

SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER: Gen. Thimmayya who is to succeed Gen. Shrinagesh, Chief of Staff of the Indian Army.

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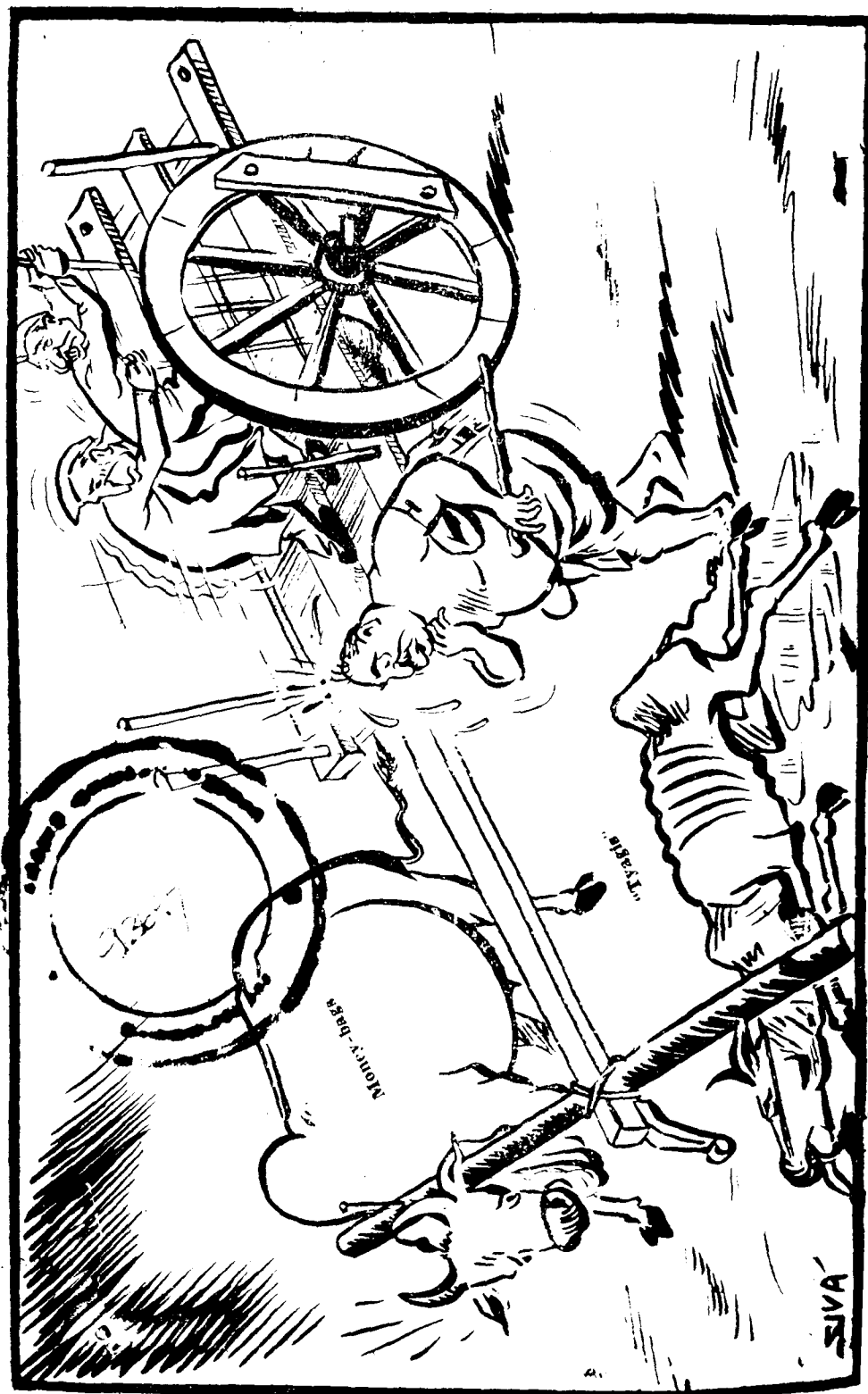
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SWATANTRA

Vol. XII. FEBRUARY 2 SATURDAY 1957 No. 1

THE WAY OF ESCAPE

THE recent flare-up in Pakistan is a put-up show on the part of the Pakistan Government. They are making a cat's paw of the emotional youth. They are inciting the students to stage violent and indecent demonstrations against the people of India. Allama Mashriqi whose Fascist movement in the pre-partition days came to an inglorious end when he attempted to capture power in the name of Islam, is having a brain-wave and is staging a come-back in the fond hope that his day has after all arrived. He has planned a march on Delhi by his imaginary army of millions of volunteers, and as an earnest of his endeavour he has distributed pictures of the Red Fort at Delhi sporting the Pakistan flag. Such Quixotic outbursts should, normally speaking, be ignored by the people of India who are more sober in their outlook and less fanatical in their upbringing.

But these are not normal times. India is in peril. She has been manoeuvred into a false position by the foolish attempts of Pandit Nehru who has not realised his limitations and has played Providence in the clash of the two giant power blocs in the international arena. India's doings in Kashmir have been condemned by the united voice of the Security Council of the U. N. O. Russia played a Machiavellian role. She did not side India on the Kashmir issue and chose to be neutral and thereby deliberately intended that India should incur the full odium of the condemnatory resolution against her. This

incident shows on what flimsy grounds rests the vaunted friendship between India and Communist Russia. Pandit Nehru has been deliberately wooing the Communists by going out of his way not only to support the aggressive foreign policies of the Soviet Union but by seeking to erect a so-called Socialist pattern within India in close imitation of the Communist pattern obtaining in the countries within the Iron Curtain. Imitation being the best form of flattery that one person can offer another, it is no wonder the Communist luminaries who took it into their heads to favour this country with their visits were all very pleased with the role we played as their chelas. They patted us on our backs and called us "good boys" and "very good girls" too. But our hesitancy in toeing the Communist line in regard to the tragedy of Hungary and the massacre of Budapest angered them a great deal and they have hit us savagely by remaining neutral on the Kashmir issue. Whatever be the significance of the neutral vote by the Soviet Union in this matter, it goes without saying that it was a snub administered to Pandit Nehru for his presumption in daring to go against the Communist will on the issue of Hungary. Khrushchev has paid back old scores against Pandit Nehru. This incident discloses the frame of mind of the Communist leaders on whom Pandit Nehru relies so heavily during the present crisis.

Rumours are afloat (and none can prevent the spread of such rumours) that the visit of Marshal Zhukov, the Soviet Defence Minister, to India at the present moment is linked up with a military alliance between India and the Soviet Union as a kind of offset against the Pakistan-US military alliance which hangs as a Damocles' sword over India. If the present belligerent attitude of Pakistan towards India leads to any military involvements between the two countries as it is bound to sooner or later, the latest US arms including the atomic weapons carried by jet planes and guided missiles will be used against India. It is no secret that India's defence forces are not properly equipped to counter such weapons, and there is no chance at the present moment of acquiring such equipment unless we go the whole hog in entering the Soviet bloc, forswearing our pretensions at moral superiority over the rest of the world and our attempt to lead a neutral power bloc to serve as the conscience keeper for all humanity. The recent snub administered to India by Russia in the Security Council shows that we shall be acceptable to her only on her own terms, not as equals but as suppliants on bended knees, giving up our pride and our pretensions.

The question for consideration for the people of India at this moment of peril is whether after having eaten the humble pie by casting off our role as the moral preceptors of the world and after discarding the new evangel of *Panch Shila*, we should inevitably head for the Communist orbit to be swallowed up within the Iron Curtain.

It is a moot point whether the masses of India, who have been accustomed through the ages to a certain amount of freedom and cul-

ture to take the plunge and get into that land of no return dominated by Russia. But it must be seriously pondered over by every thinking mind in India today whether the present stampede which Pandit Nehru heads into the Communist orbit should not be halted. It may be that Marshal Zhukov is holding out tempting offers of atomic weapons to fight the Pakistani menace. But if we accept that offer India will be forced to be the field of battle where the power blocs will try out the efficacy of their latest lethal inventions and the so many guinea pigs to determine the extent of resistance the human organism can put up against atomic fall-outs. Such a fate may mercifully put an end to the entire population of this sub-continent including the two Pakistans and thus relieve the growing burden of humanity which it is not able to feed and sustain. But if by any chance the people of India survive the catastrophe they would have been absorbed into a totalitarian regime of exploitation and misery which would be worse than death.

Is there no hope of escape from such extinction and worse? There is. But it would be impossible to think of the alternative so long as the mad policies in foreign affairs as well as in internal administration pursued by Pandit Nehru and his satellites are not reversed. The people of India have the chance to pull up Pandit Nehru's mad career in the course of this month during the elections. If they miss this chance, another such will not be available to them for at least another five years and then it will be too late. The general elections now impending should not be treated as a mere political event at which the personnel of our Legislatures will be determined. It is a rare opportunity, probably the only

SIDELIGHTS ::

[AM no believer in the doctrine of "return to the village". Gandhi propagated it as part of his faith in all the old and outworn things in the world—the Ramayana, the Bible and the Charka. The Congress party exploits it for electioneering. Mr. Vinobha Bhave carries it about on his shoulders as part of his pedlar's pack of Gandhian caste-ways. The village that Gandhi had in mind is dead beyond recovery, even as the Charka of his conception is dead and gone for ever. The self-sufficient village with each villager producing for his own needs by the use of primitive implements would be a horrid prison house, incongruous in this Atomic Age so full of promise of happiness for the individual and freedom from drudgery for all mankind.

But my recent sojourn in a village gives me the idea that the old slogan may be recast so as to yield a new meaning. Not "back to the village" but "build up the new village". The new village will not be an isolated bit of territory, with isolated inhabitants peopling it. The new village will be part of an integrated country which would in its turn be part of an integrated world. The trend of civilisation is the welding together of the whole world as one unit inhabited by humans who are dependent on each other's toil. Self-sufficiency as a method of human living is altogether obsolete. The modern method is one of mutual dependence in a fast shrinking world. I see signs already that the world is shrinking even in the villages. Here and there we listen in to the radio through battery sets although electricity is not available for miles around.

Villagers have put on the new look and talk a language which would be wholly incomprehensible to their ancestors. New ideas of comfort and well-being are spreading fast and creating in the villagers the desire to acquire these for themselves and their families. More than all, the villager has now the wherewithal to acquire these new amenities. His economic status has risen. His labour has gained an enhanced value beyond his wildest dreams.

I was astonished the other day when I discovered that the agricultural worker earned between five rupees to seven and a half rupees a day during the harvest season. No doubt agriculture is still a seasonal affair, because it is still carried on by the old primitive methods. The tractor and the harvester-thresher combine have not yet reached our villages. When they do and agriculture comes of age in this country, this wage of over five rupees a day for the unskilled manual worker will be the normal feature throughout the year. Make no mistake about it, this accomplishment will not be the result of the Five-Year Plan or of any artificial stimulus by Government-inspired or foreign aided agencies. It is the time factor: through the ages the agricultural industry has progressed and has come into its own, as an equal partner in the federation of industries which serve mankind. It is a world-wide phenomenon. Just by efflux of time the ignorant villager is enabled to look the sophisticated town-dweller in the face, because he has attained a new status of economic equality with his opposite number in the town. The Congress party cannot

This new change in the agricultural set-up makes nonsense of the craze for town life on the part of the middle class in the country and the exodus from the village of the educated and the semi-educated youth. It offers a new solution to the problem of the educated unemployed. There are infinite possibilities for the employment of intelligent young men in the various processes of the production of food for the growing millions of our population. Food prices are sky-rocketing and there is no imminent prospect of their being kept at a lower level. With the rise in the value of agricultural commodities will rise the economic status of the village worker. This is a world-wide phenomenon and it is up to our youth to exploit it to their own advantage. No doubt the amenities in the village are still too few to reach up to the level of aspirations of the present-day town-dweller. But there are other compensating advantages which outweigh these shortcomings. Extensive space is still available for dwelling in the village sites. It costs almost nothing, and is available for the asking. The houses no doubt are dilapidated. They have been neglected during the stampede of the population from the village to the town. But they can be repaired and made habitable. They are more livable than the crowded flats in our towns.

Above all, there is the pure air, the sunshine, the song of the birds, the easy access to open spaces, the walk through the green fields with the feel of the soft wind over one's breast; these are treasures of inestimable value, unobtainable in the stinking and noisy slums which are our cities today. Every intelligent and cultured youth should value these imponderables more than the city bus and the cinema which confine him to town life.

There is a mission which calls out to the youth to go back to the village. It is to spread the knowledge of science and the application of modern technology to rural life. Apart from the introduction of scientific methods in agriculture which would yield him profits and higher wages than what he gets in the town as a quill-driver, there is the absorbing task of improving the sanitation, the water supply and the communications. With a little effort on the part of the educated young men, electricity can be made easily available to the village. Crores of public monies are accumulating under the Community Development and other schemes which are now being wasted and misappropriated by the professional contractors. They can be tapped by the public-spirited young men who would consent to settle down in the villages and work these schemes for the common good.

The question before the youth of India is whether they should continue in the old rut and crowd the city where cut-throat competition has beaten down their wages to the lowest possible level; or whether they should take courage in both their hands and beat a retreat to the villages of their birth, where the dwellings of their ancestors are awaiting their return and where the people would hail them back as their natural leaders in the great task of the build-up of the new village.

But let there be no mistake about the objective, about the nature of the mission that confronts modern youth in India. It is not the going back to the village to be absorbed in the pristine conditions associated with the village life. It is not with a view to revive dead industries

which cannot stand competition with modernised industries and which have to be artificially spoon-fed in order to sustain their lives under the prevailing economic conditions. It is as the missionary of scientific culture and technological progress that the educated youth has an honoured place in the village. If he cannot introduce improvements in agriculture, if he cannot provide modern amenities for the village, he will have to quit and yield place to his betters who would tackle these grave responsibilities. The new set-up that science envisages for the Indian

village is as the unit of production and distribution in the world-wide net-work with the individual village serving as one street in a far-flung garden city embracing the whole world where every man in the remotest corner will be a next door neighbour, who will labour for the happiness of others and who will enjoy the fruits of other peoples' labours—not as a self-sufficient individual of the Gandhian conception but as the integrated individual as portrayed by the trends in modern science and civilisation.

SETHU

KNOWING THE LANGUAGE

SOME of Britain's youngest broadcasters had a remarkable success recently—at any rate with their own age group—when they were heard by listeners in Britain in a series of programmes called 'Beginning to Talk,' broadcast in the BBC 'Woman's Hour.' The producer, Joan Yorke, had spent some months recording the speech progress of twelve London babies chosen at random. She then played the recordings through to a speech expert and incorporated some of his interpretations with the recordings broadcast in the series.

The speech expert, incidentally, did not support the view held by many people in recent years that parents who indulge in "baby talk" with their children may be retarding their progress in speech, and there could be no doubt from the reaction of other babies to the programmes that they, at any rate, understand the language well enough.

"I was listening to 'Woman's Hour' while feeding my ten-week old baby," wrote one mother, "but his attention was entirely diverted by the noises of his contemporaries! He beamed broadly with real amusement, looked round to find the origin of the noises and then initiated some of them him-

self." A thirteen-month old girl, under the amused eye of her mother, dived under a chair where she had hidden her feeding bottle, sat on the floor before the radio and joined in the "suckling" party, then proceeding, making as much noise as she could.

"Nine-month old Jill," wrote another mother, "obviously knew the language! She bounced up and down and waved her arms and chortled with excitement during the charming record of Heather's laughter . . . (Heather was under six months' old) . . . during the conversational sounds, Jill echoed the sounds and, when they stopped, looked round at me enquiringly, apparently feeling that the conversation had failed to pursue a normal course."

Another listener, masculine this time, has a high regard for juvenile intelligence. "No self-respecting parent," he asserted, "should teach its child anything other than baby-talk, to begin with. But it should be adult baby-talk that will never have to be unlearned. Puff-puff?—never. There is so much more to an engine than just the hot air issuing from it." "A child," he added, "can hear so much more keenly than an adult."

PEDLAR'S PACK

THE week just ended has been a trying one for newspaper readers. They have been deluged by a very Niagara of words, words all round them and so little to think about! Starting with a Jubilee, it has ended in a carnival with the boosting of the Congress party for election purposes. Pandit Nehru, as befits a *prima donna*, had a special show all to himself, and rose to the occasion—on an elevated dais! As if our centenaries for teen-agers and jamborees for jambavans were not enough, another flood came from Lake Success relaying the back-chat that was exchanged between the representatives of our country and Pakistan over the Kashmir problem. This question has now hardened into a desolating annual, the King Charles' head of our foreign politics. It is the skeleton in our cup-board, the fly in our ointment, the Achilles' heel of our hero, the death's head at the feast. Having tied up knots as the mark of our statesmanship during the last decade, it looks as if the time is now coming for them to be unravelled by the force of events—beyond our control. The essence of the matter is that Panch Shila has failed with our next door neighbour. What is the good of its warm acceptance by the denizens of Mars, or Mercury or the Moon?

Mr. Nehru paid a warm tribute to Mr. Menon for his brilliant presentation of our case. But the other members of the Security Council did not seem to think so. Why this self-deception, and whom does it help? There was one part of Mr. Menon's performance which deserves to be singled out. One of the awkward turns he had to negotiate was the detention of Sheikh Abdullah. With a simplicity which was most touching, Mr. Menon hit upon two arguments to get round it. Accidents do happen in the best of households, and such detentions had taken place in almost all countries. He then added that he had learnt on the highest authority—his own leader Pandit Nehru—that his imprisonment had done him a lot of good! But a little later, he got so lost in the nuances of difference between detention, imprisonment, and incarceration

tion that he burst out vexatiously: 'I am not very acquainted with jail-birds.' Pandit Nehru must treasure this tribute to him from his chela as the most precious of his *bons mots*.

It is announced that Pandit Nehru has taken over the Defence portfolio from Mr. Katju.

This naturally follows close on the heels of his taking over Kashmir itself from Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed.

Referring to criticisms about the failure to choose the right kind of Congressmen for elections, Pandit Nehru admitted that such omissions though regrettable were inevitable because there are not enough seats for all good Congressmen.

The choice of candidates for election

Is a problem with difficulties bristling:

**But what is complained of is the dereliction
Of a Congressman being displaced by a Quisling!**

The visit of Marshal Zhukov has been marked by certain peculiarities which have not been noticed in the daily press. He has exceeded the bounds of diplomatic etiquette and strained our hospitality by speaking menacingly at the western powers on neutral ground. Russia may have the ability to destroy its enemies; but there has been no indication that any of them has been influenced by such threats to make advance surrender to her. The only other purpose likely to be served by such studied fire-eating is to impress the Indian public about Russia's might. If, as apprehended in some quarters the Indian official outlook is in the process of a reorientation, and we are to give the go-by to our much advertised policy of non-alignment with either power-bloc, it would certainly be a case of our jumping from the frying pan into the fire. There is such a thing as cutting losses in business; but it is more difficult to practise it in politics which is unfortunately hag-ridden by prestige.

LIBRA

CONGRESS BLUNDERS—I

THE KHILAFAT AGITATION

By M. N. THOLAL

GANDHIJI began taking the lead in Indian politics with the Satyagraha pledge he drafted on February 24, 1919—it was signed by those present at the Satyagraha Ashram—to resist the Rowlatt Bills which intended to make the possession of a seditious document an offence punishable with imprisonment. Events then marched rapidly, culminating in the Jallianwalla Bagh massacre and martial law in the Punjab (April 1919).

On April 18 Gandhiji suspended the Satyagraha movement, saying the people had not qualified themselves or civil disobedience and that his mistake seemed to be of a Himalayan magnitude. But within a year he was found threatening a "bloody evolution" on the Khilafat issue. Since the Muslims were generally keeping aloof from the nationalist movement, he found in Hindu support of the Muslim grievance against the peace terms proposed to Turkey a short-cut to Hindu-Muslim unity.

Little realising that he was taking a very dangerous short-cut, he presided over an All-India Khilafat Conference at Delhi on November 24, 1919. Any student of history could have told him that the Khilafat had been notoriously violent and fanatical institution. Perhaps he was told so but he was in no mood to listen; in any case, as a warning, some journals published a brief history of the Khilafat. Undaunted, in January 1920 he led a deputation to the Viceroy to press on the British Government not to deprive the Sultan of Turkey (who was also Khalifa of Muslims) of his suzerainty over the Holy Places of Islam, i.e., over Arabia. This, incidentally, was a most undemocratic

plea, as it favoured the continuance of Arabia as a colony of Turkey.

Rape And Massacre

Let us have a look at the Khilafat. The first Khalifa, Abu Bakr, gave these orders to Khalid: "Destroy the apostates without pity by fire and sword, by every sort of torture." Khalid obeyed and there were tremendous hecatombs in the Nejd and Yemen. The insurgents were hunted, surrounded and decimated, slaughtered by thousands and their goods pillaged or destroyed. Others, emulating Khalid, accomplished the same task in similar fashion in Central and Southern Arabia. Realising that it was necessary to give the converted tribesmen an opportunity of pillage, Abu Bakr enrolled them in armies destined for Syria and Iraq. These hordes had but one aim, loot—girls and gold, food and slaves. These countries were terrorized by the spectacle of burning and rape, robbery and massacre, and resigned themselves to conforming to Islam.

Omar, the next Khalifa, regulated the loot and made the vanquished pay huge indemnities. The Arabs resented this and Omar therefore sent them to pillage Egypt under Amru. In the attack on Persia that followed the loot was immense. Under Othman, the third Khalifa, the Governor of Egypt invaded Tripolitania and Tunisia to afford opportunities of pillage to his troops, who gained considerable booty besides a huge indemnity for the Governor. Other Governors also overran North Africa, burning, slaughtering, pillaging. One of them had 8,000 rebels

exterminated in a few months at Bassora.

His son, Yezid, the next Khalifa, handed over Madina itself to pillage! Merwan pacified Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt by fire and sword. During the Khilafat of Walid one of his generals took Carthage by assault and destroyed it after putting it to the sack. His troops returned to Egypt loaded with fabulous booty. The bloodthirsty reprisals of Abdul Abbas at Damascus won for him the surname of El Saffah, the bloodthirsty. Harun-ul-Rashid, the model Khalifa, levied the Jaziah or poll tax on infidels and Khiraj, land tax, on non-Muslims.

Capitation Tax

In Spain Abdur Rahman established a Khilafat of his own. Abdur Rahman II drowned the protests of exasperated Christians in a sea of blood. At Toledo alone 8,000 Christians were massacred; churches were destroyed and the Muslim faith declared obligatory. In fact the Khalifas were absolute rulers, military war lords and religious fanatics in one. Their subjects had to pay a capitation tax, a sort of ransom or permission to live, for which the official receipt bore the words: "Ransom from being beheaded." As early as this century 20,000 Armenians were put to death in what is called the Massacre of Adana (Turkey).

Five essential practices are enjoined on Muslims: (1) Prayer five times a day (2) Fasting during Ramzan (3) Giving of alms to the poor (4) Pilgrimage to Mecca, and (5) Jihad, the holy war against infidels. "Complete my work," said the Prophet, "Extend the House of Islam to all parts... Fight the infidels until there shall be none left." It was to carry out the last precept that Khalifas (successors to the Prophet) were needed.

"A Question Of Questions"

Replying to the Khilafat deputation the Viceroy promised all facili-

ties to them to send a deputation to London. The question then arose whether there was anything more to be done and Gandhiji proposed that a sub-committee be appointed to decide the matter in consultation with him. Hakim Ajmal Khan and Maulana Azad formed the sub-committee before whom Gandhiji placed the programme of non-co-operation. Maulana Azad had no difficulty in agreeing with Gandhiji on every detail, but others, including Maulanas Mohammad Ali and Shaikat Ali, were hesitant. On March 17 the British Premier, Lloyd George, told the Khilafat Deputation that while Turkey was to be allowed to exercise temporal control over Turkish lands, she was not to be allowed to retain non-Turkish lands.

Without waiting for the British Premier's reply Gandhiji announced his plan of action on March 10. "The Khilafat," he said, "has now become a question of questions. England cannot expect a meek submission by us to an unjust usurpation of rights which to Muslims mean a matter of life and death." March 19 was fixed as a day of national mourning, of fasting and prayer and of general hartal. Moving a resolution that day at a meeting in Bombay Gandhiji said: "The resolution warns the people in the most emphatic language against violence of speech or deed but Muslims have special Koranic obligations in which Hindus may or may not join. They therefore reserved to themselves the right, in the event of non-co-operation cum non-violence, in order to enforce justice to resort to all such methods as may be enjoined by the Islamic scriptures. I venture heartily to associate myself with this resolution... And so the resolution undoubtedly foreshadows... the stages through which this great movement will pass, the last stage being a bloody revolution."

At a Hindu-Muslim Conference of 300 leaders, at Allahabad on June 1,

1920, which dispersed without coming to a conclusion, Muslim speakers gave assurances to the effect that they would fight to a man any invasion from without undertaken with a view to conquer India, but they were frank enough to assert that any invasion from without undertaken with a view to uphold the prestige of Islam and to vindicate justice would have their full sympathy, if not their actual support.

In a rejoinder to Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Gandhiji wrote in *Young India* on July 21, 1920:

"I do say that affront such as has been put upon Islam cannot be repeated for a century. Islam must rise now or 'be fallen,' if not forever, certainly for a century."

The All-India Congress Committee had resolved to hold a special session of the Congress at Calcutta to consider the Non-co-operation programme, but Gandhiji did not wait for the session, and non-co-operation was inaugurated on August 1, 1920. Many Indian Muslims did not wait even for the movement to start and some 18,000 of them went on *hijrat* in July and August, leaving their homes for Afghanistan, whence they had ignominiously to return.

The Moplah Rebellion

The movement was called off by Gandhiji after the outbreak of violence at Chauri Chaura in February 1922. The Muslims were enraged at what they considered desertion on the part of Gandhi and the Hindus, and the Moplah rebellion was the result. The fanatical fury of ignorant Muslims chose for its victims fellow-Hindus who were forcibly converted to Islam, whose women were kidnapped and outraged, whose houses were looted and set on fire and whose temples were burnt to the ground.

The reaction of the Indian Muslims would have been much more severe and much more extensive but

for the fact that Mustafa Kamal Pasha cut the ground from under the feet of Muslim fanatics by abolishing the Khilafat altogether. But the dinning into the ears of Indian Muslims by Gandhiji and his Muslim lieutenants that they were eighty millions—eighty crores—had its result in an aggressive attitude on their part which went on increasing with the passage of time. One of the direct results of this aggressive attitude was the demand for stoppage of music before mosques, a demand which became a prolific source of communal disturbances and riots throughout the country.

On the other hand, an obscure sub-editor of the *Independent of Allahabad*, Chaudhri Rahmat Ali by name, gave birth to the cry of Pakistan as the only solution of the problem, so far as Muslims were concerned.

TO A PETTED POET

O poet of the puerile word
Trite emotions, themes absurd,
Toiling with 'prentice zeal to trap
Inanities in a tinsel wrap
Of cryptic imagery! Your bleared
eyes
Look askew at lovely things
Like the red of the rose, the dawn
that brings
Balm to the stricken heart. Your
sighs
Are for the lazar's flea-bitten love
Or the bania's daughter who lives
above
The sweet-meat vendor's stall.
Their tryst
To your poetic mill brings grist:
How variously you rehearse
The romance of the garbage heap
Where grunting pigs and mangy
curs
Without sowing a harvest reap!
Pampered thus, our poet says:
'Since crime does not,—my
editor pays!'

S.P.

A GENTLEMAN-DISQUALIFIED

By M. P. JOHN

THERE were three of us in College. One wanted to be a Criminal Lawyer; he became a Minister. Another wanted to be the happy head of a large family; he became a Communist. My ambition was to become a Gentleman; and today, at the age of—, I am as far from it as India is from America.

Of course there are extenuating circumstances. God did not trust me with a good personality. I could fit myself in starched collar, American tie and Oxford shoes. I could put on a smartly tailored bush-coat. But I carried with me the unmistakable stamp of a villager—an Indian villager at that—and what has that in common with a Gentleman?

Secondly, I was brought up by strict parents and stricter teachers who taught me to speak clear, distinct words. It is now too late for me to work myself up to roll my words one into the other for an Oxford accent (I can achieve it only when I am very, very tired and exhausted). Even my efforts to keep half-a-dozen chewing gums in my mouth and aim for a yankee accent didn't work.

And today, after years of strenuous attempts, I have only to utter a "Hello" to forfeit all my claims, present and future, to the world of Gentlemen.

Vicious Circle

It is a vicious circle too. To succeed in life you must be a Gentleman. And a Gentleman must have a heart of gold as large as his purse. When the neighbour is in trouble and touches him for a spot of cash, he should be large-hearted enough to say, "Most certainly. Why, it is a privilege to be of some help to a friend like you!--

Sign on this dotted line, please." Later, when the neighbour is in more trouble, as he is sure to be, he must call on him and be most polite in saying, "I wouldn't like to inconvenience a friend like you. But wouldn't it be enough if I give you six months to shift out of these premises?" The property goes to the Gentleman in that period. And thus the Gentleman becomes a better Gentleman as he can now afford to oblige more neighbours. The golden rule is, be polite and be large-hearted. But without money, you are sunk.

Take this "Hello" business. I resorted to it as an intelligent way out of my inability to own a watch. I could not check up which part of the day it was—time for Good-morning or Good-afternoon. I did not have the opportunity to develop it as a sixth sense. Later, I know, you don't need a watch for this. It becomes a habit. Wake up a real Gentleman at 12.5 in the night, and you will find him opening his eyes with a Good-morning to you. But for developing this sixth sense, I suppose you need years of practice with the aid of a watch. Which I could never possess.

I really get absolutely mixed up with the list of courtesy words like "Thank-you," "Not-at-all," "Sorry" and the scores of others which go to polish a Gentleman. Each one of these should come spontaneously at the right moment. And I get the wrong ones. Only the other day I bumped into a sweet girl. There is nothing unusual about it. Accidents like that occur all over at all times of the day and night. It leads to new acquaintances and even romances. But my case was different. All because it is reported I am alleged to have

said, "Thank you" instead of "I'm sorry." (I can't give further details as the case is *sub judice*) Anyway without a battery of these phrases at your command, can you ever be a Gentleman?

I have one advantage over the city Gentleman. When it comes to opening a conversation, or discussing on any subject, I can speak with greater accuracy and fluency than all their weather-and-flower experts. But what's the use? I can't afford to invite anyone to tea to talk these over. There I am stuck. Again a matter of money. And I wanted to be a Gentleman so that I can *earn* money!

A Drawback

Last but not least, a serious shortcoming in me is that everytime I tell a lie, I blush. May be the mistake is

in my nature and up-bringing. A real Gentleman, I am told, should be capable of "telling a thousand lies without once blushing." He should also know how to say "Yes" in such a manner as to mean "No."

And so, at the age of—, I am a complete failure. I am good at my work and good to my neighbours. But I have not climbed the financial, social and political ladder—all because I did not have the initial outlay required to become a Gentleman; and by nature have been too good to be a Gentleman.

Now I can only look forward to the world to change, where you don't have to be a "Gentleman" to be a success in life—where something short of a "Gentleman" will do, for example, a good Citizen.

THE ROAD TO HELL IS PAVED...

THE desanctification of Stalin by his closest collaborators who now proclaim the slogans of "collective leadership," "democratization of Soviet life," and "peaceful co-existence" of different social systems has caused tremendous ferment not only within the ranks of the Communist Party but also outside of it. We are particularly concerned with the reaction to the new developments in some anti-Stalinist and liberal circles.

Some who felt that Socialism was being killed by Stalin see it now miraculously restored to health by Khrushchev and Co. They look upon events through brand-new-rose-coloured glasses.

Some liberals who previously felt that Stalin was taking unfair political advantage of the propaganda opportunities offered by the colonial upsurges in Asia and Africa, now fall for the line that the "new" Russia is the friend of the oppressed peoples,

including of course, the autocrats of such "progressive" countries as Saudi-Arabia where slavery is still a major business. The countries directly or indirectly controlled by Russia are now considered part of the "peace-loving" camp.

Co-existence of States

In some sections of the Socialist and Pacifist movements, the revival, by the Communist Party, of the old united front and popular front *gimmicks* is received with an air of cautious hope. There are indications that certain of the pacifists—who rightfully abhor war and violence—are sniffing at the bait. Confused on the concept of the class struggle, unable to understand that the institutions responsible for war must *all* be abolished and a new social system established, they quite logically fall for the idea of peaceful co-existence, as the lesser evil. Such co-existence, if possible at all, would

only be temporary and would be at the expense of the world's exploited. The co-existence of monster states, which by their very nature cannot cease to struggle for world hegemony, must eventually lead to war. Treaties between states have never been a deterrent to war. The domination of world social life by the State, whether this be represented by one great power bloc or two or by any number of smaller entities, is incompatible with all of the values of Socialism as we understand it.

Our Gandhite friends have always tended to overlook such mundane matters as revolutionary theory. Like the Mahatma they dedicate their efforts to doing good and being good, frequently confusing tactics with principles. In a crisis they are likely to lose their bearings and accept reformist sops rather than seek revolutionary solutions. This is not a matter of political courage and honesty, but involves lack of genuine sense of reality.

Mesmerised by Moscow Music

Our good pacifist friends did not trust Stalin (who could?) but they are now mesmerized by the sweet music from Moscow and from 13th Street. They are still not sure that the Communists can be trusted, but are anxious to give them a chance.

Apparently nothing has been learned from almost 40 years of Bolshevik totalitarianism since they consider that in some way, the Communists are, or may be, or may become—if only given a chance—a force for progress and for Socialism. Undoubtedly many rank and file members of the Communist Party who believed the McCarthy-type lies that all that is progressive is Communist, have joined that party for idealistic or humanitarian reasons. But those who do not become corrupted themselves soon leave in disgust. To attribute any progressive role to the party as such is to sow further illusions and is a disservice to the

revolutionary movement, which can only be built in struggle against all forms of authoritarianism . . . and especially against Bolshevism which is the most dangerous of all.

The aspirations of mankind for freedom can be realized only by a determined struggle against all oppressive institutions, whether they wield power or only hope to gain it. Support of, or toleration of any one of them on grounds of expediency, or because of a false evaluation of its nature, could only cripple the revolutionary capacity of the radical movement.

And independent, positive approach to the problems facing us all is as essential now as ever. There is no short-cut to success and certainly not along the road of capitulation on principles, even though this may be done . . . *with the best intentions!*

—Views and Comments

NO MORE PLANE COLLISIONS

A device to prevent airplanes from colliding while in flight is being developed by the Collins Radio Company of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, in the United States.

The electric device, called a "collision detection and avoidance" system, will not be ready for use until 1959. Meanwhile, the company has proposed the manufacture of interim equipment which would warn pilots of nearby planes. Based on radar, it would show the presence of aircraft ahead, behind, to the right or left, and above or below.

Further development, expected to require considerably more research, would produce a device that would automatically determine if a nearby aircraft is on a collision path and advise the pilot of the necessary evasion action to take.

The Iowa firm said recently that the first device—a proximity warning indicator—will be available to airlines early in 1958. The "collision detection and avoidance" equipment is to be ready the following year.

CONGRESS & PRINCES

By K. R. MALKANI

THERE is a strange political climate in the country. It is the climate of character assassination. If you say that the Americans are not after all so bad, word goes round that you are in the pay of the Americans. If you say that our princes are not so bad after all, word goes round that you are a reactionary. It is even hinted that you are in the pay of some prince or the other. This climate of insinuation and innuendo makes fair and free comment a risky business. That nobody—to my knowledge—has, to this day, said a word about the injustice meted out to the princes in the reorganisation of States, is a measure of the non-violent terror prevailing in the country.

It is taken for granted by the powers that be that the princes are "relics of the past," that they are reactionaries, that they are expensive, that they are not quite patriotic. And it is broadly hinted that their private lives are shady. Princes are no paragons of virtue. But I dare say that when all is said and done, they would compare very favourably indeed with the Congressmen—and Congresswomen—who have replaced them.

Contribution To The Arts

Some of them no doubt had all the vices mentioned about them. By all means abolish them. If Bhopal has been anti-national, put him out. If Hyderabad has warred against the country, jail him if you will. But what do we have against other major princes? Mysore and Baroda, Jaipur and Travancore, Cochin and Gwalior, were model States. Who shall call them reactionary? Baroda and Patiala, Gwalior and Jaipur and so many others, saw to it that all the States acceded to the Centre and quietly agreed to be pensioned off. Who shall call them unpatriotic?

They are relics of the past, yes. But why exactly must we destroy living symbols of ancient dynasties when we preserve even our ancient stone monuments so dearly? They lived highly, but surely not much higher than the rich patrons of the Congress! What is the crime in displaying golden chariots on Dushehra for public edification, instead of leaving that gold to rust in the Reserve Bank vaults? Anyway it is useful to remember that it was the patronage of courts that kept our finest arts and crafts alive. If any of them made their private life a public scandal, we could remove them; we could prosecute and jail them. Anyway, it hardly lies with men living in glass houses to throw stones at others. There are important Congressmen who started penniless, who claim to have "suffered" for the country for 30-40 years, but who, nevertheless, possess today properties worth crores of rupees. How did they get them? How honest are Congressmen? There are important Congress leaders who are so "popular" that they do not wish to face the electorate. There are members of the Congress Working Committee who are known to have been in the pay of the British. How patriotic were they? But Congress made them Governors!

Of course Congress vices are no proof, or measure, of princely virtue. But there is one very great factor in favour of the princes. Most of them were—and still are—immensely popular with their people. I will never forget an incident that took place about 7 years back in Alwar. The Matsya Union was to be merged with Rajasthan. Alwar was one of the constituent units of Matsya. Congressmen in Alwar wanted the state to be merged with U. P. The people

at large wanted it to merge with Rajasthan, with the rest of Matsya. Sardar Patel sent down Shankar Rao Deo to make an on-the-spot-study of the situation and report what the opinion was for. Non-Congress leaders impressed upon the people not to shout pro-Maharaja slogans, because that might prejudice the anti-princes Congress leaders. Also Alwar had been *person non grata* with New Delhi. They were told to shout only Alwar's merger with Rajasthan. When, however, Shankar Rao Deo arrived the people forgot all about their instructions. They shouted "Alwar Naresh Ki Jai" with so much gusto and earnestness that Shri Shankar Rao Deo was overwhelmed into recommending merger with Rajasthan.

At Independence-Day rallies, Rajpramukhs were cheered so much more lustily that "popular" ministers stopped inviting them to address the public!

Respect Public Opinion

I repeat many of these Maharajas are so popular even out of office that Mr. Nehru himself would not be able to beat them in their areas. Even Dungarpur and Bikaner—not to talk of Mysore and Travancore, Jaipur and Gwalior—could hold their own against the Prime Minister of India. The Mysore Maharaja proved so popular—acclaimed alike by veterans like Sir M. Visvesvarayya and Sir Mirza Ismail—that the Government had to retain him, though only as Governor.

Surely there is something to commend them to their people. Are we a democratic or an autocratic state? If we are democratic, why don't we respect public opinion with regard to the princess? Or do we accept the theory that Pandit Nehru knows better than the people themselves as to what the people want?

I suspect the idea is to smash all non-Congress centres of public attachment and affection. It is the Government policy is to

all idols except those of the Congress make. They would not even like princes to seek the vote of the people. They are alternately warned and cajoled to abstain from politics or accept the Congress ticket. Broad hints of forfeiture of their privy purse etc., are also discreetly thrown out, in case they do not toe the Congress line.

The princely order is gone beyond recall. But while an imaginary threat to our political life has been laid at rest, there is now the menace of a party turned into a new popery. Congress Netas have become the new jagirdars, and what Nehru-may-say-or-do has become a new religion. What we are face to face with today is nothing short of a new tyranny.

SOME DONTs

Do not believe in anything because it is spoken of and rumoured by many.

Do not believe merely because it is written in the scriptures.

Do not believe in that as truth to which you have become attached by habit.

Do not believe because it is uttered by your teacher or Guru.

But independently investigate the truth yourself and if, after observation and analysis, a thing is found conducive not only to your welfare but to the welfare of the society in which you live, then accept it and live up to it.

BUDDHA

There's a story that two Englishmen were walking to their club in London one evening. 'Lovely sunset, isn't it?' said one. The other glanced at him uncomfortably. 'Even if it is, there's no need to rave about it like a blooming poet,' he replied.—GEOFFREY BOUMPHREY in a BBC Programme.

PEACE OR PUSH-BUTTON WAR?

By C. R. M. RAO

WITH the early consummation of the once doubtful hydrogen bomb has approached what might be called the 'Hydrogen Age'. Yes, the present might be called the Hydrogen Age because it seems in this century of Total War the beginning or end of an important era will be marked only by the invention of such weapons as will progressively increase the prospects of mass death and destruction.

But the oncoming of the Hydrogen Age has not been marked with that dramatic suddenness which marked the oncoming of the preceding, but now concurrent, Atomic Age. Though the Hydrogen bomb can be many hundred times more destructive, the dawn of the Hydrogen Age was far less spectacular than the dawn of the Atomic Age more than a decade ago. Its impact on the human mind has also been generally less staggering, perhaps because the Hydrogen bomb has not yet found its Hiroshima or Nagasaki. But a more fundamental reason seems to be the widespread mental preparedness and the ground that has been gained by the concept of 'total war' which is regarded as the inevitable consequence of scientific knowledge and the level of social organisation in a highly integrated modern industrial state.

Horrors of H-Bomb

The Hydrogen bomb has not, nevertheless, caused any less horror. Protests and outcries against its use can be still heard. Many scientists believe it is beyond control and many militarists say it has even outdistanced the atomic bomb, leave alone older weapons. Its superior destructiveness also seems to lie in the fact that while the atomic bomb has its self-nullifying aspect of pacific usefulness the hydrogen bomb has no known potential of that kind. It has entirely changed the character of modern

wars and no defence against it is conceivable yet.

The immediate world reactions to the dropping of atom bombs on Japan, the screaming headlines in the world's newspapers ushering in the Atomic Age, are still vivid in our memory. It was widely believed that all older weapons had been relegated to the scrap heap, that even a small nation with a few dozen atomic bombs could defeat any complacent great nation in no time, that America was no longer inviolable between its oceans and Russia no longer invulnerable due to the vastness of her territory, and so on.

With the passing of time, however, the first flush of horror and panic has cooled off, and today a much less exaggerated view is taken. Human nature, it is said, cannot stand tensions, shocks and excitements too long. Therefore, most of us have apparently resigned ourselves to the possibility sooner or later of a nuclear war, even as we have come to acquiesce in the concept of 'total war.' The talk of such a war has been with us too long and we have got used to it. It has no more terrors for us. Take the gloomiest view of a bad situation and it becomes endurable. The hydrogen bomb only makes total war more total; it has only brightened the future of mass death.

This brief scanning of experiences of the past few decades of this century shows that progressive perfection of the means and techniques for mutual international homicide has gone on undeterred by any scruples as to the ultimate consequences to the human race. Indeed, instruments of killing are not affected by any considerations of morality or humanity. The talk of inhumanity of a weapon and humanising of wars is therefore stupid and absurd. Once

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it is decided to have a war the moral question is fully settled. For, the decision to go to war intrinsically means nothing but a decision to kill people. Ethical idealism underlying old conventions seeking to make wars more humane is entirely out of place in the scheme of things of a total war.

Total Peace Impossible?

Against this background the protracted but so far unproductive attempts by champions of peace and war alike, at disarmament or reduction of armaments, limitation of armed forces, prohibition of atomic and hydrogen bombs can only impress us with their crass hypocrisy. More so when these attempts do not go well with the logic of war which, as the recent brink-of-war events and reliance on arms have shown, is evidently still the secretly recognised method ultimately of settling international disputes. Besides, if we look closely into the various proposals, disarmament never meant disarmament. It only means reduction of armaments. Therefore the most that its most sanguine advocates can ever expect from their endeavours is only some reduction of armaments. The best that they can achieve in the circumstances cannot be better than a state of half-peace and half-war.

And there is a school of thought which argues that though total war is bad, total peace is impossible. Grandiose talk of outlawing wars and ethical denunciations are totally unrealistic; the argument goes on. There is a middle course. Peace is not indivisible. Wars can be localised, as in Korea, and need not automatically involve all nations. A small war—a euphemism for preventive war, perhaps—is better than a big one.

This argument is not a little naive, for it does not obviously reckon with the doctrine of collective security which, if anything, only increases the chances of a little war turning into a major conflagration. And it is easy to imagine what would happen when

there are a series of little wars in the various trouble spots of the world. Korea, Indo-China, Formosa and recently Egypt have all nearly led to a general war and may do so again. Military arrangements based on the doctrine of collective security will automatically involve a number of nations in a war instead of localising it. Therefore the conclusion seems inevitable that collective security only promotes 'total war'.

It is also clear that any international agreement to maintain a state of half-peace and half-war cannot abide since the ingredients of war will still be there as long as the policies of nations are power-oriented and derive strength and power from armaments. Wars seem to have their own logic, one leading to another. And then what is the guarantee that even such an unsatisfactory agreement will not be repudiated when it is profitable for any of the parties to do so? It is as well to recall what Sir Gladwyn Jebb said during a debate in the U. N. He had said that aggression and not paper promises was the real problem. "In a case of aggression," he said, "the aggressor is not likely to be over-scrupulous and it would be foolish to suppose that he would observe any pledges which he might have undertaken if he thought he could profitably violate them."

Stock-Piling Of Arms

Pledges or no pledges, vigorous stock-piling of atomic, hydrogen and bacteriological weapons, which epitomise total war, behind the facade of peacemaking, hardly warrants any hope that they will not be used in future international conflicts, limited or total. If total war is granted and preparations which must inevitably lead to it are made, albeit for the ostensible purpose of self-defence, then why be qualmish and outcry against particular types of weapons? Weapons, whatever the degree of their destructiveness, are intended to inflict destruction and whoever pos-

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sesses them is given to aggression and truculence. Every new weapon presents an irresistible temptation to military leaders and even to politicians sometimes who are not primarily so deeply moved by moral considerations as by strategic. Moreover only trial and success in war can justify a weapon and prove its efficacy. That is the logic of a position of great power and strength derived from possession of modern superweapons. When you sow wind how can you want not to reap whirlwind?

Glimmer Of Hope

This indeed is no counsel of hope. But even in this counsel of apparent despair, there is the glimmer of hope that plumbing the depths of their degradation and insanity the votaries of wars and weapons may yet shudder at the shadow of their own devilry. Because, as has often been

said, the only imaginable outcome of another world war is, not a swift and outright victory for anyone but, thanks to the boomerang effect of modern superweapons, sure death for both. So common sense, if not conscience, may yet deflect them from the war path.

Cherishing any greater hopes right in the midst of total preparations for a total war of total annihilation, with guided missiles and piles of nuclear, chemical, bacteriological, epidemiological and other superweapons of one camp arrayed against those of the other, and with push-button war belonging to the not-very-distant future at the present rate of militarisation of science—cherishing high hopes amidst this weltering sea of insanity would be rather like 'the wishful thinking of a humane theologian who believes in hell but doubts if anyone ever goes there.'

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THE CELLULOID CONTINUUM

By C. V. G.

A medley of colour with all the dazzle of commercial artistry and a panegyric on the picture in prose or lyric, composed in licentious indifference to syntax, sequence or even sense, extend in bizarre extravagance across newspaper columns, shutting out nearly half the page. Multicoloured posters project heroines poised in alluring angles on the light fantastic toe. Palanquins of painted boards erected over automobiles parade them along roads and three dimensional illuminations blaze them in theatre parlours. The fanfare attending film releases is an essential attribute of the celluloid continuum.

Familiar Faces And Themes

The producer, director, make-up chief, story-writer, scenario and continuity and costume specialists, play-backs, actors, actresses and a host of others tumble over one another in the prefatory flashes to audiences in dark conclave of a theatre auditorium as the orchestra keeps up a bursting, rhythmic, rising and crashing music. Fans of Tamil films know well a small stellar galaxy of fathers, mothers, heroes, heroines, villains and comedians. Film after film is shot with a few old familiar faces and themes. A closed alpaka coat, spectacles in tortoise shell frames, trousers or a multi-folded dhoti, a turban, graying, balding hair and moustache and dimensions, square and well-set, deck out a father dripping with opulence and respectability, in a luxurious habitat of mosaic and marble, crotons and carpets, sofas and settees. His only care in the world is his motherless daughter and in deep and well-timed sighs he heaves out his concern for a proper bridegroom for her.

The daughter makes her debut a few moments after the commencement of the picture. She coos out a "cheerio" or a "ta-ta" as she leaves her com-

panions—a laughing, squealing bevy—autocruises towards home in a gleaming Fiat, Pontiac or Cadillac, and springs out of it, parasol, hand-bag, high-heels and all. Encased in rustling silk, the heroine is a finish in flesh and is very close to the Pilm-soll line that marks off shapeliness from contour-submerging corpulency. Play-backs sing by proxy while the heroine does the necessary "lip service." When they rejoice they plunge into a Bacchalia of hybridised music of European, South American and indigenous tunes and dance. Prodigious proportions and massive torsos parody movements meant to be executed by the slim, lithe and lissom, while the audience cultivate total artistic insensitivity. Grief-stricken heroines break into tears, piety and an orgy of Carnatic music.

Stellar Dimensions

With some effort one can appreciate why stellar dimensions are extensive. A decently built young man aspiring to be a film hero was rejected by producers who told him that he was slim to the point of being thin. A brilliant danseuse of Tamilnad was not a success as a film star despite her charm and beauty. The reason was easily discernible when she made one of her rare appearances on the silver screen. She appeared too slim, looked almost a wisp of a girl. A plethora of light flashed from all round perhaps requires a spacious enough plane to illuminate the same generously and so heroines and heroes are quite liberally lateral.

A cinematic parent does not always dote. He is sometimes a bully, a tyrant and a miser, and has no end of troubles with his son who has an incurable propensity to fall in love and marry, in his view low-caste hoydens. The son, a very worthy young man, rebels against his father.

Our film heroes and heroines always love. They cannot help it. What else is possible between debonair manhood draped in tweed or gaberdine, ties, silk stockings and suede shoes and substantial Helens? The amity between them advances fast through coyness and coquetry to hand-holding and hugs and then a delicacy-ridden and embarrassed censor shields their further amours from public gaze. There is then a bout of serenades, rendezvous and duets of maudlin sentimentality while the lovers chase each other in public parks. Erring parents indulge in wrong-doings and are out to mortify the lovers; and finally in a fit of emotion and remorse abandon such villainy in the end. Adolescent audiences then shuffle out to rest in sighs and dreams over the never-never-land of celluloid romance.

Villains and Comedians

Tamil films have worked their comedians and villains as much as their heroes and heroines. There are comedians as well as comediennes. A famished, dehydrated moustachio butts into the audience with broad grins and big teeth. A short, stubby blinker, with much gab, a glib-tongued ribald who combines a mastery of Madras slangs and dialect with a capacity for moronish looks and action, a loud-mouthed shrew of elephantine bulk, an oft-pouting, hip-swaying and ogling

wench—Tamil films cannot do without them. Villains rave, rant and thunder. Our heroes and heroines are gifted with a happy versatility and do not suffer from the depravities of character actors like Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor and Greta Garbo who can do only particular roles. They can be heroes, villains and comedians. They switch easily from swashbuckling to slapstick. The spectacle of a slim young man, holding at bay a murderous gang and overpowering them is the Tamil film's marvel.

