is finally a smug appeal to moral values and a complacent reference to ethical and cultural planes. But their foundations not being precisely determined or merely referred to in an utilitarian context, it should surprise no one if the coarsening of grain that is going on all round us should continue unchecked.

In spite of all these considerations, the prospects of the Opposition do not seem to be too bright for a double reason. Those ranged against the Congress suffer from local limitations and are deprived of the heady stimulus of the personality cult, except in local circles. Congress looks like returning to power not too seriously depleted of its strength, unless local or regional leadership should, for a beginning, make up its mind to challenge the concept of a stereotyped party functioning in all parts of the country, and acting as the docile agents of a powerful caucus enthroned at the Centre. The multiple inefficiencies and corruptions promoted by planning call for a vigilant Opposition; and both purity of administration as well as the peoples' association with it are inconceivable without a large measure of decentralisation. In the name of planning, we are being divested of local initiative. To reverse this trend is both economically urgent and patriotically necessary. Unless the forces of opposition pool their resources and offer a unified challenge, there is no prospect of an alternative ministry assuming shape anywhere in the country in the near future.

SIDELIGHTS ::

THE announcement that the Eisenhower administration is briefing Congressional leaders on the outlines of a new American policy for the Middle-East is a timely reminder of the old adage that 'the new presbyter is but the old priest writ large.' Those of us who had expected the dawn of the millennium on the morrow of our own Prime Minister's much featured conversations with the American President are offered a piece of summary disillusionment through this news-item. Our Prime Minister has been the sole and strident opponent of all military pacts and alliances, and is believed to have urged the undesirability of reviving the Baghdad Pact in the Middle-East in any shape or form. In effect the American move is calculated to put America on the spot with a thoroughness and freedom for manoeuvre which the British with their criss-cross affiliations and aversion could never achieve. As usual, the bitter pill is sugar-coated in smooth generalities and vague assurances of non-intervention in the internal affairs of the countries concerned. It seems to be primarily a sort of notice served on the Soviet Government not to trespass into what is to be henceforth treated as an American sphere of influence.

If Russian diplomacy is vitiated by thinly disguised cynicism, American diplomacy betrays a degree of immaturity if not of naivety which is ghastly in the extreme. It would be hard for anyone to declare where ideology ends and power-politics begins. But at one time there were people abroad who forgave America all its zealously acquired frailties including the most unpardonable of them all—the money-bags—for the sake of its anti-Communist fervour. But it has now grown to such an intolerable obsession that it is

her friends who now react to it violently. The cradle and the grave of Communism are alike in the mind, and American leaders do not seem to have got hold of that almost elementary proposition. They imagine that because they have dollars to give, they would be received with open arms by all the impecunious and improvident nations of the world. The blunt truth is that the recipients of the dollar hate the donors while profiting by the doles!

Secondly, we can understand American anxiety to safeguard its own ways of life. But the rest of the world is not prepared to concede its rights to interfere in other people's affairs even with the most disinterested motives imaginable. Specially when Arab nationalism is luxuriating in a bout of pardonable jingoism, it is malapropos in the extreme to suggest that it would do it good to come under American protection. The repeated emphasis on American readiness to finance the Aswan Dam construction sounds like belated appeasement, and is being treated as such. For it may be noticed how Col. Nasser is becoming more and more supercilious as America is trying to become more and more accommodating. Nor have American leaders apparently yet understood the inwardness of the spectacular denouements which were staged in the UN debates. Britain's discomfiture was UN's triumph; but UN's impotence to make any impression on the course of events in Hungary is a resounding snub to America. Thus American prestige stands hardly in better case than the British in the Middle-East today.

There is another suspicion not easily dissociated from the present posture of affairs. So far as the communist world is concerned, it may be taken as almost axiomatic to say that

they view America's moves as so much bluff, and believe that, if it came to the sticking place, she would resile from her stand. God alone knows whether such a view is well—or ill-founded. But it is undoubtedly a relevant factor in consolidating the material gains and mental confidence of both of which the Communist empire seemed about to be greatly shorn a month ago. The figure of Dag Hammerskjöld which was swollen to heroic proportions vis-a-vis peccant Britain and France vanished into thin air when he was refused permission to have a peep into Budapest. That is the extent of success achieved by Russia as against America.

It won't do to flourish the Communist bogey against the Arab clans. They are the only people on earth still living in a medieval set-up with tribal, dynastic and emotional commitments which are proof against the arid doxies of Communism. A minority among them may play for high stakes in the modern context; but Communism won't find a hospitable soil in any part of the Moslem world. Besides, the rivalries among the Arab potentates are coming out of their own accord under the pressure of relentless realities. The intrusion of America on the scene under prevailing conditions would be like that of the proverbial bull in a china shop. If America has dollars to throw away, let her do so with as good grace as possible. But if she means to come to final conclusions with Communism some time or other, any imbalance in this highly inflammable area brought on by Communist tactics ought to suit her books nicely.

The revolt in Sumatra has a certain theoretical or philosophic interest to students of history. The President of the Indonesian Republic is said to have characterised it as 'growing pains'. That is to make the best of a bad business. Most of us who

grow mystic at the mention of the East or Asia or South-East Asia are hardly aware of the depressing truth that much of the area recently liberated from colonial rule has not yet settled down to the hum-drum tasks of good and self-government. Burma on our door-step is a scarifying case in point. In Indonesia, our refracted nationalism has led us to idealise the realities until we imagine that they are blessed with peace, stability and progress. But the truth must be very different to judge from such *coups* as the one now being reported from that Far-Eastern outpost of ancient India's cultural empire overgrown with the puritanic fervour of Islam.

The first-fruits of freedom are everywhere of a disruptive kind. The parts tend to break away from the whole with a view to demonstrate their new-found sense of independence. It is the craving for sovereignty without however the label which is at the bottom of all the unrest in the Far-East. The East Indies are not a compact geographical area; even culturally they are like a coat of many colours. Just as in our own country local susceptibilities and ambitions masquerade under the linguistic label and crave for autonomy, so have the islands of the East Indies been longing to break away from a remote and well-meaning centre because that centre is associated in the abstract with empire. The problem with them as with us—notwithstanding the deceptive air of finality about our States reorganisation—is how to reconcile the contradictory pulls of centrifugal and centripetal tendencies, partly inherent in human nature and often encouraged by historic, geographical and cultural factors? There is more scope for freedom in a federal scheme than in a unitary system. For the slogan of Unity can be as much a fraud and engine of oppression as naked dictatorship or foreign domination.

AJAX

PEDLAR'S PACK

ALL the political parties have issued their manifestoes, and have thus made their opening gambits. But the antics by which we have known them all along will continue to stick to them—or good or ill. The point of interest to campaigners as well as to the public is whether any disturbance in traditional alignments is likely before polling date. Kerala is the only state where Congress is expected to meet with some rough weather. In Tamil Nad too, the portents seem favourable; for at long last, a radical party based on mass appeal, inspired by progressive ideas and passionately committed to the ending of exploitation which thrives on tribal fears and cupidities has taken the field. Stories of rivalries and incompatibilities among the local gauleiters of Congress are now going the rounds; they are another hopeful sign that the strangle-hold of one caucus on the people may be weakened if not smashed. If only these progressive elements could coalesce with their opposite numbers among the Communists, we could confidently look out for sensational developments. Congress is planning to over-work its *Prima Donna* for electoral ends. The trick failed in Kerala last time; and it is not likely this time to succeed in Gujarat. If only one or two more parts could break away from the hegemony of Congress, the outlook for democracy would become bright. With proper strategy Tamil Nad might take the lead in this sacred task of de-Nehruising the Congress!

In the course of his address to the Subjects Committee, Pandit Nehru achieved flights of oratory which betrayed a ludicrous mix-up of the sublime and ridiculous. Even the stirring parts were an unabashed copy of Churchill's purple patches. To speak of hard toil, sweat etc., has now become stale to the point of intolerable boredom. Pandit Nehru improved the occasion by referring to the shedding of blood as well. Whom is this sort of padding intended to enthuse or

impress? Is it not odd that martial or pugilistic metaphors should flow so facetiously from this latterday apostle of non-violence? And then his metaphors—the one about a caravan in particular—are exotic and stilted. The word caravan like the thing it indicates is a Semitic idea, and it can never mix with the mental outlook of people who have flourished and delighted themselves with the sights of lovely river basins like those of the Ganges. How little of the traditional, Hindu, social or literary background is found in the utterances of our leader! Tell me your metaphors, and I shall tell you what you are!

* * *

'Indore Session Not For Votes.'—says a head-line.

But out-door they will be gathered with the utmost care.

* * *

The Congress President Mr. Dhebar has explained that the Socialistic objective of the Congress will be according to our own pattern.

**Congress President Dhebar
Says there's no need to labour
Our socialistic objective
With the help of any adjective:
Why make so much of a 'pattern'
When all You've to do is to batten
On your unoffending neighbour!**

* * *

Speaking at Hyderabad, Sri C. Rajagopalachari deplored the growth of corruption everywhere and described it as a series of 'unstatisticated' crimes.

Much have I browsed in the realms of words

**And many odd locutions sampled:
Some have been soft and sweet as curds
Others for cacophony unexamined.
But to refer to crimes which are
'unstatisticated'
Is to give us a word that cannot be
masticated!**

LIBRA

BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

By C. H. V. PATHY

THE recent meeting of Asian writers at Delhi spotlighted attention on a great industry not only in this country but all the world over. The output of books in the last two decades has been amazing. According to Mr. Barker, who has conducted research on behalf of the UNESCO, some 5,000 million copies of books are produced annually. Some take to writing as a duck to water; others write to eke out a living. The latter species is gradually getting extinct because authorship never pays.

Curiously enough no one knows what exactly a book is. The Irish, for example, take the view that in order to qualify as a book a publication must have a hundred pages. This view is also shared by the Italians. On the other hand, the Icelanders are content with 17 pages and even the Czechoslovaks need no more than 32. No hard and fast rule has yet been laid down as to the size and nature of a book. Because of that, anything from a pamphlet to a bulky tome on any subject comes under the category of books. Though there are nearly 3,000 languages in the world, books are written only in about forty languages. Most of the books produced are confined to six languages—English, French, Spanish, Italian and Russian.

Not A Remunerative Trade

Book production, like authorship, is not a remunerative trade. The average profit on the world turnover comes to no more than 3.61 per cent. Tokyo has a multitude of booksellers while Canada has fewer bookshops than Denmark. The United States' exports of books to Canada are by far the largest in the world.

One of the striking aspects of present day writing is that it is unable to establish any fruitful contact with the modern world. The volumes fly

from continent to continent at break-neck speed. In many countries there is a flight from the old conception of literature. In spite of all that is being done to foster him in the name of society, a writer is reluctant to call himself a man of letters. The present times favour mediocrity and thus the opuscles glut the market. Institutions like lecturerships, bursaries, grants, exchange scholarships and subsidised travel, keep in circulation a number of writers who, in a crueler world, would have taken to other vocations. In the present sea of printed matter, the still small voice of the genius is lost. A man like Col. Lawrence stated in his will that no more than 50 copies of his MINT should be printed.

Most of the writers today are conventional in their method of approach. They conceive literature to consist mainly of poems, novels and plays. Round this triple edifice a web of criticism is thrown.

Excepting the Ford Foundation which bestows grants, the encouragement given to authors is very little though in India Presidential awards have been instituted. That is why many die in penury. They have to fight poverty and worry. Even Ernest Hemingway when he was awarded the Nobel Prize was in debt. Of course, there are exceptions like the late Conan Doyle and Somerset Maugham.

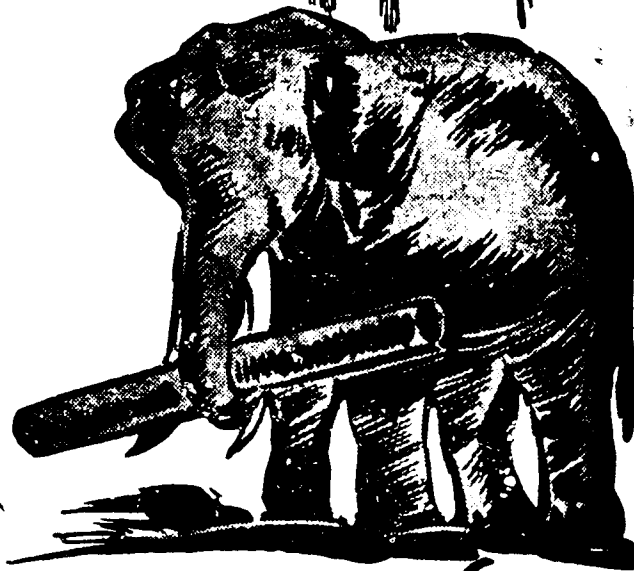
Stifling Set-up

At the moment, literature suffers from inbreeding. All writers are obsessed with identical problems, the stimulus of disquiet, the possible subversion of the present order. If literature is to continue, the writers must break away from this stifling set-up.

In India, talented writers can be counted on one's fingers. As a rule it is the politician who turns to this pasture to add grist to his

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financial mill or to while away his leisure. Nehru, Rajaji, Munshi, Dr. Pattabhi, Shri Diwakar are all clever penmen, but all of them are encased in their political ideology. Then there are the I. C. S. chaps with plenty of leisure hanging over their lives. They can put their hand to anything from travelogues to short stories. Among the professional writers, only Mulk Raj Anand and R. K. Narayan have achieved international fame. Of late, some women writers who are settled in the West, have taken to writing novels, and some of these are outstanding.

There is a market in the United States for books with an Indian background, and this field can be exploited by ambitious authors. The success achieved by Frank Moraes in the biography of Nehru is almost phenomenal. I am told that he took one full year in preparing his MSS. His journalistic reputation gave an edge to his popularity.

Every newspaperman can produce at least one book that will sell. But his leisure moments are few and far between and by the time he retires, he becomes cynical and disillusioned. Sooner or later, writers in India, as elsewhere, will have to conceive themselves as specialists in the art of communication and as a corollary, they will have to address their communications to those who need them. They will have to be much more adventurous in using new media such as television.

A true writer, like a true poet, is born and not made. No amount of padding with newspaper files or fiddling with travel diaries will make one immortal. To those who are bent on carving a niche in the temple of authorship, I will give the sane advice, *DONT*. Mere pen-pushing is not authorship which is the art of communicating some inner urge. Ideas can be born only in solitude and struggle, and the art of expression like child birth is intensely pain-

ful and complicated. Writing which is a rush against time will not live. It will fade away like a flower not even leaving its fragrance behind.

Editorial Brush-Off

WHAT makes it so easy to recognise a visitor from the United States or Canada in the streets of London, or an Englishman in New York or Ottawa?

"It's just that having been brought up in different environments, we sport a different facade," said Bernard Braden, the Canadian comedian and actor famed for his "Bedtime with Braden" and other comedy programmes for the BBC.

Braden, who has lived in Britain since 1949, has often tried to decide what makes the instantly recognisable difference and, he said in his talk, "If I were asked to specify one environmental factor that makes North Americans different from people in Britain, I think it would be that for us co-educational schooling is the rule rather than the exception. . . . For better or worse, the boys and girls go to school together, grow up together, and usually make their first dates together."

This does not mean that all is plain sailing for the boys. "One thing we fellows get out of our heads pretty quickly," Braden said, "is the delusion that we are mentally superior to the other sex. When you get interested in a girl and find that she consistently gets higher marks than you do in all subjects, your plan of attack has to be drastically adjusted. I remember in Second Year High School being smitten with a blonde who was the editor of the school paper. By various methods I managed to become the assistant-editor. 'Nancy', I said in an editorial meeting one day, 'Do you mind if I call you 'Ed.' for short?' 'No', she said, 'and I'll call you 'Ass'. You couldn't get away with a thing."

WEST AFRICA LOOKS AHEAD

By LORD MILVERTON

Former Governor of the Gambia and Nigeria

MEMORY plays strange tricks in its selection, but in looking back the things that truly last and stand out vividly are largely personal. So much of Africa is a land to love, a land of varying moods, from its wild tropical storms to the peaceful beauty of its night skies. In retrospect the discomforts, the heat, the heavy rains, the arid months, the flies, the pests that prey on man and his crops, fall into oblivion. They are the setting of human life. My memories are of men and women and children. The Africa that I knew and remember was a land of peace but not of plenty. In 1933 in the Gambia the first impression was the poverty of the bulk of the population and their ill health and malnutrition.

It is a common mistake to regard the African peasant as lazy. In fact he has had to work hard for a meagre and precarious living, though the one thing he has not been troubled with is a housing problem. Mud huts are so easy to build and so cool to live in. Nowadays urban growth has brought that problem, too, into the towns.

The overwhelming facts were the need of proper food and medical attention and education of every kind. And all of these needs could be translated into the need for financial aid and capital resources and trained men to apply them. The vast problem was how to help the African to help himself, how to stir the immobility of peasant agriculture into more rewarding methods, and to break through the passive acceptance of a hard fate.

Paucity Of Officers

The number of qualified officers is still pitifully small for the task in hand, and I remember the impatience

of the small groups of educated men, and their natural but unfruitful desire to increase the pace of progress beyond the bounds of possibility. In my later years in Nigeria I remember the long talks I used to have with educated Africans about the need to consolidate the advance of their people and not to court disaster by too great haste. We used to talk about the inseparable relationship between political and economic independence, about the speed with which Western ideas were being absorbed, and about their desire to learn by having the power to make mistakes.

Today no one disputes that in education of the right kind—especially technical education—lies the key to Africa's future. The craving for education was always keenest in the Eastern Region of Nigeria where the restless enterprise of the Ibo was ever seeking the means of advancement and new outlets. They now share this enthusiasm with other regions. The West has ever been the most advanced, and the North the most attached to a traditional past.

Just before I went out to Nigeria in 1943 I met Lord Lugard in London, and he told me that he was busy on yet another revision of his book, *The Dual Mandate*. But he added that Africa—and the West Coast in particular—was now moving so rapidly that by the time a revision was complete, and before it could be published it was already out of date. He warned me that what government might do then was of such major importance that it might affect the whole future of Africa. If Lord Lugard, the greatest of all pro-consuls, could have lived to see the Gold Coast and Nigeria today he would have been pleased but not, I think,

surprised. Such was his faith in the African and his ability, once started on the road of progress, to make good.

Africans' Sense Of Humour

My own memories of the West Coast are full of the same faith. Simple and laughter-loving, the African I knew was also troubled by a complex of fears: he lived so close to the spirit world, and the faith by which he lived was permeated with superstition. His loyalty was apt to be given to persons rather than to principles, and there were tribal limits to the kindness and charity which were so characteristic of him. I know of no race that responds more readily to courtesy and consideration.

I have been asked what most lives in my memory of West Africa. It is a difficult question to answer because a flood of memories comes unbidden to my mind. The dignity and discipline of the Moslem North, the bizarre customs of the pagans of the Plateau, the busy trading capacity of the Yoruba West, and the enterprising individualism of the East. I used to dream of a day when all the good qualities to be found in North and East and West might be complementary, and each has a particular part to play in the new-born Nigerian nation. Let us always remember that 100,000 Nigerians served in the last war and made their gallant contribution to the cause of freedom.

I have seen so many strange things in Africa—even a blue moon. One evening coming down the Niger at dusk, when the sky was still aglow with sunset colours, the rising moon shone blue through them—and unmistakable Cambridge blue.

I hope the African will never lose his sense of humour. At the beginning of my service in Nigeria I

remember a Western chief saying in an address of welcome: "I do not propose to try and teach a fish how to swim, and so I shall not offer to Your Excellency any advice on the administration of this country." And at the end of my time, talking over the proposed new constitution, a leading chief of the North said to me: "You of course, have the easy job; you have only to convince me; while I have the hard task of convincing my old councillors who view new ideas with suspicion and are reluctant to change old ways."

Another memory: churning our way in the little paddle-steamer *Valiant* through the twists and bends of the sluggish lagoons and creeks of the Niger Delta, passing clusters of palm-thatched houses abundant with children, the inhabitants would rush out at our approach, the men to steady their half-drawn-up canoes, the rest to laugh and shout their greetings, waving for all they are worth, the children's faces alight with happy excitement. Some of them dive in and with quick, short strokes swim to our boat, grab it for a second or two, and then fall back into the swirling waters, still laughing, shouting, and waving. Such scenes as these dwell in the memory and show in manifold ways the African instinct for laughter and simple happiness.

Such a people, now that the responsibilities of government are being taken over by their own race, deserve a wise and discerning government, and all their friends are confident that they will get it. For anyone who visits an African school and sees the rows of bright-eyed children, so solemn, and yet so full of fun and laughter, there can be little doubt of the future that can be theirs.

—B. B. C. Broadcast.

"A PASSAGE TO INDIA"

A REVALUATION

By P. M.

IT is now more than thirty years since *A Passage to India* was first published. During this fairly long period, it has had the unusual distinction of becoming both a best-seller and a classic of modern English fiction. It would indeed be no exaggeration to say that there is as great a difference between Forster's India and the India of today as between medieval India and modern India. Forster describes a time when we were serfs in our own country; we now live in a country which is free, independent and our own without any qualification. So reading this novel in this altered context, in a new and bracing climate of opinion, feeling and thought, we find many things to jar our sensibilities, provoke our incredulity and estrange our sympathies. Most of the superlatives lavished upon the book have been flung about by foreigners. In this as in other literary matters, Indians had been content to echo their masters' voices. They may hold true to them because of their ignorance. But as the book is about India and Indians, it may be claimed that a revaluation of it from the point of view of a modern, educated and unbiased Indian is both desirable and necessary.

Historical Background

A Passage to India is not a historical novel in the traditional or conventional sense of that term. It introduces no historical characters, exploits no historical incidents and paints no historical scenes. Nevertheless it is a historical novel in essence. What we mean is that Mr. Forster has to locate his story in time, place and circumstance in historical India

even though the whole of the set-up may be entirely fictitious. He is not writing of India or Indians or the burra Sahebs *in vacuo* as it were. Let us illustrate what we mean.

What is the time of the action of the story? No dates are mentioned of course. But certain well-known landmarks in Indian history are referred to. Let us consider them with a view to determine the probable or approximate date of the novel from internal evidence. We have at one end a reference to the death of Queen Victoria. So 1901 gives us the backward limit. We then have a reference to the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon. We know that Lord Curzon was Viceroy of India from 1900 to 1907. So that helps us to take the action forward nearer to the present by another seven years. We next have a reference to the death of Mrs. Graysford the wife of a missionary as the result of an operation for appendicitis conducted by Major Canendar. The first operation for appendicitis was made on King Edward VII, and King Edward died in 1910. The next reference to a historical event is where an allusion is made to the next war in Europe. This might mean either before the outbreak of the first world-war or the interval between the first and second world-wars. The novel was published in 1924, when there was great bitterness and disillusion in India on account of the failure of the British government to fulfil its pledges to the people. In those years, Mahatma Gandhi had started his N. C. O. campaigns, and there was much talk of India not coming to the help of England in the next

world-war. This clue would therefore place the time of the novel sometime near to the date of publication, namely 1923 or 1924.

But the author undermines such a conclusion by throwing in other suggestions pointing to a much earlier period. For instance, Indian women are represented as so ignorant and backward that the claim of Mrs. Bhattacharya that she could speak English is received with much surprise. By 1920, the number of English-educated and foreign-travelled women of India was indeed very great. But this detail of Indian backwardness would be appropriate to the beginning of the century. There is also a further reference to the population of India as 170 millions. This is a low figure and would only apply to some time or date in the 19th and not the 20th century. Lastly, we have a reference to forcing Indians to go down crawling to the Marabar caves as a punishment for what Aziz is said to have done to Miss Quested. This immediately recalls to our minds the notorious orders of Gen. Dyer after the Jallianwallah Bagh massacre, and how he terrorized the people of Amritsar by subjecting them to many inhuman and shameful indignities, one of which was to make them walk on all fours through a particular road of Amritsar. As the Jallianwallah massacres took place in 1919, that part of the novel could not have been written earlier than that date.

Then, there is a reference to strikes by students in a government college. We know that strikes and boycott of schools formed part of the programme of non-cooperation outlined by Mahatma Gandhi in 1921. No less glaring is the incident of a Muslim giving up his title. The giving up of titles was one of the steps in the N. C. O. programme as outlined by Mahatma Gandhi. No Muslims gave up their titles, while hund-

reds of Hindus did. Further, it is silly of the Nawab Bahadur to surrender his title when the trial ended in the acquittal of the accused Aziz. The issue is a trivial one and it is inappropriate to indulge in such a serious gesture over a trifle.

Taking all these hints together, we get an absurd situation of the story moving back and forth through a period of about thirty years. What does it mean? Was Forster an ignoramus and was he making a mess of dates and events as in a dream? As none of the critics has touched upon this rather interesting question, let us devote some attention to it.

Mr. Forster is engaged in the seemingly contradictory and futile job of making his background at once remote and contemporary. We have in Shakespeare's plays a theory at work of what is called double time—one dramatic and the other historical. Forster is trying to do something of the same kind in regard to his book. Why, it may be asked, does he adopt such round-about, tortuous methods to deal with something which is simple enough? The answer is somewhat complicated, but should be stated for a better understanding of the atmosphere and background of the story.

At the time that the novel was published, India was seething with excitement on account of the launching of Gandhiji's satyagraha campaigns. The whole country was placed as it were on a war-footing. Arrests, persecutions and disorders of various kinds were convulsing the country. A novel dealing with such events directly could not be written by a stranger from a distance. Even if he could, he could not afford to introduce real, historical living persons even under disguised names. For people would be able to detect the reality and the book might lead to troubles of a different kind. One

side or other might be displeased with the way in which current events were handled.

To avoid all these difficulties, Forster chose a wide era in time and a broad canvas in regard to space. No one could accuse him of referring to any specific event in any part of the country; his officials become typical without any individuality of their own. As we read the novel, we feel instinctively that such events did happen in remote areas, and that bringing them together in one sequence is the sort of freedom which a novelist must be given if he is to make up a readable story at all.

In short, he mounts his generalisations from particular incidents. Even allowing for these factors, we still feel that something is amiss with the novel as a whole. What is it? It is in brief the presentation of the Indian situation and struggle for freedom in a wrong focus. Let us explain this further.

First of all, Mr. Forster represents the most aggressive manifestation of Indian patriotism in a Muslim character. No Indian or outsider conversant with Indian history during the last fifty years can allow such a travesty of the truth to go unchallenged. The struggle for Indian freedom was organised and conducted primarily by Hindus, and it is a notorious fact of Indian history that the Muslims of India were induced to oppose it or keep aloof from it by the blandishments of the British in power. Further, the book ignores with amazing completeness all the stormy events connected with the partition of Bengal which may be said to have inaugurated the national struggle in India. It was that political act of partition that roused the Hindus first and Muslims afterwards. Why does Forster ignore it in such a daring fashion? The answer is

because he had a tiny and tidy plan and plot of his own which he wished to develop in his own way. The result of it is that he has falsified the history of our freedom fight in a major particular.

We may also add another possibility, and that is the author's lack of friends from among the Hindus. The book is dedicated to a Muslim gentleman named Syed Ross Masood with whom the author claims a friendship of seventeen years' standing. It is this friendship that is obviously transformed in the novel to the Fielding-Aziz relationship. Mr. Forster, not being conversant with the currents and cross-currents of Indian political life at any time during the previous decades, has chosen to make the most of all his impressions of India—of Hindus and Muslims.—derived from this single friendly source.

What is objected is not the character of Aziz but the ascription to him of a political role for which there is no counterpart in the actualities of the Indian situation at any time during the last fifty years. This therefore amounts to a distortion of history which is bound to detract from the value of the novel in the coming years. It is as inexcusable as to represent the author of the non-co-operation movement as a Muslim citizen of India. Not only is credit denied where it is due, but it is given to quarters which do not deserve it.

Thus the two major ingredients of the novel—background and chief character—are falsified in a fatal fashion. The outside world may continue to admire the novel; but as Indians become more and more aware of the tricks underlying the construction of this novel, they will reject it more and more decisively.

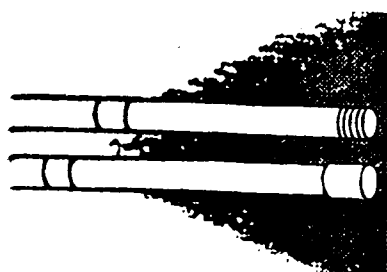
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THE COMING GENERAL ELECTIONS

By SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

NOW that the Election Commissioner of India has announced that the country will go to the polls between February 25 and March 12 of this year, the stage is set for the country's second general elections under adult franchise. The various political parties have begun their election campaigns in right earnest.

Today, our country is at the crossroads of democracy and totalitarianism. While the prevailing trend in our foreign policy has endangered our national independence, the tendency in our domestic policy is towards the abandonment of the democratic system by a gradual introduction of totalitarian methods. One wonders whether our economic policy too will be brought into alignment with our pro-Soviet foreign policy. The "Socialistic Pattern of Society" may ultimately develop into a full-fledged totalitarianism, connoting the end of individual freedom and the sacrifice of all human values.

There has been so great a change in the political atmosphere of our country since the last general elections that the coming elections may determine the fate of parliamentary democracy in India. The domestic as well as the foreign policy of the Congress Government has endangered our democracy and national freedom to such an extent that not only the opposition but also some of the veteran Congress leaders like C. R. have recognised the need for a strong opposition.

The Congress Record

In the last general elections, the Congress swept the polls mainly on account of the division of opposition

votes. People largely voted for the Congress because of the impression that it had won freedom for India. The hero-worship of Nehru also helped the Congress to win the elections. But none of these considerations exist today. The opposition parties have at last recognised the need to avoid triangular contests. The personality cult and hero-worship are on their last legs in India now. Neither the sacrifices made by the Congressmen during our freedom struggle nor the fictitious achievements of its foreign policy and its First Five Year Plan, will weigh in favour of the Congress in the coming general elections.

There are four major political parties in India today, namely, the Congress, the Communist Party of India, the Praja-Socialist Party and the Bharatiya Jan Sangh.

The Congress is a party of slogan-mongers and tall-talkers. Congressmen want to retain their power by means of empty slogans. The Congress has become a by-word for mental laziness, colossal ignorance, provincial and communal passions, corruption and nepotism. The assets of the Congress, by way of independent thinkers, are very small; this is viewed with concern by Pandit Nehru himself and also by some Congress leaders like C. R. and the former Chief Minister of Mysore, Mr. K. Hanumanthayya. Nehru has only to give the call for the servile Congressmen to nod their heads, whether in Parliament or in the A.I.C.C. sessions and the whole party implicitly obeys his command. If things are allowed to drift in this way, our Congressmen, like the Nazis, will begin shouting: "One country, one party, one leader."

Pandit Nehru's word is the law in the Congress. The minds of all Congressmen have been conditioned to accept whatever Nehru says as divine truth. The Congress has proceeded alarmingly towards the totalitarian idea of no discussion and automatic obedience to the leader.

The whole Congress is going the Nehru way not because of any deep faith or conviction in his policies but because of the consciousness that without his "towering" personality the Congress cannot remain in power for long. The Congressmen want Nehru more than socialism, and they want power more than Nehru. The whole Congress Party has become a party of Nehru's yes-men. The Congressmen have lost contact with the masses. They have become corrupt and complacent.

While the foreign policy of the Congress has threatened our national freedom, its economic policy will lead our country increasingly towards the octopus of totalitarianism, and it is really astounding that the masses and the intelligentsia of the land have accepted this challenge to their liberty without demur! If the people do not wake up in time and thwart this challenge to their liberty, we shall soon have in India totalitarianism of the Russian brand.

The Congress is fast developing into a monolithic party. All national and international issues are decided by one man. It slights public opinion even on major national issues. It flouts even the unanimous opinion of the expert commissions appointed by it.

The Congress is a veritable conglomeration of democrats and totalitarians, progressives and reactionaries, landlords, capitalists, moneylenders and poor peasants, workers and students, Maharajas, Maharanis, Nawabs, Begums, Princes and paupers, patriots and traitors. It appears spies of foreign countries are joining the Congress in large numbers now, because

they can freely indulge in anti-national activities without being shadowed by the C. I. D.! A number of Communists have joined the Congress in Andhra and Punjab! A number of anti-national communalists like former Razakars, Muslim Leaguers, and Pak spies too, have joined the Congress! In Kerala and Tamilnad, the Congress has made an alliance with the communal Muslim League! What is most surprising is the recent statement of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri that the Muslim League is nearer the Congress than any other political party. In Tamilnad, the Congress has made an alliance with E. V. R., a communal party, the Dravida Kazhagam. In Punjab, the Congress has welcomed into its fold a communal party like the Akali Dal. Pandit Nehru, who once said that he was not ready even to shake hands with a communalist like Master Tara Singh, praised him on his 71st birthday as a patriot and a man of integrity and courage! The very same Nehru who once condemned the Akalis as anti-national traitors has now welcomed the merger of the Akali Dal with the Congress! All traitors, communalists and reactionaries seem to become patriots, nationalists, secularists and progressives the moment they join the Congress!

The Communist Party of India is an agent of the international conspiracy of the Russian Communist imperialists with no roots in the soil, and hence such a party can hardly be considered an alternative to the Congress.

P. S. Party

The Praja-Socialist Party is but a party of dissident and frustrated Congressmen. It is a hotch-potch party consisting of Gandhians like Mr. Kripalani, coalitionists like Mr. Asoka Mehta, and strong democrats like Mr. Jaya Prakash Narain and H. V. Kamath. The P. S. P. has a number of independent thinkers and able leaders, but it has no followers. Now that the Congress too has converted

itself into a socialist party, there is very little difference between the Congress and the P. S. P. Hence the P. S. P. can hardly give an effective fight to the Congress on the political plane. It is, however, quite strong in the bilingual Bombay State and may come out there as the strongest and biggest opposition party after the general elections.

What India needs today is a patriotic party standing for democracy and a free economy, with a foreign policy in accordance with our moral professions and guided by enlightened national self-interest instead of the present adventurist foreign policy in relation to the cold war which endangers our national freedom. The paramount objective of our foreign policy must be to secure our national independence and preserve our culture and democratic set-up; and so priority must be given to defence. Our foreign policy must be based on reciprocity in accordance with our national self-respect and dignity. It should be considered a national issue and due respect and consideration should be given to the views of opposition parties and learned men.

The Jan Sangh

Among the various parties in the opposition, the Jan Sangh appears to be the most potent challenge to the Congress and the Communists. It is a very well-organised political party with a definite set of principles and with an outlook distinct from that of the Congress or any leftist party in India. The nationalistic appeal of the Jan Sangh is the greatest challenge to the Communists and may ultimately root them out altogether. What is most welcome in its programme is its recent declaration that it stands for democracy, a free economy and a foreign policy guided by enlightened national self-interest. But unfortunately the social outlook of the Jan Sangh is not progressive. Its emphasis on religion and our past culture can hardly attract the starv-

ing masses. The Jan Sangh has no following in the South and its chances here in the general elections do not seem to be bright. The North, however, is its strong-hold and in some States there it may emerge as the biggest opposition party.

The way in which our people are content to leave the destiny of our nation in the hands of one man, however beloved and great, and the stifling of their will to democratic assertion, do not augur well for the future of democracy in our country. Unless our people learn to make a critical evaluation of all that is happening and raise their voice of protest whenever there is a slightest threat to freedom and democracy and until they abandon the practice of blind hero-worship and acceptance of all that their hero says or does, the chances for democracy in our country are very doubtful.

The time has come for us now to think hard and decide whether we shall try to make the country safe for democratic progress or lose it to totalitarianism. There is no time left. The general elections are at hand.

KEEPING SHEEP HEALTHY

Sheep are subject to ailments, parasites and diseases, like other farm animals. These can be prevented to a great extent by taking certain precautions.

Sheep fall ill if grazed on land where there is water stagnation or grazed on rank or lush grass. Allowing them to drink stagnating water and bedding them on filthy, wet ground also upset the health of sheep. A sudden change from a dry pasture to an abundant green grazing will also cause sheep losses. Overstocking sheep in a limited area not only will result in the destruction of the useful grass, but land will be fouled with dung and urine. On such lands, external and internal parasites or wet and unhealthy conditions will give rise to cold, cough, pneumonia and diarrhoea.—ICAR

THE MAN WHO CAME FROM NOWHERE

ANYONE conversant with the social life of Madras could not but know of Vasu as he was affectionately called by his friends. Vasu was a passport to high society. His visiting card, it was reported by reliable observers, had magical qualities. It had access to quarters where none but the privileged few had admittance.

It was widely believed that a chit from him to the right person could get a man the highest job in the land and it could also do damage to the highest in the land. People who had ruined their careers because of his enmity were many, just as those who had stepped up the ladder of success because of his friendship were legion.

The antecedents of Vasu were steeped in mystery, and the secret of his influence was a greater mystery. Curious students of human behaviour had tried to penetrate the iron curtain he had built round his personal life, but drawn a blank. He was like the Indian rope trick, a man who came from nowhere, without a beginning, and went up and up and all on a sudden disappeared and had not been heard of since.

I have not seen him either when he was so much in the public eye or when he was out of it; but I knew him rather intimately through newspaper and magazine photographs. In fact, my first introduction to him was through a newspaper which published a picture in which he was one among many in a group.

He did not interest me much then. I merely noted his face, and I did not even want to know who he was. But the next day he was again in the photograph published by all the newspapers. It was taken at a party given to some Governor or Maharaja.

and he was standing immediately behind the chief guest. My curiosity was stirred, but only slightly, for I thought it might be by a coincidence that he made his appearance in a newspaper photograph for the second day in succession.

He remained in my thoughts, and when I turned the newspaper the next morning, there he was again in another group photograph. It could not be a coincidence any more; I concluded he must really be a big shot in society. But why did he delight in seeing himself in photographs with others so often? It might be due to vanity or better still, it might be part of a clever plan to climb up the social and political ladders.

I began making enquiries. I went to newspaper offices and skipped through old files and old picture pages. To my great surprise I found him there in most of the photographs. He had not changed a bit from then. The tie, the hat and the neatly tailored suit and the dark glasses, his identification marks were all there. He had smiled to the photographer then as he did now, and perhaps it was his mascot. I still had not succeeded in giving him a label or knowing who he was. A reporter friend whom I approached helped me out.

"I can only pity you," he said. "Anyone who does not know Sir S. R. Vasudevan, called Vasu for short, is an ignoramus. He is internationally famous and his name is in the visitors' book of Buckingham Palace. You will find his name appear almost regularly in the social and personal columns of all newspapers. There is no Government House in India, including the Viceregal palace, which does not know him and which does not mention him in the court circulars, as among those who called on

Their Excellencies and stayed for lunch or who had arrived to stay.

"No social function in Madras is complete without him and there is no important association, humanitarian or otherwise, of which he is not the secretary or president or treasurer. He is a pillar of the British regime, but he is a friend of every politician, nationalist or anti-nationalist."

"What is he?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know," the reporter friend replied, "nor do I think anybody does. He seems to be well provided for and he lives in good style. He is a bachelor, but he is a great success with women, which is another puzzling thing about him, for he is anything but handsome. He is dark even by Indian standards and his nose is so prominent that it almost hides his face."

"You mean he has no job?" I said.

"To all appearances that seems to be the case," he agreed, "though one who sees and hears of his activities, his frequent travels throughout the country and abroad may get the impression that he is doing one hundred jobs at the same time."

"Does he travel at his own expense or is he paid by others?"

"Nobody knows really. But it is certain that he travels in the highest class and with all the conveniences and comforts usually enjoyed by the highest dignitaries of the land. According to unverified reports, he is the possessor of a gold pass which entitles its owner to go anywhere in India on the railways."

"Has he any special gift which has attracted the rulers and the privileged class and given him a place of honour in their midst?"

"I do not know if he has any special gift," my friend said, "and on the only occasion when I was sent by the Chief Reporter to interview him on his return from a foreign tour. I formed the impression that his manners were better than his intelligence."

"Do newspapers set great store by his views?" I asked.

"Whether they value his views or not, they are afraid of him, especially the proprietors who seek to appease him by giving him space whenever he asks for it. I was sent to interview him because he wrote a letter to the editor saying that he should be interviewed and that a reporter should be sent to his house."

"Is it so bad as all that?"

"That wouldn't look so bad if you know that sometimes he travels to Bangalore and back, just to make sure his name is kept alive in the minds of those who peruse the social and personal columns of the daily press. His secretary types out the information and delivers it to the newspapers before his master entrains."

"As I was saying," my friend continued, "when I went to interview him I thought I could put some useful questions and seek information from him. But he was too clever for me. As soon as I greeted him he shook hands with me, ordered coffee and put me completely at ease. I took my notebook and he noticed that I had jotted down some questions there. 'I shall save you all that trouble,' he said. 'I have a ready made interview neatly typed out which you can just hand in to your chief as your own.' He gave me the stuff and I glanced through it. It was poor material and if I were an Editor I wouldn't have touched it with a pair of tongs. He seemed to sense my feeling, for he came near me, patted my shoulders and said: 'Don't worry. The matter is perfectly all right and I have already told your editor about it.'"

"When I returned to the office and handed in the interview, no questions were asked and the bally stuff appeared in the paper next morning without the change of a comma. It was then that I realised this man's enormous pull with people in high places. And if you still ask me what is the

secret of his influence, all I can say is 'Ask me another'."

My friend paused for a while and then resumed. "In the secret recesses of my heart I nurse my own theory of this upstart's rise to power and influence. You may laugh at me, but I believe it may explain many things about this man which are otherwise inexplicable.

"You remember your curiosity was first aroused by seeing his picture in the newspapers for some days consecutively. Something in the way the man thrust himself in the photograph, his nearness to the honoured ones in it and the all important smile arrested your attention and made you want to know more about him. The same thing must have happened to many others, including the highest and the privileged class in the land, many years before you started seeing his picture. They must have seen him in photographs, so familiar and yet so distant and wondered who he was. Finding him a constant factor in newspaper photographs they must have concluded that he was really a big shot who was shunning local publicity and gathered him into their midst.

"Once safely there, the rest must have been easy for our mystery man. He got honours heaped on him and his word commanded respect. The press had to respect him too because he was a Government man and our press even in the worst days of Governmental repression against a people fighting for freedom attempted to please officials of an alien Government and their favourite boys. And that is how Sir S. R. came to enjoy so much publicity at its hands."

I smiled at my friend's exposition of his theory, but I could not dismiss it lightly. It did seem to fill up certain gaps in the story of Vasu but the mystery remained.

After that interlude I became a great fan of Vasu in the sense that I followed the news about and pictures

of him in the papers with great avidity. I learnt that shortly before the war he had gone on a continental trip and stopped for a day or two in Rome where he had a talk with Dictator Mussolini. The papers reported that he had an audience with the Pope and some days later a news item appeared that he was invited for an interview with the King of Egypt. The war broke out and Vasu occupied more space in the newspapers than even war news. He was President of the Troops Hospitality Committee, Secretary of the Soldiers' Home and Vice-President of the War Propaganda Board. His morale-boosting speeches and condemnation of the Congress Party's "treachery" in opposing war effort were reported verbatim and editorials were written praising him for his contribution to victory.

India became free and a Congress Government came into power. Vasu vanished from the public gaze. His name did once or twice appear in print, but it no longer had the pride of place it once enjoyed and the superficial reader might even have ignored it. It was reported that he made efforts to stage a come-back in the first general elections by standing as an independent candidate and fighting against a candidate of the ruling party. Perhaps that is where he made his mistake. He was defeated as he should have known he would be.

If Vasu had been consistent and true to the lessons of his career, he should have unhesitatingly changed his coat and donned the Gandhi cap, and who could have withstood him at the threshold of a new world belonging to him with all its opportunities and temptations? That he failed to respond to the call will be the greatest mystery in the life of this man who came from nowhere.

—SARATI

THE ART OF HARIKATHA

By K. A. CHIDAMBARAM

A *DAU Kirtanarambhatil* is the usual refrain of Harikatha Bhagavathars. This gives the clue that Harikatha has been evolved out of Harikirtans of the earlier era. Harikirtan was the musical mode of medieval India and was the poetic accent of the *Bhaktimarga* which was propagated by saints and sages for the moral regeneration and cultural uplift of the masses. In varying periods of history saints like Gauranga, Gnaneswar, Tukaram and Eknath used Harikatha as a potent weapon to indoctrinate the masses into the higher aspects of religion. One unique feature about the Indian masses is their high cultural level and ethical content, despite appalling illiteracy. This is the miracle wrought by Harikirtans and Harikathas.

The honour of developing Harikatha into a fine art goes to the Maharashtrians. Gujarat has borrowed it from them and Tamil Nad is equally a debtor to them. The story goes that in the heyday of Sarboj Maharaj's regime in Tanjore, one Gosavin from Maharashtra visited the capital of the Marathas in the South and conducted a series of Harikathas in Marathi. The Gosavin expounding the life of a saint with a 'chipla' in hand, accompanied by vocalists, cymbalists and drummer was a revelation of beauty and captured the imagination of the populace, though ignorant of the language.

The Pioneers

Wise heads like Patti Krishna Bhagavathar saw the potency of this style of popular entertainment, learnt Marathi, imbibed the art from Tanjore from domiciled Maharashtrians and started Harikatha performances in Tamil. Devotees like

Mridangam Narayanaswami Appa fostered the art with a new-born fervour.

Swati Tirunal, Maharaja of Travancore, a contemporary composer of Saint Thyagaraja, welcomed the advent of Harikatha and made a notable contribution to it with the musical brain trust of the palace. In his *darbar* there were not only the noted violinist Vadivelu and prince of vocalists Govinda Marar, but also Hindustani musicians like Suleiman, Smt. Halavati and Meru Swami. After composing Carnatic Kirtans and Hindustani musical pieces, Swati Tirunal with the help of Meru Swami composed Harikathas like *Kuchelopakhyanam* and *Ajamila Moksham* and incorporated into them Marathi musical modes like Saki, Ovi and Dandi.

Gopalakrishna Bharathi took the Harikatha one step further by writing *Nandanar Charitram* in Tamil and by composing Kirtans in classical ragas and folk tunes like *Nondi Chindu*. With his book, it can be said that Harikatha came into its own in Tamil Nad.

The successors of Patti Krishna Bhagavathar added to the repertoire of Harikatha by exploring the literature of Nayanars and Alvars and thematically pinpointing their teachings for musical hits and expounding the philosophy of Hinduism. The last generation saw more Bhagavathars than musicians.

The fair sex also gate-crashed into the field with Saraswatibai, Bannibai and Yadugiribai. Harikatha was the rage of the period, despite the fact that vocalists like Pushpavanam and Koneri Rajapuram Vaidyanatha Iyer flourished at that time. Even veteran vocalists like Palghat Anantha-

rama Bhagavathar and Vedanta Bhagavathar took to Harikatha recital at some stage in their musical career.

Evolution of New Style

Though Harikatha performers generally stuck to the Marathi schedule of Namasiddhantam, Panchapati and styles of Kaki, Ovi, Dandi and Pancha Chamaram, the evolution of a new style was evident from the time of Tiruppayanam Panchapakesa Sastri. Sastri was the most colourful and glamorous of Harikatha personalities and people used to say that the tempo of his performance would be proportionate to the dimensions of the rose garlands he would be adorned with. Sastri was not only a ready wit but a humorist of a high order. Students, then as now, were a protesting community. Once when Sastri was holding a street full of audience spell bound, they let loose some donkeys to disturb the performance. Though thoroughly preoccupied, Sastri gauged the situation and told the gathering, "Kindly make way. The college students are on parade."

Harikesanallur Muthiah Bhagavathar represented the cream of Tamil scholarship and his sweet tongue used to win millions of hearts. A composer himself, he used to sway the audience by the simplicity of his exposition and the grandeur of his thought.

Embar Srirangachariar of Chidambaram was an institution in Harikatha. His scion Embar Vijayaraghavachariar is carrying on his Harikatha traditions—geneologically three generations of Harikatha performers. Gifted with a guttural voice, Srirangachariar's music was a cascade of melody spiralling to heights and dwarfing even the accompanists. His favourite was *Nandanar Charitram* in which he injected the sub-story of Darukavana yogis and yoginis. This was a marvel of stylisation as the austerity of Nandanar was counter-

balanced by the glamour of Mohini in the Darukavana episode.

Embar Vijayaraghavachariar was born with Harikatha in his mouth and has done not a little to lift the art from its low ebb. He and his brothers form a trinity in Harikatha field. A scholar in Tamil and Sanskrit, with a thorough grounding in music, he can improvise songs and compose new Harikathas. He made his mark in Bombay by giving 'request' performances on Ramana Maharshi, Seshadri Swami, Sadasiva Brahman and Vedanta Desikar. Harikathas of this type were never attempted before.

Its Versatility

The ranks of Harikatha performers have always been reinforced by part-timers and amateurs who have enriched the art. Among the fair sex, Harikatha has become a duet performance with "Sisters" entering the field. This art has taken a novel shape with 'Keemayanam' artistes and 'Kindanar' performers. This development shows the versatility of the art.

Harikatha has been the cradle of many artistes who have made a mark in other fields. Alaganambi Pillai, Tanjore Vaidyanatha Iyer, Venu Chetty and Kothandarama Iyer, had been mridangam players under Tiruppayanam Panchapakesa Sastri. Palghat Mani, the doyen in the mridangam field, started life as a percussion accompanist to Kalpathi Sivaramakrishna Bhagavathar.

Harikatha is on the wane today because it is easier to produce musicians than Harikatha performers. Harikatha demands the personality of a film star, the vivacity of a dancer, the versatility of a scholar, the pitch of a musician, the volume of an orator and the eye of a politician to size up the mind of the audience. The performer has to traverse the field from the *Atmic* to the Atomic. All in One. That is why Harikatha is the Art of Arts.

A COLOSSAL WASTE OF ENERGY

By M. P. JOHN

I FIRMLY believe that the animal called Man has a good heart deep down in him. My only complaint is that the good heart lies far too deep.

He starts the day with a classical satire on the quality of his bed-coffee. And right through the morning at home he is engaged in a running commentary on the efficiency of his bitter half, which should go down into literature as super satire—but does not, for the simple reason that it is not meant for the outside world. It is strictly intended only to make his wife miserable. I am not so sure that is his intention either.

As he leaves for his work, he leaves behind him all his gifts for classical satire. He soon places himself under the mercy of the bus conductor. "Hi, you Grey-Hairs, move up to the front, will you? Do you think you are the only occupant?" The conductor could more easily have said, "Move up, please," and saved his breath. But he doesn't.

The office belongs to the boss. And the boss thinks he parts with his hard-earned money to the staff for the privilege of hurling abuses at them. He could very well point out a mistake by saying, "Raman, this is wrong; if we make mistakes like this our business will suffer." But does he? No. He insists on roaring, "I have a set of dunces in this office . . ." And that goes to Raman—and all the rest. It may be sensible not to hurt the feelings of the staff. But then, would he not be losing his opportunity to make others miserable?

The greater contributor to misery is, however, your ambitious co-worker who suspects that everyone else in the office is his enemy and stands in the way of his future. He will tell lies. He will spy on you. He will carry tales. The whole day he makes every one miserable—and himself

miserable in the bargain. He is feared and hated, and the misery all round is complete. Every one misses the humour of it all. He too has a good heart deep down in him! But, alas, the poor man thinks all this misery is an essential part of making a living.

And thus each one leaves the office with his own grievances. Seldom tired by work. But always tired by the strain of making each other miserable. There is hurt dignity and bitterness against the world in general.

Some well-meaning person has invented greetings like 'Good evening' and 'Happy New Year,' in the hope of contributing to social happiness. But greetings have lost their meaning. "Good Evening Mrs. . . ." is usually followed by an explosive remark like, "I met your husband the other day at the Theatre. He had his typist with him." Only one small information has been withheld—the typist under reference was a grey-haired gentleman.

Is it not much easier to make others happy?

And so here goes greetings to all for the New Year—for more sense of humour and greater happiness all round. Yes, more sense of humour may be the solution. If you are happy—PASS IT ON.

JEAN TO PLAY THE SAINT JOAN

Jean Seberg, 17-year-old college student from Marshalltown in the state of Iowa, has been selected to portray the title role in the film version of George Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*, which Otto Preminger will produce and direct for United Artists release. Miss Seberg was selected from among 18,000 applicants by Mr. Preminger in his search for an unknown to play the martyred peasant-saint.

SPORTS

R. KRISHNAN: A CLOSE-UP

By CHANDRU

DOWN town in Madras, on the way to Adyar is a spacious house with a neat tennis court where lives India's tennis champion, R. Krishnan, who in the course of eight years has achieved a record of which anyone can be proud. He inherited his talent from his illustrious father, Ramana-
than, a former Madras State tennis champion.

Krishnan had his first rung in the ladder of the game when he was only eleven years old, his father being his coach. In the year 1949 he began to visit clubs, and those with discerning eyes who saw Krishnan in action predicted a great future for him. He began about this time to practise regularly at the Madras Tennis Club and the Telegraph Recreation Club. Later, Noor Mahomed took a hand in coaching this infant prodigy.

Meteoric Career

The first time he burst into public notice was when he won the Stanley Cup for the Ramakrishna Mission High School when he was a student in the fifth form. He was only thirteen when he annexed this coveted trophy.

Thereafter, his career has been meteoric. He became the National Junior Champion of India after winning a number of tournaments both in the North as well as in the South. In the company of his father who partnered him for doubles, Krishnan won a series of doubles matches too, lowering the colours of many veterans in the process. Way back in March 1952, father and son clashed in the finals of the S. I. A. A. Tennis Tournament. Krishnan beat his father after a strenuous four-set encounter.

When Hans Nauslein, the famous German coach, visited India in 1952

he saw Krishnan at play and tipped him as a potential champion who could touch world standards. He too lent a hand in licking him to shape. Before he left India, Krishnan had become No. 1 in Madras Tennis.

A World Champion

The chronicle Krishnan's achievements year by year will take a lot of space. Suffice it to say that he strode into the front rank with amazing assurance and speed. In quick succession he beat every leading player of India and became the king of this great game. In between he found time to visit almost all countries in the world, excepting the United States of America. Sunny Singapore, tidy Tokyo, pyramidal Cairo, crowded London and bracing Switzerland—all these places have seen him in action and everyone had a word of praise to his sweet temperament and behaviour on and off the court. He won the Wimbledon Junior Championship in the year 1954 and took part in this blue riband of Tennis both in 1955 and in July last year. In England he defeated Britain's No. 1, Mottram in several provincial matches. Last year he created a great sensation and earned the epitome of giant killer by knocking out Egypt's Drobny (winner of the 1954 Wimbledon), in the centre court.