Tamil films relieve scribes of their spleen and acid. These patriots of Tamilnad suffer from a perpetual ire against exploiters with whom the country is overrun. Heroes and heroines harangue the audience with enlivening rhetorics against these bad men. Court scenes in Tamil pictures are totally free from the fettering realities of the civil and criminal procedure codes. The prisoner revels in his freedom of speech while the judge looks helpless and sheepish as the former goes into a vigorous and hard-hitting oratory.

Things unfailingly happen at the last moment. An excited person runs into the court with the hopelessly needed shred of evidence, parents soften, villains reap their nemesis, and lovers marry—at which stage film and fiction end and facts begin—and to which the audience return.

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PORTRAIT OF BERTRAND RUSSELL

By HUMPHREY SKELTON

WHEN an Englishman reaches the eighties all is forgiven. This happened to Shaw, who found, perhaps to his annoyance, that towards the end of his life he could no longer shock. It has happened also to Russell, who started as *l'enfant terrible* of philosophy and is now revered as a sage. His views have not changed in any essentials. He is still an atheist, he still aims shafts of Voltairean wit at bourgeois respectability, he is still an iconoclast by most standards; but nobody is perturbed. His mocking sallies delight even those against whom they are directed.

It seems strange to reflect that he once aroused such a storm of fury that he was driven from Cambridge. In the First World War he had to be rescued from an angry mob by the police. Later he was sent to prison for distributing pacifist propaganda.

Behind The Bars

"I found prison in many ways quite agreeable", he writes in *Portraits from Memory* (Allen & Unwin, 16s.). "I had no engagements, no difficult decisions to make, no fear of censors, no interruptions to my work. I read enormously; I wrote a book, *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*, and began work for *Analysis of Mind*."

This is characteristic, but whoever looks in this delightful volume of essays for a picture of the real man will be baffled by the many characters evoked by the autobiographer. They refuse to conform to type.

The pacifists cannot claim him. "Neither then nor later did I think all war wrong. It was that war, not all war, that I condemned. The Second

World War I thought necessary, not because I had changed my opinion on war, but because the circumstances were different."

He still holds that it would have been far better for the world if Britain had remained neutral in 1914 and so allowed a quick victory to Germany. "We owe to the first war the creation of a chaotic, unstable world where there is every reason to fear that the Second World War was not the last, where there is the vast horror of Russian Communism to be combated, where Germany, France, and what used to be the Austro-Hungarian Empire have all fallen lower in the scale of civilization, where there is every prospect of chaos in Asia and Africa, where the prospect of vast and horrible carnage inspires daily and hourly terror."

Clearly the intellectuals who were enamoured of Marxism between the wars cannot claim him, either. He went to Russia in 1920 and talked with Lenin. He was repelled by the contempt for liberty and the fanaticism he found. But many who rejoiced in his attitude to Russia were outraged by his outspoken views on sexual freedom and divorce.

There remained the literary coteries. The distinction of his style, the sharpness of his epigrams, won him many admirers who did in the past understand his philosophy. For a time he was in touch with D. H. Lawrence. Keynes relates how Russell showed Lawrence kindness when he visited Cambridge and was given rather a cool reception. "Black beetles!" was how Lawrence described the so-called Bloomsbury Group, though for a time he warmed to Russell.

Unrepentant Rationalist

But they soon fell apart. Russell felt that Lawrence's mystical philosophy of 'blood-consciousness' was *evil*. It led straightway to Auschwitz—though this could not be seen at the time. But Russell was plunged into such depression by the encounter that he contemplated committing suicide.

This sensitiveness and strong emotional feeling shows that, unrepentant rationalist as he has remained, he is not, in his own words, 'that inhuman monster—the Rational Man'. Indeed, it is not hard to detect a streak of poetry and even mysticism in the temperament he displays. His first attraction to mathematics was tinged with Platonic mysticism. A trivial incident he mentions is revealing. When as an undergraduate someone suddenly recited the whole of 'Tiger, Tiger, burning bright', he confessed: 'I had never, till that moment, heard of Blake, and the poem affected me so much that I became dizzy and had to learn against the wall.'

The popular picture of a scientist or mathematician as cold and dispassionate, all intellect and no feeling, is a myth. It was neither true of Russell nor many of his associates. He relates that Wittgenstein, whose genius he discovered, used to come to his rooms in Cambridge at midnight and pace up and down in silence for hours, after announcing that when he left he would commit suicide. Some of the younger philosophers today think that Wittgenstein is even more important than Russell.

This is not the place to speak in detail of Russell's technical achievements. Primarily they lie in the field of mathematical logic, but they gave rise to the whole modern movement in philosophy.

Philosophy Or Politics?

At the outset of his career he had to choose between philosophy and politics, but life at Cambridge was so

delightful that he did not hesitate. After the atmosphere of Puritan piety and austerity, high thinking and cold baths all round the year, in which he had been brought up, the academic world before everything fell to pieces in 1914 must have been very heaven.

In pre-war Cambridge he made his first acquaintance with Wittgenstein, but the most direct influence on his mathematical work was that of Whitehead, with whom he collaborated in the famous *Principia Mathematica*. It is curious that although Russell and Whitehead started from the same logical standpoint, they later diverged so markedly. In a charming tribute to Whitehead in *Portraits from Memory* he tells that the latter once remarked: 'You think the world is what it looks like in fine weather at noon-day. I think it is what it seems like in the early morning when one first wakes from deep sleep.'

Those who are interested in the development of Russell's thought from this intensely creative period will find a number of essays hitherto difficult of access collected by Professor R. C. Marsh in a book recently published (*Logic and Knowledge: Essays 1901-50*, Allen & Unwin, 25s.). It contains an article on *Mind*, 1905, which Russell considered his finest philosophical essay. It led on to the theory of descriptions five years later, in the first volume of *Principia Mathematica*.

Criticism Of Logical Positivism

The same volume contains a shrewd criticism of logical positivism. What Russell thinks of post-Wittgensteinian philosophy is trenchantly stated in a short contribution to the *British Journal for the Philosophy of Science* and re-published in *Portraits from Memory*. He writes:

The most influential school of philosophy at the present day maintains a certain linguistic doctrine to which I

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am unable to subscribe. I do not wish to misrepresent this school, but I suppose any opponent of any doctrine is thought to misrepresent it by those who hold it. The doctrine as I understand it consists in maintaining that the language of daily life, with words used in their ordinary meanings, suffices for philosophy, which has no need of technical terms, of changes in the signification of common terms. I find myself unable to accept this view. I object to it, (1) because it is insincere; (2) because it is capable of excusing ignorance of mathematics, physics, and neurology in those who had had only a classical education; (3) because it is advanced by some in a tone of unctuous rectitude as if opposition to it were a sin against democracy; (4) because it makes philosophy trivial; (5) because it makes almost inevitable the perpetuation among philosophers of the muddle-headedness they have taken over from common sense.

It is sometimes said that Russell looks upon human beings as though they were mathematical symbols, but his career gives the lie to this. His quite extraordinary affinity with such an unlikely person as Conrad gives a deeper meaning to his acceptance of Hume's dictum that reason is the slave of the passions. When they

talked at their very first meeting, he writes: 'We seemed to sing through layer after layer of what was superficial till gradually both reached the central fire. It was an experience unlike any other that I have known. We looked into each other half-appalled, and half-intoxicated, to find ourselves in such a region. The emotion was as intense as passionate love and, at the same time, all-embracing. I came away bewildered and hardly able to find my way among ordinary affairs.'

His Gift To The World

In recent years Russell has done his utmost to mobilize opinion against the catastrophic dangers of atomic warfare. But the serenity of old age is unbroken by any sign of a return to the 'unyielding despair' of his youthful essay, *A Free Man's Worship*. He has undoubtedly added to the richness of human knowledge and, even more important, to human wisdom. In summing up it may be said that his most precious gift to the torn and frightened world of today is *hope*. Without that—and the courage that gives rise to it—the darkness would engulf us all.

—The Humanist

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
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February 2 1957

SWATANTRA

25-

A PILL FOR DIABETES?

THOUSANDS of diabetic patients are throwing away their needles. Instead of Insulin shots, they are taking pills to keep their diabetes under control! No, this isn't happening in the U.S. and probably won't for some time to come. The big switch from needles to pills is taking place in Germany. For the past 31 months, ever since a German doctor accidentally discovered a drug that lowers the sugar in the blood, scientists all over the world have been struggling to perfect a pill to answer the prayer of many diabetics—namely, relief from the daily use of the Hypodermic.

The search for a Diabetes pill actually has been going on for almost 31 years—not just 31 months. A team of German researchers came up with a drug named Synthalin, given by the mouth. But Synthalin—'synthetic insulin'—soon fell into disrepute. People who took it for any length of time began cropping up with intestinal disturbances, damaged livers and failing kidneys. So Insulin, a hormone derived from the pancreas of animals, has remained the life-saving standby of the diabetics.

The Hunt For A Substitute

Partly because of the fear that the world may experience a shortage of Insulin and mostly because people hate to give themselves shots, scientists have been hunting for an Insulin substitute. Insulin is vital to all of us. We need it to make proper use of sugar so we can generate the energy that is required to keep us going. Diabetics either have no Insulin of their own, or not enough of it or they can't handle it the right way. So they have to take outside Insulin to meet their needs—to keep their blood from being swamped with sugar and their system from being sapped of energy. Unhappily, the only way this outside Insulin can be taken is

by needle. It won't work by mouth because the digestive juices in the stomach and intestines chew it up before it can do any good. The pill-hunters have, therefore, concentrated on finding a substitute for Insulin.

After the bad experience with Synthalin, interest in Diabetes pill waned. Not much more was heard along these lines until 1942 when a French doctor named Loubatieres reported he had come across a Sulfa drug which reduced blood sugar. Actually, it was another French physician named Janbon who developed this drug and he wasn't thinking of diabetes at all. Dr. Janbon was trying to find out if the drug tagged simply 2254-RP was effective against typhoid fever. In the process, some of the typhoid victims suffered peculiar reactions. Dr. Loubatieres observed that these patients acted as though they had been given an overdose of Insulin.

Sure enough, the doctor found 2254-RP lowered the amount of sugar in the blood—just as Insulin does. Dr. Loubatieres came up with 11 different off-shoots of this Sulfa drug—and they all acted about the same. Curiously, nobody gave Dr. Loubatieres a tremble. For one thing, World War II was on reports concerning medical research in France generally failed to reach the outside world. For another thing, Sulfas can produce nasty effects if you take them for a long while, as diabetics would have to do.

"Caroutamide"

This is how things stood in 1953 when a young German doctor named Fuchs appeared on the scene. While in training as a Resident Physician at a Berlin Hospital Dr. Fuchs was testing various Sulfa drugs for their germ killing powers. When he took one of these drugs himself, he started to sweat and tremble and felt tired and giddy and hungry. Dr.

Fuchs added up the evidence and he quickly concluded these strange symptoms were caused by a fall in the blood sugar. He began giving the drug—a relative of Dr. Loubatieres's 2254-RP—to diabetics. So did another team of German physicians at a hospital in Hamburg-Barmbeck, under Dr. Ferdinand Bertram. In October, 1955 the two groups were ready to make their first report. They found the drug worked in four out of every ten cases, bringing dramatic results in two to five days. It worked best in grown-ups who didn't develop diabetes until after 40. It didn't do much, if anything, for diabetic children. It was no good at all in cases involving severe complications such as Diabetic coma. Most encouraging was the fact "there were no undesirable side effects" except for a skin rash in three persons and itchiness in three others. States Dr. Bertram: "The first anti-Diabetic drug that is definitely effective when given orally." The Germans gave the drug the nickname BZ-55. The initials stand for the German word "Blut Zucker" which means "blood sugar." Since then, the drug has been renamed Carbutamide.

In Indianapolis, Ind., Elo Lilly and Co., a big producer of Insulin, immediately began making Carbutamide for testing in the country. By October 31 of last year, more than 10,000 diabetics had received Carbutamide from 2500 physicians scattered throughout the U. S. Suddenly Dr. Kenneth G. Kohlstaedt, Director of Clinical Research for Lilly, announced suspension of these tests. "We are not unmindful of the fact that 40,000 patients in Germany have taken Carbutamide without any serious side effects being reported by German investigators," Dr. Kohlstaedt declared. "Nor are we unmindful of the fact that in our own studies 95% of those patients who are able to control their diabetes with Carbutamide appear to be able to do so without untoward effects. However, among the

other 5% there have been a few serious side reactions to the drug which are identical to those experienced with other Sulfa drugs."

Suspension of Carbutamide tests in the U. S. is a setback to diabetics anxious to be freed of the needle and syringe. But it doesn't knock out all hopes. Lilly itself says, "We already have other compounds under study which we hope will offer more promise."

"Orinase"

Meanwhile, tests are continuing with another German made diabetes pill which in the U. S. has been christened "Orinase." This pill is manufactured by the Upjohn Co., of Kalamazoo Mich., which says it is being given on a trial basis to "several thousand" diabetics in the U. S.

Orinase was developed by Farberke-Hoechst, a German drug firm, shortly after Carbutamide was unveiled. The two are close chemical relatives. But unlike Carbutamide, Orinase doesn't combat germs. Its only effect seems to be on blood sugar. Dr. E. Gifford Upjohn, President of the company that bears his name, says Orinase isn't a true Sulfa drug but a "unique" Sulfanamide. This sounds like hairsplitting. But what Dr. Upjohn evidently is trying to get across is the belief of Orinase developers that its pill, unlike Carbutamide has been tailor-made for diabetes and therefore isn't likely to run into the same trouble.

So far, the doctors declare "untoward side effects" from Orinase have been minimal and transient. Dr. Henry Dolger, of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, who probably has treated more diabetics with Orinase than anyone else in his side of the country, says there have been "very few side-effects—none significant." German scientists report side-effects from Orinase are "less marked" than from Carbutamide, though the drugs are equally potent in lowering blood

sugar. A skin rash is the commonest side-effect blamed on Orinase. However, the Journal of the American Medical Association warns it's still too early to be sure any Diabetes pill is absolutely safe.

Dr. Upjohn says Orinase "appears to make unnecessary the use of Insulin" by people with "mild or moderately severe" Diabetes. However, he adds, Orinase doesn't seem to work in diabetic children or grown-ups with such "life threatening complications" as coma, acidosis, as feverish illness, a severe injury or surgery. Everybody agrees neither Orinase nor any other anti-Diabetes pill now being tested is a true substitute for Insulin. The pills, for instance, are useless unless the patient makes some Insulin of his own. "Those most likely to respond favourably" observes Dr. Arthur H. Colwell of the American Diabetes Association, "are more than 40 years of age, have not had diabetes very long require small amounts of Insulin or none, have not lost much weight from diabetes and show sugar levels not excessively high."

Two factors seem to govern the effectiveness of all these Diabetes pills. One has to do with how the young the patient was when he got diabetes. The other is how long he had the condition.

Generally, the older the patient was and when he developed diabetes, the better the drugs work, and the longer the patient has had diabetes, the less effect do they exert. This had led some of the German doctors to conclude that the pills don't do much good, if anything, for diabetics under the age of 20 and for those who have had diabetes more than five to ten years.

Dr. Mirsky's Theory

A theory has been offered by the University of Pittsburg. Dr. I. Arthur Mirsky of that University believes these pills poison an Insulin killer present in everyone's

system but normally kept under control by a substance in the liver that acts as a brake. Dr. Mirsky calls this killer "Insuline inhibitor." According to Dr. Mirsky's theory, Diabetes results when this brake slips, allowing the Insulin killer to go on a rampage. For awhile the pancreas may keep up the pace by pouring out more Insulin but eventually it bogs down or conks out from overwork and the victim must take Insulin in shots to carry out. The Pittsburg scientist believes pills make a patient better by poisoning this footloose Insulin killer. But, he cautions, a substance which can poison one chemical in the body might poison other too. After a while the patient may get into more trouble. That's why, he says, we must go slow on these new pills. Meanwhile, Dr. Mirsky predicts that "within a couple of years" an entirely new family of pills which are completely safe and completely effective" will be available for use against diabetes. These pills, he explains, will work by actually mimicking the body's own brake system so that the Insulin killer won't be poisoned by, in effect will be fooled into behaving itself.

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

"THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT"

Jean Simmons and Paul Douglas are co-starred in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film *This Could Be The Night* based on a screen play by Isobel Lennart. The story concerns a young girl fresh out of college and teaching in a New York elementary school, who applies for a part-time job in a night club where she becomes a secretary after school hours. She finds herself not only entangled with an ex-burlesque queen, a torch singer and a dancer, but becomes romantically involved with one of the actors as well.

PROFILE:**MR. P. S. KUMARASWAMI RAJA:****AN EX-GOVERNOR IN RETIREMENT**

By "PLUTARCH"

AT a time when confusion gets worse confounded in the Congress Party politics of Tamilnad, many Congress legislators and workers went up to Mr. P. S. Kumaraswami Raja, the former Chief Minister of Madras and ex-Governor of Orissa. They tried to prevail upon him to enter politics once again and take the leadership of the Party in the South. But, he refused. When he was Chief Minister in 1948, that office was thrust upon him. When he went as Governor of Orissa, it was in obedience to a surprise call from New Delhi. Mr. Raja is a type that never runs after public office and even today, office has no attraction for him. He is one of those who know the art of administration, unlike many other Ministerial upstarts in the Congress Party in the South today. From the presidentship of the Panchayat Board, of the Taluq Board, and of the District Board, he rose up to hold a Madras Ministership first in the Prakasam Cabinet, then the Chief Ministership itself. Today, he is in retirement from public life, owing to failing health.

Prefers Quiet Life

Some of our best men who were once active in public life and now put to compulsory retirement due to the Congress' inability to use their talents are busy with certain types of work they have carved out for themselves. It was said of the late Aristide Briand of France that in retirement, he used to spend most of his time playing with an electrically-winded little toy mouse! For a person who was a brilliant Foreign Minister and Pre-

mier of his country, retirement means his spending the time in playing with toys like little children! Here, in South India, how different are our people! Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, that versatile genius, is busy writing and lecturing on English music in retirement at his Ootacamund residence "Delisle." Mr. Kumaraswami Raja is giving all his attention at Rajapalayam to the Gandhi Memorial Social Service Centre he had founded. He does not even accept invitations for lectures and social functions. He prefers to lead a quiet life. Still, he seems to be active.

After having given up his palatial ancestral home for the Gandhi Memorial, Mr. Raja lives in a very modest bungalow in the Co-operative Housing Colony at Rajapalayam. He is an early riser. He is up at four a.m. Then, he takes a walk for a mile. Returning, he has his bath, and a glass of fruit juice for the first meal of the day. Then he sits with books that interest him, both Tamil and English. By eight, callers arrive and he gives them interviews. Then, the newspapers arrive. He studies the news minutely till half past eleven. Then he takes his lunch. Being a diabetic, he has to keep to a rigorous diet. When in Orissa, a native doctor virtually put him to starvation for many months, promising cure. He was allowed only fruit juice during that time. He grew thin and weak under that treatment. His lunch these days is one step better, consisting of crushed-rice (*aval*) taken with vegetable preparations cooked without salt or chilly. Accustomed to disci-

pline in politics, he obeyed his doctor.

Afternoon he has his siesta. By three he has again a glass of fruit juice, since he has eschewed coffee and tea altogether. In the evening, he takes a long walk before having an early dinner and going to bed. Sometimes, he goes to bed even at half past seven!

Very Practical

Mr. Raja had no college education. But he is highly practical. He takes every step in all his actions whether in public or in private life, with caution and forethought. He hates the limelight and would not give a handle for criticism. He has a way of carrying on quietly and following the dictates of his own conscience. He is not averse to taking advice from others, since as a democrat he respects the views of other people. He views questions from others' point of view, before arriving at conclusions himself. Therefore, many of his policies in public affairs were acceptable to others. His opinions are slowly formed, but once they are formed, they would never be changed. He is very frank in his conversation. He would tell everybody up to his face what his convictions are even though they may not be pleasant to the listener. It has been his good luck that a lot of people understand his ways and admire him. If he is convinced that a person has a reasonable demand and needs help, he doesn't hesitate to lend him his hand in support. He is not a mere politician who thinks of only the next general election, but a person who cares for the good opinion of even the next generation! With such notions, he would not do any wrong consentiously.

As Governor of Orissa he was popular with the people and the Ministers. He left office, tired of being a figure-head. A Governor in Independent India holds an ornamental office. He has to get the sanction of the Ministry for even making a political speech! True, he has to send

reports to the Home Ministry now and then on affairs in his state, but that is a tame affair, and New Delhi placed greater weight on the views of the Chief Minister than on that of the Governor. When Mr. Raja resigned his Governorship of Orissa, he was asked whether he would have a change of State but he did not want any Governorship at all!

A few days before he laid down office at Cuttack, Mr. Raja was in Coimbatore where one day he bitterly criticised New Delhi's irrigation-project policies. He was brutally frank in that speech. He said that much money was being wasted on the DV and Nangal projects whilst the South had a beggarly treatment in such matters. Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda replied to Mr. Raja's criticism, but it was not convincing. Every one in the country knows how well the Northerners take care of themselves.

Impartial

Mr. Raja is impartial and does not interfere in the wranglings that go on in the Congress Party today. He does not take sides. All types of people go up to him with affection and respect. For, he is a man of good character, and he claims to be no genius. He gives out his opinion in plain words. He has many traits of character similar to those of another selfless politician of Tamilnad, I mean Mr. Omandur Ramaswamy Reddiar. When a few dissident elements approached Mr. Reddiar to come back to Premiership in 1954, he scoffingly turned down the suggestion. Even so, when Mr. Raja was sometime back approached and refused to come back to politics, he politely told his friends to leave him alone. The man who tasted power, like the wolf which tasted blood, would always want it, but only a noble mind like that of Mr. Kumaraswami Raja can hold firmly the view that it is all right to drink without reaching the level of a drunkard in politics!

INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL BELIEFS

By MARGARET KNIGHT

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WE acquire many of our beliefs and attitudes, not primarily by studying the evidence, but because we find the beliefs emotionally satisfying, or because they are taken for granted by the people with whom we associate. If the beliefs should be challenged, we can usually produce arguments—often quite valid arguments—in their defence. But we do not hold the beliefs because we accept the arguments; it would be nearer the truth to say that we accept the arguments because we already hold the beliefs. Hunting for arguments to justify beliefs or decisions formed primarily on non-rational grounds is known as rationalisation.

Beliefs are not divided into two clear-cut categories, the emotional and the rational; there is rather a continuous scale. But it is possible to draw a broad distinction between beliefs that are primarily emotional and beliefs that are primarily rational in origin, and if we want to know to which category some belief of our own belongs, the best test is our attitude if it is challenged. If the belief is primarily rational, we are usually quite willing to re-examine the evidence; if it is primarily emotional, we are apt to get angry. As Trotter has said:

"When we find ourselves entertaining an opinion about the basis of which there is a quality of feeling which tells us that to enquire into it would be absurd, obviously unnecessary, unprofitable, undesirable, bad form, or wicked, we may know that that opinion is a non-rational one." (*Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War*, p. 44.)

Some Examples

Among current or recent examples of emotional beliefs might be mentioned the belief that chemical fertilisers are harmful; that tinned foods have no nutritive content; that school meals destroy home life; or that the proposal to instant pit-head baths at coal mines was a disguised plan to exploit the worker.

Emotional beliefs are often false. But they are not always false, and one certainly cannot prove a belief to be false by showing that it is emotional in origin. The question of how a belief is caused is one thing, and the question whether it corresponds with the facts is another. No view can be conclusively refuted by an argument of the "you only believe that because—" type.

Conversely, of course, a belief that is rational in origin is not necessarily true. We may have reached a conclusion without any emotional bias, purely by weighing evidence, or by deductive reasoning; but we may not have had all the evidence before us, or our reasoning may have been faulty. Even the most purely reasoned of our beliefs, those reached by mathematical calculation, are not immune from errors caused by slips in the working!

Emotional beliefs change, when they do change, largely on emotional grounds; unless the holder of the beliefs is in a receptive emotional attitude, they are impervious to rational argument. It is important for proselytising humanists to recognise this fact. If we antagonise our opponents emotionally, we shall achieve little by winning arguments.

with them at the intellectual level; indeed, we may do more harm than by arousing resistance.

Beliefs accepted on authority are not necessarily non-rational. For example, it is quite reasonable for the layman to take the astronomers' word for it that there will be an eclipse of the sun at a certain date. But it is unjustifiable to accept a belief on authority unless all the authorities are agreed. One could not reasonably accept on authority a belief in, say, theism or atheism, for here authorities of equal eminence can be found on both sides.

The Id And The Ego

It is due mainly to Freud that we now realise the part played by non-rational factors in forming our beliefs and attitudes. But it is important not to travesty Freud's view. He did not imply, as is sometimes suggested, that all thinking is wishful thinking and that no one is ever really convinced by a logical argument, or bases a belief on evidence—though, admittedly, this belief was held by some of his less balanced admirers. Freud himself, however, was a ruthless intellectual, who followed the evidence where it led him, quite regardless of personal feelings. He showed conclusively that we are less rational than we like to suppose; but he did not suggest that we are incapable of being rational, still less that we should not try to be. Indeed, the main aim of psychotherapy is to make people more rational—to reduce the power of the primitive, irrational, subconscious layer of the mind, which Freud called the Id, and to increase the power of the civilised, rational, conscious layer, which he called the Ego.

Intellectual Honesty

Undoubtedly, modern psychology has shown that our beliefs depend on

our emotions, and on the circumstances of our childhood, much more than was formerly realised. But this is no ground for taking the defeatist view that the intellect is powerless. By making us aware of the facts above-mentioned, psychology can make us aware of the sort of bias we ourselves are likely to have acquired, and so help us to correct it; show us that there are certain facts that we are likely to be reluctant to face, and so help us to overcome this reluctance and reach a more objective view. For it would be fantastic to suggest that we never accept an unwelcome fact; we may struggle against accepting it for a long time, but wishful thinking cannot resist indefinitely in the face of evidence. Our generation, for example, had eventually to accept the unwelcome fact that Hitler was preparing for war, just as the previous generation had to accept Darwin's subversive discoveries about the age of the universe. One could sum up the situation by saying that modern psychology has shown that intellectual honesty is one of the rarer virtues as well as one of the most precious; but it has not shown that it does not exist.

Since Freud's views on this subject have so often been misrepresented, it may be well to end by quoting his own words:

"We may insist as much as we like that human intellect is weak in comparison with human instincts, and be right in doing so. But nevertheless there is something peculiar about this weakness. The voice of the intellect is a soft one, but it does not rest until it has gained a hearing. Ultimately, after endlessly repeated rebuffs, it succeeds." (*The Future of an Illusion*, p. 93.)

—The Monthly Record.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

IN consonance with its policy of recognising the services of the artistes, the Government has been conferring honours on well-known singers, dancers, musicians and stage artistes on the Republic Day. But, unfortunately, the Government has not yet considered any film personality worthy of such recognition and honour. One had expected that in view of the Silver Jubilee celebrations of the Indian Talkie Shri Ardesher M. Irani the pioneer who produced the first talkie picture in India would be honoured by the Government on the Republic Day. But, for some unknown reason the Government did not think it necessary to honour the Grand Old Man of the film industry.

Indeed, while the Government's zeal to encourage classical music is understandable, one feels that the Republic Day programmes would be far more jubilant, gay and popular if they were organised in co-operation with the film people. In the pageants and processions held in Delhi and Bombay, the filmfolk could add colour; and in the programme broadcast by the A. I. R. the film music directors, lyricists and singers could put so much pep, vigour and enthusiasm which were lacking in this year's programme. Given an opportunity, the filmfolk can really turn out a first-rate National Programme with inspiring patriotic songs written for the occasion. But that is possible only when the Government changes its attitude to film music and film poetry and secures the co-operation of filmfolk. In the past, whenever, the A. I. R. asked for such co-operation, it was forthcoming; so the initiative

must come from the Government which, even now, is rather reluctant to give importance to film people on such occasions.

Of course, one must admit that, unlike in the last year, this year the A. I. R. at least incorporated a few good patriotic film songs in their broadcast on the Republic Day.

Picture of the Week

Sheikh Mukhtar has his own individuality both as producer and as artist; this quality became manifest first when he made a picture called *Dada*, and it is evident again in his latest picture *Mr. Lambu*.

Though the situations vary in all these pictures, the characters that Sheikh Mukhtar seeks to portray are almost the same. He is always the crude, hefty, poor man with sympathy for the underdogs, and he often finds himself on the wrong side of the law in trying to take revenge on the bad people. There is always an element of crime and sex incorporated in such stories to lend suspense and excitement to the proceedings.

In *Mr. Lambu*, we first see Sheikh Mukhtar coming out of jail and being greeted by his friend—who this time happens to be Bhagwan instead of Mukri. He goes home, and is faced with the problem of an eligible sister who cannot be married because of his bad reputation. So Mr. Lambu goes to meet the father of prospective bridegroom only to find himself snubbed and rejected.

He decides to get wealth by hook or by crook; and so he decides to rob, but as long arm of coincidence would have it, he finds his victim murdered by the villain and a purse which contains a valuable bill and a ring. From here onwards the villain is after Mr. Lambu to get back the purse. While Mr. Lambu becomes rich, thanks to a lottery prize, he causes further embarrassment to his sister. The climax is when the sister's lover

is accused of murdering a danseuse who loved Mr. Lambu and who was after him to get the purse also. The murder itself is performed in almost the same fashion as in *Dial M for Murder*.

Till this moment the picture is tame and lacking in action, though there are occasional flashes of humour and entertaining interludes. But it is only when Mr. Lambu gets out to save his sister from the clutches of the real murderer that the picture becomes thrilling and exciting. The last three or four reels are most enjoyable with both Bhagwan and Sheikh Mukhtar in their real elements: similarly the final scene in which Mukhtar battered by bullets kills the villain is moving.

A formula story, playing on the popular sentiments of filial love, the handling of the climax scenes lift it from the routine fare to make it a truly exciting film.

Sheikh Mukhtar acts his tailor-made role with usual care, and Bhagwan is a good pill for him. But in the fighting scenes Bhagwan with his excellent comic songs almost steals the show. N. A. Ansari makes a typical villain; he has, however, proved a competent director especially in handling the last four reels. Suraiya is her usual good self while Vijayalaxmi makes a tantalizing vamp with a good heart. Music by O. P. Nayyar is not particularly exciting, though a couple of tunes are very catchy. Photography by veteran Pandurang Naik is evenly good, while the other production values are just average.

Personality of the Week

Mr. Loke Wan Tho, the cinema magnate from the Far East was in Bombay last week. He was feted at many parties held in his honour by different film distributors and producers. Prabhat Kumar, director of *Tezsin Aur Deeya* also gave a dinner in his honour at his Roof-garden;

the party was enlivened by the dance performance of Yolando, the Cuban Cabaret danseuse.

Mr. Loke Wan Tho, I am told, started life from a very humble state. As someone said, he started as a hawker and now he is a film magnate owning a number of theatres in the Far East as well as studios both in Singapore and Hongkong. His organisation produces pictures both in China and in Malaya. Indian pictures are popular in Singapore but a Malayan picture has ever been shown in India. "It is still a one way traffic," said Mr. Loke Wan Tho.

However, it is not business that brought him to India; the business is being taken care of by his partner and associate. He came to India to watch the birds. Yes, watching the birds is his greatest hobby, and he is even writing a book on it. He spends days doing nothing but just watching the birds fly. He spent a lot of time in Bharatpur on bird-watching expedition, and was full of praise for the bird sanctuary there. So to Mr. Loke Wan Tho, who distributes Indian pictures in the Far East, Indian birds appear to be more interesting than Indian films!

News of the Week

Mr. L. Prasad who is directing *Miss Mary* for A. V. M. performed the muhurat of his first independent Hindi social picture under the banner of Prasad Productions on Friday the 25th January at Modern Studios. Based on his own Telugu film, the picture will star Meena Kumari, Shyama, Ajna, Om Prakash and others. Pradeep Kumar is expected to play the male lead. Mukadam is cranking the camera. C. Ramchandra is giving the music to Rajendra Krishna's lyrics. Vishwamitra Adil has written the Hindi dialogue.

Raj Kapoor is playing the title role in *Reporter* which is being produced and directed by C. M. Trivedi.

LIMITS OF NATIONALISATION

By Dr. JOHN MATTHAI

THERE is no case for general application of the principle of nationalisation and private or, as I prefer to call it, free enterprise should be the rule, state enterprise being confined to cases where there is proved necessity for it. In such cases, the decision should be based not on a priori considerations applicable to industries generally or to categories of industries but to particular industries on the merits of each. The Government's statement of industrial policy relies on both state and free enterprise for industrial development, but it places greater stress on state enterprise. I agree that there are conditions in which state enterprise is required for developing industries in India, but I would reverse the order of emphasis and make free enterprise the normal practice, but an industry is to be nationalised, the case for it should be established beyond doubt.

The recent statement of Government's industrial policy in its preamble puts forward two grounds for nationalisation, one is the acceptance of a Socialist Pattern of Society and the other the need for speedy and planned development.

The impression that nationalisation is an essential element in Socialism is not supported either by Socialist thinking or by Socialist practice. As regards the latter, the British Socialist Party having experimented with nationalisation while in office for five years is now reacting against it. The feeling is growing that none of the objectives of a Socialist society is necessarily served by nationalisation. On the other hand, it is felt that regulatory and fiscal legislation by a State which represents the

whole community, can achieve this better.

Conditions Have Changed

As regards Socialist thinking, if Karl Marx is to be accepted as the father of theoretical Socialism, there is no doubt that he gave the central place in his thinking to the socialisation of the means of production. At the time he wrote, partly through increase in population and partly through the substitution of machinery for manual labour, there was an excessive supply of labour, and the employer by his ownership of plant and machinery held an unfair advantage in bargaining with labour, which reduced wages to subsistence level. But in most countries in Europe then, government was despotic; such franchise as there was, was based on property rights. Karl Marx assumed therefore that the state was identified with the propertied classes and could not be depended upon to judge fairly between capital and labour. Karl Marx could not anticipate the vast progress of political democracy since his days and that a time would come when government would be based on adult franchise. That has now happened in many countries and legislative measures for controlling industries and safeguarding the rights of labour have been adopted by them. The need for socialising the means of production as an instrument of social justice in the sense of a fair distribution of rewards, the removal of gross disparities of income and the provision of satisfactory conditions of work no longer exist in democratically governed countries, since all these projects can more conveniently be secured by appropriate legislation. It is significant that in Russia at the time of the Bolshevik revolution

there was no democratic government worth the name and it was because of this that the thesis propounded by Karl Marx came to be universally put into practice. In India with a Parliament based on adult franchise and having sovereign powers, nationalisation as a necessary agency of Socialism has little place.

The New Deal Experiment

Lord Keynes in his book *The General Theory* regarded government participation in industry as a means of relieving economic depression like the one in 1929 by providing a spur to the revival of economic activity. His thinking in effect amounted to a scientific vindication of President Roosevelt's New Deal. It is worth observing that although the policy of New Deal led to a revival of economic activity, the suspicion it caused in the minds of businessmen generally that it was an indication of government's intention to take a progressively larger share in business made capital shy and delayed investment. The New Deal experiment of government participation in industry provides therefore both a lesson and a warning. The lesson is that there are circumstances in which nationalisation will serve a useful purpose. The warning is that it will do so subject to limitations which must not be overlooked.

As regards the second general consideration in the industrial policy statement which has influenced government's approach to nationalisation, namely the need for speedy development of industries, the question that arises here is whether government's organisational and administrative resources are capable of meeting the demand for speedy development through nationalisation. My view is that they are not. First, for its population and area, India I believe, is one of the most under-administered countries in the world, even for the normal purposes of gov-

ernment. Secondly, if the Government of India have done well so far as a government, it is largely because they were able to take over from the previous government a first-class going concern. The administrative momentum of the old government is still active. Although in recent years this momentum has perceptibly declined at almost every level of administration, the decline has been off-set by the dynamic leadership provided by the present government. But it is unrealistic to think that the natural term of those who form the present leadership can last much longer.

Thirdly, taking the principal instrument of administration, namely, the permanent civil service, making the fullest allowance for the high order of intellectual ability and of personal integrity which by and large prevail in the service, it is common experience in most countries that civil servants "are too slow in their decisions; too much governed by precedent; too fearful of change and experiment ever to provide the elasticity, flexibility, initiative and the willingness to take risks, make mistakes and lose money, which are called for in successful industrial enterprise." With the emergence of political chiefs, civil servants are getting into the habit, while advising Ministers, of anticipating the opinion of Ministers and adopting it as their own rather than stressing their own independent judgement.

"A Body of Amateurs"

A Planning Commission logically is or ought to be a body of experts subordinate to the Cabinet. But through adventitious circumstances into which I do not wish to enter, the Planning Commission has become a body of amateurs with whom for all practical purposes final decision rests in matters of economic development. The result is that the Cabinet Ministers concerned with economic affairs have lost much of their initi-

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ative and sense of responsibility. This is unfortunate because if it is decided to nationalise industries, it is the initiative and sense of responsibility of the Ministers concerned which must tell.

Public Corporations

It may be objected that my considerations apply only to departmental management of nationalised industries, but that if management is entrusted to public corporations, the responsibility of government would be lessened. In practice it will be found that the responsibilities that fall to government in the case of a public corporation would not be any less. The funds held by public corporations are borrowed from government, or invested or guaranteed by government. Whatever the degree of autonomy vested in a corporation, the responsibilities inherent in the management of public funds would oblige government to keep a close watch on its operations, including the not very helpful intervention of the Audit Department. Besides, it is the usual practice in public corporations for government to have the right of issuing directives on matters of general policy affecting the public interest. Where the line is to be drawn between day-to-day working and public interest is a moot point in every country which has adopted the device of public corporations. In a country which has achieved sovereignty for the first time, the tendency generally is for government to place too wide an interpretation on public interest and issue directives on matters which strictly speaking affect only day-to-day working. This situation arises also with regard to interpellations in Parliament.

A convention has grown up in the British House of Commons that interpellations regarding public corporations, like directives should apply only to matters of policy. But at the present stage of public corporations in India, an un-

justifiable measure of latitude appears to be allowed. The wide interpretation placed on public interest leads Ministers to assume a degree of responsibility for the working of public corporations which constitutes an abuse of the right to issue directives and to answer questions in Parliament. In certain matters with which I happen to be personally acquainted, replies by Ministers have been not merely unwarranted but almost invariably factually incorrect.

I therefore come to the conclusion that it is in the government's interest at the present stage to proceed slowly and with caution in the matter of nationalisation. If the experiments in nationalisation meet disappointing results, the reaction on the pattern of society that government are trying to build will be serious. I suggest therefore—

(1) that nationalisation should be strictly limited in scope, (2) that it should be applied selectively not in regard to categories of industries but to specific industries, (3) that the approach to it should be empirical, (4) that, as far as possible, it should be decentralised.

AUTUMN AND SPRING

To me it seems that youth is like Spring, an overpraised season—delightful if it happens to be a favoured one, but in practice very rarely favoured and more remarkable, as a general rule, for biting east winds than genial breezes. Autumn is the mellower season, and what we lose in flowers we more than gain in fruits.

SAMUEL BUTLER

People are never so ready to believe you as when you say things in 'dispraise of yourself; and you are never so much annoyed as when they take you at your word.

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

New Books

A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES. By Sir Winston Churchill. Vol. II. Cassell & Co., London. Pp. 344. Price 30s.

THIS second volume of Churchill's History shows even more than the first how he considers the moving pageant of his country's story as a great and noble struggle between personalities and circumstances. He sees the hidden motives and aspirations of the great men and women whose story he is telling, and he describes from the first page to the last, all that happened, as a continuous, though varied, dramatic action. His analysis of the events, his display of the characters and their enveloping circumstances, and his shrewd conclusions from many observations, are all equally full of zest and enthusiasm. The reader feels that he is in the midst of the events, moving and acting with the great persons, sharing their ambitions and anxieties.

The period of which he writes here is eminently suitable for Sir Winston's eloquent style. The years 1485 to 1688 were of the greatest importance in English history. The Renaissance and the Reformation, the discovery and colonization of the New World, the defeat of Spain and the establishment of Britain's supremacy of the ocean, the struggle between King and Parliament and the final victory of the democratic cause—all these are themes that lend themselves to flights of enthusiasm.

But that enthusiasm is kept in scholarly check by the learning and thought of the author. An astonishing amount of detailed knowledge produces an unusual effect in these pages, because, unlike in many other learned histories the details, instead of making for heaviness, lead to a healthy lightness. The references to

the days on which events took place with details of the morning, evening or other hour, the weather conditions, the garments and facial expressions, produce something of the pleasant effect of historical novels. But while in many historical novels the details are not based on facts, here they are of such a nature as to warrant their authenticity.

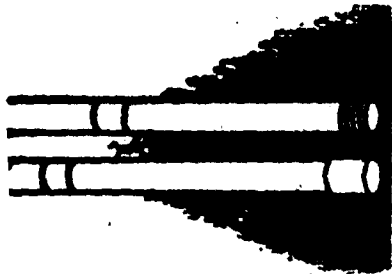
Apart from such attractive details and human touches, there is a deep understanding of the persons about whom Churchill writes. The shrewdness and ruthless political ideas of Henry VII, the brutal and unscrupulous nature of Henry VIII, the cold-blooded efficiency of Thomas Cromwell and such distinctive characteristics of the leaders in the history of the country are well brought out, and their actions are related to their character and outlook. In the same way, the real causes and consequences of all the important events are discussed thoroughly.

But what is most noteworthy is that the reader sees moving before him vividly and clearly all the story of England during these two centuries. It is, of course, coloured by the personal attitude of the author. This is not to say that the account is any way prejudiced, but only that Churchill's enthusiasm is evident. Queen Elizabeth I, for example, has the author's complete admiration, while Cromwell is not much to his taste. In his admiration for Elizabeth he does not care for the romance that has always surrounded Mary, the Queen of Scots. Speaking of Cromwell he says: "The conscience of man must recoil from the monster of a faction-god projected from the mind of an ambitious, interested politician on whose lips the words 'righteousness' and 'mercy' were mockery." These likes and dislikes do not, however,

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AGI

jab and Sind to become the nucleus of Pakistan by reason of their communal complexion. It was the basis of the sub-division of Bengal into two parts and the *fons et origo* of the lootings and killings and migrations of Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims from border-areas. By a parity of reasoning we walked into Hyderabad without the formality of a plebiscite, while we offered in Kashmir the plebiscite as a sop to the cerberus of communalism. The fact that up to date Muslims in India and Pakistan have not espoused the cause of the doomed Nizam is a tacit recognition on their part that he could not be sustained or supported on non-existent foundations.

It was therefore not out of any political quixotry or magnanimity that we offered to hold a plebiscite in Kashmir. At that time, we felt the inadequacy of the Maharajah's accession from the constitutional and judicial points of view to complete the integration of Kashmir into India. We had to make a reference to the people for no other reason than that they happened to be predominantly Muslims. This in other words amounted to a tacit recognition on our part of the operation of the two-nations theory in practice.

Fabian Tactics

There is no denying the fact that we have been adopting Fabian tactics in the comfortable consciousness of possession being nine points of the law. Attempts to solve the deadlock were now and then made in a languid fashion; but an important land-mark in them was reached when, one fine morning, Pandit Nehru announced his willingness to stabilise the truce-line as a permanent boundary between India and Pakistan. This was a *volte face* of no mean dexterity, and revealed the wisdom of the serpent underneath the innocence of the dove! As that

would have left us with the fruits of our 'invasion', it was hardly surprising that it was turned down by the other side.

Mr. Menon broke another record when in the course of his exhausting performance, he proceeded to read out verbatim reports of the meetings of Commonwealth premiers. Apart from breaking a convention, the amusing or astonishing part of it was that the portions now made public reveal how almost all the Commonwealth countries were *dead against us on the main issue*. For instance, it was Mr. Menzies who put forward the idea of a limited plebiscite—meaning of course the valley of Kashmir alone being taken for the purpose. It was in pursuance of the two-nations theory again, and the reasons for its rejection by our Prime Minister are also plain as pikestaff. For being a predominantly Muslim area, the offer of a plebiscite to it was almost certain to make its result a foregone conclusion. The Pak-held areas have been quietly given up by us as a sort of tacit *quid pro quo* for the Pakistan government giving up the Hindu areas of Jammu. Again the operation of the two-nations theory in action! So the bone of contention has thus been reduced to the fertile valley. Its strategic, economic and other values to us or to Pakistan are nil; but sentimentally it is playing the very devil with us and with our neighbours. In the interests of candour, it must further be acknowledged that our eagerness to hold on to Kashmir is a transferred frailty from the outlook and ideology of our Prime Minister. He wants his ancestral home to be part of India; we the people—Hindus want to do Pakistan in the eye if we could for the unpardonable crime of having forced partition on us. Thus the leader and the followers have achieved a touching unanimity of feeling and outlook,—moved by wholly unrelated or contradictory feelings!

It is not land-grabbing or aggression or imperialism or any of the other scarifying manifestations of the offending Adam which we are so eloquent in denouncing in others. It is just simply the painful difficulty of our having to own up a false step and retrace it while the whole world watches and perhaps is also ready to make ribald comments about us as we grow through the ritual.

This arises from the indiscreet gusto with which we have been engaged in the last few years in removing the mote from our neighbour's eyes while the beam in our own has remained undisturbed. We have been overdoing the moral stunt, and have been basking in the deceptive glow of self-esteem hardly distinguishable from Pharisaism and Pecksnifism. If therefore we are holst with our own petard, how can we blame any one else for a consumption which we have brought about by our own unaided efforts?

Masterly Inactivity

Tendentious reports were put out that the Russian veto might operate to save our face. But would it have helped us, if it had intervened? Suppose Russia had offered to pull our chesnut out of the fire for the nonce, would we have been in any better position? The aggrieved party might have taken up the matter to the General Assembly; and a two-thirds majority might have been easily mustered there against us. Actually, what is discomfiting to our *amoure propre* is the manner in which Russia gave an exhibition of masterly inactivity. Either it might be an index of her coolness to us because of our quick-change artistry over the Hungarian issue. (It may be recalled that we canted and recanted on that question almost within twenty-four hours). Or she might have felt that she should not go too

far in estranging Pakistan altogether. In either case, the innocents at home and abroad in charge of our foreign policy must have learnt the elementary truth that the Sermon on the Mount and *Panch Shila* and allied gadgets are for show and not for use with all mature people in the world!

"Hold The Plebiscite"

It is a maxim in law that justice should not only be done, but seem to be done. The latter involves carrying the public with you. That the Security Council should, pace Russia, have solidly backed Pakistan's plea for an injunction to hold up things in Kashmir should be an eye-opener to us; for there is little doubt that the outside world thinks us to be aggressors in the case. Statements by our leaders, egging on students to strike or shout that Kashmir is ours, putting out inspired forecasts that we would ignore the Council's directive etc. will not help. Branding Pakistan as original aggressor would be a pyrrhic victory to us; for it will not sanctify our intrusion there where we do not belong. So the plebiscite must come willy-nilly. If as urged, it would open the flood-gates of communal frenzy, it is a sad and shameful confession of our failure to exorcise it during the period that we are said to have made Kashmir into a new heaven on earth. In fact, this line of approach that anything done or not done anywhere would upset the communal balance is the dead-sea fruit we have gathered out of our partition. All the magniloquent celebrations of our planning and progress are tantamount to building a house on sand. For if we cannot ensure peace between us and our neighbour, we prove conclusively the barrenness of our statesmanship. And it would justify the cynical in laughing at our attempts to play

(Continued on page 46)

ACCIDENT-WISE MOTHERS

By S. McKAY

Did he swallow poison, pin? Did he sniff up some bead, or get a speck in the eye? Did he choke or have a bad fall? If he did, what do YOU do?

WHEN young children play indoors it is a busy time for mothers. Even when the greatest care is taken to keep small objects out of the reach of a toddler, he may find something to put in his mouth, stuff up his nose or poke into his ears.

Most young mothers go all panicky when they know, or even think, their child has swallowed something not intended to be eaten, or has had a bad fall. If these young mothers knew what to do in such emergencies they would perhaps keep calm.

Watch These Signs

What to do if your child swallows a foreign object? As a general rule a baby or small child is able to pass most smooth objects without any harm. So, if your child happens to swallow a button or coin without discomfort you needn't worry. You don't have to stuff bread or thick papulum into him to help move the object along. Don't give him a laxative. It may do harm and it won't do any good.

Just watch the child's movements for a few days to make certain the object comes out. Naturally, if the child develops a stomach ache, vomits or shows any symptoms of distress, a doctor should be called to examine him.

What to do if your child swallows anything sharp? This is the time to call for thick papulum, porridge or soft food. Get in contact

your doctor. He will most likely want to see the child and arrange for him to have an immediate X-ray taken. In fact, it may be necessary for the child to have several X-ray examinations so that the doctor may follow the course of the object along the intestines. A common pin tends to travel "head first" through the intestines and rarely does any harm. However, it sometimes gets lodged into the appendix and in this case the appendix will have to be removed. An open safety pin is more likely to give trouble but a needle causes the most harm of all.

Up The Nose?

What to do if your child pushes something up his nose? Don't try to "pick out" a smooth round object like a bead, from your child's nose, because you are practically certain to push it further in. You may be able to grasp something soft, like paper, with your fingers or tweezers, if it hasn't been poked too far up the nostril. Try having the child blow his nose hard, holding the unblocked side, if he is old enough to "blow out" and not "suck in." If blowing doesn't eject the object, don't make any further attempts to remove it.

If the child hasn't sneezed the article out in an hour or so, take him to a doctor or hospital to have it removed. If your child develops the symptoms of a severe head cold but only on one side, as if a foreign

object is in the nose, he will need medical attention.

Does It Eye?

What to do if your child gets something in his eye? If you can get the child to help you, have him sit facing a good light. Then pull the lower lid down and have the child move his eye slowly, in all directions.

If you see the object, which is usually a cinder or speck, then try removing it with a clean handkerchief. If it seems to be under the upper lid, then grasp the eyelashes and pull the lid down over the lower lid so that the bottom lashes can sweep the speck out. If this doesn't help, you'll have to examine the inside of the upper lid. You will need a match or tooth-pick. Have the child keep looking down and then fold the lid back over the match. If you see the speck on the lid, wipe it off gently with a corner of a clean handkerchief. If this doesn't get rid of the trouble, take the child to a doctor. Never try to remove a speck from the eyeball; take him to an eye specialist in this case.

Are Poison?

What to do if your child eats poison? Fortunately, most poisons available to the public are not immediately fatal. If you think your child has swallowed something that is poisonous, don't waste time worrying about or trying to find the proper antidote. The important thing is to get him to vomit as soon as possible. Then, if you have the proper antidote handy, give it to him.

If the child hasn't eaten for some time he will vomit more easily if you first give him a glass of milk, water or fruit juice to drink.

The easiest and quickest way to induce vomiting is to rub your

fore-finger along the back of the mouth in a jerky manner, and down his throat. Keep wiggling your finger in his throat for a few seconds until he starts to gag. If this doesn't make the child vomit, try to get him to take a glass of cool water with either a teaspoon of mustard or enough soap in it to make suds. This is called an emetic. If you use soap remove the suds on top.

After he has vomited once give him the antidote. Otherwise, give him more water or milk to drink and repeat the emetic. If no one has been able to contact a doctor for you by this time, then rush the child to the nearest hospital. It is wise to have some one phone the hospital, if possible, so they will have things ready to help you when you get there.