Krishnan has still two decades of achievements before him. In his tiny room you find an assortment of Max-ply racquets specially manufactured for him. During the course of my one hour interview with him, I was amazed to see two bulky volumes of press cuttings from all parts of the world, meticulously preserved by his father. He is very proud of his father, but for whose initial help and encouragement

it would well-neigh have been impossible for him to reach the top.

Krishnan at 19 is a final year Economics Honours student in the Loyola College, Madras. He told me feelingly about his difficulty in finding enough time to prepare for his examinations.

Far from being a showman, Krishnan is of a shy disposition and hates to parade his achievements. Even the hundred and more trophies he has won are carelessly heaped up in the corner of a room in his house near the kitchen.

Explaining the technique of modern tennis, Krishnan told me that the "secret of success in this game lay largely in stamina, power and punch." No wonder then, that he himself takes a lot of physical exercises to keep himself in perfect trim. He also swims and runs for extra energy. Weather permitting, he plays tennis

almost every day in the well-laid court of his house which has become the Mecca of all the city players.

When I asked him to whom he was greatly indebted for enabling him to go overseas and participate in international tournaments, Krishnan said that Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, the Maharaja of Mysore, the Raja of Pithapuram and General Cariappa had all helped him finance his trips.

"It is my ambition to place India in the tennis map of the world," he said as we parted. One day, sooner rather than later, he is sure to bag the world title at Wimbledon if he is enabled to devote his full time and attention to this game. Big and well built, tennis is the only game he plays. Western commentators observed that if he had not been a tennis champion, he would have become a boxer.

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CEILINGS ON LAND HOLDINGS

By K. NILAKANTAN

IN all discussions relating to the Congress Economic Policy, the question of fixing an absolute limit on land holdings has figured prominently. The Congress is possessed and obsessed with the idea of a ceiling on land holdings, under the fond hope that such a step will constitute an important milestone in its journey towards socialism.

At the outset, it must be stated that an objective appraisal of any particular aspect of the land reform policy of the government must be based on the fundamental criterion whether and how far the projected reform is conducive to an increase in agricultural production. Obviously, the question of fixing a ceiling on land holdings should also be judged on this touchstone before one gives one's word of approval or nod of disapproval.

Those who advocate the imposition of absolute ceilings on land find in it a solution for the problem of the landless agricultural proletariat—"the weakest link in our agricultural economy." They argue that lands above the ceilings should be taken over by the State and distributed among these so-called landless labourers. In this way, their economic plight is sought to be improved and social status enhanced, so that they may share with others a fuller and richer life.

Economic Equality

Another objective which is uppermost in the minds of planners and socialist thinkers is economic equality. If the policy of ceilings on agricultural holdings is properly carried through, they say, it would usher in an era of equality and ensure economic justice among the rural classes and prevent the concentration of wealth

and economic power in a few hands. Mr. Nicholas Kaldor, the well-known British taxonomist, who recently visited India at the invitation of our government, has also supported this proposal on empirical grounds. While he pointed out the unwisdom of fixing a ceiling on income (strictly defined), he was careful enough to remark that agriculture rests on a different footing. In India, he says, holdings above a certain size are economically useless and have very little practical value from the point of agricultural productivity. So, he thinks that it is logical to have ceilings on land. To quote his own words, "Since the effective size of farms in India is relatively small, land ownership above a certain size serves no economic purpose and is merely a method of exploiting the peasantry, and often a positive impediment to improvement of productivity of the land."

Before examining the worth of the afore-mentioned arguments, it is necessary to point out that considerable spade-work has already been done in this regard by the State governments. The idea of a maximum size has attracted the attention of the numerous commissions and committees which have been appointed from time to time to investigate the problems confronting the agrarian economy of the country. The Congress Agrarian Reforms Committee has suggested three times the economic holding as the maximum size while the Land Revenue Reforms Committee was content to recommend the maximum size as a holding carrying an annual revenue assessment of Rs. 250 per annum.

The Planning Commission has considered the whole question in two aspects: (i) Ceiling on future acqui-

sition, and (ii) ceiling on existing holdings. Ceiling on future holdings has been fixed in a number of States. During the period of the Second Five Year Plan, steps would be taken to impose ceilings on existing holdings only. With regard to this (ceiling on existing holdings) the Planning Commission, in its revised draft on the Second Five Year Plan, has put forward a formula according to which the maximum size would be "three times the family holding—a family holding being defined as an area of land yielding an annual gross income of Rs. 1600 or a net income of Rs. 1200."

Objections To Ceiling

This approach of the Planning Commission to fix a ceiling in monetary terms has come in for a good deal of adverse comment and criticism. It has been contended that it would be very difficult to suggest an area of land which would give an annual income of Rs. 4,800 year after year with never-failing regularity. Agriculture is verily a gamble in the monsoon and is highly susceptible to cosmic factors. This makes the return from agriculture highly precarious. Further, in order to ensure a steady income from agriculture, the Government must first decide to stabilise the prices of agricultural commodities so that the farmer would know beforehand what his harvest would fetch him. Not all the land in the country is irrigated and a rough estimate that an average gross income of Rs. 100 per acre would itself err on the optimistic side. Even at this optimistic rate it would require not less than 48 acres to get an annual income of Rs. 4,800.

Another pertinent objection which has been levelled against land ceilings is that it would amount to gross discrimination against the rural classes. It has been rightly asked what ignoble harm the poor agriculturist has committed as to merit such undeserved treatment? When

ceilings on other kinds of capital are not contemplated, is it just to single out agriculture alone for this purpose? Some people have tried to answer this question by pointing out that the supply of the physical quantity of land is an unvarying, fixed factor. But to them our reply is simple. Scarcity is a universal fact of economic life and everything in this world is scarce. Considered in this light there is no logic in imposing a ceiling on land.

Prof. Kaldor's reasoning that industrialists alone require new incentives while agriculturists do not need them is an untrustworthy hypothesis of which arm-chair socialists are too well aware. The agriculturist is also an *entrepreneur* in the sense that he also makes his efforts and stakes his capital on land. He, no less than the industrialist, requires the proverbial carrot. But the ceilings on the agricultural income of above Rs. 4,800 will prove a disastrous damper to greater production. Mr. Anjarla, Chief of the Planning Commission's Economic Panel, is of the opinion that a ceiling will prove a big obstacle to capital formation and capital would be required on a large scale for the very measure designed to improve the rural economy.

Effect On Production

But this incentive to higher production is imperatively urgent in view of the Planning Commission's belated discovery that in order to cushion the inflationary tendencies during the plan period, agricultural production should be stepped up by 40%. Ceiling on land will hamper the achievement of such a goal. As has been well said, "A rigid determination of the maximum is hardly conducive to this increased agricultural production and except that it gives rise to some sort of egalitarianism in a steam-roller fashion, it contributes nothing towards making agriculture more productive or more profitable, or engendering in individual cultivators

those spurs to activity which are the real springs from which national prosperity flows."

Whether the ceilings on land will be a solution to the problem of landless labour for whom copious tears are shed is a question open to doubt. Except in some States, holdings are very small and the surplus land available will not offer any real solution. "The nearest road to the town will still be his fairest prospect." Assuming that there will be plenty of land, another difficulty crops up, namely, whether he will be able to cultivate his land efficiently. He will not have the necessary wherewithal to buy better seeds, fertilisers and machinery. The Planning Commission wants to circumvent this problem by introducing a network of "co-operatives" which to them appears as the "open sesame".

But it must be admitted that co-operative farming in India has not caught the imagination of the people as it is supposed to have in other countries like Soviet Russia and Communist China. Even the allocation of Rs. 50 lakhs for co-operative farming, recommended in the First Five Year Plan, has remained unclaimed. Further, even in Communist countries, there is a rethinking about the wisdom of State-fostered co-opera-

tive farming. Mr. Gomulka's remarks at the Eighth Party Congress are indicative of the growing scepticism about the efficacy of co-operatives in increasing production. He says that co-operatives are not successful since they involve higher costs and lower yields. In order to achieve success, it is necessary to plan the "growth of human consciousness". This is obviously impossible and so the experiment has to be given up. In the face of these facts, to hope that co-operatives will solve the problem of agricultural labour is a juvenile piece of make-believe. Again, to quote Anjaria, if the condition of the agricultural labourer is to be raised, it is imperative that the number of those who share in the net proceeds of agriculture should diminish."

It will thus be seen that while ceilings on land holdings may be desirable to some extent, any attempt to oversimplify the issue would be self-defeating. The paramount objective of Indian economic planning is to augment agricultural production and any programme which interferes with this ideal should be firmly resisted. "We should not ride the hobby horse of equal distribution of land at the expense of agricultural efficiency and output."

THE INKY WAY

By C. V. G.

LONG vacant stares (as the ink dries and sediments on the nib) and peripatetics across the room to clear wooded thoughts and words, followed by vigorous spurts of writing, scoring and rewriting—the writer at last dabs the last full stop, lays down his pen and straightens his cramped fingers. He runs his eyes through the handwritten pages of his article—gashed and stained in the struggle for articulation. There are esoteric markings and circles around portions to be properly dovetailed. Wherever writing has been rapid, letters run to lines or shrink to mystic symbols. The writer likes to type his article; it is a pleasure to render his scintillating prose from scribble and cipher into type, and he basks in his sunshine.

Typing is a delicate art calling for judicious proportions of care, dexterity and speed. Nervous fingers stray on the keyboard and slip into erratic depressions while nimble fingers race and type neatly. The writer aims at impeccability and in his anxiety places a wrong letter in the very title; corrective overtyping makes it slovenly and he mutters a curse as he tears off the sheet and inserts a fresh one. Typing is very tidy when eyes are on copy and fingers on the keyboard, and the writer types off a para or two but his flutter and instability trip him: at a bad moment he lifts his eyes from the copy to the typescript, his fingers blunder, he messes with the "back-spacer" and the deleting "x". Mistake follows mistake with his determination that it should be the last. A practical joke that the gods enjoy with the writer is the inadvertent, wrong insertion of carbon: the writer discovers a black reversion after a spell of unusually trim typing.

The manuscript is at last ready, ink corrections and all. The writer waits through an eternity after despatching his article to the journal of his choice. For a few days he is unexpectant since the editor would need time to study his article and decide. These days move on leaden feet; and then his heart misses a beat as the postman crosses his door; he is happy to have no mail. But the bad day dawns and the writer becomes clairvoyant when the postman advances towards him, extending a bulky envelope with the familiar, franked postmark. He does not have to open it: he knows it is heartbreak from the editor who compliments and regrets.

If thoughts can scorch, editors will burn. Successive rejections from the editor and the perpetuation of his weekly columns by a few familiar writers strain his serenity and objectivity. Resentment at the cantankerous tribe of rejectors who return gold but accept junk, muck, piffle and inanity from their favourites corrodes the writer. Prompt rejections suggest an editorial reflex—a faithful restoration of the article to the writer after just the replacement of his covering letter with the rejection slip. The article is returned intact, unsoiled, and the writer suspects, unread. The deluge of articles is far too overwhelming to be dealt with less drastically, he believes uneasily. The editor of a weekly himself once disclosed how a writer resorted to a ruse to expose an erring editor. He glued the pages of his article which was promptly returned to him as usual, the pages still sticking together. When he wrote back to the editor demonstrating triumphantly his proof of the pages not being read, the editor informed him that he did not have to eat through

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the entire rotten egg to know it was rotten!

Rejection slips are printed ones and a contributor to various journals comes across a good variety. Editors appreciate the writer's courtesy in sending his article, but some of them are "unable to find the space for it" while others are simply "not able to use" it. A handful of editors take the trouble to write personally to the writer who is comforted by such courtesy. A writer was very much intrigued by an editor's letter which said that while the writer wrote "readably", he did not feel that his observations were "original enough to justify their publication in a journal with intellectual pretensions". "I would add," the editor went on, "that I feel similarly about quite a number of contributions I am obliged to accept". The writer began to revel in very comforting speculations. Possibly proprietary pressure was brought to bear on the poor editor to accept the unoriginal and second-rate—milk-sop, jellyfish, stooge,—the writer busied himself with suitable terms to describe the editor!

An Indian writer was much disconcerted when the editor of a British newspaper, who accepted the small news-item he sent and paid for it, appealed to him not to write in future. For, they had their correspondent in India and he was expected to make a comprehensive coverage. Evidently the correspondent had not been vigilant enough that time and that was why they were publishing the item, and most probably the correspondent was getting a wiggling from the editor.

There are journals and journals, catering to high, middle and low brows. Articles ride from one to the other. A writer's aim is to win recognition from a number of them and this takes time. His orbit extends very slowly from local to provincial, and if his perseverance has not failed him in the meanwhile,

to national, and if he is exceptionally lucky, to international journals. Success with a certain local journal becomes routine and he takes acceptances from it for granted,—and so his subsequent targets are other journals—but as they fail him the last refuge of his article is the local forum.

The love for writing may be ethereal but the writer's needs are very earthy. His expectations of remuneration assume an intensity when journals do not budge until after repeated reminders that are initially gentle, progressively insistent and ultimately frantic as the impecunious writer is harried by a pack of wolves at his door. But many journals are in chronic bankruptcy and prefer to pay their penurious writers in kind. They are on the free mailing list of the journals.

The inky way is a hard way.

ATOM USED TO MEASURE HEART'S WORK

The human heart's output of blood can be measured with 94 per cent accuracy in a few minutes by a technique which uses radio-active iodine, a peaceful product of atomic energy. The technique was reported recently by medical researchers at the Miami Valley Hospital at Dayton, Ohio.

In using the new method, radio-active iodine mixed with blood plasma is injected into the blood stream. A Geiger counter—a radiation detecting instrument—is then placed over the heart.

It accurately records the time the radio-active iodine goes into the heart, the length of time it stays there, and the time it leaves the heart. This gives a quick and safe measure of the heart's output rate, from which doctors can calculate its work ability.

Studies of lung disorders and lung cancer may also be made by a further application of the technique, the Ohio researchers said.

UNDERSEA WOMEN'S WORLD

By WILLIAM STEVENSON

Sharks are a constant threat but death doesn't daunt these underwater experts who harvest the pearls from the bed of Japan's Inland sea. Only women can take it.

GIRL pearl divers took me 30 feet below the Inland sea in search of gems. We plunged wearing nothing but white cotton from head to knees to frighten away sharks. Some divers wear checked suits for the same purpose. Down on the ocean floor it was a women's world. My lungs were bursting before the girls had unlimbered their small rakes. I was half-way back to the surface by the time they were harvesting the first oysters. Blood poured from my nostrils when I reached air again. Still somewhere in the darkness below, those girls went on calmly chipping at shells.

The Japanese call them mermaids and they may be romantic but they are also tough. Men find it impossible to compete. A good pearl diver must go down 40 feet and work on the bottom for three minutes. Women are more resistant to cold and have better lung capacity so they alone dive.

Anywhere else in the world, men do the job although women could do it better. But in Japan there is little room for sentiment. Here, far from the Westernized cities, the Japanese male waits ashore for his wife or girl friend to rake in the pearls because she finds it so much easier.

Dangers threaten them from the lightning fast shark to the Red Tide that merely kills the oyster. Among the girls here who dive for Mikimoto, the world's pearl king, an average of one a year loses her life. This they accept philosophically. They fear any threat to the oyster harvest, though, because hazards like the Red Tide can destroy their livelihood.

A Violent Phenomenon

The Red Tide is a phenomenon in

these waters that causes a violent expansion in the growth of tiny Red sea creatures. It kills all forms of shell life and several times almost brought Mikimoto to ruin. These people, living on the razor's edge of a harsh economy, provide the heart and sinew of Japan. They have lived this way for centuries, celebrated in traditional Japanese songs but seldom accorded a voice in the nation's affairs. While industrial barons and war lords made Japan's disastrous policies, these rural folk struggled with the daily problems of living. Today they still know little about the outside world.

Before I dived with the pearl hunters, they were withdrawn and unfriendly. Once I shared their knowledge of that other world under the sea, they showered me with modest hospitality. Oldest of the divers was Oroku Kitamura, aged 60, who told me she continued to dive through most of five pregnancies. Youngest was an 18-year-old farm girl with a name that meant Miss Little Onion Sprout. She was still restricted to dives no more than 12 feet in depth because of inexperience.

It was a day of high winds and heavy seas but the girls could not afford to lose time. Their working season averages about six months and they are paid only for results. This means an average of 1,000 yen or about \$2.50 a day—good wages in the backwoods of Japan.

This is the season known as "rain of the plums" and that night was to be celebrated as the Feast of All Souls, when ancestral spirits come visiting their children on earth. So, while they rested besides tiny fires, burning in their wooden boats, the

girls made paper lanterns and imitation trees for the night's dancing. Others split open oysters brought up by the working shift.

Food From The Sea

A young Japanese scientist worked nearby. He was experimenting in the cultivation of a new sea weed called "krorera." He said, "We have to find new sources of food. The sea can be made to feed our expanding population and these girls may be the forerunners of underwater farmers. Already we have them harvesting huge crops of sea weed and this provides nutrition for many poor people."

Most pearl divers work for Miki-moto, who began life as a humble noodle vendor. When he died two years ago, he was 96 years old, had become the friend of three emperors of Japan and many of the world's statesmen, and was internationally

famous as the man who first discovered how to cultivate pearls.

The girls who dive for pearls have modest ambitions, but researchers hope to use them to solve one of Japan's most pressing problems, the dangerous expansion of population. The problem is international, both because Japan set half the world in flames in its search for living space and because the growth in numbers of the human race makes it imperative to find new sources of food for the population.

Now equipped with goggles so they can see better and trained to study submarine growth, more and more girl divers are leaving the pearl oyster beds to work alongside scientists in the cultivation of underwater food crops. If they succeed, Miss Little Onion Sprout, who has little education and no pretensions to anything better, may help Japan discover a pearl of greater price.

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THE PROBLEM OF SUICIDES

By BALA RATNAM

The following article embodies some of the results—hitherto unpublished—of a study conducted in the State of Madras.

IN India, and in many countries of the world, the authorities are today perturbed by an ominous increase in the suicide rate. A recent report, based on a survey by the World Health Organisation, revealed that between 71,000 and 72,000 men and women died by their own hand each year in 25 countries studded with an adult population of 400 million people. The highest death rates from suicide in both sexes are found in Japan, Denmark, Austria, and Switzerland, while the lowest rates were reported from Ireland, Northern Ireland, Chile, Scotland, and Spain. Within the U. S., the rate for the White population is almost three times that of the non-White population. In some places more alarming than the actual numbers are the facts that the increase in suicide is greatest among the older due to lack of social security, that it is common more among the haves than the have-nots, and more among urban than rural folk.

In India, if official estimates are any guide, suicides are increasing—the proportion of women being greater. But then, not all suicides committed are officially recorded. Many escape public and police notice as self-killers obscure their operations as far as possible. Therefore, the figures given by the police are not accurate, though they do reflect an alarming social feature. A study of a large number of case histories has revealed the dependence of suicide on a wide range of sociological factors.

A survey conducted by a Government-appointed Committee in Saurashtra reported, a few months ago, that more women than men committed suicide there. Between 1951 and 1955 there were 1121 cases of

suicide. The figure for 1955 was 250 women and 117 men, a considerable rise over the number in 1952 in which year 139 women and 89 men committed suicide. The Committee listed poverty, unemployment, lack of education, unhappy family relations, and conservative marriage traditions and practices as the main factors for suicide. Forty-five per cent of the cases were between the ages of 19 and 30.

In the State of Bombay, prior to reorganisation, 1938 persons committed suicide in 1954, and an almost equal number in 1955, though the number of women rose from 984 in 1954 to 999 in 1955. In Bihar, too, 2,964 persons committed suicide between August 1950 and August 1955. Purnea recorded the largest number of suicides during this period, with Patna coming a close second. There were 398 cases in 1950 which rose to 596 in 1954.

Main Causes

But, why do people commit suicide? The will-to-live is generally strong, and its loss can be accounted for by pointing to something desperate in the condition of the individual concerned. Apart from poverty, intolerable physical pain, deep grief, insanity, domestic quarrels, neglect, harassment, remorse and fear are reasons which are likely to drive a person to self-destruction. Division of joint family property and inter-caste marriages and alliances have, in a number of cases, resulted in suicides. Again, infanticide is often a regular feature of certain suicides, particularly female suicides. The methods of setting fire to clothes and jumping into wells are common in rural areas.

A study of suicide trends in South India, with particular reference to Madras State, based on Police records of 1954, has been completed by two anthropologists—Dr. A. Aiyappan and Mr. C. J. Jayadev. While according to the World Health Organisation survey, "men are prone to suicide than women everywhere," the results of the study in Madras disclose that, as in Saurashtra, the number of suicides is more among women than men.

While the proportion of suicides of males to females is roughly 3:1 in the U. S. A., and Europe, in South India the incidence of female suicide "is very high, being above three times the figures for European and American countries."

Survey in South India

Of five districts studied in Madras and Kerala, three—Coimbatore, Madurai, and Malabar (which until October 31, 1956, formed part of Madras)—showed higher incidence of female suicide, while two—Chingleput and Tirunelveli—showed higher incidence of female suicide, while two—Chingleput and Tirunelveli—showed higher rates for males. While suicide in Madurai is comparable to that of Spain, in Coimbatore it is "as common as it is in Scotland, and higher than in Canada, Italy, or Holland."

The following table gives figures of suicides of each sex during 1954 in the four districts of Madras and Kerala:

District	Males	Females	Total
Madras			
Coimbatore	147	180	336
Madurai	48	55	103
Chingleput	53	30	83
Tirunelveli	14	11	25
Kerala			
Malabar	14	22	36

An analysis of the results of investigations in Madras and Kerala

shows that suicides, when classified by age and sex, reveal that the highest incidence (about 60 per cent) for both the sexes is in the age-group 15-34 (compare the figure for Saurashtra given earlier), and about 57 per cent for men, and 96 for women.

Hanging, drowning, poisoning, followed by cutting with lethal weapons, burning and electrocution are some of the methods adopted for self-destruction. In Malabar district especially, it has been found that poisoning is the chief method of suicide of women (72 per cent). Hanging accounts for 53 per cent, and drowning for 33 per cent when both the sexes are considered together. Considered separately, women hold the record for drowning at 42 per cent, and men for hanging at 75 per cent.

In Coimbatore, the incidence of suicide is the highest (90 per cent) among agricultural labourers, mill coolies, and unskilled workers. Tirunelveli coming next with 80 per cent. Their income is generally below Rs. 50 per month, and viewed from the point of economic status, it is found that economic distress is the main cause of suicides in South India.

One of the outstanding results of the study in Madras was the revelation that among elderly persons, both high and low, very many cases of suicide are due to harassment, neglect, and even bad treatment by those on whom such persons are dependent. About 10 such cases came to notice from Malabar, Tirunelveli, and Chingleput districts. In Tirunelveli, a widow, aged 70, was living with her son's family. Her securities led to frequent quarrel between her son and her daughter-in-law. Her son took away the securities, and turned his mother out of the house.

Juvenile Suicides

Among younger people, suicide is today one of the most frequent causes of death. The causes range from failure in examinations and severe parental discipline, to excessive indulgence. A girl committed suicide

when her mother scolded her for not doing properly her house work. The Madras investigators say that "the stresses and strains of domestic life are so severe on the youngsters, especially in the midst of economic distress, and poverty, that their suicidal behaviour very often appears to be sudden and explosive in character." The motives in many cases could not be found out. Even at the slightest scolding, a boy or girl had committed suicide.

There are also quite a large number of suicides which are of the type called "altruistic" by Durkheim. Among such are the suicides of a middle-aged man who, when his wife and son died one after the other, and of an elderly man when his son failed in the Intermediate examination.

The type of suicides described as "anomic" by Durkheim is also found in South India—as for instance the suicide of a woman who was being nagged constantly by her husband because her parents had not fully paid her dowry, and several cases due to ill-treatment by sister-in-law, co-wife, mother-in-law, and others.

A careful study of the innumerable cases of suicides reported in the Indian Press shows that privation, disease, insecurity, oppression, and fear of scolding are the chief reasons why people destroy themselves. Among the many annual road deaths, there are many subconscious suicides.

In Switzerland and Sweden, where people enjoy an exceptionally high standard of life, and where more persons commit suicide than anywhere else on the European continent, the suicide curve is often found to go up together with the prosperity curve. In India, social services and educational facilities are being rapidly improved, but more and more people are taking their own lives. Lack of employment, starvation, despondency, disillusionment, and many other sociological factors result in people taking their own lives by vio-

lence. Another potent force in the making of a suicide is boredom—loneliness—and chiefly that kind of loneliness which attacks people who are alone and friendless in big cities.

It is really a tragic situation that although most nations have extensive Police establishments and courts which try to prevent and solve murders, coroners and doctors in hospitals are not able to give adequate attention to preventing and explaining suicides.

Many Lives Saved In U. K.

In London there are two organisations which are contributing towards the solution of all great suicide problems of our age. One of these is controlled by the Rev. Peter West whose belief it is that a man or woman contemplating self-destruction wants desperately to talk to some one about it. This promoted him to start a telephone service the basis of which was that if anyone thought of committing suicide, he should first dial his number. Till June 1956, about 1,000 people had dialled this number, received a few words of consolation and comfort—and so saved their lives.

The other organisation, an elaborate one, is run by the Rev. Chad Varah. In the last two years he saved many lives, and continues to do so by giving everyone contemplating suicide and who dial his number, all the help he can. By almost a similar method, a Swedish clergyman recently claimed that he had saved 200 desperate would-be suicide cases from January to June in 1956.

Organisations like these should be set up in large cities where suicide rates are shocking, and these should get financial help from the authorities.

In England, suicide is a crime. In almost all countries, likewise, this practice is legally not permissible now. However, the temptation to sit in judgement on those who commit or attempt to commit suicide should be resisted.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

As anticipated, most of the stars did not participate in the star show held at Vallabhghai Patel Stadium on Saturday, December 22, the last function to commemorate the Silver Jubilee of the Indian Talkie in Bombay. Several stars whose names were advertised were conspicuous by their absence. The organisers would have done well, if they had refrained from giving any names or only names of such stars who would back it.

The only stars who graced the show were Nargis, Raj, Nirupa Roy and Shrab Modi. The comedians were present in full force, including Johnny Walker, Bhagwan, Anwar, Majnu Mukri and Manubi, and they regaled the audience with their actions; but it was the music directors, play-back singers and dancers who saved the show and made it entertaining.

The star cavalcade began very well when W. M. Khan appeared on the stage in the same make-up that he had put in *Alamara* and sang a song from the first talkie. Nissar's song from the old *Shirin Farhad* and Kumar walking across the stage to the tune of *Jao Jao* revived nostalgic memories. Later, when Amirbai Karnataki sang 'Dhin Dhin Badal' from *Kismet*, the old memories were revived again. Sohrab Modi's rendering from *Hamlet* in high flown Urdu, Jagirdar's piece from *Bairamkhan* and Prithviraj's piece in English as Iago from *Merchant of Venice* proved a flop. Nargis with all the comedians as her pupils gave a good rendering of 'Ichak Dana' and Raj was in his element in presenting 'Dil ka Hal Sune Dilwala.'

Presented without any rehearsal, this show, arranged at the last minute, went on quite smoothly. It was, however, marred by one unfortunate incident. Shri H. P. Mody, the guest of honour was not allowed to speak by a section of the audience which booed him and insulted him by refusing to hear him. For this, the organisers were also to blame. First they disappointed the audience by advertising the names of the stars who did not actually participate in the show. Then, they prolonged the presentation ceremony too much, with Shri J. P. Tiwari taking a long time for his introductory speech which made no sense to the audience.

It is really a pity that some of the stars not only did not co-operate but even insulted the organisers who approached them. They should have shown the same spirit as Raj and Nargis did and the spirit with which David, Jairaj (who produced the show) and Manmohan Krishna worked for making it a success.

Incidentally, not only some stars but even studio owners did not co-operate, so much so that the stage was erected by the Indian National Theatre and not by any Studio.

Personality of the week

Master Vithal, the hero of *Alamara* was in town last week. He came all the way from Kolhapur to attend the function on 22nd. He was one of the persons to be honoured and presented with a trophy on the occasion. He met his old producer, Ardeshir M. Irani, star Prithviraj and a few other old timers; but most of the film people were complete strangers to him.

Master Vithal began his career thirty years ago. He came from a humble peasant family and his robust health, handsome body and agile sword-play won for him popularity. In those days, the stunts were real and had to be done by the hero himself. In the silent days, he became the most popular star; he was the highest

paid hero, styled as the Indian version of Douglas Fairbanks. He had an opportunity to meet the original Douglas Fairbanks when the latter visited India and appreciated Master Vithal's work.

Though he appeared in the first talkie, he did not continue to act in Hindi talkies for long. After two or three pictures, he went to Poona and later to Kolhapur and confined his acting to Marathi films. The last two Hindi pictures in which he appeared are *Shivaji* and *Ramshastri* and his latest Marathi Picture is *Pawan Khind* which was released in Bombay only three months ago.

Now over fifty, Master Vithal retains a very good health. Thanks to his sober habits and regular life he leads. He looks much younger than his age. He feels that technically Indian pictures have progressed a lot; but not in the matter of contents. He mentioned one of the recent popular hits and asked what was there in those pictures to remember. The journalists who were interviewing him had no answer to give.

Asked to give his impressions of *Alamara* he said that in that picture every artiste was given a sort of trial; and it was more the curiosity of the talkie than anything else that made that picture so successful. He did not sing in *Alamara* or any picture; of course, now thanks to play-back, he does 'sing' in pictures.

Picture of the week

Bimal Roy's *Parivar* is a very scintillating and enjoyable film.

The simple story of this picture revolves round five brothers, their wives and children who live in perfect harmony in spite of the disparity of their tastes and temperaments. The eldest brother is fond of playing chess with his nephew; the second brother is so much engrossed in law that he has no time for anything else, the third brother is an engineer who believes in eating, the fourth brother is a doctor without any practice but

tries to impose his will on other members; the fifth brother is fond of music and makes his wife dance all the while.

They are happy and their happiness is portrayed through various interesting scenes. The five brothers are proud of this harmony and take all the credit for it. So the wives conspire and decide to teach them a lesson. And do they succeed? Yes, they almost manage to set one brother against the other and demand separation. Luckily, their conspiracy is discovered and the husbands pay them back in their own coin.

It is a delightful portrait of an ideal joint family. It is quite possible that such a family does not exist; but one would wish that we had only such families in India. It has no melodramatic twists, no suspense—not even a villain; and that is why it is so pure and wholesome in its fun. At no stage it becomes melodramatic; that itself is an achievement for an Indian film. It is enlivened with pithy dialogue, good comedy by the two servants played expertly by Agha and Dhumal and some pleasant songs written by Shailendra and set to semi-classical tunes by Salil Chowdhury. Sabita dances and acts well; in fact, most of the players have done their parts well, especially, Usha Kiron and Durga Khote. Kishore's song and dance number is a misfit and rather not in keeping with the spirit of the film.

Asit Sen's direction is straightforward without any tricks; but he is to be complimented for handling so many characters well. The production is of the usual Bimal Roy standard. *Parivar* should appeal as a clean family funfare to the picturegoer.

News of the week

Hema Gupta performed the muhurat of his new picture *Rajkamal* starring Madhubala and Pradeep Kumar on Thursday, December 27.

Shashi Bhushan has been signed by Guru Dutt to direct the next picture of Guru Dutt Films.

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SWATANTRA

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THE TAMIL DRAMA AND ITS REVIVAL

By V. C. GOPALRATNAM

TAMIL drama today is a well established and flourishing art, but sixty years ago, it was in a very rudimentary stage and it is only in the course of the last six decades that Tamil drama has reached its present position. Its development has not been steady and continuous but marked by ups and downs.

In the eighties and nineties of the last century a drama in the Tamil country was something to be looked down upon not only for its lack of any intrinsic value but for the lack of character, respectability, and purity in those who were connected with it. For a multitude of reasons no parent in any decent family would willingly allow a member of his family of any age or sex to see a play. The performance used to take place on the outskirts of the village on what is known as the "Kalathumedu" or threshing floor of the community. The performance invariably took place at night, beginning at about 9 or 10, after the day's work and continuing till dawn.

Primitive and Crude

As for the quality of the performance, it is difficult to conceive of anything more crude and primitive. The acting, too, was crude. Anger or displeasure always meant shouting at the top of one's voice with little attempt at modulation. Sorrow invariably involved the adopting of a falsetto whining tone which was expected to draw tears from the audience. No serious attempt was made to adopt suitable costumes. Old tawdry and often dirty finery served to clothe the king and queen while the rest of the cast were all clothed in their everyday garb. The make-up was the same for every actor, which

was a mixture of turmeric and some cosmetic or other like "aritharam."

The plot never presented difficulties. Almost invariably the story would be some incident taken from the Puranic setting or from a purely Puranic theme and rendered into mixed verse and prose by some writer. The total stock of plots or themes was very limited, not perhaps exceeding a dozen, of which the most oft-repeated and popular would be *Harichandra*, *Kovalan*, *Savitri* and *Satyavan*, *Ramanatakam*, *Draupadi Vastrapaharanam*. On rare occasions, a social play like *Dambachari Vilasam* was also produced. There was always plenty of music to be sung by almost every character (including servants) and no attempt was ever made by the actor to blend the prose and music into a harmonious whole. The only embellishment of the stage was a curtain between the actors and the audience and no further attempt was made to provide other scenic arrangements.

The level of production on the whole was thus most primitive and crude. The result was that right up to the end of the century no amateur could be found to interest himself in any manner in Tamil drama. It was entirely in the hands of professionals drawn from the lowest ranks of society. The great prejudice in the popular mind against the atmosphere of the drama and all persons engaged in it cannot be said to have been wholly unjustified.

The Pioneer Sabha

If the credit for removing the universal prejudice against Tamil drama and everything connected with it can go to any one, it is the amateur who stepped into the field in the closing decade of the 19th century and inte-

rested himself in various capacities as author, writer, artiste, producer, etc. No history of the development of Tamil drama in South India would be complete without a reference to the one institution which pledged itself to the nursing and growth of dramatic art and started on the Herculean task of cleaning the Augean stables by removing the great prejudice in the popular mind and the internal impurities in the practice of the art itself. That association was the Suguna Vilasa Sabha which was brought into existence about 65 years ago by a band of bold and enterprising young men of good families with high literary accomplishments to their credit. Thanks to the activities of the Sabha, within the short space of ten years, the amateur stage was well established and the art of drama began to flourish.

Fortunately, the leader of this band of young men is still alive. Though he has attained a very venerable age and already given to the Tamilians nearly a hundred plays of his own, he is still active with his pen. He is Rao Bahadur P. Sambanda Mudaliar, now in his eighties, a magnificent actor himself and a peerless conductor and teacher. Thus, thanks to the activities of this man and his fellow workers, the Tamil stage proper came into being. Tamil dramas began to be produced according to a plan satisfying the requirements of a proper stage; written texts were adhered to and attempts made to produce the effects intended by the author of the play.

In the course of the first 25 or 30 years of the existence of the Sabha, both by reason of work in the metropolis of Madras and the tours undertaken in the country, even in far-off Ceylon and Travancore, the amateur stage was built up and numerous other Associations devoted to the dramatic art began to be formed in Tamilnad, in fact wherever Tamilians lived or foregathered.

It is no exaggeration to say that the amateur stage almost completely succeeded in driving out what had been parading as "professional drama", with all its objectionable features. By the year 1925 it became a very rare occurrence for a dramatic performance in Tamil on the old lines to be produced. On the other hand, some of the better type of producers of the professional drama very promptly began to imitate the methods of production employed by the amateurs and started and maintained dramatic troupes or "companies" conducted on approved lines. They were largely what were known as "Boys' Companies" in which most of the actors were young boys below the age of 16 or 17 who were naturally more amenable to discipline than grown-up people and who were made to speak and act according to the text and teaching of the producer and conductor.

Advent of The Screen

Then came the new menace to the dramatic art—the "Silver screen". Being new and having several advantages over the stage in producing effects, the screen easily began to supplant the stage not only by capturing the support and loyalty of the audience, but also by securing the services of the artistes and actors themselves. Thus, a very large number of the amateurs who had been engaged in staging and producing Tamil drama yielded to the glamour of the screen and the result was the gradual desertion of the votaries of the dramatic art to the screen.

A period of acute economic distress synchronised with this development and stood in the way of profitable production of the stage drama. The rise in prices, taxation by the State and the high cost of living all helped to kill dramatic activity and by 1940 its decline in the South was complete.

With independence, however, drama experienced a revival. Already

the people who had rushed headlong to make pictures were gradually disillusioned. A large number of artistes who had attained varying degrees of success on the Tamil screen began to take a renewed interest in the stage and to act in plays.

Having turned the corner, Tamil drama made rapid progress and has practically recovered most of the lost ground within the last decade, thereby attaining a pre-eminent position in South India. More than anything else, it is a gratifying fact that the professional element has played a very large part in the recovery and resuscitation of the dramatic art, so much so that today for the first time in the history of the art, the professional theatre has

attained a very high level of excellence.

Though to some extent the revival of the dramatic art has been assisted by methods borrowed from the film, those who have started working in the field of Tamil drama should be careful not to rely increasingly on the film technique. This would create a hybrid monster which would possess all the defects of both, without having the merits of either. The two cannot blend and it is high time that people realised it.

There is another danger which should be avoided—the danger of mixing the theatre with politics or propaganda. This has been done and has already made considerable havoc in Tamil drama.

—Indian Drama

TRAGIC TALE OF A POLITICAL SUFFERER

BENT with age and suffering from an attack of blindness, 76-year-old Ladha Ram, a political sufferer and a veteran Congressman of undivided Punjab, has for the last one week been tramping the streets of Lucknow, visiting one officer after another, to plead for his livelihood—to be allowed to retain the 25 bighas of land allotted to him in the village of Kutubpur in Aligarh District in 1951 by the Rehabilitation Department.

Mr. Ladha Ram migrated to U. P. from Lal Moosa, his home town in the district of Gujrat (now in Pakistan), where he was leading a quiet life after the hectic days of struggle against the British. In his new home, he did not expect the same comforts that he had left behind, but he expected to get a secure livelihood and respectful treatment—as a veteran fighter for freedom who had spent years in the dark dungeons of the dreaded prisons of the Andamans.

Mr. Ladha Ram began his political career when only 18 after the anti-

British riots in Rawalpindi and Lahore in 1907. He was amongst the first who were hauled up for sedition.

Jailed For Sedition

The riots came in the wake of the arrest of Lala Lajpat Rai for 'subversive activities'. Soon after the demonstrations and the suppression of the open manifestation of 'sedition', the 'revolutionaries', as they were officially termed, started an anti-British paper—'Sahayak'—an Urdu daily from Lahore in 1908. The paper was published by the Bharat Mata Society with Sufi Amba Prasad as editor and Mr. Ladha Ram as publisher. Hardly was the paper three months old when the editor and publisher found themselves in jail for sedition.

After serving nine months' hard labour in the Punjab jails, Mr. Ladha Ram shifted his field of activity to Allahabad, where he started another 'seditious' paper, "Swaraj" an Urdu daily, in 1909. Finding that no press was prepared to take the risk of

printing his paper, he purchased a litho press and the "Swaraj" began to come out. This time he was both editor and publisher of the paper. After a few issues were out, Mr. Ladha Ram was arrested again and sentenced to transportation for life for publishing seditious articles. While waiting in the Allahabad jail for transportation to the Andamans he was offered pardon in return of a promise to renounce his political ideology. But the offer was spurned.

In the Andamans he had his share of torture inflicted on political prisoners who refused to snivel before the White warders. But even the torture failed to break his revolutionary spirit and soon he made himself such a nuisance for the British that they shipped him back to India. Released after ten years in jail in 1920, he was interned in the village of Varichan-wala near Lal Moosa.

After some years, and much ado, his internment order was withdrawn. Mr. Ladha Ram shifted to Lal Moosa, where he started his business. But his chief interest in life remained politics and not business—though it was flourishing and paying. He joined the Congress in 1927, participated in demonstrations against the Simon Commission in Lahore, and remained a Congressman till he retired from

politics after becoming a refugee.

After coming to U. P. he settled in Kutubpur where he was allotted 25 bighas of land, belonging to a Muslim evacuee zamindar. In this land he invested all his savings, amounting to several thousands including Rs. 2,500 given to him as loan by the Government. He hoped that now, in the last days of his life, he would be able to live in peace. But still peace was far away from him. He was ordered to hand over the land to three other residents of the village who claimed to be the tenants of the evacuee zamindar.

Mr. Ladha Ram's efforts to get some compensation for his press forfeited in 1910 also proved fruitless. Now he is threatened with loss of his livelihood.

Sitting in a corner of a room at Darul Shafa, where he is staying with a friendly legislator, wrapping himself in a coarse cotton blanket, Mr. Ladha Ram told me the story of his eventful youth, anecdotes of his heroic past which inspired Indian youth to supreme sacrifice. He concluded his story with a sigh, "The English departed after inciting fratricidal war. And see the fun. They won our friendship in the process. How clever they are!"

—The National Herald.

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NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS

THE ushering in of a so-called 'New Year' on the first of January is an example of fiction proving stronger than fact. It is more,—for it illustrates the fallacy of *lucus a non lucendo*. Far from anything desirable or worth-while being born in this inhospitable, blustering and pestilence-ridden season, it promotes the periodic dissolution of all sentient things in nature. Man is driven indoors and condemned to chew the cud of memory. In the infancy of our race, these winter months must have been congenial to the growth of epic and drama, song and dance as agreeable solvents of the *tedium vitae*. Only thus could our primitive forbears have counter-acted the elegiac and *fin de siècle* feeling which oppresses us when the sun goes into purdah for a few days in succession.

Messages Of Goodwill

Thanks however to our association with the West during the last century and a half, we have come to celebrate the New Year in typical western style. We exchange greetings with all and sundry in a tone of unctuous cordiality which, I fear, is more simulated than real on both sides. In the olden days the season would be marked by a brisk trade in such fragrant perishables as flower-garlands, bouquets, fruits in general and limes in particular. I suppose the practice continues, for there are bound to be benefic gods to please and malefic ones to propitiate still. In fact it ought to be much more wide-spread with the expansion of bureaucracy all round us. With the heads of governments and countless delegations treading on one another's toes in the international highways, the presents have become more costly and elaborate—curios being hunted out or faked for the occasion and offered as souvenirs of peripatetic diplomacy. There is then the exchange of messages of goodwill bet-

ween governments themselves which, like *obiter dicta*, commit no one—not even those who utter them!

But if wishes were horses communists would be riding everywhere! In consequence, astrologers might find their occupation gone. For all the longings of Tom, Dick and Harry would then be canalised into five-year plans, and we would all be dragooned into a Welfare State in spite of ourselves. The chances are that the reality might prove to be much less desirable than fancy painting it in prospect. However hope springs eternal in the human breast, and so here's my bazaar offering lucky dips to every one who cares to patronise the show.

But let me first get rid of a small preliminary hurdle. Looking forward to 1957, my first thoughts are coloured by apprehensions since I am plagued by an analogical turn of mind. 1757 and 1857 have not exactly been propitious landmarks in Indian history. What if 1957 should perform a hat-trick? Heavens forbid!—notwithstanding the abolition of all official and state backing to the miscellaneous rabble of divinities that people our capacious and catholic pantheon.

Prospects In India

Let me take a more cheerful view of our national prospects. Congress will return to power with increased majorities in some states and reduced strength in others. Our leaders would welcome both as reassuring signs of our healthy development. The purloins of the secretariat at the Centre and State levels would witness a stampede of P. M.s and M. L. A.s in search of sinecures varying from a ministership without cabinet rank to membership of delegations and of select committees with everything found. With a view to conserve foreign exchange, and quicken the

pace of planning, the hotel, cinema and hair-dressing industries would be brought under government control. It was calculated by the statistical department of the government that as a result of these measures one in every five of the population became a government servant. The other four proved to be either too young or too old to be employed. Interim targets exceeded expectations, while more and more food was imported from abroad to stabilise internal price-levels. Pandit Nehru was engaged either in visiting foreign capitals or entertaining foreign notabilities. More people came to speak of *Panch Shila* than ever before. Pakistan continued however to threaten to re-open the question of Kashmir in the Security Council. Mr. Chou En-lai was constantly on the move from Delhi to Moscow, and had not a moment of rest. As a result of his conferences with the leaders of the East, complete identity of views between Moscow, Peking and Delhi was said to have been reached.

In Great Britain, there was a vigorous move to change the name into Little England. In the general elections on which Eden gambled, he and his party lost ignominiously, and Labour came into power. Mr. Bevan as Foreign Minister made a sensational statement of the government's policy and warned the Egyptian Dictator that international contracts must not be treated as scraps of paper.

New Year For U. S. A.

American policy also underwent one of its spectacular somersaults. Dulles was retired into the Supreme Court as one of its judges, and his place was taken by Anaconda Jefferson Blunder-guilt the chewing gum multi-millionaire. In addition to the state department's offer to build the entire Aswan Dam free and singlehanded, he announced that the

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THE BUDGET LEAKAGE

HOME MINISTRY TO INVESTIGATE?

AFTER the advent of independence, the premature leakage of important budget proposals has become so common as to distress all lovers of a clean administration. The Finance portfolio is not a bed of roses, and it has taken toll of some of the best politicians in England through no fault of their own. Accidents do occur in the best of households, but the concerned minister pays the penalty by submitting to the vicarious punishment of resignation.

But the Congress party's record in this matter is a series of such premature leaks which have preceded almost all major policy decisions of the last few years. Your readers would be aware that a judicial probe is under way to sift the allegations that were made in connection with last year's normal budget. But it must come as a shock to the public to be told that the present Finance Minister's interim proposals which so drastically affected the Private Sector seem to have been intelligently anticipated by a group of speculators who, through well-placed dummies, seem to have unloaded a lot of scrip on the stock exchange at different centres at the right moment. It is stated that the Home Minister, Sri G. B. Pant, has been given the names of specific parties who did the unloading of such speculative items as Tata Ordinary, Indian Iron, Bombay Burma, Bombay Dyeing, Century Mills etc., during the hours immediately preceding the introduction in the Lok Sabha of Finance Bills No. 2 and 3 in November last.

It is also freely stated that the group operating in the present case is known to have operated with the

previous occasions, and that in fact it is one consortium or gang which seems able to bring off its *coup* every time. The operators are said to hail from the three centres of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras with some in the principal, and others in an auxiliary role. A group of M.Ps. is said to have urged the Home Minister to take quick and vigorous action in the matter. It may be recalled that the Finance Minister answered a question on the subject in the Lok Sabha and claimed that the transactions reportedly put through seemed to him of the normal kind in the course of ordinary business. That is exactly the issue, and there should be no difficulty in publishing the relevant figures to reassure public opinion. Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari also claimed that the secret was well-guarded and that no leakage could have occurred unless he himself had talked in his sleep. As an attempt at humour it was wholly out of place; and the public may be pardoned if it does not feel satisfied with it.

Altogether, the episode requires to be thoroughly gone into as what is involved is the efficiency and good name of the concerned Ministry.

—From A Special Correspondent

(Continued from page 48)

trative inefficiency. There can be no doubt that our Ministers have a great deal to learn about economy not only in money, but, one would add, in words. The vice of peregrination has gone too far and requires to be halted. It is time a code was drawn up to regulate the conduct of Free India's Ministers. Such a code, it is suggested, must contain more *donts* than *dos*.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Insurance Delays

The working of the Life Insurance Corporation of India has not so far been critically examined either by any expert body or by any Parliamentary Committee. If such a study is undertaken, the anomaly of inordinate delays in issuing new policies and in finalising the cases will come to light. I took a new policy in the first week of September last, but I have not so far received the policy duly accepted by the Corporation. There are also unpardonable delays in informing the policy holders about the due date of premium, lapses etc.

One believes that the unsatisfactory conditions of service offered by the Corporation to its employees make them take no interest in their work, with the result that the public suffers.

Nationalisation of insurance may be a good step to expedite the dawn of Socialism. But the Government has a moral duty to see that the administrative machinery that looks after the interests of the insuring public is streamlined and is able to perform its work without causing vexatious delays in small matters like the despatch of policies.

A SUFFERER.

Literacy And Reading Habit

The easiest way of making our country prosperous is by ensuring the rapid spread of literacy. Our Government will not deny this. But let us see what the actual situation is.

The heavy postal rates, the complete closure of Post Offices on Sundays, the railway freight charges, most of the railway stations being far off from villages, the high cost of paper, sales tax on books, the frequent changes in the syllabuses,—all these very effectively prevent the spread of literacy.

The revenue the Government would get by way of increased postal rates or railway freight charges or sales tax on books is like a drop in the ocean, when compared with the crores of rupees being spent on the various projects of the Second Five Year Plan.

In the larger interests of the country the Government should be generous enough to give up this revenue from books. This revenue is insignificant to Government, but large enough for the village consumers. Mere talk on the platform that literacy must spread and that the reading habit must grow, will not do; there is no magic in these words. Our leaders must be practical and show their zeal in action.

V. KRISHNASWAMI SARMA

A Code For Ministers

In all governments, there are regulations relating to government servants styled under different labels like Civil Service Regulations and Government Servants' Conduct Rules. But there appears to be no rules for regulating the conduct of Ministers. Our newspapers are almost daily reporting Ministers, both at the Centre and in the State as always on the march. Sometime ago a Minister travelled all the way from Delhi to Kozhikode to 'disclose' that the Central Government would be prepared to finance the Kerala State in investigating deposits of lignite, gold etc., on the West Coast.

The funds of the exchequer are being squandered to enable Ministers at all levels to tour foreign countries (let alone the staggering expenditure being incurred on Indian embassies and consulates). Ministers, after all, are servants of the public and they should have as much regard for the public funds as they have for their own. While they are entitled to travel in order to see things for themselves at first hand, the occasion for such travel should be extremely limited.

A few months ago, when Mr. Chintamani Deshmukh was in the Cabinet, himself found it necessary to inveigh against the frequent absence of Ministers from headquarters, which resulted in accumulation of files leading to administrative

(Continued on page 47)

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pace of planning, the hotel, cinema and hair-dressing industries would be brought under government control. It was calculated by the statistical department of the government that as a result of these measures one in every five of the population became a government servant. The other four proved to be either too young or too old to be employed. Interim targets exceeded expectations, while more and more food was imported from abroad to stabilise internal price-levels. Pandit Nehru was engaged either in visiting foreign capitals or entertaining foreign notabilities. More people came to speak of *Panch Shila* than ever before. Pakistan continued however to threaten to re-open the question of Kashmir in the Security Council. Mr. Chou En-lai was constantly on the move from Delhi to Moscow, and had not a moment of rest. As a result of his conferences with the leaders of the East, complete identity of views between Moscow, Peking and Delhi was said to have been reached.

In Great Britain, there was a vigorous move to change the name into Little England. In the general elections on which Eden gambled, he and his party lost ignominiously, and Labour came into power. Mr. Bevan as Foreign Minister made a sensational statement of the government's policy and warned the Egyptian Dictator that international contracts must not be treated as scraps of paper.

New Year For U. S. A.

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SWATANTRA

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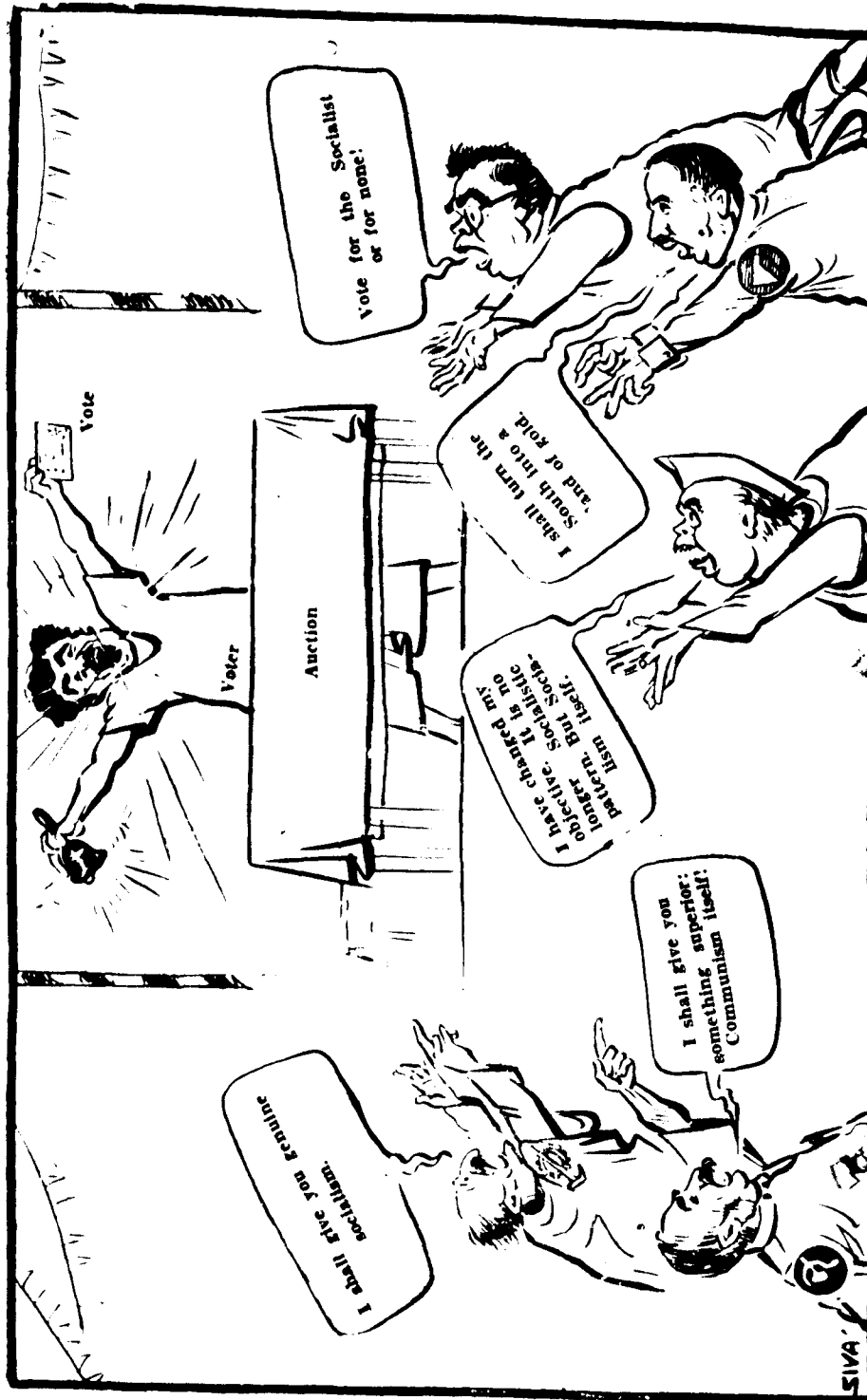
CONGRESS FICTIONS

THE Indore session of the Congress was a tame affair. The orations were addressed to empty benches. There was utter lack of popular interest in the proceedings which were dull beyond endurance. No doubt the output of words reached up to the usual quantity and filled columns in the newspapers. But the readers skipped the pages after a glance at the headlines. The most hardened of party men has to admit the stark fact that the Congress has ceased to enthuse or even to interest the people of India. Not that the Congress has lost its hold on the Government. But the more it gets entrenched in power the more does it lose its hold on the mind and the affections of the people. The leaders have regretted, one and all of them, this tragic situation. They are racking their minds to discover ways and means to win back that affection the people willingly gave to the Congress in the old days, when it struggled against British foreign rule. The irony of the situation is that the Congress commanded the loyalty of the people of India in the past when it was in the wilderness, an organisation with no funds worth speaking of and was trying to maintain itself on a four-anna per head contribution from its members. Its active workers led a precarious existence, threatened every moment by imprisonment and worse at the hands of the then mightiest of Governments on earth. But no one cares for it or seeks its portals except to exploit it in these spacious days when its coffers are filled

with crores of rupees, when its representatives are comfortably lodged in the seats of power and exercise their undisputed sway over the country. What is the cause which has evoked this phenomenon of popular affection towards a weakling and the exhibition of apathy, if not hatred, towards the giant? It is not quite so inexplicable and is not just a mystery.