If you are unable to get a doctor or go to a hospital, force the child to drink more water or milk and keep repeating the emetic until his stomach is clear of poison. If the child has eaten "sleeping pills" keep him awake and give him tea or coffee to drink (after he has been made to vomit.) For dye, drain cleaners, ammonia, washing soda or quick lime, give as much lemon or grapefruit juice as the child will drink. The juice may be sweetened.

For rat poisons give milk. For iodine give papulum bread or flour-and-water paste. For fly poison give milk and eggs (eggnog) as antidote. For strychnine induce vomiting with salt or mustard. If the child eats a cigarette or drinks nicotine plant spray, give no special antidote; just induce vomiting. In all cases, the important thing is to get the child to vomit, at least once, even before trying to contact a doctor.

Does It Choke?

What to do if your child chokes? A piece of meat may cause a young

child to choke, and prompt relief is necessary. If he is small enough hold him upside down by his ankles, and give him a few sharp slaps on the back of his chest. Otherwise, put him over your knee, head down, on his stomach, and slap him quite hard between the shoulders.

If this doesn't give him relief put your finger in the back of his throat to make him gag, and so cough the object out, being careful you don't push the article further in.

If the child keeps on choking and begins to turn blue, rush to the nearest doctor, or to the nearest hospital immediately. If possible, have someone telephone the hospital to let them know you are bringing the child to the emergency ward.

A Bad Fall

What to do if your child has a bad

fall? If your child falls or bumps his head and stops crying within 15 minutes and doesn't vomit or lose his colour, chances are that he is all right and can carry on as usual. But if the fall is severe and the child vomits or is pale for several hours, or loses his appetite, or shows signs of headache or faulty vision, or is drowsy and falls asleep easily, he should be examined by a doctor. He may want to have the child examined by X-ray to make certain the child's skull wasn't fractured.

Keep the child in bed for two or three days and wake him during the first night a couple of times to make certain that he is conscious. If the child is still feeling any of the above symptoms the next day, consult your doctor again. If a child loses consciousness right after a fall or later he should certainly be seen by a doctor.

But one thing we should avoid—if we can. It is to see that the situation does not get out of hand. Any incidents would be an excuse for the intervention of third parties with or without the label of the world organisation. Such combinations may always be expected to be tried out against us. But we could face them with a cleaner conscience if we could get this Kashmir issue out of the way. There is no denying the fact that it has weakened us in the councils of the world by unmasking us as exponents of double-talk. For we are eager to apply one set of judgments to others, while exempting ourselves from their operation. If only we could link up the question of Kashmir with that of the minorities in East Bengal, and bring about an enduring solution of both, what we may lose tactically will be more than counter-balanced by strategic, moral and enduring gains. Can our leadership rise to the occasion?

(Continued from page 43)

deputy providence to others while we are condemned by our own infirmities to stand in the dock where our relations with the nearest of our neighbours is concerned.

It is possible that the British may be thirsting for our blood because we out-heroded Herod in denouncing the British adventure in Egypt. But what motive could there be for America also being so tepid to us specially after recent gushings which marked the visit of our Prime Minister to Washington? If America too is out to snub us or make us toe her line by blackmailing us over the Kashmir issue, as hinted at by some quarters, what is our remedy? Or have we any remedy at all which would not be worse than the danger that confronts us? The answer to these perplexities is in the lap of the gods.

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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.

"A Political Kumbhamela"

The old Congress is no more today. The Congress which under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi spearheaded the national movement for freedom from British domination was a great national democratic party, and served the country well. But the present Congress is not what it was in Mahatma's time. Now it is neither democratic nor nationalistic.

The Congress under Pandit Nehru is moving alarmingly towards totalitarian Communism in the name of Socialism and more and more away from democracy and Gandhism. It has rejected Gandhi and his libertarianism in favour of Marx and his totalitarian Communism. It has embraced only Gandhi's socialist faith, discarding the eternal values of truth, non-violence and individual liberty preached by him. Though the Congress has hitched its wagon to the red star of the Communists, it invokes the name of the Mahatma to justify this ignominious move to secure their votes in the elections. Its proclaimed loyalty to the Mahatma is now only an election stunt. The old eagerness of the Congress to serve the masses is now replaced by the lust for power. The old Gandhian philosophy of "simple living and high thinking" is replaced by that of "simple thinking and high living." The Congress leaders who preach austerity for the masses are themselves rolling in wealth.

The will of the Congress is the will of the High Command which in turn is the will of Pandit Nehru. Pandit Nehru's word is the law and is divine inspired. Pandit Nehru has become a Robinson Crusoe surrounded on all sides by his yes-men singing to his eternal glory. The Congress party has become an instrument of Nehru's will and he is the grand master of all he surveys. The whole party moves and sways at the command of

of sycophants and courtiers dancing to the tune of Pandit Nehru.

The political hierarchy of our country is the greatest ally of the Congress. It has also the advantage of being the oldest party, and the names of Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Nehru are always there for our Congressmen to invoke during elections to beguile our illiterate electorate and win them over.

SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

Interview System

Government should not fall a prey to the temptation of sacrificing academic qualifications at the altar of the interview. The opinion formed in a few minutes during interview is misleading and disastrous. It is not right that the destinies of candidates should be settled by a committee in the interview procedure which has no scientific basis.

A real, social, religious and economic revolution is necessary for the realisation of the casteless society envisaged under the Indian Constitution. The limited safeguards in the name of employment and education for certain castes and tribes constitute only petty palliatives.

K. RANGASWAMI

Music In Cinema

I lag behind none in my love and admiration for Carnatic Music, but I am not able to hold down a few pertinent queries. How is it that even our best notch musicians persist in singing out the same songs year in and year out? When the artiste is delighting the audience with the alapana in Karanamurthy, you can forecast with ninety per cent accuracy that the kirtan would be "Tattakam nile pad" or Paramaguruvacham. If the raga is Thedi, inevitably the kirtan would be Konna maraganilla or Parada. Does each musician hold a copy of his favourite kirtans? What is it that exactly prevents our artistes from venturing into pastures new? Is it a conscious or sub-conscious resistance to change? I am sure the reason cannot be paucity of compositions, for there are many, many more to be tried out. Are there any efforts being made to revive alive arts like Jatantra, which rapidly slipping into oblivion?

SWATANTRA

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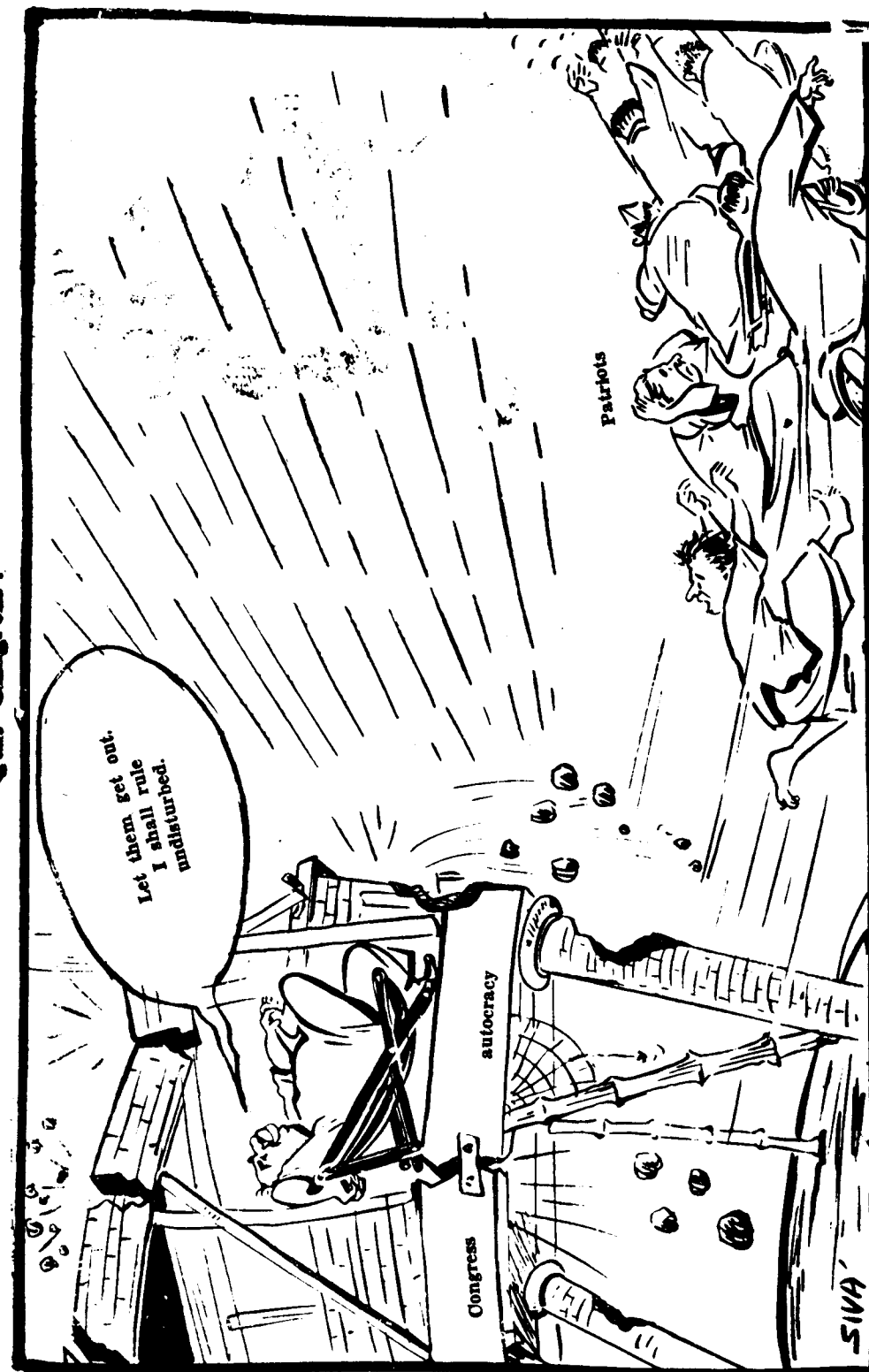
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SWATANTRA

Vol. XII. FEBRUARY 9 SATURDAY 1957 No. 2

KASHMIR AND THE ELECTIONS

TENSION is mounting up in Pakistan. Hatred of India is being sedulously cultivated under Government auspices. The ruling clique in Pakistan, which is unable to satisfy the essential wants of the people and their natural cravings for the attainment of a higher level of life, is attempting to cover up its failures and to escape its responsibilities by the easy method of creating the bogey of a war with India. As Prime Minister Nehru said in his speech at Madras, "the prevailing sentiment in Pakistan seems to be 'Let us have war with India now, when we are strong'." This feeling of strength felt by the people of Pakistan and admitted as a fact even by Pandit Nehru is derived from the heavy military help imported into Pakistan from the US not only in the shape of the latest deadly weapons but also by the supply and training of military personnel and the mastery of the technical know-how in regard to the use of these modern weapons. It is the want of this last element, the inability to use the highly complicated mechanism of Russian war-weapons that was responsible for the poor show that Egypt put up during the recent Anglo-French attack on her. But the U. S. has been cleverer than Russia and the trained cadres of the Pakistani army not only own these deadly weapons, which India does not possess, but they also know how to use them against India. Such strength possessed by Pakistan as is now universally acknowledged and admitted by Pandit Nehru, coupled

with the fanatic mass fury against India instigated by the Pakistani leaders, has created a situation whose only logical result would be the outbreak of war between the two countries. What India should do—how the people should react to this threatened danger and what part the Government and the ruling party are playing in these critical days are matters of grave concern for every thinking mind in the country today.

On the eve of a war with a powerful enemy, the Government of a country should strain its every nerve to bring about national solidarity by appeasing divergent political elements within the country. It is a time for political unification and not for indulgences in mutual recriminations and bickerings. But it is amazing that the Prime Minister of India, during his present electioneering tour, is antagonising everyone who does not see eye to eye with him in all his devious policies and programmes. In his characteristic manner, he is using hot words and hurling abusive epithets at everyone who would not toe the official line of the Congress party. The Congress, at the height of its popularity, represented only a minority of the voters in this country. Its strength has been the hopeless division among its opponents. And recently, the Congress party has been split up on the choice of candidates and about half its membership have gone over to the opposition. Today the prestige of the Congress party is at its lowest ebb. But the Prime Minister insists

upon dividing the country on the basis of the latest developments in Congress policies and Congress programmes. He would thereby be antagonising the feelings of the vast majority of his countrymen. Such short-sighted and unpatriotic conduct at a time of national emergency is unworthy of the Prime Minister.

It might be argued, in extenuation of the Prime Minister's conduct, that after all, this is election time in India and much may be excused in electioneering. It is impossible to avoid controversies, divisions and bickerings at election time. The question arises as to who is responsible for this dangerous coincidence—elections and the threat of war. Why should the Kashmir question blow up in the Security Council just on the eve of elections in India? Was it not part of Pandit Nehru's election tactics to exploit the Kashmir issue and to parade before the voters of India as the one man in India who brought about the formal consolidation of Kashmir with India that led to this outburst? The Kashmir matter was sleeping in the UNO office during the last ten years. And if allowed to rest undisturbed, it would have died a natural death, which would have amounted to a victory for India. But such a victory was of no use to Pandit Nehru. It was not enough that the people of India should triumph. It was necessary for Pandit Nehru to claim before the people and be acclaimed by the people as the one and only person who brought about the victory. That was why the Constituent Assembly of Kashmir was hustled and a formal and wholly unnecessary declaration of incorporation with India proclaimed with a view to exploit it during the elections in India so as to ensure his return to power for another period of five years. It was this election tactics that backfired in the Security Council to the discredit not only of Pandit Nehru but of the entire people of India.

We should recollect that Pandit

Nehru has blundered on the Kashmir issue since the beginning. In the first place, it was wholly unnecessary for him to take the issue before the Security Council when already more than half the territory of Kashmir was under the occupation of the Indian army and it was only a question of a few more days before the rest of the territory could be acquired. Having gone before the UNO and secured the verdict in India's favour that the Pakistanis were the real aggressors, it was unnecessary for Pandit Nehru to compromise a judgement in our favour by agreeing to a plebiscite. Later the question of plebiscite was allowed to lie over for so long that it became almost a dead issue. But the power-hungry Congress party in India would not allow the issue to die out. It wanted to rake it up and give it life so as to parade it before the millions of India's voters so that it may serve as powerful propaganda in its favour. Not content with exploiting Gandhi's name and persisting in abusing the name of the old Congress to impose their own selfish rule over the country in direct contravention of the pathetic behests that the Mahatma gave by his last breath, the Nehru clique which has usurped power is artificially stimulating foreign complications and endangering the safety of India with a view to consolidate its position. This inordinate ambition to use every means, whether legitimate or otherwise, to maintain and to perpetuate its stranglehold on the people of India is responsible for the threatening war clouds which endanger the lives and happiness of millions of our people. Let us hope that the Opposition parties in India will not descend to the low level to which the leader of the Congress party has descended but will forget their differences with the ruling party at this moment of national crisis and will present a united front to the foreign enemy.

SIDELIGHTS ::

INDIA is heavily indebted to Mr. Jayaprakash Narain for the courage and the clarity of vision he has exhibited in bringing home to the people the basic truth in politics viz. the incompatibility of democracy and one party rule. Democracy implies the functioning of at least two parties. One of the two carries on the Administration while the other acts as a vigilant Opposition pointing out the mistakes committed by the party in power and keeping itself ever ready to take charge of the Administration. There are countries where only one party rule obtains as Russia, China and Spain today and Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy of the olden days. But these are not and were never considered to be democracies. They might be called by different names as Communist or Fascist, but they amount to the same thing, namely, totalitarianism which is one party rule. What we have in India today under Pandit Nehru's regime is one party rule and not democracy. If Pandit Nehru resents this basic fact he should bestir himself and create the essential pre-condition for the functioning of democracy by actively affording scope for the formation of an effective Opposition party. This is the thesis of Mr. Jayaprakash Narain.

Mr. Shriman Narayan, Secretary of the Congress party, has come out with an authoritative reply to Mr. Jayaprakash Narain, which is very illuminating and throws a flood of light on the workings of the Congress party's mind. The Congress Secretary asserts that India being still a backward country, she is not yet fit for the functioning of an Opposition and should be content with the present one party rule by the Congress. So,

that is that. India is backward and should be ruled by absolute monarchs. So we are now in the age of the rule by the Nehru dynasty supported by courtiers in shining armour, like Mr. Shriman Narayan.

Pandit Nehru in his Madras speech was a little more accommodating than the Congress Secretary, Mr. Shriman Narayan. The Pandit admitted the need for the existence of an Opposition party even in backward India but he washed his hands clean of the responsibility of bringing it into existence by saying that he, as the leader of the party in power, should not move in the matter, because that would amount to political suicide on his part. How can the leader of a party, cried Pandit Nehru in vehemence, help to bring into existence an Opposition which would dislodge him from power? Pandit Nehru did not pause to reflect what would happen to him if he avoided the responsibility of discharging such a dangerous and risky duty. He would continue to rule, not as a democrat, but as an autocrat, like the old kings and the modern dictators of the Communist and the Fascist varieties. Which is the prospect more pleasing to the heart of Pandit Nehru—to be a democratic Premier whose power will always be at the mercy of public opinion and whose office will always run the risk of being captured by the leader of an opposite party, or to be branded a totalitarian, a Fascist who imposes an iron rule on the people irrespective of their opinions?

Mr. Jayaprakash Narain has said that he would not have sought the help of Pandit Nehru in the formation of an Opposition party had he thought that Pandit Nehru was

merely a party leader intent on the welfare merely of his party, ignoring the larger interests of his people as a whole. Pandit Nehru aspires to be a national leader and not merely a party leader. A national leader has a wider vision and serves a bigger interest than a mere party leader. It often happens that in the interest of a nation as a whole, party interests will have to be sacrificed as for instance when there is aggression by a foreign enemy or when war breaks out. At such times of national crises the leader of the ruling party sacrifices his selfish party interests and hands over power either to a coalition or to a different leader. These are moments when the people as a whole realise and demand that narrow party interests shall not prevail. Such instances are frequent in a democratic set-up. Asquith yielded place to Lloyd George during the first world war. Neville Chamberlain surrendered the Premiership into the hands of his bitter opponent Winston Churchill. Such acts of self-sacrifice

and heroism are characteristics of national leaders who are distinguishable from lesser men who are mere party leaders. If Pandit Nehru would be known to history as a mere party leader he could continue to indulge in the language that he is using at his present electioneering campaign. He could afford to speak with contempt of all Opposition parties and of all attempts at building up a powerful Opposition to replace Congress rule in India. But if he aspires to be enshrined in India's history as one of our outstanding national leaders he should set about immediately to wipe out the slur cast on our motherland by Mr. Shriman Narayan, the Congress Secretary, who branded her as a backward country unfit for democracy. It would be Pandit Nehru's bounden duty to afford scope for the early formation of a genuine Opposition party to the Congress, capable of relieving the Congress of the responsibilities of Administration at any given moment.

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PEDLAR'S PACK

BHAKSHI GHULAM MOHAMMED has certified that Sheikh Abdullah's letter to the Security Council is authentic, not a fake. Due to some technicalities, it has not been accorded judicial notice by that august body. But it has doubtless pulled more than its intrinsic weight as propaganda. For there is not a single voice raised in support of our Prime Minister's casuistries in any part of the world—outside India. Thanks to our inky curtain, we have not seen the contents of that letter in any Indian paper. I do not mean that we should fowl our own nest; but there is such a thing as objectivity in news-reporting; and it cannot be said to have been much in evidence in this embarrassing case.

The episode reminds me of a parallel one which happened in the closing stages of the first world war. Dr. Sir S. Subrahmanya Aiyar, a retired judge of our High Court, became an ardent follower of Mrs. Annie Besant when she changed overnight into a hot-gospeller for Indian Home Rule. She got him to write an appeal to the President of the U. S. asking him to use his good offices with the British government to hasten the grant of self-government to this country. Mrs. Besant smuggled the letter out of the country through some delegates from America who attended her annual convention of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. In due course, the letter reached the hands of President Woodrow Wilson. He merely initialled it and passed it on with his compliments to Whitehall.

England was then ruled completely by brass-hats, and they had a nasty jolt on the receipt of that letter. The matter also was 'leaked' unofficially about the same time, and questions were put in the House of Commons. Montagu who was then the Secretary of State for India, and who had won popularity in Indian circles by stigmatising the Indian Civil Service as 'wooden, inefficient and ante-diluvian' rose in the Mother of Parliaments and characterised the conduct of the retired Judge and pensioner of the government as 'disgraceful.' A wave of indignation swept across the country, and when he hinted that the question of cutting off his pension would be examined, there was a hue and cry that injury

was being added to insult. The grand old man of South India renounced his knighthood on that historic occasion, and thenceforth became Dr. Subrahmanya Aiyar.

The objection to his conduct was urged on the ground that it was an act of treason for a national of the British empire to try to correspond with the head of a foreign power. In spite of the judicial soundness of such a contention, the sympathies of the public in India were exclusively in favour of the patriot. In like manner, Sheikh Abdullah has undoubtedly added to the prestige value of the anti-Indian case in the Kashmir question.

Our press is supposed to be the very Cerberus of freedom. But its allergy to the publication of Sheikh Abdullah's letter or even the chronicling of the news-item in season is a portent of its willingness to promote totalitarianism in the most valuable and vulnerable part of our body politic. Another disquieting feature of it is the depressing docility displayed by it in echoing the Prime Minister on the Kashmir question. Some papers have gone to the ludicrous length of saying that UNO is ignorant, misguided, partial, unrealistic and dominated by the big powers. Hungary began the rot, Israel is keeping it up and we may well deliver the coup de grace to it!

It has been announced that we have signed a contract for the purchase of 60 odd jet bombers of the latest Canberra type for £20 million with a view to augment our air force. It appears that Russia's offer of Ilyushin bombers of the same power and range at a fourth of the cost of the British bombers has been rejected. How it illustrates our policy of non-alignment with either power bloc must take some explanation. The inwardness of this deal is that for the sake of a dubious gain, we are prepared to embark on an arms-race which is bound to lead to the shambles.

With the Kashmir problem growing sombre,
It is our latest delusion—
That we can tackle it with a British bomber
Better than with a Russian Ilyushin!
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February 2, 1957

SWATANTRA

TITOISM CREATES PROBLEMS

By YU. MARIN

EVENTS in the Communist world during the last two years clearly reveal that Tito's Yugoslav Communism and its influence on the satellites have played a significant role in the development of Soviet foreign policy and the general political set-up of world Communism. The reconciliation with Tito and his visit to the USSR, which was intended to prove the firmness of the new friendship, showed that the Soviet leaders were not only striving to restore the solidarity of the Communist front, but also to increase their own authority in the Communist world. But the concession under which Yugoslavia was to be permitted to go her own way to Socialism, while mutual relations with the Soviet Union were to be based on principles of equality, had adverse effects on the Kremlin's relations with the satellites.

Rivalry Among Soviet Leaders

The denunciation of Stalin and the rejection of a number of his political principles were not intended merely to woo Tito and to reinstate Yugoslavia in the Communist bloc. The reasons are to be found in the mutual relations and rivalry among the Soviet leaders. The group favouring more "liberal" methods ignored principles of prestige in making peace with Tito in 1955, and Molotov was symbolically sacrificed during Tito's visit to the USSR. Hence, the Kremlin's mistake—the posthumous condemnation of Stalin—was certainly an attempt to counter Tito's influence.

An analysis of events in Eastern Europe during the last two months shows that: 1. A crisis has arisen in Soviet control over the satellites; 2. A crisis has arisen in the collective leadership, splitting it into two factions; 3. Events and concessions in

Eastern Europe cannot fail to influence the various classes and groups within the Soviet Union itself.

Soviet Methods Fail

The Soviet government has used two methods to deal with the Polish and Hungarian national liberation movements. In an article in the November issue of the *New Leader*, Tito's former deputy Milovan Djilas defined them as the "liberal" method of armed intervention and coercion in Hungary, and correctly concluded that both methods had failed.

Poland was the first Soviet failure. Externally, both sides were successful in the Moscow negotiations, but the elements of a future conflict still exist. Soviet criticism of Tito's statement in Pula that Soviet intervention in Hungary was a "mistake," was answered by Poland: "The present Hungarian leaders committed a crime in calling on the Soviet forces for help. Only the Hungarians have the right to protect Socialism in their own country," and further, "If a people demands freedom and justice and refers to its inalienable rights, then it is impossible to talk to it in the language of foreign guns." Although Poland had just used the "liberal" method of solving conflicts in order to conclude an agreement with Moscow, it nevertheless passed an opinion on Soviet measures in a neighbouring country which leaves no doubt as to the possibility of new conflicts between Poland and the Kremlin. An obvious example is the question of Western economic aid.

Although Hungary is still occupied by Soviet troops and the Kadar puppet government has been installed after the crushing of armed resistance by force, the Soviets are unable to cope with the passive resistance of the Hungarian people. While Soviet

propaganda maintains that the Kadar government and Soviet forces have the complete support of the workers and peasants, there are no facts to bear this out. On the contrary, other Soviet statements contradict this assertion: "When everything becomes calm in Hungary, and when normal life is resumed, the Hungarian workers, peasants, and intelligentsia will without doubt be better able to understand and correctly evaluate our actions." Although the Hungarian uprising was crushed in fact, in matters of ideology and principle it was a complete victory. Soviet intervention in Hungary has complicated the Kremlin's position not only with the Hungarian people, the peoples of the other satellites, and the West, but also with the important third world force—the neutral Asian nations—and most important of all, with the Soviet people and the Soviet Army.

The Conflict With Yugoslavia

The conflict developing with Communist Yugoslavia is no less unpleasant and dangerous for the Kremlin. The concessions made to Tito resulted in a loss of Soviet influence in Eastern Europe. Now the Soviet leaders are confronted with Tito's serious accusations, made recently at Pula. In reply, Tito is accused of destroying the consolidation of "the Socialist world," and of not understanding the present tasks of the world Communist movement and the correct solution of various international problems. He is attacked for calling Soviet intervention in Hungary a mistake and for speaking in a tone reminiscent of the period after Yugoslavia's expulsion from the Cominform. His statement that the cult of the individual was the direct result of the Soviet system of government is sharply criticized. The Yugoslav Communist Party replied that the facts had been distorted. Tito did not say that the cult of the individual was the direct consequence of

the Soviet system of government, he merely underlined that the system of government with the help of the "bureaucratic apparatus" gave rise to the cult of the individual.

In spite of the restrained tone, a dangerous situation has arisen for the Kremlin. *Borba* wrote as follows on the future development of mutual relations between the Soviet Union and the satellites:

All the same, these changes were of insufficient importance to change the basis of these relations. Events in Hungary have brought the development of the situation to a critical point. The whole world understands that it is impossible to continue any further like this. Something must be changed. But what and how? The choice is small. Many variations exist, but only two paths: a return to Stalinism or the guarantee of democratic relations between the Socialist countries; the Stalinist policy of hegemony or the creation of relations based on equality such as already exist between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union and which are now developing satisfactorily between Poland and the Soviet Union. This is the basic problem for today. Unfortunately *Pravda* acts as if it does not recognize and understand this.

Borba is correct in pointing out that there are only two courses for the Soviet leaders: a return to Stalinism or retreat and the tolerance of equality in relations with the satellites. Both courses are unprofitable for the Kremlin. A complete return to the former Stalinist method of crushing satellite aspirations towards freedom is difficult. The former stability and firm system of state security are lacking. The half-measures and confused methods recently adopted by the Soviet leaders have had little success.

The Soviet press has appealed for the restoration and maintenance of the unity and solidarity of the socialist camp. A. Romanov's article in the November issue of *Mezhdunarodnaya zhizn* in praise of the former

achievements of the Cominform, which was dissolved to please Tito and the West, leads to the conclusion that the Soviets are preparing to raise the question of its restoration. A similar idea has been advanced by the ruling party of the Soviet zone of Germany. It demands the creation of a new command controlled by the Kremlin and intended to replace the Cominform. However, the Soviet leaders cannot hope for real success. The restoration of the Cominform and a further conflict with Tito would doubtlessly lead to the latter's reorientation towards the West, the revival of the Balkan Pact, and so on.

Pravda made no mention of Tito's hint that there is a struggle between two groups in the collective leadership representing the "liberal" and Stalinist courses. But rumours are circulating among the satellites that at a session of the Presidium of the Central Committee, Molotov accused Tito of deviating from Communist principles and branded Yugoslavia's social and economic development as the putting into practice of the Bukharinite theory which was so strongly condemned in the Soviet Union.

The defeat of the "liberal" course has given the group favouring Stalinist methods (Molotov, Kaganovich, and Suslov) the upper hand in the Kremlin. But the victory of the Stalinists and Stalinist methods does not mean a return to Stalinism, which is dependent on the leadership of a single dictator. There is no single dictator in the Kremlin, and the collective leadership would hardly agree to elevate anyone to this position. However, Molotov's appointment as Minister of State Control gives him control of more than a purely economic function. His duties will probably be extended into the sphere of politics. It is clear that this measure is intended as a return from decentralization to centralization.

The Final Aspect Of The Crisis

The final aspect of the crisis is its influence inside the Soviet Union. The events in Hungary influenced not only the satellites, but also the Soviet people, from the leading Party members to the broad masses including youth, students, and even the army.

The confirmation of the need for an extensive production of consumer goods as opposed to heavy industry in Eastern Europe can lead to similar demands in the USSR itself. The disagreements between the Kremlin and national Communism in Eastern Europe can lead to the growth of nationalist tendencies in the party organizations of the various Soviet republics. One of the main reasons for the failure of Soviet military intervention in Hungary was the Soviet forces' distaste for the punitive expedition which they had been ordered to carry out. Even the East German and Polish press could not maintain silence on the critical attitude of many Soviet soldiers to the task of fighting Hungarian working youth and students. Hence, the Soviet government decided to replace the military units in Hungary when the uprising broke out.

Finally, the reaction of university students in Moscow and Leningrad to events in Hungary—a reaction which has not been seen in the USSR for more than thirty years—shows the possible attitude of future Soviet generations to Kremlin policy. These are the people who are to complete the "building of Communism" in the USSR.

The historical process set in motion by the Soviet leaders will develop further. In searching for a solution to the problem it raises, the Soviets are trying to inflame the contradictions in the free world, to create world-wide chaos, and possibly to provoke a third world war.

—The Bulletin

PANDIT NEHRU AND THE MADRAS N. G. Os.

By S. NARAYAN

THE Prime Minister of India Pandit Nehru devoted quite a good bit of his time in his Island Grounds speech the other day to the value of discipline in public life and told us how it was Gandhi that first taught us the value of discipline. The issue of *The Hindu* which contained his speech, also carried, on another page, a photograph of the same Pandit Nehru addressing a deputation of the N. G. Os. of Madras State.

It is perhaps too much to expect a busy man like the Prime Minister of India, who has such a crushing load of responsibility on his shoulders, to think out the implications of every one of his acts as lazy people like us who have very little to do in life cannot help doing. Yet a little consideration must have enabled the Pandit to realise clearly and beyond all possibility of mistake that he had absolutely no business in his capacity as Prime Minister of India to have anything to do with that deputation. He or his apologists may tell us in extenuation that that is exactly what he told the deputation. But even if that is so, and I have no reason to think that it is so, it is neither extenuation nor excuse for his taking a step which has nothing to do with his job, and is very clear infringement on the rights and prerogatives of the Chief Minister of Madras State.

It is perhaps true that the organised N. G. Os. of Madras have a genuine set of grievances, that they have been attempting without much success to get them redressed for a long while, and it is quite understandable that they should think that by approaching the highest in the land they are

improving their chances of redress. But that doesn't, for a moment, mean that their action in the matter is right. And the Prime Minister ought to know that it is not his job, that it cannot by any stretch of imagination be construed to have anything to do with his job; it is a clear interference with the job of the Chief Minister of Madras State, and if by any chance he (Pandit Nehru) had been Chief Minister of Madras and whoever else was Prime Minister of India had given an interview to a deputation of Madras N. G. Os. on the matter of their salary and allowances, Panditji would have raised hell about it, thrown up his job, made the Prime Minister apologise for his intrusion or known the reason why. Of course, it is too much to expect our good Chief Minister to do any such thing. There is not even the traditional excuse of extraordinary emergency to override normal procedures and channels of action; for, while it may be true that the N. G. Os. have been a long suffering lot, there are large classes of the population of India for whose well-being Pandit Nehru is primarily responsible and before whose condition the sufferings of the N. G. Os. is luxury itself.

The Prime Minister of India would do well to remember that he is not the ultimate court of appeal in India for everybody and every organisation having a grievance. As Prime Minister he has a well recognised round of duties and while as the first incumbent of that job it is his privilege to create the first set of precedents for his successors to copy and be guided by (which incidentally involves the corresponding obligation to see that

he sets up correct precedents and not those which might involve his successors in a muddle or a dilemma) he has no business to go beyond the range of duties that are covered by the Prime Minister's job. It is as much indiscipline on his part to poach on the functions of the Chief Minister of a State and receive a deputation on a subject and from a body on which and for whom the Chief Minister is the ultimate authority as it is for the N. G. O's Association to go to him in appeal over the decision of the Chief Minister (who is the ultimate authority on the subject of their terms and conditions of service and their demands.)

T. T. K.'s Rank Indiscipline

Some months back when a deputation of the same body went all the way from Madras to Delhi to interview the Prime Minister, the Prime Minister (who was then busy with his preparations for a trip to London) gave want of time as an excuse and refused them the interview they had gone all the way there for. And there was reason to think that Panditji's official advisers had advised him correctly and that he had behaved with perfect propriety on the subject. It was thought our great South Indian Minister at Delhi, Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari must intervene and receive the deputation that had come to see his chief and thus soothe the ruffled feelings of the deputationists with healing balm from his armoury. While if he had been an independent Member of Parliament he would have been perfectly within his rights to do so, as a Minister of the Council of Ministers headed by Pandit Nehru, it was rank indiscipline on the part of Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari to have received the N. G. Os. Association deputationists that went from Madras to Delhi last May. But I suppose that the able and far seeing politician that he is, Mr. Krishnamachari remembered that an election was not far off,

that the N. G. Os. and their families represented quite a sizable fraction of votes particularly in his constituency of South Madras and that while in the India of the present-day nobody worries a brass washer about questions like the propriety of any political action or discipline in public life, votes are votes and he would be well advised to secure, if possible, some votes for his Party generally and for himself individually by shedding some dramatic tears at the plight of a large class of Government servants coming from his State of Madras.

And now, I suppose, the explanation of Pandit Nehru's going out of his way to receive in January at Madras a deputation from the same body is that for the time being Panditji has laid aside all considerations of propriety and discipline in the discharge of his duties. He is now governed by the only consideration that he is the chief canvassing and vote-securing agent for the great Congress Party, and that everything that he can do which has any remote promise in it of getting votes for his Party at the ensuing elections, it is his bounden duty to do irrespective of all other considerations.



THE HIGHER PLANE

By M. P. JOHN

HAVE you ever seen God face to face? If you haven't, come with me to the Hospital to meet a man who claims to be the last avatar of God.

Here is the strange story he told me: He came to save the world from chaos and confusion. Science has advanced, the world has reached a stage when only a man can help the transition to the final shape. And so it was destined that God's next and final avatar should be Man, with all the greatness of man and all the shortcomings of man, but to be man, just that and nothing more.

The Man started his mission in Communist countries. There, they were doing many things the right way. But there were some fundamental mistakes—when viewed from a *Higher Plane*. He argued with them. But the people of the Communist countries seemed interested only in their food, their shelter, their physical and mental needs; and could not rise up above that—to the higher plane. The people put their trust in themselves and were trying to make a heaven on earth. That was a challenge he could not accept.

Now, who could help him? Of course the Britishers with their "democracy" appeared the ideal people who could take the lead. He shifted his headquarters to U. K. Things were progressing well—when, alas, he saw that Americans were the real Senior Partners.

Off he went to America. Here was the chance. With Hydrogen Bomb in one pocket and jingling dollars in the other, what couldn't be done? He threw good dollars after bad. But he counted the chickens all wrong. People all over the world pocketed the dollars, and did not even say "Thank you."

No, no, this won't do. The man had to start all over again.

And here was India under his very nose, and he had neglected it. The land of ancient culture, the home of religions, the birth-place of the Buddha and Gandhiji, of Nehru and of C. R.; how could the man have so long overlooked the place from where his mission could be fulfilled?

The first task was to put the house in order. To achieve this, what more could be desired than that the well-tried camp-followers of Gandhiji were leaders in charge?

But something was wrong somewhere. Whoever got into power used it to better himself and his relatives. What could be done to stop that? Hang everyone that stood against society and progress, on the nearest lamp post? Who was to pass that order—which would have to hang the very persons who were to hang them?

And the man came to the conclusion that poverty, abject poverty was the cause of all evil. When man is hungry, when his child dies of hunger and he looks on helplessly, he does things which are not quite the thing.

He decided to make a fresh start—this time with the common man. He visited slums and remote villages.

In the heart of rich cities with stately buildings and picturesque avenues, he saw slums where people lived a life that welcomed death. He saw rats of little children sucking dried-up breasts of skeletons called mothers.

He went to villages where people lived like beasts, worse than beasts, where beasts have the advantage over man as they could eat something, anything, and could do without shelter. He saw poverty face to face. Starvation, sickness, unspeakable misery . . .

Had he any message to give them? Any path to point out? Any hope to give? Any code of morals? Any message about the Higher Plane? When millions suffered like that had he any right to eat a square meal, live a sheltered life?

He decided he would stop eating until everyone in the world had enough to eat. He would live under the blazing sun, sleep under the stars, on the pavements, in the cold, drenched by rains, until all his fellow-men had shelter.

And so he starved. He knew the pangs of hunger, the pains of sickness caused by starvation. He fainted on the pavement, and against the unwritten law of the land, was taken to the Hospital. He could not die—this avatar of God, how could He?—His mission unfulfilled—

He starves—and still is starving. Man does not live by bread alone. But he does not live without bread. Are there more things in life than —life? What is the Higher Plane?

THE FAIR SEX

By G. MANI

A few days ago, my old friend Giridhar Rao visited me. As he was a newcomer to Madras, I took him around the city, and in the evening we went to the Marina.

Giri is a very bright fellow, though his features remind one of the melancholy owl. His spectacles do little to improve his face. Yet, once he starts talking, he can hold his audience spellbound for hours at a stretch.

As we sat cooling ourselves with the aid of an ice-cream, at the Restaurant, I happened to notice a so-so acquaintance of mine sitting at a nearby table in the company of a girl who looked like a wood nymph. From the bits of conversation that drifted to our table, I was able to make out that she was his wife.

"What's the matter?" asked Giri, noticing me staring at the girl. "Nothing, much," I replied. "See that fellow over there. The fellow who looks like one of those plug-uglies you see as thugs in pictures. Well, I know him slightly, and I was wondering how on earth he managed to get such a pretty wife. Lucky chap!"

My remark brought a smile to Giri's

lips, and he said, "Having such a pretty wife must be a terrible punishment for that poor fellow."

My face must have betrayed my amazement, for he continued, "Have you never heard of the Sanskrit maxim '*Rupavati bariyah, parama shatru*' (a beautiful wife is a deadly enemy)? He must be always wondering whether his wife really loves him, and his own ugliness would only add to his jealousy and suspicion, like Othello's. So you need not envy him."

"I don't think good-looking men are jealous, do you?"

"Why not? A fellow who has anything to do with pretty women is just inviting trouble, even if it is his own sister! You remember Ramesh? Well, that fellow's got an extraordinarily pretty sister, Meera. It seems they had been to the Mysore Dasara last year. She wanted to see the exhibition, and so he took her there. As they went around the shops, the Beaus of the city besieged her and clustered around her like bees around a pot of honey! Poor Ramesh had a tough time taking her home safely. He swore he would never more have

anything to do with women who caught the eye . . ."

"I thought a beautiful wife always added to the beauty of the home," I put in.

"Provided you are willing to face the consequences. However, there is always the chance that the woman you think beautiful may not be so at all. In these days of face-lotions, creams, lipstick and other beauty aids, you can never be sure whether a woman was born beautiful or was made beautiful by these cosmetics! Even an ugly woman who cannot be made to look any better, in spite of painting and 'varnishing', can always undergo plastic surgery and look like Rambha herself! Only there is the chance that her children may take after her, and then you will have to shell out thousands of rupees as dowry to get them married off!"

"But you can also resort to plastic surgery, can't you?"

"Sure. But that would be like cheating. Never take a woman at her face value. An old friend of mine fell in love with a girl in his college and despite his parents' protests married her. He was under the delusion that she was nice-looking and fair. When they went on their honeymoon, he noticed that she always got up long before the dawn, and he thought it was just to make bed-coffee. One day, however, he noticed that she got up a bit late, he saw her coming into the room after a bath. Thinking him to be still asleep she sat down before the mirror and started 'whitewashing'. As he watched her face in the mirror, he got a terrible shock and the jolly old scales fell from his eyes. Before you could say "Kittu" (that was his name) he was gone like a flash, and the last I heard of him was that he was a sanyasi, doing pranayama on the banks of the Ganges, because he discovered that his wife was dark

and ugly without make-up. Poor fellow! He had a terrible shock!"

"Well, then, I will choose a girl who does not use cosmetics," I retorted.

"Heaven help me!" exclaimed Giri. "Take my advice. If you ever want to be happy, don't marry. Think of the expenses involved. Sarees, dresses, cosmetics, cinema, ice-cream . . . Why, you don't know what you are letting yourself in for when you get married. Think of the half-dozen screaming kids disturbing the peace of the house! Think of the worry, financial and domestic, that you will have! Take a tip from me. Have nothing to do with a woman, ugly or beautiful. If you want food, go to a hotel or engage a cook (male mind you!) If you want a housekeeper, bring an old aunt to live with you. If you want your house to look beautiful, buy a few things from the Handicrafts Emporium and decorate your house. But don't commit the mistake of marrying a girl," he concluded emphatically.

As it was already dark, we started for home, and after dinner, Giri left for the hotel where he was staying. Casually, I mentioned to my younger sister, Leela, Giri's views on women and marriage.

At first, she was extremely indignant and described Giri in no flattering, gentle words. As she paused for breath, the funny side of the matter seemed to strike her, and she burst out laughing.

"Giri knows that no woman in her senses will ever look twice at him unless she is thinking of describing him as a character in a story. No wonder grapes are sour!" she said.

"But he is Nature's confirmed bachelor," I protested.

"Bachelor indeed. Bachelor only as long as he is ignored!" was Leela's reply.

WORLD NO-CONFIDENCE IN NEHRU

By K. R. MALKANI

THE Security Council vote on Kashmir is a resounding slap for India. Friday, January 25 was a black day in our history—much blacker than August 15, 1955 when the Portuguese shot down satyagrahis while the Prime Minister stood impotently by, and the blackest since August 15, 1947, when this sacred land was partitioned. We hope the Government realise this. A vote like this on a controversial issue, is unprecedented in the history of that body. It should induce second thoughts as to how successful is our "glorious" foreign policy.

Mr. Krishna Menon's arguments were lengthy enough. But they had no effect on the Council which had failed to name Pakistan aggressor. The Council had failed to take note of arms build-up in Pakistan. It had failed to be concerned about the absorption by Pakistan of Kashmir territories occupied by it. The Security Council had failed to resolve the problem over nine years. "While the situation in Kashmir changed, the resolution remained unchanged. You go a step further and make sure they remain fossilised because you reaffirm them. Preserve them for posterity," Mr. Menon said. And now it was adopting a resolution that only took care "to remind us of those resolutions of the Council which we have in express terms declined to accept." Mr. Menon told the Security Council that "India has no intention of agreeing to a plebiscite." He went on: "It is not the Constitution of Kashmir and the Constituent Assembly that include Kashmir as an integral part of India. It was the Act of Accession which received the

Royal assent in 1947." The Security Council, he said, was "not competent . . . to challenge" accession lawfully executed. He rightly pointed out that the resolution it was adopting ran counter to the letter and spirit of the U. N. Charter. The aim of the U. N. was to keep peace among nations, but this resolution could only "reagitate this question."

We, however, cannot afford to forget at this stage that if the Security Council failed to name Pakistan aggressor, the responsibility was ours no less than of others. It was the speeches of Pandit Nehru which constituted the greatest argument in Zafrullah Khan's case that Hindus had committed a genocide of Muslims. And it was because of this that the U. N. did not, on our complaint, appoint a commission for Kashmir but one for CIP (UNCIP—U. N. Commission for India and Pakistan.) When Mr. Gopalaswamy Ayyangar wanted to resign because of the failure of his mission in the U. N., he was allegedly told by important people: "Why should you resign? It was Nehru's speeches that destroyed the Indian case. It is Nehru who should resign." Later Nehru turned round cheekily and said that the U. N. had not named Pakistan aggressor because we had never asked for such a thing!

"Partisan Attitude"

The Security Council did not conduct itself with the dignity expected of it. Five of its eleven members drafted and circulated a resolution which went against our position even before our chief delegate had presented the Indian case on the forenoon of Wednesday, January 23.

Such display of partisan attitude ill-behaved an august body like the Security Council. The members had made up their minds before even hearing the case fully. It is amazing that the Security Council struck to the plebiscite idea though two years back Pak Premier Mohammed Ali publicly stated that an election may equally well serve the purpose of ascertaining public opinion. We fear the Security Council had other considerations than the facts of the case in mind, in judging this issue.

The fact remains that the Security Council has found fault with us. This body has five permanent members—U. K., U. S. A., U. S. S. R., France and Taiwan (Nationalist China)—any of whom can veto any resolution or any discussion of a subject. It has six other members, half of whom are elected every year for a 2-year term. These six at present are—Iraq, Australia, Sweden, Cuba, Colombia and Philippines. The voting shows that not one member sided with us, as many as ten voted against us, and one—Russia—abstained from voting. Neither British action in Egypt, nor Russian action in Hungary evoked a smashing vote like this. And even these votes were votes against the aggressors. But this one is against the aggressed! It is therefore a matter for the deepest disquiet.

Integration of Jammu And Kashmir

Learning of the vote at the Palam aerodrome—where he had gone to see off the Chinese Prime Minister—Nehru turned sad and grave. Asked to comment, he said it was "too serious a matter for him to give any casual opinion." Too serious, yes—that indeed is the position. We hope the Government would give the deepest thought to the matter. Now that the Security Council has reaffirmed the necessity of a plebiscite, and we have categorically and finally rejected the suggestion, there is only one way of giving quietus to the matter. And that is to integrate the Jammu and

Kashmir State completely, and put it on par with other units of the Republic. That is the only way of ending the lingering suspense in Srinagar and the flickering hope in Karachi. The Security Council has found fault with us by a 10:0 vote. Nothing worse can happen if we completed the last formal link in integration. Not to do so would be giving the impression of a semblance of a problem still existing in Kashmir.

The ten to zero vote is already a matter of history. We may do anything with history save quarrel with it. And we shall be considered very unwise if we do not learn by this costly experience, and prevent its recurrence.

It is the merest truism that politics is the art of power. But we are sorry to note that in our handling of the Kashmir issue we have been wilfully negligent of this aspect of things. Pandit Nehru went out of his way to make final accession conditional on the holding of a plebiscite. The Government refused West Punjab refugees permission to settle in the vast spaces of Kashmir in a bid to appease the Pakistanis. We rushed to the U. N. without realising that it was the hottest spot of world power-politics. We agreed to a cease-fire when the Pakistanis were on the run. The deposition of Abdullah earned us odium. We suffered the odium, but failed to finalise and complete integration for opposing which alone the Shaikh had been deposed. New Delhi exiled the very Maharaja whose action had made Kashmir part of the Indian State. It is really pathetic for Mr. Krishna Menon now to protest against the lack of propriety in mentioning the National Conference, and not the Maharaja as convener of the J. K. Constituent Assembly, in the Security Council resolution. We are constrained to say that the Government of India have repeatedly acted as though it was not quite sure of our rights in Kashmir.

It is our failure on all the above counts that has kept Kashmir an open question. It is this question that has given Pakistan so much to enter into military alliances with unpredictable consequences and so silenced its public opinion. It will give us no measure of the truth of a position if we just think that the whole world is hostile to us. The whole world has not gone mad just for the sake of accusing us. The world is what it is, and we cannot remake it to order. And this world is ruled by power-politics.

Russia's Abstention

That is the rule of this game, and we cannot afford to violate it without putting ourselves out of court with everybody. It is significant that Russia did not veto the resolution. Perhaps, because that would have taken the matter to the General Assembly where, too, with all his much trumpeted leadership of Afro-Asian nations, the Prime Minister was not so sure of substantial support. Perhaps, he feared the very countries for siding whom he had earned powerful displeasure for this country, would now side with Pakistan or remain neutral—in the name of solidarity of Islam. And that, if anything would have exploded the myth of the solidarity of Afro-Asian "blocks", and of Nehru's leadership of it. Nevertheless it is very significant that Russia did not register a negative vote but merely abstained from voting. Perhaps they have not excused Pandit Nehru for his shifty stand on Hungary.

We antagonised U. K. by our repeated bitter outbursts against it on the Egyptian affair. And U. S. has never felt happy with our neutrality which has, by and large, backed Communism. The Prime Minister has refused to withdraw Mr. Menon who, with all his abilities, is known to be a fellow-traveller, and so is all but

persona non grata with the West. Last year's unprecedented Government-organised reception to the Russian leaders surprised Washington which became suspicious about our real intentions. The present triple visit of the Chinese Premier can only deepen these suspicions. And the visit of Zhukov, Russia's military Leader Number One, is hardly calculated to dispel those suspicions. Small wonder Ike-Nehru talks were a total failure. While authorised versions of the talks are not available, it is believed that Pandit Nehru spoke as an ambassador of China rather than as the Prime Minister of India. USA could hardly be expected to relish such talk.

A Chinese Story

The Prime Minister is sad over the Security Council vote. But is he any the wiser? We doubt. He is sad, very sad. We would not, therefore, use strong language on the complete collapse of his foreign policy. Any man with a democratic sense would immediately resign his office on such a disastrous failure of his policy. But we have no such hope of a man who has laboriously built up the double myth of his own invincibility and indispensability. However, the least he can do is to call a brief emergent session of the President to take stock of our foreign policy and, meanwhile instruct our U. N. delegation not to take part in any further debate on Kashmir. Will he do it? We do not know. The day following the Security Council vote against India, the President was made to say in his Republic Day Message: "Panch Shila is gaining ground!" Also his kept press is already trying to play down the seriousness of the vote. It reminds us of a Chinese story. A man was given such a stunning slap that he got a bloated cheek. But the cheeky man only said: "What does it matter? I have only gained some more weight!"

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SWATANTRA

21

INDIAN SHIPPING

By S. N. HAJI

IN no industry in the sphere of free enterprise have Indian nationals given a better account of themselves than in the shipping industry. Shipping has been an industry in which India maintained in the old days not merely international standards but even surpassed them, and it was only when India came to be controlled by a sea power that the national marine suffered due to deliberate attempts to destroy its shipping and ship-building industries. Not merely were the British adepts in the art of colonialism but they knew the methods by which British shipping could be made to grow at the cost of the indigenous industry. They not merely allowed the old industries to die, but took no steps to introduce in the country modern scientific knowledge regarding the construction and operation of ships. Despite all these actively hostile machinations of the imperial power, Indian free enterprise held aloft the flag of Indian shipping and ship-building.