Let us first examine the prime feature of the Congress organisations which directly appeals to the people. In the old days the claim of the Congress on the affections of the masses was based on the fact that it did fight the foreign domination, and that fact no one could gainsay. It was true that some people in India thought that it was an unequal fight of a weak and disorganised people against a mighty military power. As prudent men, they kept themselves away at a safe distance from the Congress. Also there were people in India who, for selfish reasons, opposed the Congress and served the foreign Government. But even the worst enemies of Congress in those days recognised and conceded the fact that the Congress was genuine in its endeavours and that there was no pretence about it. The only reward that Congress workers could aspire for was imprisonment by the foreign power. This situation entirely changed at the moment when the Congress took over the administration of the country. Thereafter there was something to be gained by joining the Congress ranks. Congress service was

Election Bluff



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no longer a badge of suffering. It was a privilege which yielded profit.

Today the claim of the Congress on the loyalty of the people is based on a fiction, or rather on a series of fictions. The basic fiction is that the Congress was solely responsible for the British quitting our shores. The fact is forgotten that the prime reason why the British left India was the peculiar historic circumstance at the close of the World War II, when in the wake of the defeat of the Hitlerite hordes in the West and the subsidence of the Japanese menace in the East by atomic bombing by the U. S. A., Communism reared its head all over Europe and Asia and threatened to engulf the whole world. Not only were the independent nations of Eastern Europe being swept into the Soviet orbit but the great sub-continent of China was fast turning into a satellite of Communism. The army in India was affected by the virus and the navy was already in revolt. The British rulers of India were faced with the alternative of either continuing in India and fighting the Communist menace or abandoning the country to its fate and running away to save their skins. The British chose the latter ignoble alternative. Having ruled the country for three hundred years exercising absolute sway and exploiting its resources and impoverishing its people they should in common decency have exhibited the courage to stick to their responsibility to safeguard the life and happiness of the people and should have stood by the people and fought the Communist menace. Instead, they chose the easy path out of the difficulty by leaving the country bag and baggage. This historic situation and the ignominy of British irresponsibility and cowardice gave the Congress party its chance of posing as the victors in the fight of freedom. The British who had completely subjugated the Congress and put its leaders in prison had no other go but to yield to this false claim and colude in building up the fiction of

Congress victory. The fiction served the British purpose of safeguarding their vested interests in India. It was a conspiracy between a run-away tyrant and a defeated rebel. The entire claim by the Congress to rule the country today is based upon this fiction that it gained a victory over the British in a revolutionary and non-violent war, while the truth is that it gained power only as a gift from the British who were willing to part with the external trappings of Imperialist glory to the reality of continuous economic domination, as part of a deal with them, that in exchange for the handing over of the civil and military power it would safeguard the foreign vested interests. This fiction which succeeded in hoodwinking the people for a while could not be sustained for any length of time. It is already wearing thin and that is why it is impossible for people any longer to display continued loyalty to the Congress.

In spite of its weakness the old Congress stood on a fact, on a sure foundation, and that was the reason it commanded the affection of the people. Today, in spite of its strength and its vast resources, the new Congress cannot command the allegiance or the affection of the people for the simple reason that it stands on a fiction, on a false claim which is a distortion of history.

And because this claim is wearing thin and the people do not any longer believe in it, the Congress leaders are trying their hand at manufacturing other claims to the people's affection. They have built up the personality of the dead Gandhi into a God. Not only is Gandhi to be worshipped as the Mahatma, the great teacher, the giver of Freedom and the Father of the Nation but his words are to be considered sacrosanct and should be treated as scripture—they hold good for all time. All this deification is carried on in spite of the brutal fact that Gandhi called for the dissolution of the Congress party with his last breath.

There was another fiction manufactured at the Indore session of the Congress. It was the mysterious connection between the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 and the Congress session of 1957. The military rebellion of a hundred years ago was put down with an iron hand and a shower of bullets by the British rulers. The rebels were painted as traitors in history books taught to the children. The century-old heroism of the soldiers is today being dug up by Congressmen to embellish their own want of heroism. The connection between Rani Lakshmi Bai of 1857 and the Lakshmi Bai Nagar of 1957 is just another fiction fabricated to bolster up the dying glory of the Congress party.

The 'achievement' of the Congress rule in India during the last decade is another attempt at the manufacture of fictions. Under British rule the children of India were compelled to learn by rote at the schools a long list of the benefits of the British rule. The list included many items like the building of Railway lines, Telegraphs, roads, schools, courts, police, army, navy, peace, law, order etc. etc. The new text books the Congress Government is writing for children and the voters of India include such items as dams, factories, bridges, air lines, *Panch Shila* etc. etc. The British did not mention in the old days

that the Railways, the Telegraphs, schools, courts, etc., were part of the inevitable development of civilisation of mankind, and would have come to India whether the British were here or not. Nor do the Congress rulers of the present day India mention the fact that the dams, factories and railways would have arrived whether the Congress took over power from the British or they did not. They are part of the world movement towards further heights of industrial advancement which were bound to take place whether the Congress ruled the country or not. Who knows that there would not have been more dams and factories in India if the British had continued to rule India without handing over power to the Congress party or if some party other than the Congress had taken over power from the British? Would not private enterprise build up the industries in India at a quicker pace than that under the present Socialist pattern which is fast transforming itself into Socialism?

The output of Congress fictions is growing apace. The tempo of the output increases with the growing insecurity that the party feels at the approach of elections. Will the voter in India see through the game? Will he see the fact in spite of the halo of fictions that is being woven around the Congress party?

SIDELIGHTS ::

SIR ANTHONY EDEN, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, has resigned. The reason put out for popular consumption is his failing health. But nobody takes it seriously. The real reason that led to the resignation was the disastrous failure of the Egyptian campaign on which he embarked in collaboration with the governments of France and Israel. The failure led to serious consequences not only to the prestige of

Britain which has been reduced to absolute nullity but also to a calamitous deterioration in internal affairs. Owing to the sudden stop of the inflow of oil from the Middle East, so vital a component of modernised industrial life, the production of all commodities have either slowed down or altogether stopped. Rationing of oil and petrol have had to be enforced. There is a scarcity everywhere. Prices have shot up. Britain's eco-

nomy which had been hard hit during the World War II but was subsequently making slow progress owing to the austerity programme initiated by the Labour Government and later kept up by the Conservatives has now been utterly dislocated by the Egyptian adventure of Sir Anthony Eden who will long be remembered in British history as the one man who brought about the ruin of his country by a single act of indiscretion. Speculations are rife as to what would have happened had President Eisenhower encouraged and approved of Sir Anthony's exploits, instead of curbing him and coming down upon him with a heavy hand as he did so mercilessly. There is no use in such speculation as it is now impossible to assess the possible results of hypothetical American support to British aggression. Not only Egypt but the entire Arab world might have been bombed and reduced to shambles by Anglo-French jet planes. Russia might have taken it lying down or she might not. World War III might have broken out and we might have witnessed the utter destruction by mutual atom bombing of human civilisation as we know it today and the putting back of the clock of progress by a thousand years. That frightening prospect was avoided by President Eisenhower's wise action which has put an end to Eden's political career. It is good that Sir Anthony has left. It is good for Britain which will now have a chance to recoup from the miseries caused by his mad attempt to bring back the days of Imperial glory. Eden's exit is a warning to the West that it should give up for all time its claim to dominate and to exploit the East. There is a brighter prospect now for the achievement of World Peace based on a realistic appreciation of human equality, irrespective of racial and creedal differences.

There was a head-on collision on the 5th instant between the Con-

gress President, Mr. U. N. Dhebar, and Mr. Mahavir Tyagi, the Union Minister for Defence, at a meeting of the delegates to the Congress. Mr. Tyagi had the temerity to own up to the fact that Pandit Nehru's personality was the real source of political power in India. Nehru was everything and the Congress was nothing. If the Congress was nothing, what was Mr. Dhebar, the Congress President? He was less than nothing. Naturally, Mr. Dhebar was incensed at that line of argument. He hotly contested this evaluation and protested furiously that he was himself something after all and therefore the Congress was something bigger and therefore not negligible. He did not, however, venture to assail the personality of Nehru, which he said was "an important factor." The funny part of this episode was that Pandit Nehru was a puzzled spectator of this controversy and did not know which side he should back up. But the fact is undeniable. Nehru is bigger than the Congress. He is so much bigger that he overshadows and reduces the Congress to insignificance. Time was when Gandhi played a similar role. He overshadowed the country, India. Many foreigners knew of India as only the land of Gandhi. Of course, Gandhi dominated the Congress. But Gandhi did not want to perpetuate the Congress. He passed a sentence of death on the Congress before he died. The Congress survives in spite of Gandhi and Gandhi's alleged greatness. Nehru plays a contrary role. He wants the Congress to survive him as a kind of memorial to his own greatness. It remains to be seen how long the memorial will last.

Mr. Dhebar's presidential address at the Indore Congress was characterised by much quibbling. It could not be otherwise, considering the fact that he had to present a case before the people of India to permit the

marriage of the Congress with "socialism" cancelling the old liaison with the "Socialistic Pattern of Society." He had to justify the choice of 'Socialism' as the only way open to India to build up industrial strength in the face of the achievements in post-war West Germany and Japan which have built up giant industrial power out of the shambles left by the ravages of war by sheer strength of free enterprise and without the least admixture of the 'socialist pattern' or of pure 'Socialism'. Mr. Dhebar did not face the issue squarely but sidetracked it by alleging that India's problem was different from that of West Germany or of Japan because her economy was primitive and feudal. Mr. Dhebar forgets the elementary fact that the world is fast shrinking in size and the world's economy is getting integrated. There is no such thing as primitive economy in the modern world although worshippers of the past like Congressmen may be tilting at the wind mills and attempting to revive dead industries like the Charka which would fit in only with a primitive economic system. The task of the industrial build up of India is much simpler than the one faced by the Governments in West Germany or Japan. New cities have sprung up in Nagasaki and Hiroshima, which were burnt to ashes by atom bombs. New factories, new houses, new farms, new roads, bridges and railways have sprung up in West Germany, bigger and mightier than those destroyed by the ravages of Hitlerite war. The reconstruction was possible because scope was afforded for individuals who were given full freedom to give of their best in the great task and were not hindered by red tape and bureaucracy inevitable in a collectivist socialistic set-up. The Congress has chosen the wrong road which leads only to totalitarianism, dictatorship and misery for the worker.

SETHU

WHEN
YOU ARE
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TEA
CALMS
YOU



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PET. 140

PEDLAR'S PACK

WHEN the late Bernard Shaw had established himself as a successful dramatist, there were frequent calls from the audience for the appearance of the playwright on the stage to receive ovations. On one such occasion when the demonstration was particularly fervid, the monotony of the proceedings was varied by a solitary 'boo!' issuing from one part of the theatre. Quick to seize every opportunity for mounting one of his sallies, Shaw turned to the quarter from which the censorious monosyllable came, and making his best bow exclaimed: 'My dear Sir, I entirely agree with you; but what can two of us do against such a crushing majority?' Thus he raised the laugh against his detractor.

I am reminded of this story in connection with the magisterial disapproval of the Eisenhower Doctrine to which Pandit Nehru has given (as usual) voluble expression. Seeing that the countries most directly and immediately concerned—Iran, Iraq and Turkey—have welcomed it with varying degrees of joy or relief, what is our *locus standi* to object to it? Even Syria and Egypt have been guarded in their reactions; they are willing to look the gift horse in the mouth—to assure themselves it won't be a Trojan horse! The ruler of Saudi Arabia is shortly to make a pilgrimage to the Mecca of the Free world, presumably voluntarily. Thus the entire Middle East seems to have an attitude to this orientation of American policy which is strikingly different from, if not opposed to, our own. Indeed, if we persist in denouncing the American move, we may even succeed in sowing the seeds of suspicion in those countries concerning our own bona fides. Prudence as well as commonsense therefore indicate the desirability of our practising a greater degree of reticence on this question.

Unfortunately it is a matter of some concern that responsible men in India should be found misrepresenting the American attitude towards the Middle-

East. C. R. has gone to the extent of accusing the U. S. of wishing to step into the shoes of Britain. But the Eisenhower statement makes it specific that there is to be no preventive occupation of any part of the area by American forces. America merely advertises its readiness to offer help to those who may stand in need of it. This may call for criticism on a priori considerations. But it isn't cricket to misrepresent it.

One of the relaxations of the Prime Minister during the course of the recent Congress proceedings at Laxmibai Nagar was to go to a rocky place and shout out: 'Will Rajiv and Sanjiv be great?' He did so because he was told that echoes answered one in that particular spot. When the last word was repeated by the echo, he is said to have been gratified. So Nature too is echoing its master's voice! As an antidote to the Prime Minister's preoccupation with greatness, may we offer the following good wish to the youngsters concerned?

Be good sweet boys
Let who will be great:
Do not mistake noise
For a blest or happy state!

Rumours that Sri V. K. Krishna Menon is to be withdrawn from our delegation to the U. N. O. have been authoritatively denied. It is pointed out that not only would he continue to lead the Indian team, but that his standing in U. N. circles is higher than that of any other world-diplomat.

Our Prime Minister is justly vain on
Having found a prodigy in Menon:
Since he cares not for power or pelf
We shouldn't put him on the shelf:
As Minister without portfolio
He should be honoured with his portrait
in oleo!

LIBRA.

POLAND AND THE EUROPEAN CRISIS

By J. VIJAYATUNGA

[J. Vijayatunga, well-known author and publicist was in Poland for a month during October-November last. In this first-hand article he gives an inside view of Poland in the context of present-day affairs in Europe.—Ed.]

THE tragic events of the past three months in Hungary have made many people ask, How is it that Poland has maintained friendly relations with Russia without becoming a satellite?

The answer is that Poland has already paid a very high price for her independence, and will pay any price in order to be free from foreign interference.

This would have remained a mere wish, but for one outstanding fact, namely, that all Poles, no matter of what political leaning, are intense lovers of their land. If they do not agree with the party in power they would prefer to live in exile rather than invite foreign aid. In Poland's long struggle for freedom she has produced no Quislings.

Hungary's struggle for freedom has been just as intense, but it has been a disjointed, haphazard struggle, in the course of which she has produced more than one quisling, who for the sake of temporary power, has been content to take orders from outsiders.

Operations from Abroad

Circumstances have sometimes forced Polish political workers to direct their activities from outside. There were such centres in Switzerland, in Russia, in France and during the war, in England. Beirut, who became Prime Minister after Germany's defeat, spent the greater part of his political career in Russia. The reconstruction of Poland after its complete devastation by the

Nazis was mainly under Beirut's Prime Ministership. Beirut and his Cabinet accepted Russian aid in the rebuilding of Warsaw, and in building the mighty Lenin Works, known as Nowa Huta, outside Krakow.

But friendship with, even gratitude to, Russia did not make the Poles overlook for one moment the danger-line where foreign aid was concerned. East Germany, Hungary, and other countries which were liberated by Russian military strength had to accept terms. Poland offered terms. Friendship towards Russia is included in these terms. And Wladyslaw Gomulka was able to reiterate that Poland's policy would continue to be friendship with Russia at the same time that he insisted on Russia withdrawing her troops to stations on the eastern border.

Secret of Poland's Strength

Poland's strength does not lie in armed forces. Her reconstruction from 1945 till now has absorbed all her man-power and national resources. Her strength lies in her determination to be master of her own house. And this Russia and all her other neighbours know.

Poland's geographical position makes it incumbent for her to be friendly with her neighbours on the east and the west. According to her own economic needs she has necessarily to lean a little more in one direction or the other. But this does not imply political dependence.

Poland's present political stability has a great bearing upon European

peace. Hungary's own struggle draws considerable strength from the trend of public affairs in Poland.

During the last three months, the world has heard much of Gomulka, the leader of the United Workers Party, the party commanding the confidence of the country. Gomulka's integrity has never been questioned. His personal life and character, and his political career have been ample proof of his capacity for leadership.

The Personal Element

There is no country where personal ties count for less than Poland. I have seen Warsaw's squares thronged to capacity when Gomulka staged his come-back. Airplanes dropped leaflets bearing his address to students and workers. Newspapers ran extra editions. Not a single copy of a Warsaw newspaper remained unsold during these hectic days in Warsaw.

This does not mean a personality cult. Gomulka indeed is today Poland's strong man, the man who can deliver the goods in the matter

of internal problems, and the man who can deal with foreign powers in the name of Poland. On October 29, Gomulka in a statement addressed to Mr. Janos Kadar (then First Secretary), and Mr. Nagy (then Prime Minister) referred to the promises of the Hungarian Government in terms of "full national sovereignty, withdrawal of Russian troops and friendship with the Soviet Union on Leninist principles of equality."

But Gomulka himself would be the last person to arrogate to himself the powers of a dictator. The Polish temperament would have none of it. And the patriotism of the Pole is such that patriotism is its own reward and not preferments of office.

The Polish poet Z. Benkowski has well expressed this great love:

Because thy soil is Heaven more than Earth
It nourished us with famine, but oftener still with thirst,
A fragment of thy walls is like a piece of bread,
And sheer inspiration—of Vistula's waves one drop.

on the French Convention revolutionary tribunal.

The 3,000,000th volume recently was added to the University of Illinois Library in Urbana-Champaign, the largest of any state University in the United States and third among all universities. The library is expanding at the rate of 100,000 volumes a year. In addition to 3,000,000 volumes it has nearly a million other items—pamphlets, microfilms, music, maps, aerial photographs, sound recordings, prints, and manuscripts. The 3,000,000th book is a rare volume, Pomponius Mela's *Cosmographia*, printed at Salamanca, Spain, in 1498. It is the first geographical publication to recognize and mention the discovery of America. The next mention of the New World is in Martin Waldseemüller's *Cosmographia*, of 1507, which was the first to designate the area "America."—USIS.

Cultural Notes

A copy of what is believed to be the only known first edition of Thomas Paine's tract, *The Age of Reason*, has been discovered by a Yale University researcher. The 80-page pamphlet is in French and dated 1793, one year earlier than previously known copies. Written while Paine was in Paris, it appears to be an uncomplete version of the final edition, which was published in two parts in 1794 and 1795. It contains four pages of material that does not appear in the later editions.

The pamphlet was acquired recently by Colonel Richard Gimbel, curator of aeronautical literature at the Yale University library.

Thomas Paine composed *The Age of Reason* at the time of the French Revolution, during which he served

PROF. RENE HUYGHE AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ART

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

AMONG the French art writers of today, Rene Huyghe is a personality of the first order. He belongs to the line of such well-known art historians as Elie Faure, Focillon and Emile Male, and by his participation in most of the art movements of the last twenty years he has come to have a profound understanding of contemporary art. In two important volumes *Les Contemporains* and *La Peinture actuelle* he has traced the development of present-day art through all its intricate ramifications. Being a director of the French Museum, he has an extensive knowledge of the art of the past. His rise to a high position in the art world has been rapid. Born in 1906 and attached to the Louvre at 21 years of age he rose to be assistant curator at 24 and chief curator of the Department of Paintings and Drawings at the age of 31. After an exhaustive study of museum organization throughout the world as well as in Russia and the two Americas, he set about transforming the galleries at the Louvre.

His Approach To Art

Director of several art reviews *Quadrige* and *Amour de l'Art*, he is also the author of a number of critical studies *Watteau*; *Vermeer*; *The French Portrait*; *Cezanne* and *Gauguin*. In these studies Prof. Rene Huyghe was one of the first to adopt a psychological approach. This induced the College de France to create a chair for the 'Psychology of Plastic Arts' and invite him to be lecturer. He is a brilliant speaker always full of enthusiasm, and at times is almost carried away by his interest in the subject. He always draws a big attendance, and is perhaps the greatest at-

traction since the days of Bergson. Anyone who has heard him lecture on Irish Art or on Delacroix must have admired the intensity with which he analyses and presents his subject. His estimate of an artist or a period is very far from that of a specialist. "Beware of those who are single-minded and have only one idea," he warns us.

His own approach to art is many-sided and very different to the dogmatic attitude of certain writers of the past. Coming after Focillon and Emile Male, he is inclined naturally enough to lay stress on the evolution of forms. He often brings a psycho-analytic estimate, after the manner of Jung, to bear on an artist's work. "A work of art," he tells us, "carries a significance as extensive as the inner life and its unseen regions so that the historical and plastic points of view alone are insufficient." "Painting," he remarks, "is a mirror of the soul, the language of that vast ocean of the Unconscious in which thought is little more than an island. It reveals the prodigious depth and extent of the human mind. Much nearer to the senses than words are, it is less apt to convey ideas and can only attempt to do so at great risks. On the other hand, it is the interpreter of hidden regions, the diver in deep seas. Painting can reveal to us those hidden powers which are near to the organic sources of our being." All art when sincere and not merely a copy of appearances is full of such obscure intimations. We have had to wait until the present day to discover these unknown regions of the psyche. "Surrealism," he explains, "was originally

a movement which attempted to contact the dark realms of the Unconscious. Like every new effort, however, it declined in the long run, into artifice and convention."

If Surrealists and abstract painters have plumbed the depths and discovered the strange monsters of the Subconscious Mind, there are also great artists who are able to express the regions of the Higher Consciousness. For, as Prof. Huyghe points out, "Plotinus thought that painting could reveal regions which are beyond the senses and the power of logic where one reaches a state of ecstasy. The great mystics from Greco to Rembrandt have shown that Art can render that other form of darkness which proceeds from an excess of light."

Psychological Insights

The mystery of the work of art has increased enormously within the present century so that between the scientific and objective attitude of the past and the psychological insights of Prof. Huyghe, there would seem to be centuries. For, he assures us that "The images in our mind are not merely reflections of the outer world which we perceive, but proceed also from the inner world. With a painting this is particularly so since a work of art includes the spirit of its creator." And thus a strange plant has grown whose roots plunge into the visible world around us and, at the same time, into the depths of the psyche. It is more or less the reproduction of the outer world and, at the same time, an emanation of the artist himself. For the spectator it is an image of the known world, and on the other hand, a reflection of the unknown which has taken on shape and form."

In his monumental work *A Dialogue with the Visible* (Flammarion) from which I have taken my quotations, Prof. Huyghe traces the psychological signification of art from its prehistoric beginnings to the present day.

After examining all the different phases and the exhaustion of one tendency after another he concludes that the supreme *raison d'être* of a work of art consists in its power "to create a spiritual state of mind by means of plastic harmony."

Mystery Of Modern Art

At no period in the world's history has there been such a wealth of information as there is today; nor has Art at any previous period been subject to so many influences as in our time. Prof. Huyghe by a remarkable blend of intuition and erudition is better equipped than most others to unravel and define the complicated ramifications of Modern Art. For he is aware of the multiplicity of new approaches that have been sprung upon us in recent years. In his essay on French Drawing he shows that in all progress there is a movement away from the static towards the mobile and then towards the purely immaterial. "How far we have evolved from those patient efforts of the 15th century to render only the static and physical aspects of the world!"

In his studies of certain contemporary artists, Prof. Huyghe himself would appear to have evolved a way that is parallel to these new trends. Describing the mystic characters of Rouault's art he says: "Both in his life and in his art Rouault had to pass through the trial of darkness. Having survived the test he arrived at a state of inner peace and splendour. His colours began to irradiate a palpable light like that of Byzantine mosaics, and he attained to a new beauty, recast as it were from an unknown source of light."

This psychological insight into the artist and his work can be found in all his lectures and writings. It is in strong contrast to the objective outlook of Taine, Ruskin and other art writers of the past, and it belongs to one of the most penetrating minds of this century.

PAKISTAN TO INVADE INDIA?

By SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

WHILE we are wasting our energy, time and money in preaching *Pancha Shila* to the whole world, Pakistan is preparing for a final showdown with India.

"Why should we give our enemy a preview of what we have in store for them?" said the Commander-in-Chief of Pakistan when questioned why India was not invited to witness the combined manoeuvres of Pakistan's Army and American equipped Air Force held in Pakistan recently. In view of the outburst of the Pakistan C-in-C followed by that of the Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Pakistan that India is Pakistan's only enemy, we can no longer afford to be complacent in regard to our defences.

The recent combined military exercises are only a grand rehearsal for a showdown with India at a later date, and they foreshadow another invasion of India by Ghazni Suhrawardi and Ghori Noon.

Preparations For The Showdown

The Americans have provided Pakistan with a number of sabre-jets of F-86 types comparable with Russian MIGs, and also latest weapons such as rockets and shells with atomic heads.

A number of Pakistani pilots are being trained in America, Britain and West Germany. The Pakistani defence forces are now being completely remodelled on the American pattern. Nearly 75,000 troops trained in latest weapons by British and American officers are waiting for the *Jehad* call from the Pakistani Prime Minister.

Pakistan has moved a large number of its troops into the Azad Kashmir and East Pakistan. There are now

reports of heavy concentration of troops in Rawalpindi, Gilgit, Peshawar, Lahore and all along the Indian borders. According to a certain reliable source, Pakistan may launch a *Jehad* against India probably after this winter—sometime about the end of February when India will go to polls.

Brisk Work by Pak Spies

Approximately about 2,500 Pakistanis are reported to be coming to India daily, and they remain here much longer than their visas permitted: many of these Pakistani nationals were reported to have been involved in the recent book agitation by the Muslims in India. Bhopal is the centre of all such disruptionist activities of Pakistani agents in India. These Pakistani spies collect information and send it over to a certain diplomatic source. They have also maintained regular contact with the Muslim Leaguers in India to whom they pass on instructions received from Pakistan. There is also a strong rumour that some secret information about the supply position of our naval armaments and details of every movement in Bombay docks of strategic importance are sent through the transmitter at the Prong Light House and the transmitter of the S. P. V. Kennary in Bombay to Karachi on secret wavelengths by Pak spies in Bombay docks.

The Pak spies in India are in daily contact with all Muslim Leaguers in India, and are said to be the moving spirits behind the recent book agitation, Delhi bomb incidents, revival of Muslim League in various States and the recent Muslim conventions held in different parts of our country. The very object of the move to revive Muslim League in India is to

rouse the consciousness of the Indian Muslims regarding the need to "defend" Islam now "threatened" by the Kaffars so that they may function here as Pakistan's "shock-brigades" and actively support Pak invasion of India.

Portugal in The Picture

Pakistan's ally Portugal is said to have promised to help Pakistan in case of her invasion of India and according to an Urdu daily of Karachi, Portuguese naval units are standing by to bombard Bombay!

Pakistan's foreign policy has failed miserably. Pakistan has become most unpopular even among the Arab nations on account of its recent support to the Anglo-French aggression in Egypt. Economically, Pakistan has virtually become insolvent and bankrupt. Whatever be the failure of Pakistan's domestic and foreign policy, the bugbear of India is always there to distract the people's attention, and that is why perhaps Pandit Nehru anticipated "some little trouble" from Pakistan.

Will there be a people's revolution in Pakistan against the reactionary Fascist warlords and bandits of Pakistan? Or will the Pakistani rulers succeed in fooling their people this time too? How long can we afford to remain complacent in regard to our defences when Pakistan is preparing for a war with India and vainly hoping for better relations with Pakistan? Our sermons on *Pancha Shila* and non-violence can hardly be an effective answer to Pakistan's armed might. *Panch Shila* at best can serve as an empty consolation to the ignorant and lazy, and at worst a menace to our freedom.

"Accept The Challenge"

India needs a radical reorientation of her policy regarding Pakistan if she is not to go under and be submerged in an Islamic resurgence.

Our policy of appeasement must give way to a firm and positive policy towards Pakistan based on complete reciprocity. In view of the threat of *Jehad* openly held out by the responsible leaders of Pakistan and the mounting threats of war from the two aggressive wings of Pakistan, we must give priority to our defence. India's history is full of foreign invasions and conquests because of our internal feuds, disunity and unpreparedness for war, and if we refuse to learn any lesson from our past experience, Indian history will repeat itself. If we fail in our duty to exercise perpetual vigilance over the enemies of our country whether across our borders and within our land, and maintain an efficient intelligence department to discover the sources of disaffection and watch the hostile moves of our neighbours and their efforts to plant Fifth Columns, another era of slavery will dawn on us.

Militarisation of our nation is the need of the hour. Let us accept Pakistan's challenge. Let us not allow the Ghazni and Ghori to succeed again. India must make it clear to Pakistan that any attack on Kashmir will be considered as an attack on India and will mean war with India. While nobody in India wants to undo the partition, war with India will certainly and inevitably annul the partition and result in the re-union of India and Pakistan!

HOSTEL FACILITIES FOR WOMEN

Free hostel facilities will be provided to a few poor and deserving women for enabling them to take advantage of the Educational and Training courses offered in the Mahila Vidyalaya, Industrial Institute, and the Printing press of the Andhra Mahila Sabha, Mylapore, Madras. Applications should reach the Secretary on or before the 25th January, 1957, with postage stamps to the value of annas Four.

TAMBARAM TO BEACH

By M. P. JOHN

If you feel bored, and if the Heart Specialist has not yet warned you against occasional flights to heights of excitement, you may take a stroll along the railway platform at Tambaram. That is what I did, the other day.

A crowd had already gathered there, and I assumed that some dignitary or other may be passing through. I was feeling so bored that I could not even work up some curiosity to make enquiries. Moreover, I prefer to see my Leaders only in pictures; seeing them in flesh and blood, in a background of common folks like me, sort of takes away their glamour.

Then things happened without warning. An electric train pulled up at the platform. The crowd made for it as if they intended to tear it with bare hands. I was caught up in the whirl, and before I could think of the word "Knife," let alone say it, I found myself in a compartment. My never-questioned loyalty to the Government revolted against the idea of a ticketless travel. But there was nothing I could do about it. Before I could again think of the word I wanted to say, the train was gathering speed.

And there I stood, with my right arm over the shoulders of a man I had never met before, but who seemed to agree that there was no other place for that arm of mine. I did not know where my left hand was, but I did know that the hand in my pocket was not mine. Of course, I too agreed there was no other place for that hand of someone, and I even appreciated the fact that the unknown friend seemed to know that putting his hand in a journalist's pocket is no crime.

Then an ex-gentleman with an ex-

second-class look got angry with the harbour-worker next to him. He wanted to hit him, but his fists were wedged in among the crowds and were not available for active service. Any wonder we are a great success at *Panch Shila*?

The train stopped with a jerk. A school boy had fallen from the entrance where he was hanging on to the train. No doubt his hands must have ached so much that he would have decided it would be a relief to die. His parents would be looking out for him in the evening—the Darling who would grow up to a big strong man and would take care of his Mum and Dad.

As the train moved on again, a man pulled the chain. He had seen another child fall off! But enquiries proved he was wrong. So the train started. The man pulled the chain once again; this time he had distinctly seen a child fall. That too proved wrong! The man's name and address were noted down. But the moment the train gathered speed he shouted "Johnny, my Son!" and pulled the chain. There was horror in his eyes—he had gone mad.

"One dead and one gone mad, quite an achievement for five minutes of a Five-Year Plan," someone commented. "You see why I don't allow my patients to travel by train?" added the Heart Specialist . . .

I managed to move up to a man with a "Mambalam-face." My speculation proved wrong as the seat did not fall vacant at Mambalam. Do people get down at stations, I wondered. They were getting in all right.

The train reached Egmore. There was a terrific movement inside. I loudly protested I did not want to get down. People sympathised with me, but I found myself on the plat-

form. I reminded myself it was just as well, for, firstly I had nowhere to go, and secondly, had I a ticket to anywhere?

I had just resigned myself to being discharged at Egmore when the crowd on the platform moved and put me right back in the train. Say, in this City, do folks reach places as a matter of luck?

The train reached the Beach station.

No one moved. I struggled out. No one else moved! What on earth was the matter? I was to learn. They had all got in from intermediate stations for a seat (or standing accommodation) for the return journey!

I looked back, then walked as fast as I could, I had just discovered that I had been travelling in a women's compartment.

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"A PASSAGE TO INDIA"

A REVALUATION—II

CHARACTERISATION

By P. M.

MR. Forster's powers of characterisation have come in for extravagant, if not hyperbolic, praise. The initial reactions of even Indians themselves a generation ago were a mixture of gratification and exultation, since they were found good enough to be put into a novel as living characters. The country was then—and still is in many directions—under the sway of an overwhelming inferiority complex; and so a critical examination of the characters gave place to bemused admiration. Now after a generation, when we read the novel again, we find a sense of growing irritation at the way the Indian characters are introduced, handled and developed. Briefly stated, there is not one single Indian in the entire novel who is normal, decent, manly, average and immune from the literary tricks of caricature, satire, irony, exaggeration and ridicule. A novel is supposed to represent a cross-section of the life that is lived. Every society has its own excrescences, eccentrics, knaves, crooks, fools, simpletons etc. But there is such a thing as the stream of average humanity. If there is none to represent it, you will inevitably promote an unreal impression. In short, we complain that there is no normal character on the Indian side like Fielding to represent the English side. There are scandalous generalisations on Indians, their manners, outlook and behaviour, there are ironical innuendoes and satiric asides all of which tend to promote the impression that the Indians are an inferior lot, taken all in all. Let us illustrate these aspects as well from

Mr. Forster's own words and descriptions.

Dr. Aziz

We may as well begin with Fielding's favourite and by implication the author's favourite too. Dr. Aziz is represented as impulsive, warm-hearted, bursting to be hospitable to the English, ashamed of his humble dwelling, in short eager to please the English who have condescended to take notice of him. The inwardness of all this is nothing else but a sense of inferiority from which he suffers chronically. He brags and blusters, but obeys the call of the Major like a whipped dog. After all, there ought to be duty turns in a hospital, and every doctor has a right to his hours of rest. This subservience of Aziz to his superiors brings out his own slave mentality, although he brags in a confident tone of Moghul greatness, of his ancestors among the Pathans as though they would justify or reconcile him to his present down-trodden condition. All the other Indians surrounding him are defamed as spies, informers or knaves. Since he an Indian says so, the reader has perforce to accept it as the gospel truth; the unwary reader whether Indian or foreign goes away with a poor impression of the character of Indians in general.

He is said to be a poet, but not a line of his poetry is given as proof during the entire course of the novel. So we may take it as a Pickwickian accomplishment!

He has no delicacy or reticence. He takes out the photograph of his dead

wife and shows it to Fielding while at the same time he asserts his faith in the efficacy of the *purdah*. He is made responsible for the innuendo that every man looks upon a woman with lustful eyes; and so was the institution of the veil enjoined by Islam. Because he has come to look upon Fielding as his brother, he thinks there is no harm in showing him the photo of his wife. A little later, he discusses female beauty with a crude vulgarity which causes revulsion, but Fielding hears him amused and indulgent and perhaps approvingly too! What a sensual man he is is revealed from his remark on Miss Quested's lack of beauty, and the reason for his going to Calcutta for a spree! No doubt this sort of salacious talk can be justified in certain circles; but we contend that it does not represent the norm of decent talk in cultivated society.

He collapses on the eve of his arrest, and cries abjectly: 'My name, my children!' He does not show the strength of a virtuous man in the face of unmerited suffering. His attempt to run away to evade arrest is childish and contemptible. Just before that ordeal, he had been bluffing himself into all sorts of pleasant fancies about Miss Quested having gone away merely out of pique. He either gives evasive answers to Fielding or tells downright lies. Why? because he is that type of man of straw for whom even his creator himself has *no respect*.

When through the unappreciated heroism and candour of Miss Quested, he comes out a hero, his reaction is one of insensate hatred of that woman. He plans to ruin her, and gloats over the prospect with Shylock-like gusto. It takes all the art of Fielding to wean him away from such a revenge. But what is supposed to have moved him was the invocation of the name of Mrs. Moore. This merely shows how his loyalties are as

unreasoning as his aversions. If he had any spark of chivalry, he would have remembered not the original complaint of Miss Quested but her magnanimous and heroic recantation. When a little later, Fielding himself calls him a 'little rotter' the title fits him like a hand in glove. For he is a rotter, and there is no mistake about it. Fielding no doubt apologises to him afterwards, but the apology cannot wipe out the traits in the book which justify the epithet for all time. He tries to injure poor Ralph in answering revenge against Major Callendar having ill-treated Nureddin in hospital. Although he is said to be shocked by Miss Quested's query as to the number of his wives, his monogamic zeal is not proof against the imperious call of the flesh, for we are told that he took another woman after coming to Mau.

Lastly his nationalism is camouflage for pan-Islamism. Fielding trips him up in the last page by asking him the question: 'Whom would you have in the place of the British? The Japanese?' By the way, this is a pointer to the date of the novel as *after* the first world war and not before it! Aziz replies with unthinking readiness: 'We will get the Pathans' thus proving where his spiritual home lay. Fielding naturally makes fun of his reply to the discomfiture not of Aziz but of the Indian cause in general. For, Aziz was singularly wide of the mark in mouthing the demand of the Nationalist for freedom. Historically it is not only not true—it is a gross travesty of the truth. For the Muslim entreated the British power to stay on to the end. When he found that Britain had to quit, he let him go only after getting the consolation prize of Pakistan. Forster has thus proved himself to be one of the most obtuse of false prophets in literary history. Incidentally, it throws a

flood of light on the mental workings of Fielding himself. Hailed as the best friend of India, and striving manfully to espouse the cause of persecuted Indians throughout the book, he is found in his heart of hearts to entertain the opinion that Indians cannot manage their affairs alone and unaided; that they must have some master or other; and that if the British went, the Japs would certainly move in. He could not have derived such a damaging impression of us Indians in the mass except from his reactions to one friend, namely Aziz.

We may therefore conclude that in Aziz, Forster has given an unconvincing, inconsistent and self-stultifying type of Indian character whom Hindus would certainly disown with indignation. And now that Pakistan has come, Aziz might feel more at home there with the leanings of that country to foreign help in many dubious and some dangerous directions.

But we contend that there are better types of Indians—Muslims and Hindus—than Aziz. Mr. Forster either did not know them or had no use for them so far as the requirements of his novel were concerned.

Prof. Godbole:

If the 'little rotter' Aziz is painted with sympathetic understanding, Godbole is the victim of the author's equivocal and sometimes unkind irony. Prof. Godbole is a caricature of a pious Hindu; he is represented as profound and subtle, but talks a kind of cheap Vedanta which is a poor burlesque of that sublime doctrine. He is represented as totally deficient in a sense of humour but with a genius for diplomacy which is unconvincing. Politics as such do not obsess him, because he has reserves of spiritual power; but

from the sketch, he looks more like a sanctimonious humbug trying to be in with everybody, feathering his nest and keeping himself to himself. He is apparently intended to represent the obscurantist Hindu luxuriating in old-world observances, forgetting the modern predicament and by it forgot. His failure to reach the station in time is ascribed to a religious reason which is patently absurd. The novelist wants to eliminate the two namely Fielding and Godbole from the expedition to make the catastrophe more natural. That Godbole was late at prayers is a too transparent pretext to convince any one. After all, Fielding could have jumped over the level-crossing even if Godbole was too old and dignified for the feat.

In the management of the dialogue, it is a curious fact that while Aziz is the only character who speaks his English more or less correctly and idiomatically, all the other characters, particularly the Hindus, speak comic English. Prof. Godbole is made the worst victim of Babu English, and after him come Ram Chand and Dr. Panna Lal. This is a ludicrous misrepresentation of truth; for it has been the Hindu who took to English earlier and mastered it better than the Muslim, and that it has always been the Muslim who has been backward in mastering English. There may no doubt be individual exceptions; but it is not artistically convincing or actually true to represent the case as the reverse of the truth. Prof. Godbole makes a holocaust of all his articles and is made to look comic; and yet he is supposed to be the best type of representative Hindu in the novel. All that we can say is that Mr. Forster did not come within miles of any real, living, educated, cultured Hindu. So his creations are worse than men of straw, and are knocked down even before they could be set up.

All the elaborate description of the Gokulashtami festivities is in a mock-

serious style which leaves us in no doubt as to the author's attitude to the show as little better than tomfoolery. He mars the solemnity of the occasion as well as its unforced and naive gaiety by interpolating the death of the Maharajah on the memorable night. Maharajahs must no doubt die one day or other like other mortals. But the choice of that particular day was undoubtedly dictated by *malice prepense*—the author evidently taking a sort of puckish delight in throwing a span-

ner into the works at the psychological moment.

Such is the lot of the most important Indian types introduced; the rest are stage property, shades of shadows, mere abstractions that flit across the pages like the indistinct and muffled figures in a confused dream. But they are all sub-normal in one way or another. If such are the Indians dwelling in India, there is a cast-iron case for their being governed by foreigners for all time!

(To be continued)

NEHRU'S OUTBURST AGAINST KHRUSHCHEV?

EVERY American Journal of importance is speculating on the talks President Eisenhower and Prime Minister Nehru had at Washington and Gettysburg. From an unimpeachable source the following is given as the general trends of these talks:—

Russia's Guilt

Ike roundly criticized India's U. N. delegation chief, Krishna Menon's opinions and Pandit Nehru heard the President out in silence. Then, to the President's surprise, Nehru expressed stronger criticism of Russia than he has ever done publicly. Nehru was furious, he said, over Russia's breach of faith: Moscow had gulled him into the fiction that the Soviet actions in Hungary were aimed at restoring order and peace. Angrily Nehru exploded that the Russians had been guilty of wholesale bloodletting and ruthless tyranny.

As for the Russian personalities, Nehru plainly told the President that he was revolted by the personal conduct of Top Communist Nikita Khrushchev (lavishly entertained in India last year), most particularly by his drinking habits. Nehru cited instance of Khrushchev's drunkenness at diplomatic receptions. He also took

exception to undiplomatic Red tirades, and boastings—behaviour that last month sent Western diplomats storming out of two Moscow diplomatic functions.

The U. S.'s Reward

Extravagantly Nehru praised U. S. conduct in the Suez flare-up, i.e. Ike's forceful denunciation of British and French aggression, informed him that the American attitude opened the door to a new era of confidence and co-operation between the U. S. and India, as well as with the rest of the non-Communist Asia. Along with this praise was the implication that India can now act as an advocate of the U. S. among the non-Caucasian peoples of the Middle East and Asia. When the talk turned to money, Ike assured his guest of American willingness to co-operate (possibly with long-term credits) in helping along India's second five-year plan.

There was no discussion of any acts or commitments, but each acknowledged that they had come to understand the other better and that the ultimate link between the two countries is a dedication to world peace.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

BIOGRAPHY IN WESTERN FILMS

By MARIE SETON

MANY films which purport to be biographical and historical have little to do with history and nothing to do with real biography. They are romantic films built around a popular historical figure; for example, Napoleon or the first Queen Elizabeth of England. Or a film can be fashioned around an historical villain or villainess. Catherine the Great of Russia has figured in two or three films, including one interpreted by Marlene Dietrich.

There is, of course, a second type of film which utilizes biography rather less romantically, but is, if I can describe it so, highly biased biography and distorted history. These particular films present an historical character from one angle alone, generally the imperialistic or nationalistic; while the other side of the case is omitted. I am sorry to say that two striking examples of this type of film were produced in England: the films *Clive of India* and *Rhodes of Africa*. In neither case was the Indian side nor that of the African and Boer presented in any manner corresponding with objective fact. Clive and Rhodes, both of whom were highly questionable characters in history, were presented in terms of heroic and unsullied virtue.

There is, of course, a third type of biographical film. This is the film which endeavours to be a serious interpretation of its chosen character. The cinema has not produced many such serious biographical films; but at least there are a sufficient number of such pictures as to stand in a class by themselves.

Credit must go to Hollywood for producing three important biographical films which strove to rise above the ordinary level of entertainment: *The Life of Emily Zola* (the 19th century French novelist), *Dr. Pasteur* (which was an interpretation of the

great doctor's work) and the film, produced during the last war, dramatizing the life of Woodrow Wilson and the founding of the League of Nations.

"Examples Of Cinema Art"

But here I would like to dwell in greater detail about several other biographical films. These are not only interesting from the biographical point of view, but are remarkable as examples of cinema art.

The first is the outstanding silent film, *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, produced in France in 1929 and directed by the Dane, Carl Dreyer. This film, which is now a landmark in the cinema, concentrates upon the trial of Joan of Arc by her inquisitors and her sentence to death. Dreyer's approach to his subject was unique. By using the simplest of settings, which made no attempt to imitate the exact style of 13th century France, he concentrated upon recreating the Medieval period through the presentation of character. Almost the entire drama of the trial and the passion of Joan—that is, her spiritual conflict between recanting her alleged heresies or dying, is shown in large close-ups in which the faintest expressions and movements build up the impression of Medieval intolerance and terror.

Another very remarkable biographical film is Sergei Eisenstein's *Ivan the Terrible*. This film called forth much discussion when it was first released in 1945. Both its content and form evoked much argument. As to its content: Many viewers and critics maintained the Eisenstein's interpretation of Ivan, the Tsar who consolidated the Russian State, was little more than a cloak for a portrait of Joseph Stalin. Undoubtedly certain parallels were emphasized, especially in some of the dialogue. But this film was one of the most

intricate biographical films yet made. Eisenstein attempted to relate the inner man, Ivan, with Ivan the Statesman.

As in *The Passion of Joan of Arc*, the period—this time 15th century Russia—was recreated in the most powerful manner. To this end Eisenstein also used very large and effective close-ups. But this method of portraying the period was to use settings exactly copied from the surviving places and churches of the period. For example, the Kremlin and the Uspensky Cathedral within the Kremlin wall. To the setting were added genuine 15th century objects obtained from museums. Even some of the costumes were from museums.

Eisenstein's remarkable attempt to evoke the bizarre and violent period and the personal strangeness of Ivan the Terrible was further aided by the style of acting which he evolved. I believe that Eisenstein adapted certain characteristics from the Japanese Kabuki Theatre, in which he was greatly interested. But he fashioned these characteristics so that they blended with the Byzantine settings. The total effect was of people akin to the frescoes which adorn the walls of 15th century Russian churches. By this stylization a curious reality is imparted to the extraordinary character of Ivan the Terrible.

It is a great misfortune for cinematography that Sergei Eisenstein never lived to complete his proposed trilogy on Ivan the Terrible. Only the first part has been released.

The third film which is impressive biography is *Jan Huss*, a Czechoslovak film. It is an outstanding model of a carefully conceived and executed biographical film.

Jan Huss is not only the greatest national hero of the Czechs, but he is also one of the major figures of the European Reformation—that period in which the revolt against certain practices of the Roman Catholic Church led to the formation of

the Protestant Church. Sometime ago I saw a very theatrical and sentimental biographical film about Martin Luther, who heralded the Reformation, which was furthered by Huss. The contrast between the two films—*Martin Luther* and *Jan Huss* is very great indeed. *Martin Luther* is a sentimental tract without the slightest feeling of the period. *Jan Huss* must stand extremely high in the way of biographical films.

Its presentation, which is in subdued and very good colour, is realistic in every detail and the atmosphere of the period is maintained throughout. But it is not the technical excellence of the production which makes this a memorable film. It is the passion with which it is made. The film is written, directed and acted by Czechs who feel and believe in Jan Huss. For this reason the film burns with deep emotion, though never at any point does it become over-dramatic. Indeed, the restraint with which it is made adds to the overwhelming effect of Huss trial for heresy and his death by burning at the stake.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of *Jan Huss* is its objectivity in the portrayal of the characters. Produced and financed by a film industry which is controlled by the Czechoslovak Government, the film does not distort its characters in order to make them conform to current ideology. Huss had the support of the Czech King, Wenceslas, and his Queen. These two people are portrayed as lovers of their nation and the liberal supporters of Huss, its great reformer.

From the outstanding biographical films which I have mentioned it can be seen that the cinema is a suitable medium for biography when integrity of purpose is present. When it is not, films purporting to be biographical and historical are detrimental to the public's understanding of history. People, young and old, remember what they see more vividly than what they read.—*Historical and Biographical Films.*

THE STRONG, SILENT MAN

By C. L. R. SASTRI

ONE of my ambitions has always been to be "the strong, silent man" beloved of our modern political historians. "I don't know", remarks one character of another in Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's *Code of the Woosters*, "whether you have ever seen pictures of Dictators with tilted chins and blazing eyes, inflaming the populace with fiery words on the occasion of the opening of a new skittle-alley, but this was what he reminded me of". This is what I should dearly love the public to be reminded of whenever its lawful occasions bring it in contact with me: it should have no doubt in its mind that it has at last met one who will stand no nonsense from it, even though I cannot boast of a tilted chin or a blazing eye in the manner of the dictators aforementioned. Bismarck said of Lord Salisbury that he was a lath painted to look like iron: I should like to be regarded as the iron itself, not as a lath painted to look like it. Mr. Wodehouse's words have but given an edge to that ambition of mine. Not that I am a budding Hitler or Stalin or Mussolini. "Neither a borrower nor a lender be" is a grave Polonian injunction: I have no inclination either to be a dictator or to be one that is habitually dictated to. While I have no wish to be the toad under the harrow I have no desire to be the harrow, either. The "personality cult"—as it is now called—has never had any attraction for me: on the contrary, I can never remember the time when I have not been an ardent votary in the shrine of "collective leadership"—the more "collective" the better. That does not mean, however, that I have ever relaxed in my ambition to be the strong, silent man of whom, as I have written, we hear so much nowadays.

I am, I earnestly hope, "strong" (or reasonably so), but am decidedly not "silent." Who can be said to be "silent" who is certain that he has a message to impart, a faith to establish, a gospel to expound? Besides, one who is addicted—even if it be only occasionally—to contributing essays and articles to the papers and periodicals cannot lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is silent. It is not (worse luck!) through what the Greeks have called "the narrow gateway of the lips" alone that we are tempted to betray what is within: written words, one is constrained to admit, have the same disconcerting effect. However much one may be naturally astute one cannot, it seems to me, help revealing at least a portion of oneself to others by the mere process of scribbling one's thoughts down on paper. Those bewildering abracadabras have a wonderful knack of functioning as the accredited ambassadors of the writer at the court of the reader.

It ought to be a sobering reflection that, hourly (and even, if I may say so, minute-ly), we are condemned to giving ourselves away in sundry diverse fashions. One may not shrug a shoulder or lift an eyebrow without calling on the heavens to witness what kind of person one really is, "in his habit as he lives". If, as Emerson phrases it, we are averse from "spilling our souls"—why, then, we have nothing for it but to immerse ourselves in a cave or on a desert island. So long as we elect to move among fellow human beings and to fulfil our social responsibilities as well as we can, we have, it is clear, no option but to make ourselves "a motley to the view" a thousand times in a day. One's much-prized and carefully-guarded privacy is a fortress that is continually being stor-

med by a variegated assortment of forces armed with a multitudinous array of weapons—both “conventional” and “nuclear”. In sleep also (horrid thought!) we cannot contrive entirely to forget our identity but must needs often babble—and tip the fat into the fire. To what do all these alarming signs and portents point? To but one incontrovertible conclusion: namely, that we all strive inordinately after self-expression—waking or sleeping. Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries, even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

I have remarked that one of my ambitions is to be the strong, silent man beloved of our modern political historians. The strength (or a modicum of it), I confessed, is there, but not, to my eternal regret, the silence. There may have been a time in the history of the world when what is termed “exuberance” was reckoned among our more solid virtues; but I am afraid that, at the present moment, it is quite out-moded, there being none so poor as to do it reverence.

NOCTURNE

By SUSIE

WAS it the owl, hooting in the distance, the clock striking the witching hour, or the bright moonlight, that woke her up? For, suddenly she was wide-awake. The moonlight streamed in through the window like molten silver. The tall trees danced in the light breeze of the night and drew eerie patterns on the wall. The chintz curtain fluttered gently and looked like ethereal gossamer. Pregnant night, with its charms, its beauty and its magic! The palm trees swayed and beckoned with their long arms. There was music and magic in the air.