Indian entrepreneurs started as many as 40 shipping companies in which much more than Rs. 10 crores was involved as capital. It is interesting to note in this connection that even after World War I, the value of the large British marine fleet that had monopolised the coastal trade of India did not exceed the figure of Rs. 10 crores. It, therefore, follows that if no artificial impediments were put in the way of the development of Indian shipping in the shape of a foreign monopoly supported by a foreign Government, Indian resources were ample for the purpose of serving the needs of the Indian coastal trade by means of modern steam vessels.

The Scindias

However, owing to the rate war and other "killing" measures adopted by

the foreign monopoly, private Indian enterprise, despite its best efforts, did not succeed in establishing itself in modern shipping until the Scindia Company came on the scene in 1919. The Scindias were determined to give the country the beginnings of a national merchant fleet and started the venture in 1919 with a paid-up capital of Rs. 4-1/2 crores. Private enterprise thus marks not only a memorable point in the history of Indian shipping but in the history of the country's national struggle for independence itself, representing in a great measure the economic counterpart of the political movement towards national freedom which was taking a definite shape during the twenties. It was because of this bold venture of private enterprise that the country, when at last it did achieve freedom, found itself with the nucleus of a national merchant fleet, a ship-building yard and technical and managerial experience capable of being developed without much difficulty to a strength commensurate with the maritime needs of the country.

Let us take a closer look at the conditions in which this Rs. 4-1/2 crores venture was floated. The sponsors were utter strangers to the shipping business. The acquiring of a ship was itself a great problem. The country lacked a ship-building yard and there was not even a decent ship repair shop. No indigenous trained talent was available. There were hardly any Indian marine engineers, wireless operators, trained navigators or experienced officers. The very first ship the company bought was to be reconditioned and this, it was found, took in the U. K. more time than they were told would be required. Nevertheless, the company went ahead and succeeded in putting the vessel into commission.

The Rate War

Soon realising that one ship would not suffice for economic operations, a sizable fleet was bought, but when this was done, foreign shipping interests unleashed a ruinous rate war which lasted about three years. As the losses year after year had to be borne from the capital, the paid-up capital had to be reduced from Rs. 4-1/2 crores to a mere Rs. 90 lakhs in 1924-25. But private enterprise's faith and courage were inflexible. A tempting offer at this stage was made by the principal British rival enterprise to buy over the Scindia Company but the shareholders of the company who made up private enterprise in this case rose to the occasion and rejected the offer outright.

When cargoes from Rangoon and Calcutta were not available owing to the pressure exercised on the shippers by the deferred rebate system operated by the interests hostile to India, the company provided a striking example of private initiative by devising means to keep the Indian flag flying on the high seas. To obviate the difficulties in obtaining cargo for its steamers, private enterprise looked to survival by combining shipping with trading as had been earlier practised by certain other companies in other lands. The pioneers thus considered schemes to enter the rice trade of Burma, the jute and coal trades of Bengal and even the sugar trade of Java. They even thought of purchasing jute mills and coal mines. They went even further and berthed chartered steamers on the open berth in Bombay and began booking seeds, ores, etc., for various European ports. On all fronts, they started in their small way to oust the giant in the struggle he had forced upon them.

The growing unpopularity into which the British shipping company was sinking and the proportionately mounting losses it was suffering on account of the rate war forced it to come to terms with the India com-

pany—terms which allowed a small slice of the coastal trade to the Indian company and enabled it to keep its head just above water. Five small Indian shipping companies, operating on the west coast also were victims of ruthless rate wars in the early thirties by the British company which was enjoying the monopoly of the trade. Thanks, however, to the tenacity of these private Indian enterprises supported by the patriotic action of the Scindia Company, all of them were able to survive these trials and tribulations. When it was found that the British-controlled company was doing its worst to oust the smaller Indian companies on the Western coast, Indian enterprise bought out the British company and saved their coastal trade for these companies in the year of the World War II, 1939.

During the decade that has followed the end of the World War II, private enterprise in shipping has provided the country with new shipping companies, new trade routes operated by Indian companies, and great activities in the tanker and the tramp trades. Half-a-dozen new companies have been started operating both from the east and the west coasts of the country among which may be mentioned the India Steamship of Calcutta operating in the India, U.K. Continent services, the Bharat Line of Saurashtra running India-Persian Gulf services and the Great Eastern of Bombay specialising in the tramp and tanker trades. These companies serve the coastal trade also along with smaller companies operating with less than half-a-dozen ships. As regards tonnage, the figure of 75,000 gross tons to which Indian shipping had shrunk during the World War II, has been raised by private enterprise to 500,000 by now with 100,000 on order, thus implementing the target of the First Five-Year Plan—no mean achievement on the part of free enterprise in Indian shipping.

—The Times of India.

CONGRESS BLUNDERS II

CHAURI CHAURA

By M. N. THOLAL

THE Fates had conspired to transform Gandhiji's first movement into an upheaval. There was the Khilafat wrong to agitate the Muslims; there were the Punjab wrongs to agitate every patriotic soul. The latter were whitewashed simultaneously with the announcement of the terms of the Treaty with Turkey. As if the combination was not enough, the British Government committed another blunder. It sent the Prince of Wales on an official visit to India. The visit led to its boycott, and the boycott led in turn to the arrest of Congress leaders, the foremost among whom were Motilal Nehru and C. R. Das, who had already thrilled the country with the renunciation of their princely practice at the bar.

The magnitude of the upheaval is difficult to gauge today, for nothing like it was witnessed in the 1930-32 movement or in the "Quit India" movement of 1942. The whole population had been swept off its feet and the Viceroy publicly confessed in December 1921 that he was "puzzled and perplexed".

Imagine, therefore, the "amazement and consternation"—the words are Jawaharlal Nehru's—with which the country learnt early in February 1922 that Gandhiji had suspended civil disobedience as a result of mob violence near the village of Chauri Chaura, where villagers had retaliated on some policemen by setting fire to the police station and burning half-a-dozen policemen in it. Gandhiji had with a swift blow cut off the very branch on which he was standing, at a time when Government had not dared arrest him, fearing the

consequences and, in particular, the reactions on the Indian Army and the Police. All the sacrifices made, including the imprisonment of about 30,000 persons in the months of December 1921 and January 1922, had been in vain.

Gandhiji had done his worst against the country. He could not have done worse. Indeed, no man could have done worse. He had laid down arms in the hour of his victory.

Proposal for a R. T. Conference

That was the feeling in the country, despite the fact that the people did not know then that the Government had been anxious to come to terms with Gandhi and the Congress. Jawaharlal Nehru writes in his *Autobiography*:

"An attempt was made by the Government in December 1921, soon after the mass arrests in the beginning of the month to come to some understanding with the Congress. This was especially in view of the Prince's forthcoming visit to Calcutta. There were some informal talks between representatives of the Bengal Government and Deshbandhu Das, who was in gaol then. A proposal seems to have been made that a small Round Table Conference might take place between the Government and the Congress. This proposal appears to have fallen through because Gandhiji insisted that Maulana Mohammad Ali, who was then in prison in Karachi, should be present at this Conference. Government would not agree to this. Mr. C. R. Das did not approve of Gandhiji's attitude in this matter and, when he came out of prison

later, he publicly criticised him and said that he had blundered."

The blunder on the part of Gandhiji was all the greater since he must have known his own mind—that in the event of violence breaking out he would suspend the movement—as well as the fact that the atmosphere at the time was surcharged with violence. Nehru's comment on this—"that no policy or manoeuvre can ever be a right one if it involves the forsaking of a colleague"—does not hold water, for the simple reason that no one had asked Gandhiji to forsake Mohammad Ali. Surely, his being in prison, while the pourparlers were being held, could not be said to amount to "forsaking him." If his release had not automatically followed the implementation of the terms of the agreement, the charge of forsaking him would have held good.

"Ultra-Spiritual Plane"

The incident illustrates the ultra-spiritual plane on which Gandhiji had begun moving—to the detriment of the country. It is worth recalling here that Gandhiji had himself condemned Mohammad Ali for his exuberance and inability to control himself while speaking in public and had even asked him to refrain from addressing public meetings, as he was unable to restrain himself. Also, the Government charge against Mohammad Ali was that he had invited the Amir of Afghanistan to invade India. Indeed, Government claimed possession of the letter of invitation. Mohammad Ali himself, later, did not deny the charge in private conversation with journalists and others. In fact he accused Asaf Ali of having betrayed him, saying he had given the letter to Asaf Ali to put in the letter box, since the C. I. D., he knew, was following him (Mohammad Ali). Mohammad Ali's complaint was that Asaf Ali posted the letter within sight of him but later informed Government and the letter was brought back from the mail train carrying it!

If, as Nehru says in his *Autobiogra-*

phy, "the people generally were not strong enough to carry on the struggle for long," that was only another strong reason why a compromise should have been reached with Government. It would have been hailed as a victory, and a prelude to another movement in the near future. After all, there is all the difference in the world between victory and defeat.

Leaders Upset

Almost all the Congress leaders were upset by the suspension of the movement. What troubled them even more was the implication flowing from the suspension—that sporadic violence, the result of activities of *agents provocateurs*, could put a stop to the movement. Before the 1930 Civil Disobedience movement, Gandhiji, much to the satisfaction of his colleagues and followers, stated that the movement should not be suspended because of the occurrence of sporadic acts of violence. But that was nothing new, since Gandhiji had said the same thing long before the Chauri Chaura suspension. Announcing that Non-co-operation would begin on August 1, 1920, he gave a call to the nation on July 28 in the course of which he said with reference to "Governmental fury" and "mob fury": "It is easier to oust a Government that has rendered itself unfit to govern than it is to cure unknown people in a mob of their madness... Great movements cannot be stopped altogether because a Government or a people or both go wrong." Indeed, the outbreak of violence during the 1930-32 movement was much more serious, necessitating the imposition of martial law at Sholapur, and Gandhiji did not suspend the movement on that account.

It is therefore necessary to find out what happened in the period between August 1, 1920, when Non-co-operation was inaugurated, and the abandonment of the movement early in February 1922, to bring about a radical change in Gandhiji's attitude to-

wards non-violence, particularly as similar factors are operating in present-day Indian politics to the detriment of the country. Some Christian missionaries had compared Gandhiji to Jesus Christ and the comparison had gone to his head, bringing about a change in the spirit of his dreams.

The national leader, in the course of a struggle launched to win freedom for the country, began thinking of himself as a world leader, a new Messiah ordained to deliver the message of non-violence to a war-weary world and almost forgot the great objective, the freedom of the country. Gandhiji gave us a glimpse of his (changed) mind in an article in *Young India* entitled "No End to my Sorrows" on February 23, 1922. It would be truer to say perhaps that he was forced to do so by a French philosopher on a visit to India, who happened to come across some of the patriotic lieutenants of Lokamanya Tilak.

After "many happy hours together"—the quoted words are Gandhiji's—M. Paul Richard, the philosopher referred to above, gave an interview to the *Lokamana* reporting Gandhiji as having said:

"I do not work for freedom of India, I work for non-violence in

the world, and that is the difference between me and Mr. Tilak. Mr. Tilak was telling me, 'I would sacrifice even truth for freedom of my country,' but I am ready to sacrifice even freedom for the sake of truth."

Commenting, M. Richard said: "In the light of these words you can understand the reason of the actual postponement of the national programme until the spirit of violence has been shaken everywhere in India. That means probably until the end of the world."

Confronted with the interview Gandhiji said, "It is not possible to deny the substance of it."

It is difficult to believe that Gandhiji was not working for freedom of India. He was probably working at cross-purposes and wanted to be a Messiah like Jesus as well as a national leader winning India's freedom.

When luck favours a man he gives the credit to his own abilities. Instead of humbly recognising the rare combination of circumstances that made for the success of his movement, Gandhiji vainly imagined he could launch the like of it whenever he liked—and blundered.

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DIALECTICS OF CAPITALISM SUICIDE

By JAMES BURNHAM

(Excerpts from the 39th Anniversary Lecture, delivered on Nov. 7 1956 by Comrade Professor Y — to closed session of the graduate course in Dialectics, Lenin Academy!)

VIEWED from the perspective of the Dialectic, the revolution is a *synthesis* resulting from the operation of the subjective elements of consciousness and will (*thesis*) on objective historical conditions (*anti-thesis*).

Vulgar materialists deduce the doctrine of the inevitability of Communism solely from the objective conditions, or anti-thesis. They prove that modern methods of production are incompatible with capitalist social relations and require a world Communist society.

This argument, however, demonstrates only the logical and not the historical necessity of Communism.

The great insight of Leninism is its stress on the subjective factor, on consciousness and will as essential, indeed as the crucial ingredients of the revolutionary process.

The subjective factor may also, in its turn, be dialectically analyzed into positive and negative elements (*thesis* and *anti-thesis*): positively, the will to power of the Communists; negatively, the disintegration of the will of the imperialists.

Without the subjective factor it is impossible to understand the course of the revolution. If objective conditions alone were decisive, the revolution would have collapsed on any of four previous occasions: the Civil War; the 1932-33 period of famine, economic transition and inner-Party

chaos; the first stage of the Hitler War; the period of American nuclear monopoly in the immediate post-war years.

On each occasion the revolution reached the edge of dissolution, and each time was saved by the subjective element. Rescue came, moreover, more from the negation of the enemy's will than from the positive assertion of our own.

In the Civil War the enemy made only a token intervention, just enough to give us a moral talking point. A couple of active divisions plus modest aid to the White generals would have strangled the revolution at birth. In the Hitler War it was the allied imperialists who defended and saved the revolution, arms in hand: in this case by stupidity (a failure of consciousness) even more conspicuously than by impotence of will. In the post-war period America supinely accepted the enormous Eurasian extension of the revolution without making the slightest use, political or military, of the nuclear monopoly that would have permitted her to impose whatever world political structure she chose.

Saved Again by the Enemy

We are again passing through a period when only the subjective factor can save the revolution. The mightiest military machine in world history has been roused to fight against us. Or rather does not exaggerate in stating that it could wipe us out on command. Our entire western front has collapsed. We now know—and the enemy also knows—that the huge satellite armies, trained and armed by us, are not merely use-

less but hostile. We had assumed that we could not win over the older generation in East Europe, but we—and the world—now discover that we have failed to win the youth whose entire education has been in our hands.

In the Western nations, our Hungarian action is cracking and isolating our local Parties, the indispensable instruments of our world policy, so painfully fashioned for thirty-nine years, and is depriving us of the protective covering of influential fellow-travellers. For the first time there have been throughout the West mass demonstrations, often violent, against our comrades and institutions.

The Economic Plan, already jeopardized by agricultural and mineral deficits and home demand for consumer goods, has been riddled by the remobilization, the nonproductive expenses of the military development, the shutdown of Hungary (with its steel mills and uranium mines), and new economic demands from East Europe.

Asian leaders have for the first time publicly shied away from us. The Middle Eastern chief on whom we mainly relied has turned out to be a cheap mountebank, unable to sustain the attack of a handful of Jews.

The whole basis of our present world tactic (Geneva—Co-existence—de-Stalinization), upon which we have laboured at such immense cost, is shattered perhaps beyond repair. At the same time we have not yet solved the problem of the post-Stalin structure of our own leadership, and are therefore unable to make a firm general turn in one direction or the other.

Forward On The UN Road

If we reasoned as vulgar materialists, we would conclude that the revolution faced catastrophe. Once more the objective balance is righted in our favour by the subjective factor. By virtue of the Israel-British-

French initiative, the imperialists were re-establishing their Middle East position. Just short of victory, the main enemy deserted his allies, joined with us, and led his own forces to clumsy defeat.

Meanwhile our entire western flank was exposed. We would inevitably have had to comply with an ultimatum to withdraw our troops from Eastern Europe, all of which would then have begun swinging out of our orbit. But the enemy, foredoomed by history, was incapable of issuing the ultimatum, or of any other serious action. We were able to take temporary holding measures in East Europe, while we launched a diversionary campaign (the "volunteer" threat, etc.) to keep the enemy bogged down in the Middle East, and squandering his time in internecine quarrels.

Let us add that in their ability to paralyze the enemy's power to act, the UN ideology and structure have exceeded our most optimistic expectations.—*The National Review*

A CONTRAST

Nehru is tempestuous, impatient, belligerent, irritable, vain, scornful, storm-ridden . . . Nobody would say that about Jayaprakash Narayan. He is soft-spoken and gentle, modest, polite, temperate, considerate, conciliatory, kindly, deferential. He smiles as often as Nehru scowls. His personality has doe-skin softness, Nehru's bristles. J. P. possesses inner peace and firmness, Nehru lacks them. J. P.'s calm speaks of strength, Nehru's temper attests to weakness and insecurity. J. P. searches for a deep truth, Nehru enjoys playing with ideas in public . . . "Nehru is an Englishman," Gandhi once said to me: one can see J. P. living in a village, Nehru the aristocrat belongs in a palace. I can imagine J. P. fasting, not Nehru. J. P. likes to get close to people, Nehru shows best on a stage. Nehru is a Hamlet playing Hamlet but enjoying the role of King.

—LOUIS FISCHER in *This is Our World*

THE ANTI-TODDY CAMPAIGN IN MALAYA

By RM. MANICKAM

THE 20-year-old campaign for the abolition of toddy in Malaya is back in the news. Taking the cue from the Labour Minister, Sri V. T. Sambandan who since taking office has shown commendable zeal and enthusiasm in his untiring efforts to raise the standard of living among the labouring class (particularly estate workers who are predominantly South Indians), the Malayan Indian Congress, which in the last Federal elections consolidated its claim as the chief representative body of 700,000 Indians in Malaya, has announced that it will soon launch an all out drive to end the evil once and for all.

As the campaign is about to get under way, it would not be out of place to make an objective study of the position of toddy in the social set-up of Malaya and recall the unsuccessful efforts made in the past 20 years to abolish it.

"Poor Man's Stimulant"

Way back in 1935, when the author was still in his teens and in the middle of his school career, the anti-toddy campaign first took its roots in Malaya. Propelled by the sterling struggle for independence in Mother India and inspired by the matchless magic of Gandhi's name, it was common news to hear of batches of Indian labourers, particularly in the rubber plantations, taking solemn oaths not to drink toddy or touch alcohol in any form, but soon the enthusiasm faded and the campaign fizzled out as it inevitably had to and inevitably will in future.

Toddy, which has followed South Indians like the irresistible shadow wherever they have gone in search of

a livelihood, has come to occupy an unassailable position in Malaya. In this cosmopolitan country where social life is unfettered and interwoven among the various communities free from prejudice, and moral and religious codes are cast to the winds, drinking in any form is just a matter of course and toddy is recognised as the poor man's stimulant after a hard day's labour. Toddy is no longer an exclusively Indian problem in Malaya for, what was once an admittedly Indian monopoly is now shared to a certain extent with the lower strata of the Chinese and Malay communities (whose patronage of toddy started during the Japanese occupation of Malaya when other alcohols were scarce) thus making it truly Malayan in character. Indeed, the resentment of the other communities towards the campaign is best reflected in the editorial of a Chinese-owned English daily, which after referring to the cosmopolitan character of toddy, concludes, "The campaign is unwarranted . . . it aims at unjustified regimentation of social life and suppression of personal liberties based on principles which may suit conditions in India but which definitely cannot be adapted here . . ."

The problem of toddy in Malaya is a problem of economy and class in as much as it is the problem of the greater menace, alcohol. And in Malaya, the problem stands on a different footing from that in India where prohibition is enacted in its absolute form in certain areas while in Malaya where toddy co-exists with alcohol, toddy alone cannot be successfully abolished without driving the poor illiterate labourers into the waiting hands of the greater evil, unless of course the twin evils are

done with simultaneously which perhaps is physically impossible even though strict moral and religious codes warrant such praiseworthy reforms.

In spite of the strict measures taken to ensure the prohibition policy in India, officialdom there will be the last to claim that it has been an unqualified success there and it must be noted that the official attitude of the Alliance Administration here in Malaya as evidenced by the Chief Minister, Tengku Abdul Rahman's views on opium, has only weakened the hands of our would-be reformers.

Why They Drink Toddy

A complete teetotaler who does not know the pleasures of even a cigarette, not to speak of the "heavenly bliss" said to be experienced by addicts of alcohol and toddy, the author out of sheer curiosity once asked a labourer as to why he drank toddy and what pleasure he had in toddy. His unhesitant and amazing reply—"Can I afford to visit the bar like the rich and can I go on without toddy after toiling all day?" he flashed back—was as revealing as it was a challenge to our reformers who mostly hail from the higher strata of society and who themselves cannot claim immunity from the evils of alcohol. To the labourer, poor and illiterate as he is, it is not a question as to whether toddy is good or bad but whether he can afford to visit the bar if his own toddy shop is closed. In his wrath, he might well say, "Physician, heal thyself first" to his benefactors.

Any illusion that abolition of toddy would mean "Open Sesame" to greater prosperity for the labouring class is rudely shattered by recent reports of their woeful plight in the State of Pahang in Central Malaya where toddy shops disappeared some years ago. Commenting on their plight, a correspondent, in an article decrying the anti-toddy campaign as ill-advised and disastrous published in a

Singapore English daily newspaper recently, says, "They are now chasing after 'Tigers,' 'Bull Dogs' and 'Three Stars' (these are some of the most widely patronised alcoholic beverages in Malaya—author) in their happy hunting grounds of the local bars. By the time they say 'finis' to their 'kills' the burly towkay ('towkay' in Malay means the proprietor referring here to the barkeeper—author) hastens to eject them from the premises . . . Toddy cost them only 20 cents a pint and the substitute they take costs \$2 . . . In the days of toddy drinking, these labourers returned home at 6 p.m. whereas they now only return at midnight . . . Toddy was supposed to be a healthy drink and it is said it has certain nutritive values (this is borne out by medical opinion—author). Its substitute has nothing except that it leaves a hang-over and to get over this, an opening dose is required the following morning, and so it continues . . . If the toddy drinker sits calmly under a coconut tree and enjoys himself, the liability to him will be insignificant compared to sitting round in the local pubs."

What is true of the State of Pahang is equally applicable to the rest of Malaya and the author who has had the opportunity of visiting numerous estates and studying the position of labourers at close quarters, has no hesitation in saying that economically the position of labourers in estates where toddy shops are allowed to operate is miles ahead of their brethren in estates where toddy is banned by the management for reasons of their own.

Abolition of toddy in Malaya will not prove to be the panacea of all ills afflicting the Indian labouring class but in the long run may well turn out to be a Pandora's box. Zealous reformers will do well to ponder over facts calmly before taking any hasty step that would render the cure worse than the disease.

PROFILE:

SEMMANGUDI

By R. M. J. VENNIYOOR

AMONG the citizens of our time who have made substantial contribution towards bringing about the renaissance in classical music, Semmangudi Srinivasa Iyer, the eminent exponent of Carnatic music. As an artiste, he is a top favourite, beloved of the lay and the savant alike, and as an educator, he has been a most beneficial influence in shaping the new generation of musicians. It was given to him to preside over one of the foremost music academies of the country for well over a decade, and now, in full recognition of his eminence, he has been called to direct the musical activities of All India Radio in the South. It is a happy thought therefore that he has been acknowledged a master since his early days and honoured with the highest honours of the nation.

The circumstances of his life were indeed most favourable for his rise, but his rise itself is largely the fruit of his genius, his industry and his profound devotion to the great classical heritage. Born forty-eight years ago in the village of Semmangudi in the Tanjore district of Madras State, he was fortunate enough to inherit a great legacy—the legacy of a splendid family tradition in music. His uncle, Thirukkodikavil Krishna Iyer was a great violinist of the last century; his cousin, the late Semmangudi Narayanaswami Iyer, was another eminent *vidwan* who played on the violin; and the region that gave him birth is the same that gave Carnatic music its greatest masters—Tyagaraja, Dikshitar and Syama Sastri, the grand trinity, and *natya-*

storyas like Ponniah Pillai and his illustrious brothers. Born in such a family and brought up in the midst of the memories of such traditions, it is but only natural that the boy should imbibe in full measure an affinity for music and reverence for tradition.

Early Years

Semmangudi, as Srinivasa Iyer, now popularly known, took his first lessons at the age of seven. His *guru* was his own cousin, Semmangudi Narayanaswami Iyer, but it was not as a violinist but as a *vaggeyakar* or vocalist that he began his training. The choice was natural, for even at that young age, he was gifted with a rich expressive voice, admirably suited to the requirements of classical music. His musical training did not progress very far when one day in the year 1918, the famous *Gottuvadyam* player Sankarama Rao Thiruvadammaruthoor came to village for a performance. The boy was introduced to him by his cousin and the master was pleased to let him sing for him a *keertana*. It was an indirect test of the boy's aptitude but the result was one of far-reaching significance. Sankarama Rao discovered in the ten-year-old singer a master in the making, and delighted with his discovery, took him for a disciple then and there.

Semmangudi spent four years under Sankarama Rao in the typical *gurukula* way, assimilating gradually the principles of a masterly style. It is interesting, the way a *sisya* takes lessons from his *guru* according to traditional system. There is no regular course of study, no text-book memorise, not even a conscious fee

on the part of the pupil that he is being groomed up to inherit the master's legacy. It is a slow and subtle process by which a talented pupil is gradually transformed into an exponent of his master's style. He learns by constant listening and secret practice, by waiting on his master's leisure moments to seek training on his infection, he found hard to imitate and even by over-hearing him practice and discuss points with other pupils. There is no fee save a *dashan* or present on Vijayadasami Day, and no bills to pay for residence save *guru sirisrosha* or attendance on the master.

After laying the foundation of his career under Sankarama Rao, he went back to his cousin Semmangudi Narayanaswami Iyer to enrich his repertoire and inherit the family tradition. In 1926, he was introduced to Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer, the Grand Old Musician of the South, who was honoured by the President as musician of the year in 1954. After a few years' apprenticeship under this *vidwan*, he took lessons from Umayalpuram Swaminatha Iyer, another illustrious name in the annals of South Indian music. The period of apprenticeship thus completed under the most eminent masters of the day, Semmangudi stood before the public eye, a full-fledged *vidwan*, at the early age of twenty.

The way Semmangudi came into the lime-light is typical of the manner how young musicians, as apprentices, are assisted by their masters in gaining public recognition. The master takes his disciple to wherever he goes for performances, introduces him to connoisseurs and gets for him chances to display his talents. The public is always willing to give the novice a chance, and enthusiastically so, when he is presented by a master of acknowledged reputation. If he lives up to their expectations, he rises in their favour; if not, he sinks into oblivion. In regard to Semman-

gudi, he had the necessary backing; but the factor that sustained him in public favour was his own talent.

Spectacular Rise

The *arangettam* or 'coming out' performance was held at the Nageswaraswami temple of Kumbakonam in 1926. In the same year, he gave the first public concert at the Samadhi of Saint Venkiteswara of Thiruvananthapuram. Then came a round of performances at Madras under the auspices of its various *sabhas*, chief among which was the Madras Music Academy that billed his name along with *vidwans* of the status of Ariyakudi. He made a sensation wherever he sang, for even in his early twenties, he could display a most inimitable style.

It was a spectacular rise, an event without parallel in the recent history of Carnatic music. His eminence was so widely recognised that in 1932, he was made the *Asthana Vidwan* of the Travancore durbar. It has to be mentioned in passing that the royal house of this erstwhile State that gave Carnatic music an illustrious composer in the person of Swati Tirunal, had always regarded it a privilege to welcome musicians to its durbar, extend to them the most generous patronage and popularise the art in its domains. Two years later, his services were specially commissioned by the Maharaja and his mother, a discerning connoisseur of classical music, to notate and popularise the compositions of Swati Tirunal. And in 1943 on the retirement of Muthiah Bhagavathar, he was made Principal of the Sri Swati Tirunal Academy of Trivandrum, a premier institution of India training musicians. Thus the introduction of Semmangudi to the Travancore durbar proved an event of far-reaching significance: it served to popularise the *krutis* of Swati Tirunal all over the South, and brought in an unprecedented renaissance for the art in Kerala.

The last ten years have seen him receive the highest honour in the

country. The Maharaja of Travancore called him to the title of *Rajyasevanirata* in 1945, and two years later, the Madras Music Academy conferred on him its much-coveted *Sangita Kalanidhi*. And in 1953, he was chosen musician of the year for Carnatic music and honoured by the President of India "for his deep knowledge, his fine and individual sense of style and the range of his repertoire, for his pre-eminence in vocal music and for his life-long service to its cause."

The Secret of His Art

What indeed is the secret of Sem-mangudi's art, the essential feature of his *bani*? It may not be easy to describe the music of a master in so many words, but the first thing one would say about his music is that it brims with *anubhava* or genuine feeling. It would seem as though that his very soul melts in the composition that he translates into sound, and in so doing, seeks to achieve oneness with *nadabrahma* or the Universe of Sound. It is this feature of his recitals that endears him so much to the *rasikas*. Of course, as a classicist, he is even austere, but he beautifies his art with the highest flights of an abundant imagination. The deep, sonorous voice that wells up from the very navel, the perfect *laya* or harmony with *sruthi*, the free flow of *gamakas* or tonal inflections, the astonishing speed with which the *swaras* are elaborated—all these combine to make his recital an exhilarating experience. Semmangudi is always in form and in this, he differs from a good many other *vidwans* who often lose colour. It has also to be mentioned that the young *vidwans* of the day deem it a great achievement if they could assimilate, however imperfectly, the *bani* of this master, his style of singing.

Attitude Towards Hindustani Music

A word may not be out of place about his attitude towards Hindustani music. He is all praise for the zeal

North Indian musicians show for voice culture and purity of *sruthi*, and is often heard to suggest to his pupils to undergo a rigorous course in this direction before they take to singing. He feels that contacts between the sister-schools of the North and the South could be of mutual advantage and quotes an instance of his own benefitting by his contact with Hindustani music. During one of his many sojourns in the North, he happened to hear an Ustad elaborate the *raga, Jaijavanthi*. Remembering that Dikshitar too had composed a *keertana* in the same *raga*—in the Carnatic system it is called *Dwijavanthi*—and realising that the *bhava* or mode of both the *ragas* must be the same, he notated the unknown Dikshitar piece, *Chetasri Balakrishnam*, after the Northern pattern and popularised it in the South. The North too, according to him, can take a lesson from the South by providing *ragas* with poetic patterns for their elaboration. And in regard to film music, he is naturally opposed to grafting Western tunes on Indian patterns; but he feels that light music when based on indigenous *ragas* could contribute towards helping the lay listeners in appreciating classical music, just as familiarity with *geetams* or simple classical songs help beginners appreciate such heavy pieces as *ragam, tanam* and *pallavi*.

BIG COWS ARE BEST PRODUCERS

Big cows are more vigorous and productive than small ones, their productive life is longer and they wean more calves each year, tests made by the experimental ranch of the New Mexico Agricultural and Mechanical College at State College, New Mexico, in the U. S. Southwest, emphasize. Records kept on both small and large cows over more than two decades show that the big cows produced 40 percent more calves in their lifetimes than the smaller ones. Big Hereford cows did even better, producing 50 per cent more beef than smaller ones.

OPPOSITION IN INDIAN DEMOCRACY

By SUBHASH J. RELE

INDIA has begun its political career along the beaten track of parliamentary democracy. Democracy essentially means the right to organize, oppose and propagate one's views till one is able to capture political power through the ballot box. It is one of the essential conditions of democracy that the majority will not do whatever it likes. In other words, the right of the majority is not an absolute, but only a relative, right.

Functions of the Parties

Democracy, among other things, implies a peaceful change of government. This in itself needs the party system. Without the party system democracy degenerates into totalitarianism.

The question arises: what are the functions of political parties in a democracy?

Parties, as Lowell says, are the brokers of ideas. They make articulate the inarticulate desires of the masses. They preserve a continuity in public policy. They organize and educate the electorate and help to carry on elections. However, democracy presupposes an alternative party which can take over the reigns of Government when the electorate has lost confidence in the power of the ruling party. The right of the opposition to oppose is not an abstract right. Its exercise is rooted in the condition which alone can make it concrete and effective. The opposition is the very essence of the Parliamentary form of Government. By its criticism it exerts a check on the ruling party and provides a safeguard against bureaucratic excess and ministerial extravagance. In Eng-

land, where the Party System has been functioning for the last two centuries, Opposition is called "the King's Opposition." It is part of the Governmental machinery and its leader is paid a monthly allowance for discharging his important functions. Under the British Constitution, it is said the Prime Minister knows the leader of the Opposition better than his own wife!

As we are about to go to the polls soon we distinctly feel the absence of a strong, purposeful and effective Opposition in India. In our country political parties are still in the initial stages of development. Indeed, we have every reason to feel disturbed—for we have today one-party rule. It is well known that the virtual dominance of one single party often makes a mockery of democracy. This is tragic.

Lessons of the Last Elections

The last General Elections brought into relief the weaknesses of the opposition parties, mainly the opposition parties of the Left. An analysis of the votes polled by the various parties as compared to the Congress will help to elaborate the point.

Of the total number of about 106 million votes polled in the elections to the Lok Sabha, the Congress secured 44.85% votes. The percentages of votes polled by the other parties are: Socialists 10.50%, K. M. P. 5.81%, Communists and Democratic Front 4.45%, Jan Sangh 3.05%, Scheduled Castes Federation 2.30%, Rama Rajya Parishad 1.98%, Krishikar Lok Party 1.40%, Hindu Mahasabha 0.91%, Forward Block (Rulkar) 0.13%, R. C. P.

0.02%, Bolshevik 0.02%, other parties 7.27% and Independents 15.90%.

The results of the elections to the State Assemblies also indicate a similar trend. Out of the 3369 seats in the various State Assemblies, the Congress captured 2295 seats although it polled only 42.34% of the total 103,800 votes cast. The distribution of seats among the various non-Congress parties were: Socialists 125, K. M. P. 77, Communists and their allies 161, other parties 377 and Independents 337.

The most significant portend of the first General Elections was that the number of recognised parties was 14. At the State level, 178 parties took the field of which 59 were recognized parties. Fortunately, the number of parties, contesting in the coming elections is considerably less. Again, the opposition camp is badly divided and even like-minded parties could not get together in order to challenge the Congress.

It was significant that the large number of voters did not vote on political issues. This was deleterious to the growth of democracy. The electorate was not conscious politically. This was proved by the fact that the Independents fared considerably well, being the largest winners of seats after the Congress in the Lok Sabha. They polled more votes singly than any other party. In the elections to the House of People the Independents contested 453 seats and polled 157,92,000 votes. In the elections to the Legislative Assemblies 5618 Independents contested 2596 seats and polled 209,03,000 votes. Their figure is again next to the Congress Party which polled 434,58,000 votes.

There is certainly more to this than meets the eye. It shows that the political parties in India have still to cover vast political opinion which is unorganized.

Prospects of the Parties

Much water has flown under the bridge since then. At present, in India the most important political parties are four—the Congress, the P. S. P., the Communist and the Communalist. There is however no ideological difference between the first two though there is little difference between the methods to be used to bring about desired changes. So far as the Communist Party is concerned the differences between it and the democratic parties, the Congress and the P. S. P., are of fundamental importance. It is wishful thinking to say that Communists have eschewed totalitarianism and accepted liberal democracy. They have no faith whatsoever in parliamentary democracy and believe that social and economic changes can be brought about only through a revolution. As regards the Communalist parties they have no clear conception of the 'nation.' They strongly believe that it is based on religion.

The Communist Party is undergoing an ideological crisis since the revelations of the 30 years of Stalin's regime made at the 20th Congress of the C. P. S. U. The C. P. I. however still stands by Marx and Lenin and much of Stalin. It stands by class struggle, dictatorship, a one-party state, total planning and liquidation of the enemies of the people. Their tactics are utterly 'disruptionist and injurious.' There is however no question of the Communists stepping into the shoes of the Congress though they may capture a few seats in the industrial areas. The internal weaknesses of the Party are quite evident. No party can hope to build its strength and reputation on the frustrations and discontent of the people.

The Congress is still the most powerful political party in the country. It has declared that it is committed to building 'a full Socialist order.' It has made it quite clear

that Socialism in India would not mean State ownership and operation of all the country's resources as has been actually achieved in some foreign countries. In India the revolution has to be gradual and peaceful and not sudden and violent. The Congress Election Manifesto promises to increase India's national income both in monetary and real terms, to fully develop India's industrial and agricultural resources.

It is argued in some quarters that when the Congress itself is trying to usher in a Socialist Society there is no need for the existence of a separate Socialist Party. Jayaprakash Narayan thinks otherwise. Sometime back he said that P. S. P. has a "crucial role" to play in building democracy in India "by consolidating its status as the most effective opposition party."

Electoral Bargaining

It is conceded on all sides that the Congress will be swept back to power at the Centre with an overwhelming majority. It is clear that the Opposition parties will be unable either singly or collectively, to oust the Congress from power. The most common feature of Indian political parties is that practically all the par-

ties have incorporated the same aims and objects with a little difference here and there with reference to their means of achievement.

There is the utmost lack of purpose in the Opposition parties with the result that there is no sense of direction. Many of the parties have already started exploiting regional passions. There are electoral adjustments and a great deal of 'electoral bargaining' going on at present. This is not commendable in the interests of democratic tradition. Even the Congress is not immune from it. It is trying to attract diverse elements to its fold while the Opposition parties are busy forging alliances with different groups. The Bangalore resolution of the P. S. P. precludes alliances with the Communists or with any communal party. The Communist Party has made no secret that what it is working for is a united front of Leftists rather than just an electoral adjustment.

The task of building up an effective opposition with a concrete alternative programme is a gigantic one. If the Opposition parties fail in this, we will once again witness the spectacle of a one-party rule. And one-party rule is the very anti-thesis of democratic way of life.

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Short Story

By Atri

THE CONTRETEMPS

He heard the rustle of her dress and the clinking of her bangles as she prepared herself to turn in.

MAKKU was one of the younger writers who was coming up nicely. 'Makku' was of course his pen-name, but it had become so famous that he had to adopt it in preference to the one which his parents gave him long ago. From illustrated articles through write-ups of cinema stars, critiques, essays, sketches, and translations from the vernacular to short stories, he could reel off anything to order and at short notice. Even more gratifying, he seemed to click with the editors (that is, hacks under-studying the parts) of our Sunday magazine sections which hebdomedally hash and serve up a varied assortment of ersatz culture for sustaining their chosen flock of sheep.

Makku had arrived at a point (professionally speaking) where money seemed no consideration at all. For he had merely to tap his cranium with the butt-end of his Parker for a three-column screed to come forth—like one of his own favourite stars—fully made up. Though only in the early thirties, he was married and had already three children. The first two seemed incidental to matrimony; but he would confess to his cronies, in odd moments of self-incriminating candour, that the third was an accident. Insensibly he was drifting into that stage of life when the ardours of pre-nuptial romance evaporate in the drab and dreary light of common day; and the mental ego, lacerated by the twin scourges of sameness and satiety, roves abroad in quest of adventures at once novel, exciting and—safe!

He had an almost uncanny flair for devising plots specialising in bizarre situations which had no relation to reality at all. The usual variations on the meetings of 'boy and girl' involuting through delicate parental negotiations as to quanta of deposits, reparations and third-party risks, and culminating at last in an Abbotsbury wedding having become trite, he ignored them with lordly contempt. He aimed at higher game, which was to catch love without frills and by the back door as it were—after marriage! Maupassant and Maugham had done the trick again and again; and when our author read them, it seemed to him that nothing could be simpler than their technique and their recipe. He therefore swore to write for adults only, which, to his understanding meant, taking his characters to the edge of adultery,—and then leaving them with the benefit of the doubt!

Makku was one day feeling at a loose-end. His wife had gone to her parents at Bangalore for a change. He also encouraged such trips chiefly to savour in prospect and retrospect the pleasures of re-union. But when she wrote to him saying that she was extending her stay by a week with a view to assist in a wedding in the family, he felt cross like a child that had been tantalised with a toy receding from its grasp but still dangled before it. Suddenly a brain-wave seized him, and he acted on the strength of it.

He rushed up to the Central Station, and went into the Enquiry Office.

There were a number of girls attending to reservations in between snatches of conversation between themselves. Not one of them appealed to him as a possible heroine for any of his plots. He went up to one of them and said: 'One first class for Bangalore, please, by the mail. I hope there is accommodation.' The young woman turned up the reservation register with one eye on our author, and replied: 'Yes' and proceeded to issue him a ticket. He chit to the booking clerk. Makku then added hesitantly but in a coaxing voice: 'Will you give me the coupe please?' At that she looked up quickly and said: 'I thought you wanted only one ticket; the coupe is for two as you should know,' and she smiled faintly at the corners of her lips. Makku was non-plussed. He did not know what imp in him had urged him to ask for a coupe. But having taken the plunge, he thought he ought to see it through. 'Look here, miss, I wish to be undisturbed, and that's why I suggested it. If you can fix it up somehow, you know what I mean,—er—.' 'No, Mister, impossible,' she replied tartly, 'coupes are intended for couples; or at least if you will buy two tickets, I shall have no objection.' 'Alright then' he said grimly, 'please issue two tickets and be done with it.' 'What name, please?' 'Rajan, M. Rajan.' In a few moments, he came out of the reservation lounge with two tickets in his hand for Bangalore in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Rajan. 'Of all the imbecile things to do...' muttered poor Makku as he swore softly under his breath. But suddenly he realised as a creative artist that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will; and so he looked forward to the prospect of an endless variety of adventures from his impulsive start.

Only five minutes more for the departure of the mail! Makku had spread his bed on the lower berth, and

was sauntering in front of his carriage with the nonchalance of possession, when he found a belated couple peering distractedly into each compartment and retreating baffled. Minding Makku's compartment showing indications of being tenanted only by one the man said: 'There seems to be an upper berth vacant here; serve you right for wanting to travel at short notice.' The young woman who followed the man had a sleek baby in her arms, but looked unconcerned at the remark of (obviously) her husband. She however saw the reservation ticket, and said: 'No, two people are put down here, so there is no vacancy.' 'Then we have got to go back.' 'No,' replied the lady decisively, 'I shall travel third then.' 'What!' exclaimed the man scandalised, 'amidst a lot of ruffians with not even standing space?' 'Leave me to manage it, and be quick about it; there are but two minutes to go.'

Makku had been an involuntary auditor of the duet between husband and wife. He took in the situation at a glance with all his professional instincts alerted for action. 'Adventures are to the adventurous' he reflected sententiously, and butted in as the *deus ex machina* in the very nick of time. 'Excuse me' he came forward smiling self-consciously, 'I have a berth to spare. The fact is' (we know it was a fib) 'my wife was to have come with me, but she had to cancel her journey at the last moment. So if you have no objection, you are welcome to have it.' And with an ingenuousness which had a touch of genius he added: 'May I know which of you is travelling?' 'I'm much obliged to you sir; my wife is going to Bangalore. There is not a single other berth either in the first or second class available. It's very nice of you indeed.' 'O, don't mention it' said Makku, and busied himself assisting his fair companion to be, to get in just as the whistle went off, and the train began to move forward. The husband stood on the platform.

signalling 'ta-ta' until his wife withdrew her head into the compartment.

As Makku proceeded to translate himself to the upper berth, he had plenty of leisure to appraise his chance acquaintance. She had a type of bold beauty which abashed the beholders; for she was aware of her assets with the demure modesty of the emancipated matron. The baby in her arms seemed less than a year, and Makku felt an anticipatory thrill at the prospect of being a discreet spectator of her breast-feeding her infant. Her slim figure still suggested girlish contours, but her bust was absolutely entrancing. She wore no brassiere but a choli which was so close-fitting as to define the nipples as twin salients on her upper landscape. Presently the child began to grow restless and to cry lustily. 'Now for it'—thought Makku, seated at one end of the lower berth before going up (in due course) for the night. But imagine his discomfiture when, instead of baring her breasts to the child's mouth and his gaze, she opened her cane-box and took out a bottle filled with ready-made milk! He had however a consolation prize when he was able to follow her movements and observe the changes of expression on her face. It piqued his masculine *amour propre* to find that she ignored him with casual completeness. After the child had emptied the bottle, she bent down and put it back in the cane box; and as she did so, he observed the tremulous quiver of her breasts. With a pang he remembered the collapse of their analogues in his wife due to the havoc of prolonged and repeated periods of lactation.

'May I put out the lights?' he asked almost timidly for one who fancied he had plumbed the depths of the feminine psyche. 'Certainly' she replied again in level, neutral tones. Soon after, the coupe was plunged in darkness and the occupants settled themselves to rest for the night amidst

the terrific clatter of the wheels. His thoughts inevitably eddied round the lady in the lower berth. He heard the rustle of her dress and the clinking of her bangles as she prepared herself to turn in. There was a burst of jasmine fragrance in the air laden with that indescribable tang of femininity which comes of an amalgam of powder, perfume and perspiration. He guessed that she must be removing the bunch of flowers from her Ajanta coiffure and plaiting her hair down to make herself comfortable...

Then he reflected ruefully how much easier it was to talk to her in a short-story than face to face in real life. Here was an ideal opportunity for a *tete a tete*, and yet he was immobilised, gagged, forced to fade out by the conveniences. He wondered if she was in the habit of putting on a night-dress and whether she was getting into one just then. He knew all about Pyjamas for men; he had a longing to put on the light again, but had not the courage to do so...

Then Makku got into a huff: what an unsociable creature she was—dashed good-looking too—perhaps empty-headed. Most of these pretty women were, he feared, brainless. She was alright talking to her husband, and ticking him off too, into the bargain! Perhaps they did not hit it off—quite. Shouldn't wonder if there was a triangle somewhere in the background. Perhaps her 'friend' was in Bangalore; perhaps they would meet in Lal Bagh or at the cinema; O, there were a thousand opportunities for meetings and contacts... And then as he began to slip into the land of nod, he became vaguely aware of the picture was insensibly changing. His mind went off at a tangent and became... filled with the confused accounts of the railway disaster which recently happened at Ariyalur... The carriage seemed to have met with a huge obstruction, he heard a tremendous

explosion and then he found himself suddenly sandwiched between two figures. 'Who is that?' asked a frightened feminine voice which had sprung up from the bed and was fumbling for the switch. Makku still in the throes of a bad dream was saying rather excitedly: 'Courage, my dear; something has happened, but we're alive apparently. I shall get my torch in a minute. Wait.' 'Don't be absurd, put on the switch will you?' came the reply in grim tones; and before he could comply, she had sprung to it and put on one of the bulbs.

The scene that disclosed itself was most extraordinary. Makku was like a performer on the trapeze. His legs had got entangled round the chain by which the upper berth was suspended, while his face and arms were resting on the seat of the lower berth in one of the most comic attitudes. It was the touch of his face and hands on her feet that had woke up the lady, and now she stood clear of the berth surveying him with a quizzical look while the child still lay sound asleep.

Poor Makku was torn between shame and vexation. With an awkward movement he cleared his legs from the chain and came down plump on the ground.

'What's this tomfoolery sir?' asked the lady more perplexed than angry. Makku looked out of the compartment-window and felt a cool breeze acting as a tonic to his hare-brained wits. It was still dark, but the dusk of early morning was dimly perceptible in the distance. 'I'm very sorry indeed, I must have slipped down, I'm afraid.' 'That is very evident sir, but I hope it was only an accident' she added with the implication of an innuendo in her voice which cut him to the quick. 'Women can be very brutal,' he reflected sadly; 'all our chivalry is thrown away on them.' 'I can only say madam, I am more sorry

than I can express it. I am not accustomed to sleep on the upper berth'—he bragged it on the spur of the moment—and so must have slipped down. I hope I have not hurt or frightened you. Accept my apologies again...

'O that's alright' she replied quickly pitying him for wearing a forlorn look; and with an almost arch smile she added: 'Accidents do happen now and then, and they are not always pleasant. I daresay we shall laugh at this one in good time.'

The station was soon reached, and a girl the exact replica of the lady came sailing through the crowd. Spotting the lady in the compartment, she shouted gaily: 'Ah there you are Saras Akka; and where is Vikram darling? And father is annoyed at the way you upset him with your telegrams. A good hiding awaits you at home. And hello! Mrs. Rajan are you? I shall tell every one that you travelled in a coupe with a man and your name was put down as Mrs. Rajan's!'—she fired her remarks with the speed and sparkle of a machine gun, all the while eyeing the male occupant of the compartment askance.

Poor Makku wished that the earth would open under him and swallow him. But again his professional side took control of him, and he swore to himself that he would cook the episode into an entirely different dish. *That*, he reflected sourly as he gathered his things, would be his revenge against her for not filling the bill according to his fancy.

The girls got into a new model Plymouth drawn up to the kerb not far from the carriage-halt. They seemed to be enjoying a good joke for they were laughing and giggling outrageously!

THE PEASANT VOTE

By SUMANT S. BANKESHWAR

IT is a field-day for slogan-mongers. "Socialism" is the latest fashion. From the most reactionary capitalists and landlords to blue-blooded Communists, all are talking of "Socialism." Practically, all major political parties in India have declared "Socialism" as their ultimate goal. With hardly a month to go to the polls, our masses are in a dilemma. What is Socialism? Who is a Socialist? What is it that Socialism will bring to the masses?

So far as the Congress is concerned, it has made it quite clear that by Socialism, it means nationalising the private sector completely, step by step, till nothing remains to be nationalised. In other words, the Congress has now decided to abandon the Gandhian economy in favour of the Socialist economy as practised in Russia.

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 buttressed by Mr. Gulzarilal's statement that the Congress will achieve full Socialism at the end of the Fourth Five-Year Plan makes it quite clear that if the Congress is allowed to rule for another 15 years, the whole private sector will get abolished. Now what is this private sector? The private sector does not mean big business alone. It includes everything from big business to medium and small private business, from petty-shop-keepers to the street-vendors, and from big landlords to the poorest tillers of the land. In other words, practically everyone who has an independent means of livelihood comes under the category of the private sector.

India is an agricultural country. If the peasants, who constitute the

majority in India, vote for a party which stands for the abolition of the private sector which includes agriculturists, will they not be signing their own death-warrant? Pandit Nehru and his party are now contemplating the collectivization of agriculture and the introduction of collective farms managed by the State in blind imitation of the methods adopted in Stalin's Russia, which led to wide-spread famine and the massacre of millions of peasants.

Election Stunt

The "land to the tiller" slogan held out by the Congress to our landless villagers is only an electioneering stunt to dupe them and to win their votes. As the Congress has decided to establish collective farms, the land will be taken from them in due course as happened in Russia and in China, and the peasants will have to work as paid labourers in state farms not under the landlords but under the Congress bureaucrats. If the peasants in ignorance of what the Congress has in store for them vote for it, they will be reduced to the status of slaves working for the Almighty State. The peasants will be more helpless under the state-managed farms than under the landlords. Because, in the former case, they are not subject to any law or regulation of a democratic government, whereas in the latter case, they can seek the help of the State to get their grievances redressed. Moreover, they cannot raise their voice against the government in the former case, because if they do, they will be liquidated. Experience has shown that collective farming is disliked by farmers and that it results in lower production. The Congress campaign for collective farming must be opposed as a dangerous first step towards totali-

tarianism. The authors of the Second Five-Year Plan have already said that over a period of ten years, all agricultural lands will be cultivated on "co-operative lines."