She felt an inexplicable exhilaration. The sweet warmth of ecstasy flowed through her veins, electrifying her whole body. Smiling, she looked out. The lawn, down below,

For myself, I have always held the opinion that, as a human quality, it can never be over-rated, recalling to us, as it does, “brave translunary” intimations of the glories we have known and the “imperial palace” whence we came. The times in which we are now living are not propitious for that carelessness of largesse which I have described as exuberance. Those who, having an infinity of the mind's and the heart's riches, love to fling their treasures abroad with the recklessness of Omar's rose—

“Look to the Rose that blows about us—‘Lo,

Laughing’, she says, ‘into the world I blow.

At once the silken tassel of my Purse Tear, and its Treasures on the garden throw” —

are, in my considered judgment, asking for trouble, giving hostages to fortune.

No: I'm afraid I'm not cut out for the role of “the strong, silent man” but shall be content to worship from afar.

was a dull green carpet, smooth and shimmering, the light transforming the drops of dew into opaque pearls. Beyond the lawn, on the drive, lay her new Cadillac convertible like a marble fish, waiting and calling. There was a magic stillness everywhere.

She was under a spell! Hastily throwing off her night-clothes and wrapping herself in a sari of the sheerest blue chiffon, she picked up the car-keys lying on the bedside table. Running lightly down the stairs, she let herself out, quietly closing the door behind her.

The road stretched out in front of her like a white ribbon. The street lamps glowed in deserted splendour. The air was chill and still. Was this fairyland? Or —

world, for here and there on the sidewalk, lay huddled together, ghostly figures swathed from head to foot.

The car glided smoothly down the empty silent road. The whole world slept—yet, not the whole world: the weary and the over-burdened slept on their well-earned rest to wake up refreshed for the toil of the morrow. But, for leisurely humanity the day had just begun. Strains of a lilting melody wafted over from the palatial building. The rest was obvious: the well-lit lawn, servers hurrying to and fro, with heavily laden trays, elegant ladies flitting about like butterflies, stalwart dinner-jacketed men, not missing a chance to praise or please, food and drink, perfumes and flowers, and the swish of silk; meaningless words and empty mirth. She drove on. The chirping of the night-insects mingled with the shuffle of birds in their nests, undecided whether it was the dawn or whether it was still night. The moon was so bright . . .

A couple passed by in a car—a late movie perhaps or an after-dinner party, she deduced—a gay group of urchins, laughing and talking . . . And now she entered the town's busy shopping centre. It looked at that hour like the ruins of an ancient

city. The eating-houses were closing for the night.

The car moved on gracefully with rhythmic ease—no hectic hurry now, no urge to overtake that intruding car ahead; no feverish haste of the day or the stifled curses and the dark looks. Tenderly caressing the wheel, she drove on, eager for her destination, like a thirsty deer to the water—to her most favourite haunt: not hers, but theirs—their ‘cosy corner’. No outing ever culminated without once stopping there—not without the “grand finale” whatever the mood . . . As she switched off the engine, and its roaring died away, it all came back to her on memory's wings—those long, long hours of love as they sat there. Sometimes they were boisterous, hilarious; sometimes quiet, enveloped in their own thoughts, but sharing in that moment of solitude the vital presence of each other. All this she recalled as she felt once again the warm pressure of his lips on hers, hurting and crushing her, leaving her breathless; but, ah! such bliss, such unalloyed joy! And then, the inevitable parting. How did she bear it? She could not imagine. The pain was not so sharp, not so keen now. Only now and then it tugged at her . . . She had this, the memory of those treasured moments and this, their shrine of love to which she was a pilgrim . . .

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PROFILE :**INDIA'S NEW AMBASSADOR
TO INDONESIA****By NILKAN PERUMAL**

FOR the first time a Tamilian Journalist of distinction has been selected to be a full-fledged Ambassador by the Government of India and the choice has rightly fallen on Mr. G. Parthasarathy, who for many years was Assistant Editor of *The Hindu*. Journalists have made good as diplomats in America, but in the India of today, it is only the barrister who is much preferred for an Envoy's job, our Prime Minister being a barrister himself! But, Parthasarathy is also a barrister, and that is perhaps the chief qualification for which he has been chosen. Whatever it be, the selection has been good. South India is satisfied that a worthy Tamilian has been honoured thus.

The diplomat used to say that he made history and the journalist merely recorded it! The journalist retorted that the diplomat made bad history, whilst the former did correct recording. Further, the diplomat merely reported to his Government, whilst the journalist reported to the whole world. Mr. Parthasarathy had been both a diplomat and a journalist. As the London Correspondent of the P. T. I. for a couple of years, and as the Chief Editor of the same Indian News Agency in Bombay, he is thorough with good reporting, and we may expect his diplomatic reports from Djakarta to be factual and brilliant. Unfortunately, as his diplomatic reports will have to be confidential, the public may not have the opportunity to read and appreciate them!

Indian diplomacy is just a decade-old affair, and with the exception of half-a-dozen men in the calling, we have not drafted brilliant men into

this service. To a large extent, *Menons* and *Nairs* from Malabar have the monopoly for diplomatic jobs, but why, it is still a great mystery! Is it because some sons of Malabar held key-jobs in the External Affairs Ministry? May be. The rest of the lot were drawn from the United Provinces, we know. Not many Bengalees are there, and from Tamilnad, only an I.C.S. man had been chosen some years ago besides Dr. Subbaroyan. Reading ancient history, we find that the *Pandyan* Kings had maintained diplomatic relations with China centuries ago, and therefore, diplomacy is really in the very blood of the Tamils. And so, the appointment of Parthasarathi as our Ambassador in Indonesia is the least surprising.

After a distinguished academic career at the Presidency College, Parthasarathy went to England with the I.C.S. career in his view, but he finished up only as a barrister. But as a sportsman he took to cricket and made a mark in it, particularly as a batsman. Then, fascinated by the inky-profession, he decided to take to journalism. To equip himself for the journalistic profession, he joined the editorial department of the *London Times*, then edited by so great a man as the late Sir Geoffrey Dawson. I believe he was on the *Times* for a couple of years, and later joined the editorial staff of *The Hindu*. That, I think, was way back in 1937. For the next ten years he served that paper. When the old *Associated Press* was converted into an Indian concern under the style of the *Press Trust of India*, Parthasarathy was drafted to work at

the London desk of the organization. He did a fine job, in that position, and returned to Bombay to become Chief Editor of the P. T. I. Even there, his services were well-rendered but then, he had to return to his old job on *The Hindu* for a time.

He did not remain on *The Hindu* for long. The Government of India chose him as the Indian Member on the Commission which was sent to supervise the preservation of peace in Indo-China, soon after the truce in that country between Ho Chi Minh's *Viet Minh* and the rival *Viet Nam*. Parthasarathy was in Cambodia first, with his headquarters at Ponempenh. Sometime later, Parthasarathy was made Chairman of the Commission, and he moved to Saigon, the capital of Indo-China. He was happy at the job because, he was contributing his little to the preservation of peace between two warring factions amongst the Indo-Chinese. The Commission's main job was to prevent fighting between the *Viet Minh* and *Viet Nam* forces and to see that no illegal arms were smuggled into the country from outside. In the performance of his duties, Parthasarathy had to spend his days between Hanoi, the northern capital and Saigon. Two years

of splendid work he did in this initial diplomatic assignment, and the warm send-off the people in Indo-China gave him as he left the country last month, amply demonstrated his popularity.

Now in his middle forties, Parthasarathy will take up his ambassadorial assignment in Djakarta with an open mind and enthusiasm. Dr. P. Subbaroyan had already been there for a while as our Envoy in 1950, and he too found his job smooth sailing. Since Parthasarathy understands that journalism has become a rather routine affair in India now-a-days, with no scope for any creative enterprise, he must be looking forward to his diplomatic work with keen interest.

In his work, the new Indian Envoy to Indonesia will have the assistance of his charming wife, Mrs. Mugaseth Parthasarathy. An educationist of much distinction in the Madras State, a lady of pleasing manners and culture, she will be an asset to our Embassy in Djakarta. Their only son Ashok will presumably stay on and complete his academic course. The Parthasarathis will have the good wishes of all Tamils in their new sphere of duties.

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ON READING

By T. K. D.

I LIKE reading books. Hence I also like writing. Not that reading necessarily leads to writing. Still a born reader likes once in a way to try the experiment and convert himself into a literary guinea-pig. And more often than not it gives a nasty jolt to one's *amour-propre*. It is like Huxley looking into his own mind after taking mescaline. But in the case of Huxley it was a sense of modesty which led him to compare his mind to cheap plastic material. But the genuine Reader of imaginative literature, who fancies that he can intuitively understand people, comes a cropper, when he attempts to convey the feel of his impressions to others.

Still it is a valuable asset—this knack of understanding people. The silent reading of the character of those, whose lives are an open book to us, while at the same time our own secrets are inviolable, gives us peculiar happiness. It may be said that every reader is a dumb Proust, who finds that one set of valid impressions cancels another set! On that account it can't be said that the art of reading literature leads one nowhere; for to keep track of human nature wherever it leads us is a funny business.

For, this capacity for silence before great art which promotes an illusion of understanding without really vouchsafing it is the essence of aesthetic enjoyment, and can be got only from the major works of genius. Other creative works of equal validity, minus this equality, only set the puppets dallying.

The pleasures of reading are varied. It was said of a Chinese author that he wished to write a novel without an end. But this is as it should not be! For most of us take it for granted that our life is an eternal

flow and realise the last moment only when it arrives! So also in the novel! A well-written work promotes this impression of eternity! But, on the other hand, the complete works of even a Shakespeare do not bear the promise of immense and continual pleasure, and some of the works which may appear to be books-without-an-end fail to hold the reader's attention to the very end. This is true of all great works from the Bible and the Mahabharata to War and Peace and Ulysses! For in the actual business of living most of the time, we are simply passive beings; and art which, when everything is said and done, imitates life in every sense of the term, cannot demand more from us!

But probably the Chinese proverb is based on the dictum that life is better read than lived, and that we could deal with it much more effectively that way. Inside the pages of a book experience loses its sting, but is not robbed of the pleasure that accompanies the sting. Not less is the pure pleasure, which we get from certain arrangements of words which are found in books and which recur in the mind. A proverb like 'Everybody loves the smell of his own fart', referred to by a modern poet in one of his works, bears out the truth of the saying that what is so often thought has never been so well-expressed! Remembering that this proverb only emphasises one fundamental truth of human nature as mirrored in all literature, it is probably applicable to many works, good, bad and indifferent, in the present age. In the same way Joyce's phrases 'God is a shout in the street' and 'Agenbite of inwit' lifted from the title of a medieval homily have sunk deep in the consciousness of modern highbrows.

"POLITICAL IMMATURITY"

By B. R. KUMAR

OUR Prime Minister Nehru has more than once blamed our people for their political immaturity. His remarks cannot be dismissed as mere outbursts of frustration. For, the whole face of India bears witness to the indelible scars inflicted on it since 1947 by the impetuous actions of a politically immature community. Leaving aside for the moment the question of the partition of India on the basis of religion, and imagining that we were thus putting an end to Hindu-Muslim hostility in this sub-continent, every major political action since 1947 bears on its face the marks of immaturity.

Take our Republican Constitution with its fundamental rights and universal suffrage. Who but an immature people would distribute "Rights" without "Duties" and give vote without the economic independence or intellectual keenness or moral responsibility to use it properly? Who but an immature people would cut their noses to spite their faces by discarding English in schools, universities and inter-State administration before finding an equally good substitute? Who but an immature people would undo in nine years by reorganisation of States on a linguistic basis the greatest good that the Englishman had achieved in 200 years—the building up of an Indian nation? And who but an immature people would undertake nationalisation of all business when it lacks the capacity to carry on efficiently even the machinery it has inherited from the British in running order—the railways, the post offices, and even the ordinary administration?

Leaders To Blame

The point of immaturity thus is obvious and needs no stressing. But if the above analysis is correct, the guilty party is not the "people" but

our leadership. None of the great decisions of policy—opposition to them by the people provide our leaders with the occasion for homilies on their immaturity—was demanded by the people; but they were almost thrust upon them. Adult franchise, linguistic States, Hindi, nationalisation—all are being thrust upon the public by a handful of doctrinaires, much as a foolish but loving father thrusts sweetmeats into the mouths of his youngsters. And if there is the inevitable consequence of indigestion, the guilty party is the loving father and not the foolish youngsters. If the students at Ahmedabad, Patna, Lucknow, Allahabad and Banaras—in fact, at most of the centres of learning—if the public at Bombay, Puri, Calcutta and at other places show signs of mental indigestion as the result of all the "rights" thrust into their heads without any indication of "duties" on which those rights rest—well they may be foolish but not guilty, even if they are unable to digest unwanted sweets.

The guilty party thus, for all the scars of the last nine years is our political leadership—and not the people. The attempt of the Prime Minister to shift the guilt on the people is at best only the defensive mechanism to find a scapegoat, at its worst a clever legal dodge of abusing the plaintiff when the defence is weak. The "people" of India since 1920 at least have been uncritical and blind followers of the political leadership that partitioned India in 1947; and that has been ruling it since then, and hence to call them names for the very excess of their loyalty, appears at first sight in the light of a paradox.

Mob Hysteria

And yet the whole game of Democratic power-politics rests on the parado-

of "Heads I win, tails you lose": Credit belongs to the leader, discredit to the followers. Napoleon had a scapegoat for his defeat at Waterloo, but was credited with all the victories. The fact is that all mass movements in the final analysis rest on mob hysteria, and our freedom movement after 1920 was no exception to this rule. With all the restrictions that Gandhiji attempted to impose—Ahimsa and Satyagraha—our movement gained momentum to the extent that it generated mob mentality. It is true that at times the excesses of the mob greatly inconvenienced the plans of the leaders, as at the time of Chauri Chaura, when Gandhiji had to confess to having committed a "Himalayan blunder". But even this confession only implied that Gandhiji had miscalculated his own power to hold the mob hysteria in check, not that the hysteria itself was a sign of disease. Without this hysteria there would have been no "Quit India" slogan, or the partition, or the Independence of 1947.

However all history shows that a structure built on the applause of the fickle mob ends in disaster: that the mob may create a Revolution but it cannot build a State: that the first victims of a revolution are very often its creators: that those who sow the wind often live to reap the whirlwind—and it is at that moment that the leaders discover the precarious nature of their hold and cry in surprise and distress about the immaturity of the people. Madame Roland—one of the early admirers of the French Revolution—lived to cry out "O liberty what crimes are committed in thy name!" Gandhiji lived to see the horrors of the Partition and to exclaim in anguish, "This freedom stinks in my nostrils!" and Pandit Nehru has often admitted that the general indiscipline all over the country is the whirlwind the Congress party is reaping for the questionable methods it employed during the freedom struggle.

In all justice therefore the charge of political immaturity is to be laid at the door of our leaders who first for 27 years fanned all the passions on which alone a revolution could be started, and during the last nine years have been placing in the hands of the mob so roused political weapons of the vote sugared with a large addition of mob adulation, flattery, and bribes. In politics as in every other walk of life, there are no shortcuts to Utopia, and no solid political structure can be built on mob passions. Political life is as much a process of evolution as the biological, and ultimately the strength of a chain is reduced to that of its weakest link. To deify the mob (i.e. quantity as against quality) is a sign of mental and emotional immaturity.

In defence of the programme of mass hysteria preceding 1947, of course, it is urged that in a life-and-death struggle all weapons have to be used. When poison enters a healthy body all its parts co-operate in a supreme effort to expel it. Such was the situation preceding 1947—and whatever may be the ethics of means and ends, in practice all is fair in war. For an unarmed people, without a mass movement no freedom would have been possible—and hence our leaders showed the highest pitch of maturity in organising a mass revolution, on a continental scale with practically no bloodshed.

Conceding this claim one may still assert that most acts of policy since 1947 on the part of our political leadership have been acts of immaturity—for they have time after time created situations which need not have been created, and which ultimately had to be settled, not on the basis of reason, but of passion. It took England a thousand years of local self-government and a hundred years of compulsory education before adult franchise was considered safe as a universal right—but our doctrinaires have discarded all these precautions as if our nature was of

a different and high ICAI. In order to win approval at the hands of an immature mass. The trouble starts when not satisfied with mere pretence, the leaders adopt immature policies for action.

The Cause Of The Paradox

The fundamental cause of this paradox of course lies in the Republican Constitution we have borrowed from the West—ballot-box, and democracy based on universal suffrage. In the resultant race for political leadership which this system throws open to the citizens, mature men and mature policies are out of place and even the most mature, if they desire to enter the race, must in the last resort pretend to be immature. The strength of weakness is one of the fundamental teachings of Chinese wisdom, and it may be that our leaders have to pretend to be imma-

tute. In order to win approval at the hands of an immature mass. The trouble starts when not satisfied with mere pretence, the leaders adopt immature policies for action.

In other words, the charge of immaturity lies neither against the public nor the leaders but against the system itself—a system which attempts to raise a democratic political structure on the wishes and preferences of an illiterate, poverty-stricken mass. Gresham's law that the bad coin will drive the good out of the market is in full force in such a system—the immature minds drive out the mature. And thus in a measure Pandit Nehru is right in saying that the people are immature: he is wrong if the implication is that the leaders are mature. Whatever may be the theory of Democracy, in practice it is the rule of the immature by the immature.

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IN THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY

By H. J. MULLER

One of the world's leading geneticists and a Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Muller is the new president of the American Humanist Association. When he took office at the Association's Annual Meeting in Chicago he gave the talk printed below.

TO those who ask "What has Humanism to offer that is unique, that cannot be found outside its slender organization?" the answer must of course be, "Nothing, no one thing." We have no hidden secrets, no holy hieroglyphics, no magic formulae, no healing rituals, no proprietary philosophical system, not even a really distinctive set of doctrines. No, we have nothing at all, nothing except everything—everything genuine—but that of course we share with innumerable others. We gladly join with all men who are willing to accept the hard-won achievements of human thought, feeling and labour through the ages, those gleanings of all the tinkers, the careful observers, experimenters, analysts, interpreters, integrators, that have withstood the onslaughts of unhampered criticism and of far-flung testings of all the thinkers, the careful all further honest questioning and investigation, realizing that past interpretations are always open in some degree to modification, and that enormous realms exist for further exploration.

'Primal Human Emotions'

In accepting this method of procedure and the great body of knowledge thereby attained—much of it established with a superlatively high degree of probability—we are not to be distinguished from the rationalists, free thinkers or scientists. We go beyond acceptance, however, and apply this method and the insights based on this knowledge to the job of evaluating human conduct and framing its purposes, and in this task we join with those, no matter what

they call themselves, who promote ethical culture.

But still we do not stop, because the springs of human nature that we have touched are not cold but hot. The world in which we move is no longer activated by demons and deities. Yet we acknowledge without apology or guilt that we are at bottom motivated by primal human emotions, such as fellow feeling, love, joy of life, zest in accomplishment, curiosity, and even fear, anger, egotism—for which we assert their uses in their place. Not that we maintain that these human urges are today best proportioned or applied—far from it. But we realize that when they are freed from the obsession of being under supernatural mandate, when they are provided with the eyes of enlightenment and wisdom and duly co-ordinated, they will achieve a far wider scope and greater harmony, and will lead us to incomparably greater ends than when acting as the servants of gods that were made in the image of our distant forefathers.

The Courage Of One's Convictions

Nowadays, in man's newly realized role of creator, and of shaper of his own destiny, he must have the courage of his convictions. Pursuing them, he will find far more to stir him to his depths, and to carry him to heights, than he could have had in his old role of humble follower and furtive, repentant sinner. In this new role we are no longer only rationalists, or only ethical culturists. We use these disciplines not only in deepening our knowledge of the nature of things, but also in achieving

victories, based on this knowledge, over both outer and inner nature, in adjusting ever more fruitfully to one another, and in attaining richer, more exhilarating feeling and self-expression. In doing these things we join all men of action and of good will, in so far as they have opened their eyes to the opportunities which the modern world view offers.

With the advance of science and technology these opportunities loom ever vaster. Our increasing control over nuclear energy, our progressing knowledge of genetics, our deepening insights into mental processes, our developing social techniques and understanding, coupled with the improvements that the common man is forging in his own status, these and many other, interconnected advances show that what we can create here on earth can far outshine the fabled glories of Heaven but that, on the other hand, if these powers are misused, they can bring desolation worse than Hell. Which of these paths men take depends in part on how soon they come to see beneath the conflicting catchwords of the partisans of mystical political, economic, religious or racial philosophies and come, instead, to espouse the cause of humanity in general.

All-round Advancement

There are terrific jobs ahead, in the bringing of enlightenment to ourselves and all the world, in the extension of our own human rights and freedoms and those of all men and the curbing of authoritarianism in the intellectual, political and economic spheres, the betterment of our own genetic basis and thus in the transcendence—yes, the transcendence—of our present selves.

So far as I know, we Humanists are the only ones who, *as a group*, are attempting to see this situation as a whole, in a view unshadowed by the pall of superstition. Physicists see a

part, but not a few of them, in regard to psychological matters, are followers of the stifling old animistic viewpoint according to which the mind is separable from the body, and some of them have concurred that "God is a pure mathematician." Psychologists rarely revert to this kind of naivety, yet they for their part are not likely to realize the importance of the physical opportunities of the modern world, nor to admit the genetic ones. Some philosophers attempt to take a broader view, but many stand at a loss in the face of the sudden creativeness of man himself. But I think the day is not far off when ever larger numbers of men will no longer find it satisfying to pretend that the myths of old were incredibly sagacious figurative foreshadowings of our modern conceptions.

Thus it is upto us Humanists to prepare gradually to play a more leading role. One of the outstanding and eminently useful traits of humanity is the eagerness of the individual to identify himself with the group, his urge to belong, his enthusiasm at the realization that he is participating in a movement far greater than himself. This urge can all too readily be channelled into supernatural, mystical, and even destructive courses, but that is not its essence. Its essence is social and is based on fellow feeling. History has shown that the potentialities of this group motivation for either evil or good are stupendous. It has become imperative that this urge now be harnessed consciously in the service of man.

And so, we may concede, we Humanists have nothing to offer. We are "only" striving to make men realize that, if they move forward in co-operation and goodwill, with moral courage, and in intellectual freedom and honesty, they can gain for all humanity an ever greater world and nobler life.

—The Humanist

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Government of India's decision to reduce the import of foreign films by 50 per cent would further affect the trade of foreign films in India. As it is, only Hollywood and British films are regularly released in India, and there are at least two to three hundred theatres in our country, which exclusively screen the foreign films. In the post-war period, efforts have been made to release Italian, French, Russian, Japanese and other films from abroad. And some of these pictures like *On the Circus Arena*, *Fall of Berlin*, *Yukivarisoo*, *Bicycle Thief* and *Wages of Fear* have proved very successful. But as against this, there are many pictures like *Shoeshine*, *Miracle of Milan*, which have proved miserable flops.

Of late, there have been many private showings of excellent Czech, Polish and Hungarian films in Bombay, and it was expected that these films would get commercial release in India. But as a result of the enhancement of the duty and reduction of import quota, it may not be possible to import films from those countries, and the import would be confined only to Hollywood and British films. Thus, the present policy of the Government may help the American film distributors to monopolise the import of foreign films into India. It would therefore have been better if the different countries had been allotted quotas so that Indian picture-goers would be able to see outstanding films. Moreover, there should be no restrictions on import of films from countries which are prepared to export their films and buy Indian

films in exchange, as this 'barter' involves no loss of foreign exchange.

Since the Information Ministry is sponsoring a Soviet Film Festival in India from 11th January it would not be wrong to assume that the Government of India is not averse to the exhibition of films from the Iron Curtain countries which incidentally, are the only countries that buy Indian films, and sponsor Indian film festivals. Hence, it is all the more necessary that a provision should be made for the import of films from all important countries, including the Soviet Union, France, Italy and Japan which are noted for making outstanding films. Even in countries like Japan, the import is based on the quota system; and there will be no harm if India too decides to allot quotas to different countries on the basis of exchange facilities.

Picture of the week

Over two years in the making, D. D. Kashyap's *Aan Baan* is a historical drama, though none of the characters is taken from any authentic historical characters. And yet, a student of history would feel that the story of *Aan Baan* is inspired from the conflict between Aurangzeb and his elder brother Dara.

While basically, the characters of the Rajput King (played by Ullhas), his two sons (played by Mahipal and Pran) and his daughter (played by Nalini Jaywant) have a historic origin as presented on the screen, they have nothing in common with the original characters that inspired their creation; rather, they fit in with the usual screen formula. Furthermore, the introduction of the rival Rajput State and the romance between the princess of one State and the prince of another State reduces it to the typical Rajput yarns presented often on our screen. Even the romance between the prince and a dancing girl does not rise up to expected dramatic heights.

Yet with its limitations, *Aan Baan* is a cogent and compact screen-play

with all the dramatic ingredients to grip the audience; and if it had been produced on a very lavish scale with that gusto which characterizes a Mehboob or a Sohrab Modi production, it would have been a spectacular drama. As it is, it is just a drawing room drama played with characters who look regal and pompous in Rajput costumes. True, the dialogue is powerful and full of epigrams that would draw applause; but the dialogue can hardly compensate for the lack of thrilling action. Though competent, the direction lacks fire and gusto, and the same could be said of the performances. It must, however, be said to the credit of D. D. Kashyap that under his direction Ullhas has given a far more restrained and dignified performance than he gave in *Rajhat*.

Nalini Jaywant again reveals that she is a consummate artiste and repeats her triumph of *Durgesh Nandini*. Ajit is dashing and debonaire as usual. Mahipal as the Prince of Peace is too tame, while Pran as the younger son is eager to dislodge his elder brother and get the throne at any cost. Usha Kiron dances well, but otherwise has little to do in the picture by way of acting.

Music by Husanlal Bhagatram, though lacking in novelty, is surprisingly melodious, and the lyrics by Qamar Jalalabadi are well-written. Photography by Rajendra Malone is good, and the sets are authentic and proper.

Aan Baan in spite of its shortcomings is a very sensible Rajput tale stressing the importance of peace and exposing the futility of war.

Personality of the week

While generally today new talent is at a discount, it is gratifying to find that there are at least some producers like Shantaram, Raj Kapoor and Bimal Roy who encourage newcomers. In *Parivar*, for instance, Bimal Roy gave a chance to his erstwhile assistant Asit Sen to wield the

megaphone. And Asit has succeeded in his maiden essay. It was no easy task to handle so many characters in one picture—there are about 13 important characters in *Parivar*. But Asit Sen has proved equal to the task, and has given each artiste his due prominence without distracting the narrative.

Asit Sen has been associated with Bimal Roy for over a decade. Asit Sen was fond of photography since childhood; and he joined films eleven years ago with the intention of becoming a cameraman. Asit Sen took a diploma in still-photography and he began his career by setting up a photo-studio of his own in Gorakhpur. Later during the war, the studio was closed, and Asit tried his luck in vain in Bombay. Then, thanks to Krishnakant, an artiste-friend of his and Debi Mukerji, he got an introduction to Bimal Roy who engaged him as an assistant. He got the job because he knew both Bengali and Hindi, and Bimal wanted such a man while making the Hindi version of *Udayar Pathe*—viz. *Humrali*.

Apart from assisting Bimal Roy in all his pictures, Asit Sen revealed a flair for playing comedy roles and acted in pictures like *Humrali*, *Pahla Admi*, *Chota Bhai*, *Ma*, *Naukari* and *Amanat*. Honest, diligent and intelligent, Asit at last got his chance when Bimal Roy assigned him the task of directing *Parivar*, and in the very first picture he has justified the confidence placed in him by his guru. We hope Asit Sen will specialise in purposeful comedies of the type of *Parivar* in future.

News of the week

Sohrab Modi himself is playing the title role in Minerva's *Nau Sharwan* which went before the cameras on Sunday, 6th January morning at Minerva Studios. Naseem is cast as the Maleka of Iran. Mala Sinha plays the other important role. C. Ramachandra is in charge of the music. The picture is being directed by Sohrab Modi.

WHAT PRICE SOCIALISM?

By BEN MOREELL

MODERN Socialism in its several varieties is the culmination of the dreams of countless men and women during the past century and a half. It is a movement which began to crystallize out of the chaotic remnants of the French Revolution. The word "socialist," however, was not coined until 1827 when it was used in the *British Co-operative Magazine*, an official journal of the London Co-operative Society, founded in 1824.

A Frenchman, Pierre Leroux, was the first to use the word "socialism" in an article in the newspaper, *Le Globe*, in February, 1832. He used it as an antithesis to the newly coined word "individualism." Robert Owen, English businessman, used "socialism" in his periodical, *The New Moral World*, in 1835, as the opposite of "capitalism" and as signifying the collective ownership of land and capital. These two shades of meaning—socialism as opposed to individualism and socialism as opposed to capitalism—are not antagonistic. In fact, each lends strength to the other. If we grant that socialism means the control of productive property by the men in political agencies, allegedly in the name of and for the good of "society as a whole," it follows that socialism means big government, and big government always implies little men. Individuals are diminished in order to exalt the Society and the State. "The State," as Hegel said, "is the substance, whereof individuals are but accidents."

While the term "social ownership," or "ownership in common," with its connotation that each one of us is a proprietor, may flatter the ego, it is in fact a gross deception. For society, which means all of us, cannot act as a whole to own and control property.

It must act through its enforcement agency, government. The men who comprise that agency are a very small minority. In actual practice, therefore, a socialist society is one in which the vast majority of men are controlled by the tiny minority which has the political power to direct their economic activities . . .

Socialism purports to limit its restrictions on freedom to the economic level, a wholly unspectacular locale. We have come to associate the liberty we prize with such things as freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and freedom of worship. If our action in these admittedly significant areas is relatively unrestrained, we are not likely to attach great importance to government intervention, ownership, and control in the economic area. We have become accustomed to alarmists who cry "wolf" in this economic area: also, we have seen certain groups and individuals express great concern for freedom here, when their real motive is to get for themselves the political privileges they condemn when possessed by others. And so, for these reasons or perhaps some other, we do not get excited about alleged impairments of economic liberty and threats to our rights of private ownership.

The Meaning of Economic Control

It is unfortunate that we have forgotten the old adage, Whoso controls our subsistence, controls us. "Economic control is not merely control of a sector of human life which can be separated from the rest," writes F. A. Hayek, in *The Road to Serfdom*. "It is the control of the means for all our ends."

Freedom of worship is an empty thing if we are denied the financial means to erect churches, pay our clergy, print religious literature, and

propagandize for our faith. Freedom of the press means nothing if we are deprived of the means to buy presses, type, and newsprint. And what meaning can be attached to free speech if we know that we must speak in a certain way or else lose favour with those who control the food, clothing, and shelter which we need to survive? Unless we have full freedom in the economic realm, we cannot have full freedom in any other. Unless we have a society in which the producer shall enjoy the full fruits of his labour, our freedom is impaired precisely to the degree that political exactions deprive the man who works, whether with mind or muscle, of his production.

Slavery is commonly thought of as the ownership of one man by another. But the slave-holder does not really care about owning another man: what he wants is the ownership of the products of another man's labour. A slave is a man to whom the right of economic freedom is denied. From this premise the denial of all other rights follows. Therefore, in any realistic discussion of freedom, what happens in the economic realm is basic . . .

Effect on Productive Capacity

As the essential prerequisite to his maximum development, the Founding Fathers held that the individual must be free to direct his own creative energies without restrictive laws, rules, and regulations imposed by political masters.

What are the effects of the socialistic corruption of that concept of freedom? I believe no fair-minded person would deny that our currently popular middle-of-the-road policy operates to place all citizens under the yoke of excessive taxation, and thus puts enormous amounts of money at the disposal of the political agency. The politicians then disperse the tax fund as subsidies to favoured groups in the nation, with the result that society is broken up into three principal groups.

First, there is the group on the receiving end—the people who get back more in subsidies than they pay out in taxes. They get something for nothing. Secondly, there are those who pay more in taxes than they get in subsidies. They get nothing for something. Third, there are people who comprise the political agency, who produce no wealth but who have the power to forcibly transfer wealth from one set of pockets to another.

This three-part division of the nation constitutes an enormous drain of wealth and potential wealth. The producer group plays host to the parasitic action of the other two groups. Robbed by the taxation demanded by the arrangement, this group is reluctant to produce upto capacity because it knows that the harder it works the more it will be penalized by progressively heavier taxes.

The subsidized group is paid for not producing at all, or for producing less than it would if it knew its income depended entirely on its own efforts. Thus, for opposite reasons, the potential productive capacity of each of these groups is not realized, and the total amount of goods actually available in the nation is far less than it might be.

But this is not the whole story. The lowered production of these two groups, such as it is, must be shared with a third group which does not produce at all. The personnel in government is withdrawn from production altogether, and it does not—except for its defence establishment and policing functions—render services for which consumers would voluntarily exchange their own goods and services. But government has the power to siphon off an increasing share of the goods and services produced by the nation to pay the salaries and other costs of government itself.

The productive members of society would not consent to play host to

both the subsidized group and the government bureaucracy if pressure were not brought to bear on them. The monopoly of force in society rests with government; and if the producing group refused to pay the tribute demanded, the power of government to compel and its willingness to employ violence would be evident.

The Use of Force

This three-part division of the nation insures that fewer goods will be produced. And there is no alchemy by which more goods can be distributed while fewer are being produced. The power of government to take from producers is not the creation of wealth, but robbery and the abortion of wealth.

The uneconomic nature of this arrangement is obvious. No less obvious is the immorality of it. Men are forced to give up their property on demand by government. If the demand is not met, the powers of compulsion inherent in the apparatus of government are brought to bear.

It is of utmost importance that we understand that socialism is based on coercion and on the control of

some men by other men. It is equally important that we become expositors of the philosophy of freedom. When the alternatives—freedom versus socialism—are understood, then men are confronted with a clear-cut distinction on which to base their choice.

I believe that a social order which is designed to function only as government extensively intervenes with its legal power of coercion is a violation of the moral order whose precepts stress education and conversion. There is a rightful place for political action—to maintain the peace to society by restraining those who break the peace. If men universally understood and accepted the mandates of the moral law, there would be little or no need for political government to curb immorality. If men do not understand and accept the mandates of moral law, then coercion will not correct this condition. The only correctives are education and conversion, understanding and a change of heart.

—The Freeman

THE ROLE OF LEGISLATORS

By R. S. SRINIVASACHARYA

THERE appears to be a great deal of genuine misapprehension about the role of legislators, their position and status. It is, of course, well-known that in all countries where legislators are returned at the polls, the theory is well established that they are the representatives of the people and that, in this capacity, they are entitled to speak for and reach decisions binding on the people at large. In actual practice, legislators are not such true representatives of the people, and so, the question whether, after getting into the Legislature, they are able to express their views freely and to act as the accredited agents of the people is somewhat difficult to answer.

One is disposed to answer the question in the negative but such questions do not arise and are not discussed here. This note is concerned with the questions, what exactly are the duties expected from these legislators, what functions they have to perform and within what limitations of a constitutional and not of a conventional nature they are bound to act and, finally, what exactly is their status.

The trouble is that many of these legislators are returned not for any special ability or for any special qualification they possess, but only because they happen to be, perhaps, more vociferous in their party ranks. No Constitution of the present day has

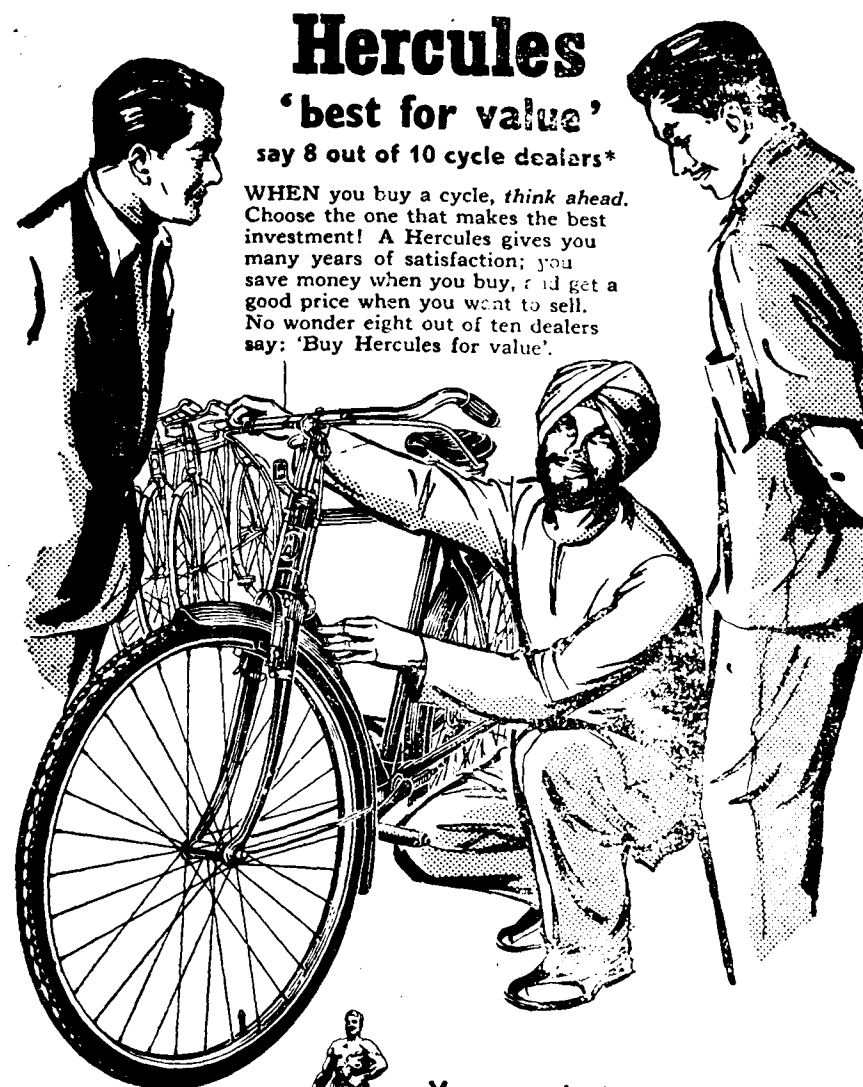
cared to prescribe qualifications which alone would enable candidates to enter the legislatures. The Indian Constitution is no exception.

It must be stated that the proper sphere of operations for legislators is only within the four walls of the legislative chamber and in their own constituencies. In these places, they are expected to occupy a respected and dignified position, because they are presumed to know the minds of the people whom they represent and, therefore, to prescribe what is good for them. It is in that spirit that all Constitutions including the Indian confer on legislators certain special privileges and certain amenities not available to the non-legislator, however experienced and however competent the latter may be. Thus, he is entitled to the fullest freedom of speech untrammelled by the laws of defamation which restrict the ordinary citizen. In that way, his position is similar to that of a judge who has always been credited in all climes and in all ages with a right to express his opinion fearlessly. He is given the right to delve into the most confidential files of Government with certain well-known exceptions which are very few in number. He is given the right, by the exercise of his vote, to join in the enactment of legislation which has an unique compulsive force.

Does the same status attach to him when he is outside the legislature? The answer is in the negative. While his advice and even his help may be sought and often commandeered by the permanent officials of the administration whenever it is necessary, there can be no doubt that, otherwise, he has no more rights and no more privileges than the ordinary citizen. Thus, for example, he has no special right of access to or audience before any public servant. If he desires to make any representations even if it be in relation to mat-

ters of a public nature, he is only entitled to approach the officials concerned by petition in the same way as any ordinary citizen. It may be that by reason of his being a legislator, the official concerned would be only too ready to receive him and hear his representation. But, clearly, he has no right to assume a position of superiority of the position of an advisor *vice versa* the official concerned and equally clearly, he has no right to interfere in matters *sub judice*. He has no right to constitute himself, individually or collectively, as a second or, as it often happens, a superior administrative mechanism for running the government. He has no right to interfere with the day-to-day administration of public affairs, nor has he any right to any special preference and much less to precedence at official functions, even when Hon'ble Ministers tour in his constituency. It may be that he holds the ears of a particular minister or is a *persona grata* with any group of ministers, but this can and must make no difference in his relations with the permanent official either in the districts or in the government departments.

The above considerations are elementary, but experience shows that it is such elementary considerations which are generally forgotten or, what is more distressing, are deliberately disregarded. Today, in Free India, one witnesses the sad spectacle of legislators forming virtually a second line of administration and practically controlling and even dictating to the District officials. That is a state of affairs which, if allowed to continue, would bring the entire administration and the Government into disrepute. This mischievous process has already gone far enough. It is time that the Government and men interested in the purity and efficiency of administration get into stride and bestir themselves for putting these legislators in their proper places.



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ARE WOMEN THE WEAKER SEX?

By M. RM. MUTHU

THE myth of female inferiority is so old that it has grown and been extended to almost every aspect of life. The lesser muscular power of the female has lent support to this belief. The female is weaker than the male; what does it mean?

It is obvious that the female is shorter, slighter and weaker than the male. The male is superior in physical strength. The greater muscular power of the male has, to a large extent, been socially valuable in the primitive period of history. Today when machines do most of the work formerly done by masculine muscle, muscular power is ceasing to be a social advantage.

Among the principal reasons why women do not have as many achievements to their credit as men are the following: (1) over long periods in history most fields of achievement have been closed to them; (2) in fields in which women were admitted they were not permitted to enter on an equal footing with men; (3) or, having been admitted they were not given opportunities to excel, were actually discouraged or were not noticed at all.

Now everywhere women are occupying positions which were once considered beyond their capacities. Music and painting are the two arts in which women have been engaged for several hundred years. Ever since the first mother sang her lullaby to her baby, song has been universally associated with women. The woman's voice can produce effects that no man's can, and these are sweet, pleasing and colourful.

last century and a half, have achieved merit which puts a number of them in the very first rank along with the best of men. Fanny Burney, Jane Austin, Charlotte Bronte, George Elliot, Mary Webb, Virginia Woolf, Rebecca West are by general consent considered supreme among English novelists.

Ever since women were first allowed on the stage in the 17th century, there has been an unbroken succession of actresses of genius. From Mary Betterton in the 17th century to Ellen Terry Rosanna Podesta and Esther Williams in more recent times have excelled as actresses.

In science, a field which demands all those qualities which have been regarded as specially pertaining to the male, women have been coming to the fore. In Physics and Chemistry we have the double Nobel Prize Winner, Marie Curie. Her daughter Irene Curie Juliet is also a Nobel Prize Winner in Physics. In physiology and medicine the Nobel Prize Winner is Gerty Cori.

In the field of social work the outstanding name is that of Jane Adams. The modern social service movement is almost wholly a development brought about by women, and so have been the kindergarten and nursery school movements. It took a woman to do what no man had done before: it was Florence Nightingale who achieved pre-eminence in the handling and nursing of wounded soldiers.

In all the afore-mentioned occupations, women have formed a very small proportion of the total number

on a numerical basis alone one would not expect women to excel as often as men.

A woman usually enters upon an occupation with an attitude different from that which induces a man. To a woman her occupation outside the home is important but only secondary.

Some others claim that women are emotional and hence weak. But men specialise in repressing their feelings: they call it 'self-control'. Women tend to make their emotions perform the functions which they are intended to serve, and hence remain mentally much healthier than men. Women do not fight, do not curse, do not lose their tempers as often as men do, they seldom get drunk and rarely do they commit acts of violence. Alcoholism and deaths from alcoholism are enormously more common in men than in women. Most of the 32 Governments reporting to the World Health Organisation in 1950 found that suicides among men were two to five times as common as among women. Even in the attempts at suicide men are more violent than women. Men resort to guns, hanging and leaping from the sky-kissing buildings, while women half-heartedly rely upon the less painful anodynes, such as sleeping pills, gas and the like. Women value life more than men do.

In August 1938, the Keystone Automobile Club of Pennsylvania presented facts and figures to show that the woman driver is more competent, careful and less liable to accidents than the male.

"It may be true that women are more emotional than men in Romance but they are less so in air-raids. Their protective instinct for those they love is actually a shield against the nerve-shattering effects of warfare noises." This is brought out by the New York War Bulletin *Women less prone to Bomb-Shock.*

What males call "emotional instability of the female" is simply evidence of the female's superior resilience, her possession of a mechanism which permits her to absorb the shocks of life, to tolerate the stresses and strains put upon her, much more efficiently than the male. Scheinfeld aptly offers an analogy on this matter: "The resilient springs (like the female's emotional make up) would be more sensitive to all the bumps in the road, would give and vibrate more, but at the same time would take the bumps with less strain, prolonging the life of the car; the harder, more rigid springs (like the male's emotional mechanism) would not feel and respond to the minor bumps as readily, but would cause more serious jolts over rough places and be more likely to result in an earlier crack-up of the car."

Ruskin in *Sesame and Lilies* noted many years ago that Shakespeare had no heroes; he had only heroines. "The Catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or the fault of man; the redemption if there be any is by the wisdom or virtue of a woman, and failing that there is none."

The natural superiority of women is a biological fact and a socially overlooked piece of knowledge. What the world stands so much in need of is more of the maternal spirit and less of the masculine. We need more givers of life and fewer takers of it. When the tendencies to love with which the infant is born are frustrated, love results in hostility. Hatred is love frustrated. That is what too many men suffer from. The female is the contrary. The hand that rocks the cradle could reign the nation.

In fine, I say with Mr. M. Henry, "Women was taken out of man; not out of his head to top him; nor out of his feet to be trampled underfoot; but out of his side to equal him; under his arm to be protected and near his heart to be loved."

EAST-WEST RELATIONS

By L. N. S.

RANADE HALL in the Luz was the venue early this week of one of the largest congregations of cars, many of them of the latest *de luxe* models I had ever seen there. Normally they would be on display at cinema centres, marina parking spaces, or at one or other of the numerous roundabouts hugging our expanding Vanity Fair. I wondered whether a star or stars were giving darshan to their fans off the record. Further enquiries elicited the rather unusual fact that an academic occasion had drawn an audience which over-flowed into the grounds and even spread over the pavement. It was announced that Prof. Arnold Toynbee, 'the eminent historian,' was to deliver a lecture on East-West Relations under the Srinivasa Sastri Endowment. The Srinivasa Sastri Hall was chock-ful, and admission was denied to the uninvited majority which, with the pathetic eagerness of the jaded for any kind of diversion to pass the time with, resigned itself to the consolation prize of hearing the proceedings over the loud-speakers.

Later in the night, turning in to my radio, the proceedings pursued me over the air, and I waited just long enough to feel the tone and texture of the celebrated professor's voice; and satisfied that it represented the clipped, staccato, furry intonations of a don, switched off again, planning to read his lucubration at leisure in the dailies of the following day. But before I deal with the substance of his lecture, I think I should 'introduce' him to my readers.

As already indicated, Prof. Arnold Toynbee is an eminent historian. This eminence is primarily vouched for by ten massive volumes dealing with world-history from many

appealing points of view. Like the proverbial snowball or the house that Jack built, it has been swelling out periodically so that it may be said of it that it has not yet taken a final or definitive shape or soul. It may well spread out into another twenty or two hundred volumes *ad libitum*. For it is like shuffling a pack of cards and making an infinite number of deals no two of which are alike. The court-cards down to the knave stand for the major centres of world-culture, while the rest of the pack represent the groups and tribes that occupy the periphery of the oecumenial church and state which have been bobbing up and down like Jack in the box through the span of ascertained or recorded history. The Indic, the Sinic, the Graeco-Roman, the Sumerian, the Christian are the major influences that have been seized in patches, though not in the particular order I have put them in.

As for a scheme or pattern or formula, any resounding generalisation would do. Nations have risen and fallen; even ignoramus have come to know of this fact of history. And as Tony Lumpkin put it, we need no ghost from the grave to explicate them to us. But then why should they rise and fall; why should they not keep on rising or keep on falling *ad infinitum*? Ah, that's just where your philosophers come in. To be quite fair to Prof. Toynbee, he is neither the first nor the last offender. From Thucydides downwards, quite a number of quidnuncs have dealt with this problem, and have fabricated tiny theories to comprehend all the cruxes. A few moralists from the oldest period have declared that 'righteousness alone exalteth nations' or that Dharma sustains or destroys according to circumstances. But such ideas committed the unpardonable

crime of lumping all humanity as one, and of making no distinctions between them by latitude or longitude, by the incidence of pigmentation and so on. Some others pre-figured a see-saw movement assuming a sort of cyclic pattern between holism and fragmentation perpetually at work. Then another stage was reached when Hegel gave us his formula of thesis and anti-thesis locked in combat and issuing in a synthesis, only to start all over again. Metaphysically it has overtones of Advaita though it built many attractive half-way houses which many have mistook for the final destination itself.

Modern historians have luxuriated in fragmented visions which have given us a crop of heresies from the effects of which we are still suffering. Prof. Toynbee has studied this vast field of previous scholarship more extensively than intensively, and has quarried a set of generalisations which owe a good deal to those of his predecessors who saw into the shape of things more clearly than others. He has evolved a formula of his own which is a typical Anglo-Saxon attempt at bowdlerising the discoveries or conclusions of others. For instead of starting with the Hegelian postulates, Prof. Toynbee has caused them to undergo a sea-change into such dualities as growth and disintegration, challenge and response, positive and negative, creative and sterile. Nothing succeeds like success for a time, and nothing fails so badly as failure—at other times.

As simple as that! As for reasons, allow the imagination unrestricted scope, and it will be hard not to find oneself deluged with a Niagara of them. In short, Prof. Toynbee's monumental work would have been inconceivable but for the labours of men like Hegel and Spengler in our own time. With a punctilio which is admirable and a modesty

which is engaging he has referred to them all to make it clear how little he owes to them! As there is no more paying line of business in the literary world than to hawk new lamps for old, there should be no surprise at Prof. Toynbee being hailed as the very Atlas of historians, ancient and modern, rolled into one.

But the subject which he chose for his foundation lecture was small beer by comparison with his colossal achievement. Those of his audience or readers familiar with his *magnum opus* would have had no difficulty in recognising big chunks of it as taken from his published writings, but so arranged as to give them a novel ensemble and flavoured with a topical touch.

The opening gambit was taken up with an attempt at definitions which were amusing to a degree. How to demark the East from the West? Geography left out Australia and New Zealand. As Jeffrey put it in another context: 'That won't do!' Therefore a regional habitat for the soul of the West had to be postulated as a straggling affair. The geographical West had to include an overflow into the East forming a salient without its ever becoming a solvent. Its spiritual or cultural stigmata are to be found in the properties of the Catholic Church with its deviations and aberrations through the centuries. When analysed a little more pryingly, the professor's idea of a compact, coherent and homogeneous West is seen to be based on the vulgarity of colour. All the White nations (including olive, blonde and ivory down to pale buff) come into the fellowship, including *mirabile dictu* the Arab world through its historic affiliations with the Semitic matrix. There was a wistful reference to the failure of Syriac Christianity to tar the Mongol world red with the bleeding heart on the sacred cross. Russia too is let off rather lightly for it has hoist the West with its own petard of technological pro-

gress while remaining tethered to the Christian Church. The only major civilisations that are thus left to do duty for the East are India and far-off Japan. For which relief much thanks!

Another peculiarity of our historian is to toy with periods of history in aeons, as befits a child of the scientific era. Prehistoric history does not fire the imagination of our latter-day Gibbon; he leaves it severely alone for the most part. For all practical purposes, he starts with classical times in the third century B.C., and plants his first Survey stone somewhere in the ninth century A. D.—a matter of 1200 years. The Graeco-Roman world was overthrown by Christianity stiffened with an overdose of Semitic culture!

There is therefore said to be much more in common between Islam and Christianity than between any other pair of cultural dichotomies which may be described as the current coin of West-Europeanised world-history. He did not specify the evidences in support of that *ipse dixit*. But I wonder if he would agree that *pardah*, polygamy, hatred of the pig and aversion for music in mosque which are so distinctive of the Islamic way of life are also characteristic of the Teutonic-Celtic society which took over the burden of the cross only to make a totem of it! Another curiosity of this view of Western history: The crusades to which the lecturer made no reference must be deemed to be a sort of clash arising from mistaken difference! The more conventional ideas of anarchic Christianity furnishing an alibi for the dissolution of an empire and a society long in decay, and of its furnishing itself with clothes so to speak from the tattered remnants of the discredited order have apparently been superseded to make way for the newest *entente* between the cross and the crescent—both of which started *ab initio* with precisely Zero.

The other leading idea which the

learned professor threw out was that the East-West relations are still in their nonage, and that they would develop more fully only in the next seven or eight hundred years or so. The basis for this forecast is a subservience to a self-chosen analogy. The first phase of the East-West conflict according to the author took 1200 years to crystallise into the prevailing shape of things. Therefore another 1200 years would be required to make the results of the second phase of the same conflict equally crystal-clear. This analogy can only be described as inspired by an arithmetical fallacy. No allowance is made for the heightened tempo of modern life. Because the bullock-cart ambles along at the rate of four miles an hour, it does not follow that a supersonic plane should stick to the same speed to oblige historians with a passion for arranging world-processes in apple-pie order.

Finally he proved that he was carrying a consignment of coals for delivery at Newcastle. Speaking of a spiritual vacuum as developing in the world, and particularly in the West, he hoped that as in the past, the void would be filled up by something answerable to the need from the East. Prof. Toynbee is confessedly a recent convert to Religion in the abstract, for I do not know what brand of it he actually professes. In the early volume of his History, there was implicit either a well-bred nihilism or a discreet scepticism which is apparently now behind him. Nor is it clear whether the emphasis is on religion *sans* phrase or on religion in terms of a special system.

What is amusing is the assumption that present religions have failed, and that therefore we should invent a new one. If the religious impulse is an inalienable and fundamental part of *homo sapiens*, it will make itself felt, willy-nilly. But if it is a detachable, external plus, then the remedy would be worse than the disease. Oddly enough, the professor

did not stop to ponder over the remarkable fact that this religion has been always in a bad way—at least from the days of the Buddha. It reminds me of the melancholy admission of Burnand of *Punch* fame that his magazine was not what it was. 'It never was, madam!'—he is said to have declared. So with religion. The Buddha was not satisfied, Mark was not satisfied, Toynbee is not satisfied, Nehru is not satisfied! But this sin-laden planet with its adulterous generations has been jogging along with periodical purgations which prove a religion actually at work!