The sense of property is deep rooted in human nature. The Indian peasant's attachment to land is so strong that any introduction of Stalin's collective farm system will arouse the hostility of our peasants instinctively and, like the Russian peasants, they will resist any attempt to deprive them of their lands. Co-operative farming can be introduced only by coercion and the brutal force of the State, which must necessarily reduce production. "The very fact that at every succession a joint family holding which is a natural co-operative is sub-divided among descendants is enough proof of the impracticability of joint farming. Thus how can one expect a large number of unrelated families to pool their holdings together and cultivate them jointly?" asks the Indian Co-operative Union in a

report recently submitted in the form of a monograph to the Ministry of Food and Agriculture and the Planning Commission.

The soundest agrarian system is individual cultivation of farms of reasonable size with machinery supplied co-operatively so that a farmer can make a decent income. The Co-operative movement must be encouraged only in the region of marketing, distribution, exchange, banking, and in the ownership of expensive machinery but not in actual cultivation.

Pandit Nehru has asked Congressmen to be sincere in their election campaign and not to make any false promises. Will not the Congress be insincere to the peasants if they ride to political power on the response of the land-hungry peasants to the false Congress slogan, "Land to the tiller!" when, in reality, it wants to establish collective farm system as in Stalin's Russia, depriving the peasants of all their land through collectivization?

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FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

THE Republic Day was observed in Bombay with much enthusiasm and the illumination of the big public and private buildings in Fort area proved to be a great attraction. With most of the citizens out to see the illuminated buildings, there was hardly any crowd left to see motion pictures. Besides, the traffic regulations were such that it was not easy to reach a picture house.

The illuminations lasted for four days, from Friday the 25th to Monday the 28th January. On all these four days, especially on Friday and Saturday, the collections at the box-office fell down. The holidays which generally help to boost the box-office proved a handicap last week-end. So, contrary to expectations, the Republic Day week proved rather disastrous at the box office, and some of the producers had to run deficit.

If a temporary counter attraction like the illuminations can be so disastrous for the film trade, one can imagine what would happen to the trade if the television were introduced in Bombay and became as popular as it is now in the United States. Indeed, in such an eventuality, most of the film producers would have to stop making pictures and work for television productions.

It is also to be seen whether the elections would in any way affect the film trade. If there is no trouble and no breach of peace, the elections should help to boost the collections at the box-office. But that would depend upon local situation, and it would be wrong to make a forecast.

Incidentally, no film personality is involved in elections, and the film

stars, in spite of their alleged popularity, are not being utilized by any political party to canvass support for its candidates. The attitude of the film stars and film industry towards elections is that of non-party citizens. The only film producer-director-author standing for election is Acharya Atre who is standing on Samyukta Maharashtra Samiti ticket for Bombay Legislative Assembly. Baburao Patel, Editor of *Filmindia* is also contesting a seat for Lok Sabha on Hindu Mahasabha ticket from the Gwalior constituency; it is said that Dilip Kumar may join him in the election campaign. If he does, it would be interesting to watch a 'Muslim' star canvassing votes for a Hindu Mahasabha candidate.

Pictures Of The Week

The first Czech film to be released in India on commercial basis is *The Show Is On* which had its gala premier at Liberty on Friday the 1st February.

The Show Is On is a circus film and presents many entertaining items from the circus show. But, it is engrossing and delightful, not because it presents some of the truly amazing feats of circus, but because it has a very interesting story—a story which upholds the spirit of the show-people whose main motto is that the show must go on at all costs.

The story of *The Show Is On* begins on a quiet note. It is Monday, a day off. All the artistes are away, except the manager and the cashier. The circus tent is completely deserted. Then a stream of buses starts coming, bringing farmers to see the show. The manager is in a fix when he finds that the farmers have tickets sold to them three months ago. After some deliberation, he decides to put on the Show, and sends the cashier on a wild-goose chase to fetch the performers. Does she succeed? Yes, but how? From different and most unexpected places, she brings the artistes who

rally to the occasion, and they put up a show which is really enjoyable and reveals circus at its best. The satire on bureaucracy is timely and appealing. Without being spectacular or melodramatic, the picture succeeds in affording heart-warming entertainment. Along with it is shown a glass puppet film *Inspiration* which is even better than the picture. It is as good as Disney's first part of *Fantasia*.

While *The Show Is On* opened on Friday, a day earlier *Bhowani Junction* was withdrawn after six weeks' run at Metro. Shot in Pakistan, the picture unwittingly reveals how the life in both India and Pakistan is almost identical. The crowd scenes which form the best part of the film, are as good as if they had been shot in India.

Technically, *Bhowani Junction* is an excellent film; only Hollywood could have done such a slick job. George Kuker's direction is very sensitive.

Thanks to the several cuts imposed by our censors, even the violent passion of the original book seems to have lost its stir. But for the curiosity of seeing how India—modern India—has been presented by Hollywood, there is nothing in *Bhowani Junction* to appeal an Indian. The picture depicts Indian characters in a most ignorant manner and only idolizes a British colonel played effectively by Stewart Granger while it provides no solution to the Anglo-Indian problem posed through the character of Victoria portrayed with understanding by Ava Gardner. The non-violent and vegetarian Sikh over, the comic Congress leader and the fat and pot-bellied Communist revolutionary have nothing in common with their real Indian prototypes. *Bhowani Junction* as a picture depicting conditions in India just on the eve of the British withdrawal is very disappointing.

Personality Of The Week

Sheikh Mukhtar is a very interesting personality and a star with a following. He made his debut on the screen about nineteen years ago when he appeared in Mehboob's *Ek ki Rasta* as a soldier who is accused of murdering a man in trying to save the honour of a woman. His last anti-war speech was classic and made him at once popular.

After acting in Mehboob's pictures, and other films, he formed a Public Limited concern entitled Omar Khayyam Productions Ltd., and sold shares from door to door. But his production venture did not prove successful. Ultimately he had to wind up the concern and start another production unit. As a producer, he has made pictures of a certain pattern, and some of them have achieved limited success. He told me recently that he made more money by acting in *Chingiz Khan* than by producing his last three films. As an artiste he has appeared only in fewer than 20 pictures so far in the last nineteen years. That itself is a rarity when other artistes work in 20 pictures even in a single year.

Sheikh Mukhtar is now busy planning the production of the most ambitious picture of his career. *Do Ustad*, he avers, would be a picture which would bring him both prestige and fortune. He is very keen on it and he has asked his 'bosom' friend Harish to direct it. Harish and Mukhtar are the two inseparable friends in the film world; though they had been separated for the last two years, they have now joined hands again. Knowing as one does the zeal and the straightforwardness with which he makes his films, one would wish Mukhtar, who has struggled hard all these years, every success in his new venture *Do Ustad*.

News Of The Week

The muhurat of the picture entitled *Chalta ka Nam Gadi* was performed on the Republic Day.

OUTLINE OF AN ELECTION MANIFESTO

(Based on the teachings of Sri Aurobindo)

By B. C. SEN

IN a dynamic programme for India, the premier place must be given to the re-unification of India and the abolition of the ill-fated partition. The Indian Parliament should at once adopt a resolution declaring that, India being one and indivisible, the partition of India is null and void and demanding the re-unification of the country by whatever means, as without that no urgent problem in India or Pakistan can be solved.

Linguistic Provinces

The second item is to reaffirm the principle of linguistic provinces without any ambiguity and reconstruct united India on that basis. Many of our eminent leaders sincerely believe that if the language principle be accepted the country will be broken into fragments, that is why they call "Linguism" a new disease, even a cancer. On the other hand, Sri Aurobindo, in his historic message to the Andhra University has clearly explained why language should be made the basis of the reorganisation of provinces. When these provinces develop their individual culture and life, they will be better able to co-operate with each other for common national interests than if they remain artificial administrative divisions. Those who are opposing this wholesome principle do not really want the division of the country into provinces or States. Their idea of Indian unity is to have a unitary system of Government abolishing all provincial divisions and State Legislatures. Bilingual and multi-lingual provinces and Zonal Councils are being proposed as steps towards this consummation. That is why they have hailed the formation of Bi-lingual Bombay

as a "national" solution. They do not accept the truth that there cannot be unity without diversity; they want unity without diversity. They point to the lessons of Indian History. It is the division of India into various States and Kingdoms which, they say, led to the foreign domination of India.

No one will deny that India requires a strong Central Government to unify and co-ordinate the different parts; the historical empires in India were all built on this principle. But they all failed whenever they tried to destroy or suppress regional autonomies in the name of national unity. "And in the end there has come a mechanical Western rule that has crushed out all the existing communal or regional autonomies and substituted the dead unity of a machine. But again in the reaction against it we see the same ancient principles reviving, the tendency towards a reconstitution of the regional life of the Indian people, the demand for a provincial autonomy founded on true subdivisions of race and language a harking back of the Indian mind to the ideal of the lost village community as a living unit necessary to the natural life of the national body."

Thus the true solution is to combine national unity with regional autonomies. This solution could not be found in ancient India—and that led to foreign domination—as the country was too vast and the means of communication too primitive. Now with advanced means of communication is the time to realize that solution by having a truly federal system of government giving full autonomy to the provinces formed on a linguistic basis. A unitary system of gov-

ernment in a vast country like India is unthinkable, and our leaders must give up that idea once for all. In this case at least the people of India have instinctively seen the truth where their leaders have failed. As the States Reorganisation Commission set up by the India Government said in their report, the principle of language has gone deep into the consciousness of the people. Our leaders will do well to recognise this in time.

The third item in the Election Manifesto should be to frame a new Constitution for United India giving full autonomy to the provinces as well as to cities, towns and villages following the ancient genius of India, leaving for the Centre only Defence, Foreign Policy and Co-ordination. Sri Aurobindo was definite that a parliamentary system on the Western model as our present Constitution is, will never succeed in India. In England, the mother of Parliaments, one member represents only fifty thousand of people, and even that is regarded as too many. In India one member of Parliament has to represent seven lakhs of people. Is this not a farce of democracy? The States Reorganisation affair has shown clearly what a gap exists between the people and the Parliament in India. Democracy does not mean, that the people must submissively accept whatever the Parliament decides by a majority.

Reconstruction Of Villages

The fourth item is to lay stress on village reconstruction. The central thing in that scheme is to give the villagers, who form the bulk of the population of India, a real taste of liberty, and this can only be done by abolishing forthwith the so-called Panchayats formed by the Government together with their laws and taxes and allowing the villagers to form their own Panchayats following the ancient Indian tradition and to take the entire land revenue for village reconstruction work. If the Government ceases to be top-heavy and

too expensive as we propose here, this loss of the land revenue will not be serious and it will save the dilapidated villages from imminent ruin.

The fifth item is to give free private enterprise under State control full scope and every facility to serve the country. If the acute unemployment problem is to be tackled immediately, the country must be rapidly industrialised, and in a democratic country this can only be done by giving full scope to private enterprise though, of course, there will be also nationalised industries, not as a matter of slogan, but according to real needs and possibilities, until the whole economic structure as well as whole society can be established on a basis of equality and harmony. Mr. Eugene Black, President of the World Bank from which India expects financial help for her Second Five-Year Plan has expressed the view that India's interests lie in giving private enterprise every encouragement to make its maximum contribution to the development of the economy, particularly in the industrial field. The potentialities of private enterprise, he has stated, are commonly underestimated in India, and its operations are subjected to "unnecessary restrictions."

World State

The sixth item is that in international affairs, instead of depending on moral agreements between nations, based on *Pancha Shila*, India should take the lead in bringing about the formation of a World State having sole military authority, abolishing all national armies and armaments altogether as the only effective means of preventing and abolishing war, and as a practical step towards this consummation to induce the United Nations General Assembly to set up immediately a Constituent Assembly to frame the constitution of a World State "without exclusions and on a principle of equality into which consideration of size and strength will not enter."

WHITHER SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH?

By NILKAN PERUMAL

I CONFESS, as a layman, that I am ignorant of a thousand things that are going on in this country. For instance, I do not have the figures as to the enormous amount of money spent each year in the name of Scientific Research. In the Second Five-Year Plan, Rs. 20 crores are said to have been allotted for implementing programmes connected with the Council of Scientific and Industrial Research, in addition to what the University Grants Commission will spend for building up research facilities and for higher technological education through Colleges and Universities. The First Five-Year Plan had made similar provisions. But what scientific advance was made in this country to justify such expenditure on the so-called research?

The Government of India had been telling us in the past that "India had a long tradition of scientific knowledge and research," and that India's contributions in the field of mathematics, medicine and astronomy had been wonderful. True, but were those contributions made because of Government aid? Individual Indians like Ramanujam had brains and they were born in India, but to discover Ramanujam, there was only a Professor Hardy, a foreigner!

I look around the whole country and see that the only true man of science in India is Sir C. V. Raman, the Nobel Laureate in Physics. But for the help the late Sir Austosh Mukherjee gave him initially in Calcutta, he would not have had the facilities to work. Once Raman showed his genius, the British regime gave him all encouragement.

Now, what is the scientific achievement in free India, since 1947? The Government of India boasts that the "chain of national research laboratories now widely recognized as an indispensable part of the country's

industrial equipment" is vital! I do not know in what ways these laboratories help the industry, and it is for industrialists to say something about it. However, the Government's claim appears to be preposterous. I only know of the ignoble *Solar-Cooker* affair, and you know how it had been decried from corner to corner. The National Physical Laboratory in Delhi is a charge on the nation to the tune of lakhs every year. Yet, the one great scientist, the only man who has precise knowledge of conducting scientific research here, I know, had not been provided with enough funds for his work either by the nation or by the Government. Years ago, Sir C. V. Raman attended the inauguration of the Fuel Research Institute at Digwadi where, for the inaugural celebration, thousands of rupees had been spent in decorations and festoons. Touched at heart, Raman in the course of his speech drew attention to them and said: "You know the *Raman-effect*. Now, looking at the scene here, we have the *Nehru-Bhatnagar effect*!" I admit that research does not produce instantaneous results, but what I want to know is, whether research is conducted on right lines in this country and whether there is even a semblance of hope for the future, since we are spending crores of rupees in its name.

I contend that what is done in our chain of special laboratories is defective, since we are kept in the dark about their precise activities. May I suggest to the Government of India to institute a Commission to review the work of these Laboratories? On the favourable report of such a Commission should depend their continuity, or otherwise, they must be closed, and the country saved of the drain of lakhs of rupees each year.

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.

PROFILE OF HAROLD MACMILLAN

I read your periodical with interest and enjoyment, but I feel I really must protest at the inaccuracies in Mr. C. H. V. Pathy's Profile of 'Prime Minister Harold Macmillan' on pages 9-10 of your issue of 19th January.

1. There is no evidence whatever to suggest that Sir Winston Churchill 'had his revenge' on Mr. Butler by advising the Queen to choose Macmillan.

2. No man can be 'grandson of a well-known publishing house.'

3. There is no such rank as 'ensign' in the British Army.

4. Macmillan was never given the title of 'U. K.'s High Commissioner'. He was Minister Resident at Allied H. Q. from 1942 to 1945, and this included the duty of representing the U. K. on the Advisory Council for Italy.

5. Churchill formed no 'recent Government', and never appointed Macmillan as Chancellor of the Exchequer. The latter was appointed Minister of Housing by Churchill when he formed his Government in 1951. In a Cabinet reshuffle in 1954 Macmillan was appointed Minister of Defence.

6. It was Eden and not Churchill who made Macmillan Chancellor of the Exchequer, after a spell as Foreign Minister. The article implies that Macmillan became Foreign Minister after being Chancellor, which is incorrect.

7. It is Churchill, and not Butler, who is renowned for 'immense driving power'; whether either of them has 'the imagination to sense the ordinary people,' whatever the phrase may mean, is a moot point.

JOHN ELKIN

Mr. C. H. V. Pathy's reply:

1. There was a Reuter message to the effect that Harold Macmillan was preferred to Mr. Butler on the advice tendered by Mr. Churchill and the Marquis of Salisbury. Many special correspond-

ents from London cabled to Indian newspapers to this effect. Even London dailies published stories to the effect that one of the factors which influenced the Queen's decision was the advice tendered by Mr. Churchill between whom and Mr. Butler there has been decided antipathy. Political observers have the right to put their own interpretation on the choice.

2. My typist had inadvertently left out Mr. Macmillan before "Grandson of a well-known publishing house". I am sorry that I, by oversight, did not correct this lapse.

3. I remember to have read a sketch about Mr. Macmillan sometime back in a London weekly wherein it was mentioned that he served in the army as an ensign. [There was an officer of that designation in the British Army prior to 1871—Ed.]

4. Here again my sketch was based on information which I had gathered from the sketch in the London journal. [Mr. Pathy's information is right.—Ed.]

5. Here Mr. Elkin is right and I regret that I did not check up my draft with authentic biographical material.

6. Here too I am afraid that I tripped slightly.

"PARLIAMENTARY DEMOCRACY"

It is very doubtful whether parliamentary democracy based on adult franchise will succeed in a country like India with a majority of illiterate electorate.

If the prevailing atmosphere in India is any indication, the chances for democracy here are dim. In the first place, the masses are illiterate and they cannot appreciate the importance of the general elections nor do they know their responsibilities as the citizens of free India.

Secondly, they are incapable of understanding the programmes of various parties. When they vote for a particular party, it is not because they agree with the programme of that party. They vote for personalities. More often than not, they vote on communal and caste basis. A candidate will have to spend at least fifteen to twenty thousand rupees if he wants to win the election, and the success or failure of a candidate will depend upon the amount he spends. Even the political parties select only moneyed persons, and not social workers, intel-

lectuals, and men of ability. Thus the candidates who get themselves elected are usually moneyed persons and not intellectuals or learned persons.

Finally, half of our electorate do not even care to go to the polls.

B. S. SURESH

'HALO-MAKING'

As a regular 'rummager' of your feature Pedlar's Pack, I find that Libra has the gift of coming out with some unusual but very true comments on apparently commonplace events. His prompt characterisation of Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri's resignation-stunt as a red-herring, pure and simple, is an instance; and more recently, he has taken pains to explode the latest myth about our universities playing an important role in the national struggle for Independence. Of course, our universities do have a place in the ill-constructed house of nationalism and that place is down in the darkest corner of the coal-cellar.

Public memory is notoriously short, but I am sure a good many of us still

remember the words of Chatterjee Das: "Only two thousand. Only two thousand in this vast city of Calcutta with its innumerable schools and colleges! Art and Architecture, Science and Mathematics, Oh, the shame of it all..."

Although their feet are of clay, the demi-gods of our day are never tired of trying to fix up pre-fabricated haloes around their heads. Coming to think of it, it is one of the oldest schemes in history: some active white-washing, some wholesale canonizations and lo! a debacle is turned into a glorious saga to be fed to a credulous public in pre-digested spoonfuls. But let the enthusiasts remember that halo-making is, to say the least, a tricky business. The inexcusable Law of Gravity sees to it that ill-fitting haloes slide down to the necks and turn into mill-stones. Stalin was master of the craft and yet see what has become of him, halo and all...

A READER.

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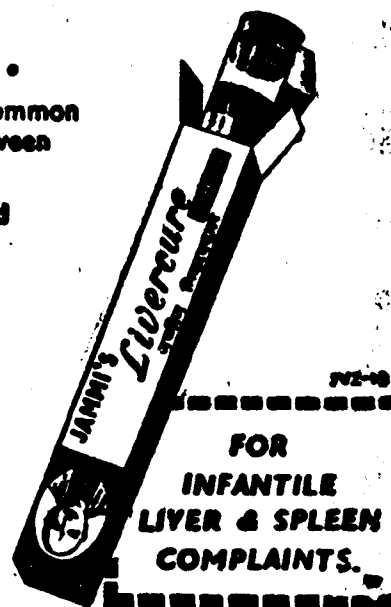
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The SWATANTRA is a forum for liberal thought. Publication of an article in the Journal does not imply that the editor agrees with opinions expressed in it.

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S. KRISHNASWAMI,
Secretary.



SWATANTRA

Vol. XII. FEBRUARY 16 SATURDAY 1957 No. 3

PATRIOTS VERSUS MONEY-BAGS

UTTER demoralisation has set in the Congress party on the eve of the elections. A perusal of the list of candidates put up before the electorate as official nominees of the Congress shows clearly that the party has been captured by the most reactionary elements in the country. Whatever high-sounding principles Pandit Nehru might lay down, and whatever exciting slogans his propagandists might mouth at election gatherings, the naked fact stares the electorate in the face that they are called upon to show their preference to the Congress party by voting for men and women who have been guilty of the most unprincipled, unpatriotic and selfish acts, and by rejecting the candidates opposing the Congress who are mostly men who have to their credit years of patriotic service and self-sacrifice for the common good.

So far as Madras is concerned, two instances stand out prominently in the public eye. One relates to the seat in the local Assembly at the Karaikudi constituency and the other to the Parliamentary seat at the South Madras City constituency. At Karaikudi the Congress ticket has been given to Raja Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar of Chettinad who is reputed to be the richest man in South India, while his opponent is Mr. Sa Ganesan who is a poor man but is renowned in Madras State as the most Gandhian of all Congressmen. Mr. Ganesan does not wear a shirt but his Gandhism is not a mere pose. He is a sincere believer in the Gandhian doc-

trine and follows rigorously every behest that the Mahatma ever laid down. He practises and does not merely preach humility. He could easily have captured and dominated the Pradesh Congress Committee. But he disdains the low cunning which is the inevitable insignia of the party Boss. Often, in the past, he refused to contest a seat for the Legislature although the party wanted him to do so; because, like the Mahatma, he felt that his field of work lay in the constructive field and not in the Legislature. But this time he has been so stung to the quick by the discreditable choice of an open and permanent enemy of the Congress like the redoubtable Raja Sir M. A. Muthiah Chettiar as the Congress candidate that he felt compelled to participate in the elections.

Neither the Raja nor his ancestors ever had an inch of territory to rule over. His father acquired the courtesy title from the British as a reward for his many acts of betrayal of the country's interests in the service of the foreign government. Now that these titles bestowed by the British regime have been abolished and are no longer valid, this particular Raja without territory is so fond of his non-existent title that he not only displays it in season and out of season but he goes to the ridiculous extent of bestowing the title of "Kumararaja" on his son and compels all the toadies who crowd round him to acclaim the "Kumararaja" who will one day bloom into a real "Raja."

Such is the intellectual and emotional make-up of the Congress candidate who has set the Karaikudi constituency aflame by entering the election contest on behalf of the Congress. The contest in that constituency will be a straight fight between money-bag and patriotic service. Who will win we do not know, but the result of this contest will be a sure indication of the political maturity of the Tamil voter and a verdict on whether he has acquired the strength of mind to withstand the blandishments of wealth and the intelligence to understand where his interest and that of the public lies.

Similar is the contest in the South Madras Parliamentary constituency where wealth and affluence are ranged against patriotic service for the motherland. The Congress has given its ticket to Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, the prodigy who is now the Finance Minister of India, but who spent out the best part of his life in acquiring wealth by service under a foreign commercial firm and by decrying the Congress when that organisation was struggling against the foreign rule. As an astute businessman he chose the right moment when the Congress assumed ruling powers in the country to jump into its band-wagon. What wily arts he exercised to win over Pandit Nehru is yet a mystery. But it is now well known that he has gained such ascendancy over the Pandit's mind that he is able to get anything he wants from that almighty source. Indeed, it has come to be recognised that Mr. T. T. K. has established an imperium in imperio at Delhi and that he sometimes snaps his fingers at the Pandit himself. T. T. K.'s strength seems to derive from his hold upon the Madras Chief Minister who clings to him with all the ferocity of the drowning man in the contrary Congress current which is now sweeping the State. In the strange happenings in Madras politics Mr. Kamara Nadar feels isolated and since the better elements

in the Congress have abandoned fold, he has nowhere to seek consolation or comfort except in the company of Mr. T. T. K. on the one hand and of E. V. R. Periyar of the Dravida Kazhagam on the other. The votes that will be polled into T. T. K.'s box will be drawn thither by the machinery set up by Mr. Kamara Nadar, which will be worked by the power supplied by the Dravida Kazhagam.

Against this powerful array of forces led by the triumvirate, Periyar-Nadar-T. T. K., will be pitched a tiny army of patriots working for Mr. H. D. Rajah's success. Though formally it is a three-cornered contest, the real contestants will be only T. T. K. and Rajah. The third candidate is too weak to be noticed by either of the real contestants or by the voter. The character of this contest will be on all fours with that at Karaikudi. The struggle will be between money-bag and patriotism. Mr. Rajah has a record of national service to his credit while his opponent has none. Mr. Rajah entered politics as a youth at Bombay. The Bombay Government after keeping him in prison for a long time extradited him to Madras as a dangerous character. The Madras Government, in its turn, put him in prison for another long term. Starting his political career as a Leftist Mr. Rajah underwent all the trials and disillusionments of Leftist workers in India as well as in foreign countries where so often Leftist slogan-mongering has led to the ushering in of Fascist domination. The disillusionment led him away from politics and towards a business career. But the call of the country was ever present and the 1941 movement pitchforked him into prison once again. These long periods of imprisonment, suffering and sacrifice for the national interest undergone by Mr. Rajah is a qualification which Mr. T. T. K., his opponent, could never dream of acquiring. It is all so foreign to T. T. K.'s nature and upbringing. During the days when the Congress

was in the wilderness, when membership of the Congress was frowned upon by the powers that be, and when active Congress service was visited with condign punishment, Mr. Rajah was in it, and Mr. T. T. K. prudently kept out of it. In these later days, when membership of the Congress spells influence and power and confers scope for self-aggrandisement, Mr. Rajah has got out of it and Mr. T. T. K. very prudently has got into it. The voters of Madras are now called upon to choose between the one who has served the country and sacrificed his personal interest and the other who has exploited the country's interests in the service of foreigners and

who continues to exploit the country in the name of the Congress. The choice of the voter in Madras will be an indication of his intelligence and his understanding of the national interest. Let us hope that the Madras voter will realise that the old Congress, hallowed by the Mahatma's name, is no longer alive and the new Congress of Pandit Nehru has been infiltrated by money-bags like Raja Sir Muthiah Chettiar and Mr. T. T. K., and the spirit of self-sacrifice and national service embodied in the old Congress is now found only in the Opposition which consists of patriots like Sa Ganesan and H. D. Rajah.

SIDELIGHTS ::

MRS. INDIRA GANDHI has come into the limelight during the present election campaign. It looks as though she is being groomed for the Prime Ministership and will one day supply the answer to the anxious query raised all over India: "After Nehru, who?" After the Pandit, the daughter—of course. Under the Congress regime the people of India are reverting back to the golden past—to the Charka, to the rule of Kings and Queens and no nonsense about democracy. We shall for long be blessed by the rule of the Nehru Dynasty. There is no need for anxiety on the part of the people of India about the succession to the throne. After Nehru, the daughter Indira. After the daughter, there are the two grandsons, Rajiv and Sanjiv. Have not the heavens already blessed the young ones and answered the anxious prayer of the grandfather that the grandsons will be "great"—great like their "great" grand father?

Mrs. Indira Gandhi is boomed by the kept press of her father's Government. Her utterances at election meetings hit the headlines. She is made to say and unsay many important things. She was made to hurl an accusation against the P. S. P. that they were receiving foreign monetary aid. When the P. S. P. retorted by throwing out a challenge to her to prove her accusation and drew pointed attention to the well-known fact of Indian industrialists being compelled to contribute lakhs and lakhs to the coffers of the Congress party, the party Bosses grew apprehensive and made Mrs. Indira Gandhi withdraw her accusation. The blame was conveniently foisted upon the press reporters!

One of the arguments put into the mouth of Mrs. Indira Gandhi is that any vote cast against the Congress would weaken the hands of her father who is so ably tackling the Kashmir problem. If the party Bosses had any sense of chivalry they would not

have made Mrs. Gandhi look so utterly ridiculous by making her say this at a time when the entire world has condemned her father's Kashmir policy. Another ridiculous statement put into the mouth of Mrs. Gandhi is: "now when Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon is ably presenting India's case at the UNO, his defeat at the elections would be suicidal for the country's interests". It is no credit to the intelligence of Mrs. Gandhi that she should utter these words when the filibustering tactics of Mr. Menon has so ignominiously failed. Another gem let fall from Mrs. Gandhi's mouth is the word "insincerity" hurled against all Opposition parties. She indignantly asked: "Where were these parties when there was blood-shed at the partition of the country?" She should answer the question: Who caused the partition of the country which brought about the blood-shed? Who conspired with Lord Mountbatten to cut up India knowing full well that the country would bleed if subjected to such a major operation? Was it not her distinguished father?

Addressing the Muslims of Allahabad, Mrs. Gandhi is reported to have appealed to them to vote for the Congress because it saved them from being driven out of the country at the time of the partition. It is a clever game that the Congress party is playing with the Muslim population of India. While paying lip-service to the secularist idea, the Congress never allows the Muslim minority to forget the fact that they are a minority ever at the mercy of the Hindu majority. Periodically, threats are held out to the Muslims of being driven out of India or exterminated unless they vote for the Congress party. The country was divided on the two nation theory and is now held to ransom on the one nation theory. The Congress propaganda department is developing the argument that if the two nation theory is revived the

40 million Muslims of India will be turned out. Therefore the cry goes out: "Muslims of India! Vote for the Congress!" Simultaneously the cry is raised: "Hindus of India! If you want to save Kashmir, vote for the Congress!" Heads I win, tails you lose. To perdition with democracy. Let us have one-party rule in India. Holy *Panch Shila* will protect us against foreign intervention.

There is a crack in the neutralist power bloc led by our own Pandit Nehru the Great, in the world arena. Saudi Arabia has gone over to the side of the U. S. The neutralist bloc cannot exist without the allegiance of the Arab nations. Now, the Arabs are all Muslims and only a religious appeal can hold them together. Pandit Nehru, a mere Hindu, can never lead this bloc. Even President Nasser of Egypt, in spite of his protestations of Islamic piety, is too much of a soldier and a politician to play the role of the religious fanatic. King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia is eminently fitted to play that role. Mecca, the Muslim Holy of Holies, is situated within his territory. All the ancient Muslim institutions and the primitive Islamic culture including polygamy, the *pardha* and slavery are preserved in their pristine purity within the holy land of Arabia under King Saud's rule.

There has been a keen competition for leadership of the Arab world between President Nasser and King Saud for sometime past. British diplomacy was shortsighted and clubbed the two competitors together and made the fatal blunder of uniting them in opposition to its policy over the Suez Canal. But American diplomacy has proved to be more subtle. President Eisenhower has played a masterly hand in his Middle Eastern game. He has not only succeeded in dividing the two Dictators but has actually won over one of them to his side by the very simple trick of play-

ing the ideal host and staging a lavish display of American hospitality to the eastern potentate.

At the end of King Saud's visit to Washington, a joint communique was issued announcing that the two Heads of State had reached an agreement on the supply of U. S. military aid to Saudi Arabia and the extension of the use for a further five year period of the Dhahran airfield as US military base. Further economic facilities were hinted at as flowing from the agreement. The king agreed to bring other Arab nations to the US camp. The main operative part of the agreement was the supply of US military equipment, services and training for the Saudi Arabian defence forces.

This agreement, reached as a result of the Saudi Arabian King's visit to Washington, is in direct violation of the doctrine of *Panch Shila* preached by Pandit Nehru. It is rumoured that it is now only a question of time when President Nasser will follow the lead of the Saudi Arabian King and will capitulate to the blandishments of American diplomacy. It is also rumoured that if President Nasser does not take this step expeditiously, there may be another palace revolution in Egypt and President Nasser may be displaced by another Dictator who would be more amenable to American influences. Whatever may happen to President Nasser, it is clear that Pandit Nehru's leadership of the neutralist bloc is now a thing of the past. His attempt to play Providence at the UNO has ended ignominiously with the passing of the unanimous vote of censure against him by the Security Council. May we hope that India's Prime Minister will take this lesson to heart and will hereafter confine his foreign policy rigorously to measures taken to protect India's own interests without meddling in the affairs of others?

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PEDLAR'S PACK

CLOSE on the heels of the purchase of sixty odd bombers from Britain comes the news of another equally egregious deal. For we are now told that we have contracted to buy an air-craft carrier too. It is astounding that such hare-brained deals should be put through by the spiritual successor of Buddha, Asoka and Mahatma Gandhi! Apart from the wisdom of purchasing discarded junk which has to be reconditioned at our cost, what is the urgency or necessity for such a transaction just now? Our far-flung coast-line is incapable of defence should a war in which we are involved break out. The only rational and sensible method of making the most of our meagre resources is to have an over-all master-plan of land-based, mobile striking forces which could be used both defensively and offensively. For one thing they can be camouflaged effectively and would prove to be unsinkable. They would also facilitate the movement of our strategic force from coast to coast at short notice. Air-craft carriers have all the inconveniences of exposed targets and of reduced mobility. Why we should ape the bad manners of purse-proud and war-mongering nations of the West and East in this detail has not been explained. It is quite clear that we are competing in an arms race which bids fair to invite on our devoted heads the invidious attentions of our more powerful neighbours at inconvenient moments. Not a single voice has been raised in the country against this piece of puerile extravagance!

But the ghastliest part of the business is that we obtain our requirements in deadly weapons from the very source which is admittedly queering the pitch for us over Kashmir. America is arming Pakistan, and we are dissipating the miserable residue of our sterling assets by purchasing obsolete items from the British condemned dump. It would serve us right if they should prove duds into the bargain. Holland, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden have not evinced this infantile fascination for bombers and jet-air-craft carriers. Are they any the less sovereign and independent nations for that deprivation? The humour of

this transaction is that the air-craft carrier is to be delivered four years hence. This is long-range planning a la Akhschar with a vengeance!

Somebody must doubtless be making a rich crop of the humours of the hummings. Unless one had a flair for that sort of thing, one cannot keep count of the frenzied lengths to which party bosses and the heckled candidates are driven in their attempts to cajole the voters to plump for them. Pandit Nehru denounces electoral alliances as a species of political immorality; but he has connived at them himself in the Congress camp, thereby proving that his political purism is of the exiguous kind. The Congress deal with the Akalis in the north and the Kazhagamites (the pristine, unregenerate brand) in the south is coming out in a brazen fashion. Master Tara Singh is on the war path again, and has placed many congressmen on the Akali index expurgatorius. Mr. Naicker thirats with unabated fury for the blood of Congress in the abstract and squares with it a bemused backing of Mr. Nadar. He has threatened all brahmins with the knife or the poniard, but urges his followers to vote for the Finance Minister (who is not a non-brahmin). Having put up Mr. Menon for a Bombay constituency, Pandit Nehru raises his hands in horror at the enormity of the Jan Sangh's wickedness in sending a Bombay-wallah to contest a seat in Bihar or Madhya Pradesh. He twits them with their weakness for Rajahs, but himself has fallen (by proxy) for an ersatz variety of the species in Madras! Lincoln's dictum about the extreme difficulty of fooling all the people all the time must come true sooner or later.

'Anglo-Jordan Relations: Treaty to end on April 1 next.'—Head-line.

Britain's role as Warden
Ends o'er the state of Jordan:
That chota state's losses
Will be borne by Arab bees
Pressing round her in a cordon.

Lanka.

TEN YEARS OF CONGRESS RULE

By P. N. SAMPATH

THE country is sick of the never-ceasing outpour of monotonous self-laudatory affirmations of the party in power. Their high-falutin claims contrast curiously with the laciturnity of pertinent statistics and with the realities we see around us. The goals of full-employment, social security for all and national self-sufficiency are as distant as ever.

It is claimed that during the past 10 years the day to day administration both at the Centre and in the States has been carried on without any serious hitch, and that stupendous problems like the post-partition unsettlement, the large-scale refugee influx, flood havoc, S. R. C. disturbances, etc., have been met without qualms. The credit for this should really go to the 'steel frame'—the efficient civil service personnel left by the former British administration. The Congress Ministers, with a few honourable exceptions, have been a mere facade to the ferro-concrete of bureaucracy that really bore the weight of Government. By the unnecessary interventions of Congress legislators and Ministers in the administration, it has already lost in efficiency and in impartiality. The ruling party has signally failed to bring order and greater efficiency to the proliferated bureaucracy and to impose economy by cutting fat, not muscle.

The financial scandals of the Central and State Governments have been so numerous and the sum total of loss of public money, has been so enormous that it would be no exaggeration to say that the long-suffering dwellers of the long-standing fums of the metropolitan cities like Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Madras etc., could well have been definitely reha-

bilitated with the public funds squandered and secreted by the people in charge. Given half the resources, a more honest Government would have achieved twice as much as what the Congress has achieved during this long spell of ten years.

Hero-worship

The Congress takes pride in having a leader like Nehru. But the Congress as an organisation should not merely bask in Nehru's glory or try to cash in on its past prestige. The Congress should learn to stand on its own legs, instead of hanging on to a single individual.

Nehru is intolerant of opposition, and jumps about like a parched pea in a frying pan whenever things go amiss. Nehru is a very jealous leader, suffering no star to appear in the firmament of a magnitude comparable with his own. The Congress is guilty of sedulously fostering senile elements, to the exclusion of younger people. This has given rise to the poser, "After Nehru who, or what?" The Congress has not brought up a second line of leadership and is generally disinclined towards youth. This is in contrast to the pre-independence era when emphasis was laid on youth. Nehru's attitude towards his cabinet colleagues has been equally unique. He treated them as if they were directors of a private limited company in which he held all the shares. This is not quite a healthy trend.

Opportunist elements, feudal misraff, and communal rag-tag and bob-tail are now monopolising the Congress organisation. The democratic process is significantly absent in the inner-affairs of the party. Everything is settled at the topmost level,

mostly by two or three persons. The ranks are trained to do and die and not to reason why. As S. K. Patil once said, "The Congress party is becoming a party of delegated democracy and initiative of any sort was being nipped in the bud." As the making of policy is left to one man or a few people, policies are adopted hastily without carrying the rank and file with them. Nehru peremptorily decided that the country should go socialist even though his party was overburdened with elements traditionally inimical to Socialism. To talk of achieving Socialism with the help of such people, is like trying to make silk purses out of sow's ears.

The Government's efforts to end social inequality have not been effective. The mere abolition of legal discrimination does not establish social equality. It is worse than useless to attempt to banish social situations with noble phrases. Far from untouchability having been abolished, the people have become untouchables to Ministers. No minister or responsible Congress leader has come forward to marry outside his sub-caste even though he talks of abolishing caste. Group, caste and religious considerations colour every phase of the election—from the selection of candidates to the manner in which the average elector voted. The Congress which should have been above caste considerations, is engulfed in casteism. The Congress, which derided the communalists, is itself a prey to the malaise, having allied itself with the Akhails in the Punjab and the Dravida Kazhagam in Tamil Nad, even though, in the latter case, it is not an open deal from the Congress side. Because of such compromises, the Congress is showing visible signs of serious inner blight. Many old Congressmen have recoiled from some of the recent acts of the Congress highups. The wholesale resignations from the Organisation are illustrative of this. Indeed, in Tamil Nad, the

Congress pyramid is standing on the point, with Kamaraj Nadar standing up as the sole arbiter of its destiny.

Anachronistic Policy

Congress policy on Linguistic States is a policy of anachronisms aggravated by despair. The Party pledged itself to the principle as far back as 1930 and the promise was reiterated in the election manifesto of 1946. But, after assumption of power, their ideas underwent a change. Nevertheless, in Andhra they had to concede to violence what they had refused to grant to argument. This wobbling and exhibition of weakness led to a series of riots in the wake of the publication of the S. R. C. report. The Government had to shoot its way out of the self-created muddle, incidentally making the former British rulers far milder by comparison. Such shooting down of mass demonstrators has been a regular feature under Congress rule, a permanent blot in their escutcheon.

At the end of ten years of Congress rule, the unemployment problem is more acute than what it was at any time before. Unemployment and deprivation exist side by side with unused resources. A host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence and an equally great number toil with little return. Universal experience teaches us that no nation has ever risen from want and misery to a better and loftier station without the unrelenting toll of all its citizens. People here are prepared to work, but where is the work for them? The wealth of the nation stands in the sharpest contrast to the poverty of the people. As Chester Bowles said, "India is not a poor country, but is full of poor people". India's natural wealth is greater than that of any other country in the world except Russia and the United States. With such a background, the Government is enjoying the luxury of allowing a good proportion of the country's brain potential to lie fallow.

It is a criminal wastage of educated talent. It is no wonder that the middle class has lost sympathy with the Congress.

Barren Record

The Congress record in the field of education has been equally barren. They have shown one gift, evidently the obverse of what has been attributed to King Midas. They have transformed all the gold of our educational heritage into the basest of metals with the perverse alchemy of their touch. They have lowered the standards in our educational institutions and have promoted indiscipline by being the first political party to drag the student community into politics. Teaching is the noblest of professions but the sorriest of trades in this country. Equal access to education still remains an unrealised ideal. Individuals in families with low incomes cannot take advantage of the educational facilities which the nation affords. The ideal of compulsory free education remains beyond our reach.

What about the problem of food? Nehru told the National Development Council that the Second Plan depended for its success upon food being relatively abundant and the price of it not being high. As for the 'abundance' of food, the recent announcement by the Union Deputy Minister for Food that India would import 7 lakh tons of rice from Burma and America is a fitting indication of the real position. The decision to continue the fair price shops in the country indicates that the soaring prices of foodstuff have not come down yet.

The Prohibition policy of the Government has succeeded in depriving the exchequer of excise revenue, but it has not succeeded in preventing illicit liquor trade on the grand scale. Prohibition has only driven drunkenness behind doors and into dark places. The enforcement of the policy has proved to be a big charge on the public exchequer.

The large-scale financial outlay on the Five-Year Plan and the high prices have released inflationary pressures. Deficit financing had to be resorted to to find money for the Plan. The quantum of deficit financing Plan. In their haste for funds, the Government have already exceeded the safe limit. There is no painless way of controlling inflationary pressures. Either we meet them head on and overcome them or we wage a losing rear guard action against them. The Central Government is slowly and helplessly drifting towards the latter course. They are hanging on precariously to the tail of the tiger of inflation. Deficit financing must inevitably lead to higher taxes in order to carry the interest payment on the increased public debt. A series of new taxes have been levied, and more will come. But the country is in no mood and in no condition to shoulder additional tax burdens. The much-boasted nationalisation of insurance companies was more for acquiring funds for the Second Plan than by way of taking a firm step towards socialisation.

The Congress Governments abolished the Zamindaris and absorbed the Zamindars into the Congress party. The abolition of intermediaries by itself does not answer the challenge of rural poverty. It does not even touch the fringe of the problem of the landless. The Government has still only rudimentary ideas about mechanised farming. As such, a great majority of the agriculturists continue to eke out a precarious existence working on submarginal lands with outmoded equipment. In the Government's anxiety to adopt the Japanese and the Chinese methods of cultivation, much confusion has resulted, with the effect that even the indigenous methods have become imperfect.

In the sphere of Labour relations, the Government established Industrial Tribunals, perhaps with the best of intentions. But, in actual experience, these Tribunals have not prov-

ed satisfactory to labour interests. The few decisions in favour of labour were not implemented by the employers. Experience has shown that the Government is not a neutral umpire using its impartial wisdom to effect a balance; it is increasingly a political instrument of employers, or at least a new amalgamation of business and governmental power. The Government's arbitrary modification of the Labour Appellate Tribunal's Award in the Bank dispute, to the detriment of the bank workers, over which Mr. V. V. Giri had resigned his Central Ministership, is but one example.

Chaotic Administration

In the Railway administration, chaos prevails. The present rulers have not even been able to maintain the orderliness and efficiency which had characterised the Railways when they were Company managed. Despite a vast engineering establishment, the bridges and the tracks have not been intelligently inspected. Otherwise, how can one explain the series of major railway accidents during the recent past? One Minister had actually tried to escape culpability by resigning soon after a recent rail tragedy. His Deputy is going about his business as though his conscience is clear enough and that he had no responsibility in the matter. He tried to throw the blame on God for the Ariyalur mishap. Evidently God has to share the blame for the sins of the Congress Ministers. But, we did not send God to our legislatures. The elected executives, legislators and ministers are not simple feeders at the public trough. They cannot shirk responsibility when things go wrong right under their very nose.

The Central Government has shown a singular disregard of popular feelings when it made Governors and Lieutenant Governors of defeated candidates. K. M. Munshi, an acknowledged failure in the Food Ministry, was given equally responsible assignments, as though to emphasise the

moral that outstanding failure in an important office is good ground for appointment to another. These are actually exasperated public opinion.

On account of our political immaturity and due to widespread poverty and illiteracy, a political party in this country like a horse that is free to wander and do its political grazing all over the social-political meadow in order to secure votes. When even the firmly established Congress party is stooping to ignoble methods of political bargaining in order to perpetuate its power, smaller parties are easy prey to temptations and political overtures. It has been the consistent policy of the Congress to disrupt the Opposition parties by all the means in its power. In Madras State for example, the Commonweal Party and the Tamil Nad Tollers' Party, which won the elections against the Congress, got liquidated when they were somehow weaned into the Congress fold. Being the majority party, the Congress has the means and the power to bestow favours and ministerships to the power-hungry, and to parties which are not grounded in inviolable principles and definite political programmes. The nucleus of a strong opposition can be built up if the Congress would only desist from such underhand deals.

According to Prof. Catlin, the 'vote is the money of politics.' Democracy presupposes the realisation of the ideal of the equal chance. But under present conditions, only the rich people can fight the elections. That was why the Congress has chosen money-bags and ex-princes and zamindars as its candidates. As there is no right under the present electoral law to recall our representatives before the expiry of their full term of five years, our voting rights must be exercised intelligently. From a means of duping the people, it must be transformed into an instrument of emancipation. In a pluto-democracy, politics is the art of outwitting the voters. The voters must therefore be

THE LAND OF GHOSTS

By M. P. JOHN

In good old days of ignorance I did not believe in ghosts. I used to take delight in challenging them wherever they were supposed to exist. I would visit graveyards at midnight and sleep in haunted houses—just to prove to my superstitious friends that ghosts do not really exist. And did I not convince them?

But I am older and wiser now. I myself believe in ghosts. Not that I have seen one, heard one or talked to one. But I know for certain that they do exist.

I can even prove it by Government records. When the Insurance Companies were nationalised, for example, a large number of ghosts were unhaunted. Nobody caught them, nobody saw them, but everyone knew. Many Insurance Agents vanished into thin air. They were ghosts. Thirty two per cent were female ghosts; which incidentally shows that female of the species is not given equal opportunities even in Ghost-land.

You think that ghosts don't eat or drink? They do. They even have addresses. They sell policies, draw commission, put up hotel bills and Entertainment Accounts, and do most things you and I do. The only difference is that you just can't see them. But you feel their presence—or absence. Tax Collectors don't.

You are mistaken if you think that ghosts have any partiality for the Insurance Field. Their partiality is in general to profit-earning companies. Some ghosts are even superior to their flesh-and-blood relations and draw four figure salaries. They are quite respectable too, in their own way, and pay their taxes to the Government, like all honou-

ble citizens. Tax Collectors ask no questions when tax is paid.

Not all are officers. Many ghost-workers draw their daily wages in many Factories, while the balance sheet shows loss. Tax Collectors ask no questions when a Balance Sheet, duly audited, shows loss.

Some ghosts are millionaires and hold large deposits with Banks. That is why recently there was a stir in ghost-land over the possibility of nationalisation of Banks. Trunk lines were jammed, as per records. There was a run on Ghost Accounts and Banks were about to crash. Of course it did not interest the Tax Collectors.

Ghosts cannot sign cheques. They are obliged to do it through human medium. There is an instance of four ghosts engaging a resourceful clerk as medium to sign their cheques. Unfortunately the clerk died—and his ghost could not sign. It created quite a problem. But ghosts are highly intelligent. They engaged another specialist—on probation till he could imitate the four signatures to perfection. The Bank Manager also helped, by closing his eyes.

Some exceptional species of ghosts are harmless. They even help the wheel to turn. If two broomsticks are to be purchased by a Government Department, as per rules, it can be done only after obtaining three quotations. Two ghost-suppliers promptly come to the rescue.

Here is another surprise for you. Even animals, birds and fish have ghosts. I am told that half the goats, chicken and fish supplied to the hospitals, military and other Government Departments, are ghosts.

NEHRU AND THE TALISMAN

By BALA RATNAM

A FEW days ago it was reported that a talisman was tied round Mr. Nehru's arm just before he left Madras after participating in the Madras University Centenary celebrations. Countess Mountbatten, and "the poorest man of the country," T. T. K., and several others present at the Meenambakkam airport were curious when they saw a Member of Parliament, Mr. Dawood Ali Mirza, tying the talisman on the arm of the Prime Minister. It contained a Rupee-coin, and Mr. Nehru, who is "always critical of astrological predictions and such other things", not only explained to Countess Mountbatten the efficacy of the talisman, but remarked it was "a sort of insurance against travel risk." Some one said that it was guaranteed "to keep him safe on the air", and "to ward off the evil eye".

Wide Spread Belief

The fear of the "evil eye" is widespread not only in India but in many other countries of the world. Its influence is intensified by the man or woman uttering words of intentional or unintentional malice or envy, "How fine it is", or something of the sort.

In South India, we do come across elderly men and women, and even doctors, ascribing loss of appetite and sudden illness in children to the "evil eye". In many areas, nobody likes to eat in the presence of others, without sharing the tiffin or meal with them, since, otherwise, they might "poison" his food by looking at it.

The main reason for this belief is that certain persons are supposed to be born with an evil potency in their eyes, and that psychical influence is most easily exerted by their

look upon the objects they see. It is especially envy that is here transmitted.

The origin of this belief is buried in obscurity. But it is thought that persons "born of mothers whose longing during pregnancy for certain objects, remain for one reason or other unsatisfied, are, as a rule, born with the "evil eye". Such persons resent happiness, hilarity, and plenty in others.

Magical precautions and devices are adopted, therefore, to counteract the baneful effects of the "evil eye". The South Indian mother waves a mixture of rice, chillies, and salt three times in front of her baby and throws it into the fire. A pungent smell arises at once, and the belief is that the "evil eye" has been averted. She also puts a black mark on the forehead of the child, and applies collirium to the eyes to divert the attention of evil-eyed persons from the child. Some of the ornaments worn are also supposed to act as charms or amulets.

At Marriages

There is a general feeling that the bride and bridegroom at the time of marriage are in danger. The bride is supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, particularly the "evil eye", as much as, or even more than, the bridegroom himself. Elderly women, therefore, pass a solution of chunam and turmeric round the bride and bridegroom, and wave in front of them, thrice, balls of cooked rice, coloured red, and throw them into the street.

The terrific noise of the music, which forms a vital part of marriage ritual, is also to prevent the evil

influences emanating from the eyes of some envious spectators. This is also true of guns fired at weddings.

Disguises at marriages are also widespread, and anthropologists have suggested that their object is to deceive malignant spirits who lie in wait for the young couple. Among the Mahomedans, the bride is taken to the house of the bridegroom, with her face covered. The object is to protect her from the "evil eye". The practice of dressing boys as girls and vice versa to avert the "evil eye" is not uncommon.

The influence of the "evil eye" extends to inanimate nature also. The indecent carving on temple cars are introduced thereon to avert the "evil eye". To protect new houses under construction, a doll-like hideous thing is hung in some conspicuous position to attract one's attention first on it. In paddy fields, and vegetable gardens, it is a familiar sight to see pots smeared with cabalistic signs on wooden poles. The idea is to guard the maturing crop, and to catch the "evil eye" of on-lookers. To serve the same purpose, shells and bells tied to a black string are tied round the neck of cows.