Cinema

"MATHARKULA MANICKAM"

Directed by T. Prakash Rao; Produced by Lailtha Films; Dialogue by Sridhar.

Matharkula Manickam is genuine drama embellished with plenty of entertaining moments. It has an impressive star cast consisting of Anjali Devi, Savithri, M. N. Rajam, Nageswara Rao, R. Ganesan, D. Balasubramaniam, Ranga Rao, K. Sarangapani, Thangavelu and 'Friend' Ramaswamy.

The story revolves around two girls; one of them, Parvathi, (Anjali Devi) is newly married but her husband and she have not seen each other. Ravi (Nageswara Rao) lover of the other girl, Lakshmi (Savithri), is forced to marry a girl of his father's choice. The two newly married couples travel by a train which meets with a disastrous accident. The couples are thrown off apart. The unfortunate girl who was married to Ravi dies in the accident. Parvathi falls near Ravi who has also not seen his wife's face, and he mistakes her for his wife! Ravi takes her home and soon realises his error. But he is afraid to reveal the fact to Parvathi lest she commit suicide, thinking herself widowed. Lakshmi misunderstands Ravi, and she thinks he has deliberately deceived her. In the end however Ravi and Lakshmi are united and Parvathi is restored to her husband Sekhar.

Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer who presided on the occasion was too complaisant by half to the lecturer and is said to have appealed to him to make a more sympathetic study of the earlier phases of Hindu thought and literature. Prof. Toynbee's ignorance of the terrain is compendious, and he must go to school again to make good the lacunae in his mental outfit. Since he has declared that he is now on a busman's holiday, let us hope for something worthwhile issuing out of it in due course.

The story is thin and not strongly woven. The sequence of events, and the crucial events in the story occur as if by mere chance, and as such they are not convincing. The dialogue written by Sridhar is noteworthy, though in some places it seems to be redundant.

All the other stars are put in the shade by Anjali Devi's moving portrayal as Parvathi. She has achieved a great success in creating by her deportment and sublime expressions the loving, shy bride who is eager to please the man whom she thinks is her husband. Anjali Devi stated recently that she would stop acting after her hundredth picture and if this should happen, her position could be hardly replaced by any other actress. Kannamba as Sekhar's mother showed that neither time nor age had diminished her talent. Savithri was good as Lakshmi but her performance missed the emotion at crucial moments. A. Nageswara Rao as Ravi has rendered a good performance but his talking Tamil in Telugu accent spoils the effect. R. Ganesan, D. Balasubramaniam, S. V. Ranga Rao and Sarangapani have done well.

The songs are ordinary. Photography is good. T. Prakash Rao's direction is an important feature in making the picture a box-office hit.

—NILEN

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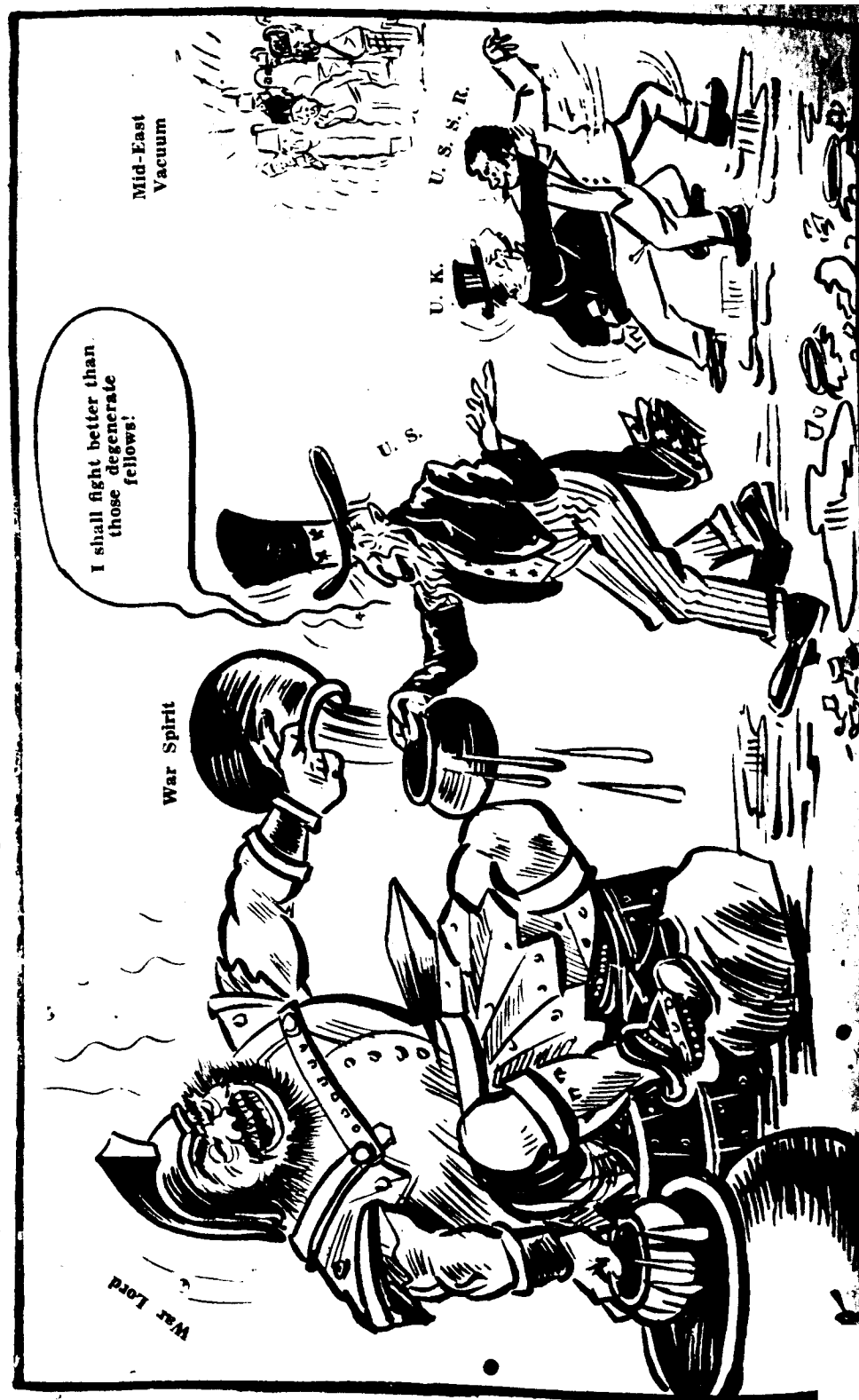
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SWATANTRA

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FREE ENTERPRISE

MR. A. D. SHROFF has been touring the country and doing propaganda for the organisation known as the Forum of Free Enterprise. The Forum claims to be an educative and a non-political body which will place before the country authoritative information about the achievements and the potentialities of the private sector in contradistinction to the part played by the public sector in the economic development of the country. The Forum claims that the case for free enterprise has gone by default, with the result that the un doubted achievements of the captains of industry who have toiled hard even under the adverse conditions of the British rule to put India on the industrial map of the world and have built up the marvellous structures which serve our people with textiles, steel, sugar, cement, shipping, banking and insurance have been altogether ignored and due credit has not been given to them. Even the giant hydro-electric power stations of Bombay were built up entirely by private enterprise and the Government of the day took little or no interest in the scheme. It may be worth remembering that when Gandhi started his non-cooperation movement in 1920 his stock argument against the British rule was that it encouraged and imposed on the people of India an importation of Rs. 60 crores worth of piece-goods from abroad and thereby impoverished them. But today, by the sheer effort of private enterprise, the position has been reversed, and India exports cotton piece-goods to

forty different markets of the world in the teeth of cut-throat competition from Lancashire and Japan.

Mr. Shroff has spotlighted the point that, during the prosecution of the First Five-Year Plan, while the private sector entirely fulfilled the task allotted to it, the public sector failed ignominiously to reach up to the targets allotted. As practical men interested in carrying on our avocations in life in the light of demonstrable facts and not as visionaries whose minds are tethered to unattainable ideologies, it is incumbent upon all of us who have a stake in the country and who intend to build up on sure foundations an economic system which will raise the level of living of our people that we should mould our action in the light of these facts.

The question arises as to whether in view of these failures of the planners of India's economy the entire method of economic planning should be abandoned. Mr. Shroff has made it clear in his speeches that he is by no means opposed to planning and that, in fact, he desires and welcomes planning and regulated progress. His objection is only to the inordinate extension of the process of regulation so as to result in a regimentation which would kill the vital element of freedom from industrial enterprise.

Mr. Shroff protests against the accusation that he is for the revival of *laissez-faire* economy. Indeed, he is enthusiastically for the abolition of obsolescent Capitalism which is inconsistent with modern technological

progress. He is for the building up of a free economy which would be based upon the fundamental freedom guaranteed to every citizen under the Constitution of India to carry on his individual chosen avocation. Profit making is and should be considered legitimate, while profiteering is a crime and should be penalised. Old fashioned Capitalism cannot survive in the climate of modern scientific advancement.

Franklin D. Roosevelt subjected the American Industrial structure to many limitations. The laws against monopolies and the regulations relating to hours of work and payment of wages and the provision of many amenities to the workers now prevalent in all the industrially advanced nations have amended Capitalism out of all shape. There is gradually emerging in the Free World an economy pledged to give a square deal to the workers as well to the entrepreneurs whose joint endeavours produce wealth. As an earnest of their good faith and their genuine attachment to these liberalising features of the new economic set-up, the Forum for Free Enterprise have published a credo which lays down the ethical code to be adhered to by all who would run industrial establishments.

It is tragic that Pandit Nehru and the Congress party in India should fail to seek the alliance of the progressive and modern forces represented by the Forum of Free Enterprise and should hark back to the obsolete creed of collectivistic Socialism which was a by-product of the economic malaise and industrial imbalance of 19th century Capitalism. The horse of Socialism has been ridden to death by the Fascist as well as by the Communist dictators. By all official accounts and the reports of competent observers neither Russia nor China has succeeded in bringing even that measure of happiness to its people which is undoubtedly available to the lesser

Nations who have gone about building their modest social structures with less pomp by the more modern method of free enterprise. The Congress party is frittering away the economic wealth of India in a mad venture to implement the ideological fantasies whose illusory nature has already been exposed in other countries.

Mr. Shroff has done a great public service by exposing the unsound economic foundations of the Second Five-Year Plan. He has also pointed out the menace to the development of Trade in India by the setting up of the State Trading Corporation which is already monopolising all foreign trade and is sending out authoritative directions to small traders to furnish information not only as to *what* they trade in but also as to *how* they do their trading. Even small men who do export business in commodities like lemon grass oil and sandalwood oil are sought to be sucked in and extinguished by the State Trading Corporation. Mr. Shroff has warned the public against the danger of the purely artificial financial crisis induced by Government's insisting upon compulsory deposits by industrialists to the tune of Rs. 80 to 100 crores. Above all there is the danger, as pictured by Mr. Shroff, of the army of field workers in nationalised businesses, like Life Insurance, who will be compelled to canvass votes for the candidates of the ruling party in the coming elections.

The last mentioned danger of the political use (or rather abuse) to which the craze for collectivistic Socialism may lead, should bring all lovers of freedom to fight for the cause which the Forum of Free Enterprise espouses. While we appreciate the courage with which Mr. Shroff has expounded his thesis, and we are entirely at one with him in his assessment of the magnitude of the danger inherent in the prevalent craze for Socialism, we find ourselves unable to agree with him in the remedy he

suggests. While all the time he has been talking hot politics he proposes action which will be merely educative. The serious nature of the malady which Mr. Shroff has so eloquently described requires radical treatment which means political action and not the adoption of mere

educational methods. If the Forum is serious about its mission it should plunge into politics and, even if it cannot lead a political party at this late hour before the elections, should at least help other parties fighting the monopolistic and totalitarian Congress.

SIDELIGHTS ::

PAKISTAN is on the war path. She has raked up the Kashmir question before the UN Security Council and Mr. Feroz Khan Noon has delivered a bitter attack on India demanding the immediate withdrawal of Indian forces from Kashmir, simultaneously with the introduction of UN forces under a UN Plebiscite Administrator. Mr. Noon made the ridiculous allegation that there was a reign of terror in Indian occupied Kashmir. He threatened the UN members with the onset of red revolution by the population of the tribal belt on the North Western Frontiers of Pakistan and by the Kashmiri refugees in Pakistan who would cross the cease-fire line and would stage a mass movement inside Kashmir if the UN would not save the situation and ensure peace by active military intervention.

The main fear of Pakistan seems to be the impending constitutional change announced for January 26th when Kashmir would formally integrate with India and would form part and parcel of the Indian Union. Of course, behind the facade of sweet reasonableness and injured innocence assumed by the Pakistani advocate, there is the attempt to exploit the present international situation which is unfavourable to India. India is unpopular with the Anglo-French and other Western nations because of her forthright attitude

on the Egyptian affair. There is a growing coolness of India's relationship with Russia and other Communist countries owing to her lukewarm attitude in regard to the crisis in Hungary. Ill-luck attended Pandit Nehru's recent visit to America and he failed to convert President Eisenhower to the doctrine of *Panch Shila*. All these events which have reacted unfavourably towards India are sought to be exploited by Pakistan in her own favour.

Whatever be the decision of the U. N. Security Council on the Kashmir issue—and there is no knowing whether there will be a decision at all or merely a continued stalemate—the situation in India in regard to Indo-Pakistan relationship is certainly growing worse and will soon reach the boiling point. People in the South are not yet awake to the enormity of this danger. In spite of the excitement of the coming elections the people of the North are quite alert and react sharply to the hostile demonstrations of the people and of the Government of Pakistan. The violent and warlike speeches of responsible men holding high offices in Pakistan have had their bitter repercussions in Northern India. It is time that we in the South bestir ourselves and realise that we are in peril. Already the military expenditure of the Government of India in

regard to the safeguarding of Kashmir territory is mounting up to colossal amounts, out of all proportion to the normal needs of a poverty-stricken nation pledged to the peaceful pursuit of *Panch Shila*. But the stark fact stares us in the face that the entire armed might of India as it stands today even after the recent heavy investments, is still weaker by far than the military might of Pakistan which enjoys the supreme advantage of an alliance with the U. S. war machine and a free access to the knowledge and the use of the latest inventions in war technology. There is no doubt whatever that the Pakistani Air Force is equipped with jet planes which can outmanoeuvre and outreach the Indian Air Force. Probably the U. S. army has already built bases in Pakistan from which guided missiles can be directed to Baku and to Moscow. There is nothing to prevent the Pakistani Army from turning the direction of these missiles so as to strike and decimate Delhi and Calcutta, or for that matter Bombay and Madras. No doubt there is a sort of understanding that the military equipment assigned to Pakistan under the U. S.-Pak pact should be used only for defensive and

not for offensive purposes. But who is to decide which is offence and which is defence during a military crisis? Britain has already set the example by a glaring abuse of such weapons granted to her for defensive purposes against Communist aggression for an offensive onslaught against defenceless Egypt. What Britain did in Egypt yesterday Pakistan may do in Kashmir tomorrow with better reason; for it has to be conceded in fairness that Pakistan has better claims against India of which she was part and parcel till a few years ago than Britain ever had against Egypt where she was always an aggressor and an exploiter. We are no alarmists but we should warn the people of India and particularly the still slumbering masses of South India that it is time they bestir themselves and pay attention to the vital need of strengthening our defence forces so as to withstand the threatened invasion by Pakistan. Modern war breaks out without any formal declaration. Modern weapons strike with the rapidity of lightning. Let us beware and act before it is too late.

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Secretary.

PEDLAR'S PACK

AS election day draws near, the air is getting thick with rumours of local alignments and vendettas being organised under cover of public interests. The publication of Congress lists of Tamil Nad Galahads has led to two opposite effects. Many of the nominees have declined the honour for reasons which are in the main obscure. Few if any of them have adopted the classical attitude of *nolo episcopari*, out of a sense of personal unworthiness. One of our local contemporaries which finds safety in habitually supporting the *status quo* has come out with an attack on the high command for pampering casteism in all its protean shapes. A complaint from the other end is voiced that tried workers in the field have been jockeyed out by the mis-application of the condition pertaining to the introduction of new blood. Whether the result of current experiments in transfusion will promote anything other than confusion is also said to be exercising certain ruling circles themselves. But there seems little likelihood of the lists being modified drastically, mainly for reasons of prestige. As everybody dolefully admits, the trump-card that is being relied upon is the magic *mantra* of Congress. Thus the voice will be that of Jacob while the hands will be those of Esau!

be tested in the light of actual facts. There is one particular development which is said to be in the offing; and if true, it would falsify the claim or aspiration of the Prime Minister. In a number of key constituencies where the Congress can at best hope to get only a minority of votes, attempts are being made to engineer triangular contests so that the Congress nominee might sneak through by a species of electoral fraud. Everybody has been making attempts to avoid these triangular contests. They are one of the blots on democracy which the rank and file have not yet been able to see through and expose. Local interests, personal factors and, worst of all, communal and sub-communal predilections are being roused so that the solidarity of the anti-Congress front now taking shape so hopefully might be disrupted. Of course this is being done by the secret supporters of Congress who are the recipients of favours received and still pending. As for carpet-baggers, their name and labels are legion. If this sort of thing materialises, it is to be hoped that the electorate will not allow itself to be misled by such red-herrings across its path. Eventually it all boils down to this,—that the public must assert itself and rise above itself. So my tip to my readers is: Look out for these three-cornered contests and see whom they benefit, and then draw your own conclusions.

Speaking at Calcutta, Pandit Nehru paid a handsome tribute to the Indian Press. He said the Indian Press compared well with the Press in other countries, and singled out for special praise the serious note found in our country more than abroad.

Nehru says that Indian papers
Are habitually serious:
They're neither flippant nor cut capers
But their praises of him weary us!

Pandit Nehru has reiterated again and again that the Congress would fight the elections with clean hands and with the utmost rectitude. The assurance has to

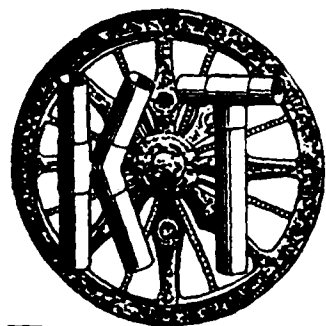
In a recent address, Pandit Nehru is said to have declared: India is a bundle of centuries. The cow and the tractor march together, and it does not seem incongruous to us.

Our most exciting venture is
To make a bundle of centuries:
We've yoked the cow with the tractor
And shall drive them with th' atomic reactor!

To prove our peculiar flair
For progress—though we know not
where!

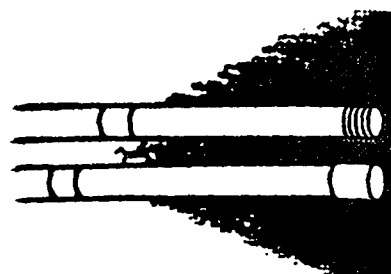
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January 19 1957

SWATANTRA

PROFILE:

PRIME MINISTER HAROLD MACMILLAN

By C. H. V. PATHY

AFTER his miserable Suez mis-adventure, it was a foregone conclusion that the days of Anthony Eden as Prime Minister of Great Britain were numbered. His recent three-week vacation trip to Jamaica was his political Waterloo, and many had predicted that he would give up his post on return. Harassed by circumstance, sniped by opposition critics and disturbed by rebellion within his own party, Churchill's blue-eyed boy has thrown up the job. While this has not come as a surprise, the choice of Harold Macmillan as the successor to Eden is an event which no one anticipated. Mr. R. A. Butler, the natural successor, has been bypassed for the obvious reason that he has never been a worshipper at the shrine of Winston Churchill. The elder statesman had his revenge by advising the Queen to choose Macmillan. In this he was also supported by the Marquess of Salisbury.

"Edwardian Buck"

Francis Boyd, Parliamentary Correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian* once wrote that Macmillan has an eighteenth-century air, "looking like an Edwardian buck, behaving like a statesman in a corny amateur play, and being essentially a child of the economic era in politics."

Grandson of the well-known publishing house of Macmillans, Harold was the Managing Director of the firm before he became a Minister. Son of a Scottish father and an American mother, he was born in 1894, went to school at Eton and was an exhibitor to the Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a first class in Moderations. In the first world war

he was an ensign in the Grenadier Guards and was wounded three times. It is stated that on the last of the occasions, having to spend a whole day in No-Man's Land, with only the dead for company, he tried to distract himself by reading a pocket edition of Homer in the original text. Many years later at the height of the Greek Civil War, while being subjected to intermittent sniping, he found solace in reading Dean Millan's book on the Greek Orthodox Church.

His career began in 1919 when he went to Canada as A. D. C. to the Duke of Devonshire. The next year, he married the Duke's daughter, Lady Dorothy Cavendish.

Long Innings In Parliament

Harold Macmillan had a long innings in Parliament. He contested a Parliamentary seat in 1923 from Stockton-on-Tees and was defeated. However he won an election the next year. He was again unseated in 1929 but got returned two years later. Then began an unbroken spell—from 1931 to 1945. When he made his debut in Parliament he made a mark as a specialist in social and economic questions. It was a time of heavy unemployment and Harold wrote books on industry and the State and on reconstruction. He was also unusually interested in planning.

With a decisive flair for foreign affairs, Macmillan undertook many special assignments for his country. He was present in Italy when Eisenhower signed the Armistice and he accompanied the Allied Armistice Commission all through. He was later appointed as British representative to the Advisory Council for Italy with

the title of U. K.'s High Commissioner. He was a delegate to the Hague Conference in May 1948 and Minister of State in the Mediterranean theatre of war. In the caretaker Government of 1945, he became Secretary of State for Air. He also functioned as Minister of Housing and Local Self-Government for three years, later becoming Minister of Defence. When the recent Government was formed, Churchill made him Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the changes effected by Eden after he became Prime Minister, he was given the Foreign Affairs portfolio.

He takes an original and independent view on foreign questions. He sides with Churchill in his attacks on the Government in the days before Munich. In 1936, when the Government withdrew the sanctions against Italy during the Abyssinian War, he formally broke with his party. He was a warm supporter of Churchill's efforts to unite Western Europe, and attended the Council of Europe when it was established at Strassbourg.

Unemotional

He differs from Churchill and Butler alike. He lacks the former's imagination to sense the ordinary people and the latter's immense driving power. He is a shy person. In his personal relationships he is unemotional. He has written many books and is also an amateur painter. In 1938, he published his important book, *The Middle Way* wherein he shows the similarity in economic structure of the Fascist, the Communist and the extreme Socialist States, and the resulting menace to individual liberty.

Power brings with it new responsibility. Macmillan is now faced with the supreme test of his career. If he continues the tough policy which Eden initiated, the days of Tory governance in England are numbered. Neither Gaitskell nor Butler will spare him. If on the other hand he follows a liberal policy with countries which his predecessor had alienated, he can rehabilitate the fallen fortunes of the Tory party.

New Books

POSTED MISSING. By Alan Villiers. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.75.

SUPPOSE somebody told you that a ship which set sail from your port didn't reach its destination, that it was lost on its way, would you believe it? For all I know, you may not, as it sounds strange and incredible. But ships do get lost without a trace occasionally, at least one in an year. Mr. Allan Villiers, an Australian-born ship master unfolds in this gripping book the story of the mysterious disappearance of ships (without giving even an SOS) in recent times. The instances given by Mr. Alan include the *Waratah* which disappeared off the Indian Ocean taking a heavy toll

of 211 passengers besides the cargo, and the five Norwegian ships which were lost off the island, Jan Mayer, as recently as March 1952.

Mr. Alan has great sympathy for the seamen who lose their lives when ships disappear, and his heart goes out to their families. He concludes his account with a brief discussion of the lessons to be learnt from the past mishaps, and the useful precautions to be taken to avoid them.

The Poetry and Philosophy of the Tamil Siddhars. By A. V. Subramania Aiyar. Published by S. Mahadevan, Bookseller and Publisher, Tirunelveli, Jn. Rs. 2.

The Siddhars of old were 'seers' who scorned sensual pleasures. They did

not attach importance to religious institutions, festivals, rituals or conformity. Nor did they recognise caste distinctions. They enjoyed considerable popularity among the people: as the author of this book says, "... not all the cold scorn and power of religion and social orthodoxy could drive their poetry out of the popular mind."

Mr. Subramaniam has given a succinct summary of the philosophy embodied in the works of some of the well-known Siddhars like Tirumoolar, Sivavakkaiar, Pattinathar and Bhadrachariar. He has given a number of illustrations from the original Tamil text.

Social Legislation—Its Role in Social Welfare. Issued on behalf of the Planning Commission. The Publications Division, New Delhi. Rs. 6.

This book is not claimed to be a comprehensive account of social legislation passed by the Legislature. It is confined to laws relating to women, children, handicapped groups, the destitute, the exploited women and the treatment of offenders because these "raise problems of welfare claiming priority." The particular laws have been intelligibly explained and important court decisions quoted. The book gives a vigorous examination of the role of social legislation in furthering social welfare. The paramount need to weed out the jungle of tradition and precedent that has grown around the ancient rules and to estimate a rational basis is emphasised. A forthright plea for equality of women is put forward: Marriage must be an equal partnership with mutual and well-defined obligations, without any loss of status, personality, or capacity. The sole claim to authority by the husband must be given up. Responsibility must be shared with the wife

and each partner should help the other in attending to the welfare of the family according to his or her ability. It would be wrong to treat the wife as an unproductive dependant... Regarding immoral traffic in women, it is remarked that while prostitution is held inevitable and even desirable as an institution, it is the prostitute that is blamed "for debasing sex not for love but for money..." Holding that the existing machinery for the enforcement of the law is unsuited and inadequate, it is suggested that "a special police squad consisting partly of women should be organised for preventive action... and for keeping vigilance." One wishes more space could have been devoted to the study of the role of legislation in promoting social welfare.

In the jargon of book-reviewers, this book is a must for social workers and reformers.

Nouvel Etat De Pondichery (Evenements marquants et progres economique et social depuis le transfert de facto.) Published by the Information Department, Pondicherry State.

We wonder what useful purpose this pamphlet about Pondicherry after its *de facto* merger with India can serve, as it is in French. Even in Pondicherry State the number of French-knowing people should be very few, and in India just a handful, so to say.

The Pondicherry town may have the semblance of affluence but the surrounding villages are poverty-stricken and are in need of development. We appeal to the Government not to waste the poor man's taxes over such costly publicity stunts but to spend the money for the welfare of the people.

N. G. R.

"A PASSAGE TO INDIA"

A REVALUATION

III. SYMBOLISM

By P. M.

THIS is another topic on which a lot of admiring stuff has been written during the last thirty years. Symbolism is a literary device by which an author adopts a philosophic, didactic or prophetic character. Being a sort of deputy providence to his own creations and creatures, he can manage to give advance indications of coming events or explain the hidden significance of particular situations or speeches not at the time but either before or after the event. The method also implies some element or other of dramatic irony. The reader may not understand the significant context at the moment, but it will generally come back to him either in the course of retrospect or when he is reading some later part of the novel or story or play or poem. Let us illustrate this from *A Passage to India* to make clear what is meant.

The Title

There is symbolism in the very title of the book. You can book a passage to India by getting into touch with the P. & O. Company or any of the other steamship companies doing business. But that is purely a mechanical detail. When you repeat the title in a thoughtful tone, you intend to convey a deeper aspect of the problem. Kipling asked in one of his patriotic poems: "What do they know of England who only England know?" It might at first sound like a sort of juggling with words. But when they are studied with some care, we get a new meaning for the term England; it is not merely the geographical term, but the historical, cultural, and other aspects of the greatness of England. Similarly, a passage to India is

not the tourist aspect of it; it is the ideological, cultural aspect of international relations. Can any two nations understand each other perfectly, and live in unbroken cordiality on terms of absolute equality and trust? Theoretically we may say yes; but in practice, the world has not yet witnessed that miracle or marvel. When further, as in the case of England and India, the relations are embittered by political dominance and economic exploitation, the answer to the question becomes still more difficult. That is precisely the aim of the author in hitting on such a title as *A Passage to India*. He implies to all interested in the question how difficult it is to find a peaceful, acceptable and honourable answer to the query.

Actually, the number of answers given to the question are as varied as the number of characters introduced. Friendship says Fielding; Justice and strictness, says the Collector. The army to make the people behave, says the drunken subaltern. There is no need to come to a clash, says Godbole: You live your life and I shall live mine. The world, is wide enough for both of us, and Bharat Mata is a kind mother who makes no distinctions. Brotherhood, says Aziz,—but on my terms which include taking away one's shoes inside a mosque, *purdah*, Persian poetry, decay of Islam, admiration for Alamgir and so on. It is thus seen that no two of them are the same.

The next important piece of symbolism is in the titles to the three parts of the book. India is not something compact, indivisible, neat and tidy which can be labelled and packed and

put on a shelf. It is multitudinous, baffling, contradictory, ancient and inexhaustible. Well then, says the author: I shall give you three glimpses of the country out of a possible three thousand! So he begins with the mosque. It becomes the symbol of the power which has decayed side by side with the power which has supplanted it. The present British period was preceded by the Mughal period. Aziz is a creature of the dead past for his thoughts are elegiac and brood over the faded glories of the peacock throne, Alamgir and so on. Poor Aziz holds his dingy court in a ramshackle dirty room imagining that he is the last of the Mughals, and is humoured in his delusions by Fielding and Co. But can the reign of the Mosque be restored in the country? India belongs to us, says Aziz in one of his reveries, neither to the Hindu nor to the British, but only to the Mughal! In short, the past is beyond recall. Islam may have a revival, but not in India; for why should Aziz be so full of sadness? It is but a premonition of that truth.

Likewise, the third section is clear enough in its symbolism. The temple is symbolic of Hinduism at its best and worst. It has survived the onslaughts of the crescent and cross and still commands the allegiance—mental and emotional—of millions of people. Hence the description of the Gokulashtami festival. It is not at all to Aziz's taste, but he is able to live peaceably in such an atmosphere. The freedom that he enjoys in a native Hindu state thus proves prophetic of the freedom which Muslims by the millions enjoy in truncated, divided India. The temple thus promises better chances of reconciling the age-long conflicts of Hindu and Muslim. It promises a tolerance which guarantees separate existence to dissident minorities. As a detail, it is worthy of note that the vision of a free and independent India comes to Aziz only in a Hindu state. The need to fraternise with our next-door nei-

ghbour is thus felt to be more urgent and vital than indulging in dreams of Mughal glory and pan-Islam.

The drab sisterhood of XIX century nationalism' is not the final word in the evolution of nationalistic philosophies. Even granted that the two nations are different, there is no reason why in time they should not learn to live and let live, thus providing an inspiring object lesson to the world at large.

The Caves

It is however the middle section of the book that has caused the greatest confusion among critics and admirers equally. It may even be hazarded that Forster himself might have been unsure of himself when he ploughed through the writing of this part of the book. The caves separate the mosque from the temple in the book. But we know that something deep and great does divide Hindu from Muslim in the country. What is it? We speak of race, religion, manners, customs, habits, language, food and a host of minor but no doubt necessary things. But are these so unchangeable and fixed that they prevent men from coming together? Beyond and below them, are not the caves of darkness, of ignorance and fear, also separating them from one another? The Englishman spoke of a Bridge party only symbolically, meaning that he should do something to bring the two races closer together. Likewise, here are the caves about which all speak mysteriously, but on which no one has any definite tangible information to give. Godbole is represented as knowing all about them, but he carefully evades speaking about them. Mrs. Moore is broken up by it and is made the victim of the knowledge of their existence. For after she has been in one of them, she goes back to die in mid-ocean. This sinister element associated with the caves—is it the result of superstition or is it inherent in the caves themselves as natural phenomena? We cannot say with certainty what

the answer is; but we may canvass all conceivable possibilities.

First of all, we have the Christian answer to the question. The caves represent the unregenerate side of human nature. Man is born with the taint of original sin, only baptism and faith in Christ can help to wash him pure. The reference to the 'undying worm' according to Christianity is the existence of Evil symbolised by the serpent. If this is intended, it is surprising that Mrs. Moore who should have known of it as a Christian is 'broken by it.' If there is a knowledge of something beyond good and evil, as others say, why should it make Mrs. Moore a different and worse woman? According to most critics, Mrs. Moore is the idealisation of something or other which Forster holds dear; she becomes a goddess of goodness to Aziz, she is said to brood over the book in all its parts, and by virtue of their kinship with her, Stella and Ralph become symbols of her good influence. All these considerations cannot explain why Mrs. Moore should herself be affected so badly by the caves.

In another context, Forster makes fun of the notions of profundity, eternity and sublimity. The undying worm becomes split up into a thousand maggots. Life is thus reduced to mean, petty dimensions, a sorry business altogether. But we feel that such an anti-climax can't be true.

The next theory as regards the caves is that they represent nihilism, *nirvana*, utter nothingness. This would represent the high-water mark of cynicism, a bleak and cheerless philosophy and emptying life of all its meaning, purpose and aim. For the joys and sorrows of life, its agonies and exultations are real enough, as we are moved by them every day. The stuff of our emotional life is sustained by them. If at the end of it all, there is nothing and it is inescapable, then as realists we must face it and thankfully accept such happiness as comes our way. But even this

interpretation cannot account for the sad change in Mrs. Moore.

A still further interpretation of the caves is suggested by Bacon's famous reference to the 'idols of the cave',—a phrase by which he seeks to convey the idea of prejudices or fallacies arising from individual or group peculiarities. The caves of Marabar had been long treated as an 'object worthy of being visited. But as nobody knew what they were famous for, each came to view them in the light of his own idiosyncrasy. It is worthy of note that the mystery of the caves does not affect the Indian characters at all, but only the European.

A purely Hindu interpretation of the caves is to suppose them to represent primordial, undifferentiated *prakriti*. The manifestation of *Purusha* implicit in it has not yet taken place. It responds to all kinds of stimuli in one monotonous fashion—one meaningless sound—bo-oum! Being without attributes of its own, it is terrifying in its immobility, irresponsiveness and vastness. We cannot see the naked sun face to face and still keep our vision intact. In this view, Mrs. Moore has had a vision of the supreme reality, and becoming a liberated soul has no further interest in life or its problems. So she gives unhelpful replies to Miss Quested in her great mental and spiritual confusion. The supreme experience is never communicable from one to another; it must come to each of us separately or not at all. Whether we call it illumination or disillusionment or betrayal, it is never second-hand. Miss Quested has been anxious to mug up her notes on India second-hand, and the result was disastrous. She must make her own attempt to get out of it or be lost for ever. To her honour, it must be said that she proves faithful to the best in herself whether with or without the help of Mrs. Moore in body or spirit; and that is all that matters to us.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

NEHRU'S "NATIONAL" ANTHEM

By K. R. MALKANI

THE other day I. A. S. (Special Recruitment) candidates were asked to give an English rendering of the National Anthem. The question topped the paper. Strangely enough, almost nobody outside the ranks of Bengalis seemed to know what *Jana Gana Mana* . . . meant! It is a reflection on the country that its future administrators should not know what its very national anthem means. It shows the slipshod nature of our national upbringing.

But, for another reason, I'm almost happy that only a few know the meaning of the anthem. For if they knew they would not be particularly proud of it. The first line reads: "*Jana Gana Mana Adhinayak Jaya He Bharata Bhagya Vidhata*" i. e. "Ye Dispenser of the destiny of Bharat, victory unto you, lord of men, clouds and minds!" and who is this dispenser of Bharat's destiny, the lord of men, their minds and the skies? Well, he is King George V! Nehru the Innocent!

The British had decided to annul the partition of Bengal. King George V was coming to Bharat to hold the famous Delhi Darbar in 1912. Here he announced the annulment of the partition. And Rabindranath Tagore wrote this song in praise of George V. And Pandit Nehru wants us to accept *this* as the national anthem of Independent India. One can only hope that he is as innocent of the genesis and meaning of this song as any I. A. S. candidate! Or, is it that he thinks that Pandit Nehru has replaced King George in the song as its "Bhagya Vidhata"?

For close on half a century *Vande Mataram* had been our national song. Its mere chanting had taken thousands to British jails. It had become the slogan of nationalism. But Nehru decided otherwise. He forced out

Vande Mataram and forced in *Jana Gana Mana*. Why did he do it?

We do not know. He never cared to explain his preference. Some people think that he discarded *Vande Mataram* because it could not be set to Western orchestration for purposes of welcoming distinguished Indians abroad. But I learn on good authority that this is not so. Some high-minded musicians from Bombay, stung by the impropriety of *Jana Gana Mana* as the national anthem, specially came down to Delhi with a suitable score for *Vande Mataram*. They set it to Western orchestration before distinguished audiences and won their plaudits. But Pandit Nehru refused to be impressed. He had made up his mind and closed it up!

Some thought his partiality for *Jana Gana Mana* was due to its surprising musical resemblance to "God Save the King". Pandit Nehru, the Prime Minister, suffers from more inferiority complex *vis-a-vis* the British and the West, than the humblest peasant. But while this could account for a sub-conscious preference for *Jana Gana Mana*, it could not be the basis for a deliberate act of choice of the national anthem.

Opposition to "Vande Mataram"

One reason remained. Muslim hostility to *Vande Mataram*. The Muslims had long opposed it. Rejection of *Vande Mataram* was a ubiquitous demand, whether the Muslim League formulated its "Seven Points," "Fourteen Points," "Twenty-one Points" or "Twenty-eight Points". Nationalist India had always rejected this demand on its integrity. But it was left to Pandit Nehru to concede it! And so by the magic wand of Nehru, the Parliament was made to prefer the song of slavery to the

song of freedom! As a glorious compromiser he threw a sop to the conscientious. If they liked, *Vande Mataram* could be sung as a secondary national anthem at the close of functions! In "India that is Bharat" the national anthem became *Jana Gana Mana* and if you like, occasionally, and always secondarily,

Vande Mataram! Why, our very territories are indeterminate what with Goa, Dadra and Nagar Haveli on one side and Poonch, Baltistan Hunza and Nagar on the other!

This ambiguity in the very bases of our national life will have to go if we are to live and grow as an integrated people.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ANNIVERSARY



Countries throughout the world are this year honouring the genius of Benjamin Franklin (1706-1790), famous American philosopher and statesman, on the 250th anniversary of his birth.

Born in Boston, in the British Colony of Massachusetts, on January 17, 1706, he was one of the great leaders in the American struggle for independence and in the welding of the separate states into a lasting political union. He also gained fame during his lifetime as an author, inventor, scientist, and diplomat.

The print above shows Benjamin Franklin performing his famous experiment (1752) in which he flew a kite during a thunderstorm and demonstrated that lightning and electricity are identical.

CO-EXISTENCE OF COMMUNIST STATES

By N. GALAY

THE essence of the crisis facing the Communist bloc is the fact that the problem of the co-existence of Communist states has not yet been solved and that there are two opposing Communist ideas on the methods of solving it.

The extension after World War II of the area and influence of the USSR and of Communist doctrine beyond the original boundaries inherited by the Soviet Union from old Russia is the source of the problem of the co-existence of Communist states. Hitherto, the Soviet leaders have had contact with only one aspect of this problem, when they organized their "proletarian" state after the Revolution.

To solve the problem of the co-existence of different Communist states arising from the extension of the Soviet sphere of influence, the Kremlin began setting up pseudo-sovereign puppet governments in the countries of Eastern Europe completely subordinate to Moscow, for whom the Communist parties of the satellites acted merely as executive organs.

In this way the "national in form, socialist in content" concept, used to solve the national problem in the USSR, was extended after the war to the "greater USSR" complex.

It should be remembered that unification in the USSR had the old imperial Russia as a basis. This meant that it was not only the centralizing force of the Communist Party that exerted an influence, but also the long-standing cultural and political ties that united Imperial Russia.

Tito's Concepts

The fact that Tito did not suffer the fate of other deviators was because he had his own governmental

machine and because Western aid was offered to him. However, no less important for the stability of Tito's position at the time was the fact that the national Communist basis of his regime found an additional support in the historical and national peculiarities already discussed. The influence of Tito's example and the ideology of national Communism on the satellite and Western European Communist Parties subsequently gave the national Communist movement the force which led to Tito's victory in the ideological struggle.

The struggle for national independence on the one hand and a Communist ideological affinity on the other are the limits within which Tito can manoeuvre in the question of the co-existence of different Communist states. The essence of Tito's concepts may be described as a desire for administrative decentralization of the world Communist movement and the replacement of the Soviet empire by a coalition of equal Communist states with the common task of establishing Communism throughout the world. Moltke's military maxim of going one's own way normally but fighting together applies to Tito's concept of the foreign and domestic policy of the Communist coalition he had planned.

The Soviet Declaration

There are two criteria for establishing the Soviet government's current views on and its attitude towards this general crisis: (1) Its declaration on the basis for the development and strengthening of friendship and co-operation between the Soviet Union and the other Socialist states, and (2) the practical steps taken by the Soviets at the present stage of developments. The Soviet declaration

published on October 30, 1956 after the initial success of the Hungarian revolt indicates, first, that the problems have not yet been solved, nor the blatant mistakes eradicated in the relations between the various Socialist states, second, that the Soviet government is prepared to make up such mistakes and shortcomings in friendly co-operation with its Warsaw Pact allies, and third, that it will take into consideration the position of the Socialist bloc countries when stationing Soviet forces on their territory. The Soviet point of view on the events in Hungary up to October 30 was also expressed.

The declaration had nothing concrete to say on the mistakes that have been made in relations between the Socialist countries but limited itself to the most general terms. However, when indicating the preparedness to eliminate such failings, the declaration is more exact, and what the Soviet government regards as abnormalities can be ascertained. Statements on the possibilities of a violation of the "principle of national sovereignty," and of "mutual benefit and equality of rights in economic relations," and the agreement to recall from the people's democracies technical and economic specialists who had been helping to "develop" the economies shows the official preparedness of the Soviet government to decrease the economic exploitation of individual "allies" to strengthen the Communist empire as a whole.

An important part of the declaration was the question of the distribution of Soviet forces in the satellites. This section was so worded as to permit several interpretations. It begins by mentioning the obligations which the USSR and the people's democracies have taken upon themselves in the sphere of defence, and carefully states whether the Soviet forces in a given country are stationed under the Warsaw Pact or the Potsdam Agreement. It is proposed that the distri-

bution of Soviet forces outside the USSR and the location of the forces by any member of the Warsaw Pact on the territory of another state be reviewed by the collective agreement of all members (not simply bilaterally). The declaration notes that foreign forces may be stationed on the territory of another participant only with the latter's agreement. This "concession," however, is undermined by the indication of the need for reaching a collective agreement, thereby permitting the majority to put pressure on the dissenter. It is, of course possible for the satellites to form a combined front against the USSR but the extent to which such a step is likely in the face of pressure from the Soviet Union is very much open to question. The ambiguity of the declaration gives the Soviet government a wide field for manoeuvring.

The concluding portion of the declaration is highly characteristic of this Soviet fiction. The cynicism of Soviet official announcement is obvious from the events which followed after November 1 when the Soviet Union unilaterally decided on armed intervention—the expression of regret over the events in Hungary and over the blood shed there, the accompanying indication of willingness to withdraw Soviet forces from Budapest (but not from Hungary), as soon as the Hungarian government considered it necessary, and the expressed readiness to discuss with the governments of Hungary and the other members of the Warsaw Pact questions of stationing Soviet troops in Hungary (thus not under a bilateral agreement).

It should also be noted that the publication of the declaration, with its clear indications of how important the very problem of the co-existence of different Socialist countries is, shows not only that there is a crisis in the Soviet empire over relations with the satellites but also that the Soviet government is faced with the necessity of taking political as

well as military steps to meet the situation.

However, the ambiguity of the declaration (the different tactical conceptions of the Khrushchev and Molotov factions) to this crisis do not permit an answer to the question of which view will take the upper hand at the present stage of the collective leadership's policy—the voluntary decentralization of Communism as a world movement, or the stubborn struggle against national Communism in order to preserve the maximum centralization and maintain the "people's democracies" in the position of satellites.

The Conversion Of Communist Empire

What has happened in Hungary shows how the Kremlin will react to any obviously anti-Communist trend in the satellites. Under such conditions the factions in the collective leadership, now rent by internal differences, would immediately unite and, moreover, receive the support of the

national Communists in the people's democracies, as the events in Poland and Hungary have shown. Nevertheless, it is hardly likely that the collective leadership could solve the present crisis by using Stalinist methods to reconvert the people's democracies, now in the process of emancipation, to the position of satellites.

The conversion of the Communist empire into a coalition of Communist states is now taking place. What the results of this step, with its new dangers for the free world, would be, is another question. The free world must be particularly alert now because of the possibility that the Soviet leaders might use a favourite method of all dictatorships: stirring up foreign complications and even war in an attempt to overcome internal contradictions. The acute nature of the present crisis does not exclude such a possibility *a priori*.

—The Bulletin

MY BELIEF AND HOPE

By JAMES PETER WARBASSE

BEING in health of body and mind, in this my ninetieth year, I assert my belief in truth, in kindness, in beauty, and in deeds—for the virtues come to nothing unless confirmed by action.

I believe the adoption of that course of life which is the most virtuous, as it becomes a habit, will be found to be the most agreeable.

I believe the cultivation of virtues should prompt people to see that their virtues impinge upon and affect other individuals to their advantage; for isolated virtue is sterile.

I believe that the dark realm, represented by the unknown, is neither sacred nor adorable, but is a challenge to man's curiosity and to his capacity to search for new information.

I believe that as time goes on, science will shed more and more light on this realm of mystery, and its ghostly inhabitants will continue to disappear.

I believe man does himself incalculable harm in looking to extra-natural forces for help, when in need, rather than making use of his own abilities.

I believe I know more than my ancestors, that much they believed was not true—which prompts me to be as sure as I can that my own beliefs rest on grounds that will bear the scrutiny of time.

I believe in the continuous expansion of knowledge and understanding; for I have seen the light illuminate the distant turrets of the future.

I believe the grain that nourishes and the sun that warms, the volcano that kills and the hurricane that destroys, are caused by the forces of nature which operate in all things and inspire man to meet them and control them.

I believe that the war which murders, the airplane which crashes, and the hospital which burns reveal only the inefficiency, injustice, and greed of man, and the responsibility should rest squarely on him.

I believe that mankind needs the emotions; for science cannot supply the fineness which music, poetry, the imagination, and the beauties of colour and form engender.

I believe in plan and purpose. But since plan and purpose imply thinking, I have no conception of plan and purpose excepting such as emanate from the brain; and such functions of the brain, I believe, are physiologic, occurring only in an organ of nerve-cells and nerve fibers.

I believe happiness is best attained by health of body and of mind, by efficiency directed to definite goals in the interest of one's own well-being, by the love of truth, by acting in kindness, by creating beauty, and by doing what is needed to implement these virtues.

I believe that to walk uprightly and to live justly toward all men are the companions of happiness, that to be generous and charitable are requirements, without which the highest degree of happiness is impossible.

I believe these virtues best promote self-interest, which is the great goal, and that the virtuous are, in general, the most successful and the happiest.

I believe, as old age approaches, the knowledge of a life that has exemplified these self-interests can be the supreme comfort, and to have won a life of happiness by such practices is the consummate climax.

I believe that the physical constituents of my body are indestructible and endure forever, that my children and grandchildren can perpetuate

my living substance as long as mankind survives, that the influence I have had on material things and the changes I have wrought in them endure beyond my life, and that the impact of my character upon other human beings expands and passes on from one to another while man exists.

These are my beliefs. I also have hopes.

I hope co-operation and brotherly sympathy among men may displace the struggle to overcome men.

I hope for the conquest of unnecessary pain and disease until man lives out his life in comfort.

I hope that freedom from superstition and mysticism will continue to advance till man has freed himself and depends on his own reasoning and his own responsibility for his fate.

I hope that my mind and memory will always cherish the beauties and the grandeur of this earth, of its people and its products.

I hope I may be spared the degenerative processes which might affect my mind and spoil my capacity to see naturally and to think scientifically.

I hope to remain alive while still living, and to find happiness in the enjoyment of truth, beauty, kindness, and in useful action.

I hope that as my hour of death approaches, I shall enjoy consciousness until the end, be free of pain, and enter into eternal sleep, aware that what I have started still goes on.

I hope I may have the satisfaction of observing the fading of function, and consciously take leave of life with intelligent resignation, viewing this event with equanimity and with the satisfaction I have always enjoyed in laying myself down to sleep when tired at the day's end. Since I have no fear of death, or of an ominous hereafter, I hope to live to experience death as a beneficent and great adventure.

—The Ethical Outlook.

RETIRING WHEN YOUNG

By M. P. JOHN

"THOSE who do not work are useless". But if you are 55 and just a poor Government servant—Thou shalt be useless.

By the time you begin to think that you are just about young, the Government asks you to retire. Your hair has not yet turned grey, and at the last annual sports you won a cup. But the Government says you are old. You have become an expert at your job and can do the work of four new recruits. During three decades you have learned a thing or two, and you are no longer too young to be irresponsible. But the Government has decided that you are useless.

Your father is a business executive and in active service. But you are expected to have lost all your vigour and vitality—for no reason other than the misfortune to have been in Government Service.

When you were a kid, your neighbour had already started his career as a politician. Today, you are considered too old to work, but he is the Chief Minister of a State. He is even excused if he sleeps during the sessions and at important functions over which he presides.

In his seventies a politician may say he is old and give up his portfolio—to amuse himself by essays on the *Mahabharata*. But suddenly you will find him young and a Governor-General. He will then declare he is positively old, and bury himself under essays on the *Ramayana*—to reappear again at the head of a State.

At 67 a Prime Minister may say he is "rather tired" but he will not be permitted to retire. Nor will he wish to.

(A politician never retires. At best he only changes his Party. Or he may even drift further and further from 'politics' and enter the Bhoodan Movement. By the way, the Bhoodan

Movement has nothing to do with politics or the Welfare State. It is non-political—because it is a movement. Politics cannot be a movement, it is a noise . . .)

Perhaps it is not fair that you and I who have never held ministerial posts should be commenting on these things. For all we know, the work of a filing clerk in Government Service may be more strenuous.

At any rate what right have we to conclude that at 55 we are asked to retire only because our revered politicians have not so far found out any other method of finding employment for the younger folks?

It would appear that we should hit back by all of us turning to politics at the age of 55. But that wouldn't work. After 30 years of straightforward, useful, hard work, you just can't be a politician.

Can you be a successful politician after your character has been formed?

PASSING BY

Just stop and look and listen,
As you pass along your way,
New Worlds are being formed,
To replace those that pass away.

All the substance remains constant,
None is added and none is taken
away,

But the form is always changing,
Moment by moment and day by day.

All is not just chaos and confusion,
And just a mess of needless strife,
Never still, ever changing, always
onward,

Advances the Great Cosmos, dying
into life.

So just be calm as you pass along,
Enjoy the best that you can find,
The flowers and birds along the way,
Will add joy to life and peace of mind.

VICTOR E. TOLLEFSON

ATOM IN PROSPECT

By M. A. RASHEED

SHORTLY after the close of the Second World War in 1945 the U. S., Britain and Canada offered to the world a comprehensive programme for control of atomic energy for peaceful uses by setting up an International Atomic Energy Agency. But as the Soviet Union was adamant against accepting the proposal without previous atomic disarmament it remained an impasse. This deadlock continued for a long time. President Eisenhower announced in the Eighth General Assembly of the United Nations on December 8, 1953, his intention of establishing an Atomic Agency for international co-operation for the peaceful uses of the atom. The Soviet Union refused to accept the proposal even then, but finally yielded due to pressure of world opinion. At Geneva on July 18, 1955, Mr. Nikolai Bulganin looked across the tables at President Eisenhower, and said, "the Soviet Union has taken a decision to contribute to the International Atomic Energy Agency an appropriate amount of fissionable material as soon as an agreement can be reached." As a result, the United Nations General Assembly unanimously approved the proposal for setting up the International Atomic Agency and appointed a 12-nation Committee for preparing the draft statute.

The Committee prepared the draft statute and submitted it to the United Nations for consideration. The 82-nation conference which met at New York in October last approved the draft statute with a slight amendment to the safeguards clause. This clause initially prohibited the use of atomic energy without the previous permission of the Agency, but the amendment provided for a certain latitude in the use of atomic energy

for peaceful purposes. If this Agency were constituted it would reduce the danger of atomic menace.

A Source of Enormous Power

The atom promises a very bright prospect as a source of enormous power which can be put to many uses. Lewis L. Strauss, Chairman of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, speaking to a rally of scientists about the vast potentialities of the atom, said, "it is not too much to expect that our children will enjoy in their homes electrical energy too cheap to metre, will know famines in the world as a matter of history, will travel effortlessly overseas and under them and through the air with a minimum of danger and at great speeds, and will experience a life span far longer than ours as disease yields and man comes to understand what causes him to age." This is a glorious picture of life which the atom presents to the future world.

The atom can be put to many peaceful uses. It is already being used in agriculture, medicine and for power production. The radioactive isotopes of phosphorus act as tracer-atoms in estimating the value of fertilizers to the plant growth and for improving the quality of the fertilizers. These isotopes, when mixed with the normal phosphates of the fertilizers and applied to the plant, trace the passage of the fertilizers through the plant body by giving rise to certain radioactive impulses which are caught on the Geiger Counters. By this method it is possible to estimate the period during which a plant needs to be nurtured by fertilizers. The research carried on at the Indian Agricultural Research Institute at Pusa showed that maize, tobacco, sugar and cotton take fertilizers during the early

stages of their growth whereas potatoes take phosphates throughout the growing season.

In medicine also the radioactive isotopes are used in the treatment of certain types of diseases like thyroid cancers, heart disease and the diseases of the blood. In cancers and glandular diseases, the radioactive isotopes act as tracer-atoms and locate the diseased portion of the body.

India Can Show the Way

The major task to which the atom is being put today is for the production of power. There is vast amount of power locked up inside each atom awaiting to be released and utilised for productive purposes. Fifteen pounds of concentrated atomic fuel can produce as much power as 40,000,000 pounds of coal. There is the same amount of energy in one pound of fissionable material as there is in 1,800 tons of coal or 300,000 gallons of petrol. The scientists believe that the world's requirement of increased power can be met by the construction of atomic power plants. The atomic power plant at the shipping port, Pittsburg, (Pennsylvania) and the Calderhall power plant in Britain are already producing power from the atom and supplying electricity to the rural population. The experimental power plant at Trom-

bay, near Bombay, is also carrying on research with the help of U. S. scientists for the production of power from the atom and may be able to supply power to expanding Indian industries. India has much to gain by this venture. She has rich deposits of thorium in the monazite sands of Travancore-Cochin. Recently a deposit of uranium was discovered in Madhya Pradesh. She has plentiful of heavy water supply at the Bhakra-Nangal Dam. Norway was the only producer of heavy water in Europe and has sold it for Rs. 10 lakhs per ton. In the Bhakra-Nangal Dam we get heavy water as a by-product and free of cost.

Dr. L. R. Hafstad, Director of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission and the winner of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission's Distinguished Service Award, commenting on India's development in the field of atomic energy said, "With the abundant supplies of thorium and a rapidly growing body of talented scientists and technicians, India can very well give the lead in using atomic energy for peaceful purposes." He added, "if all goes well India may become a leader in using atomic power for peace, providing herself with the supply of energy which may change the living conditions of the whole population."

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REDUCING WASTE

IT is just as important to reduce waste as it is to increase income. In business, in the home, in the public service, economy consists in seeing that we get our money's worth. The recipe for reducing waste is simple: apply sound commonsense supported by knowledge of the situation. We analyse the cause and put remedies to use.

If you will look around your own business, office or workshop, you may find certain men and women doing jobs for which they are not qualified or to which they are not adapted. By merely changing two men in their jobs you may fit both of them into places where they can work efficiently and resultfully, effecting better work with less effort.

The enemy of efficiency is complacency. Its thinking goes like this. There is safety in routine. What you did yesterday and last year was all right. A new way might be too much for you; at the very least it would likely cause you some worry and unrest.

The foreman or the office manager seeking to reduce waste will ask himself how much of the activity he sees is merely the movement of things from one place to another; how much of the office bustle is only the shuffling of papers. It is what goes out of the door in the way of finished product that counts.

Red Tape

Wasting time deciding trifles, doing unrewarding things, or planning actions that should have been made habitual: these explain why people do not get more things done and have the feeling of being pushed and pressed.

Procrastination afflicts all but people who are thoroughly well balanced mentally. It is an enemy to efficiency. It has to be cured by anyone seeking to eliminate waste from his own life and the work of those under

him. Set a dead-line. Be punctual. A Swiss who recorded his time meticulously all his life figured that in his eighty years he had wasted more than five years waiting for tardy people.

Stick to a Schedule

A simple schedule will help to eliminate time-consuming trivialities and to find more time for the things that matter most to you. For the busy executive and for any man who is seeking to find in life all the satisfactions he can get, the best distribution of the day's twenty-four hours is of paramount importance.

Following a time-planned day eliminates the waste of bustling and haste. It will contribute to a feeling of being on top of the job. It will decrease restlessness, great thief of vitality. Neither the amount nor the nature of our work is accountable for the frequency and severity of our break-downs. Their cause rather lies in the sensations of hurry and having no time.

Every business manager and every foreman has an opportunity to show the quality of his gray matter in avoiding waste. How should he go about it? Here is one way to start:

- (1) list the completed items or functions flowing from your department;
- (2) follow them back operation by operation to see of what activity and material they are made up;
- (3) take each activity separately and determine if there is a more efficient way of doing it (minimum motion, minimum time);
- (4) consider the material discarded at each step (why was it discarded? could it be saved by more careful work? can it be reused?);
- (5) always determine causes; don't be content with symptoms. Only by studying operations in detail with an open, inquiring mind can you arrive at causes.

There are several points to be kept in mind when planning to eliminate

waste: good housekeeping, flexibility, conservation, thrift and reclamation.

The executive, of course, should insist on having his own work-place kept orderly. Disorder and untidiness are wasteful of energy. To know where things are saves time.

In the general offices and in the workrooms, can waste space be used by planning? Is stock properly piled so as to be accessible and safe from damage? Do well-enforced rules keep passage-ways clear for traffic?

"Choke Points"

Every office and department should be so laid out that material flows directly from one operation to another with a minimum of handling. In some factories handling of materials accounts for as much as fifty per cent of the manufacturing cost.

Look for "choke points." Not many executives can go through their establishments observingly without detecting places where work piles up. Even if unnecessary handling consists only in lifting material a few inches, see if you cannot devise some method whereby that handling can be eliminated.

If you have trouble in detecting such opportunities for waste elimination (probably because you have been so close to the situation for so long) invite an observant friend or colleague to tour the premises with you.

Keep layout simple. Everyone seeking to increase efficiency will be tempted to over-organize, and over-organization leads, as Lord Beaverbrook reminds us, to strangulation. Rigidity of control is necessary to prevent waste, but there should be someone with authority to order what would ordinarily be a wasteful action if the result justifies it. The same act may be wasteful on one occasion or under certain circumstances, but not wasteful on another occasion or under other circumstances.

Salvage or reclamation differs from waste elimination. The latter occurs during the process of manufacture and is designed to use primary re-

sources to the best advantage. Salvage uses the reclaimed article after repairing it, or remakes it into some other useful article.

In some plants all material that has been damaged or discarded is collected by a salvage department that reconditions it for some beneficial purpose. Throughout our prosperous industrial plants the wastes of yesterday are converted into valuable raw materials of today. The history of the packing industry can well be written in terms of the progressive conversion of wastes into profitable by-products. It is of first-rate importance that the test tube should be applied to the waste heap and the junk pile.

Effect Small Savings

It would be a mistake to put off examining your business while awaiting an opportunity to make a big saving. The backbone of a drive to avoid waste is paying attention to the little things.

Let us look at one of these "little" things: scratch paper. A letter from New Zealand asks about the manufacture of the envelopes in which these *Monthly Letters* are sent out. The correspondent writes: "I find the re-use value of these envelopes much higher than the other types commonly in use here in New Zealand."

Many thousands of dollars could be saved in offices if envelopes from incoming mail were slit at the sides and used for making calculation, drafting letters, and so forth. New paper will have to be used for inter-office memos, but a hundred opportunities will arise every week to save by making do with what is now cast into the waste paper basket.

Little savings are worth looking for in the office, the home and the factory. There is nothing demeaning about being a waste-eliminator. In fact, avoiding waste as a way of increasing gain is one of the signs of a good administrator.

—*Monthly Letter* of the Royal Bank of Canada.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT

Preliminary Clause:

IN the name of the most holy and indivisible Trinity, we Peter I., Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, to all our descendants to the throne and government of the Russian nation. The All-Powerful, to whom we owe our existence, makes us regard the Russian people which is constantly guided by His light, and sustained by His Divine support, as called in the future to be the dominant race in Europe. This idea strikes us from the fact that European nations have for the greater part arrived at the state of old age allied to decay, or at all events this approaches them with rapid strides. From this it results that they ought to be easily and assuredly conquered by a young and new people, when the latter shall have attained all their force and power.

I regard the approaching invasion of the Western and Oriental nations by the North as a periodic movement decreed and designed by Providence, who in such manner regenerated the Roman people by means of an invasion by barbarians. This emigration of men from the direction of the Pole is like the reflux of the Nile, which at certain times nourishes with its mud the western land of Egypt. I have found Russia to be this river, and so I leave her. My successors will make her a great sea destined to fertilize impoverished Europe and if my descendants know how to direct the waters, her waves will break through any opposing banks. It is just for this reason that I leave the following instructions, and recommend them to the attention and constant observation of my descendants.

1. To keep Russia in a state for continual war, to hold the soldier ever ready, and never give him rest

except for the purpose of recovering the finances of the country and the improvement of the army. To choose the most favourable moment for attack, to follow up peace by war, and war by peace, in the interest, aggrandizement, and growing prosperity of Russia.

2. To entice by every means possible from the cleverest people of Europe officers during war and savants during peace, in order to improve the Russians at the expense of other nations without losing her own advantages.

3. To take part on every occasion in the affairs and discussions of Europe, whatever they may be, and especially in those concerning Germany, who as our most intimate neighbour interests us most directly.

4. To divide Poland, and keep up in that kingdom a constant disorder and continual jealousy, gain over the other powers at the price of gold, influence the Polish assemblies and corrupt them, so as to obtain an interest in the election of Kings, to name partisans and protect them as an excuse for the entry of Moscovite troops there, to remain until the day arrives for a permanent occupation. If the neighbouring Powers put forth difficulties, tranquillize them for a moment by dividing the country until we can retake as much of it as we have given up to them.

5. To take as much as we can of Sweden, and induce her to attack us, in order that we may have the pretext for subjugating her. For this purpose we must isolate Denmark from Sweden, and favour the rivalry between these countries.

6. To choose always German princesses for our princes in order to promote family alliances, reunite our interests, and so bring Germany over

to our cause for the augmentation of our influence.

7. To give preference to our alliance with England for commerce, she being the Power which has the greatest need of us for her marine, while at the same time she can be most useful to us for the development of our own. To exchange our wood and products for her gold, and establish continual relations between us with regard to her merchandise, her sailors, and our own, which will be in the interest of this country for navigation and commerce.

8. To extend ourselves without ceasing towards the North along the Baltic, and also towards the South along the Black Sea.

9. To approach as near as possible to Constantinople and India. Whoever governs there will be their true sovereign of the world. Consequently excite continual wars, not only in Turkey, but in Persia. Establish dockyards on the Black Sea, seize upon little pieces near this sea as well as the Baltic, which is doubly necessary for the attainment of our project. And in the decadence of Persia, penetrate as far as the Persian Gulf, re-establish if it be possible the ancient commerce with the Levant, advance as far as India which is the depot of the world. Arrived at this point, we shall have no longer need of England's gold.

10. To endeavour to maintain with care the alliances with the house of Austria, appear to support her in her policy of future domination in Germany, and foster below the surface the jealousy of the princes. Endeavour to induce her to demand the assistance of Russia by one means or other, and to exercise over the country a species of protection which may prepare for future domination.

11. To interest the house of Austria in driving the Turk out of Europe, to neutralize her jealousies at the moment of the conquest of Constantinople,

either by exciting her to war with the great Powers of Europe or by giving her a portion of the conquest, which we will retake from her at a later period.

12. To endeavour to reunite around us all the disunited and schismatic Greeks who are scattered over Hungary or Turkey or the middle of Poland, to be their centre, their support, to establish in advance an universal predominance by means of a kind of automatic or sacerdotal supremacy as a friend to each enemy.

13. Sweden being dismembered, Persia subjugated, Poland crushed, Turkey conquered, our army reunited, the Black Sea and Baltic guarded by our ships, we must then propose separately, and very secretly, first to the Court of Versailles, then to that of Vienna, to share with them the empire of the universe. If one of the two accept, which is nearly certain, by flattering her ambition and national vanity to make use of her for crushing the other. Finally, to annihilate in her turn the one which remains, by commencing a struggle which cannot be perilous, Russia possessing already all the Eastern or greater portion of Europe.

14. If (which is not impossible) each of these powers should refuse the project of Russia, we must know how to excite them to quarrel with the other. Then, taking advantage of the decisive moment, Russia must advance her troops, now reunited, on Germany, at the same time send two considerable fleets, one starting from the sea of Azof and the other from Archangel with Asiatic troops; through the assistance of these armed fleets, advancing by the Mediterranean and the ocean, France will be invaded on one side, Germany on the other. These two countries conquered, the rest of Europe will pass easily and without striking a blow beneath the yoke. It is thus that we can, and we ought to, subjugate Europe.

ARE ACCIDENTS A HABIT?

By PAULA PHILIPS

YOU'RE walking down the street to the bus one morning when suddenly you slip and fall. The next thing you know you're flat on your back in hospital with a fractured leg. You spend the next three weeks in bed.

Besides your irritable comments on the tasteless food, the nurse's indifference and the quality of best-selling novels, your main grouse is, "Everything happens to me!" But does it? Are you sure your accident was caused by a crack in the sidewalk, a slippery stretch of pavement or bad street-lighting? Did it occur to you that perhaps this wasn't an "accident" at all—that you may have brought it on yourself?

Don't be shocked at such an idea, for chances are that's exactly what had happened. According to a research bureau's survey, only 17 per cent of accidents are the fault of mechanical defects. The rest are caused by the people who have them. If you've had a major accident in the past year, or even several minor ones (you cut your finger on a pocket knife, tripped over an end table or burned your tongue with a sip of hot tea), you may fall into the newly discovered category that psychologists label "accident-prone." These are the people who make a habit of having accidents. And though they form only a small group, Dr. Flanders Dunbar, of New York's Presbyterian Hospital, says they are responsible for 80 per cent of all accidents.

There's a carry-over too, the people with "accidents," who get into smash-ups on the highway and tangle with machinery in the factory, are the same ones who have minor mishaps at home, on the ski slope and in the swimming pool. They are the chronic offenders, and many of

them have 20, 30, even 50 accidents in a single year.

Personality Factor

Dr. Dunbar who has studied some accident cases, has found there's usually a personality factor at work in an accident. Some people are actually looking for trouble, though they rarely realise it and never admit it.

Take the case of Henry Lester. He got a pink slip with his pay cheque on Friday afternoon. It was the fourth time in a year he'd lost a job. He hated to face his friends and his wife with the same old bad news.

It was past dinner time when Henry started up the steps to his home. His son had left a pair of roller-skates on the porch, and perhaps Henry didn't see them. Whether he did or not, his right foot landed squarely on one of the skates and he went down, with his other leg twisted painfully under the weight of his falling body. Henry could hear the bone crack.

Psychologists believe people like Henry may actually have accidents because they don't get enough attention from their families. They want sympathy, or they're facing disagreeable job they'd like to shirk. Experience of accidents in the past has taught them that a sprainer wrist will make them monarchs for at least a day, prompt their spouses to indulge in a little pampering, and bring in solicitous telephone calls by the dozen. And surely no one will expect an invalid to cook dinner, take the children to the park or mow the front lawn. Sub-consciously, they feel that even the risk of a serious injury is worth the attention they'll get.

Some people who have recurrent

accidents are over-exposing themselves to risk. They're the type who rush across busy streets against traffic lights, climb on tottering ladders, or paddle a canoe into the middle of a lake when they don't know how to swim. They think of themselves as adventurers and pretend they get away with such foolish behaviour; but actually they're inviting accidents.

"Auto-Suggestion"

One of the most common reports from accident patients is, "I had a hunch something was going to happen today." Chances are it was the hunch itself that helped precipitate the mishap. The man who walks under a ladder, sees a black cat or breaks a mirror, and then worries about the bad luck that's supposed to follow is sure to find it. It's not superstition but auto-suggestion. He is so concerned about the incident, and so certain it's a bad omen, that he proves it to himself by having an accident.

One recent experiment pointed to the "power of suggestion." A class of horsemen was to take a cross-country trip, and half of them were warned of a deep crevice they would meet on the way. Though told where the obstacle would be and its exact size, so they would be prepared to meet it, this half of the class and three times as many accidents as the half that was ignorant of the danger.

Profile of the Accident-Prone

From her extensive research, Dr. Dunbar has drawn up a profile of personality traits that go with the accident habit. She has found that only 20 per cent of patients with chronic "accidentitis" don't fit into the pattern. The accident-prone person is healthier than most of his friends. When he does get sick, however, he is likely to do more than the usual amount of complaining.

He is always tense and in a hurry even when there's plenty of time to

spare. He drinks regularly, smokes heavily but just "to let off steam." He's impatient, restless and impulsive; he makes up his mind quickly, and tends to respond to a problem by acting on it immediately instead of thinking it out. His social relationships are casual and spontaneous. Whenever he comes to conflict with someone, he tries to smooth it over by being nice. If the disagreement comes to a head, he'd rather walk out than have an open fight.

He doesn't do much long-range planning, but prefers to live from day to day. He is a gambler, likes to take long shots and boast about his winnings and his main outside interests are sport and machinery. He is fatalistic, and when the unexpected happens, he's apt to say, "It must have been in the cards."

At this point you probably know the answer to the question. Second, stop running away from your problems. Face them squarely, try to consider your alternatives carefully, try to look ahead and visualise the result before coming to a decision. One of your biggest faults is haste, so don't feel you have to rush into things. Take your time before taking important steps like changing to a new job, choosing a school for your son, or moving to another city.

Even if you don't see yourself in the picture of the accident-prone personality, this new slant on accidents still applies to you. For the most stable and well-adjusted person has moments when he's sidetracked by his emotions. At these times he is particularly susceptible to accidents.

Accidents destroy more men than women, more old people than young. However, they outrank all other killers in the 1 to 29 age-group.

Some Tips

It is clear that the major responsibility for reducing these accidents lies with the individual himself. Your part in this project is simple and

personal. What you must do is act as your own keeper by following a few sensible rules:

1. Be careful when using household and industrial appliances. Respect a sharp knife or a frayed electric wire, for they are potential instruments of danger.

2. Watch out during times of emotional stress, and apply an extra dose of caution. The housewife who quarrels with her husband at breakfast stands a more than even chance of having an accident—she could not spend her day on a ladder cleaning out the top closet shelves. She'd be wiser to confine herself to safer tasks until her temper is normal.

3. This may seem too simple, but you should eat an adequate breakfast every day, and take your time doing it. If you allow 22 minutes to dress, shave, eat and make it to the bus, you'll be worn out from nervous tension by the time you get to work. The factory worker, particularly, is constantly exposed to risks, and he can't take a chance on a jumpy disposition and an empty stomach.

But factory hand, white-collar man or housewife, if you're accident prone try to find out what emotional difficulties, are precipitating your mishaps. When you start feeling sorry for yourself, for instance, look out.

THE CALENDAR CRAZE

By N. GANGA RAM

"I wish there were no calendars!" a businessman told me the other day: he was so vexed with the distribution of calendars to his customers.

Businessmen would like, of course, to give a calendar to every one of their customers, but they can't afford this, and with a limited supply they will have to make the most of it.

They will have to pick and choose among their customers. They cannot oblige a customer who buys a box of pins and demands a calendar.

So don't get cross with your local dealer if he says, 'Sorry, sir,' when you ask him for a calendar.

Yardstick of Popularity?

Unfortunately many people think that one's popularity and influence is to be judged by the number of calendars one accumulates.

I agree you should have a calendar. It is a useful commodity. But should you have umpteen calendars, good, bad and indifferent? Should you worry businessmen, make new acquaintances, with the calendar in view?

Consider for a while what happens to the calendars you get after so much effort. Some of them are torn off by the gushing wind. The young ones in the house somehow manage to get at the calendars and scribble appreciatively all over the colour prints, may be, of popular filmstars.

You are enthusiastic about the calendars only during the first two or three months of the year. Then you just don't care for them. You don't even tear off the calendar leaves until some friend of yours draws your attention to them.

Don't you agree that the craze for calendars is just a craze?

FORUM OF FREE ENTERPRISE

THE Forum of Free Enterprise has attracted much attention in the country and evoked a big response. This organisation formally came into being on July 18, 1956, with the publication of its Manifesto in the Press. It has again made history by publishing a Code of Conduct for Free Enterprise. This Code, as stated in its preamble, "is now placed before industrialists, businessmen and those belonging to different professions and vocations in India in the belief that they will find it worthy of acceptance and of application in their daily activities. The Forum pledges itself to do all it can to create a widespread awareness in the ranks of Free Enterprise of the obligations that are contained in this Code. We feel that Free Enterprise, which has been tested and proved by time and experience of all democratic societies, should maintain its reputation by insisting on high standards of integrity which are dictated by social purpose."

A Non-political Body

The Forum is a non-political organisation, as made clear in its Manifesto. Its purpose is mainly educative. It wishes to place before the country authoritative information on the achievements of Free Enterprise and its potentialities for serving the nation in the great task of economic development of the country.

The idea of the Forum originated with a group of men in Bombay, drawn from different walks of life. They felt that the time had come when public opinion should be educated on the fundamentals of Free Enterprise. They felt that the case of Free Enterprise had gone by default so far and that there was a tendency on the part of some people to attack Free Enterprise unjustly not giving it the recognition for its achievements. For instance, although Free Enterprise was working under

adverse conditions when India was under British rule, still its achievements were remarkable. It placed the country on the industrial map of the world. Owing to its efforts, India became the eighth industrial nation of the world. Among several industries and services developed were textiles, steel, sugar, cement, shipping, banking and insurance.

It is interesting to note that whereas India was importing Rs. 60 crores worth of piece-goods from abroad, only about 40 years ago, today it exports cotton piece-goods to more than 40 different markets in the world. This, in spite of keen competition from experienced and shrewd exporters of Lancashire and Japan. This is a significant achievement when it is considered that the industry has provided jobs to thousands and augmented foreign exchange resources of the country.

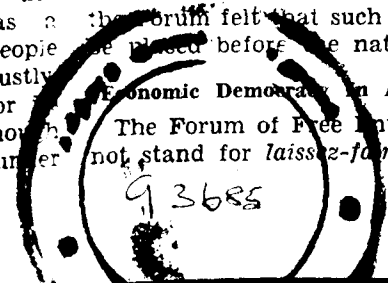
During the First Five-Year Plan, Free Enterprise fulfilled its targets of investment. The Planning Commission said in its publication entitled *Progress of Industrial Development 1956-1961*:

"New investment on industries in the public sector during the First Plan was expected to amount to about Rs. 94 crores. The actual outlay according to the latest estimates has only been about Rs. 57 crores. Investment by the Private Sector on new projects and expansion programmes was expected to about Rs. 233 crores and the latest estimates indicate that the actual investment has been of this order."

These are but two instances of how Free Enterprise has helped the country and show its potential to serve the nation further. The sponsors of the Forum felt that such facts should be placed before the nation.

Economic Democracy in Action"

The Forum of Free Enterprise does not stand for *laissez-faire* capitalism



HEALTH ENTERS BY WAY OF MOUTH

By J. F. WISCHHUSEN

PLANTS, animals, humans, will forever take their nutrients, directly or via each other with the aid of sunshine, from soil, air, and water according to biological laws whether anyone understands their mechanisms or not. Good health will result for each specie when all essential nutrients are constantly available to them in assimilable forms, and in correct and harmonious proportions. Vice versa poor or impaired health will inevitably result when the nutrients available for assimilation deviate from the optimum in numbers and concentrations.

The Five Groups Of Nutrients

Man in the past has absolved himself from responsibility for his own sickness, when as a matter of fact the responsibility is his personally. In the assimilation of nutrients plants are naturally governed by locality, and they take them up without regard for any food value for animals and man that may consume them. The idea of "health from the ground up" as far as humans are concerned cannot be taken for granted. When and where this is true, it is fortunate, but accidental and a good subject for analytical investigation. Plants as well as other forms of life are solely concerned with their own growth and propagation, and not at all mindful that they serve the purpose of food of ideal quality for the higher forms of life. Instead, it is logical for the higher forms to seek and find their nutrients from various sources. Man, being omnivorous, and moreover in a position to acquire and apply scientific knowledge, is able to secure his

nutrients from geologic, marine, plant, and animal sources.

Our today's knowledge of foods covers five big groups of nutrients, viz.: Carbohydrates, Proteins, Fats, Minerals (Inorganic Compounds), and as one group: Moisture, Vitamins, Enzymes, and Hormones. Carbohydrates and proteins are commonly consumed in the largest quantities, and because in their original raw state they combine most of the fats, minerals, vitamins as well as moisture, it will simplify the problem of the eater to study the composition of these two groups in terms of total essential nutrients. Then let him translate this knowledge into action by seeing to it that his total diet is representative of those nutrients.

Bone Forming Elements

Our dentists will most likely continue to be a very busy profession, because sound teeth cannot be formed when the tooth forming minerals are not present when tooth formation takes place. And tooth formation begins with the foetus. Osteoarthritis is another disorder that probably has its origin in a lack of bone forming elements when the skeleton is formed, and so are hare lips, cleft palates, and other skeletal shortcomings. All this because 60% of a group of refined nutrients are consumed where it is thought that only 30% should be present in total rations, or not more than 50% if in their raw, original, unrefined form. It can also be visualised that the addition of one tooth forming factor alone, such as flourine, to the drinking water cannot overcome the existence of such complex deficiencies as

are caused by refining bread and sugar for instance from whole grains and fruits. The quintessence of carbohydrates represents of course the elements carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and if health could be secured from their consumption in refined forms, alcohols and sugars would be sold under the heading of "Health Foods".

Proteins

In regard to man's requirement of *proteins*, the problem of furnishing them adequately is somewhat easier than the problem of securing unsophisticated carbohydrates because proteins consist of amino acids of which about 22 are essential for good health. It can be shown by analysis whether they are present in the diet, and if not they can be furnished as supplements. *Fats* also are measurable for their nutritional value by the quantity and number of fatty acids that are contained in such sources as animal fats, vegetable and fish oils, butter and other sources. Some 23 different fatty acids have been isolated from the various crude sources, and they again differ in food values as to whether in an unsaturated or saturated condition. Unsaturated fatty acids have greater food value because of the presence in them of a so-called "double carbon bond" between hydrogen atoms, thus furnishing less hydrogen, but more carbon and oxygen as nutrients than the "saturated fatty" acids. All refined and processed fats and oils, call for suitable food supplements in the way of crude edible oils, lecithins, choline, inositol, and products high in unsaturated fatty acids (Wheat Germ Oil).

Minerals

Minerals should be more correctly referred to as inorganic compounds, of definite specifications, because in their crude state they would represent rocks, asphalts, coals, and other raw materials that are out of the question

as food sources. Apart from their essential nature in body structure minerals act as catalysts that facilitate biological reactions without necessarily entering into them and remaining part of them. For this purpose they must be constantly replenished, because they are constantly eliminated. The skeleton is also subject to constant formation and resorption, and represents an important reserve of some 18 different inorganic elements. Proteins cannot be formed from amino acids without calcium, sulphur, phosphorus, nitrogen. Hemoglobin of course represents a viable form of organic iron, insulin is a compound that centres around zinc, but neither of these molecules can be formed by the body without the aid of such catalysts as manganese, copper, cobalt, magnesium, etc. Iodine is necessary for thyroxine, the hormone produced by the thyroid gland. Minerals influence the contractility of muscles, and the irritability of nerves. They also control the liquids of the body. Digested foods for instance must readily pass from intestines into the blood stream without any blood passing back into the intestines. Minerals aid in the coagulation of the blood, to keep it neutral, to transport oxygen from lungs to tissues, and carbon dioxide from tissues to lungs. Because minerals enter into the composition of every living cell, they play essential roles in growth, reproduction and resistance to disease. Mental acuity in particular has been related to a group of Trace Elements such as manganese, copper, cobalt, iodine, zinc, magnesium, and also phosphorus. Bacterioidal actions of metals have been demonstrated by many investigators.

Supplements To The Average Diet

Since all refined foodstuffs whether in the carbohydrate or protein group, have minerals as well as vitamins removed, a general supplement-

tation of these to the average diet is called for. This is readily possible. In these supplements calcium and phosphorous should never be separated. The trace elements form a group of which their absence incidental to brucellosis has been measured under practical conditions. Supplements are commercially available that furnish measured amounts for correcting gross deficiencies of manganese, copper, cobalt, magnesium, iron, and zinc. To this list further elements can readily be added as techniques are developed that show the need of them. All in all about 37 different inorganic elements have thus far been found to be in one or another way involved in the fabric of life, and 23 thereof have been shown to be invariably essential to all forms of life. Man of course depends on his foods to contain them either naturally or as supplements.

In regard to the group of *water, vitamins, enzymes, and hormones*, the loss of water is continuous so its constant need is obvious. Water as such furnishes the two well-known elements hydrogen and oxygen and as it contains no carbon, could be classed as an inorganic nutrient. But it is of course present as moisture in all foodstuffs not dehydrated, and combined with other solutions. The bulk of our bodies consists of such solutions.

Vitamin Deficiencies

Vitamins, hormones, enzymes are formed by both the healthy plant and animal bodies, and therefore furnished in all natural foods. The refining of foods has led to the discoveries that they are essential nutrients. The histories about such deficiency diseases as beriberi, pellagra, rickets, scurvy, all representing vitamin deficiencies, are too well known to need explaining here. But since it is also known that not only vitamins, but hormones, and enzymes are synthesised by the plant and

animal bodies either from so-called precursors that precede them, or from the microflora, it stands to reason that the human body can synthesize them also as long as the factors for doing so are present. Consequently every time a vitamin deficiency is shown present, and equally important deficiency of a mineral or microbe must also be looked for and if more than a temporary correction is desired must also be supplied. If the importance of minerals rather than that of vitamins had been discovered first, or if the discovery of the need for vitamins had simultaneously led to the discovery of their relationship to minerals or other precursors, much more might today be known about the inorganic bioelements as the basic activators, primers or catalysts in life processes. Their action may be compared with electrolytes placed in a poor or run down battery to boost the voltage.

The healthy body requires an equilibrium in the way of the supply and demand for food metabolites and the removal of waste products. This means that every essential nutrient must be present in our daily food total. To the extent this is not the case they must be furnished as supplements, or through a change to foods of proper composition. And since man depends on a healthy microflora to make his own antibiotics, vitamins, enzymes, colonies of beneficial intestinal micro-organisms must be supported. "Feed the Microflora. It will feed you," but do it correctly for beneficial effects. Omissions or excesses of nutrients in our foods, which are the materials for life processes, inevitably result in disorders in direct proportion to the violations of the laws of biology. Not only individual disorders but epidemics are caused by such violations, and nothing but an adequate supply of the essential elements that may be absent or deficient will correct them.



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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Soviet Film Festival in India began on Friday the 11th January. During the festival six Soviet films are being shown viz. *Twelfth Night*, *Road To Life*, *Two Captains*, *The Rummyantsev Case*, *Saltanat* and *Othello*. This festival has been organised by the Ministry of Information 'on the same lines' as the Festival of Indian Films organised in the Soviet Union.

The only similarity between the two festivals is that they have been organised on Governmental level; but unlike the Indian festival in Moscow, the Soviet film festival in India is a very tame affair. The very fact that the Ministry could not secure a regular picture-house in Delhi to screen the Soviet films and that it had to be content with an old-styled house in Bombay, reveals the shortcomings of our organisation. And what is worse, the festival is confined to one theatre in every city; but thanks to poor publicity, it appears doubtful whether the festival would succeed in even drawing any enthusiastic audience at these theatres.

The main purpose of such festivals is said to be 'cultural exchange of ideas and art'. It was hoped that the festival would help to popularize Soviet films in India; but by the manner in which the festival has been organised, it appears that the purpose would be defeated. Indeed, the half-hearted way in which it has been staged leads one to the conclusion that the Ministry of Information was never serious about making the festival a success. True, the delegates from the Soviet Union are

getting warm receptions and are being shown around, and feted in a sumptuous manner; but, their arrival has not created any stir amongst the picturegoers who seem to be indifferent and cold towards the whole show.

Moreover, the English versions—whether sub-titled or dubbed—are hardly likely to create 'mass' enthusiasm. That way, the International Film Festival held five years ago was much more popular than the festival of last week.

While thus the festival has failed in its avowed purpose, thanks mainly to the unimaginative handling of the whole affair, the delegates from the Soviet Union have been warmly welcomed by the members of our film industry, and an excellent programme has been chalked out for them during their stay in Bombay.

Picture Of The Week

Is *Aparajito* as good as *Pathir Panchali*? This is the question which is being asked since the release of Satyajit Roy's new picture in Calcutta. The Bengali critics do not seem to think so; for they say that the picture does not do full justice to the novel. Perhaps that is true. But not having read the novel, one cannot compare the two.

To a non-Bengali picturegoer like me, *Aparajito* gave a great cinematic thrill. Yes, greater than even *Pathir Panchali*. No doubt, *Pathir Panchali* had a story of epic dimensions and as such a greater depth. But *Aparajito* is a maturer piece of filmmaking; it reveals that Satyajit Roy is not a fluke but a genuine artist in his own right. More than any director, he knows his people and nature, and as such he is a master of mood and atmosphere. Be it the bank of the Ganges at Banaras or a village school or a college in Calcutta or a Zamindar's palace or just a hut, the manner in which Satyajit Roy presents them is so eloquent and so lively that one feels as

if they are real. Similarly, the characters are also life-like. His hero Apu behaves like a normal person doing nothing artificial or even heroic; but he is intensely human. And it is illustrated through his love for monkeys. Yes, monkeys are part of our life and our country; but so far no film director had shown them as vividly and beautifully as Satyajit Roy has done. It is more amusing to watch these monkeys being fed by a small boy than Zippy's antics. Similarly, the Headmaster, the School Inspector, the Professor, the Zaminadar and his wife, the student who offers our hero a cigarette are all brilliant cameos, so alive and so natural and so devoid of melodramatic or comic exaggeration.

The story tells how, after leaving the village, Apu lives with his parents in Banaras and how the demise of his father forces him to leave the town once again. The heroic mother helps Apu in his education, and while he becomes self-reliant working by night and studying by day, she breathes her last. The death-scenes of both father and mother are superb—so poignant and yet so restrained. There is no plot, no artificial dramatic conflicts or any of the tricks to heighten suspense or thrills. It is just a narration of everyday life; what happens to Apu must be happening to millions of people. Yet, there is heroism, pathos, poignancy and poetry in this stark realism to make such an eloquent picture of intense human appeal.

There is so much one can say about film, about the symbolism, about the photography, about the treatment and above all about its realism. But suffice it to say that it is something which has no parallel; it is everyday life presented with artistry to lend it poetic charm. It is a sheer joy to see the film as a motion picture; for one cannot expect to get the same pleasure through any other medium.

Satyajit Roy has come to stay and give us pictures which are so real, so different, so human and so poetic. I would love to see *Aparajito* again and again.

Personality Of The Week

Nimmi, who is said to have received the highest price ever paid to a female star by a South Indian producer, has hit the headlines again.

Nimmi, who made her debut in 1949 in Raj Kapoor's *Barsaat* and became a star overnight, has now reached the top rung of the ladder of fame and fortune. Groomed by Raj and Mehboob, Nimmi has consistently been giving excellent performances in emotional roles. It is only when she has been asked to play a sophisticated role or a flippant social butterfly that she failed miserably. All the popular hits have cast her as a village belle—a gay happy innocent girl who is prepared to sacrifice everything—even love.

Though she is the daughter of a famous songstress Wahida, Nimmi has never sung on the screen. She has been groomed since her childhood for stardom; and she has all the makings including the temperament of a professional star. Apart from acting in films, she once had been 'pockets burnt' in production, and has since decided to stick to acting alone, and to work not for sentiments but for a stiff price which she now-a-days demands and gets. The fine actress that she is, Nimmi, it is hoped, will prove worth the price she has been paid for acting in Narsu's *Beete Din*.

News Of The Week

Raj Khosla launches his new directorial vehicle *Solva Saal* under the banner of Chandra Films. Based on a story by Om Dogra and with musical score by S. D. Burman, the picture stars Devanand, Waheeda Rehman, Jagdev, Bir Sakhuja, Bipin Gupta, Sunder and Vijaylaxmi.



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CAN NATIONALISATION ACHIEVE THE GOALS OF SOCIALISM?

By SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

THE idea of Socialism has been perverted by the Communists and their fellow-travellers. What is Socialism? If Socialism means the abolition of poverty, raising the standard of living of the masses and narrowing down the inequality between the rich and the poor, well, all of us stand for such socialism. If by Socialism we mean a high standard of consumption of the basic goods and services that everybody needs, "Capitalist" America should be called the foremost Socialist country in the world, while conversely, by that token "Socialist" Russia would be at the opposite end. But America is called Capitalist and Russia Socialist! If America has achieved the goals of Socialism through mixed economy and without doing away with democracy, and even after 40 years of 'Socialism,' according to the famous Soviet economist Mr. Strumilin himself, Russia has failed to provide to her people basic necessities and certain essentials, is it not self-evident that there is something intrinsically wrong with the so-called "Socialist" economy?

Content of Congress Socialism

Now that the Congress too has accepted Socialism as its ultimate goal, we would like to know the Congress way of achieving Socialism. Does it stand for mixed economy as practised in America or the Socialist economy as practised in Russia? The nationalisation of insurance and road transport is being described by our Congress leaders as a step towards Socialism. Do they mean then by Socialism, enlarging the public sector by nationalising the

private sector step by step, each step leading forward to their goal till nothing will remain to be nationalised? Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari's statement that at the end of the second Five-Year Plan, 40% of the means of production will be in the hands of the public sector, and Mr. Gulzari Lal's statement that the Congress government will achieve full Socialism at the end of the fourth Five-Year Plan make it quite clear that by the end of the fourth Five-Year Plan, all the means of production will be in the public sector and the whole of economic life—production, distribution, exchange and consumption—will be planned by the government. Does the Congress party mean that it wants to practise the Socialist economy as practised in Communist Russia? Will not the complete dependence of all the people for their livelihood on the State bring slavery instead of Socialism?

Blind Acceptance of Marx

Can nationalisation of the private sector achieve Socialism? Scarcely a voice is raised by any Congressman to question the propriety of nationalisation of the private sector. The entire Marxian theory has been swallowed as a magic pill by the rank and file of the Congress without even attempting to make a critical study of it. The transfer of the ownership of the means of production from private individuals to some "representatives" of the people would hardly enable the common man to share economic and political powers, which will be still exercised, by others and not by him, the only difference being that it will now be done on his

behalf! Socialism will not be attained till economic power is exercised not only for him but also by him. If we do not learn any lesson from the experiments of the totalitarian countries like Russia that nationalisation of the private sector brings slavery instead of Socialism, we shall be heading towards slavery of the worst type. If in the name of Socialism the whole private sector is nationalised and all the people are deprived of private means of livelihood, the eventual outcome of such nationalisation will be political slavery and ethical bankruptcy, and then will emerge the most feudal of all feudal states, though euphemistically our Congressmen and Leftists may call it socialist or progressive. Tyranny has always battered upon ignorance!

Perils of Nationalisation

It is unfortunate that the Congress has started nationalising one industry after another without trying to apply its mind to the results of such reckless nationalisation. Is the Congress blind to the fact that in the First Five-Year Plan, the private sector overfulfilled its targets while the public sector failed to reach the figures planned for it? The nationalisation mania of the Congress has not only hindered the progress and development of the industries taken over by Government but has also cost crores of rupees which we will have to pay towards compensation and which could have been utilised for starting new industries providing employment to many of our unemployed.

The public sector is less efficient, less productive, and more corrupt than the private sector. No industry under the State can progress or be run profitably and efficiently because of inevitable red-tapism, inflexibility, waste and want of well-trained personnel. In the private sector, the managing directors, since they have a personal interest in the development of their industry and

have invested their money in it, employ efficient personnel and adopt improved techniques of production that give them an advantage in competition with others, and the consumers are the beneficiaries of this competition. In the public sector, on the other hand, the government-appointed managers have no other compelling interest than in their fat salaries, they have no personal stakes in the development of the industry or in its efficiency. The public sector has today become an institution for the creation of employment for the relatives and friends of the V. I. Ps. In the public sector, the managers enjoy all luxuries at the cost of the tax payer, whereas in the private sector, the managers who misuse funds can be brought to book by the shareholders. If black-marketing, profiteering and mismanagement in private concerns are the reasons for their nationalisation, then why not abolish the public sector altogether as there is more corruption, more bribery and more mismanagement in the latter, besides red-tape, inefficiency, favouritism by way of political patronage, bureaucratic bungling and muddling, leading to heavy loss and waste of the people's money and not the shareholders' money only as in the private sector? Do we not see in the newspapers scandal after scandal being covered in the government managed concerns? Will the managing directors in private concerns allow such scandals to occur when they are the losers?

The Insurance Muddle

The intense dissatisfaction, frustration and discontent among the employees of the Life Insurance Corporation, which found expression in the recent token strike, clearly demonstrates the inefficiency and incompetence of the organisers of the Insurance Corporation who were selected not on their merits, qualifications, experience but through nepotism,

favouritism and other illegitimate means. The great industry of Insurance built up by the sweat of the brow of the field workers, inspectors and branch managers has been pulled down by a stroke of the pen. Last year's total business is only Rs. 180 crores as against Rs. 270 crores in the previous year before nationalisation. The business secured by the Corporation staff between September and November 1956 is not even a fifth of that handled by private enterprise in the corresponding period in 1955. The field workers must be given the incentive to work. The profit motive which makes the people work hard under private enterprise is absent in the State enterprise. The mess in which the Life Insurance Corporation finds itself is a warning against hasty extension of the policy of nationalisation.

In a country like ours neither the Socialist economy nor the Capitalist economy can deliver the goods. Co-existence of a regulated private sector with the public sector, and free and fair competition in a free market alone can deliver the goods. The private sector must be allowed to progress in its own fields, which must be specified. Efforts should be made to offer suitable incentives to people to articulate themselves into a variety of local and functional organisations. The needs of the small producer and trader must receive greater attention. With a regulated private sector and heavy taxation of the rich, all the economic and social objectives of Socialism can be achieved in a large measure without doing away with democracy and at a faster rate. A regulated private sector plus a graded tax system devised to prevent concentration of private wealth in the hands of a few Capitalists, death duties etc., will achieve all the objects of Socialism without the dethronement of political democracy and freedom.

The beneficiaries under the system of free competition will always be the people, for the industrialist will have to meet the standards set by his competitors. On the other hand, a State monopoly or a Capitalist monopoly always leads to dictatorship. The government must impose such restrictions on the industrialists as will encourage competition in respect of production, distribution, selling, minimum wages, profit and the like. Further, high taxation of the rich, death duties and the ploughing back of profits into business should be sufficient guarantees against diversion of an undue share of profits to a few individuals.

The demand of the nation is for a higher standard of living and modern amenities. The nation must industrialise and must modernise agriculture. In achieving these objects, the principal problem is the provision of capital. Foreign capital can give substantial assistance in respect of this, and if the right conditions are laid down, foreign capital need not carry political risks. But the main source of capital must be domestic saving. The totalitarian method of exacting extortionate savings from the present generation by forcing down its standard of life and compelling it to work excessively hard must be rejected. As production increases, the public must get a part of the benefit and the working population must retain its constitutional freedoms. The totalitarian solution of this problem involves the nationalisation of the private sector which includes everything from big business to medium and small private business, from big shop-keepers to "cha-char-anna valas" on the streets. The private sector does not mean big business alone. The democratic way of achieving the goals of Socialism is not only the surest but also the shortest, while the "Socialist" or the "Communist" way is not only the longest but also self-defeating.

Theatre

"DASAVATHARAM"

By S. Guruswami, B.A.; Presented by M. R. Radha and Party at the Wal-tax Theatre, Madras.

M. R. Radha is a genius. It is a fact which everyone who has witnessed his performances on the stage admits. It would probably be more appropriate to call him a perverted genius. He happens to be a militant Dravida Kazhagamite and is devoting to mere party propaganda his artistic talent which has a wider application. At the instigation of his party, Radha has already staged a new version of the *Ramayana* in which the hero Rama is depicted as a drunkard always amorously inclined and as a coward. To support this version Radha has given many quotations from Valmiki and various other authoritative sources. How far these quotations hold good I do not know.

Coming to his new production, *Dasavatharam*, it is a thoroughly disappointing, tiresome and undramatic play. Unlike his earlier production *Ramayana* it has nothing new in the story. The same old story of the Ten Avatars is presented in a way that ridicules the Hindu gods. The leaflet published to advertise this drama has a foot-note announcing that those who feel that their religious sentiments would be hurt need not come to the play. It was not my religious sentiment—I seriously doubt if I can lay claims to such a feeling—that was injured. But my aesthetic sense and my sense of decency were deeply hurt.

The play began with the *Mohini Avatar*. Vishnu, to secure the *amritam* exclusively for the *Devas* and to deceive the *Asuras* of their fair share, takes the form of a most beautiful maiden *Mohini* (M. R. Radha) who is chased by the infatuated Lord Siva and cries out "Oh! I am a male Siva! I am a male!" But Siva pays no attention to her protestations and gets hold of her and hugs her! The

indecent part of it is the birth of Iyyappa shown by the slipping in of a small boy in between the couple.

No one can object to atheistic propaganda since the right to freedom of opinion and of expression of opinion is granted under the Constitution. But in any legitimate exercise of this right on the stage the aim should be to educate the audience and not to just administer shocks to their feelings of decency. But this artists' point of view does not seem to find favour with the author or with the actor. Perhaps dramas appealing to vulgar tastes are found more profitable. Radha once said that his dramas were not aimed at artistic perfection but at propaganda. But the rates charged are too high for a show intended only as propaganda. Drama intended as propaganda should have the sugarcoating of an interesting story and a technically perfect production to secure the desired effect on the audience. Drama which lacks technical perfection fails as propaganda.

Team work of the players is an important feature which contributes to the success of a drama. *Dasavatharam* is lacking in this feature. Except for M. R. Radha, all the other actors lacked the force which impresses an audience. All of Radha's dramas can be aptly described as one man shows.

—NILEN

TREASON TO FREEDOM

The greatest enemies of democracy, the most violent reactionaries, are those who have lost faith in the capacity of a free people to manage their own affairs and wish to set up the government as a political and social guardian, running their business and making their decisions for them. This is statism, or Stalinism, no matter who advocates it, and it's plain treason to freedom.

MAXWELL ANDERSON

VACUUM IN THE MIDDLE-WEST

THE Middle-East still continues to be the cynosure of international eyes. Even the crawling of a fly in that region is seized upon both for its news-value as well as for its remote and contingent consequences! America having declared the existence of a vacuum in the area is now engaged in the somewhat arduous task of making herself acceptable to the concerned parties as one able and willing to fill it up. The British lion has come in for a tendentious post mortem at the hands of Communism's current conscience-keeper. The Canal is being slowly but surely cleared, Israel is withdrawing into its shell at a snail's pace, and Egypt's latter day Moses is trying out other stunts which at other times might have created international sensation. The latest of his desperate remedies to bolster up a non-existent national economy—viz., the nationalisation of foreign banks—will evoke more understanding sympathy from us than from any other part of the world. For he is imitating us in almost identical conditions to the same end. We at least have the ostensible excuse of a plan which is greater than Diana of the Ephesians and more inflexible than Procrustes' bed; for we are out to fit the nation into the plan-frame than to devise a plan to fit the nation's needs or genius or spirit or past history. In Nasser's Egypt, it is just the elementary need to carry on almost from day to day. So instead of cooking the goose that lays the golden eggs, he, like us, imagines that he could starve the creature and yet force it to lay the much coveted golden stuff. In this natural though not laudable longing, both emulate the technique of the Madras Milkman who has a special recipe of his own by which he extracts from his hapless victim the maximum yield for a minimal outlay.

Of course there are ideological feathers in Nasser's cap. He has seen

the downfall of his opposite number in Britain—an achievement which the worst opponent of England never could dream of in all the storied and splendid past of Britain. The UNO is conducting itself *vis à vis* the Egyptian dictator much like a client before his principal. Dulles has completed a perfect somersault; for having been the *fons et origo* of all the ghastly mess by refusing financial help for the construction of Aswan Dam, he is now prepared to pave the streets of Cairo with American (golden) dollars without limit, without strings but contenting himself with basking in the glow of duty done and conscious virtue finding its own reward. It is just a mere coincidence that the Eisenhower doctrine should be found lurking coily on the other side of this new-burnished and protective shield.

Meanwhile another vacuum of even more serious proportions has been created in what may for purposes of antithesis or balance be called the *Middle-West*. Relatively to America in the far west, Britain occupies a middle position while the near West may be described as that area of Europe now in eclipse, having gone into the jaws of the Rahu which has encircled in its coils what is popularly known as the Communist bloc. Western Europe which has been salvaged by the co-operative labours of nations which had been deadly enemies in the second world-war has come to occupy a middle position relatively to the Soviets on the East and America on the West. Marshall Millions and the Nato system were merely ornamental embroidery to a spontaneous move in the area for integration in the interests of survival.

The leadership of this community has been in solution during the last ten years. Putatively it was Britain or France according to point of view, while in practice it has been a con-

dominium of both over Germany in the travails of defeat and dismemberment. Already some adjustments have been made which a decade or two ago would have been scoffed at both in France and Germany. The Saar, for instance, has long been a zone of contention between the two, but now France has allowed it to go to Germany, thus burying an ageing hatchet. The emergence of some sort of a joint control over the area is part of the new slogan of a European Customs Union which would treat the entire free world of Europe as one country for purposes of trade and commerce. The Atlantic Community, the European Union, are some of the gratifying results of the war which Hitler provoked.

In the days when Churchill in opposition played the role of Cassandra with sombre eloquence, he developed with the pertinacity of Scipio Africanus, the thesis of *Arms and the Covenant*. During the war and at its darkest hour, he offered to France the two-way membership of the British empire urged by the instinct of self-preservation. After the war, he made a pilgrimage to America and explored the possibilities of an Anglo-American *entente* which would keep the peace of the world for all time to come. But all such dreams and hopes had an unspoken proviso that they should keep one the lesser breeds without the law! As, through all the failures of omission and commission of the last ten years, the power of Communism has been allowed to grow, expand and strengthen itself in the more primitive and backward areas of the world, Western statesmanship came to a blind alley with the fiasco of the Suez adventure. It is of its reactions on the redeployment of forces in Western Europe that we should take more careful note hereafter.

put through in England has been stigmatized as a palace revolution, which in fact it was. The clamour for dissolution followed by a general election reveals the triumph of party spirit over national interests such as has never been witnessed in the history of the British party system. Indeed, the Suez crisis brought out a cleavage between the main political parties which, apart from all theoretical and *a priori* considerations, is an ominous pointer to the disruption of Britain's national front. It will be noticed that the Labour party which has out-Heroded Herod in denouncing the Eden government has not so far ventured to give us an alternative blue-print of how it would tackle the domestic and international situation so as to arrive at the desirable end of having the cake and eating it too. It ought to be pretty evident even to the rank and file of labour in England that its higher standards were largely based on such monopolistic and privileged positions which Britain had been occupying in naturally rich but ethnically backward areas. The direct and indirect, the visible and invisible dividends of Britain's far-flung acquisitions and investments are being liquidated partly through efflux of time and partly through the awakening of her sleeping partners. If a general election should be ordered and Labour swept the board, it would not make the slightest difference to the economic parlousness of Britain, now and in the future.

The Tories have realised this, but are on the spot to fight a rear-guard action so that the evil day of utter collapse may be put off for as long as possible. But that is at best a passive or negative attitude. The situation calls for the formulation of a positive policy as well. The essence of this is to come to terms

fied itself on the strength of historical memories and racial identities. It has been fiercely opposed by an equally Franco-phil school of thought which has prided itself on its classical and Gallic affiliations. Now the time has come for both these tendencies to work themselves out in peaceful conditions. The continental counter-part of this rapprochement has also had a vogue of more than a few generations. For in France as well as in Germany, there have always been groups which have felt the need for a closer association between them in view of their almost equal contribution to the growth of the twin ideas of the empire and the Papacy in Europe. Indeed from the continental point of view, it is Britain the obstinate heretic which has been a chronic outsider. If therefore the old adage about misfortune bringing strange bed-fellows together be true in the political field as well, it stands to reason that in the face of the Communist challenge from the east, it is commonsense for the ideologically compact but accidentally sundered parts of Western Europe to set their houses in order, pool their resources and not only halt the erosion from the east, but offer it in good time a challenge which might not be accepted.

There may of course be militant minorities in the West who may be either uninfluenced by or uncommitted to the ideologies of the past and present. These may find their spiritual homes through emigration, colonisation or devising local caves of Adullam. Already we hear of an increased tempo of enquiries from prospective British emigrants seeking outlets in Canada or Australia or New Zealand. Is it an accident that the mounting birthrate in Germany should be accompanied by a falling or static birthrate in England and France?

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges: For the West which repudiated Hitler will itself come to

take up his burden and mount guard over the East to stem the Communist rot from spreading into its vitals. In these prospective moves involving Western Europe, America can fortunately play little or no effective part. For compared to these ancient countries of Europe, America is a parvenu, and a very vulgar parvenu because she flaunts in the face of the world nothing more inspiring than her money-bags. Her essays in the evolution or formulation of germinal ideas likely to offer pabulum for men in the mass, over and above the creature-comforts of the body, have been puerile wherever they have not been colourable imitations of the axioms or corollaries of European thinkers. Europe has saved itself so far by its own exertions, and as Pitt put it, might still save America on the one hand and the Soviet system on the other by her example.

With Germany fully restored to its national and cultural potential but kept in bounds by her association with her neighbours no less than by her historic aversion for 'the barbarism from the East', the obsession of America about Communism might well find a supreme solvent. There is no inevitability in history though that is the bedrock of the Marxian approach to it. That the Soviet system has its own inherent rigidities and tyrannies has been demonstrated by the risings in the satellite countries. That they have been put down in the traditional Bourbon way makes it almost inevitable that they should recur more and more often. That is one element of hope for the rest of the world. The other, as already pointed out above, consists in the unification and integration of West European people who are at bottom the children of the Renaissance, the Reformation, the Enlightenment and the two Revolutions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Can we say the same thing about the vacuum in the Middle East?

—L. N. S

CORRESPONDENCE

"Congress Fictions"

Your convincing summary of the 'Congress Fictions' has come none too early. Of course, the starting point of this journey of 'untruth' was the canard that it was entirely because of the Congress that India became independent. Post-war Britain was entirely at the mercy of Uncle Sam and his dollar, and had she been short-sighted enough to try to maintain her unwieldy empire, she would have had to go in for Marshall Aid in a much bigger way. Trust the wily Englishman to know when he is losing! That he took care to leave dragons' teeth behind him only lends support to this evaluation.

I think it was Mr. Wells who likened the Englishman in India to a man who had accidentally dropped on to the back of a run-away elephant. The elephant could as well be equated to the empire which was bound to break free out of its sheer weight and equally inevitably the 'jay-riding' Englishman would have been swept off. Congress or no Congress!

A READER

Increased Rates For Dhobies

I received a letter from the Madras District Washermen's Association representing their grievance in the matter of poor rates paid for washing clothes.