Why This Precaution?

There are quite a number of other superstitious beliefs in India, and other countries, but this is no occasion to go into them. Mr. Nehru has visited Madras on several occasions, but no one, including Mr. Dawood Ali Mirza, ever thought of tying a talisman on his arm as "a sort of insurance against travel risk". Why this special precaution now? Is it to ward off the malignant evil eyes which are busy at election times, or to make Mr. Nehru generally "invincible"?

But the Madras donor of the talisman enjoined on Mr. Nehru that on reaching Delhi he should give the Rupee to "the poorest man". In a

country where poverty is rampant, it is really difficult to choose "the poorest man". But T. T. K. came to Mr. Nehru's rescue in Madras itself, and claimed, "I am the poorest man here". Mr. Nehru and others joined in the laughter, but to whom did Mr. Nehru give the Rupee at the end of his air journey?

SECULAR SAINT'S BALLADE

By AGNI

At Laxmibai Nagar, catering contracts . . . no meat, fish or even eggs . . . served across or under the counter . . . not to use onions or garlic in any preparation. Mr. U. N. Dhebar . . . declined a lunch cooked in ghee . . . requested . . . desi til oil.—Times of India News Service, January 2, 1957.

Faugh! Away with meat and fish!
No more garlic, eggs tabu.
If there's any food you wish,
know: its bad for me—and you!
We, the People's Prigs, whose blue
noses turn from pleasure's mood,
we shall forge your morals new—
good as good, as good as shuddh!

Banish onion's tear—untrue—
tastelessness in every dish:
Satyam cock-a-doodle-doo,
Jayete!—for what? O, pish,
tush, and likewise Winnie-Pooh!
Party's ultimate ulloo
sees no more of trees, but wood:
hoots its hip-hullabaloo—
"Good as good, as good as shuddh"

Ghee is bad for skin-and-skew—
bones of noble, VIP-ish
brothers, sisters, cousins, who . . .
skim the cream of politish.
Are they drunk with power, these few
bosses? What's the next to do
when they meet. Why don't they stew,
sterilized, or steamed in glue—
good as good, as good as shuddh?

ENVOI

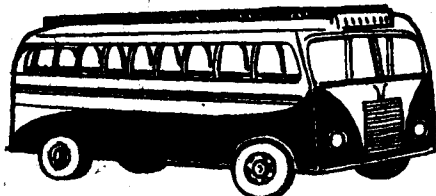
What has God descended to?
Anti-princes brag and brood
over us, a gangster-crew,
good as good, as good as shuddh!

•The Economic Weekly

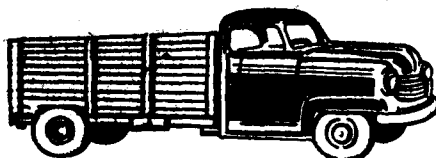
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CONGRESS BLUNDERS—III

REJECTION OF CRIPPS OFFER

By M. N. THOLAL

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS came to India in the dark days of early 1942, when the invincible fortress of Singapore had fallen, the battleships *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* sunk, and the invasion of India was imminent. The selection of Cripps as the British messenger unduly heartened Congressmen for, on a previous visit to India, he had been the guest of Jawaharlal Nehru. That was one reason why the proposals he brought disappointed Gandhi, and therefore the Congress (because Gandhi was the Congress and the Congress was Gandhi) although they conceded the Congress demand for a Constituent Assembly.

The disappointment centered round the non-acceding provinces clause of his proposals which said that, if any province desired to go out of the Indian Union, it could do so subject to certain conditions and, further, a combination of such provinces could form a separate union of their own. The Congress leaders maintained that this constituted acceptance of the Lahore Resolution of the Muslim League demanding 'Pakistan'. But did it quite do that? Were not Gandhi and the Congress jumping to conclusions?

An Eye-Wash

The non-accession of provinces to the Indian Union was subject to conditions which made well-nigh impossible that materialisation of another union. Sir Stafford was at pains to emphasise this point in his interviews with Congress leaders. "It is merely an eye-wash," he said in effect, "Get the Muslims in the Union and there will be no getting out of it for them."

M. Subramanyam in his *Why Cripps Failed* says: "Sir Stafford Cripps had

argued that in the Constituent Assembly the majority would get a splendid opportunity to convince the minority of the baselessness of its fears and induce it to give up its separatist ambitions. Secondly, the alignment of communities, it was argued, was such as to reduce the chances of any province exercising the right to nil."

That Cripps was right was borne out by the proposals. All that they did was to envisage the possibility of Pakistan. In the Draft Declaration a constitution-making body had been proposed with the primary object of creating one Indian Union, the creation of more than one Indian Union being relegated to the realm of possibility. In the draft proposals no procedure had been laid down as to how the verdict of the provinces was to be obtained in favour of or against accession to one Indian Union, but in a letter dated April 2, 1942, from the Secretary to Sir Stafford Cripps addressed to the President of the All-India Muslim League, it was stated that "a province should reach the decision whether or not to stand out of the Union by a vote in the Legislative Assembly on a resolution to stand in. If the majority for accession to the Union is less than 60 per cent, the majority will have the right to demand a plebiscite of the adult population."

In this connection it has to be remembered that in the provinces where the Mussalmans were in a majority, as in Bengal and the Punjab, they were in a minority in the Legislative Assemblies while the Congress was powerful in the Frontier Province and the Muslim League weak in Sind. Also,

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in Sind and the Frontier Province the total number of members in the legislative assemblies, namely, sixty and fifty respectively, was so small and the weightage given to non-Muslims so heavy that the required 60 per cent for accession would hardly have been difficult to obtain. And even if a province like Sind had decided to stand out of the Indian Union, could it have constituted Pakistan by itself?

Moreover, the suggested plebiscite in the provinces, which was to be resorted to if the majority for accession to the Indian Union was less than 60 per cent, was to be exercised by the whole adult population of the province—and not by Mussalmans alone as the Muslim League had demanded—and it is a curious commentary on those who claimed to represent a substantial section of Muslims that they were not apparently confident of winning over to their cause even one or two per cent among them in the Punjab and Bengal.

The Cripps proposals were not open to any modification and the Muslim League with good reasons found the same "unacceptable to them." But what reasons had the Congress for turning them down? None that could bear a moment's scrutiny. Gandhiji's responses, like Jawaharlal Nehru's these days, were always emotional and he was all in all. When he said something, the verdict had been pronounced on behalf of the Congress!

Perhaps the real reason of Cripps' failure was the wishful thinking on the part of Gandhiji which led him to the conclusion that the British Empire was doomed and it was no use striking a bargain with a power which will not be there to implement it when the time came for delivering the goods. "Post-dated cheque" was the phrase he used to describe the offer. Or he had come to the conclusion that it would not be difficult to bring the tottering British Empire to its knees by a terrific movement or threat of one. Over and above all

was his inordinate ambition to be One and All in India, which made him say to Cripps: "If this is all you have brought, go back."

It was the eye-wash for Jinnah that upset him and later made him cry "Quit India" and talk of "Open Rebellion" and "bloody revolution" against Britain in the darkest hour of her history, in utter disregard of his own creed of non-embarrassment. For this sudden and swift change there must have been some strong emotion compelling him, for it was the same Gandhiji who in 1939 had broken down before the Viceroy at the mere idea of Westminster being bombed.

But what of Jawaharlal Nehru whose ideological affiliations were even much more pronounced than Gandhiji's? He used to cry, "I'll fight Japan sword in hand" and publicly declare, "I'll be damned for ever if I do anything to help the Fascist powers!" Was not the '42 movement—an open rebellion—a stab in the back of the Allies and the greatest help that could be conceived of for the Fascist Powers?

From Blunder To Blunder

But the Congress in the person of Gandhiji was determined to march from blunder to blunder. Barely two years after the "Open Rebellion" we find Gandhiji opening talks on Pakistan with Jinnah who had just then been dealt a crushing blow by Khizr Hyat Khan, Unionist Chief Minister of the Punjab. Jinnah's fortunes were then at their lowest ebb but Gandhiji, by dancing attendance on him almost every day for 19 days (September 9 to September 27, 1944) raised him skyhigh again in the estimation of Muslims as well as Hindus while Nationalists all over the land were fretting and fuming at the folly of his dancing attendance on the fallen Jinnah.

Gandhiji was confident of the persuasive powers of his blandishments—which worked havoc on men like Jawaharlal Nehru—little realising

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that they would have no effect on the man who had begun calling him a "damned hypocrite," and that Jinnah was prolonging the conversations just to raise himself in the eyes of his co-religionists as well as others. When the gist of conversations was published, almost every newspaper reader wondered what made Gandhiji carry them on for 19 days.

It has been truly said that but for Jinnah there would have been no Pakistan. But who created Jinnah and the urge for Pakistan? Who transformed Jinnah the Nationalist into Jinnah the Communalist? Who metamorphosed Jinnah, the Ambassador of Hindu-Muslim unity, into Jinnah the creator of Pakistan? Who made Mullahs and Maulvis go out to villages armed with a photo of Jinnah and ask villagers if that was the face of a Mussalman?

It was a good programme—Mass Contact programme it was called—to accuse Jinnah of being a Kafir among villagers, and among the educated and in newspapers to accuse him of being a communalist. No wonder Jinnah was embittered.

Played Jinnah's Game

Not content with transforming Jinnah, the Congress leaders began playing his game. Were they not playing his game when they rejected the Federal part of the Government of India Act of 1935? It is true that it was unsatisfactory and disappointing in the extreme, but so were the Montague-Chelmsford reforms. The vehemence with which Jawaharlal Nehru attacked it was unstatesmanlike and unpatriotic, having regard particularly to the fact that the Gandhian method of winning freedom had miserably failed, Nehru himself being found a most incompetent Satyagrahi, one in fact who caused the suspension of the 1932 movement. (Vide Gandhiji's statement of April 7, 1934.)

Were they not playing his game when they killed whatever nationa-

lism there was among Musalmans by refusing to take Leaguers in the U. P. ministry, despite an understanding to that effect before the 1937 elections—a breach of faith which led them to conclude that parliamentary democracy was unsuitable for India?

Were they not playing his game in rejecting the Cripps offer? Was Gandhiji not playing his game in rehabilitating Jinnah after Khizr Hyat had laid him low and as leader of the Punjab Unionists defied the League and the League President successfully?

The Genesis Of Partition

The coping stone to the arch of Pakistan was reportedly laid by Jawaharlal Nehru. The Attlee Government was opposed to partition. The British Defence Minister in the Cabinet Mission used to talk of the need of "defence in depth" in case of attack from the North-West, which countermanded the creation of Pakistan. The Attlee Government wanted to make sure of one thing. What would be Nehru's attitude after India's independence? Would he like to remain in the Commonwealth? If he would, Pakistan was to be refused. If not, Pakistan was to be conceded. To ascertain his mind he was invited to London. It was a ticklish business. So it was decided that, when he went to lunch with the King, the Heir-apparent (now the Queen) would take him out after lunch and ask him if he would remain in the Commonwealth after India got her freedom. The question was put and Nehru shot back the reply: "We shall be absolutely independent." The same night the British Government decided in favour of partition. That is what an Indian journalist from London told me when he came to India a few months later.

And Pakistan, instead of solving any problem, is providing us with fresh problems as well as fresh opportunities to blunder in our emotional attempts to solve the same.

SEX AND THE AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

A Harvard Sociologist, challenging the theories of both Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, warns that America has gone sex mad. Prof. Pitrim A. Sorokin, finds millions of Americans racing along a primrose path of wrecked marriages, free love, and blatant sexiness similar to that which preceded the decline and fall of Ancient Rome. This demoralization spread over all classes of Roman society. He says, "In the time of Julius Caesar, about 600,000 of the proletarian population were supplied by the state with rations of oil, pork, wine, clothing and other necessities and special 'cards' (*Lasciva Nomismata*) entitling the bearer to the services of the Roman prostitutes." Of course things are not so bad here. But Prof. Sorokin charges that "our civilization" has been so preoccupied with sex that it now oozes from all pores of American life. . . . From the littlest grade school boy chalking nasty words on fences to the most sophisticated playwrights, sex has invaded our literature," he contends. Even the serious guide books on love and marriage he dismisses in many cases as "openly pornographic." As for the 20th Century stage, it offers "a platoon of scantily dressed jumping, yelling males and females who entwine themselves around the star performers and exude sex appeal," the sociologist claims. "Everywhere you look on the American scene," the professor indicates, "sex is giving a come-hither-look to help sell breakfast food, stoves, girdles and what not."

Sex Freedom

Prof. Sorokin, who is 67 and is one of the most translated sociologists of our time, has painted this scarlet picture of the American scene in a hard punching volume called *The American Sex Revolution*, published by Porter Sargent, Boston. In it, he

attacks Freudian theories on Oedipus, Marcissus and Tetanus complexes a "fantastic yarns" in which Freud "distorted the meaning of the Greek myths. "If the Freudian approach is correct, then an increase of sex freedom among the members of society should be followed by a decrease of functional mental disorders," he argues. "On the contrary," he says "there has been a growth of neuroses and psychoses that has gone hand in hand with relaying of sex limits." Kinsey books on the behaviour of the human male and female, he says, were based on "an insignificant fraction of our male and female population."

The lean, dark haired Prof. Sorokin, who is director of Harvard's Research Centre in Creative Altruism, has touched off this hornet's nest in an effort to halt a sex revolution which he says is "changing the lives of men and women more radically than any other revolution of our time."

In essence, Prof. Sorokin says that America has invited a painted lady into its living room and through sexy books, magazines and television, and "if our culture is to avoid the debaucheries and the fall of Rome, Ancient Greece and the French Revolution, the sexy lady must be ousted with the same dispatch with which she'd be removed from the lobby of a staid hotel."

Results Of The Revolution

According to the Harvard Sociologist, this is what the sex revolution has done to America:

"There was one divorce for every 33.7 marriages in 1870. Today it is more like one in three. About 4 per cent of married women have been deserted by their mates. Some 2 million of the 45 million children of this country have been deprived of the one

parent because of this marital musical chairs. With the increasing frequency of divorce and desertion, promiscuity is also on the increase. When sex freedom comes legging it in, in the front door, culture goes out of the window." To support that statement, Prof. Sorokin points out that medieval literature was largely religious while "in the last century much literature has centered on the personalities and adventures of subnormal and abnormal people, prostitutes and mistresses, street urchins and derelicts."

Replying to the question, "What will the outcome of this sex revolution be?" he said:

"Everything is conditional on whether there is a third world war or not. If there is such a havoc, after it would emerge a new caveman with stick. It is superfluous to discuss what would happen with sex customs."

"If creative history of the world is to continue," he added, "it must shift to a different highway with a de-emphasis of sex."

The Statement About Russia

One statement made in his controversial little volume will raise a number of eyebrows. "Soviet Russia today has more monogamic, stable and Victorian family and marriage life than do most of the Western countries." This is how the old revolutionary who loves a fight explains it. Immediately after the Red Revolution all sex barriers in Russia were lifted. You could get a divorce for the asking. And marriages were discouraged. It soon became part of the general lawlessness. Factory production declined sharply. And the Kremlin bosses did a sharp left about face, calling the former licentious behaviour "counter revolutionary." If you need further convincing, Prof. Sorokin has statistics to prove that "Don Juans and Messalins rarely reached old age: usually they died early, often by the violent means."

—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

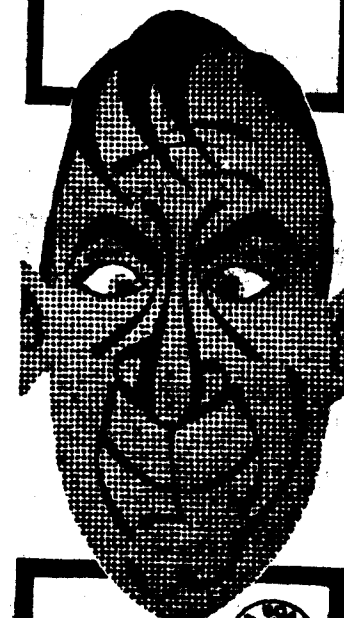
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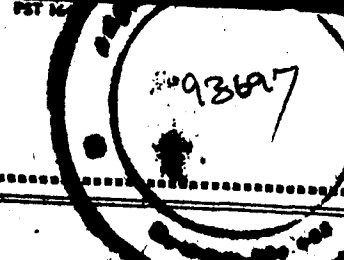
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WHEN
YOU CAN'T
THINK

TEA
CLEARS
YOUR
MIND



BUY TEA
ONLY FROM
RECOGNIZED
STAMPS



INDIA AS A LITERARY REGION

By C. V. G.

MR. GRAHAM GREENE, in his introduction to R. K. Narayan's *Bachelor of Arts*, observes that India to him is a literary region. The spate of fictional writing in recent years by Indian writers has made us aware of this region, which, however, was very insufficiently explored in the pre-independence years. E. M. Forster's *Passage to India* left Mr. Graham Greene cold, and he dismisses it with a disapproving reference to "a hysterical woman in a cave" in his introduction to *Bachelor of Arts*.

Racial consciousness which bedeviled Indo-British relations is a phenomenon which became noticeable after the invention of the steamship and the telegraph and the opening of the Suez Canal—all of which brought England nearer to India in the last century. This unfortunately made the English community in India insular and induced an attitude of aloofness which hardened into antagonism after the Sepoy Mutiny. Historians have pointed out that in the days of the Company, racial feelings never influenced Indo-English relations and intercourse between them was very free. These times therefore promise interesting fiction. Mr. John Masters, a present-day writer, however, does not fulfil this promise satisfactorily.

India As Masters Saw It

Bhowani Junction which made Mr. Masters well known was his representation of modern India. His *Night-runners of Bengal* and *The Deceivers* depict an earlier period of British rule when the British took the Government of disorderly and lawless India quite seriously. Perhaps Mr. Masters was not satisfied with his exploration of Indo-British relations in these two novels since even in the times to which they are made to

belong, race consciousness was settling down with the British Raj. So in his later novel, *Coromandel!* Mr. Masters goes to a dimmer and more distant past. Jason Savage, an English peasant adventurer, runs away from feudal England to an India of native chieftains, kings and early Portuguese settlers. His misdemeanours in the country range from robbery to philandering and cheating. They familiarise us with a variety of Englishman, that disappeared with the advent of British rule that allowed only a trickle of British administrators and educators. Authority and missionary zeal put them in roles that made their relationships with the people unnatural and strained. They were not in any way representative of their country and so alien that they could have come from another planet.

Mr. Masters' Jason Savage in *Coromandel!* was an English commoner who could live with Indian fishermen, learn pearl-diving, and be dishonest unhindered by racial prohibitions of superiority. Nevertheless, his observations on the ancient Hindu religion and the comfort he derives from the comparative agreeableness of his own religion, Christianity, point to attitudes that seem inevitable in an interaction between the East and the West. Despite his free passage through India which led him almost to an Eastern sainthood, towards the end of the *Coromandel!* Jason Savage rejects India. The same thing happens in *Bhowani Junction* in which the Anglo-Indian girl, Victoria Jones, repelled by her own community, almost marries an Indian youth, but is violently swung away by the Indian culture and tradition, the alienness of which proves too overwhelming. Mr. Masters also finds India and the West worlds apart. He turns out to be a latter-day Kipling.

Narrow-Minded Prejudices

The caste system, the phallic symbol and the apparent Hindu-Muslim immiscibility have provided the gist for much Western writing of a very wide variety from Miss Mayo to Mr. Masters. Much of this writing has caused resentment among Indians and provoked angry refutations. But the impression that the caste system and the phallic symbol leave on Western minds is necessarily forcible and it disproportionately influences Western observations and prompts facile conclusions. To Louis Bromfield, the American novelist, India is a tragedy because of its caste system, its superstitions and the phallic symbol. But he believed that India was also a challenge. While caste, illiteracy and disease bred corruption, craftiness and wickedness, the Indian tragedy also threw up a band of multiracial heroes whom Louis Bromfield assembles almost in a mythical garb. In his earlier novel on India, *The Rains Came*, he presents a mixture of Haroun Al-Raschid and a benevolent Caesar in the Indian Maharajah. The Maharani and the Maharajah alike could be sure that after them there would be no deluge; for, the State of Ranchipur is blessed with stalwarts very diverse in their composition. Ransome, the Smileys, Rashid Ali Khan, Major Saifi and Lady Esketh—the floods of Ranchipur herd these straggling heroes together.

Bromfield's India drew the unlikely people and pressed them into her service. It sobered the self-willed and Hollywood-bent Fern Simon, released the woman of will-power and strength in Lady Esketh whose marital frustration had set her on the primrose path. It has also use for a demimondaine like Miss Carol Halma in Bromfield's second novel on India, *Night in Bombay* which also assembles satyrs and men of straw, clay and iron. Bromfield's India is more familiar to us in *Night in Bombay*, portraying as it does a world of princes living loosely in Taj Mahal Hotel.

It has also a Colonel Moti, angry, impatient, and L. J. working. Bromfield's India, despite its squalor, filth, corruption, disease and decay is an India of challenge and hope. It is far different from Masters' India portrayed in the *Bhowani Junction* which also presents a diverse community of people ranging from Victoria Jones and Colonel Savage and Govindaswami, the collector, and Surabhai, the Congress leader. Masters' India, unlike Bromfield's is of races and men that exclude.

The New Indian Writers

Western writing on the caste system and the phallic symbol generally did not please and often angered Indians. Indian writers themselves could be and were very condemnatory of caste, and Indian sentiments were not so much bruised as they were by foreign writings. Mulk Raj Anand wrote about it in his *Untouchable* and *Coolie*. Bhabani Bhattacharya's *He Who Rides A Tiger* does not spare casteism and make it look not only evil but also ridiculous by the successful deceit of an essentially simple villager. Mr. Narayan also is only amused by the absurdity of caste. In his *Financial Expert*, he makes a passing mention of the pariahs among brahmins too—the sect of corpse-carriers to which his hero Margayya belongs and which fact he is anxious to hush up.

The early Indian writers in English, R. K. Narayan and Mulk Raj Anand, are now followed by more writers after independence and they testify to the richness of a very unexplored India that has infinite scope for fictional prospecting. England and the United States responded very enthusiastically to the first novel, *Nectar in a Sieve*, by Kamala Markandaya. *Nectar in a Sieve* is a picture of rural India. Its representation of the "brown blush of the drought-murdered paddy" was praised by the *New York Times*. But Indian readers are unlikely to be thrilled to the same extent perhaps

because rural India is too much with them. Miss Markandaya is nevertheless a competent writer and has a very free style which has no difficulty about its expression. She followed *Nectar in a Sieve* with *Some Inner Fury* shifting her scene from rural to urban and cosmopolitan India. Few will dispute the Indianness of these two novels which portray very effectively the fatalism inherent in India. The village couple, Nathan and Rukmini, submit to Fate gently and without protest. The educated Mirabhai, Kit, Roshan and Premala in *Some Inner Fury* also submit but only after painful and fruitless sparring with forces much too overwhelming. Miss Markandaya's representation of India's fatalism is that life is a long pain.

India's fatalism inspired a very competent novel, *Videhi*, by Charles Leslie Holden. Written by an Englishman, it is surprisingly sensitive. The author is not led astray by superficial observations which are only much too common and even natural for Englishmen. An Indian girl, Videhi, leaves her husband immediately after marriage since she could not live with a man she does not love. She does come across love in her life but circumstances defeat and frustrate her everywhere. Years later she returns to her husband having found Fate much too powerful and invincible.

Indian women, education, love marriages—all these provide as good a material for fiction as India's fatalism. *Remember The House* by Santha Rama Rau, is among the latest additions to fiction by Indian writers. It seeks to make clear things not very well-thought out by many moderns. But with all her talents Miss Rama Rau disappoints. Her writing is brilliant but her brilliance lights up only the inconsequential. The story is told by Indira, an England-returned blue-stockings, the daughter of a prosperous lawyer and her telling is good though there is precious little in her book to need so much telling. The

discovery she makes towards the end of the story is about the wisdom of arranged marriages which are "tolerant and spiritually free."

Upper class Indians from Miss Rama Rau's descriptions in *Remember The House* appear to be a breed of lotus-eaters, languishing at race-courses and cocktail parties and must be insufferable bores. A more delightful writer than Miss Rama Rau, Mrs. Praver Jhabvala, makes them very entertaining. Her first novel, *To Whom She Will*, published over a year ago, won her comparison with Jane Austen, in a review by Arthur Calder-Marshall on the B. B. C. *To Whom She Will* is Snobs Gallery. Mrs. Jhabvala's Delhi-dallying gives us glimpses of the rich, the sophisticated, the stupid and the sentimental. Young women blaze in brocade, silk, jewellery and cosmetics while young men brood in coffee houses on calf-love and intellectuals do heady talk. Delhi has now become a far richer world than before, buzzed by foreigners of every description and the newly rich with almost endless scope for ever-varying snobbery and stupidity. Mrs. Jhabvala's second novel, *The Nature of Passion*, gives us more observations on the gay, gadding and the giddy. Her world is peopled by fools, snobs and upstarts among whom the same feel lonely.

The India that went into fever and fits after partition in 1947 has provoked Khushwant Singh's *Train to Pakistan*. Though a horror-story of communal brutality, perhaps too strong for Indian susceptibilities, it nevertheless demonstrates the talents of Mr. Khushwant Singh. His portrayal of the Indian scene on the eve of partition, ranging from the inept officialdom to the iridescence of moths around lamps just after the monsoon, is photographic.

India is unfolding. History is being made and an army of writers can write for eternity on its infinite variety.

WILL NEHRU DARE?

By K. NATARAJAN

It is a truism to say that there is always a decline in man's mental and moral outlook, a decadence in his moral structure, when he is entrusted with vast powers and wealth. This holds good, not only for individuals but also for sections and parties.

Though, to begin with, the Congress started off with a burst of patriotism, eagerness and energy, the taste of power and the feel of the abundant resources at their disposal have been too tempting for even the most sincere and earnest among its fold. Abuse and misuse of trust has become the order of the day, and the sanctity of public money appears to have been lost sight of.

One would think that at least Nehru, the avowed spiritual son of Gandhi, would have risen above vanity and conceit, the usual concomitants of position and power, but alas, even that could not be. He indulges in cheap gibes against other parties and gloats over his strength. It is sad to have to quote Nehru himself, for his own edification. "Conceit, like fat in the human body, grows imperceptibly, layer upon layer, and the person whom it affects is unconscious of the daily accretion."

Preposterous Claim

Nehru claims that the Congress delivers the goods. If by this he means the Dams, Railway workshops and the Hydro-electric schemes now in operation, I would like to repeat the answer he gave to the British. "They are hardly the test of beneficence or goodness," of the Congress rule. For, all these have not perceptibly changed the economic status or living conditions of the people. Perhaps some individuals and officials were the richer for it.

If, on the other hand, there has been any slight increase in the earning capacity of the people the cost of living has gone up proportionately and we are no better than before.

Unemployment is rampant in all parts of the land, and corruption, favouritism and nepotism have reached the high mark. Even the tourists are nauseated by the sight of our derelicts who throng the entrances of temples and other places of public interest begging for alms and assistance. Our morality is at a low ebb: our efficiency below par. Our taxes are as high as in any land (compared to our per capita income) and with our ubiquitous T. T. K. a Finance Minister we may expect many more bomb-shells to explode over our heads. With such a state of things the claim of the Congress for delivering the goods is preposterous.

About our administrative machinery the less said the better. Though by law, caste system has been abolished, the Government servants are a caste by themselves.

The palpably high privileges enjoyed by those in authority have evoked the envy of the common man and discontent prevails everywhere. There could be no improvement unless our leaders by their austere life and dedication to truth, root out and destroy the canker of self-interest which is the bane of our country.

If Nehru is really concerned about the mental and moral uplift of our nation, instead of his high sounding vapourings and pompous pronouncements, he should divest himself of the role of his office and don the mantle of Gandhi to guide India out of the quagmire she is entangled in. Will he dare? Perhaps not. For having tasted the plums of office, it is rarely that one has the courage to relinquish it.

A CASE OF CORRUPTION

By FRANK CHODOROV

DIONYSIUS, the storied tyrant of Syracuse, was a consummate financier. His gift stood him in good stead on the day he found himself in bankrupt condition, having borrowed from the citizenry more than he could repay. He might have increased taxes and satisfied his creditors with their own money, but he did not because, presumably, his levies had reached the point of diminishing returns.

In this predicament, Dionysius worked out a scheme that has come to the rescue of national profligacy ever since. He called in all the coin of his realm, known as drachmas, restamped them so that each drachma became two, and, after paying off his debts with the revalued money, returned to the owners many more drachmas than they had been obliged to turn in. No doubt the Syracusans were delighted by the operation; their advances to the tyrant were paid up in full and their non-monetary assets had suddenly doubled in price. He was probably praised for this financial feat.

The Modern Method

In twenty-two centuries men do a lot of thinking and out of this cerebration come new ways of doing old things. Like Dionysius, latter-day politicians—that is, that segment of the population to whom the behavior of the rest is entrusted—sometimes find themselves without the wherewithal needed to defray the costs of glorious adventures and, having stretched taxation to the breaking point, resort to borrowing. They convince the citizens that not only will their savings be spent in ways that will redound to their benefit, but that they will be rewarded for their faith with annual

increment. To back up the latter claim, the lenders receive imposingly printed receipts for the amounts loaned, bearing a solemn promise that the holder will receive interest payments at regular intervals. Now, in one way or another, these receipts become monetized, and Society is deluged with new coin of the realm, even as were the Syracusans when their drachmas were restamped. Everybody is "enriched." This modern financial wizardry is a vast improvement on Dionysius' method in that it is more devious.

Evidently, Dionysius had not thought of this receipt business; for if he had, he would never have found himself in the aforesaid predicament. He would never have been faced with bankruptcy. For, among its other advantages, this modern receipt bears a maturity date, usually falling in the next generation, to the relief of the immediate borrower; furthermore, through refinancing and funding methods this date acquires the unique capacity of extending itself into eternity, so that the loan need never be repaid. On the other hand, the lender or his offspring can always be sure of receiving interest, since as a taxpayer he provides the funds.

Confiscatory Practices

In every age political power has lent itself to purposes that are uneconomic and anti-social; it has never hesitated to purchase support with confiscated property. Only in forms and details have the confiscatory practices of political power undergone change. But, considering the character of authority, what else can it do? Political power is not a factor in production; it cannot contribute a single loaf of bread

or pair of shoes to the market place. The best it can do to promote production is to maintain a climate of tranquillity. When it undertakes to intervene in the market place, it is equipped for nothing else than taking what it finds. The more it takes, the less there is for Society to get along on, and the depletion causes an attitude of dependence on the confiscatory power. This attitude is enhanced when selected groups become beneficiaries of the confiscation; they are then beholden to political power for their welfare, and support and adulation of the benefactor is a natural reaction. Political power thrives on confiscation.

A comparison between the early American political establishment and the present one brings out the point. When in 1789 the economy of the country was largely agricultural and its total wealth was measured in millions, the scope of political authority was sharply delimited. Its interventions increased in number and in extent as the productive energy of the people expanded, and now that the wealth of the nation is measured in many billions, the hand of authority is felt in every private endeavour. Its interventionary powers are made possible by its appropriation of one-third of all that is produced.

When the nature of political power is put under the microscope of analysis, its incorrigible penchant for pedation becomes understandable. For then one sees that political power is not "in the nature of things," but in the nature of man. It is not, like the force of gravity, self-operating and inexorable, but is an expedient devised by man to facilitate his urge for acquiring satisfactions with the least expenditure of labour. In essence, political power is the physical power, or the threat of it, that one man or a group of men may bring to bear on other men to effect behaviour. It may originate in a

body of social sanctions, but it is hardly political power until these sanctions are implemented with a police force. In any case, it is exercised by human beings, and therefore must be related to the all-pervasive law of human action, the drive to get the most for the least.

Since all human beings are dominated by this inner drive, political power is always subject to competition, and one-man domination of the group is possible only when the group is small enough for one man to intimidate. In a real sense, there cannot be an absolute monarch of a nation; political power must have a base broad enough to support the pinnacle, and rulership which seems to be identified with one man's will is in fact exercised by an oligarchy or a bureaucracy.

It is this need of a broad base that accounts for the predatory practices of political institutions. The crown rests uneasily on the royal brow until it is held firmly in position by the loyalty of subjects who partake or hope to partake of the substantial privileges at his disposal; and an elected official likewise needs the votes or campaign contributions of constituents who expect to profit by his elevation to power. What manner of fare can he possibly spread before them? Only what he can extract from the larder of production. He has nothing else.

Sovereignty of Voters

The advent of popular suffrage did not change the nature of political power nor affect its practices. The doctrine on which suffrage rests is that sovereignty—which is protocol for power—resides in the voters, as a permanent possession, and that they merely loan it for a time to their selected rulers. Upon analysis, the doctrine boils down to the idea that each voter holds in his hands on election day a small piece of the power that once centered in a king. But, even as the king thought of

power in terms of his prerogatives and perquisites, so is the voter, in casting his ballot, influenced by his material condition or expectation of improvement. He assumes that his personal economy is tied in with the political power of distribution, not with his own productive capacity, and the assumption seems valid enough when he observes that some of his fellow voters do well at the public trough. Yet, his minuscule piece of power is by itself unable to push him into a favourable position, especially as it is in competition with millions of others of like value. It is necessary for him to add his vote to many others so that the combined total will achieve the sovereign divinity of fifty-one per cent. Thus comes the pressure group system of utilizing political power for acquiring pecuniary advantages.

The Profit in Rulership

But, what is the profit in rulership? What does the wielder of political power—also a human—hope to gain from the bargain he makes with those who put the sceptre in his hands? That depends on the values of the individual politician, but taking the breed as a whole into consideration, the desires that drive them to seek office are exactly those that motivated Charlemagne: the perquisites and prerogatives attendant thereto. What else can one derive from political labours? Putting aside the perquisites, including the crude bribe and the more sophisticated and legal methods of participating directly or indirectly in the economic advantages he grants his favourites, he measures his gain in the satisfaction of a desire that is often stronger than the yearning for creature comforts.

Just as some people find more pleasure in music than in food, more satisfaction in climbing a high mountain than in luxurious living, so do others find their *summum bonum* in the pomp and circumstance of poli-

tical life or in the sense of self-importance that the exercise of power stimulates. It is an ego-profit that one derives from the making and administration of rules that others must obey, and with many of us this is of inestimable value. Otherwise, how account for the unseemly strife for office that men with pretensions to character engage in?

So, the predatory political institution that emerges when Society reaches the capitalistic stage is compounded of vanity and cupidity.

But, there must be some means of restraining Cain from going after Abel's hide and property, lest human life go the way of the dinosaur. There cannot be a Society until there is a market place, and there cannot be a market place until security of possession is assured. Without that assurance the individual will not strive to improve his circumstances, and production will drop to the level of mere subsistence; man will be little better than an animal, a status against which his primordial compulsions revolt. It is for that reason that he sets up a machinery for the protection of life and property, even against himself, a machinery to which he gives the name of government.

"To secure these (inalienable) rights (to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness)," says the best phrasing of the subject, "governments are instituted among men." It follows that if there were some way of securing these rights without government, men would not institute it. And it also follows that when government employs its monopoly of coercion for purposes which violate these rights, it ceases to be government. It is some other kind of concern, even as a merchantman that turns to piracy cannot be classified as a merchantman. When the committee in charge of the power of compulsion uses it to confiscate property, it cannot lay claim to the name of government. It is a power-fed corruption.

—The Freeman

New Books

Economic Weekly Annual 1957. Edited by Sachin Chauduri, 15, Tamarind Lane, Fort, Bombay. Rs. 2-8-0.

THE latest Annual number of *The Economic Weekly*, a journal of political and economic affairs, contains, besides its regular features, a wealth of special articles by reputed economists like J. Tinbergen, J. K. Galbraith and B. N. Ganguli.

The number is devoted to a rigorous examination of the foreign exchange prospects of the second Five-Year Plan. Dr. Ganguli, in his article on the outlook for India's Balance of Payments, emphasises the urgent need for greater austerity in respect of imports of consumer goods, and makes a plea for a revision of our trade policy. He says "we have to consider how best we can keep the prices of our actual and potential export commodities on a reasonably competitive level."

After examining the prospects of foreign loan, aid and export credits, *The Economic Weekly* comes to the conclusion that the foreign exchange budget for the Second Plan is likely to balance and the shortfall, if any, may rather be in domestic resources and performances.

In one of the political articles included in the number, it is pointed out that because of the feeling that the Congress is certain to come back to power, "all vested interests in the country are now anxious to infiltrate into its ranks, capture positions of advantage within it and use the prestige of the party to serve their own selfish ends. They are being partly helped by the fact that elections ... are a costly affair."

Neatly bound in art cover and running to over 200 pages, the annual number is a good investment.

Yojana (Fortnightly) Vol. 1. No. 1. January 26, 1957. Edited by Khushwant Singh. Published by the Director, Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Delhi-8. Two Annas.

It is hard to believe that *Yojana* is a Government publication: it is so nicely edited and produced! The fortnightly aims at being an intelligent man's guide to planning and progress in India, but fortunately we don't find high-brow stuff from Vakils and Brahmanandas.

Though *Yojana* is an official venture, Mr. Khushwant Singh, the editor, promises that articles "which are critical of the various organisations executing the policies and projects of the Government" will not be excluded from its pages, provided the criticism made is "just and constructive."

The editor has a keen sense of humour, and has included a few items in the lighter vein, like R. K. Laxman's witty cartoon on the Second Five-Year Plan, entitled "Carrying It Over."

Divine Love and Amorous Sentiment. By Y. Jagannathan. Published by the author, Venkata Rao, Eluru, West Godavari Dist. Re. 1.

The author says that he has been brazen-faced "in rushing to the press to publish my unworthy writings on *Rasa-Tattva* known otherwise as the liquefied mellow principle of devotion which is absolutely foreign to my experience ..."

We agree!

N. G. R.

THE RIDER AND THE MOUNT

THE wedding pandal was humming with activity. People were coming in and going out in an endless procession and in a mad rush and they belonged to both sexes. In the medley of confusion nothing was done, but everybody was shouting orders to everyone else. A toddler playing in the sand generously spread on the floor of the pandal, saw his mother coming out and sent up a howl, the only weapon known to his innocent mind to attract parental attention. The lady approached him in great agitation, slapped him on the back, the sound of the blows rising above the din and roar of the pandal. Picking him up and throwing him in the air like a practised circus artiste, she landed him on her waist where he rightly belonged as the triumphant smile of the rider clearly showed.

The young rider speeded on his mount to an unknown destination. He was not worried where he was going, provided he made sure of the saddle and he knew only too well that attempts would be made shortly to dislodge him and strong temptations thrown in his way towards that end. He steeled his mind against falling a prey to such inducements and just to make sure put out his tiny hands in a ring round the shoulder of his mother.

"My darling, Mohan, aren't you a good boy," the mother began.

This was an unobjectionable sentiment and indeed was flattering, but there might be a snag in it, for compliments always precede a demand. So he nodded his head to indicate that he accepted the implied tribute.

"Darling Mohan, don't you love your mother?"

"Why does she ask the obvious?" he wondered. He decided to wait and watch and merely gave her a big hug to indicate his affirmative reply.

"I have so much to do," she continued. "I have to walk and run about from the bride's house to the place where the bridegroom's party is staying so often that I am pretty tired and I am afraid I may collapse any moment. But if I don't work, who will take care of the hundred and one things that I have been entrusted with by your uncle. I am too weak to carry you. Why don't you get down and play with the other children?"

The time for decision had come, he thought, but not quite yet, he might still avoid a direct answer. He pursed his lips in the way children do to express displeasure and turned his head away.

"If you do as I want, I shall ask father to take you in the car to the temple in the evening," she announced the first of the series of concessions she had up in her sleeve.

Now if there was anything which Mohan liked best next to his mother it was the automobile and the seat beside the driver. The bait offered by his mother was too strong to resist. He shut his eyes tight and resolved not to succumb to the offer while there might be higher things at stake.

"Father told me he was going to buy you a packet of chocolates but I shall tell him not to because you have become a bad boy," she said. "If you get down, you shall get two packets instead of one," she added.

He realised that mother was attacking him on the most vulnerable fronts. Everyone knew his passion for the sticky substance which melted like sugar once you put it into your mouth. He could never have enough of them and though he was laid up often because of an overdose of the stuff, he always came back to it with greater avidity. To get two packets of this delightful sweet, instead of the miserly ration which his father

doled out, was an opportunity which normally he would not have missed. But his suspicions were aroused. For mother to make such a sensational offer there must be strong reason why she wanted to get rid of him. It was obvious to him that she was running to someone to unburden her mind and she did not want him to hear what she said.

His mother loved gossip and was a grievance-monger. She specialised in back-biting and carrying tales and she found receptive ears in two old widows, matriarchs of the family, who encouraged her and supplied her with their own ideas for further mischief. Mohan rarely missed these sessions and from the privacy of his mother's lap he watched and heard the proceedings with great interest and made a mental record of them. Though a child, his mind was sharp and he could repeat from memory any part of the talk at any time.

He has a passion for accuracy and he was always on the watch lest his mother misquote or suppress or edit in any way what transpired during the secret talks. Once she made a partial revelation of a conversation she had had with the old ladies to her husband in order to incite him to take action against a relative who had offended her, but she withheld evidence which would have incriminated her. Mohan who was present at the interview set the record straight by repeating what took place between his mother and the old women verbatim so that his father might draw his own conclusions. He did and the result was that there was a terrific wordy warfare between him and her. He strode out of the house without taking food, and she after venting her spleen on her son, retired to the bedroom and wept.

After that incident mother was keen on dropping Mohan whenever she called on her friends, but the former was equally keen on riding on her waist and not miss the fun.

Seeing his obduracy, her temper

was rising. She made one last desperate effort to put him down, but Mohan clung to her like a drowning man clinging to a piece of floating wood. It was, however, of no use. She wrenched him from her shoulders, dropped him on the ground, gave him a succession of blows and fled.

Mohan was shocked and wounded. It was an unexpected turn of events and it hurt his pride and body. He forgot his manners, his breeding, and rolled over on the sandy street, his legs kicking in the air and his hands beating his stomach. He cried with all the strength he could command. He held up the traffic and his cries were drowned in the hooting of impatient cars and clanging of bells of bullock carts.

A crowd gathered round him and soon he was identified as the son of so-and-so belonging to the bride's party. A man of humanitarian impulse undertook to find his mother and hand him over to her. This prospect cheered up Mohan who dusting himself up and wiping his tears volunteered to lead the way. Taking hold of the visitor's hand, Mohan crossed the street and pointed to a house where he knew his mother was in conference with the old cronies.

The visitor took him in and sure enough Mohan's mother was there in animated conversation with two old women who seemed to be deeply interested in what they were being told. The kindhearted gentleman pushed Mohan towards his mother and said, "Your son was very nearly run over by a car. You ought to be more careful and not leave children untended in the streets."

Tears came into her eyes and she hugged Mohan to her bosom and cuddled him while he with a sly smile disappeared among the myriad folds of her saree and mentally took out his shorthand notebook and pencil.

"You are spoiling the child", one of the cronies said, afraid that his mother would stop her tale at its most critical point.

"If I were you I would give him a sound thrashing and leave him with his father. What is his father doing anyway? Why doesn't he take care of him and relieve you of this burden? As you were saying . . . What did your brother's wife do? I suppose she bought a sari for Rs. 200 for each one of her sisters and got you an imitation variety for a paltry Rs. 50. Just like her. What else can one expect from her? Her conceit! It simply takes my breath away. You poor thing, what can you do. Your brother is completely in her hands and dances to her tune. She has tutored him so well that whatever you or any one of us may say is not likely to impress him. I warned even at the time of marriage, but nobody would then listen to me. They thought I was out to break the home and that I was a trouble-maker. But what I feared then has come true. Your brother has been sold out."

The thread was taken from here by the other crony. "Have you seen that woman's mother? The way she dresses and makes up her face and the way she walks and talks . . ." She did not finish her sentence but gestured by screwing up her face to show disgust and astonishment.

"Do you know I heard that your brother's mother-in-law has hidden all the marriage sweets in a room and has put two of her daughters in charge with orders not to allow anyone inside except her people? What audacity! Is she a woman or a devil? I don't know how you and your parents can sit and watch all this without a word of protest. If I were you I would pull out my tongue and die rather than suffer this humiliation?"

Mohan's mother had wanted to say a word or two, but the two women had given her hardly a chance and what they said was more fuel to her fire.

"All that, bad enough as it is, does not worry me," she said, "so much as an incident during the reception to

the bridegroom yesterday evening. The insult which I suffered then has caused a wound which will never heal."

The cronies pricked their ears. Here was more grist for their mill.

"During the procession a number of children jumped into the car to sit by the side of the bridegroom," the mother continued. "Mohan was also eager to share in the ride and I put him into the car myself, but imagine my surprise when a few minutes later, Mohan came to me weeping. I asked him what the matter was and why he had got down from the car. Between sobs he told me that somebody came and roughly hauled him out of the car."

"I have no doubt your brother's wife did it," the senior crony intervened. "Her children, her people, that is her motto. She can never suffer to see other people well. A spiteful woman who has come to destroy our family."

"But mother, that is not the whole truth", said a tiny little voice.

"You shut up, as if you know everything. If you open your dirty mouth I shall hit you," Mohan's mother said.

Mohan would not however be denied. He persisted. "But mother you tell them that it was aunt who found for me a better seat in the bridegroom's car next to the driver after clearing it of the other boys and girls."

"That child of yours is going to be your undoing", the junior crony remarked. "Looks as though your brother's wife has poisoned his mind against you. It will be best for you to pack and leave the place before she does greater harm."

And so they went on talking and gossiping, but Mohan was no longer interested. His favourite aunt had become the target of their attack and even he could not protect her. He wept silently and his tears lulled him to sleep.

—SARAT

THE SOCIALIST VIEW OF THE CONGRESS MANIFESTO

By G. S. BHARGAVA

EVEN if Marx and Engels did not turn in their graves at the adoption of the goal of Socialistic Pattern of Society by the Congress two years ago, they must have when the impetuous Mahavir Tyagi described the Congress manifesto for the ensuing elections as a more historic document than the Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels. Anti-Marxists, especially the U. S. State Department, should award a gold medal to Mr. Tyagi for insulting Marx so irrevocably.

Congress manifestos are not new to us. The Karachi Congress resolution describing the economic and social aims of what was then India's national front against British imperialism was itself drafted in the shape of a manifesto. Based on that was the 1937 manifesto. When some of the most vital aspects of the two documents remained pious platitudes even after the Congress assumed office in nine provinces in 1937, we had consoled ourselves that the limited power allowed to the Congress ministries under the Government of India Act, 1935, and the continuance of British hegemony at the Centre were responsible for the wide gulf separating Congress performance from practice.

The transfer of power on August 15, 1947 from the British to the hands of the Congress leaders removed that excuse. The Congress could no longer plead inadequacy or lack of power to explain away its blatant repudiation of election pledges. For ten years now the Congress has been enjoying unquestioned monopoly of power all over the country. How far has it honoured its election promises?

An Academic Campaign

Let us start with land reforms. The Karachi resolution had recommended abolition of rent on profitless agriculture, which, in the conditions obtaining in our country, would benefit about 50 per cent of the rural population. Only the Andhra leader, Mr. T. Prakasam, remembered, albeit on paper, the reform when he was Chief Minister of undivided Madras for a brief span of a year. Other Congress leaders clean forgot about it. It does not even figure in the election manifestos of the ruling party now.

As for the slogan of "land to the tiller," it has remained so for 20 years now. In the year of grace 1957, the Congress manifesto says that "all intermediaries (on land) must be progressively removed . . ." (emphasis mine). "The principle of ceilings on land has been accepted and should be progressively introduced," adds the manifesto. Phrases like "must be introduced" and "should be implemented" read more like reiteration of home truths than positive pledges and do not commit the party. Is it the idea of the Congress leaders to carry on an academic campaign in favour of such reforms?

Further, how does the Congress performance tally with these platitudes? The principle of ceilings on land holdings was accepted as long ago as in 1950 when the Congress formally endorsed the Kumarappa Committee report on agrarian reforms. Has any Congress State Government implemented it so far? To add insult to injury, in Travancore-Cochin, where legislation providing for limitation of

land holdings was for the first time in the whole country initiated by the short-lived P. S. P. Government in 1954, the successor Congress regime shelved the Bills. Why?

That this is not a failing of a section of the Congress leadership will be evident from the fact that the Planning Commission has ignored the unanimous recommendations of its Land Reforms Panel and shifted the responsibility for enacting land reforms legislation to the State governments. Further, as Mr. Carl C. Taylor pointed out in his *A Critical Analysis of India's Community Development Projects*, how can legislatures and parliaments dominated by feudal interests promote land reforms legislation? And how can anyone take the Congress professions in this respect without a large pinch of salt when former zamindars and ex-rulers of States predominate lists of Congress candidates for elections?

The Congress manifesto talks glibly of raising the target of food production by 30 per cent during the Second Five-Year Plan period. But simultaneously with the contemplated increase in food production there will be a precipitous fall in food prices, ruining the peasant. The Vice-Chairman of the Planning Commission, Mr. V. T. Krishnamachari, admitted that the fall in prices would be of the order of 20 per cent. Without a policy of price support, without incentives, how can the peasant be expected to produce more and, as in 1954-55, hang himself with the rope of increased production? The Congress document, more historic than Marx's, has nothing to say on the subject!

Glorification of Community Projects

Then there is in the manifesto the usual glorification of the Community Projects and the National Extension Service blocks. But the fact is, as highlighted at the seminar on Community Projects in Lucknow some-

time ago under the joint auspices of the Cornell and Lucknow universities, due to the absence of land redistribution and the consequent prevalence of glaring inequalities, the Community Projects and the N. E. S. Blocks only benefited the rich peasants and thus aggravated the stratification in the rural society.

Following the half-truth is an untruth that "with the advance in agriculture and the growth of small-scale and village industries, the disparity that exists today between village and town should be progressively lessened." The facts are, however, that while the national income is expected to rise from Rs. 9,110 crores to Rs. 13,480 crores, the share in the increase of agriculture and allied pursuits in the national income in 1950-51 was 48.8 per cent, in 1960-61 it is expected to go down to 46 per cent. Correspondingly there will be no shift in population from rural to urban areas, or from agriculture and allied pursuits to industrial employment so that it is not a sign of industrialisation. In other words, a section of the city population, who haunt posh State-run hotels like the Ashoka Hotel in New Delhi will continue to thrive at the expense of the village poor.

Wisdom Dawns on the Leaders!

"In economic relations," the Congress manifesto tells us, "there should be no exploitation and no monopolies and disparities in income should be progressively lessened." This laudable idea has dawned on the Congress leaders so late in life! But two questions arise while on this subject: (1) what has the Congress done so far to reduce inequalities and eliminate exploitation and (2) what does the Congress propose to do to achieve the object? One looks in vain for answers to these questions in the Congress record or the manifesto.

As Prof. Kaldor revealed in his report on India's taxation system, the

great bulk of our national wealth is, and will continue to be, privately owned. The Government taking over a few industries here and there or the abolition of zamindari does not fundamentally alter the state of affairs because compensation is paid to the dispossessed owners mitigating the growth in public property by an increase in public indebtedness. In these circumstances, the amount of privately owned wealth increases simultaneously with economic growth. Also, savings of the community being more unevenly distributed than income, the wealth of the big property-owners grows at a faster rate than wealth in general. In plain language, economic inequality will increase.