The majority of the families of washermen community of Madras City wash mostly the clothes for the laundries run by other community people. Number of clothes is the basis on which the wages are paid to these washermen by the laundry-keepers. For the present the city laundry-keepers pay Rs. 3-8-0 per 100 clothes for washing (excluding ironing) if it is 'ordinary.' For 'urgent wash' they pay Rs. 4-8-0 per 100 clothes. The incidental expenditure incurred in washing 100 items of soiled clothes works out to Rs. 2-14-0 and the worker must maintain himself and his family and children, if any, after meeting out the said expenses. The maximum number of soiled clothes that could be washed during a month by a family may be only 4,400 articles. If a family engages itself in serving the laundry-keepers they will be able to wash only about 4,400 clothes. So these washermen can earn about Rs. 35 to Rs. 40 per month by engaging themselves

in the laundries. With so meagre an income, it is very difficult for these workers to pull on with their lives.

To save these poor washermen from semi-starvation and economic backwardness, it is suggested that the city laundry-keepers should pay Rs. 6 per 100 clothes for 'ordinary wash' and Rs. 9 per 100 for 'urgent wash'. This is an appeal to the owners of laundries in the city to act promptly and pay the workers enhanced rates of wages.

R. CHINNASWAMY,
Secretary,

The Tamil Nad Washermen's Federation.

Basic Education

The Legislative Committee on White Paper on Education issued by the Education Ministry of the Government of Madras, has submitted its report. The recommendations of the Committee for reorientation of the educational policy of our State have met with general approval. The ideal of universal free compulsory education contemplated in the Constitution of India has been blown up as a myth not within the immediate range of practical politics for the present. The Legislative Committee would not tread on the delicate ground of Basic Education. That has been left for another expert committee. The more one reads about Basic Education, the more does one get confused. Every politician describes Basic Education on the lines of his own ideas. There does not appear to be a uniform approach. It is a matter for regret that the expert committees which go into these vital problems affecting the parents and the public consist of members who have settled views and are not tired of singing the praise of their own pet theories. Is it not desirable that the Committee on Basic Education should consist not only of ardent exponents of Basic Education but also of other educationists, legislators, public men, and parents who hold other views?

The conception of education should be to make children happy, to adapt them to local conditions and to make them acquire general knowledge and to get trained in social behaviour. The aim should not be to make children bookish, or compel them much. In the years gone by, children had only their books, and no scope for purposeful activities. This defect has to be remedied by making

handicrafts a compulsory subject in the scheme of studies for elementary schools. Already handicrafts like mat-making, coir-making, button-making, spinning and other useful occupations are included in the school curricula. There is now the talk of correlation. This aspect is not new to trained teachers. Every teacher is bound to correlate his lessons with allied subjects so that the lessons will be understood on a broad basis. But if this is stressed beyond a limit, it will become boring and meaningless. In the basic training schools, the teacher spends most of the time in spinning and weaving and I wonder whether basic-trained teachers ever understand the significance of their special training!

My plea is that the exponents of Basic Education ought to be realistic and not dogmatic about the success of their scheme. Let me hope that the future scheme of Basic Education would be the real stuff and not a web of ideological fancy.

T. PURUSHOTHAM, M.L.C.

The Ariyalur Disaster

Mr. S. John, Deputy Superintendent of Police, Trichy Rural, informed a press correspondent that "altogether 62 persons, mostly villagers living in the vicinity of the place of the (Ariyalur) accident, have been arrested and properties like gold jewels, clothes and cash have been seized. The arrested persons have been taken to Ariyalur where they are kept in custody." (The Hindu 29-11-56).

I would not mind if only one or two persons were involved. But as many as 62 persons were arrested. I can understand a person suffering from Necrophilia, sexual assault on corpse. He is a diseased person. He is sub-human. He indulges in this shameful activity not in the public. He conceals his activity and is ashamed of it. He knows he is abnormal, yet cannot help it. But to go to a place of disaster deliberately, where the debris has not yet been cleared, and to steal the belongings of the DEAD is inconceivable. And this incredible thing has happened in spiritual India.

We have not yet faced the problem honestly. From now onwards let us stop talking rubbish about our spiritual heritage. Let us cultivate civic sense. Let us at least learn to respect the dead.

T. K. SETHU RAM

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ON THE COVER: Britain's new Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan.

The SWATANTRA is a forum for liberal thought. Publication of an article in the Journal does not imply that the editor agrees with opinions expressed in it.

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ELECTIONS

ELECTION-FEVER has set in all over India. It is an epidemic which weakens the body politic, since, under the present set-up, it gives little chance for a healthy change-over of Government by another party. Dates have been fixed. Candidates have begun filing nominations. In another week we shall have a clear picture of the personalities and the party labels that will be banded about before the people for another month in all sorts of queer poses and surroundings. There are signs that the ruling Congress party is breaking up in several States, particularly in the Punjab, Bihar, Bengal, Bombay and Madras. It is generally agreed that the Congress has no chances of winning a majority in Kerala where the choice is between a combination of diverse opposition elements and the perpetuation of President's rule. Coalitions and election adjustments between the Opposition parties are mooted in several States and at an all-India level, but with no tangible results.

Pandit Nehru who dominates the Congress party which dominates the country has opened his election campaign with a fighting speech at Bombay. It would be worthwhile for us to examine that speech and find out the workings of the mind which guides the destiny of this great sub-continent. The Pandit began his speech with the statement of a truism: "That country is considered powerful which achieves advancement in science and technology." The Prime Minister called upon the voters

in India to judge the achievements of the party he leads by the work done during the last ten years in the light of this maxim. Apparently he thinks that the people will be led away by the propaganda stunts in the Press, the Radio and the Cinema glorifying the River Valley schemes, the Dams and the Factories rising up in various parts of the country as evidences of that achievement of power based on science and technology which he sets up as the standard by which he should be judged. An impartial and objective reading of the history of Congress rule in India during the last ten years would reveal a woeful lack of any attempt to catch up with the world-wide advancement in science and technology. But, on the contrary, there is a definite attempt on the part of the Congress party to put back the clock of civilisation and progress. No doubt there are the River Valley schemes and the new Mills put up under Government auspices but these have grown up not under the aegis of the Congress party and Pandit Nehru's Government. They were on the anvil years before the Congress advent and were canvassed in the various Departments of Government under the British administration. An examination of the files in the Secretariats would reveal that most of the schemes under the so-called First Five-Year Plan were not only adumbrated but the estimates and the entire blue prints were worked up by the British foreign Government of India at a time when the Congress party was fighting

them on the issue whether to help or not to help them against Hitler in World War II.

While some credit may be given to Pandit Nehru's Administration for having kept up the tradition and the policies of his British predecessors, it is entirely unseemly on his part to claim sole credit for the build-up of the Dams and Factories under the Five-Year Plan. If any credit is due for these achievements it goes to the members of the Indian Civil Service, that "steel frame" that Lloyd George used to brag about which, in spite of its rigidity and its obtuseness, did certainly render a service to the people of this country not only by maintaining order but also by achieving a measure of progress. The River Valley schemes are direct descendents of the many thousands of miles of Railways and Telegraphs, the many Schools and Colleges built up under British rule as symbols of their dominance. The River Valley schemes would have been built up by the British had they continued to rule this country without handing over their power to the Congress party.

If credit is to be given to Pandit Nehru and his party for continuing in a measure the good work done by the British, he and his party will have to shoulder the responsibility for the criminal waste of public funds in promoting wild schemes for the revival of obsolete and dead industries just to satisfy their political vanities and their alleged ideological superiorities. Crores have been already washed down the drain and many more crores have been budgeted for a similar fate in a mad attempt to revive the Charka, the Village Oil Gann and other crafts which cannot withstand the onset of modern economy and in an insane effort to introduce the Ambar Charka and other contraptions intended to boost the falling morale of Mr. Vinoba Bhave and other Gandhites. The stark fact faces the people of India that the Congress party cannot live except by

exploiting Gandhi's name. Such exploitation may be politically justified if it takes the form of implementing the beneficent message of Gandhi in the sphere of political methodology and his insistence on non-violence. But, instead, the Congress party has chosen to perpetuate the obsolete part of Gandhi's teachings, his attempt to revive the Charkha and other dead industries. This fad has now become an obsession and a political necessity with the Congress party and is the major factor operating for the failure of that attempt to achieve scientific and technological progress which Pandit Nehru proclaims as his ideal.

Pandit Nehru used hard words against the Opposition parties. He called them "intellectually bankrupt." He accused them of "spreading hatred, disunity and chaos in the country." He flung at them the words "nonsense" and "humbug." He castigated them for being "communal, immature" and for "shutting their eyes to realities." He said that their theories were "out of date," that they were "confused in their thinking," that they had "no mind of their own." He accused them of "bankruptcy of their mind." Hard words break no bones. They only betray the excitement and the agitation in the mind of the speaker. The charge of intellectual bankruptcy can be more consistently laid at the door of the Congress rather than of any other party today. Why then do they go about stealing the thunder of their opponents and pinching their catch-words if they are not already bankrupt and impoverished of any intellectual achievement? They never dreamt of the word "Socialism" in the old days. They deliberately avoided that word in the drafting of the Constitution of India. But when their opponents built up their influence in the country by the use of that word, Congressmen made a dash for it at Avadi. They could not swallow that idea in full at the first Avadi attempt. They

made a half-hearted "pattern" out of it. Now they have grown more courageous and gulped the whole of 'Socialism' lock, stock and barrel although it does not belong to them.

The charge of communalism may be laid only at the door of the Congress party today. No other party in the country, not even the Jan Sangh, has gone so whole-heartedly communal as the Congress. A perusal of the list of candidates announced to contest the elections on behalf of the Congress party will disclose the basic fact that every candidate has been chosen with a view merely to his pulling power with the majority community in his constituency. Not only candidates but Ministers are chosen on a communal basis. Of course, ever since the advent of Congress rule the evils of jobbery and nepotism have been practiced not only in the appointments to the services but also in the matter of increments of salaries, promotions etc.

As for the matter of being tethered to obsolete ideologies and out of date text-books, none can beat Congressmen. Which party in the world today still swears by primitive ideas that pertain to the age when Adam delved and Eve span? Side by side with the exhibition of such primitive mentality Pandit Nehru has the effrontery to talk gloatingly of his achievements in scientific and technological progress! Such double-talk is possible only before Indian audiences which have become inured to rough handling.

Pandit Nehru professed at Bombay that his party believed in peaceful methods. But he threatened, at the same time, that if other parties chose the method of violence he would reply with violence. This shows the extent

of his faith in non-violence which would lead to violence at the instigation of others. It is a very convenient faith which can be cast off at the bidding of others who do not believe in it.

The Prime Minister was very angry at the Opposition parties for talking of an alliance among them. He said such an attempt was not positive but negative, because it was aimed only at defeating the Congress. We would like to ask the Prime Minister: What is wrong with such a negative attitude so long as it leads to the positive result of defeating the Congress? Alliances are common in politics, especially in times of National peril, like War or a great calamity. Not only alliance between parties but also coalition Governments have been formed under the stress of such emergencies. There is no doubt whatever that the threatening growth of Congress totalitarianism in India has brought into being such an emergency which should forge an alliance of all political parties ranged against the Congress, in spite of their differences in ideologies. When a house is on fire all the neighbours should rush to help to put out the fire irrespective of their differences with the householder. It is not an act of charity. It is an expression of the instinct of self-preservation. For, if they do not unite, the fire would spread and would consume the entire neighbourhood. Even so, the Congress outburst of totalitarianism threatens to engulf the freedom of all peoples inhabiting this great sub-continent. If it is not put out soon, it will consume the freedom of all parties and of all individuals. The cry of the hour is to unite, irrespective of party labels, in a grand effort to defeat the Congress at the coming elections.

SIDELIGHTS ::

MR. EISENHOWER'S doctrine of "power vacuum" in the Middle East and his offer to fill that vacuum with American arms in the shape of aid to backward countries have aroused a vehement response from the Soviet Union which has made a counter proposal offering Soviet arms to fill that vacuum. India does not recognise the inevitability of the doctrine of the power vacuum. Pandit Nehru has vehemently protested that world peace can be built up only on the strength and inviolability of national frontiers. His position is the logical result of his doctrine of *Panch Shila* and non-alignment with power blocs. Hence his advocacy for the formation of a third group of world powers which will have no truck with either of the parties now contending for supremacy. He is thus isolating himself from the rest of the world. The recent meetings of the UNO have disclosed that India is friendless in a crowded world.

Pandit Nehru has in fact fallen between two stools. He may regret the scramble between the U. S. A. and the U.S.S.R. to fill the power vacuum created by the scuttling of British influence and British power by the short-sighted and foolish adventures of Sir Anthony Eden. But there is no denying the fact that the Arabs are a backward and a fanatic people and that it will take many more years, if not decades, for them to reach up to the level of culture and civilisation attained by the progressive nations of the world. Meanwhile, there will be the vacuum.

The vacuum in fact is so real that a mere import of arms into it does not fill it. This fact was brought

home to the Egyptians who could not put up any resistance to the Anglo-French and Israeli military action against them in spite of the Egyptian arsenals being filled with the latest Soviet weapons including the Jet planes. The Egyptians did not attempt even one counter attack against the numerous raids by the Anglo-French naval and air forces. It is a question not merely of the acquisition of modern weapons. It is more. It is the laborious learning and the mastering of the technique of handling these weapons that is important. The householder is not protected against the thief by merely purchasing a revolver. He must acquire the know-how and the grit to handle the weapon. Otherwise the revolver will only further add to the strength of the thief as against the householder. That was what happened to Egypt with regard to Russian arms. It may happen again in the Middle East with Russian or, for that matter, even with American arms.

It is clear, therefore, that there is a vacuum in the Middle East and it will take years of educational effort and industrial enterprise to fill it up in the only natural manner in which it should be filled up as envisaged by Pandit Nehru, namely, by the growth of the strength of the local population, of the many Nations that constitute the Arab world. Pandit Nehru is utopian. He talks and acts as though his ideal future has already come into being. It is this dangerous mentality of Pandit Nehru that is at the bottom of the many difficulties in foreign affairs that this country has been led into under his leadership. Why did he hurry and run into the clutches of the UNO

Security Council on the Kashmir issue? India had already acquired not only the legal title to Kashmir but also the physical possession of the major part of that territory. There was no need for India to invoke the authority of the UNO. It was Pandit Nehru's utopian idealism that all international disputes should be adjusted under the auspices of the UNO that led him into that trap. The UNO was not as competent or as powerful as he expected and wished it to be; and hence the imbroglio over Kashmir from which he is unable to extricate himself. It is a similar mistake that he is making with regard to the Middle East situation today. There is a power vacuum there as a matter of fact, and the two giants of the world are trying to fill it up with their own arms. Pandit Nehru is indulging in wishful thinking. In his opinion such a competition ought not to be there, and he says it is not there, forgetting the difference between fact and fiction.

Mr. Raj Bahadur, the Union Minister for Communications, said at Jaipur that a number of wall calendars and diaries sent to him by post had not reached him. Such a forthright condemnation of the postal department by the Minister in charge of the department, implying inefficiency as well as corruption on the part of the staff, seems to have been keenly resented by the official heads of the department and the Minister has been subsequently persuaded to agree to the issue of a press note to explain away the ministerial statement. The press note attempts to dilute the Ministerial statement by the addition of a lot of meaningless words. The relevant sentence in the press note which is preceded and followed by frothy verbiage reads: "It might

even be that sometimes he himself had possibly not received some calendars or diaries said to have been sent to him." An analysis of the implications of this sentence will reveal the curious workings of the official mind. Look at the string of words: *might, even, sometimes, possibly, said to have been*. All these words now fathered on the Minister with a view to soften the harshness of his earlier condemnation of the department could never have been uttered by any sensible person before a public or a private audience. Such equivocation is impossible except in an official "explanation." In spite of this belated attempt to camouflage, two facts stand out. Fact number one is that the Minister did not receive the calendars and the diaries sent to him by post. Fact number two is that the employees of the postal department carried away these calendars and diaries to their own homes either for their personal use or for presenting them to friends and relations. Everybody acquainted with the workings of the postal department would vouch for the fact that articles despatched by ordinary parcel or sample post seldom reach the addressees. They have to be sent by registered post. Such experience at ministerial level is not quite so uncommon as the framers of the press note imagine. A few months ago Mr. Alagesan, the Deputy Minister for Railways, admitted in Parliament that consignments of mangoes sent to him from Madras reached him at Delhi in an attenuated condition, containing just the stones, after the juicy parts had been eaten up by the railway employees during transit. We wish Mr. Raj Bahadur had summoned the courage to own up the inefficiency and the corruption rampant in the department under his control even as Mr. Alagesan had

Sethu

PEDLAR'S PACK

THE new mythology of our nationalism is growing apace. First it was the myth about our having achieved our freedom in the non-violent, Gandhian way. It quietly ignored the rivers of blood through which millions, uprooted from their ancestral homes, trekked across an artificial boundary-line. They are still at this ghastly exodus, though it has ceased to be news to our policy-makers. Nor does any one these days refer to the mutinies in the army and navy which hastened the British decision to go when the going was still good. Another piece of contributory negligence of which the British were guilty was to stage the mass trials of I. N. A. personnel. It revealed how the sword-arm on which foreign rule ultimately rested had become palsied. Myth No. 2: That Congress alone brought Swaraj. It certainly brought in Pakistan, and got the remainder for keeps; a *quid pro quo* for which we have nothing more to show than a crudely constructed personality cult round the figure of Pandit Nehru.

And now comes Myth No. 3: To wit that our Universities played a great part in the freedom struggle. I was surprised to find the President himself giving currency to such an unfounded idea. It was then notorious and is now a matter of history that the Universities were the homes of reaction, that they were manned by a hand-picked corps of Quislings who vied with one another in promoting the war-effort as the highest of academic objectives! What Dr. Rajendra Prasad must have meant was that many distinguished alumni of our Universities took part in the national struggle. This is an entirely different proposition. They fought the good fight, not as alumni, but as children of the soil after deliberately forswearing their academic veneer. But they had not the faintest notion of going forth under the banner of their Universities. Not one Vice-Chancellor qua Vice-Chancellor either closed the University or defied the government or went to jail after breaking the law. What is worse some of those who were most brazen in their collaboration have continued

up to date to occupy key-positions in the new set-up with consequences which are better imagined than described. A centenary address cannot ensure for the Universities a rehabilitation which they have forfeited by their own record; and it is a piece of hypocrisy to pretend that they are better than they are.

Addressing a women's meeting in support of his candidature for the Lok Sabha, Sri T. T. Krishnamachari appealed to the ladies to give up their ornaments to strengthen the Congress to fight the coming elections. Presumably, he started at home and has now denuded his own women-folk of all their jewellery! As a stunt it is as crude as it is unnecessary. It recalls Gandhi's own frequent appeals for support to the Harijan or some other cause. People gave for the sake of the man, not for the cause. If Mr. T. T. K. succeeded in making any collections, they must be presumed for the cause—not for the man!

King Hussein of Jordan has declared his readiness to lay down his life for the defence of his country. But it is doubtful if the martyrdom of Hussein the Second would be observed with equal zeal throughout the Islamic world.

Sir Eric Harrison, Australian High Commissioner in London has appealed for greater solidarity between the (white-skinned), British members of the Commonwealth. At the rate at which events are moving in Britain, it looks as if we may be expelled from the Commonwealth without notice! To avoid such a humiliation, should we not walk out while we can do so with some dignity?

Expressing dissatisfaction with the Congress at the selection of Sikh candidates for elections, Master Tara Singh has said that he has lost in peace what he gained in war.

Peace hath its victims no less renowned than war!

LIBRA

SUBHAS CHANDRA BOSE

(Born January 23, 1897 died ?)

By Prof. SUDHANSU BIMAL MOOKHERJI

"They call me a dreamer, do they? I confess that I am a dreamer . . . The progress of the world has depended on dreamers and their dreams,—not dreams of exploitation and aggrandisement and perpetuating injustice, but dreams of progress, happiness for the widest masses, liberty and independence for all nations."

Subhas Chandra Bose (Sept. 27, 1944)

A FLASH of lightning pierces the firmament. The veil of darkness is lifted for a split-second. The next moment it is darker than ever. The lightning, however, is not forgotten immediately. It haunts the memory. The activities of Subhas Chandra Bose as the Head of the Azad Hind Government and of the Azad Hind Army outside India may rightly be compared to a flash of lightning—short-lived, but never to be forgotten.

Subhas Chandra Bose was among the greatest revolutionaries. There have been many with greater talents than Bose. But in actual accomplishments he left all others miles behind.

Rumours

The mysterious disappearance of Bose from internment in his Elgin Road (Calcutta) home on January 26, 1941, was followed by a spate of rumours and speculations. Opinions varied widely. Some said that the Government had removed him to some unknown place. Others were of opinion that Subhas, thoroughly disgusted with the meanness of politics, the cliques and coteries that disfigured the country's political life, had renounced the world to become a *Sanyasin*. Had he not left home once before many years ago? His open letter published in various

papers after the 1939 session of the Congress at Tripuri revealed his profound aversion to politics and a sincere yearning for the Life Divine. Many again held—and were right in so holding—that Bose had gone to Berlin, Rome or Tokyo with the object of enlisting the active assistance of the Axis Powers—Germany, Italy and Japan—in India's quest for her lost heritage.

All doubts were set at rest ten months later on November 10, 1941 when the Home Secretary of the then Government of India admitted that Bose was either in Rome or in Berlin. The Axis Radio broadcast a week later on November 17, that he was in Germany.

Why Bose Left India

Two questions may be asked here, quite pertinently.

1. Why did Bose leave the country he loved so deeply?

2. Why did he decide to seek the help of the German, Italian and Japanese brand of imperialism against the British variety?

In Subhas Chandra's own words—
" . . . I come to the conclusion that all the efforts (for freedom) that we could put forward inside India, would not suffice to export the British from our country . . .

" . . . my object in leaving India was to supplement from outside the struggle going on at home . . . The help that our countrymen at home needed and still need is a two-fold one: moral and material. Firstly, they have to be normally convinced that their victory is assured. Secondly, they have to be given military help from outside . . .

"Indians outside India, particularly Indians in East Asia, are going to organise a fighting force which will be powerful enough to attack the British Army in India. When we do so, a

revolution will break out, not only among the civil population at home, but also among the Indian Army which is now standing under the British flag. When the British Government is thus attacked from both sides—from inside India and from outside—it will collapse, and the Indian people will then regain their liberty." (Speech at the Padang Mass Rally, Singapore, July 9, 1943).

Bose's decision to seek the help of the Axis Powers was but the application of the age-old theory of removing one thorn with another ('Kantakenaiba Kantakam'). It shows his robust commonsense and sense of reality.

The Urge For Freedom

A volcano was in action within Subhas Chandra in 1941. It was this volcano in eruption which hurled him out of the Motherland, as it were. The World War II was already more than a year old. The indignity of political serfdom, the humiliations and pin-pricks inflicted by the foreign rulers, coupled with the inaction of the national leadership had made Bose desperate. The urge for freedom, an iron determination to break the shackles of slavery, prompted this restless son of Mother India to take a "leap in the dark."

The whole country was paralysed with fear. Dejection and despair had led to a sense of frustration. The Indian National Congress, the spearhead of the onslaught on the citadel of British imperial edifice in India, the spokesman of the nation's hopes and aspirations for generations, did not perhaps know its own mind. The leadership failed to give a lead to the rank and file. Time was being wasted in wordy warfare, in futile debates and discussions. Bose felt that the "hour of destiny" had struck. He saw in the war a golden opportunity to give a final push to the British rule in India. But he feared that the long-awaited opportunity would perhaps pass away in vain. The accredited leaders of the nation were

busy weaving webs of words. Bose therefore sought to exploit Britain's extremity to the full with the help of the Axis Powers by persuading them to render active assistance to India's struggle for liberation. Deep down in the psyche of the Indian nation there was a hope—a fond hope that freedom would come through compromise as a gift from the ruling race. Bose however thought otherwise.

Japanese Help

The reorganisation of the Azad Hind Army and the inauguration of the Azad Hind Government are the two remarkable achievements of Subhas Chandra outside India. He obtained Japanese help for both. It is doubtful if India would have ever re-gained her freedom with Japanese help, even if Fortune smiled on her in World War II. Bose too had his misgivings. It is why he said 'no' to General Tojo's proposal of posting a Japanese army for a time—20 or 25 years—in free India.

The First Azad Hind Army organised by General Mohan Singh at Singapore during the war, was disbanded by the General himself when the Japanese military authorities wanted to send the Army to the Burmese theatre. Mohan Singh was arrested by the Japanese authorities and put in prison.

Rash Behari Bose, the well-known Indian revolutionary, and president of the Indian Independence League, tried to re-build the Azad Hind Army. He interviewed the high-ranking officers of the Azad Hind Army and requested the Japanese authorities to bring Bose to Japan from Germany. The latter went to Tokyo in June 1943. It was decided after consultation with the Imperial Japanese Government that a free Government of India would be set up. An independent Indian army was to be organised at the same time.

Freedom Fight From Abroad

Subhas reached Singapore on July 3, 1943, and took charge of the

Indian struggle for freedom abroad. The Azad Hind Army was reorganised. The Intelligence Branch of the Army, a marvel of efficiency, was one of its strong points. Known as the Bahadur Group, it was headed by Col. Burhanuddin, a prince of Chitral. Burhanuddin was praised by no less a man than General Tojo, the then Prime Minister of Japan. Tojo's frankly group was greater than that of the Intelligence Service of any of the European Governments. The victories won by the Azad Hind Army were due not a little to Col. Burhanuddin and his Bahadur Group.

The Azad Hind Government was inaugurated on October 21, 1943. Bose was the Supreme Commander of the Azad Hind Army and the Supreme Head of the Azad Hind Government. Nine States recognised the newly formed Government and entered into alliance with it. It declared war against England and America. Indians all over South-East Asia responded to Bose's call. Indians from Malaya, Burma, Sumatra and Thailand "raised round India's flag of freedom and marched forward to help in the liberation of the motherland." (*India and Malaya* by N. Raghavan, p. 77).

The Azad Hind Army led a two-pronged invasion against India. A column marched on Arakan (Akyab) and another on Imphal in Manipur (Assam). The columns had to overcome the resistance of the British army on the way. The Azad Hind army reached the frontiers of India. It advanced upto Bishenpur the Cachar (Assam) after the brave fight with the Anglo-American forces in the Manipur sector. The writ of the Azad Hind Government ran over Bishenpur for more than two months. Kohima in the Naga Hills too fell into the hands of the Azad Hind Army. Bose himself conducted the operations from his headquarters at Maymyo (Upper Burma).

The situation however changed after the time. The monsoon set in.

Heavy rains in the hills dislocated supplies by throwing the Japanese air-service out of gear. Communications were paralysed. There was, besides, an ever-increasing demand on Japan's resources. The Azad Hind Army ran short of food, equipment and ammunition. Exhausted stocks were not replenished. The long and short of it was that the Azad Hind Army had to beat the retreat. The negligence of duty by some of the officers of the army, their slack sense of discipline and the strength of the Anglo-American build-up contributed not a little to the discomfiture of Bose's patriotic army.

His Achievements

The Azad Hind Army and the Azad Hind Government, the twin creations of Subhas Chandra outside India, gave an impetus to South-East Asia's urge for independence and facilitated their emancipation in the years immediately following the Second World War. The exploits and achievements of Bose breathe new life into the dry bones of South-East Asia, the erstwhile happy hunting ground of western imperialism—Burma, Indonesia, and the Philippines—regained their independence immediately after the war. Viet Nam's (formerly French Indo-China) independence is a *fait accompli*. Malayan independence too does not seem to be far off. Other factors besides the activities of Bose, it must be admitted, did much to bring about the fulfilment of South-East Asian nationalism.

Bose's contribution to India's freedom has yet to be fully assessed. The magnificent efforts put up by him and his followers "brought India's freedom miles nearer. The battle was lost no doubt; but not the campaign." (*India and Malaya* by N. Raghavan, p. 77).

Bose was regarded as the saviour of Indians in Malaya during the war. Hope rose high when he organised the Azad Hind Army and formed the Azad Hind Government.

IN QUEST OF A MANIFESTO

By KONGOT

I FELT all on a sudden rejuvenated, if not permanently relieved of mortality, when the medico, after a few digital detonations here and there on my abdomen (like Palghat Mani Iyer before he begins to play on his Mridangam) pronounced a verdict that it was not coronary thrombosis but an indigestion of 'don't chu-worry' type. Indigestion? How? How could a citizen of this land of Punjabrao Deshmukh and Amrit Kaur develop indigestion? I can imagine millions of us languishing with indigestion after another five years when 'Vaikundham' would have been imported to this land and when people may be querimoniously cursing the Four-Nosed creator for having equipped them with only one stomach and one mouth alone.

But indigestion today is illogical and anachronistic. Could it then be the *Vyasar Virundu* of Rajaji, of which recently I had a lick, that has wrought this intestinal immobility? Or, my indigestion may be due to the over-eating of someone somewhere, some Saits in Bombay, Jenmis in Kerala? But the Doctor is cocksure that mine is due to—don't laugh—manifestoes! Yes, election manifestoes!

Hereinafter follow a few excerpts from the electioneering extravaganza manufactured at Laxmibai Nagar.

"False standard of living and display have to be given up and those who lead the people in various parts of the country have to set an example . . ."

What a mellifluous exuberance of honeyed words! Well, look at the

true standard of living of a certain leader, given below:—

Sumptuary and entertainment allowances, establishment of Military Secretary, maintenance and repairs of furnishings of official residences, allowance for maintenance of motor cars and tour expense	Rs. 68,400
Renewal of furnishings of his official residences	" 1,13,000
Maintenance and repair of official residences	" 87,000
Official Rly. Saloons	" 2,400
Equipment allowance etc	" 1,600

The leader alluded to above, believe me, is not a hero in any fairy tale or a Gandharva Prince, but a devout disciple of Gandhiji.

Besides, the local PWD have spent Rs. 14,00,000 on the approaches to the city, and the local municipality have spent Rs. 20,00,000, asphaltting the roads in Indore. The Local Power House is said to have spent Rs. 9,00,000 just to light up the whole city during the Congress session and to provide light for Laxmibai Nagar. It is from such a build-up Nagar that the Congress high-priests exhort the nation to give up 'false standard of living and display! Why wonder at my indigestion?!

Again: "A significant development has been the growth in the cultural field, in literature, in art and music, song and dance. This indicates the new life and creative urge that are pulsing through the nation . . ."

Ha, Ha! how funny!! Granting that there has been a growth in the cultural field as the manifesto maintains, how on earth could the 'white caps' claim credit for that? Surely, no art whatsoever has so far darted

from out of any 'white cap' as rats from a conjurer's hat. Perhaps they point out to you their AIR (not Anti-Indian Radio) when they boast of the growth of culture in this land.

Has not the AIR absorbed some of the best of talents, poets and musicians, into its studios? Are not some of the 'Bhagavatars' enshrined in some of the AIR stations paid fabulous salaries for their uninterrupted chewing pansu-pari? Is not a fleet of doves called 'Announcers' cooing into your tympanum through your radio, if you have one, now and then cooing "this is All India Radio . . ." for which each of them is paid over Rs. 150 p.m., enrapturing you and exhilarating your fatigued frame? These lucky guys are paid such sumptuous salaries which they might never have handled before, except in their short stories or novels.

I am personally of opinion, whether anybody agrees with me or not, that no artiste should be pegged down to any AIR station, like a stud bull to a farm, fed and fattened there. Conditions conducive to his wanderings should be created so that he roams all over the country carrying his stock-in-trade, his art.

To revert to the Laxmibai Nagar Manifesto: After about a decade of their rule, the ruling *Rishis* have made an astounding discovery that

"unemployment is not only bad for the individual concerned, but is injurious to social health . . . Unemployment is partially due to their not having received a proper type of education, which would fit them into the nation's activities today . . ."

My good sirs! who gave our youths the improper type of education, and why was the proper type not imparted? What are you doing about it? Perhaps for answers to these questions one should turn to Mr. Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, who, some say, has been peeved by the above sentences in the manifesto.

Of course, the reason for his absence at the Indore session is the same as for the resignation of Sir Anthony Eden: Health.

The Congress election manifesto tells you further: "Red-tape in administrative machinery should go . . ." as if that is all that should go and has to go. How about corruption, jobbery, wire-pulling, favouritism, nepotism, incompetence, parochialism, and the like? Should they continue? Should the ministers continue interfering with the day-to-day administration of their IAS and ICS officers? Should all and sundry be inaugurated by the ministers?

"Production in food and other articles was considerably increased" tell the Big Bosses. To whom? To us who till yesterday were doing a standing *tapas* in front of the Fair Price Shops for the boon of a measure of Burma rice? And the prospect of resuming that *tapas* tomorrow or day after is not altogether ruled out. Our F. P. Shops are opened or closed as fancied by the US or the USSR. The keys of those shops are not at New Delhi but elsewhere, abroad. And it is 8 million tons of foodgrains to be imported during the Second Plan period.

"Above all, self-reliance and a new confidence were created in the people of India . . ." thunders Indore. Naturally! Self-reliance and confidence are the rare gifts of Nature to those who have nobody to look forward to or rely upon. If we are self-reliant—forget the foreign aids of diverse descriptions—the kudos goes not to the Congress sarkar but to the mental make-up of the human beings here as elsewhere.

" . . . and disparities in income should be progressively lessened . . ." How soothing would have been those words if they had been applied to the NGO deputationists when they went on a wild goose chase to Mr. Nehru sometime ago. But he then told them

that 'disparities . . . ' is for the State Government to look into. It is really interesting, sometimes even nauseating to notice that the lions that once roared have begun to coo like doves as the General Elections approach.

My octogenarian neighbour is, he says, in quest of an election manifesto, somewhat on the following lines:

MANIFESTO OF THE PARTYLESS PEOPLE'S PARTY.

PRELIMINARY: We do believe India is an old, old country with its own old, old civilization, art, culture, mountains and rivers. But, we do not believe that our future solace lies in blowing our own trumpet. No good harping on the past strings and mutually patting each other.

FOOD: If it is not anti-national we would think that the First Five-Year Plan was a flop as far as solving the food problem is concerned. Even after the completion of the First Five-Year Plan, our food position is that our kitchens will have smoke going out through their chimneys only if the US or the USSR wills it so. The Agricultural Department and the Food Ministry require a severe shock-treatment.

MORAL VALUES: Ashes, matted hair, *Kamandalu* and *Yoga Dandu* may have once figured in our culture. And those have no place here today: not only here, but anywhere, except in the cavernous Himalayas. No need to make too much noise and fuss about art, culture and all that. They will take care of themselves even if the AIR drives out all its 'Bhagavata-tars' and announcers.

LAND REFORM: It is high time, we believe, that we give some rest to Poojya Vinobaji and deal ourselves direct with the land and the landless.

FOREIGN POLICY: We are told, whenever domestic discontentment erupts in the country, that our international prestige is at the peak of the Himalayas. Very good. But we have

no hallucination that it is, if at all there it is, entirely because of our being what we are. The prestige of our country is mainly its geographical location on the map of the vast world. We wonder what would have been our prestige, had India been lying somewhere in the Arctic regions. And, after all, what has the much-boosted international prestige of ours done for Hungary, Egypt, Kashmir and many others?

MINISTERS: We should have a lesser number of ministers with more portfolios for each. The ministers peregrinations will be strictly watched, regulated, and checked by the Centre. A minister shall be in his headquarters at least for 25 days in a month. He shall be less garrulous. Next to nuclear explosions, the atmosphere is now being polluted by the carbon dioxide gushing out from within the Hon'ble selves.

A few of the excerpts from the Congress Election Manifesto have been placed before you, readers. Some of you may also be voters! Like the 'Sathukudi' fruit vendor at the bus-stands telling you, "Sir, cut open and eat one fruit; if it is sour, don't pay me any cash", the Congress appears to be telling us, "If you have faith in us, give us your votes." They are fully conscious that there is no reason, logic, meaning, sense, purpose or any earthly use on which they can appeal to us for our votes. So, their trump is "Faith" and are we to be faithful to the Congress or to the country? Obvious is the answer to the disillusioned.

SAYS KRISHNA MENON— (as he hurries out to emplane)

Where there's trouble, there am I;
Where there's talking, there I hie;
Parleying, abstaining and playing
see-saw,
I'm more in air than on *terra firma*;
I'm busier than the busy bee;
No rest, no break, no, not for me!

SCOTTIC

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

AS reported last week, the Soviet Film Festival turned out to be a very tame show, thanks mainly due to the unimaginative handling of it by the Ministry of Information which could not secure a good theatre, and mobilize film people's support. It is really a pity that at the reception at Santa Cruz airport, not more than a dozen persons were present. With proper approach, one could have expected a far bigger crowd to turn in for this reception. Even at the reception at Regal, half the invitees did not turn up and many seats in the balcony were vacant.

In contrast to the official functions which were cold and formal and dominated by bureaucrats, the functions organised by Bimal Roy and Raj Kapoor went off very well. The show staged by Bombay Youth Choir at Mohan Studios was for instance introduced with warmth and feeling. And the dinner party given by Raj Kapoor turned out to be a memorable party which lasted almost till next morning. It is in such parties that the delegates felt warmed up. Incidentally, they also afforded the proof that the Indian film personalities were keen to give the honoured delegates a warm and enthusiastic reception and wherever they got the opportunity they did. But the official functions were colourless; and the festival itself did not attract a large crowd because of the wrong choice of theatre and poor publicity. Otherwise, *Othello* on its own merits could pack the theatre for all the shows.

Talking of the Ministry of Information, one would like also to draw attention to the fact that the A. I. R. which was celebrating a special week from the 13th failed to pay homage to Saigal on his death anniversary on the 18th, and that it was left to Radio Ceylon and 'Saridon' to pay homage to Saigal. Surely, the A.I.R. could have done a better job and arranged a special programme in memory of the great Saigal whose songs it broadcast all the year round.

Picture Of The Week

Shree Vishwabharati Films' *Basant Bahar* based on a Kannada novel *Hans Geet* is a satisfying film in many respects. It has an interesting story set against a colorful background and really good classical music. To the credit of Shankar and Jai Kishen, it must be said that they have done a very good job and revealed a good flair for blending classical ragas with filmic rhythm. The music is the most pleasing part of the picture; the lyrics by Shailendra are apt and sweet. The singing by Bhimsen Joshi, Rafi, Manna Dey, Asha and Lata is really melodious. The classical contest in which the hero wins is a musical treat worth going all the way to see.

Lavishly produced, the story of *Basant Bahar* revolves round Gopal, son of an astrologer who is a devotee of music. Gopal's efforts to get royal recognition as a singer is foiled by his rival Mailaya who drugs him just on the eve of the contest. He loses his voice, but he finds it in the form of Gopi, a beautiful daughter of a dancer and falls in love with her. When he regains his voice and wants to elope away with her, his mother stops him and the strain of a melodious voice lures him. He follows the voice and decides to make the great singer his guru. He learns the art the hard way and wins recognition. But his teacher dies leaving him the task of finding his daughter and marrying her. The daughter turns

In the meanwhile a rise in prices is, therefore, inevitable. This disparity would have been overcome to some extent if the existing large scale units increased their production sufficiently. This has been made impossible by the Government's misguided policy of imposing restrictions on factory production in a number of cases in the belief that thereby they would be helping the small-scale and cottage industries. No one denies the need for helping and encouraging the small-scale and cottage industries and of trying to solve the unemployment problem through them, but the manner in which this has been done by the Government has resulted in highly inflationary conditions. The cottage industry output of cloth, shoes, etc., has increased but that does nothing to restore the balance between supply and demand. It has been experienced all over the world that consumer tastes are not subject to quick change and people will not buy things which they do not like, no matter what we might do. The products of the cottage industry will have to be considerably improved in quality and made cheaper before the people could be induced to buy them. The framers of the Second Plan imposed all kinds of restrictions on large-scale production with a view to 'help' the small-scale and cottage industries but did not make sufficient efforts to improve the quality and cheapen the costs of goods produced by these industries. The result has been a serious unbalance between supply and demand.

Ignorance of Basic Principles

An increase in agricultural production, to the extent to which the increased incomes in peoples' hands would be spent on foodstuffs, would have done much to restore the balance between supply and demand. But the framers of the Second Plan were ignorant of the basic principles of economics and did not realise

this fact. They actually reduced the percentage of total outlay on agriculture and an impression was created as if we have done all we could for agriculture and it does not matter much if our agricultural production does not rise very much. The Planning Commission induced itself into the belief that India has almost reached a stage of self-sufficiency in foodgrains and it does not matter if agriculture is accorded a secondary place. The Planning Commission subsequently realised its mistake, and the targets of agricultural output in the Second Plan have been revised upwards but the financial allotment for agriculture has not been simultaneously increased. The result of this belated increase in agricultural targets has therefore been to leave the situation where it was. Moreover, there is a limit to the productivity of land in India.

In spite of increased investment on the basis of deficit financing the price level in India would have been kept within reasonable limits if we had imported foodgrains, cloth, and other consumer goods from foreign countries in sufficient quantities. We could not do this because of our not possessing adequate foreign exchange resources. As things stand the imports of machinery, iron and steel, and other essential goods for fulfilling the programme of industrial expansion under the Second Plan has increased our balance of trade deficit from Rs. 46 crores in 1954 and Rs. 40 crores in 1955 to Rs. 189 crores in the first eleven months of 1956. As a result of this, our sterling balances have declined from Rs. 742 crores in January 1956 to Rs. 539 crores in November 1956. This means that we cannot use the method of importing consumer goods to counterbalance inflationary forces in India. As a matter of fact, the Government's import policy for the first six months of 1957 provides for a drastic reduction in the imports of consumer goods. This would further intensify

inflationary conditions in India, if the present rate of investment is maintained in the future.

Fallacious Reasoning

The Government seems to have realised belatedly that the amount of deficit financing which the Second Plan envisages cannot be indulged in without very serious consequences. There is no change in Government's policy as such but the observations the Finance Minister Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari made in the Lok Sabha and more recently in Madras show a change in Government's policy. It appears that the Finance Minister is anxious to reduce the amount of deficit financing and would instead try to raise finances for the Second Plan by additional taxation. The money supply with the people has increased from Rs. 1,978 crores in October 1955 and Rs. 2,094 crores in January 1956 to Rs. 2,121 crores in October 1956. The Finance Minister hopes that through additional taxation part of the purchasing power in the hands of the people, which this additional money supply creates, would be taken away by Government taxation and to that extent the balance between supply and demand would be restored by reducing peoples' demand. This would, according to Mr. Krishnamachari's reasoning, bring down the price level.

But one very important fact which the Finance Minister has missed is that prices in India are high not only because of the unbalance between supply and demand but also because the costs of production of industry have increased. The recent increase in excise duties, taxation of dividends, etc., have still further increased the prices. The condition in India is that any additional taxation inevitably results in increasing the prices as a large portion of the additional taxes is passed on to the consumer in one shape or another. Additional taxation to finance the Second

Plan would surely reduce peoples' demand but it will not at all reduce the price level. Instead the price-level would still further rise. Additional taxation, under the existing conditions in India, is no cure for inflation. It might, on the other hand, act as a poison and force the economy to a quicker disaster.

Additional Taxation?

Apart from this consideration, are the Indian people in a position to stand additional taxation? There is such a thing as taxable capacity and it has long been exceeded in our country. The Finance Minister's assumption that people can still further tighten their belts and make sacrifices in the interests of the Plan is wrong. The people, on an average, are consuming so little of foodgrains, sugar, cloth and other commodities per head of the family that they cannot possibly consume less without seriously impairing their health and efficiency. All the planning and developmental efforts would lose meaning and purpose if wrong taxation and economic policies ruin the country's economic structure.

Controls

When the policy of taxation fails to check the rising prices and inflation continues to persist, as it inevitably would, the Government would think of imposing price and distribution controls. There are already indications of this in the speeches of the Finance Minister. Would these price and distribution controls check the rise in prices? It was our experience in India before the price and other controls were withdrawn as well as the experience in other countries that price controls only succeed in creating blackmarkets. It would serve no purpose if the general index of prices ceases to register a rise as this index would then be based on controlled prices. The real question is, would the people at large get things at the controlled prices?

They would not. Even with price and other controls, hyper-inflation will continue and will do all it can to ruin the country. Another very great danger in re-introducing controls is that once they are imposed there is no way of knowing how far we have travelled from the realities of the economic situation. One control leads to another till it is impossible to withdraw the controls.

Remedies

Should we then come to the conclusion on the basis of the above analysis that the situation is hopeless, as deficit financing is not good, additional taxation would not do, controls are bad and we cannot import more consumer goods because of foreign exchange difficulties? The situation is not and need not be hopeless, if the Government bases its policy on the realities of the economic situation in India. There are two things which the Government has to do to set matters right even at this stage. The size of the Second Plan should be curtailed so that it would be completed in eight years instead of five. If this were done, it would not be necessary to indulge in deficit financing or to increase taxation. The existing level of taxation will produce enough finances for the Second Plan. A slower rate of progress would do no one any harm.

Encourage Private Enterprise

Private enterprise in India has proved its worth. In spite of enormous difficulties it has succeeded in bringing India's cotton textile, jute, sugar, iron and steel and many other industries to their present level of development which is quite high. The paid-up capital of joint stock companies in India, to mention only one indicator, has increased from Rs. 570

crores (for 22,675 companies) in 1947-48 and Rs. 775 crores (for 28,532 companies) in 1951-52 to Rs. 1,019 crores (for 30,381 companies) in 1955-56. Private enterprise is now under Government regulation and control and cannot do anything contrary to the best social welfare of the nation. It has got skill, initiative and enterprise and possesses the financial and other resources for bringing about a proper economic development of the country.

In the Second Plan private enterprise has been given a minor place, just one-third of the total, because of ideological considerations. This is not the time for ideological controversies. What we want is rapid economic development of the country. If private enterprise can deliver the goods, there is no reason why we should not more fully use its services. It is wrong to argue that this would result in concentration of economic power in few hands, the poverty of the people in general, and exploitation of labour and consumers. Those arguments might have been valid in the past. But now private enterprise is fully within Government's control and regulation. There is the Government's taxation, fiscal, labour and industrial policies to ensure that while private enterprise helps in the economic development of the country it does not result in the evils which are somehow associated with it.

By giving private enterprise a greater place in our economic growth the private sector would be increased and the public sector accordingly reduced, thereby making it unnecessary to undertake either deficit financing or to impose additional taxation. The reduced public sector can be adequately financed out of the resources which would accrue to the Government's revenue and capital budgets at the existing level of taxation.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF 19TH CENTURY ELECTIONS

By V. KRISHNAMOORTY

NOW that the General Elections are due within a month, men and women in all walks of life have found in them a subject for discussion and debate. While some are very much interested in politics, many have a great liking for the lighter side of elections—the ways and means adopted by candidates in winning the seats in the State legislatures or Parliament.

In the 19th century, elections really were elections. Though none of the present-day histrionics were witnessed, the elections were more lively and colourful. None of your solemn speeches about principles, none of your mealy-mouthed complimenting of opponents, but honest, straight-forward abuse, oaths, mud, rotten eggs, beer and bribes and broken plates, eating and drinking, quartering and junketting, love-making and merry-making were the order of the day. An election, in short, was an occasion for loosening the ordinary bonds and constraints of everyday existence.

In the 20th century the elections have become just serious business. There are neither orators nor intelligent audiences. Elections are fought on party lines and the candidates belonging to the popular party win the elections. In the 19th century neither the popularity of the party to which a candidate belonged nor his social and financial standing did count for anything in the elections. It was just the fancy of the electorate that mattered much.

When Abraham Lincoln stood as a Republican candidate for the U. S. Presidentship, all his relatives on his father's side and all except one on

mother's side voted against him. Why? Because they were Democrats.

Great Orator Boosed

I would relate here how the electorate refused to hear a great orator of the United States. Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the man who defeated Lincoln in the earlier election, secured the repeal of the 'Missouri Compromise' and made it possible for a new area lying west of the Mississippi and equal in size to the original thirteen States, to be blighted with the curse of slavery. This made the North furious. Douglas did this in order to capture the Southern votes in the 1856 presidential election.

The repeal raised a regular tornado that blew both the great parties into bits and eventually whirled the nation into a civil war. Meetings of protest and indignation flared up spontaneously in hundreds of cities, villages and hamlets. His constituency of Chicago was not lagging behind. Some of his supporters called Stephen Arnold Douglas the 'traitor Arnold'. Some printed pamphlets calling him Modern Judas, and sent him, along with these pamphlets, thirty pieces of silver. One indignant voter presented him at a public meeting in Boston a rope and asked him to hang himself!

All this did not frighten Douglas. He came to Chicago and announced that he would address a public meeting. Thousands of excited men, guns in their pockets, flocked to prevent Douglas from speaking. The very first sentence Douglas uttered was greeted with groans and hisses. He continued to talk—or, at least, he

continued to try—and the audience yelled and booed and sang insulting songs and called him names that are unprintable. His excited partisans wanted to start a fight. Douglas begged them to be quiet. He would tame the mob. He kept on trying, but he kept on failing. Before his word could reach the audience, they were drowned in the groans and hisses. When he denounced the *Chicago Tribune* which attacked his policies, the great gathering cheered the paper. When he threatened to stand there all night unless they let him speak, more than ten thousand voices sang: 'We won't go home until morning. We won't go home until morning.' It was a Saturday night. Finally, after eight hours of futility and insult, Douglas took out his watch and shouted at the howling, bellowing, milling mob: 'It is now Sunday morning. I'll go to church. And you can go to hell.'

The nearest comparison to Stephen A. Douglas in the 20th century can be found in Winston Churchill. The only difference between them is that Churchill studied well in advance the attitude of his audience. In 1903 Churchill revolted against Joe Chamberlain on the issue of protected tariffs and joined the Liberals. This annoyed the Tories. There was a countrywide propaganda campaign by the Tories and the Liberals. Birmingham was the stronghold of the Tories. Churchill wanted to go to that city and address a public meeting. There the angry Conservative mob gathered to tear him up. Churchill's first sentence was that he, like his father, stood for 'Tory Democracy'. Lord Randolph Churchill was the favourite of Birmingham voters. The whole gathering, which first looked very hostile, broke out in cheering!

Rotten Tomato Flung at Churchill

But this great orator could not escape from the election abuse. He contested the Dundee seat in the House of Commons as a Liberal Party

candidate. A young man in his twenties, A. S. Neill, shed a rotten tomato at Churchill. Mr. Neill tells us in his book, *The Free Child*, that he was then prompted by a young lady he was very much in love with; her father was a local Conservative agent. But this was the first and the last 'flying missile' that hit Churchill during election campaigns.

Great writers like Charles Dickens, Thomas Love Peacock, George Eliot and Anthony Trollope found good material in the lighter side of the elections and brought out the spirit and substance of it in their novels. They have noted in their writings the wit and humour of election speeches and the methods of corruption—if it can be called corruption—indulged in at election time.

Voters Locked Up

Dickens, in his *Pickwick Papers*, mentions an election contest between Samuel Slumkey and Horatio Fizkin for Eatanswill seat. On the eve of the election Mr. Pickwick, who supports Samuel, arrives at Eatanswill with some of his friends. There, Samuel's agent, Mr. Perker, makes mention to Mr. Pickwick of the ruses he has adopted to win the election. Perker says that Fizkin's people have got 33 voters locked up in a coach-house, till they want them for voting. Fizkin's agent had arranged them to be lavishly treated to refreshments. Samuel's men, too, have done the same. Perker says, he gave 45 women a tea party the night before and, when they went away, presented each of them with a parasol.

George Eliot, in his *Felix Holt*, gives us a realistic description of 19th century politics. He decries the manner in which the elections were conducted during that period. 'Felix is an idealist—he has the sympathies though not the doctrines of a Socialist', but, he grows into a disappointed idealist. It is the levity with which elections are conducted that

finally causes him to despair of mankind.

Hypocritical pretensions of politicians are mentioned by Eliot in *Stories From Clerical Life*. A brutal husband forces his wife to work for a party which he detests.

Lampoonery

Abuse, rotten eggs and vehement attack in elections are found in Anthony Trollope's *Dr. Thorne*. The book is interesting in that it has the first Labour speeches in literature. Mr. Moffat and Sir Roger Seathered are candidates for the Bassetshire elections. Mr. Moffat, a rich man, has inherited the fortune of his father, who was a tailor. He is ashamed of his ancestry. He hides the fact, lest it may endanger his chances. He represents the Tories. Sir Roger is a self-made man, who began life as a mason. He represents Labour. In an election speech Sir Rogers attacks his opponent thus:—

'What has he done to entitle him to come here before you and ask you to send him to Parliament? Why? He isn't even a tailor. I wish he were: there is always some good in a fellow, who knows how to earn his own bread. But he isn't a tailor; he can't even put a stitch in towards mending England's honour. His father was a tailor; not a Bassetshire tailor, mind you, so as to give him any claim on your affections; but a London tailor.'

This speech went far into the hearts of the voters and when Mr. Moffat addressed a crowd, he was pelted with rotten eggs. Mr. Moffat was reduced to despair. An egg is a means of delightful support when properly administered; but it is not calculated to add much spirit to a man's eloquence, or to ensure his powers of endurance when supplied in the manner above described. Men there are, doubtless, whose tongues would not be stopped—as I earlier mentioned about Sir Winston Churchill—even by such an argument as

this; but Mr. Moffat was not one of them. As the insidious fluid trickled down beneath his waist-coat, he felt that all further powers of coaxing votes out of the electors by words flowing from his tongue, sweeter than honey, was for that occasion, denied to him.

Election in Novote City

There is another interesting election story in Thomas Love Peacock's *Melincourt*. In this book is mentioned an election in the City of Novote, where there had been no representative in Parliament before. Mr. Sareastie, one of the candidates, tells the voters the work of having a representative in Parliament:—

'Much has been said of the improvement of machinery in the present age, by which one man may do the work of a dozen. If this be admirable, and admirable it is acknowledged to be so by all the civilized world, how much more admirable is the improvement of political machinery, by which one man does the work of a thirty-thousand? I am sure I need not say another word to a greater manufacturing population like the inhabitants of the City of Novote. The Constitution says that no man shall be taxed but by his own consent; a very plausible theory, gentlemen, but not reducible to practice. Who will apply a lancet to his own arm and bleed himself? Very few, you acknowledge. Who then would apply a lancet to his own pocket, and draw off what is dearer to him than his blood—his money? Fewer still of course; I humbly opine, none.'