This is what is exactly happening in our country. As the report of the Taxation Enquiry Commission pointed out, "in the rural areas, the comparatively large landholders, particularly such as have regular irrigational facilities and have been growing cash crops, have improved their relative position . . . On the other hand, the position of an important section of the agricultural population, comprising landless agricultural labour, which also include some artisans and non-occupancy tenants, has always been particularly vulnerable, and appears to have suffered some further deterioration. In the urban areas, the middle classes and those with fixed incomes have lost in real terms, while business classes, both in commerce and industry, especially in the higher income groups, have gained . . ." In a nut-shell, the poor have become poorer and the rich richer.

What has the Congress done to reverse this trend? What steps does it propose taking in future? From this point of view the less said about the Congress Government's taxation policy the better. Firstly, it needed all the pressure which the P. S. P., the Communists and other Leftists could

bring to bear on the Government, and the proximity of elections, to make the Government re-introduce the capital gains tax. In respect of income tax, besides the colossal drain of Rs. 200 crores to Rs. 300 crores annually on account of tax evasion, a loss of about Rs. 200 crores due to the lapsing of income tax cases has recently come to light.

"Moral Dishonesty"

In this context, it is apposite to borrow the words of Henry Simons in his *Personal Income Taxation* (quoted by Prof. Kaldor). The whole system of income tax levy is a "subtle kind of moral and intellectual dishonesty. One senses here a grand scheme of deception whereby enormous surtaxes are voted in exchange for promises that they will not be made effective. Thus, the politicians may point with pride to the rates, while quietly reminding their wealthy constituents of the loopholes."

It is not for nothing that the House of Tatas, a pillar of free enterprise, has contributed to the Congress election fund a huge sum of Rs. 20 lakhs. Nor are the tea estate owners of Assam, who have raised for the Congress a large sum of money "at the rate of Rs. 1-8-0 per acre under tea in Assam," are such believers in the Avadi pattern of society as to throw away money, even if it is unearned. The deal struck in U. P. between a cement magnate and the Government that he would contribute to the election fund of the ruling party at the rate of five per cent on a loan of Rs. 1.5 crores given to him by the State Government is not without economic reasons.

Without a tax on wealth, income tax, however high the marginal rates, only affects a small minority of people by impinging disproportionately on the professional classes, intellectuals and administrators, while the really taxable incomes escape the levy by evasion. Even in the limited

public sector, the Congress Government has done nothing, nor does it propose to do anything, to reduce inequalities. The limit of Rs. 500 set on Ministers' salaries by Mahatma Gandhi has been waived on the ground that the cost of living has gone up but the same argument is ignored when it comes to raising the lowest salaries. It was the P. S. P. Government in Travancore-Cochin, which kept the Ministers' salaries at Rs. 500 and raised the minimum salary of a government employee to Rs. 75.

In the spheres of foreign policy the goal of Purna Swaraj which Lokmanya Tilak and Mahatma Gandhi had pledged the nation to, still remains unrealised. If the idea was to continue in the Commonwealth, there was no need in 1930 to spurn the suggestion of Liberal leaders like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru to seek a constitutional path to dominion status. Gandhiji rejected it and led us to freedom even at the cost of partition of the country because he was a votary of Purna Swaraj. Congress leaders who gather votes as political heirs of the Mahatma have proved themselves false to the Father of Nation, with the result that pressure from Whitehall determines the policies of the Government in New Delhi. Goa was a glaring case. After allowing hundreds of Indians to march into living death in Goa jails, after sacrificing a score or so of our patriots, Mr. Nehru and his party succumbed to British pressure and nipped the Goa liberation movement in the bud. Today, the Congress manifesto glibly says that "it is impossible for India to tolerate a colonial enclave in any part of its territory and the continuation of it is an affront to the people of India..." Who said it is not?

Broken Promises & Pious Platitudes

That the unemployment situation has worsened, even the Congress manifesto could not deny. In juxtaposition with the platitudes on the subject in the Congress document, one

should, however, read the (1954) Annual Number of *The Economist*, which has lately become a convert to the Ayadi pattern of society. After emphasising that the Planning Commission's estimate that 15.3 million jobs would be needed to achieve full employment was an understatement, the journal declares that "there is considerable latent unemployment which has not been properly assessed. By 'latent unemployment' we mean the existence of semi-employed hands who rest content with the little work they get; its connotation is more extensive than that of under-employment."

This, in brief, is the Congress record of broken promises and unabashed platitudes. Congressmen may argue that if the Raja of Vizianagaram could advocate prohibition and agitate for liquidation of *inams*, why cannot Congress maharajahs and multi-millionaires mouth Socialist slogans. The only snag is that nobody, including Mr. Nehru and Dr. Lohia, can fool all the people all the time!

HONESTY IN COMMUNICATIONS

Walt Disney, one of Hollywood's outstanding motion picture producers and the creator of the *Mickey Mouse* and *Donald Duck*, said in a VOA broadcast:

I have come to put great reliance on the value of fact and forthrightness in things that concern people most vitally. It has been demonstrated over and over during the past few years in my profession and my observation. Facts about nature and humankind, even when occasionally they are not exactly idyllic, beget confidence. Truth rather than fiction, even when it encounters stubborn prejudices, is reliable. It gives us more predictable guidance in all our relationships.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

CONTRARY to expectation, neither the motion picture nor the radio—the two most popular and powerful mass media of propaganda—are being utilized effectively in the present election campaign, though Mr. S. K. Patil, President of Bombay Provincial Congress Committee, had announced that he would utilize films for election propaganda purposes.

If both these media were to be utilized in full force, the entire nature of the election campaign would be revolutionized. But at least for the present elections, the Press reports and public meetings would dominate the field of propaganda. And yet it is reported that in the South the film medium has been cleverly exploited for election purposes.

A Tamil film which on the face of it is just like any other song-and-dance romance providing 'escapist' fare is said to have been cleverly employed by the Opposition party to the Congress for election propaganda by naming the hero after the election symbol of the party. The hero's victory in the climax thus symbolizes the victory of the party. The party is Dravida Munnetra Kazhagam and the symbol is 'Udaya Suryan' (rising sun) which is the hero's name in the picture. In other Tamil films also clever anti-Brahmin, anti-Hindi and anti-God propaganda has been done with success by the votaries of the same party.

But no such propaganda is being done in the North, though in some States, it is learnt that the exhibitors and distributors are being mobilized to swell the party funds, and in

return they are being assured of new licences for theatres.

The Congress party, of course, needs no such propaganda; with the Film Division depicting the achievements of the Government and the activities of the Ministers, the Congress leaders are always in the news and on the screen.

Picture Of The Week

Almost every critic who went to see *Changez Khan* produced by comparatively unknown producer, Gulshan Bahl, was doubtful about the capacity of a novice producer to deal with such a historic theme. That is perhaps the reason why the critics were surprised when they saw the film.

True, the war scenes are not as effective or lavish as similar scenes in *War and Peace*; true, the picture could have been made better by a producer with more resources at his command. But considering the limitations of resources and calibre, one must admit that Gulshan Bahl has done a really good job, thanks mainly to a very plausible and gripping screenplay by M. R. Bhakri based on a story by Pathak.

The screenplay stresses the point that it was frustration in love that drove Changez Khan to war and conquest, and it centres round mainly Changez Khan's efforts to win the girl's love. How far this interpretation is true to history, it is for a historian to say. But as presented on the screen, the motif appears plausible and it is quite possible that the ambition to win the world may have been born out of disappointment in love.

As a soldier, Changez Khan was rejected by Uzra, a Tartari girl, and her father; so, in bitterness, under the guidance of his uncle he became a warrior and took revenge on all the Tartaris. But he never forgot Uzra, and was prepared to be merciful towards the Sultan if he could get Uzra. Later, when he did capture Uzra he demanded his wage. But his uncle, who dreamt of the day

Changez and the Mongol tribe would rule the world, did not like his nephew becoming soft and sentimental. Hence he helped Uzra to run away from him and even kidnapped her in the end to be killed by his own nephew. The conflicts arising out of Changez Khan's love for Uzra are cleverly handled, and they make a really gripping story.

The film is interspersed with songs and comic interludes. The comedy, though pointless, is enjoyable—thanks to Johnny Walker's creditable performance—and it would appeal to the groundlings. The songs are catchy, especially the couple of tunes by Hansraj Bahl. And one song sung by Rafi, repeated thrice, plays a significant part in the film. The dialogue by Qamar Jalalabadi is apt. The costume and sets, though not very authentic, are in keeping with the atmosphere of the story. The crowd scenes are, however, poor and meagre. Sheikh Mukhtar looks the Changez, and gives a good account of himself. Premnath is virile as usual, while Bina Rai looks charming as the damsel in distress. Tewari, Leela Misra and Jeeva give good support.

Kedar Kapoor, the director, and Y. D. Sarpotdar, the cameraman, have done a competent job, and as a result, *Changez Khan* has emerged as a better than average costume drama.

Personality Of The Week

Bipin Gupta has completed 99 pictures, and is currently acting in his 100th picture. As announced earlier by him, he is working free in the 100th picture; the lucky producer is Chandrakant Desai and the picture is *Solva Saal*. A party to felicitate Bipin Gupta on this happy occasion was held at Kardar Studios on the 5th February. Speeches eulogising Bipin Gupta's contribution were made at the function, and Bipin Gupta thanked the picturegoers whose appreciation of his work enabled him to achieve this record.

Bipin Gupta began his film career in Calcutta in 1934; it was Mr. Chan-

dulal Shah who brought this famous artiste to Bombay in that year. Bipin Gupta started acting at the early age of seven. He used to play the role of Krishna in *Bilwamayal* while his father played the role of Surdas.

From the stage he came to the screen, and his first picture was a Hindi film produced in Calcutta. Later between 1944 and '46 he appeared in three or four pictures produced by Ranjit; but these pictures did not help him to come into the limelight. And in 1947, he went back to Calcutta; it was his performance in *Swayamsiddha* that brought him laurels from all over India, and also fresh offers from Bombay producers. In 1949 he came down to Bombay and has since acted in scores of films. Last year he had been to Madras to play a pivotal role in *Devta* one of the year's biggest box office hits.

Solva Saal is his hundredth picture in which he is co-starred with Dev Anand and Waheeda Rehman. It is director Raj Khosla's third picture. His friends wished: 'May Bipin Gupta live to act in 100 more pictures!'

News Of The Week

Raj Kapoor has been signed by Prasad to play the male lead in his first independent Hindi production which went on sets on the 25th January. This is the first time that Raj Kapoor and Meena Kumari are starred together. Produced and directed by Prasad, the picture is based on the Telugu film *Ilavelpu*.

Filmistan's *Paying Guest*, which was earlier refused the censor certificate, has now been given the certificate after the deletion of objectionable scenes.

Vyjayantimala will appear opposite Raj Kapoor for the first time in C. M. Trivedi's *Reporter* which is being directed by Manibhai Vyas. A dog plays an important role in the film.

TELEVISION FOR INDIA

By "NAMBS"

THE Television booth at the Madras Centenary Exhibition, which has been packing in groups of 250 persons each time for a twenty-minute show, has kindled public interest about Television. Madras had its first Television demonstration in April 1955, though it was not done on the scale on which it has been done now, or was done at Delhi during the International Industries Fair held in 1955. At the Fair the two major Television equipment companies of the world vied with each other to show their prowess, while the Government of the USSR showed that they have also manufactured Television sets in their country. In the Second Five-Year Plan a sum of Rs. 40 lakhs has been allotted for the installation of television in India.

While in the Radio one is able to hear what is happening far away, on the Television one can see as well as hear. So the excitement is more. A cricket match can be seen in one's drawing room. In the United States there are nearly one hundred television broadcasting stations and the listener has the complete choice of listening to whichever station he wants. If Ike is speaking at an election meeting and the listener does not like to see it, he can shut it off and see a music or dance programme or a boxing fight instead. Such television is welcome because one can utilise the equipment to fullest advantage.

In India the first demonstration of television was done from 10th to 19th October, 1954 at the All-India Radio Conference. In September 1954 television was used for watching a medical operation in a Delhi hospital. A demonstration series was then done

in the cities of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras during the year 1955.

At the Industries Fair there was a television recording and transmitting station which was also connected with twenty-five receivers placed in various parts of Delhi and New Delhi. In the television pavilion one could see in full the cameras which were picturising the programme on hand as well as the artistes there. If one looked up at the receiving set one could see the entire sequence in the size of a radio receiver screen. This graphic comparison gave the general public what wonders television could do. If the camera was turned on the audience watching the television programme people in the audience could see themselves in the television receiver.

In the televising studio the editor cum director of the TV programme sits before some equipment. On one set he can see what camera A will be taking in, while on another set he can see what camera B will be taking in. By properly transmitting only what cameras A and B shot at different times he gives the illusion of watching the show as far as the audience is concerned. With the aid of the equipment he simultaneously does the filming, the editing and the projection thereof of the various shots. There are cases where a number of cameras are simultaneously used for programmes and the receiving listener-viewer given a succinct and dramatic presentation. Television can be used both to display films already taken, or to straightaway film a new item and simultaneously project it as well.

Thailand is the first Asian country to have television. They had it installed in 1954 at a cost of \$512,000.

The Minister for Information had said at Bhopal on September 9, 1954 that India will have its first TV in Bombay in the year 1956-57. But it seems doubtful whether this date line will be kept up. In an estimate done in June 1954 it was stated that a pilot TV plant for India with reception possible up to 25 miles radius would cost Rs. 25 lakhs. If the reception was to be available upto 200 miles this pilot project would cost an additional Rs. 17 lakhs, it was estimated. The maintenance of the pilot plant would cost about Rs. 10 to 12 lakhs per annum, it was calculated. Hyderabad had a Television Demonstration in February 1956, while Jubbulpore had it in April 1955. A small miniature TV station would cost Rs. 5 lakhs.

Television was the result of the work of a Scotsman by name Baird, and that was in 1925. In America there are thirty million TV sets—as against one out of every 34 persons having a car. In Japan the first TV was seen in 1953, while now alongside of America they are also going to have colour Television. In Japan a television receiving set costs approximately Rs. 650.

In America the motion picture industry first looked upon television as a competitor to it. But later it has found that the desire of women to be seen in functions and public gatherings and the craze to see latest fashions and to meet people generally has brought back most of the TV adherents to the movies once again. The movie industry has slowly taken the TV also into its fold and used it to benefit. The TV is now considered as a useful medium for motion picture publicity as well as to improve the movie-going habit. All the major producing companies in America have sold many of their films to TV stations. The current trend is to develop TV as an adjunct rather than as a mere competitor to be shunned or fought against. The inherent value of entertainment is there to sustain the movies. Just as the radio has not

fully replaced the gramophone, the TV cannot replace the movies, and both can co-exist.

Television can be put to various uses. A medium size office can have a set costing about Rs. 8,000 by which the Managing Director can see on his office room table what is all happening throughout the factory. This saves the time and trouble of going round to give detailed instructions. Television has also been used to do electioneering in the United States.

It should be noted that Television has been made possible in America because of the people called 'the sponsors'. Sponsors are the advertisers who pay for a programme so that they can also put their advertisements alongside of it. It is this revenue which supports television costs, and because of free competition in this regard the TV viewer has variety and can see and hear what he wants and shut out what he does not. Of course, TV itself has not worked out to profit yet in America, but it is slowly coming into its own. This variety and freedom will be lost in a State-owned TV system, and the viewers will be hard put to see only routine programmes and either they have to see it, or keep their sets idle. It is a really important matter, whether in India independently owned TV would not be better than a State-owned system. That ten lakhs of people should be listening to Radio Ceylon all the time is a pitiable fact; let not the set-up be repeated in TV. Let the viewers have the benefit of private and independent programming.

THE SIN OF STATESMANSHIP

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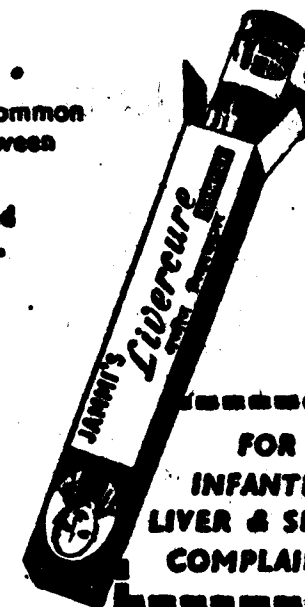
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PANDIT NEHRU AS NATIONAL LEADER?

By AZAD

THE shouting and the tumult are growing apace; the air is rent on all sides with battle-cries of contending candidates seeking the suffrages of the electorate. There are reassuring indications that the Congress is not having a smooth time of it. Many of the high-lights of the party are finding themselves on the defensive, only to realise that the experience is anything but exhilarating. Our non pareil chief minister—long held up as the prize-boy of the common man—has been hooted out by his favourites and told to go back. The Finance Minister who could be so supercilious inside the Lok Sabha is recanting his canting performances as Ace-Congressman with a breezy camaraderie and unctuous sympathy which he hopes will sweep the N. G. votes into his ballot-box. He and his associates in the inner circle have decided to raid the exchequer with a view to purchase the votes of some other sections of the middle-classes whom they had been grinding till the other day. There are even more reassuring indications of our Olivers accepting whatever may be doled out to them, but continuing to ask for more and, in any case, *not to vote Congress into power again!* Private gossip (of ministers acting as channels of accommodation between industrialists and Congress Tammany) quotes chapter and verse in support of what under normal circumstances might have been dismissed as a smear campaign. In short the halo round Congress as an organisation is getting dim; and even if Congress manages to scrape through, indications point to notable defeats and spectacular land-slides which bid fair to present

us with a post-election jig-saw puzzle which would take some unravelling. There is no doubt that the electorate, notwithstanding its tremendous handicaps, is beginning to think for itself and move of its own record. A sort of sixth instinct or sense is in the air; and if it should find a concrete avatar in attenuated or vanished Congress majorities and increased opposition gains, we may thank ourselves for an evolution which is at bottom in the right direction.

It is therefore all the more disconcerting to find some of the so-called opposition leaders acting in a muddled and self-stultifying manner. I refer to Messrs. Kripalani and Jayaprakash Narain hailing Pandit Nehru as a national leader, and appealing to him to throw a few crumbs to the opposition so that it may also languish beneath the table. As an attitude, it is contemptible for its elemosynary grovelling. But more distressing, if not dangerous, is the mental outlook it discloses. It is so completely unrealistic and so directly fatal to the very concept of democracy that our surprise is that it should have been formulated at all from the opposition. If it is conceded that Pandit Nehru is a national leader, then the entire structure and ideology of an opposition party falls to the ground. For the implications and corollaries of a national leader are to lead us to the trinity of: One country, one people and one leader. This is the totalitarian structure with a monolithic party to which our allegiance should be given in the interests of the new trinity which is worked into a popular mystique. Mussolini first and Adolf Hitler later

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worked out this notion into a complete system which has accounted for the lurid history of the last generation. Is that what our democratic evangelists want?

But even more, is it a fact or the truth that the Pandit is a national leader? And how do we arrive at such a conclusion? An answer to these questions would involve an enquiry into the history of the Congress and its record of omissions and commissions during the last decade. In the first place, who are the people who ascribe a national character to Pandit Nehru? They are all ex-Congressmen who, for temperamental or personal reasons—have broken away from the Congress organisation *without having emancipated themselves from the emotional incubus of Congress in its pristine phase.* The Communists for instance do not hail Nehru as a national leader—for obvious reasons. The Muslim League—it has died a thousand deaths, but is still very much alive in the heart of every single Muslim in the Union—has had to temporise in a variety of ways; but it has not publicly declared that Nehru is its national leader. The Hindu communal organisations which serve as invaluable windmills for our almost deified Don Quixote to tilt at, vigorously denounce him as the most sinister and potent influence aiming at their own disruption. As for the masses at large, they no doubt hail Pandit Nehru on his stage-managed public appearances, and *Zindabad* him until they grow purple in the face and hoarse in their voice. But they would do it with equal fervour to any one else set up for the nonce. In Tamil Nad, for instance, there are leaders who are anti-Nehru with a completeness which is symmetrical but who are received with tumultuous welcome. As the reversioner of the accumulated capital built up by Congress during the era of its epic struggle with the foreigner Pandit Nehru came to an enviable heri-

tage; but with the recklessness of the proverbial rake he has been dissipating it; and it is beginning to be realised by different sections of the country in terms of its special, local, regional problems. Let Pandit Nehru stand for election in any constituency of Gujerat on the issue of bilingual Bombay and win the seat. That would show him to be a truly national figure; or let him go to any part of Kerala—the most advanced and literate and politically mature part of the country,—and win it on an all-India or parochial issue. That would clinch his claim to be considered a national figure. Or let us put it the other way. Why did not Pandit Nehru send his alter ego, the colossal pigmy V. K. Krishna Menon to a Kerala constituency, as in the nature of things, he should have done? Why did he choose a Madras colony of Bombay, and why has he made his election a vote of confidence on his foreign policy? A more transparent exhibition of political jugglery cannot be thought of. What is hoped for is that mass hysteria worked upon adroitly could be stamped into voting for abstractions under a wave of emotional misjoinders.

But it is possible to contend that the opposition groups inside the country are a cantankerous lot, inspired by unpatriotic motives, out for their own self-aggrandizement or so ignorant and short-sighted that they would ruin the country, if given a chance to administer its affairs. By the same token, the policies and programmes pursued by Pandit Nehru and his satellites (euphemistically dubbed the ministry) must be shown to be in the highest national interests. Let us examine this view as objectively as possible.

A government's policy has two facets to it—internal or domestic and external or foreign. Nothing has been more loudly, persistently and monotonously trumpeted than the wonderful adroitness, moral impeccability

bility and diplomatic astuteness of Pandit Nehru handling our foreign policy. The sober truth about our foreign policy is the same as that about snakes in Iceland; it is simply *non est!* We have been enthusing ourselves about something which has not yet taken shape at all. But that is one of the myths of Government which we need not quarrel about in the present context. Granted that we have a foreign policy, has it been consistent, honourable and in the interests of national and international well-being? We are supposed to have settled the Korean, the Indo-Chinese, the Indonesian and other questions. The solutions in all those cases were nothing but a species of masterly evasion—putting off the evil day of final decision. It suited the big powers to find some catpaw to pull their chestnuts out of the fire; and we have obliged in more or less docile ways. We have doubtless shouted loudest about alleged rampagings of colonialism in Algeria, Cyprus, Egypt, etcetera. But when it came to Kashmir, we turned round and told an intrigued world that it does not understand our peculiar position, and that we propose to follow the good old rule and the simple plan, long ago propounded by that estimable worthy known to fact and fiction as Rob Roy!

Now the question is whether our stand on Kashmir is a national stand? And if it is, whether it is right or wise or calculated to promote the cause of peace. In this matter, it has to be acknowledged that Pandit Nehru is appealing to cupidity, shortsighted greed and thinly disguised communal passions. It was but recently that Hitler's henchmen shouted: "Austria is ours" or that "Czechoslovakia was, 'Suedeten Germany' and so should be a part of Germany." Mussolini taught the poor fools of his country to shout: 'Nice, Corsica'—implying that they belonged by virtue of historical memories to

Italy and not to France. Today we find schoolboys and septuagenarians shouting in sickening unison: "Kashmir is ours!" What else is this but land-hunger factitiously fostered? We have made a miserable exploitation of moth-eaten parchment rights to maintain a *status quo* which is draining our resources at home and our moral capital abroad. After all, the offer of a plebiscite came from us, and we are merely asked to fulfil our pledges. Why is it so fatally assumed that we would lose the plebiscite? If that assumption is true, does it not prove conclusively that we are holding Kashmir at the point of the sword? Who is to tell our people and our leaders that Kashmir is *indefensible and dispensable*? A simple question has been raised into one of national prestige until we find it painful to retrace our steps. If we are going to depend upon our guns and shells, by what right can we point the finger of scorn at others who do the same thing for at least as plausible reasons? Above all, who is to tell our people that we could not have done the right thing *both in Hyderabad and in Kashmir*. Heads I win, tails you lose—is as old as gambling, whether as urchins you do it by the gutter or as *soi-disant* statesmen across the conference table.

I challenge Pandit Nehru to tell us in specific terms what vital or basic national needs are served by our holding on to Kashmir in the teeth of international public opinion. We make much of slogans and dubious axioms. 1947 is not so far behind us as to be ignored, much less to be misrepresented. Our petrobroneery over Goa betrays the split personality from which our so-called national leader suffers, and the deleterious effects of which he passes on to be endured by the nation. On this single issue, the verdict of the coming years would not only brand Pandit Nehru as a megalomaniac, but convict the rest of us for having been a flock of

deep-seated, self-serving egotism for the hordes. Taking Punch Shila, and obliterating the memory of Buddha after 2500 years of its cold storage, go with ordering bombers and air-craft writers. We are hoist with our own sword, and we shall suffer for the enmity of one man, even as more lifted people than ourselves have paid the penalty of their bemused admiration for mountebanks masquerading as Mahatmas.

On the domestic front, Pandit Nehru's policies have resulted in raising each man's arm against his neighbour in fratricidal frenzy. He has propped us in a series of legislative pacts until we are now a nation of mandrakes bleeding through all our pores. He has been experiencing the exhilarations of riding the tiger; but he has neither the eyes to see nor the apprehensions to visualise the rail of woe he leaves behind him. He

is thus the *pons at origo* of all our ills, notwithstanding the deceptive air of busy-ness and prosperity which we see around us as a result of inflation. How can any alternative to him or a rival to the party of nondescripts which he leads arise or grow if we start with the blighting thought that he is a national leader, when in reality he is at best the unwilling prisoner of a Frankenstein monster, and at worst an ordinary man corrupted by enormous power going into his head?

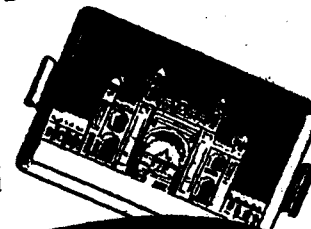
If we do not stir betimes, we shall be condemned to learn the immemorial way—through disasters of our own seeking. War with Pakistan may be inevitable at some time or other. But I pray that it may be given to us to have a better case to fight it with than the one that is now being jerry-built in Kashmir.



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THE SIDDHA SYSTEM OF MEDICINE

By T. PURUSHOTHAM, M.L.C.

DURING the last two years radical changes have been made in the administration of the College of Indigenous Medicine, departing widely from the recommendations of the Osman Committee, and the Government have had to alter the name of the College into "the College of Integrated Medicine." What is "Integration," nobody is in a position to say. Subjects relating to the Indigenous systems were cut to the briefest possible limit while enormously increasing those of Allopathic medicine. It has for all practical purposes become another college of modern medicine with only just a pretence of Indigenous Medicine. This is not conducive to the growth of the indigenous system.

The work of editing and publishing works of Siddha medicine from palm leaf originals and from badly-printed books undertaken on a small scale during the time of Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar who was Honorary Director of Indigenous Medicine has been abandoned and the staff disbanded without assigning any reasons. This has to be restored since several Siddha medical manuscripts still remain unpublished and are likely to be lost if speedy action is not taken.

The Research Department attached to the College of Integrated Medicine should be reorganised and improved. Though the Government of India have come forward to give grants to Research Institutes of Indigenous Medicine, the Siddha system of medicine is not able to avail of it as no proper and recognised institute now exists in Madras State. As the Siddha system of medicine exists solely and exclusively in Tamil Nad and the works are in Tamil language research in the Siddha medicine is possible only in Tamil Nad. Hence it is urgent and impera-

tive that a separate unit of research in Siddha medicine should be started immediately side by side with the Ayurvedic unit of research in the College of Integrated Medicine in Madras.

As research in other systems of medicine is being carried on in all the other States on a large scale it is necessary that the resources of Madras State should be utilised wholly for the "Siddha system of Research" as it is the premier Indigenous Medical Science in vogue from time immemorial in Tamil Nad.

The following proposals should be considered:

1. To adopt the village Vaidyas training course devised by Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar.

2. To give subsidies to such of those village Vaidyas already trained and to other B-class Registered Medical practitioners to work in the vacant posts of Medical Officers in the Community Project areas, National Extension Schemes and Rural dispensaries under the Local bodies.

3. To utilise the services of the qualified and experienced L. I. M.'s and H. P. I. M.'s for supervising and improving the work of Vaidyas in the rural parts.

To maintain the supply of L. I. M.'s and H. P. I. M.'s for the above purposes, it is necessary to revive the original L. I. M. course. It is recognised that the curriculum of studies of the original L. I. M. course is more than enough to equip the student with a sufficient knowledge of the Indigenous and Modern Medicine, while the curriculum of studies now in force for G. C. I. M.'s is very defective so far as Indigenous medicine is concerned.

The Gurukula system devised by Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar deserves

consideration of the Government. This course will help all young men and women possessing adequate educational qualifications to undergo systematic medical training under recognised Physicians or in Centres recognised by the Government.

Though there are several privately managed schools for the Ayurvedic system in this State, there is no school for the Siddha System. It is necessary to start schools of Siddha medicine in different parts of Tamil Nad immediately. Siddha medicines are cheaper and almost all the drugs and precious herbs are available in our own country and there is no need for import of costly foreign medicines.

If the Siddha medical system is to develop or even survive, it is imperative that the department of Siddha medicine should be separated from the administrative control of the Director of Medical services and kept as a separate department under the control of a special officer who possesses qualifications in Siddha medicine or who has special interest in Siddha medicine similar to the Ex-Honorary Director of Indigenous medicine. A separate Medical Board of Siddha medicine should be constituted as recommended by the Dave Committee for Ayurveda, Unani and Homeopathic systems.

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Whether he has a clean past
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Whether he is sound in mind
Or only full of gas and wind;

Whether he is a public bore
Or a confirmed political chor;

Whether he is for national uplift
Or only works for internal rift;

Whether he is a man of sober habits
Or goes underneath like rabbits;

Then of his programme you must know
Whether it's good for the country's
show;

Whether he stands for peace
Or only hardship to increase;

Be not anyone's tool
And make yourself a fool;

Succumb not to the shouts
Of campaigning touts;

Listen not to street boys
Who are paid to be toys;

Vote only for the fellow
Who is wise and mellow.

—With acknowledgements to *The Hindustan Standard*.

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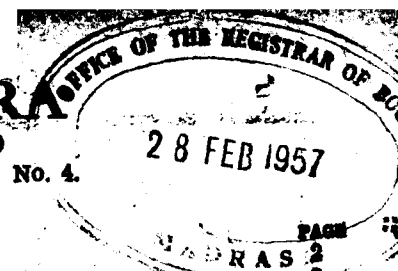
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ON THE COVER: Mr. H. D. Rajah who fights Mr. T. T. K., Union Finance Minister, for the Lok Sabha seat in the South Madras Constituency.

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SWATANTRA

Vol. XII. FEBRUARY 23 SATURDAY 1957 No. 4

PARTY AND GOVERNMENT

THE paramount need in India today is the ensuring of a democratic set-up. People with vision like Messrs. J. P. Narain and C. Rajagopalachari have expressed their anxiety for the early formation of a strong Opposition party which will function not only as a critic of the policies and measures adopted by the Congress party now in power but will also be able to take over the Administration whenever the Congress loses popular support. But it is tragic that Congress leaders not only ridicule the idea of the formation of an Opposition party but they run to the opposite extreme and assert with gusto the inevitability of one-party rule in India because it is a backward country with a low level of living and a lower level of education. Apparently the reasoning is that we deserve only a Government at a low level which only the Congress party can reach down to. The recent statements emanating from the Congress leadership from Pandit Nehru downwards point to the conclusion that the ruling party has so thoroughly mastered the technique of one-party rule that they have achieved an identity between Government and party to a degree hitherto unknown in any country of the world outside Communist Russia.

The call has gone forth from the Prime Minister and the Congress President, as well as from the lesser luminaries in the lower rungs of the Congress hierarchy, to the voters of India that at the coming general elections they should all plump for

the Congress if they would avoid national catastrophes of various kinds. At Bombay Pandit Nehru canvassed votes for Mr. V. K. Krishna Menon by asserting that the defeat of Mr. Menon would amount to a rejection of India's foreign policy, implying thereby the complete identification of the national foreign policy not only with the Congress party but also with Mr. Krishna Menon who is merely the official mouthpiece at the UNO of the India Government and has to conform to instructions received from Delhi from time to time. The foreign policy of India is not Mr. Krishna Menon's policy nor is it the policy of any other delegate of the Government of India who may be deputed to speak at the UNO advocating such views as may be conveyed to them by the Government.

Nor has Mr. Menon made such a success of his job at the UNO. Before his advent as India's chief delegate at the UNO enjoying ministerial status and the full confidence and admiration of the Prime Minister of India, the prestige of India stood very high indeed. But Mr. Menon was so thoroughly hated by the Western powers as a Communist or a near Communist fellow-traveller that India's prestige took a downward course ever since his arrival at the UNO headquarters. Mr. Menon's supposed eloquence is part of the fiction manufactured by Pandit Nehru's kept press in India. His filibustering tactics to drag on the discussion on

met out of National revenues. There is the glaring instance of Pandit Nehru himself going out of his way to seek an interview with the aggrieved NGOs of Madras during his election tour with a view to assure them of his active intervention to grant their demands, while just a few months ago he refused audience for even a few minutes to representatives of a large delegation of Madras NGOs who travelled all the way to Delhi in order to seek an interview with the Prime Minister.

All these incidents of electioneering tactics practised by the Congress party amount to a blatant attempt on their part to impress upon the people that they are really a sovereign body and that there is complete identity between them and the Government of the country and that other parties and other shades of

political opinion count for nothing. Such an attitude is indicative of the deliberate adoption of totalitarian methods reminiscent of Hitler and Stalin. It is a danger more menacing than the failure of the Five-Year Plan or the threat of war by an external enemy. For, a failure of the Plan can be made good by rectifying the Plan or by extending the time-limit for the achievements of its targets. An external enemy can be dealt with at greater cost or at a later time. But the break down of a peoples' morale by the onset of totalitarianism is a deep-seated malady and cannot be overcome except at the heavy cost of a bloody revolution or the holocaust of a foreign intervention as happened in the case of Hitler and Mussolini. The easier way for the people of India to avoid the menace is to vote the Congress out of power at the coming elections.

SIDELIGHTS ::

AS the election date approaches nearer, all sorts of rumours and whispering campaigns are set afoot by the Congress party in a desperate effort to regain the confidence of the voter. Phoney propaganda is carried on through the press of the indispensability of the Congress divinity that rules the country today. *The Hindustan Times* prints in thick type the following story from Ujjain:—

A person who was a critic of Mr. Nehru's policies cannot be a suitor for my daughter's hand. So saying Mr. Laxman Singh, a village patel of Thikari, asked a Jan Sangh sympathizer to seek his son's life partner elsewhere.

It is stated that while marriage negotiations were going on, the son's father criticized Mr. Nehru. This

enraged the village patel so much that he turned down the offer.

Apparently the opinion of the girl whose entire life and happiness were at stake counted for nothing. All that mattered was the political opinion of the father and the need to boost Pandit Nehru's party.

There is the pitiful case of an ignorant youth who committed suicide in Ramanad district by throwing himself before a Railway engine. He carried in his pocket a statement that he was aggrieved that there was opposition in the country to such a saint as Chief Minister Kamaraaj Nadar! Whatever truth there may be in such incidents, the manner in which they are played up in the press brings eternal discredit to the country, although it may bring a

few more ignorant votes into the Congress box.

The other day I was walking along a road adjacent to some huts inhabited by fishermen. The sound of cinema music from such an unusual quarter attracted me and I entered the village. There was a big crowd gathered and an entertainment was going on by a touring Cinema Talkie equipment. There were some jeeps and motor vans belonging to the Congress party and there was a crowd of Congress workers who interrupted the show now and again for election propaganda through the loud-speakers attached to the equipment. I was told that the film was made especially for the purpose of carrying on Congress election propaganda in the Tamil districts. This particular equipment was only one of many such now covering the remotest parts of Madras State with a time schedule to complete their tour programme before the onset of the elections. People in the far corners who have never witnessed Cinema and Talkie shows will now have an opportunity to see it for the first time in their lives. The show will be entirely free and conducted at their very doors. What a blessing the Congress party has heaped upon the ignorant illiterate and poverty-stricken villagers! All that the Congress wants in return for such a great boon conferred on them unasked is just only to cast their votes in the bullock boxes. Of course no other party or individuals contesting the elections could spend the money for such high-power propaganda. The cost of one such film would run into lakhs of rupees and the party budget for the free Cinema show item would run into several crores. How can anybody else but the Congress afford the expenditure? How can there be free elections in a country where only one of the parties commands all the money power and the rest have to wallow in poverty as well as governmental disfavour?

Another election stunt of the party in power is the recent announcement of liberal grants by way of loans to the fishermen community for the purchase of wood for their cataramans and yarn for fishing nets. The Government have suddenly discovered that these fisher folk have to be saved from the clutches of moneylenders who literally eat up more than half their catch of fish by way of heavy interest charges on their money debts incurred for the purchase of wood and yarn. It is true that the fishermen are heavily indebted and they badly need the money now promised to them by the Government if they are to escape the heavy impositions of unscrupulous moneylenders who have preyed upon the community for generations. But look at the timing of this much needed relief. Just a few days before the elections so as to place all the non-Congress contestants under a heavy handicap. It happens that villages on the coastline of South India are inhabited by a mixed population of fishermen and other agricultural and industrial labourers. Until the day of the announcement by the government of these tempting money loans to fishermen these humble village folk lived in amity together and shared a common hatred of the Congress Government which did nothing to alleviate their distress. But the announcement of loans to fishermen alone in preference to others has proved an apple of discord since it has enhanced the economic status of the fishermen community over the others. Without the prospect of the loan they would have all voted against the Congress. But the announcement has made all the difference. The fishermen now want to vote for their benefactors of the Congress party while the others continue to nurture their grievances and are determined to vote anti-Congress. The amity in the village life is destroyed and the mutual wrangling often bursts out into violence.

Similar is the experience of railway employees. The recent announcement of concessions by the Railway Minister has not satisfied the class of station masters who threaten satyagraha. The claims of the poor Class IV railway employees who form the vast majority of railway servants have been entirely ignored. The unity hitherto prevailing in the railwaymen's unions has been shattered.

The fate of government servants is not very different. Even among the NGOs there is great disparity in the proposals for enhancement of salaries and allowances. The big question mark is—what about the huge army of non-gazetted non-officers all of whom are living on the verge of starvation? No proposal for relief has yet been thought of by

the Congress Government for the much maligned peons, chaprasis, attenders and other manual workers who literally run the government. The moral of the story is that the attempt of the Congress party to divide up the people into their favourites and non-favourites will not succeed. The entire people of India, including the government servants in all departments, the manual workers and the so-called middle class which is hardest hit by the recent legislative measures for the achievement of pseudo-Socialism, are all sunk deep in economic misery and there is no prospect of salvation for them except by a supreme effort on the part of one and all of them to defeat the Congress and to usher in a new era.

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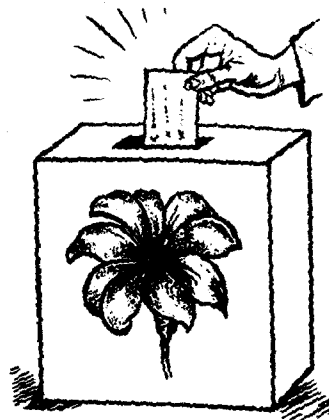
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FLOWER BOX

THE INDIAN CASE FOR KASHMIR

By S. NARAYAN

THE recent 10-0 Vote at the Security Council of the U. N. *prima facie* in favour of Pakistan and against India must give cause for all Indians to think and think furiously. That the World Powers are playing power-politics may be true but does not provide an adequate explanation of the Vote.

Have we really got a bad case in the Kashmir affair or have our distinguished representatives bungled it badly? We will do well to admit in the first place that Pakistan has quite a good case against us and if as I believe we have a better claim for Kashmir, it is not so much better that we can afford to ignore adventitious aid in the shape of presenting it properly at the bar of world public opinion. By all accounts while our V. K. Krishna Menon by whom Panditji swears is a shrewd and skillful negotiator, he seems a pretty poor hand at presenting a complicated case before a competent tribunal. Even a tyro in the art of advocacy would have known better than to have indulged in a 8½ hour oration before an expert body of less than a dozen international Statesmen most of whom were thoroughly familiar with the general background of the case like the members of the Security Council. Perhaps, a less able but more pleasing advocate might do better with the Indian case for Kashmir before the U. N. than Mr. Menon has so far succeeded in doing.

The Question Of Plebiscite

Complete frankness in declaring our present attitude towards the proposal for a plebiscite in Kashmir under U. N. auspices to which we agreed about ten years ago would be good international policy. Pandit Nehru's statements on this subject

have not always been quite unequivocal. We would do well to proclaim publicly and stick to the position that while the Government of India in 1948 and 1949 in the light of the circumstances then existing did agree to abide by the result of a plebiscite under U. N. supervision to decide whether Kashmir should accede to India or Pakistan, it was even then a doubtful bare majority decision of the Indian Cabinet and the change in the circumstances over the years has convinced every member of the Indian Cabinet that it is a wrong decision and definitely not acceptable now. If there is a charge of breach of faith or going back on international agreements we must put up with it and answer it as best as we can. Both Pandit Nehru and Mr. Krishna Menon have done a good deal of harm to this line by dragging in the American military aid to Pakistan as one of the principal factors that have changed the context of the Kashmir situation. American aid has made Pakistan and Pakistanis more cocky, more aggressive in their relation to India and more intractable on the Kashmir question than they were before or they would have been without the aid. That apart, it is absolutely irrelevant to the rights and wrongs of the Indian case in respect of Kashmir or the need or otherwise for a U. N. conducted plebiscite in Kashmir. Our reference to American aid to Pakistan in this context has been necessarily interpreted to mean that we depended on our superior man power and military resources to back our claim and that has been upset by the accession of military strength through American aid to Pakistan. We will

do well to forswear that particular argument with bell, book and candle.

The main factor that has guided international and U. N. opinion on this subject has been the attitude of Britain and rightly so because having governed the country comprising India, Pakistan and Kashmir till just before the advent of this question on the U. N. agenda and having been responsible for the arrangements that resulted in the creation of these States she is legitimately supposed to know all about the rights and wrongs of the entire question with all its complexities. And here again we will do well to admit that from the British point of view Pakistan's claim to the Kashmir territory is much sounder than India's. Our case before world opinion must be directed to proving that in this question Britain is wrong, and bound to be wrong.

A Digression

While the two centuries of British Rule in India are characterised by both "Credit" and "Debit" entries against Britain, the one British Act which has done the most incalculable harm to India and through India to the world at large has been the introduction of separate electorates for the Muslims in 1906. The separate electorate for Muslims, Lord Morley's Dragon's teeth, was the seed of all the Hindu-Muslim antagonism in India during the last half century. The claim for separate Nationhood, the claim for Pakistan and insistence until it was achieved and the bestialities that attended partition are the direct and inevitable outcome of Lord Morley's deplorable act. The Englishman bearing responsibility for the monstrosity cannot be expected to admit it. But it can be made clear to everybody else who understands the working of democracy and cares to study the history of India; for it is obvious that the tendency of separate electorates is to create politicians whose vested interest lies in setting

one community against the other and drive them further and further apart putting a heavy premium on mutual hatred.

When therefore facing an inextricable dilemma of the Englishman's creation, the Indian leaders in 1947 accepted partition as a way out of the dilemma, they did not accept the two-nation theory on which Jinnah demanded it and the Englishman granted it. They were prepared to let go whatever was necessary in order to save the rest, no more and no less. It is absurd therefore of the Englishman and the Pakistani to tell India that on the basis of the partition idea Kashmir must go to Pakistan. For we never accepted any ideological or other basis for the partition. The power was in the Englishman's hands and we could take only what he was prepared to give us. We certainly were not prepared to follow any implications for later action. When the Maharaja of Kashmir asked for help against raiders and offered accession there was nothing to prevent India accepting it and giving the urgent military help asked for against the raiders. The accession was subject to the wishes of the people and the people have both in their support to the Government and in a series of elections shown their approval of the accession to India.

The differences between the Pakistani point of view with which the Englishman is associated, the trouble being largely of his creation, and the Indian view arise out of the fact that India has never accepted the two-nation theory on which the partition of India was based. It has acquiesced in the partition and the lines drawn but has consistently rejected the theoretical basis on which the Englishman went about the partition business. My point in this digression is that for the uninstructed and fairminded foreigner; the Englishman is a most unreliable guide in the quicksands of Indo-Pakistani differences.

Anti-Indian Propaganda

Pakistani propaganda that Kashmir is essential to Pakistan's existence is useful to India only if she has aggressive designs on Pakistan is meaningless and what is more carries its own refutation with it. Kashmir is a strategic position and that seems to be its misfortune. From any point of view situated as it is in an excellent buffer position between India and Pakistan, commanding the sources of the bulk of the Canal waters of North western India, with its elevated position overlooking both countries and with so many trade routes passing through it, it is equally a vital strategic convenience for either country and in the hands of either (if unfortunately they should come to be at variance and decide to fight it out) a strategic risk to the other. That argument therefore is precisely evenly balanced between the two disputants.

Another vital factor that has the most intimate bearing on this problem is the established fact that while the Indian Government has provided safe living and working conditions for its million Muslim subjects, the Pakistan Government has conspicuously failed to do so. The figures of exodus from East Pakistan to India in 1956 total 900,000 i.e. three thousand people everyday. While this is mostly Hindu in composition there are quite a number of Moslems amongst them and this is pure and simple one-way traffic, conclusively demonstrating our claim that the India Government safeguards the life and property of its Muslim subjects while the Pakistan Government has conspicuously failed to discharge its elementary duties in respect of its non-Muslim subjects. The relevance of this matter to our subject is that while the India Government has amply demonstrated its ability and willingness to look after the three million Muslims of Kashmir, if Kash-

mir were by any chance to fall to Pakistan, the Pakistani Government has equally demonstrated its unwillingness and incapacity to safeguard the interests of the one million odd Hindus of Kashmir and they will immediately or almost immediately be added to the stream of refugees flooding India from Pakistan and we are bound to see a repetition on a slightly smaller scale of the horrors that attended the partition of India in 1947.

Finally we come to the question that any impartial observer is bound to ask "If your case is so good as all that, what have you to fear from a plebiscite and why don't you in the interests of harmony agree to a plebiscite and be done with it?" That is a fair question and demands a fair answer. Frankly we think that a plebiscite under normal conditions would go overwhelmingly in our favour. But we have to consider (1) the people are largely ignorant and easily misled (2) Like their Indian neighbours and like poor people the world over they are likely to be too much impressed by show of authority and the fact that after ten years' possession by India, Pakistan has been able to get Indian officials out and foreigners in would work in favour of Pakistan from this angle (3) There is no knowing what a raging tearing propaganda that is bound to precede a plebiscite with the Pakistani cry of "Islam in danger" (and no U. N. authority conducting a plebiscite will have either the knowledge, resources or authority to regulate the propaganda) and the fanaticism and the influence of ignorant moulvis may not work on the people.

For these reasons and knowing as she does that Kashmir and Kashmiris have overwhelmingly accepted accession to India and having the legal and moral right as well as the right of possession (at least as regards the more important part of Kashmir) in her hands, India cannot see any rea-

Why she should go out of her way at the instance of an invader and an intruder without an iota of moral or political right to submit the fate of four million Kashmiris to the uncertain chances of a plebiscite to be conducted under impossible conditions.

ON WIRE PULLING

WIRE pulling or pulling wires, however you may put it, is a by-word in our time. But innocent youngsters may wonder what it is all about. They are apt to conclude that it refers to pulling some ropes in order to display one's physique, some sort of tug-of-war. That it is a war is certain; the competitors entering the field of college admissions and jobs, fight among themselves, with the powerful weapon called 'influence,' or, to bring in the tug-of-war analogy, every one of them pulls the rope of influence against the other.

A few months ago, my neighbour was very proud that his son passed the B.A. examination with flying colours and was confident that any reputed firm would only be glad to have him on its staff. I congratulated him on being the father of such a brilliant student, but when I enquired as to how strongly he was pulling wires (so that a job could be secured for him) he pooh-pooed me, saying: "You know, he was first in his college," and quoted the warning 'Canvassing in any form will disqualify a candidate.' The result was obvious.

A friend of mine who had always more complaints against his boss than the latter had against him, wished for a transfer to another branch of the Company. But to his chagrin one fine morning, he found a junior colleague of his missing from his seat. It did not take much time for him to discover that the other man was given a lift and transferred to his home-town. You see, his father-in-law was manipulating a number of wires for his sake.

If you adopt this vital technique for your success in life, it is always advisable to use as small a wire as

possible and as many as you can get at. The greater the length of the wire, the longer its course and so, the remoter the success. You may have one or two persons to hold and pull the wire for you. Not more than that. Likewise, you may have a number of wires pulled from different angles, simultaneously. That is sure to get you a remarkable effect.

Had Shakespeare lived among us, he would not have written that mercy was the "mightiest." He was sure to have recognised the greatness of this modern technique and would have given it the place of mercy. If only Antonio had an influential relative or a friend to pull the wires for him, Shylock would not have insisted on the pound of flesh.

Playing an equal role in the field of success as wire pulling, is *crow-catching*. It is a trifle different from the other, in that a third party does not come into the picture. All that you have to do is to be a snob and to fiddle to the whims and fancies of the person whom you intend to earnestly *crow-catch*. Never say no to anything that he utters; in short, play an yes-men. You may at times feel that you are doing it at the expense of your individuality. But that does not matter. After all, it is all for your own good.

If you have a son who is employed and who you think is not giving due respect to this most dependable device, you will do well to warn him of the undesirable consequence of his inadvertence.

Now, having come to the end of my article, I am all the more anxious about its fate. How I wish, I had some one to pull the wires for me!

KOSHI NINAN

MARIAN ANDERSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By S. J. HARRY

MARIAN ANDERSON is undoubtedly one of the most famous singers of our time. But very little is known about her career or her private life. Now she has told the whole story of her life with great charm in a book, recently published by King Press in New York under the title, *My Lord, What Morning*.

It is no surprise that the whole book is modest in tone and full of homey stories because, in spite of all the praise and honour that has been heaped upon her, Miss Anderson has remained a humble and warm-hearted person.

When the time came to write her life's story, she wrote about the things that meant most to her. So, instead of filling her book with quotations

from the many critics who have praised her, Miss Anderson has filled her book with admiring words about her mother, father, husband and all the people who have helped her in her career or been kind to her. Many who have attended her concerts have been struck with the singer's great, almond-shaped dark eyes which seem to radiate kindness and serenity. These qualities also shine through her book.

Marian Anderson discovered that she could sing. But it was hard work before she began to earn money for her singing. At first she sang only in the choir, in Philadelphia, where she was born; but her voice was so flexible that she was soon singing in



President Eisenhower stands attention as Marian Anderson sings the National Anthem during the recent inauguration ceremonies.

both the junior and senior choirs, and often substituted for others who were ill no matter what kind of part it was—high or low. Social groups began to invite her to sing for them and gave her a dollar or two as a gift. By the time she was in high school she had begun to charge \$5 for each concert. A Philadelphia musician said to her mother: "Mark my words, one of these days that child is going to earn \$50 a night." Marian and her mother thought he was exaggerating,—but these days Miss Anderson sometimes receives several thousand dollars for an appearance.