The candidates are duly chaired, liquor flows, everybody gets drunk, there is a free fight, a fire breaks out and the ancient and honourable borough of Novote is reduced to ashes. It is later re-built at the joint expense of the two candidates.

FORUM OF FREE ENTERPRISE CODE OF CONDUCT

This Code of Conduct for Free Enterprise has been prepared by the Forum of Free Enterprise and is now placed before industrialists, business men and those belonging to different professions and vocations in India in the belief that they will find it worthy of acceptance and of application in their daily activities. The Forum pledges itself to do all it can to create a widespread awareness in the ranks of Free Enterprise of the obligations that are contained in this Code. We feel that Free Enterprise, which has been tested and proved by time and experience of all democratic societies, should maintain its reputation by insisting on high standards of integrity which are dictated by social purpose. Honesty, hard work, courtesy and continuous initiative are the foundations on which the edifice of Free Enterprise rests.

PRODUCERS and distributors owe it to the consumers of their products that they shall always be of the highest quality and available at reasonable cost. They shall maintain fair measure and guard against adulteration. Customers are entitled to courtesy, promptness and good service, and every endeavour shall be made to see that they receive them.

EMPLOYERS owe it to labour to recognise that welfare is not conceived in terms of philanthropy, but as a social obligation. Men and women engaged in production shall do so with dignity, honour and a sense of security. Fair wages should be paid for work done. Working conditions shall be as pleasant as possible. Opportunities should be made available for the worker to gain technical skills and better his economic prospects and social status. Procedures should be instituted for the removal of legitimate grievances so that the employee is satisfied that he gets a fair deal. The employers should welcome the existence of stable and democratic trade unions. They should recognise that in the sphere of employee-management relations, as in other spheres, checks and balances are essential for the

working out of rational and democratic solutions. They should accept the role of labour as one of creative co-operation and recognise the need for providing increasing opportunities for consultation of employees and their progressive association with Management to help in the promotion of increased productivity from which all will benefit.

MANAGEMENT owes it to those who invest in their enterprise that they receive a fair return on their investments commensurate with the risk they take. At the same time, reserves must be created for expansion and modernisation of the plant and machinery and in their utilisation the Management remains accountable to the investor. Money must also be provided for research. The earning by the shareholder of a fair return or profit by the entrepreneur under competitive conditions and after payment of fair wages must be regarded as a legitimate reward for the risk and the work of promotion and development which the community urgently needs. Certain mal-practices have crept into the system of company management. They are to be condemned and should be removed. Hoarding, black-marketing and profiteering are anti-social and evil. Honest business practices can be promoted and encouraged by an honest and efficient administration in a democratic State.

PROFESSIONAL MEN—lawyers, teachers, doctors, auditors, or writers—owe it to those who avail themselves of their services to maintain the highest standards and traditions. They should discharge their duties truly and faithfully, and should always subordinate considerations of personal gain to the larger objective of service.

WE ALL owe it to the community that we accept our obligations as good citizens. We shall bear our share of taxation honestly. We condemn unequivocally any attempt at tax evasion. We shall actively participate in the promotion of social, cultural and civic improvements. Wealth or power shall not be a justification for vain-glory or ostentatious display, but an opportunity for rendering service to the community.

FORUM OF FREE ENTERPRISE

Sohrab House, 235, Dr. Dadabhoy Naoroji Road, Bombay 1.

TOYNBEE'S VIEW OF HISTORY

By T. K. SETHU RAM

THE development of mankind can be viewed from many angles. One's view of history depends on one's *Weltanschauung*. If you are a pious Christian, the story of mankind is nothing but the gradual dawn of the *Kingdom of Heaven on Earth*. If you are a Hegelian it is a clash between thesis and anti-thesis culminating in a grand synthesis which is an *Idea*. If you believe seriously in Hindu mythology then it is a slow deterioration of *Dharma* finally ending in *pralaya*.

This is but natural. The task of the historian is to critically analyse the past in the light of the present and peep into the future in the light of the past. In so doing he does not merely record the past but he evaluates the events in the perspective of time which he has, as a historian of the past writing in the present. This perspective evaluation of the past is determined by the ultimate values he believes in which are in turn determined by his own personal story. As Toynbee puts it, "My view of history is itself a tiny piece of history . . . If my individual view of history is to be made at all illuminating, or indeed intelligible, it must be presented in its origin, growth, and social and personal setting."

Born to a mother who was herself a historian, deeply religious, nurtured in the old English classical tradition, a great scholar who has completely assimilated Graeco-Roman history, Toynbee's view of history is largely determined by two factors—his religious bent of mind and his Graeco-Roman scholarship. He considers Graeco-Roman history as the Jungian archetype for all civilisations. And from this consideration

comes the neat horoscope for every civilisation—birth, growth, development, disintegration, decay and extinction. There is no other alternative path. He believes that this pattern is the result of empirical comparative study. " . . . when we make an empirical comparative study of the paths which the dead civilisations have respectively travelled from breakdown to dissolution, we do here seem to find a certain measure of Spenglerian uniformity, and this, after all, is not surprising. Since breakdown means loss of control, this in turn means the lapse of freedom into automatism, and, whereas free acts are infinitely variable and utterly unpredictable, automatic processes are apt to be uniform and regular."

"Philosophical Contemporaneity"

Why does he take the Graeco-Roman history of bygone days as an archetype? What lessons can we derive from studying the history of such a remote and dead past? Are we not modern, hence are not our problems completely new? To Toynbee this 'chronological notation' of ancient and modern times is mere 'nonsense'. This revelation came to him when the fratricidal European civil war of 1914-1918 set Europe aflame. In his own words, "The general war of 1914 overtook me expounding Thucydides to Balliol undergraduates . . . then suddenly my understanding was illuminated. The experience that we were having in our world now had been experienced by Thucydides in his world already. I was reading him now with a new perception. . . . He and his generation had been ahead of me and mine in the stage of historical experience that we had respectively reached; in fact, his present had been my future. But

this made no sense of the chronological notation which registered my world as modern and Thucydides' world as ancient . . . This vision—new to me—of the philosophical contemporaneity of all civilisations was fortified by being seen against a background provided by" science. In astronomical and geological space-time scale the 5,000 years of known history of mankind on this tiny planet is a "sheaf of parallel, contemporary, and recent essays in a new enterprise: a score of attempts, up to date, to transcend the level of primitive human life at which man, after having become himself, had apparently lain torpid for some hundreds of thousands of years."

Applying this doctrine of philosophic contemporaneity together with the Graeco-Roman pattern of 'spasms of rout, rally and rout' to the Western civilisation he concludes that the Western civilisation is at the precarious point of final disintegration, and the salvation lies only in divine intervention or by the grace of God. There is no other way out. The logic of the scheme is irresistible.

Basic Problems of Man

Let us closely examine the doctrine. As Paul M. Sweezy aptly characterised it, it is a "disastrous" doctrine. Because, it completely ignores the essential variety and heterogeneity of various social systems in different stages of development. We are what we are because we belong to a certain group, and the modality of any particular group depends on the parallelogram of socio-economic forces in that group. The way out of an *impasse* that faces the group depends not on the supernatural forces but on the channelling effort we make. In this effort we may be benefited by a reading of history because we can avoid consciously glaring errors committed by the previous generations. In Toynbee's framework there is no such possibility.

The problems we are facing are similar to those faced by our ancestors. They are never the same. We belong to one specie, *Homo Sapiens*. Hence the fundamental problems of survival, sex and sociability that confront every generation seem to have familiar and similar overtones. Yet they are not the same. Because, the contents of these problems change at every succession of generation. Take, for example, the problem of war. The ancient epic-struggles were mere localised wars in the sense that they never threatened the existence of the bulk of the civilian population vitally. Today literally everyone's life is threatened. So when we say war is an evil we mean it much more profoundly and completely in a new sense than when our ancestors proclaimed those words. Since new and different problems require radically different solutions, no amount of reading of the past, even in the light of philosophic contemporaneity, will solve them. We must think anew, approach *de novo*.

Is History Automatic?

One of the important implications of the concept of philosophic contemporaneity is that it views history as automatic, uniform and regular movement. This is not true. Every succeeding generation forced to act the perennial drama of human struggle for development on the world stage, is not only composed of different *dramatis personae* but also conscious of the past errors and the prospective denouement. This factor of human consciousness affects the movements of history and makes it not a mere repetitive and automatic process. It introduces a controlling teleological agency amidst blind forces of nature. And herein lies the human interest.

Toynbee's Recipe

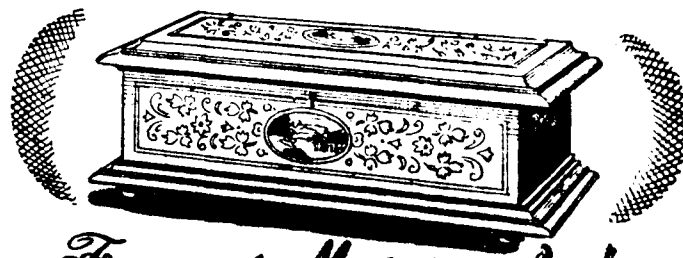
The recipe that Toynbee prescribes for the crisis of our modern world is

the direct outcome of his doctrine. Since the crisis represents the final stage of decay in his scheme, the doom can only be prevented by *Divine* intervention. Hence the burden of his song is that only religion can save man from his troubles. But he is convinced that traditional religions will not perform that miracle. From the intellectual standpoint they are mere balderdash. A future all-encompassing religion will do that miracle of salvation. But modern man has lost faith in prophets and *rishis* and their revelations and insights. Thus he is caught in a *cul de sac*.

The basic error in his recipe consists in the religious view of history. The religious view of history, to borrow an effective word from Santayana, is "malaciously" to the core. For, it tries to explain nature in non-natural or supernatural terms. This vitiates the very roots of thinking.

Unlike Science, which explains the unknown in terms of the known, religious view posits at the very centre the so-called Unknowable and tries to explain the known in terms of it. It is a self-stultifying process at its very origin, self-contradictory by its very definition. Hence the vanity and vainness of a religious view of history.

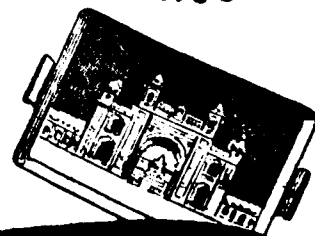
Thus we see that the framework into which Toynbee tries to fit in human history is full of defects. This criticism in no way belittles his reputation as a world historian. We do not deery his contributions. He has illuminated many dark corners of history: for example, he is the man who brought into clear relief the problem of nomadic eruptions, completely unknown in modern times. But we maintain that his *obiter dicta* are more illuminating than the framework which he imposes on history.



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ON BORES

By R. J. A.

BORES, like bugs and bachelors, are an international community. There is hardly a place on the face of the earth where all the three cannot be seen. They can be found in any social milieu, irrespective of differences in language, climate, topography, religion and culture. For example, neither bugs nor bachelors and, for that matter, bores seem to be affected by such artificial boundaries which an over-sophisticated and over-political society like ours has drawn, like the 'Iron Curtain', the 'Bamboo Curtain', the 'Free World' and the 'Unfree World'. They seem to transcend all such barriers. Social taboos and customs do not at all affect them. Thus, for instance, the institution of marriage which is considered as something sacred in countries like ours, is so deeply grounded in the traditions of this land that bachelors and spinsters are looked upon as 'curious specimens.' The number of bachelors and spinsters, however, is steadily increasing. There are those who say that married life is to be preferred, for 'Bachelordom is a boredom'. But if bachelordom is a boredom, monogamy is monotony, which is another way of saying that it is boring.

bores. They can be found in any country, in all religions, in all schools and colleges—in fact, anywhere and everywhere. Bores are truly cosmopolitans, Socialists, and democrats. Not for them the distinctions of wealth, for, bores could be found as much among the rich as among the poor, as much among the mansions as among the huts. Even before Karl Marx discovered the principle of dialectical materialism, bores as Socialists existed, and they have continued to exist even after him.

The College Professor

The universality of bores could be better understood if we enumerate the various kinds of bores. There are arch-bores, bores by necessity, bores by conviction, bores by profession, historical bores, scholarly bores, train bores, and mobile bores. Indeed, all scholars are invariably bores. Bores are a commonplace in schools and colleges. They have become as inseparable from the colleges as the brick and mortar of the building. The term "Bore" in the college parlance becomes a convenient epithet to describe someone whom you do not like or whose perorations you despise. Indeed it would be a mar-

there are those who would say that a world without women would be boring, that a world occupied only by men, apart from the biological difficulties concerning the perpetuation of the human race, would be a dreadful world, perhaps more dreadful than George Orwell's 1984. Equally a world occupied only by women would be a noisy world, another tower of Babel—the most dreadful world to think of. In short, a world of men without women would be as boring as a world of women without men.

"Borinjitis"

No ingenious scientist has so far invented any cure for *Borinjitis* (caused by the inflictions of the bores.) At least one can ward off bugs by using D. D. T. But we are helpless against bores. They are not only omnipresent, but also omnipotent. The scientist who will devise a method for warding off bores will earn the gratitude of the world but that seems impossible, for it may itself become boring!

Bores come upon you with the suddenness of a thunder or a lightning but last longer than either of them. For instance, it is a common experience in the train how an innocent looking person comes and approaches you for a seat, and after

getting comfortably seated, starts talking to you on something, no matter whether or not you are interested in it. That is the beginning and there will be no end! You may yawn and show signs of impatience and boredom but the bore will go on unperturbed. Bores are bores because they are so insistent, so persevering, so determined and so relentless in their mission.

When you are being 'bored' there is only one thing you can do—either flee away from the place (if you can) or commit suicide (if you must). Neither is possible, for if you take to your heels suddenly, you will be mistaken either for a lunatic or for a thief both of which will land you in trouble. If you choose to commit suicide there is every chance of your failing in it; you will be sent to jail and you will certainly find it boring to be behind the bars.

Bores may be an evil but they are a necessary evil! You and I may decry the bores, but the makers of pain-balms like 'Aspro' and 'Anacin' should feel very grateful to the bores who push up the sales of their products.

To cut a long story short: (lest you pronounce this essay itself a bore) We live in a boring world and we can do nothing about it.

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SPORTS

THE STORY OF POLO

By BALA RATNAM

(This article on the story of Polo—which is of Indian, not Western, origin—will be read with interest as Polo tournaments were held in Madras City this week after the lapse of some years.)

POLO is the "first game that has ever been invented," and is played on horseback. It is the parent of hockey, golf, and cricket which are all really polo on foot. This game requires great skill, a knowledge of horses, quickness of mind, eye, and limb—and endurance, too. The players who participate possess a wonderful command over the ball, and hit it from almost any position in any direction.

Asian in origin, the game was very probably devised in India, in some remote period of Indian history, and subsequently was one of the main pleasures of life for Army Officers. In Persia, it was a popular pastime from early times, and was referred to as "the game of the Kings." An enthusiastic player, who was moved to poetry, wrote:

"On a ground three hundred yards by two,

Polo is the game for me—is it the game for you?"

It is not known whether the Tartars were the originators of the game, but the earliest references to it in Persian literature go back to 525 B.C. The game is associated with the founder of the Sassanian dynasty, King Ardashir I (226-241 A.D.), and Hormuzd (240 A.D.). Firdausi's *Shanama*, and other works, have references to the game.

Mr. Thomas F. Dale holds the view that from Persia it spread to Constantinople, and thence eastwards through Turkestan to Tibet, China, and Japan. Dr. N. P. Chakravarti says that in the Middle Ages, it passed on to Greece and Turkey, certainly not later than the 8th century.

Mr. Dale adds that from Tibet it travelled to Gilgit and Chitral, and then to Manipur (Assam). It became popular with the Chinese by about 600 A.D. Everyone of importance played it, and it is recorded that it had its greatest development among the Chinese.

There is a piece of stone relief in the Museum of Tourance, Champa (Indo-China), to which reference was drawn by Mr. O. C. Gangoly in 1952. It shows a couple of young riders, certainly brandishing the polo stick according to French archaeologists. Mr. Gangoly dates this artistic work of the ancient Hinduised kingdom of Champa in the Far East to the 12th century, if not earlier, and says, "the game must have come (to Champa) from India proper from which all the elements of the culture and civilisation of Champa were derived." The main argument for this is that there was no contact with, or influence from, China until the invasion of Kublai Khan (1278-1285), and the Tourance relief does indicate that the game was "prevalent" in this Indian colony in the Far East.

The Skill Of Indra IV

Polo became famous throughout India by about the end of the 10th century, and particularly during the reign of the Muslim rulers. At Sravana Belgola, in Mysore, a stone inscription has been discovered which gives details about the skill of Indra IV, the last of the Rashtrakuta kings, in the game. Though no name is given to it, its nature is well indicated. Dr. B. N. Saletore tells us that the monarch considered that the game was "an abode of fortune, vic-

tory, learning, generosity, and fame. He made four movements on horseback, all of which are described, played with a ball called "girige," of the size of black pepper, and with a bat of the size of a span, or four fingers' breadth, and dragged it along the ground while being on horseback."

Akbar's Contribution

It has been recorded that Sultan Kutbuddin Aibek, of Delhi, the founder of the Slave dynasty (1206-1210 A.D.) was an adept in the game, and he died in 1210 A.D. while playing it in Lahore. Babar mentions it to have been played all over Tibet, probably in the hill-tracts in the north-western part of India, such as Gilgit, Chitral, and Baltistan, whence it was introduced into Leh in Western Tibet. Akbar was regarded as the greatest exponent of the game, and he played it at Ghariwal along with 10 players five on each side.

Dr. Saletore states that polo, according to some Western scholars, has been played in 12 varieties since 2,000 years ago. A description of the game is given in the *Aina-i-Akbari*, and it is on record that Akbar drew up the earliest rules of the game, and also introduced certain innovations. He was ailing from epilepsy, and this game was his chief means of diversion from habitual melancholy. His courtiers were required to be in attendance during the play. It is stated that he played two varieties of the game, one called "rol," and the other "bela," in Hindi. On dark nights he played with balls made of wood, and set on fire. Women also took part in the game.

An Indian visitor to the British Museum told me there was a fine example there of a Mughal miniature painting which depicted Emperor Jehangir playing polo. Numerous other paintings elsewhere of the Mughal and post-Mughal times show the popularity of the game in the 17th and 18th centuries.

The game spread to Gujerat, and history records that Chingiz Khan, a rebel, who captured Ahmedabad, was treacherously killed, in 1571, while playing polo in that city. After the 16th century there are no references to the game in historical records for over two centuries. The game was also played in Manipur in Eastern India, and is described as early as 1935 by Pemberton in his *Report on the Eastern Frontier of British India* as "hockey on horseback." In 1854, it came to Bengal from Manipur via Cachar, and was reintroduced to India by Maj.-Gen. Shearer. In the Punjab, it was stabilised by about 1862, and ever since it was very popular amongst the Princes of India. It was especially popular among the Manipuri tribes in Upper Bengal. The oldest Polo Club in the world originated in Asia (1859) which has a reputation for its excellent polo teams.

The *Imperial Gazetteer of India* says that the game first came to British notice when a team of Manipuris played an exhibition game on the race course at Calcutta. It was introduced into Europe by the Captain of an English Indian regiment (10th Hussars) in 1869. It first made its appearance in England in 1874, and has continued to be popular.

Sometime in 1880, Winston Churchill, addressing the members of the 4th Hussars' team, said: "It (polo) was not merely the first game in the world but the most noble and soul-inspiring contest in the universe."

In his *Indian Memoirs*, Sir Robert Baden-Powell writes: "When I first joined, a large number of players played on either side, and the rules were not very strict about the size of ponies, or as to crossing, off-side, and the like. But, eventually, when tournaments developed, rules crystallised, and the game became more and more one of skill and discipline." And for years the inter-regional polo tournament was the greatest event of the year for all regiments in India.

"A PASSAGE TO INDIA"

A REVALUATION

IV CONCLUSIONS

By P. M.

AT the time of the composition of this novel, English literature was greatly influenced by a new interest in Russian literature, and particularly in the works of Dostoevsky. He is a mystical writer full of obscurities arising from his preoccupation with allegory, symbolism and metaphysics. Perhaps, Forster tried his hand at that sort of writing in his description of the caves, and trailed a number of loose ends purposely, leaving it to critics to make anything or nothing of them. For the purposes of our study of the novel, it is enough to acknowledge that the caves separate the mosque from the temple, and that they have to be negotiated in the course of one's journey through life, at least so far as India is concerned. Islam ignores them, but Hinduism has come to terms with them, and has peopled most of the caves with some kind of mythology or other which has its own reassuring and educative appeal to the minds and hearts of men. All the rest would be conjecture.

As for the idealisation of Mrs. Moore, it is more the work of a sentimentalist like Aziz. The author seems to connive at it in places, but it is an open question whether he was not pulling the readers' legs in this part of the novel.

In a simple rational view of the caves, it may be admitted that there are such depths in all of us. Religion, civilisation, culture, morality etc., have all been devices to keep the lower nature down and not to allow it to get the upper hand. Exceptions excepted, the experiment has not been a failure.

One of the aspects of the novel to which Mr. Forster himself attaches great importance is its power to foreshadow trends and tendencies of life in terms of the story that a novelist is out to narrate. What we may call the message or philosophy of life of the author is conveyed through suggestions or hints or intimations carefully worked into the texture of the novel itself. We have seen how *A Passage to India* is full of symbolism and suggestion which enrich its content and appeal to the readers. In addition to them, we are furnished in the course of the novel with an answer to the question of the end and aim of the novel.

A Passage to India deals with a political question at bottom. Along with it and depending upon it is a social or cultural question as well. India is weak and England is powerful. India can never throw off the yoke of the foreigner by force. Can Britain be expected to walk out voluntarily and peacefully? Suppose she did, what would be the fate of India? These questions to which we now know the answer were difficult and seemed insoluble at the time the novel was written thirty years ago. But Mr. Forster conveys indirectly some kind of answer to the questions in the light of the conditions that prevailed at the time of the publication of the novel.

In the first place, it is Forster's view that Hindu and Muslim can never live peacefully and unitedly together. Aziz has no sense of nationality like the Hindu. He looks to his co-religionists in Afghanistan, Persia and elsewhere as his blood-brothers.

So when Fielding asks him who will take the place of the British, Aziz replies readily: 'We will invite the Afghans or the Pathans.' While it seemed natural enough to him, it would shock every Hindu as a case of jumping from the frying pan into the fire. To the extent that Forster saw the difficulty of Hindu and Muslim burying their ancient hatchets and living a new and common life together, he proved a good prophet. But as he did not visualise Pakistan, he must be considered deficient in looking far enough into the future.

Secondly, he was right in anticipating that if India got her freedom at all, it would be only through some sort of *arrangement with the British*. To Fielding Aziz replies that if the British went everything would be 'arranged' properly. The Mountbatten plan of freedom for India was a matter of *arrangement* between top-ranking politicians on both sides. Although, it is now the fashion to say that we, Indians, have wrested our freedom and independence from unwilling British hands, the truth is something very different. By dividing India, we have been weakened permanently; and so the freedom that has come to us along with partition is the weakness of a sick man who has been made into a permanent invalid.

The other important point about the novel is that the author and Fielding are both of the view that India can never manage her affairs, but that if the British went, their place would have to be taken up by the Afghans or the Japanese. Somehow, we are considered incapable of managing our affairs independently by even sympathetic friends like Forster!

Another remark of Aziz that he would drive the British into the sea was actually made by Bepin Chandra Pal in the course of his fiery speeches in Madras in 1906. Today however, we find the English not only not dri-

ven into the sea, but coming into this country and Pakistan in larger numbers, opening counting houses, factories and businesses, getting preferential treatment, and allowed to farm their profit under state patronage! That we are free is no doubt a major and consoling fact. But the benefits of freedom have not yet come down to the masses whose lot continues to be as precarious as in the past. Not until the common man is given a better deal can the coming of freedom be fully justified.

Lastly, Forster recognises a potent appeal in the call of India to men of imagination and sympathy. But what is the call to? No answer is given to this. Not that there is no answer. Indeed there is an ancient and still valid answer. It is *Shanti*, represented in the theory and practice of the Hindu spiritual discipline. But Mr. Forster does not recognise it unreservedly enough, although he tries to embody it in different ways in the characters of Mrs. Moore and Godbole.

Altogether therefore, we may see in *A Passage to India* the vindication of the prophetic note in some, and its total failure in other aspects of Indian life and society.

Loose Ends

It is not possible to construct a plot of cast-iron rigidity and compactness. Inconsistencies and loose-ends are inevitable. If we refer to them, it is not to dispraise the author, but only to study in what ways if any they affect the cogency and consistency of the plot or story. An Englishman writing of Indian characters and scenes and background is bound to make mistakes arising from ignorance, unless he has lived long and intimately with us and understood the nuances of our national life and character. As a matter of fact, Forster actually was deficient in sympathy for some aspects of Indian life which he holds up to undisguised contempt or

gentle ridicule. He calls the Gokulashstami festival 'an annual antic.' How many Englishmen would be pleased if the Christmas festivities should be described by a stranger as 'an annual tomfoolery of the English or Christian people?' Secondly, Forster's references to the masses of the people in India are provocative and supercilious. Describing the riots, he makes a casual remark about the 'murder of some stray innocents.' Describing another character, he says that 'like all Indians, he was skilful in the slightest impertinences.' 'There is no privacy in the East'; 'few Indians think education good in itself.' Dr. Panna Lal is described often as of low birth or of low extraction—a surprising remark from an Englishman who is supposed to be above caste prejudices. Even Aziz the author's favourite is represented as deploring his condition as a widower because he cannot enjoy sweets cooked at home by a wife!

Apart from these, we have actual loose-ends in the plot which cannot be justified at all. Fielding and Godbole miss the train because of Godbole dawdling too long over his prayers. Granted; but what prevented Fielding from getting away? The guide who accompanied Miss Quested makes a sudden and mysterious disappearance and is not heard of thereafter. This is hardly credible. But it is necessary for the story to make his disappearance permanent. Above all, there are two deaths introduced into the novel both of which are either inartistic or irrelevant. Mrs. Moore had refused to stay on for the trial; her death at mid-sea is made the starting point of a glorification of her which does not convince the reader at all. The people taking up the cry 'Ess-Miss-Miss-Moore' is far-fetched; under the stress of racial feeling, they were more likely to have idolised the injured but vindicated Aziz than to have showered their noisy affections on a dead and mythical person. By a parity of

reasoning, Miss Quested's courageous recantation ought to have made her a no less famous heroine. True she is given an ovation, but is forgotten afterwards. On the other hand, it would have been natural to represent her as getting into the heart of the Indians through the emotional sympathy exhibited towards her by the crowds. This line of development did not at all strike the author, for his intellectual and artistic make-up was not congenial to it. The death of the Maharajah is wholly ill-timed and serves no recognisable purpose.

One last word: The present study was undertaken in view of a recrudescence of academic interest in Forster's *A Passage to India*. I see it is being prescribed for study in many universities. I submit that those responsible for such an academic imposition have not read the book, and so are not serving the best cultural or national interests of our undergraduates. All that I plead for is that the official imprimatur put upon it should be withdrawn in the interests of our self-respect and dignity.

(Concluded)

INDIAN BANK LIMITED, MADRAS

We are informed that, subject to audit of accounts, the net profit of The Indian Bank Limited, Madras, for the year ended 31st December, 1956 is Rs. 44,20,651-11-3. This sum together with Rs. 1,45,139-11-1 brought forward from the previous year's account makes a total of Rs. 45,65,791-6-4. Out of this sum the Directors have paid an ad-interim dividend at the rate of 5% and a bonus of 1-1 2% (both free of income-tax) which absorbed Rs. 3,91,300. The Directors, after making the other usual and necessary provisions, have proposed to recommend to the Shareholders payment of a final dividend at the rate of 5% and a bonus of 1-1 2% (both free of income-tax) thereby making the dividend and bonus for the year amount to 13%.

SILVER JUBILEE OF THE INDIAN TALKIE

By "NAMBS"



WHAT HAS HE TO DO WITH CEMENT ?

Cement builds his home. It is in the pavement on which he walks, the school in which he learns the arts of man, the hospital which he may need, the swimming pool, sports track and gymnasium that build his team spirit and his muscle. It is in the dams, power houses, factories, grain silos . . .

CEMENT—more and yet more cement—is the need of his future. The Associated Cement Companies Limited, which has doubled its output between 1948 and 1955, will double its production again during the next five years. The success of the Second Five-Year Plan and the future of India's youth both depend upon Free Enterprise.

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"I HOLD that the cinema does not spoil anybody; if somebody wants to get spoiled it is his own work and not because of other things," said the Minister for Public Works at a function held in connection with the Silver Jubilee of the Indian Talkie. The Minister was echoing the findings of all those who had applied their mind to the subject of the cinema and had come to this same conclusion.

The first commercial cinema was exhibited in 1896 in New York. Within seven years of that event in 1903, India started screening of a film at Bombay, *Life of Christ*. In 1911 the first topical film commenced shooting in Delhi called *King's Durbar*. And in 1913 Dadasaheb Phalke produced the first Indian film *King Harishchandra*. The popularity of this story is proved by the fact that it has been filmed in almost all the Indian languages ever since. Madras began its contribution to the Indian cinema with the first picture *Keechaka Vadha* produced in South India by R. Nataraja Mudalliar in 1917. Out of a total of just over 5,000 talkie films made in India between 1931 and 1956, Tamil films number 681, the second largest number of language films, the Hindi films numbering 2,790. The first Indian talkie was *Alam Ara* produced in 1931, while the first talkie produced in South India was in 1934, *Srinivasa Kalyanam* in Tamil by the late A. Narayanan.

India has over the years produced films in twenty different languages, a unique achievement indeed. Of these eighteen are in languages of the country, while two are foreign, in German and in English. As I write these lines a picture in a foreign

language is being made in the country.

India has on the average kept up the production rate of films at 250 a year. The largest number was made in 1949 when the total shot was 289. India was the second largest film producing country of the world in that year, standing next only to America. With the changes that have been taking place in Hollywood and in Japan the situation has been changing. The American average which was 400 has come down with the introduction of pictures in Cinemascope, and in the year 1955 America's total number was 267 as compared to Japan's 432 for the same year. But one thing should not be forgotten. India's films are on the average much longer than the ones in Japan and in America, and thus the exposed films that are available to the public in India from Indian studios will be longer in length than the same in Japan or in America. In all countries of the world the larger percentage of cinemagoers see films from foreign countries except in India and the U. S. A. This is a factor about which the Indian film industry can be really proud of; it is catering to its countrymen on the largest and widest scale.

Heavy Taxation

On the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the Indian Talkie, one may be pardoned for pointing to certain less rosy aspects of the industry. The infant 'mortality' among film-makers is very large. The Government have looked at the industry merely as a source for tax collection, and even producers who have made over 125 pictures have been left bankrupt at the end of their careers while they have heavily contributed to the coffers

of the State by way of entertainment taxes. According to the statistics published by the Film Federation of India on the occasion of the Jubilee the infant mortality during these twenty-five years works out at 70.41 per cent. Of the 2,244 film-producers during the period, 1,580 producers made a single film and got out. And during this period of twenty-five years, only 72 producers made ten pictures or more each. Of this, the largest single producer in Bombay, as well as the largest single producer in Calcutta, who outbeat the others by a wide margin, is not in a very affluent position today, mainly because they have not been able to enjoy the fruits of their labour, due to heavy taxation. Incidentally, these are the only producers who have made more than hundred films in the period under review.

Colour Films

India has not been behind hand in the production of colour films. As early as 1933 Prabhat made *Sairandhri* in colour. In more recent years colour films, or partly coloured films are on the increase and there is going to be a steady stream of them in future, from what we see now. Pictures in Technicolor and Gaevacolour have been made so far, and films in other processes would seem to be following soon enough as well. The first film in full-length colour made in South India was released in January 1956, *Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves*. In the later part of the year, one Hindi film in full-length colour was also dubbed in Tamil and this too had a successful run.

A few words about the pioneers of the South Indian film world. As part of the celebrations the South Indian Artists' Association honoured on Sunday last the pioneers in the film field in the South. To Mr. H. M. Reddi went the grateful acknowledgement as father of the first South Indian talkie film, as director. To Srimathi T. P. Rajalakshmi as the

main artiste of the first Tamil talkie, Srimathi Surabhi Kamala as the main artiste of the first Telugu talkie, Mr. Nagesa Rao for being the main actor in the first Kannada picture, and Mr. K. K. Arur for being the main actor in the first Malayalam picture. Mr. K. Subramaniam was honoured as the first Tamil director of the Tamil talkie produced in South India. And Mr. T. R. Sundaram was acclaimed as first in a number of things, namely producer of the largest number of pictures in the South, producer of the first Malayalam and first full-length colour picture in the South, and Managing Director of the oldest film studio in South India. These honours give new hope and enthusiasm for the young in the field. They ventured into the field at a time when few dared to enter it and today the industry has done well to honour them at the time of the Jubilee.

There are more studios in India than in any other country of the world. There are also more producers in India than in any other country of the world. In India there are today over sixty studios of which nearly twenty-five are in Madras and Kerala States. In America the production of films is in the hands of the five major and the four minor studios, who between themselves influence and control total production of films in that country. In Japan again the six major studios control the production, distribution and exhibition of films in the country. In India there is more keen competition and more of producers, which lead to growth on a more varied scale. This raises also many problems peculiar to the Indian producer. In America and Japan the competition is between a few people, and therefore they easily come together.

Touring Cinemas

Out of 3,757 theatres in India as in 1956 the South Indian Circuit has got 1,472 theatres. The touring tent cinemas and thatched sheds have done a

great service in this regard by carrying cinema entertainment to the most interior villages. The latest order of the Government of Madras will go a long way in encouraging the growth of the touring cinemas. In North India the cinema has not reached the villages as much as it has in the South.

The South Indian Film Chamber of Commerce was founded in 1939 and it has held its place as a platform where the interests of the industry and the public have found favour and attention. Even the associations which have been formed to represent particular groups like artistes, technicians, producers, studio-owners have all been working in co-ordination and co-operation with it.

The South Indian cinema has grown over the years in full bloom, and side by side with the industry elsewhere in India. In the years following 1949 Madras has also figured importantly in the all-India market, because of a number of producers making popular and successful Hindi pictures in Madras. This has given well-deserved competition to the producers in Bombay, and this healthy rivalry helps the Indian cinemagoer by giving him more and more interesting films. While in 1950 South India produced only fifty pictures out of a total of 241 that year for all-India exhibition, in 1956 this figure has shot up to 107 while the total all-India figure is only 285.

All the languages of the South have come in for greater production during the last few years. In Tamil, while only 20 pictures were produced in 1950, the figure for 1956 is 51; in Telugu the number was 19 in 1950, while it was 27 in 1956. Malayalam films had a boom in 1952: 11 films were made in that year, and in 1956 the number was five films produced as against 6 in 1950. Kannada films which numbered 3 in 1950 reached a peak production figure of 15 in 1955 and in 1956 the figure was 14.

Dubbing

The South Indian film studios have been and are making films in Sinhalese also since 1954. In the year 1954 five such films were made and in 1955 and 1956, four and five respectively.

The South Indian films have brought the circus to the screen, and also many folk-dances and customs of the country. Films in English have been shot as well as produced in South Indian film studios. Cartoon films also have been made in South India.

The South holds the record today for dubbing the largest number of pictures in 1956. This has helped to utilise the talents and the resources of one language to another set of audiences automatically.

The Government have announced a scheme for a raw-film project in the Queen of Hill Stations, the Nilgiris, which will add to the importance of the films in the South. But in the matter of taxation, the Government would do well to give relief to the industry; otherwise the infant mortality of producers will increase. In regard to Censorship, a Bill sponsored by the Government of India is on the anvil. This Bill is negative in approach and it will adversely affect the industry.

NEW PROCESS OF COOKING MEAT

American housewives may shortly have meats they can prepare for the table merely by immersing them a few minutes in hot water.

In the new process, batches of meat are frozen and put in a vacuum chamber for 24 hours. It is the vacuum-drying that distinguishes the new process. The water in the meat evaporates in the vacuum. The meat is then packaged in air-tight containers of plastic, tin or glass. Thus packed, it will keep for years at room temperature. A steak prepared by the process takes up about as much room as an unprocessed one, but weighs only a quarter as much. To prepare it for eating it is necessary only to pour boiling water over it.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN INDIA

By P. KODANDA RAO

THE Christian Missionary Activities Enquiry Committee, Madhya Pradesh, 1956, has by its Report raised a controversy more serious than the agitation that led to its appointment. The Committee was critical of mass conversions, particularly from among the ill-equipped aboriginals and Untouchables, and that too by force or fraud or by the offer of money and other secular temptations and inducements.

The findings of the Committee were vehemently challenged by the champions of the missionaries. There is, however, some common ground between the Committee and its critics. Indian Christian leaders of the eminence of Prof. Eddy Asirwatham courageously admitted that some of the missionaries resorted to questionable methods and condemned them as unreservedly as the Committee. In so far as the missionaries had denied resort to such practices, they received no support from their champions. The difference between the Committee and its critics concerned the extent of the practices. The Committee thought that they were extensive, while the critics thought that they were exceptional. A more thorough enquiry is necessary to judge between the two contentions.

But is the problem serious enough to warrant such an enquiry? The population of India in 1951 was about 350 millions; Christians constituted about 20 millions. The Report gave the number of foreign Christian missionaries in India in 1956 as under 5,000. The rate of conversions in Madhya Pradesh was microscopic. A better sense of proportion would have avoided the enquiry which created more problems than it solved.

Register Conversions

There is appreciable agreement between the Committee and its critics regarding the recommendations. The chief difference is that the Christian critics would reform from within and resent reform imposed from without.

In so far as some missionaries resorted to force or fraud, which are offences under the existing law, nobody defends them, and the aggrieved have remedies at hand, without any new and special law. A little more vigilance is all that is necessary.

It is better to register conversions generally, even as it is good to register births, marriages, divorces, and deaths, and the transfer of property, and religious communities during the Census.

If missionaries offer secular advantages, like money, education and medical service, to secure religious conversions, it is no national calamity to be resisted by the State. Foreign currencies imported into India by missionaries, as by tourists or others, or given as aid by other countries, will improve the foreign exchange position of India, and should be welcomed. Educational and other secular services rendered by the missionaries, to which the Committee paid such high tribute, should not be discouraged by the State by hampering conversions.

Don't Play the Dog in The Manger

The critics of the Committee urged the view that conversions of Untouchables was in part at least due to the humiliations heaped on them by caste Hindus and that they sought social emancipation by conversions to

Christianity. In so far as this is true, it is a matter for thankfulness and not regret. The only surprise is that so many millions of Untouchables still remain in the Hindu fold. If the Hindus be more earnest in emancipating the Harijans and undertaking social services for them and the aboriginals like the Christian missionaries, there would be fewer conversions due to such inducements by missionaries. Hindus should compete with missionaries in such service and not play the dog in the manger.

There is no need to amend the Constitution to reserve the right to propagate religion to the citizens of India and deny it to foreigners. Such action is reactionary and will be humiliating to India. It will create a sense of grievance among Indian Christians who deserve tender solicitude if only because they are a small minority. It is very humiliating that non-Christians should have so little faith in their religions and their survival value that they should take fright at the small trickle of conversions to Christianity and seek the intervention of Government to stop it. They are free to carry on propaganda against conversions and even secure re-conversions.

If any of the activities of any of the missionaries disturb law and order, Government have already ample power to control the situation. A friendly hint from the nearest magistrate is likely to be effective in most cases. Further, Government have the power to issue, withhold or cancel visas to undesirable missionaries as to other foreigners. As a matter of administrative convenience, the Government of India should recognise the National Christian Council of India and the Papal Representative in Delhi as the sole advisors regarding the admission of foreign missionaries.

Reform from Within

It is for Indian Christians to decide if and to what extent they should

depend on foreign money and missionaries to spread Christianity in India.

In so far as Christ's mandate is binding on Christians, Indian Christians may well ask themselves whether it rested only on white missionaries from Europe and North America or on themselves as well; whether it rested more on the former than on the latter, and whether the former were more devoted and competent than the latter. If in 1956 there were only under 5,000 foreign white foreign missionaries in India, Indian Christians may ask themselves if there were not as many Indian Christians who felt the same call. They may also consider whether it will enhance their own self-respect if they depended on foreign white Christian missionaries to propagate the Gospel among the non-Christians in India.

Though to the rationalist, nationalist and secularist, conversions from one religion to another cause no concern, members of a religion, Christian or non-Christian, feel hurt by conversions to other religions. Christians may consider if this is not true about themselves and whether they would look with unconcern if Christians embraced non-Christian religions; if Catholics would welcome conversions to Protestantism, and Protestants would welcome conversions to Catholicism, and if Methodists would be indifferent to conversions to other denominations, though equally Christian. Christians may consider whether they should either be surprised or be resentful if non-Christians also feel hurt by conversions to Christianity.

Christians may also consider the observation of Dr. Asirwatham quoted in the Report:

One may well speculate on the amount of tolerance that would be shown by the United States if the stream of Hindu Missionaries to that country became as great as the stream of Christian Missionaries to India.

(p. 160)

WHEN
YOU ARE
DEPRESSED



TEA
COMES
LIKE A
RAY OF HOPE



BUY TEA
ONLY FROM
RECOGNISED DEALERS



PST. 162

The Case of Ambedkar

Christians may further consider whether missionaries are primarily interested in presenting Christ, or winning converts to Christianity, or only to denominational Christianity. They may consider why India, for instance, has been zoned off into spheres of operation for different denominations, why un-attached missionaries are unwelcome and why free competition between the numerous denominations should not be welcomed if each of them claims to be the best and the most Christian. It is a pretty common failing, but a failing nevertheless, for some members of a religion or denomination to judge themselves by their professions and the members of other religions and denominations by their practices, knowing that professions are generally more elevated than practices. It is also a failing, however common, to generalise from individual cases; but such generalisations are often invalid.

Christians may compare their evaluation of the conversions to Buddhism of Sir M. B. Niyogi, of Dr. B. R. Ambedkar and of the about four lakhs of Mahars who followed the latter. Presumably conversion of the first was from conviction, for he had no social disabilities to escape from or material advantages to gain. In the case of Dr. Ambedkar, conviction as well as social emancipation may be presumed. Even Christians, used to mass conversions, may find it difficult to presume that the mass conversion of Mahars to Buddhism connoted inner conviction, and therefore, worthy of admiration and repetition. Although very valuable secular advantages, if only incidental, would have accrued to his Mahars if they became Christians, Dr. Ambedkar resisted their pressing invitation, and preferred Buddhism, with no secular advantages. Christians may well ponder over the significance of this event.

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DR. SIR A. L. MUDALIAR: PADMA VIBHUSHAN

A hundred years is a good, long, round period of time. Few have lived to see the completion of it on their own personal account. Living centenarians are, I fear, largely apocryphal, for we hear of them just when they are dead! So I have found it no easy task to see or interview them. Centenaries are, therefore, a species of *in absentia* celebrations in which all but the original protagonists take part. They thus become occasions for the exchange of vicarious gratulations among the rest of us.

Anything that has survived for a long stretch of time becomes an object of veneration, and we justify it by invoking a *genus loci* that is fabricated *ex post facto*. Ruins and relics suffer a sea-change and become pickled in this kind of aura of our own exudation. The pyramids are no doubt marvellous, but I wouldn't touch the mummies with the farthest end of the longest barge-pole. I am a reasonable idolater; but my gorge rises at the sight of the bemused adoration with which the bones of some forgotten worthy are handed about by our secular leaders with bated breath and unctuous utterance. For all that I know, the aforesaid relics might as well have been those of a nobody. They mean nothing to me in either case.

It is however far different with the Madras University which is due to celebrate its centenary next week. The hero of it is bound to be its perpetual Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Sir A. L. Mudaliar, Kt., etc., etc. The number and variety of the records he either holds or has broken, the offices and sinecures he has sampled whether stipendiary or honorary, the miles he has flown all over the world, and the committees or missions which he

has sat on or bossed over will need the thousand tongues of Adishesha to recapitulate. What Bottom longed for in a fleeting moment of supreme vision—to play all the star roles with splendid simultaneity—has been achieved by the doctor in a dazzling series of mounting magnificence.

The manner of his arrival is a romance of real life which the instructors of the young idea in the coming generation will doubtless make use of, to point the moral or adorn a tale. In a moment of pardonable egotism, the hero himself once claimed *ala Parson Adams* that if the Madras University was the best of all Indian Universities, then he was most emphatically the best of all Indian Vice-Chancellors. As no caveat was put in by any one against it, the inference is not that he is a Colossus among pigmies, but rather that he is a Triton among minnows! That a man could be five times Vice-Chancellor without a second name being even proposed—though the act stipulates for a panel of three—and an alternative should be so unthinkable during his life-time might well be a matter for study by those interested in group psychology.

Any systematic attempt to present a biographical round-up of this prodigy or portent is not my immediate objective. I take it for granted among my readers. I can only touch on a series of glimpses and impressions of his public career culled from the recesses of a memory which is getting rusty. Errors and omissions may be excepted or accepted according to the mood of the reader.

The hundred years of our University may be considered as made up of four Jubilee eras. These may be dubbed the Mutiny Jubilee, the Empire Jubilee, the Curzonian Jubilee and the

A. L. Mudaliar Jubilee. The University in the XIX century had no history, because it lived in a state of innocence. Curzon was like the angel that troubled the waters; for we owe the ferment in the mind of the nation to his academic rectitude and political nous. The golden age of our University when values were held high synchronised with the close of the first world-war. Then began the A. L. Mudaliar era when by our own efforts we have been striving, with increasing momentum, to go down the Gadarene slope of debased ideals to a sort of cultural *nirvana*. This last phase of our decline, decadence and disintegration is still on, and it has the privilege of being associated with the name and policies of Dr. Sir A. L. Mudaliar for all time.

For a proper resume of the steps which have been taken in this self-chosen demotion, we need a leisurely and thorough study of a mass of officialese which cannot be done for love, and will not be properly done for money. But one fact is worthy of note. In a world of admittedly revolutionary changes which have wiped out many venerable and some priceless landmarks, the University with its unwieldy, inefficient and corrupt machinery stands alone, unaffected and unchanged. Attempts to reform it have been resisted by the oligarchy in control with a Bourbon-like immobility and an *apres moi, le deluge* hauteur which have imposed on the ignorant and abashed the eager reformer. Indeed, one of the feathers in the doctor's cap (or scalp) he has collected as his trophy is a former minister of education in this State whose fall he brought about because he dared to beard the lion in its den.

Whence came his power? It may not be known at large, but he has a working arrangement with the order of the society of Jesus as a result of which they rule while he reigns. As every one knows, the Jesuits have no

direct interest either in Christianity or even in education. Their primary preoccupation is in the steady extension of the frontiers of a super-communist empire in which they wield absolute power, but behind an impenetrable and intangible curtain of anonymity. No political party in the country has wit enough to see beyond its nose, and so none of them is ever likely to disrupt this communal-Jesuitical axis. I once had a faint hope that the Communists might rise to the occasion in due course; but the way that they are disintegrating has plunged me in gloom. So it looks as if this soul-less and satanic combination can only be liquidated by Beelzebub himself driving out the devils—for a change!

For about ten years in the twenties, Dr. Mudaliar under-studied his parts with such assiduity that he soon became a walking encyclopedia of all that pertained to University affairs. He gradually gathered and began to control the strings, and must have learnt a thing or two from the managers of our puppet-shows where the beauty consists in the invisibility of the operators while the eye is entranced with the posturings of the puppets! When the sands of service began to run out, he was kicked into the Principalship of the Medical College—till then a padded seat for the white-skinned hierarchy of sawbones with one foot in the civil and the other foot in the military services. Indianisation of the medical services which had been an objective of his earlier anonymous and crusading zeal, via the editorial columns of the now defunct *Justice*, found its final justification and fulfilment with his own translation!

Plurality of offices and perquisites has been his speciality. It was said of Bub Dedington, later Lord Melcombe, that he was all things to all men and that he built up a career through other people's omissions and commissions. He also sat in parliament for a record number of years.

The parallelism may be pursued by the curious further,—but I must get through my article . . .

What facilitated the rise of the redoubtable doctor was the co-operation of kindly fates which, inter alia, saw to the demise of Satyamurti through bureaucratic malice prepense. Had he lived, the careers of the Dioscuri of Madras politics, the Castor-Pollux of our communal raree-show might have been—otherwise. All the other potential or possible rivals to the doctor's progress committed *hara kiri* or were willing to be sucked into his orbit as satellites. Being flunkies at heart and in their souls, it served them right!

The war came and saw the hated Congress out of office. The 'mid-wife' donned khaki for the nonce and became the drummer-boy of the British army to recruit half-baked medicoes and an awkward battalion of sappers to promote the war effort. It was obviously in pursuance of the Tamil adage that the murderer of a thousand patients can claim to be half a doctor! Periodically, the doctor would mouth unexceptionable platitudes about the maintenance of standards; but year after year, silently, relentlessly he connived at a debasing of them which may be studied in the proceedings of the Boards of studies. Examining boards and related academic bodies.

1946 saw him arrive at his sixtieth year. The communal world which had seen its favoured cock strutting the academic walk without a rival decided to give him a treat. A statue was put up in his honour in the precincts of the University. Putting him on a pedestal was thought by many to be a decorous way of indicating to him that he might be deemed put on the shelf. But, even his admirers became disgusted when he proceeded to sit tight on them and on the University. Then he burgeoned out and spread his wings far and wide. He got into the Unesco and

what not; and soon became the champion absentee Vice-Chancellor—another record! No questions were asked or answered. It was a colossal racket, for all those who might have created a rumpus had their mouths shut.

That leads us to the Venetian constitution of the Syndicate. Its working illustrates the truth of the Latin adage: *corruptio optimi pessima*. But it cannot be caught or exposed since it promotes its corruptions through its lawfully delegated powers of patronage. For it has to distribute in the course of a year a sum of about 20 lakhs—it is growing more and more with every year—by way of fees to examiners, paper-setters, et hoc genus. The beneficiaries are members of the University authorities or their underlings, and thus the entire University and collegiate staff are corrupted to toe the line of their pay-masters.

The proof of this is the abysmal boredom characterising the proceedings of the academic bodies. A budget session is rushed through in a couple of hours; and members come up from the mofussil primarily to have a spree in the city at University cost. The composition of the Syndicate discloses the interesting fact that, as in the Security Council, there is a veto here too, but in the hands of the compact, Jesuitic caucus. There are other members who go on like the river Dee—for ever. The only name that has come up during the last thirty years in association with the Madras University has been that of the indispensable doctor. Eclipse first and the rest nowhere!

Not that the Doctor has any convictions: his resilience and vitality spring from his lordly imperviousness to them. He finds it convenient to be the avant-garde of the Dravida Kazhagam as its cultural spear-point, since it ensures his leadership of it under a decorous drape. But he cares two hoots for the

deology of the party which sustains him. The late Kalki was so disgusted with the Anglo-Philistinism of the doctor on the burning question of the medium of education that he doubted if he could be a Tamilian since he did not know how to wear or feel at home in a dhoti!

He is also the leader of the opposition in the Council; how parlous or contemptible that opposition must be may be inferred from this Pickwickian exponent of it! He is however deeply pious and once declared on a public occasion that anybody having any doubts about it might come and see him at home. His religion is thus an adjunct to his kitchen! He has not yet felt the need to carry it with him abroad!

Any one known to be disaffected towards him can count on being ostracized from the lists of examiners etc. He is no less generous (at public cost) to those who are willing to be his door-mats. The recipe is as old as power-politics, and has lost nothing of its effectiveness through time. The scandals of our examination system are open secrets. The patronage of book-sellers and publishers is a racket of labyrinthine intricacy involving considerable sums of money. Many complaints are said to have been taken to the notice of the Syndicate; but nothing has come of them.

But above an impressive facade, he presides more and more like the fabled Mughals oblivious to all else but the need to hold on. A whole hierarchy which depends upon him is no less interested in the perpetuation of the *status quo*. The public knows only about Dr. Jekyll; but there is a Mr. Hyde—in the shadows. Fortunately for all concerned, the scope for mischief open to our University is restricted in the nature of things. Like cess-pools in different parts of the city proving noxious only to their immediate neighbourhood, the Uni-

versity too is an insanitary patch appropriately located on the banks of that odoriferous and sluggish sink, the Cooum, and taking on a protective coating from it.

If the whirligig of time should bring in its revenges, and we should be dragooned to toe the Moscow line, I am prepared to wager that the accommodating doctor would be ready to wear the Order of Lenin side by side with the insignias of his Knighthood and Padma Vibhushan. For his tenacity is humanised by an eclecticism which is extremely engaging. And so he will go down in our regional annals as the immortal Vice-Chancellor of Bray!

—C. G.

CINDY

You ought to see my Cindy.
She lives way down South;
She's so sweet, honey bees
Swarm around her mouth.

The first I saw my Cindy
She was standing by the door,
Her shoes and stockings in her hand,
Her feet all over the floor,

She kissed me and she hugged me,
She called me sugar plum;
She throwed her arms around me,
And called me sugar plum.

She took me to her parlor,
She cooled me with her fan;
She said I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of mortal man.

Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl.
Cindy is a peach.
She threw her arms around my neck,
And hung on like a leach.

I wish I was an apple
A-hanging on a tree,
Every time that Cindy passed,
She'd take a bite of me.

—The Festival

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The anniversary function celebrated on the 17th January 1957, was well attended by the Press and the cycle dealers. The manufacturers as-

sured the dealers that nothing shall be lacking on their side to supply only quality rims of the same standard as imported ones.

PREVIEW OF PHILIPS EXHIBITION

There was a Press Preview on Tuesday last of the exhibition set up in connection with the Philips All-India Radio and Light Conventions (held in Madras). The exhibits, which were impressively displayed, included radios, radiograms, and 'Closed circuit' Television unit. How the Philips radios are assembled at the Calcutta factory was explained with the aid of a number of photographs; the assembling is mostly handled by girls, who, we are told, are better suited to the job than the boys.

Mr. F. F. van Rhijn, Managing Director of the company, described the achievements of Philips-India and outlined their future plans.

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