But the way up from \$5 per concert to several thousand dollars was not easy. Through the help of friends \$800 was raised so that Marian

"... AND HELL BE YOURS"

By KONGOT

IF Pandit Nehru were to leave the Palam airport for Mountbatten's country villa in the U. K. and I for my dilapidated abode in Malabar, Panditji would land at his destination, perhaps, some fifteen hours earlier than I would reach mine. In other words, one could go thrice to England in such time as one would need to drag oneself from Tanjore to Palghat once; to move about a distance of 200 miles inside Bharat, it takes about three times the time necessary to travel 6000 miles outside in India!

What if people like you and me crawl like snails here when our winged phantoms like the P. M. and his troupe who have graciously granted us the freedom of crawling, flash like comets transcontinentally across the skies?

Well, to go back to the start: I reach my house for a short sojourn. If Mrs. Mountbatten, like Mrs. Ike might accost Mr. Nehru, crooning, 'Very nice to see you,' my mother seeing me, at my journey's end, would ask in sobs, 'Son, are you coming from your grave?' I will have to console her saying, 'No mother, I came by the Shencottah Passenger and partly travelled in a bus' permitted by the Government of Kerala to pack up human beings like pickles."

I wonder why the Southern Railway should publish the half-yearly "Time Tables and Guide" and thereby misguide the travelling public. I reached Palghat twelve hours, or in their jargon, 720 mts. after the scheduled time. To the lakhs of committees in the country, why not the Railway add one more, a standing one to investigate into every case of late-running of trains and do away with the detected delinquents. By hook or by crook, this irresponsibility of the

Railways should be cried a halt to. And the tickets they issue now-a-days! I was once issued a way-bill, a form ordinarily filled up and given whenever perishables are consigned, and I travelled from Kumbakonam to Tanjore as a perishable article. Perhaps the Railway authorities too have, out of sheer *vairagya* born of repeated accidents, ossified into practical *vedantins* and come to categorise man also as a commodity as much perishable as pumpkins. Or, I don't know whether they mean that a man becomes perishable as soon as he gets a ticket to travel in their railway trains!

Tourists going to Kerala are cautioned against a trap by which I was seduced, caught, crushed and cast out. It is not a brothel with the name-board of "Sati Anasuya Nivas" hanging in front of it; nor is it an arrack shop with the name-plate, "Milk Bar" dangling before it. It is a bus, proclaimed as a 'Luxury Coach' in bold letters studded across its radiator. Surely, luxury does not mean inferno, and I wonder why then was it so named. There is no stipulated number of passengers authorised for it, no time schedule for its departure or arrivals. The whole coach appears symbolic of the smallness of Kerala and the denseness of its population.

Manjapra, my village, is postally known as Mannapra, the reason being the lamentable orthography of the officer of the P. & T. Department who went there to investigate the possibility of opening a branch P. O. there.

If the pulsation of the Nation is the villages, pray do come to my village and feel for yourself how feeble it is. To my villagers I would say "Vote for the Congress and Hell Yours!"

could have singing lessons from an expensive but very good teacher. With his help, and with the continuing success she was having in small concerts, Marian took the risk of making her debut in New York's Town Hall. This was the kind of concert the newspaper music critics would attend. And many of them did, but very few other people did. Furthermore, the critics were not too complimentary.

Marian was so discouraged she thought about giving up singing. But as the months passed she realized that music meant too much to her to give it up and with the encouragement of her wise and understanding mother, she began to practise her singing again. Very soon she was chosen as the best singer from among 600 applicants in a contest and given a chance to perform at Lewisohn Stadium in New York with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. She went to England to study. Then the Julius Rosenwald Fund gave her money to study in Germany so she could perfect her interpretation of German lieder songs. And Marian Anderson began a great career.

Honours And Compliments

Looking back over the 48 years of Miss Anderson's life, it would be hard to pick out the best of the honours and compliments she has had. Would it be the medal given to her by the King of Sweden? Or the Edward Bok award given to her by her home city of Philadelphia for service to the community? That meant a lot to her for the idea involved in it. As for the \$10,000 which went with it Miss Anderson promptly used the money to set up scholarships for young singers. Would it be the fact that the Metropolitan Opera Company gave her in 1954 a special invitation to join them although she had never sung any operatic roles? Miss Anderson was a great success when she tried such a role (*Ulrica* in

Un Ballo in Maschera). Would it be the fact that Jan Sibelius invited her to his home for coffee and then—after he had heard her sing—insisted on serving champagne instead? Or the fact that he dedicated a song to her? Maybe it would be the compliment that Arturo Toscanini paid to her when he said: "A voice like yours is heard only once in a hundred years."

But possibly the greatest honour came on Easter Sunday of 1939. On that day Marian Anderson sang—at the invitation of the United States Government—on the steps of the beautiful memorial to President Lincoln in Washington.

The place was chosen with great appropriateness because Lincoln was the President who freed the slaves. It was a chilly day but 75,000 people—including Supreme Court judges and cabinet officers—came to stand and listen to a voice so beautiful that a critic remarked that its like is heard only "once in a hundred years."

At the end of her book Miss Anderson discusses the problem that Negroes sometimes face with white people, and expresses great hope for the future of Negro Americans and for America as a whole. It must make her proud to know how much she has contributed to the progress of both.

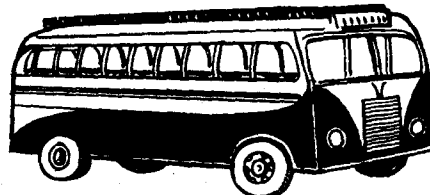
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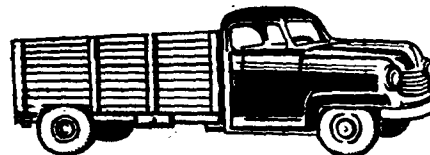
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CONGRESS BLUNDERS—IV

KASHMIR

By M. N. THOLAL

THE Labour Party which came to power in Britain after the defeat of Nazi Germany had long been committed to granting freedom to India. It saw the force of the Congress argument that the presence of the third party prevented a settlement between the Congress and the League and decided to quit India. "Make no mistake about it," said the Cabinet Mission to incredulous Indians, "We are quitting, irrespective of whether you agree among yourselves or not."

So it was that freedom came to us as a gift and even as such Congress leaders saw to it that it was Jinnah who won with his slogan of "Divide and Quit." Gandhiji was against partition and was reported to have said, "Don't accept it; Jinnah will not live for ever!" "This is *Sarvnash*," he would say to Hindus, and to Muslims, "Yeh *gandagi hai, gandagi, azadi nahin*," ("This is filth, not freedom.")

But the die was cast; how could freedom be refused when those who ruled over us were determined to leave us—at our own insistence? Jinnah advised Muslims to collect arms and they feverishly began buying and even stealing arms. Never before in Northern India had Hindus and Muslims thirsted so for each other's blood. Sardar Patel saw the League game and over-ruled Gandhiji. That is how Congress won freedom for India!

During the days of our slavery all that the Congress leaders could do was to prolong it by refusing to form a united front of Nationalists and, by fighting among themselves, reducing the Freedom Front to a clique of Gandhiji's yes-men. The Bose-baiting of 1939 is a classic example of

Congressmen's patriotism. Freedom, however, furnished fresh opportunities for blundering and our leaders started their Free India careers with blunders which would have made even school boys blush with shame!

In their discussions with the parties concerned regarding the future of the Indian states the representatives of the Paramount Power had found that the Ruling Chiefs claimed the right to accede to either union, and the Muslim League whole-heartedly supported the rulers. On behalf of the Congress, Nehru had been insisting that the people of the states be given the right to decide the question of accession, but he found himself in a minority of one. The Ruling Chiefs thus won their point with the support of the League, subject to the proviso that pockets would not be allowed and the Rulers' right to choose between the two unions would be restricted to states contiguous with both. The League stand proved a blunder on the part of Jinnah, who, however, was with good justification hoping to rope in the rulers of Jodhpur and some other Rajputana states.

"Heads You Win, Tails We Lose"

By this stand Jinnah made a present of Kashmir to India. When the Maharaja of Kashmir asked for accession to India after the invasion of his territory by Pakistan, the offer should have been accepted at once, without any conditions, without any proviso, particularly as the Congress leaders had always refused to believe in and act on the two-nation theory. That the ruler of a state contiguous to both India and Pakistan would have the right to accede to either of the

two was one of the terms on which partition had taken place. The Muslim League had insisted on it and with its help the Rulers had gained their point. To give the people of Kashmir any explicit right in the matter at a time when they were not even asking for it was to tell Pakistan: "Heads you win, tails we lose." And that is what exactly emotional Nehru did, without consulting the Cabinet, without consulting even Sardar Patel, that hard-boiled, hard-headed statesman but for whom Kashmir would have gone to Pakistan even after its accession to India.

It should not be forgotten here that Jawaharlal Nehru had found himself under arrest in the Maharaja's territory under the Maharaja's order not long before, and the condition attached to the plebiscite was perhaps meant to pave the way for Abdullah, for whose sake he had courted arrest in Kashmir. In any case the transaction seemed to suggest that we were doing a great favour to the Maharaja by accepting his offer, even as the delay in accepting the same was proving fatal to the whole transaction.

Reference to The Council

As if one blunder was not enough, we made another. We referred the matter to the Security Council. Was it necessary to know how the Security Council acted on complaints referred to it? Not at all. Just as it was unnecessary to know what the Khilafat was, before supporting the Khilafat agitation, it was unnecessary to know the mind even of the leading members of the Security Council before referring the complaint of aggression to it. And so we referred the matter to the Security Council after declaring from the housetops that we were going to be absolutely independent and, what is more, neutral as between the two blocs, as if neutrality is the surest proof of independence. What is even more, we plainly told the Security Council that we stood committed to a plebiscite in Kashmir!

Our troops did a wonderful job of it when it was 'touch and go' in the Kashmir Valley and drove the raiders back, but before they could drive the invaders out of the State, Nehru agreed to a 'cease-fire' at the suggestion of UNO observers. He did not take even the trouble to inquire: "Cease-fire between whom?" For, the Pakistan Government had denied all responsibility for the invasion—an admission to that effect would have laid Pakistan open to invasion from India—and had maintained that the invaders were tribal irregulars. Nevertheless we agreed to a cease-fire with the irregulars who had raped our girls and kidnapped them, looted our countrymen and razed their houses to the ground. As before, we said to Pakistan in effect: "Heads you win, tails we lose!"—all because UNO observers had succeeded in catching Nehru in a good mood or, what comes to the same thing, induced a good mood in him by cajolery.

And the 'cease-fire' was decided upon with effect from the midnight of December 31-January 1, 1949 when Skardu was within sight of the Indian forces, without even consulting the Indian Army Chiefs, at a time when the raiders—the murderers—were on the run, without any consideration of a manageable cease-fire line, as if we and not the Pakistanis were on the run, and as if some special sanctity attached to the first day of the New Year, as if, indeed, it was one of our New Year resolutions bidding goodbye to a violent past of which we were thoroughly ashamed.

Nehru banked heavily on Abdullah, to please whom he even exiled the Maharaja from his state, and would go out of his way to receive Abdullah at the aerodrome, without ever even suspecting folly of placing all his eggs in one basket. And, having promised a plebiscite, what was there to prevent him from holding it when the Kashmir Muslims were, on account of the atrocities committed by Pakistanis in Kashmir, almost cent per cent

in favour of accession to India? Surely, he had not promised the plebiscite under UNO or Pakistani auspices? Was he waiting for the tide to turn against him both among the Muslims of Kashmir and in the heart of his friend Abdullah?

The Zig-Zag Line

It is difficult for people living in the plains to realise what a zig-zag cease-fire line means in mountainous regions. A Press Note issued by the Press Information Bureau (Defence Wing) Government of India on September 24, 1956, on the "Hard Life of Indian Soldiers in Picquets in Kashmir" observed:

"While visiting forward areas in Jammu and Kashmir one cannot fail to notice narrow paths, carved out of the steep hill-sides, leading to high-altitude picquets where Indian troops stand sentinel, keeping a day-and-night vigil over the zig-zag cease-fire line.

"And there in the far-flung picquets, overlooking the no-man's land, our seasoned soldiers have had to stay day in and day out in almost solitary isolation, under the most hazardous living conditions, thousands of feet above human habitation. Braving the vagaries of the weather these forlorn soldiers have carried on their difficult task cheerfully."

"In picquets built by themselves of uneven stones," the Press Note continued, "our Jawans have sometimes to remain content with frugal meals, because of occasional interruption in the flow of food supplies. Vitamin tablets are provided to enable them to stand the stress and strain of their hard duties by counterbalancing the effects of malnutrition."

Gandhi's Fast

As if all this blundering was not enough, Gandhiji went on a fast because Rs. 55 crores, which we owed

to Pakistan, was not being paid by us to Pakistan, although the latter was virtually at war with us, and although Pakistan owed (and still owes) India nearly six times the amount, i.e., over Rs. 300 crores. A better way of defaming the motherland at a time when she had complained to UNO against aggression by Pakistan could hardly have been devised by Mahatmaji.

Nehru went even further and publicly accused his Hindu countrymen of genocide of Muslims. As should have been expected but was not, Zafrullah made good use of Nehru's admissions in refuting our charges of aggression and turned the tables on us. But how can you expect a man to think out the consequences of his uttered word when that man wants to speak every day, if not several times a day, and when he, according to his own public confession, has "no time to think."

In the result, after presenting our complaint against Pakistan to UNO, Gandhi and Nehru accused India of large-scale robbery and murder of Pakistan and Muslims respectively.

So this is what came of the transfer of Kashmir to Nehru's portfolio from Sardar Patel's at the suggestion of Gandhiji, since Abdullah was a great friend of Nehru and since the latter himself was a Kashmiri. And what a mess he has made of the only state he has had to deal with before the States' integration with India.

It is true that it is easy to be wise after the event, but surely there should be a limit to wishful thinking and emotional deciding. There was the (1) offer of plebiscite absolutely unwarranted (2) sudden cease-fire (3) failure to hold the plebiscite when the whole population would have plumped for India (4) Gandhiji's fast defaming India, and (5) Nehru's talk of genocide of Muslims.

What more could we have done to accuse ourselves?

(Concluded)

OUR "NEWSPAPER"

EVERY town or village has in it some showpiece or other with which it can attract the visitor or the tourist. It may be a temple built in ages gone by, a fort in ruins, a house in which a famous historical personality was born, a tank where a miracle is wrought once a year or a school under a banyan tree in these days of brick and mortar.

Our town has a showpiece which is peculiarly our own. We do not hold any patent for it but we would like to warn others against copying it even if it were possible. It would do good to our community if it were taken away from our midst, but then we would lose our place in the map of curiosities, and we are a sensitive people.

This showpiece of which I have spoken is a "newspaper". I use the inverted commas advisedly because this newspaper is different from the one manufactured on newsprint which greets our breakfast table every morning. For one thing it is a walking newspaper and for another it is newspaper in flesh and blood. It is not printed on any rotary, it does not come under the Working Journalists Act, nor even under the Factories Act. But its circulation in proportion to the area it covers is something which no newspaper as we know has equalled it so far. Better still, its influence is so all-pervading that one of us in the community of which speak of could escape it.

It has no name but everybody knows it for what it is—the "newspaper." It has no address, but even a child can tell you where it can be found. If you want to post a card or letter to it, it is enough if you write "Newspaper,"—town, and sure enough the "newspaper" would come personally to thank you and enrol you among its clients.

Two years ago I was a newcomer to this town and I was on the threshold of entering family life. I had brought my young bride with me and we set up home. We were happy and life to us was sweet and heavenly. One evening when I returned from office and called for her, as I usually did in the affectionate way newly-married husbands do, she did not come rushing into the hall as I had expected.

Instead I heard her voice from the backyard presumably addressed to me. "I shall be with you in a minute," it said. It was obvious to me that she had a visitor, an important visitor whom she just could not dismiss for my sake and probably she would give me full particulars in a minute from now when she would be with me.

When my wife did turn up after an hour while I was glancing through the evening newspaper she said: "Do you know who she is?" I understood she was referring to her visitor and replied: "No, but I have made some deductions which perhaps you could confirm. First, that she is a woman which I note you do not dispute. Secondly, that she is a widow which is evident to me from the fact that she pulled the white sari to cover her shaven head and that her neck and hands were bare of ornaments. Thirdly, that she is between 35 and 40—an age when women generally overwork their sound box, a conclusion which was forced on me seeing that it took you 60 minutes instead of the promised one minute to dispose of her. Fourthly..."

"All right, all right, don't go on. There is no stopping you once you let yourself go," she put her hands on my mouth and cut short my speech. She sat on the arm of my chair and mused: "What a good woman she is."

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SWATARA

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She seems to know everyone in the town and she has promised to take me round and introduce me to the wives of some of the bigwigs here. She wants me to rely on her absolutely for anything and everything and she assures me she would not be found wanting. In these days it is so difficult to find women like her, honest, friendly and self-sacrificing."

I made no comment, but merely patted her back and she went on: "Poor thing, it seems she lost her husband early in life and she is childless. She has an annuity with which she supports herself and it enables her to devote her whole time to the service of the community. She says I must see her at least once every day and I have promised that I would."

Some days later I went to the local club to spend an idle evening and met an old chum. We exchanged greetings and talked of old times when we shared the same flat as bachelors. "For all practical purposes, I am a bachelor for the past one month or two," he said smiling in which I could detect a tinge of sadness.

"I suppose you have sent your wife to her parents' place for the usual annual confinement. All the world knows that you make the biggest contribution to India's swelling population."

He did not respond to the joke. A sudden cloud of worry and despair swept over his face, and I knew all was not well with him. I waited for him to speak.

He covered his face with his handkerchief, was lost in thinking for some time and he then looked at me. "Do you know," he began, "I am locked out?"

"Locked-out! What in God's name do you mean? You are not working in a factory, surely."

"I have been locked out of my own house—by my wife," he said slowly and laughed.

"What for?" I asked.

"That is a question I have been asking myself these last two months and I have not found the answer," he said.

"Surely, your wife must have some reason for her action," I asked, my heart going out in sympathy for him. "You don't mean to tell me she is off her head, it is understandable in that case, and it requires medical attention."

"No, she is not mad. If she were, I would have put her in a mental asylum. She is completely in her senses, and thinks I have wronged her in some way which I could not make out. But let me tell you the whole story."

What he told me was a strange tale. "Some years ago when we came to this place we were strangers and we did not know many people," he said. "My wife, however, soon acquired a friend who she was never tired of saying was one in a thousand. This friend was a middle-aged widow who became a daily visitor to our home. I was glad that my wife found somebody to talk to while I was away and I told her so."

"One day I mentioned to one of my friends about the widow and I got the shock of my life when he told me in an agitated tone: 'Please ask your wife to give up her friendship and never to see her again. She will wreck your home. "Newspaper" has a long record of destructive work and I do not want your wife to be her victim.'

"I did not understand him. His mention of "Newspaper" conveyed nothing to me. I said: 'What has newspaper to do with my wife being a friend of the widow? Why are you so agitated?'

"My friend laughed and said: 'So you don't know about "Newspaper" I shall tell you. "Newspaper" is the nickname of the widow who has be-

friended your wife and for your information I may tell you she is of the yellow variety. She collects scandal, gossip, various odds and ends and circulates them among her clients who are legion, and her object is to break up peaceful and happy homes because she herself was deprived of one early in her life. She can never see a husband and wife happy and to date she has been more successful in destroying family life than natural causes and calamities could achieve.

"She has a way with girls which makes the latter her slaves and the Communists can take lessons from her in brainwashing. Her infiltration tactics are better than those of the Communists because her success is so complete. Family men who have watched her career of destruction have shut themselves in their homes and posted a Gurkha at the gate to prevent her coming in. She is avoided on the roads by all respectable men and women, and children shout at her and sometimes even throw stones at her, calling after her: 'Newspaper, Newspaper, what are you upto now?'"

"My friend said, 'If you are wise, you will go home at once and prevail upon your wife to have nothing to do with "Newspaper" and declare your house out of bounds for her.'

"I rushed home, but it was too late. What my friend had feared had come to pass. I was locked out. I banged the door and called to my wife, but she would not speak, nor would she open the door to admit me. I sat at the doorstep not knowing what to do next. My servant-maid came up to me and conveyed her mistress' message to me. It was to the effect that she never wanted to see my face again and that I could go and be happy with the girl next door.

"The girl next door, what did she mean? I then understood. "Newspaper" has in some way connected

my name with the girl and poisoned my wife's mind against me. The girl who was implicated was a member of our Social Club and we used to meet occasionally on the sports ground and take part in the games. Beyond that there was nothing in our relations which could be misunderstood. But "Newspaper" had done her work pretty thoroughly. And so I am here, and I do not know when my wife will see the wrong she has done me and admit me in."

All the time he was talking, I had been agitated myself for I recognised "Newspaper" as the woman who had cultivated the friendship of my wife and I was itching to rush to my house and forewarn my wife. I waited for him impatiently to finish. I said a hasty farewell to him as soon as he had come to an end, jumped into my car and sped home.

But it was too late! The door was locked! I found a note tucked in the doorway which I opened and read with fear and consternation. It had been written by my wife and it said: "My dear husband, I hesitate to call you my dear husband, after your treachery and unfaithfulness. I never realised until she (she mentioned the name of "Newspaper") told me of your antecedents that you could stoop to such mean tactics to deceive me and carry on with that bitch in the house opposite. I am going to my mother's home and I don't want to set my eyes on you again. Farewell."

Dear reader, this sad tale is being written on the steps of my house, once a happy home, now broken and desolate. I warn you: Beware of "Newspaper."

—SARATI

Bad times have a scientific value. These are occasions a good learner would not miss.

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SWANANTRA

DEAR DEATH!

By S. P. SHARMA

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

EVERYONE thinks that Robert Browning was referring to old age when he wrote this couplet. But I have a sneaking suspicion that, being a practical man and a realist, he was referring to Death. Yes, Death! I have no special preference for Browning. I quoted him because it reflects my own opinion. He was one (by the way, I am another) of those blessed souls who had guessed what a nice thing it is to be dead. Some are afraid of death and some of living—both are myopic cowards. Oh, that religious stuff, you would say. No, honest, nothing of that. Even from a purely materialistic and selfish point of view, it is wonderful to be dead. Browning knew what would happen when he died. He would surely have visualized his grand funeral, the grief of his loved ones, the tributes paid to him by celebrities and newspapers; his biographies with him as the sole hero; his poems quoted, requoted, edited, annotated, condensed, paraphrased, plagiarised . . . And a lot more. Poor man, he could not contain. His cup of excitement was full and overflowed into this couplet. Don't you agree old Browning had good reason to refer to it as 'the best yet to be' and to decide to grow old without panic?

Days have changed—fortunately, for the better, especially in this vast sub-continent that was British India. The lot of our leaders particularly is enviable. Freedom has done it. While alive these leaders lead us to God-knows-where. But we all knew what their deaths lead to. The funerals—royal is the word for them. Our Army and Navy 'can do it'. The Air

Force has brought us back the days of *pushpa varsha* (rain of flowers). Tune the radio, you are flooded with running commentaries, elegys and eulogies. Newspapers flash inch-high headlines and come out with black-bordered editorials. We have the additional benefits of special supplements and commemoration numbers. They carry reports, letters, telegrams, press statements, "so-and-so, an appreciation", "Last days of . . .", "My reminiscences of . . ." and other interesting things which only the death of the leader could release.

Flags fly half-mast. Government officials and clerks, always ready in other offices to go to sleep at a moment's notice, snore peacefully in their homes. Even the Bania relents and closes his shop. Running trains, buses, cars, (not aeroplanes yet) all forget their destinations and ponder to think. The 'silver screen' faultlessly and faithfully reproduces the pomp and splendour of the funeral and the spontaneity of the grief for the benefit of the unfortunate millions who were not on the spot to witness.

Then there are the condolence meetings and processions. Even the bitterest critics melt and add their voices to the tumult: there can be no controversy in death. Assemblies, councils, corporations, municipalities, schools and colleges adjourn with orgies of orations. Thus, funeral orations have become a distinct part of our glorious national literary heritage.

As days pass by, films, books, statues, institutions, parks, streets, shops, towns, even ships, all tell the same tale: Commemorate the immortal.

tal soul! No, it does not end there. Then we have the daily, weekly, monthly, yearly and centenary death anniversaries. Again, birthday anniversaries in similar sequences.

That is why St. Francis of Assisi said, "It is in dying that we are born to everlasting life". Which leader would not be tickled pink at the thought of being the *raison d'être* of

this procession of commemoration and commiseration?

I know what is worrying you. You are not a leader, eh? You are honest enough to admit to yourself that your death will not evoke such enthusiastic celebration—I mean, mourning. It is upto you to work for a glorious death before it is too late. Get busy now and good luck to you!

Reorientation of University Education

MERE acquisition of knowledge unrelated to practical purposes has done much harm to the cause of education. In the present system of education a disproportionate amount of attention is bestowed on the theoretical side with little or admittedly inadequate relevance to the practical. While knowledge for the sake of knowledge is certainly laudable as an ideal, education will not be a success unless it solves the basic problem in enabling the new graduate to earn his livelihood. Education, to be useful, must be utilitarian.

The increase in the number of educated unemployed with the progress of the First Five-Year Plan has presented a challenge to the planners. One of the principal objectives of the Plan is the attainment of full employment. Naturally with an increase in investment, more job opportunities will be created. But India witnessed a paradoxical situation during the First Five-Year Plan. On the one hand there was increased investment, but on the other hand there was increased unemployment. This was to a great extent due to the fact that the number of educated men available were not of the types required by the planners. The only way out is to make education more purposeful by stripping it of its idealistic clothing.

Mr. Mirsa Ismail once said that in India "the universities do not either understand the needs of industries or they do not provide the requisite training." Whatever it might be, this lack of co-ordination between the educational bodies and the industries lies at the root of the much-advertised "dearth of trained personnel" in India.

In Japan and the U. S. A., the Universities are the reservoirs of all types of personnel required by industries. Every year the industries announce to the universities the type of personnel they are in need of, and the universities train such types of personnel. The system has the merit that, even while studying, the student has the assurance that he will get a job.

It is obvious that the present system of education should be revised and reorientated in such a way as to fit it within the general framework of a planned economy. Such a reorganisation is necessary in view of the fact that planning in India will be a continuous process.

The need of the day is to devise an employment-orientated pattern of education which will afford the surest guarantee of employment to the new graduate. In a democratic Welfare State the educated young man has got every right to demand that the State should provide him with gainful employment. If the State fails to provide that, then democracy will be a sham and welfare a snare.

K. NILAKANTAN

OIL INTERESTS BEHIND U. S. MIDDLE-EAST POLICY?

FROM a reliable Washington source we get the following story:—

For approximately ten years after the end of World War I, American oil companies jockeyed with the British for possession of the greatest oil prize in the world—Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and the small Sheikdoms at the head of the Gulf of Persia. Today, American oil indirectly is jockeying with Congress over economic aid to the Near East, over fear of Arab nationalization and over the spectre of Soviet encroachment. Officially Secretary of State Dulles and the Eisenhower Administration are doing the Congressional jockeying. But the oil companies remain vitally interested parties in the background.

Of the importance of these oil fields there can be no debate, and of the need of keeping them out of the Soviet hands there is no argument. But there is a difference of opinion as to who should pay the bill—the oil companies or the taxpayers. There is also debate on whether it is the oil companies which dictate the Near East policy or the Eisenhower Administration. Finally there is debate over how far the Armed Forces of the United States should be pledged to protect private American investment, or if the armed forces are to be used, should Near East oil remain an unregulated unsupervised, private investment.

All these points involving the risk of war, are so important that the Senate, believing the public is entitled to all the facts, has voted an investigation of American policy dating back through the Truman Administration. To induce the grant of aid to the Saudi Arabian Government the Senate Investigating Committee found in 1949, "The Arabian American Oil Company offered to sell to the United States under a propo-

sals dated April 16, 1941 at prices based on fuel oil at 40 cents per barrel. When the United States needed the oil because of its war demands notwithstanding these prior proposals, the Companies offered the navy fuel oil at \$1.05 a barrel on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. The navy was forced to buy the oil on these terms. The oil companies were under moral, if not legal, obligation to disclose to the naval procurement officers their previous proposals for the sale of oil submitted to the President."

The Senate Committee went on to tell how the oil companies claimed they had doubled their royalties to King Saud: "The U. S. Government clearly was defrauded because the royalty payments were not doubled." It was on the basis of these Senate charges that the Justice department brought suit against the American companies which comprise the combine for an overcharge of \$67,000,000.

Some of the Senators now investigating the proposed Dulles Doctrine for the Near East, compare circumstances today with those of 1951 when Aramco manoeuvred the first American aid for the father of King Saud.

—P. G. Krishnappa's Service

INTOLERANCE

We want to be treated like citizens in a democracy, as independent people who can ask questions and point out mistakes and expect that such remarks are taken in the right spirit. The intelligentsia is not meant to be treated like a flock of sheep who just have to follow and swallow everything without being allowed to express one's thoughts. If the authorities do not show respect for those they govern, how can they govern, how can they expect respect from those whom they govern?

—RAMNIVAS R. RUTIA

NIGHTMARES

By PAULA PHILLIPS

SAM CARTER dozed off as soon as his head hit the pillow. Suddenly out of the blackness, long, hairy hands reached out at him. Sam lay rigid. A flash of light swept through the room and there, by the closet door less than five feet from his bed, was a grotesque ape-like figure.

On its head, perched at a ridiculously jaunty angle, was Sam's old tennis cap which he had not worn for years. Sam watched, almost hypnotised, as the figure came towards him.

Abruptly, Sam woke up. For a few moments he looked around the room suspiciously. He heaved a deep sigh of relief. Of course there was no one in the room—he had just been dreaming. But it was the "realist" dream he had ever had. Sam lifted his hand to his forehead and found he was dripping with perspiration. His heart was pounding like an engine and his throat felt so lumpy he could barely swallow.

"This is silly," he told himself. "I'd better forget all this nonsense and go back to sleep."

If Sam Carter's ape friend had appeared to him 200 years ago, his neighbours would have stood guard at his house for weeks afterwards to make sure he did not come again. Meanwhile, they would have fed Sam on wild carrots and parsley to help fight off the animal, should he get through their fortress.

Violent Activities

It is not surprising that people in ages past took nightmares so seriously that they refused to classify them as dreams. Even the dreamers of today find these dreams are so vivid "you could swear they really happened." Medical men have an explanation for this. They saw

nightmares are the most violent activity ever occurring in sleep, and the experience makes such a deep impression that the individual cannot forget it.

Several years ago, a group of psychologists at the University of Wisconsin, U. S., decided to do a scientific study in nightmares and find out once and for all exactly what they are, what they mean, why they occur, and how can they be prevented. The results of the study shed a welcome gleam of light on a subject that is fascinating and, whether you admit it or not, just a little frightening.

Practically everyone has nightmares at some time or other; approximately one-fifth of the population have them regularly. Children have the greatest number; more than half of their dreams are of the unpleasant "bogey men" variety.

Nightmares are no respecter of sex and they plague both men and women with equal frequency. Most people have nightmares when lying on their sides, just after they have gone to sleep or shortly before they wake up. It may seem to the dreamer as if the stuff of which this nightmare is made encompasses enough action for a 1,000 page adventure novel. But if he ever got the chance to clock himself he would find that not only a few seconds elapsed between the first act and final curtain when he comes out of the dream; he feels exactly as Sam Carter did—frightened and helpless.

Many Causes

There is no one cause of nightmares. Any number of factors can bring one: worry, fatigue, an upset stomach, an unpleasant daytime experience, heavy blankets, an overactive imagination. Naturally, each person will "dream up" a

different kind of plot, but there are certain subjects more "popular" than others. Animals, and being chased were found to be the most common themes.

In these respects Sam Carter's nightmare is typical. His old tennis cap which made its way into the story is in its own way typical; too. Dreams generally contain at least an item that has nothing to do with the story being enacted but as nonetheless very much present throughout.

In real life we would wonder about one incongruous feature in a pattern but, in dreams, particularly nightmares, our critical sense is dulled and we just accept it without question.

Other nightmare subjects uncovered in the Wisconsin study are accidents, murder and trouble or death in the family. Probably the most familiar nightmare experience is falling.

There are few people, who cannot recall a time in their dreams when they slipped from the side of a tall cliff and spiralled down, down through empty space. It is a strange sensation for the fall is a slow process and while falling the dreamer asks himself remarkably sensible questions. "How did I get into this predicament? Why wasn't I more careful?"

Sometimes he becomes quite specific as one young lady who reported this humorous touch. "I visualised an intricately designed and luxuriously napped Persian rug at the bottom of the pit which would cushion my landing."

Of course, she never did land. No one ever does, for the dreamer does not completely trust his dream, it would seem. He always awakens himself a split second before he is to touch bottom—just in case.

Health & Worries

The after-effects of nightmares are a general dizziness and, even when the dreamer is fully awake, a feeling that the ground underneath is not quite as steady as usual.

A fair-sized portion of the population have what are known as recurrent nightmares. For weeks, months, even years, these people have upsetting dreams. It may be the same dream every night or it may vary from one time to another. Whatever the pattern, the recurrent nightmare has been disturbing enough to really alarm victims. One man, for instance, told his doctor he had grown so fearful of the terrible visions of the night that he had kept himself awake for weeks at a stretch, and had given in only to brief afternoon naps.

These people, doctors and psychologists have discovered, are sometimes suffering from a physical ailment and, when their health is restored to tip-top shape, their dreams follow suit.

Others of this group are not so easy to diagnose. Their nightmares mirror real-life conflicts which have not been solved. For these are the people who take their problems to bed, who "sleep on them," and think that in some mysterious way they will have a solution by morning. Instead, in many cases, they have nightmares.

Indecision

Take for example, the case of the businessman whose recurring nightmares sent him scurrying to a well-known psychiatrist. On twenty separate nights the person dreamed he was locked in the berth of a ship that was drifting to sea. He could see two openings, the oval and the square, but he could not decide which to jump through. Meanwhile, the ship was going further from shore. The dream was so realistic, the man's reaction so intense that one night he broke the window in his bedroom, trying to escape.

The psychiatrist got to the core of the dream. He learned that his man had a daytime problem he had not been able to solve. He was going to change his job and he could not decide whether to take an inconspicuous post in a large firm or an executive position in a small company.

He kept wavering back and forth from one alternative to the other and eventually his indecision registered itself as a nightmare. As the psychiatrist told him, "Some men would not be able to sleep at all under similar circumstances; others might develop nervous stomachs. The possibilities are endless. You happened to have nightmares."

The file in this case is now closed for, after the businessman made up his mind about his career, his nights were filled with pleasant dreams.

Children's Terrors

Why, you may wonder, should children, free from burdening cares and responsibilities, have more nightmares than adults? The answer to this is that the romanticised picture of care-free childhood is not absolutely accurate. Childhood is made up of many riddles and every day, something happens to puzzle a youngster. He may see a street accident or hear about the death of a relative.

The wheels of his immature mind will start turning, trying to figure out these bewildering events. Frequently a terrifying movie, a threat to call the "bogey man" or a command, "Don't go near that dog," will disturb a child and influence his dreams. One little boy startled his parents many nights in succession by shouting: "It's a house with blind eyes." The child had been mystified by a house he saw every day on his way to school—a house with its windows blacked out.

A little boy who feels held down by too many rules and regulations may dream of his daddy as an orge, who rations candy and looks up story books. A grader who gets used to the classroom set-up may imagine her teacher as a scare-crow with a wooden ruler.

In the opinion of Dr. Leo Kahner, Director of the Children's Psychiatric Service, at the John Hopkins Hospital,

U. S., "nightmares are more or less drastic indications that something is troubling the youngster."

Whatever it is, however, pretty, it may seem to grown-ups, it is up to the parents to find out the reasons behind the child's nightmares and to do something about them.

Thus nightmares are not, as was once firmly believed, forecasts or omens of future evil. Rather, they may well be clues to a troubled past and investigators concluded:

"Dreams are related to matters which have a particular interest for the individual, and the nightmares dream always seems to be concerned, with what is for the person, at the time, his most important personal problems."

THE REAL ELIA

The real Elia from whom Charles Lamb (master of the modern essay) borrowed his pen-name is said to have been F. Augustus Elia, a minor pamphleteer. This is revealed in a letter to John Taylor dated 30th June 1821:

"Poor Elia, the real, (for I'm but a counterfeit) is dead. The fact is, a person of that name, an Italian, was a fellow clerk of mine at the South Sea House, thirty (not 40) years ago, when the character described there existed, but had left it like myself many years ago; and I, having a brother now there, went the other day not having seen him for a year to laugh over with him at my usurpation of his name, and found him, alas! no more than a name, for he died of consumption sometime ago and I knew not of it.

"So the name has fairly devolved to me, I think, and it's all he has left me."

—From an Anthology of Lamb's letters edited by George Woodcock.

ON THE CANDIDATE SEEKING ELECTION

NOT all the candidates standing for election run the race from the start to the finish. Even in the earlier rounds, the Doubting Thomases among them get nervous and panicky, and haunted by the dim prospect of losing the deposit, they wisely withdraw or honourably retire. The other contestants sigh in relief as that means less of bother.

As the polling day approaches, the candidate seeking election comes to have the most hectic time of his life. He doesn't have time even to take his food leisurely. He is hardly able to snatch a few hours of sleep. His mind is full of elections, and even when talking over the phone, he absentmindedly murmurs, "... yes, I forgot all about those new litho posters ...". He has to do a thousand things in the shortest possible time. He has to give instructions to his agent and others working for his success, see that the propaganda is carried on briskly, attend to complaints that posters have not been pasted in such-and-such places and that his workers are canvassing for others instead of for him, think out choice phrases and forceful points and prepare for the meetings to be addressed, and above all to keep a level head and not to be swayed by conflicting, contradictory reports regarding his success. Indeed he has to wage a battle against time, and he wonders whether there are only twenty-five minutes to an hour!

In his own interests the candidate realises he has to be greatly tactful, and he is always ready to put on an easy, affable smile. He practises a lot of hypocrisy. He hails even those whom he has never before met in his life, "Oh, it's you, eh? I've seen you somewhere. I don't remember where ...". Yes, by the by, you may be glad to know I'm standing for ... It pays him not to pick up a quarrel or get into an argument. Even if somebody

says things which would normally flare him up, he practises self-control and gently says, "Do you think so? That's fine really. Very few people nowadays are so bold and frank like you. You deserve to be complimented."

Elections these days are a costly affair and a candidate has to spend money lavishly. And the affluent candidate does not grudge doing so, because his sole anxiety is to defeat the opponent(s), and money is no consideration for him if only it will spell success.

The candidate is usually surrounded by a flock of "well-wishers," some with good intentions, others with bad. The crooks among them flatter the candidate sky-high and give a most rosy picture of the prospects, and make hay while the sun shines. In a way, I think these flatterers perform, without their knowledge, a valuable service. For even the contestant whose chances are as bright as a fluorescent lamp, is assailed now and then by doubt and diffidence. And at such times, flattery does the trick, as it infuses a lot of self-confidence. The flatterer will say, "... You are really joking, sir. How can you doubt about your success? You are conducting the campaign in a splendid manner. What is more, people don't like your opponent; they hate him. They say they will vote for anybody except for that man. So much so, even if a voter is woken up at dead of night and asked to exercise his franchise, he will go straight to the booth and cast his vote in the box with our Brinjal symbol ... Facts, sir, hard facts. I'm not flattering you. If you don't win, call me an ass, goose, or what you will!" Thus they infuse hope and self-confidence, which are so necessary if one is to succeed in an election or in any other battle of life.

Time flies, and the nation goes to the polls. The candidate reviews, for

his own comfort, his prospects. He feels sure of winning, winning at least by a narrow margin. As the votes are being counted the candidate gets up-to-the-minute "scores." At 11-30, he finds that the opponent is leading by, say, 121 votes. Half-an-hour later he finds to his joy that he is leading. With his heart beating fast, he wishes he maintained the lead. When his success is announced, he feels thrilled, he forgets the hardships and difficulties he has undergone, and says "Surely" "Certainly" and "Of course" when his well-wishers demand, "Sir, you must give us a treat."

As for the defeated candidate he

is naturally put out. He is angry with the voters who promised vote for him but have obviously betrayed him. He makes one last effort he sets about finding some technical flaw (like the opponent spending more than the specified maximum for election purposes) and getting the election invalidated. He fails invariably, and then he consoles himself: "This time that G—has won. Doesn't matter. But don't think I'm put out. I'm Robert Bruce. I'll work from this day and see that my rival is defeated at the next general election . . ."

N. GANGA RAM

THE CALF-PATH

ONE day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves
should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.
But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.

The trail was taken up next day
By a long dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day, o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf,
And through this winding wood-way
stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,
Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And travelled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swift feet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way,
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well-established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it blind
Along the calf-path of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.
They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in, and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue,
To keep the path that others do.
They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
But how the wise old wood-gods laugh
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah, many things this tale might teach
But I am not ordained to preach.

SAM WALTER FOS

ON KISSES AND KISSING

By SUBHASH J. RELE

HAVE you ever wondered what is so wonderful in a kiss? What is it that prompts young lovers to shrink into dark and lonely corners to gum their lips together in an ecstatic embrace?

"A Kiss, when all is said, what is it?

..... a rosy dot placed on the "i" in loving; 'tis a secret told to the mouth instead of to the ear."

There is, however, no need for the "tongue-in-the-cheek" approach to a kiss. It is the symphony of two souls in ecstasy. What a wealth of fancy it conjures up! It electrifies both the giver and the receiver. It warms the blood and sets the heart a-beating like a brain-drum and makes the eyes twinkle like stars in a frosty night. No language can express the delight, no letter will give the sound. It is not visible, nor tangible, nor portable. It has neither colour nor form. Imagination cannot conceive it. It cannot be imitated nor can it be forged. It is not confined to one clime or country, but it is ubiquitous. It is as old as the creation and yet it is as young and fresh as the morning dew.

Said one who was adept in love: "Is not kiss a fervent attempt to absorb, to breathe in, a portion of being whom we love?" It is interesting to note that a kiss primarily originated in a maternal caress and then developed into the expression of affection and friendship, reverence and love. In a kiss the lips pout slightly and touch the cheek softly and they just part and the job is complete. It is nothing more than a pouting and parting of lips. But there is definitely more in a kiss than meets the human eye!

There is variety in kisses. There is the kiss of welcome and of

parting, the short and long, lingering one, the legal and the stolen one, the kiss of love, of joy and of sorrow. The bed-time story usually ends with a good-night kiss from mummy, which seals the drowsy eyes of the little one. Among the Egyptians, the kiss has always been and is even today a formal form of greeting as the handshake is among the westernized peoples. It is not uncommon to see two Egyptians echo the other's kiss in a hearty "how-do-you-do". Then there is the kiss of treachery. A glaring illustration is Judas' kiss whereby he delivered Jesus Christ to his enemies.

After all, history teaches us that kisses have always defied all codes and canons, all bans and verbotens. Whatever the hazards of love-making, kisses have without doubt added a subtle flavour to it. Every Romeo is always in a devilish hurry to imprint the first indistinct kiss on the person of his Juliet. To be or not to be is no longer a question to a lover where kissing is concerned.

A Brief Beautitude

Come to think of it, there is really no pleasure in the world as enjoyable as that of kissing. When you kiss you get a gift with a lift that is real though it is intangible. Everything is bathed in sunshine, radiating a warm nostalgic glow. You are captured by the sheer exuberance of the moment. It is a brief beautitude. A mad whirl. A most delightful dream as long as it lasts. You are elated, enthralled, enriched . . .

Kissing, some say, is like a bottle of spirits—the more you partake of it, the better you seem to feel. Brevity may be the soul of wit when you write a book but when you kiss—

nothing succeeds like excess. The more, the merrier, of course!

"Those who can number their kisses will always with few be content."

A kiss is the language of love and every love has a kiss of its own—a kiss on the lips, a kiss on the cheek, a kiss on the hand, a kiss on the neck, a kiss on the forehead. Kissing however is a lonesome game and not a foursome affair. As a matter of instinct and temperament, kisses have about them an enchanted quality, which is perhaps bettered by vivid and colourful imagination.

What wonders it works! How many conversations have started with a kiss! How many quarrels settled! How many vows sealed! How many heartbreaks healed! How many suicides prevented!

Life's Fairest Ornament

Kissing is the most potent and powerful stimulus to a good life, its fairest ornament. It is positively a sure cure for the blues. After years of painstaking research and numerous experiments, Prof. Robert Stephoff arrived at the conclusion that kisses have a most vitalising and stimulating effect on one's health. Kisses bring the blood tingling to one's cheeks and make the complexion rosier. And like mercy, they blesseth him that gives and she that takes.

A kiss takes its flavour from the hues of the heart. Each kiss has a different taste. For instance, the kisses of Poppaea, Nero's second wife, are described as tasting of wild berries. Stolen kisses, they say, taste sweeter than the legal ones. The poets who rhapsodise, "And I will drink the kisses, as oft, of yore", are perfectly correct—for kisses, like cold drinks, are avidly sipped.

"Leave a kiss in the cup
And I will not look for wine?"

—sang another poet.

Kissing, it must be remembered, is not a human monopoly. It pervades Nature too. The breeze as it passes kisses the roses and the pendant vine stoops down and hides with its tendrils its blushes, as it kisses the limpid stream that waits in an eddy to meet it.

Shelly, the great poetic genius, exultantly exclaimed:

"See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moon-beams kiss the sea."

In every grade of society there is kissing. Go where you will, to what clime or country you will, you are certain to find kissing. There is, however, some mysterious virtue in a kiss after all. Other things have a tendency to perish and crack and gather dust, but kisses are a perpetual feast.

INDIA, AMERICA & EAST-WEST STRUGGLE

By REINHOLD NIEBUHR (New York)

THIS article is a frank analysis of the great political struggle of our time and of the roles played in it by our two respective nations, India and America.

America has thought of this struggle, perhaps too simply, as a conflict between democracy and despotism. What has since happened in Hungary may have given a validity to this too simple picture. For, it has shown that there is a basic defect in world Communism which no ancillary defects in the democracies can obscure. That defect is the creation of a monopoly of irresponsible power, which justifies itself by the illusion that all State power will vanish away, once all property is socialised. The perennial peril of self-interest in the community is thus obscured by falsely deriving it from an institution, that of property.

But the perils of world Communism, which has harnessed dreams of power to Utopian illusions, do not make Western democracy quite as palatable to the Asian and African continents as native Western idealists would like to believe. Western democracy is at once too tainted and too unattainable to be available in simple terms for the nations of Asia and Africa. It is tainted because the original impact of the Western nations on Asia and Africa was an imperialistic one. That imperialism reached its heights in the 19th century and began to ebb after the second world war, which had weakened the Western nations and unified the hitherto subject nations. Nations numbering about one and a half billion peoples won their independence. The most significant of these new nations was India, non-Communist Asia and in some sense an arbitrator between West and East. In

the light of India's influence and eminence, and in the light of traditional goodwill between the nations, an American naturally inquires why there should be so much anti-American animus in India, particularly among your nation's intellectuals. I will try to answer the question myself within the limits of my capacities to show that the animus is not entirely incomprehensible to me.

Military Alliances

One reason why Americans misunderstand India is because they are ignorant of the degree of residual resentment against the former imperialist policy of the West. The victims of domination always have better memories than the beneficiaries of it. Americans are inclined particularly to misunderstand this hazard between Asia and the West because we pride ourselves on our 'anti-colonial' policy and forget that our early anti-colonialism does not help us since we have become the hegemonous power of the European nations, many of whom have been imperialistic, and some of which still are. We cannot understand that even our new policy of separating ourselves from Britain and France will hardly prompt the Bandung nations to invite us to become their leader. We made matters worse by our stubborn refusal to recognise the obvious facts in China. Those facts were that Communism had won over a moribund nationalistic regime, not by superior military force but by superior moral and political prestige. Tyranny is not for that reason palatable in China, but America's stubborn refusal to recognise Communist China, and her equally absurd clinging to the discredited regime which had fled to

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Hong Kong, made us suspect in the eyes of the whole of Asia.

We worsened our relations with India when we failed to follow Nehru's advice that going beyond the 38th parallel in Korea would bring the Chinese to support the North Koreans. But our crowning mistake was our preoccupation with military pacts, initiated by Dulles in the Eisenhower Administration. We make a pact with Pakistan which was quite irrelevant as far as containing Russian power was concerned, but which alienated India and drove Afghanistan into the arms of Communism.

Our policies of containing Communism on the 'Coloured Continents' by military pacts was the more stupid because it revealed our oblivion to the ideological factors of the situation, to the fact that these Continents could only be won if the West proved itself helpful in giving economic and political stability to the new nations of those Continents. Any thinking American is therefore aware of some of the causes of the anti-American animus in Asia, and particularly in India.

Significance of Recent Events

Informed opinion in America fully recognises the legitimacy of India's neutrality and the reasons why America would be even less popular than British, though the latter is the symbol of past imperialism. But recent events have, however, prompted some questions not about the essential loyalty of India to the cause of a free society, but about the degree to which anti-imperial resentments have coloured Nehru's judgement about the conflict between East and West.

The events could not have been better contrived by a dramatist to bring into sharp focus the nature of the ideological conflict between Russia and America and the West on the continents of Asia and Africa. For simultaneously the British, French and Israelis attacked Egypt, and Russians, confronted with the rebellion

in Hungary, threw off the mask which they were wearing since Geneva and suppressed the Hungarian rebellion with terrible ferocity. Communism is a system which preserves its authority, not exactly by "force and fraud" but by force and ideological illusion. But the events in Hungary prove that when the illusions vanish, the oligarchs in the Kremlin are quite willing to rule by force alone, the ultimate in despotism. This even should have dispelled any remaining illusions among the Asian intellectuals about the true nature of Communism. Unfortunately, the despotism by which Communism ruled its European satellites was not generally known in Asia, where the Communist dogma of anti-imperialism seemed the harbinger of freedom. However, now the facts were known throughout the world. But unfortunately the force of Hungarian tragedy was obscured by the simultaneous attack upon Egypt. This attack gave new plausibility to the anti-imperialist dogma of Communism in Asia.

Confusions and Misconceptions

It will probably shock the Asian readers if I assert that I am among the minority of Americans who do not take pride in their government's decision to espouse the cause of anti-colonialism, and to make common cause with Nasser and Russia against our former allies. I believe that this action was prompted by profound strategic misconceptions and by ideological confusions, which made us in effect the prisoners of the Communist dogma, we who had always been regarded as too violently anti-Communist. Strategically our policy did not recognise the importance of Middle Eastern oil for the economy of Europe. Morally the policy was wrong because it defined the overt aggressors as the only aggressors and failed to take account of Nasser's provocations, his explicit threat to wipe out the State of Israel and his arms deal with Russia which made the

whole of the Middle East insecure. Our Administration was incredibly naive in not challenging the deal which gave Nasser all the Russian arms.

Have we won friends in Asia to compensate for the loss of our European allies? The Asian reader will be able to answer this question better than I. But I doubt if we have. I cannot but confess my profound disappointment in Nehru, whom I have always admired. He condemned the Russian ferocity in Hungary reluctantly and tardily, and only under the pressure of Indian public opinion. This means that despite his aversion to Communism he has become, as Eisenhower has, the victim of the Communist dogma. According to that dogma only a capitalistic nation can be imperialistic, which rules out the possibility of 'imperialism' rising in any Asian nation. Any one who has studied world politics must know the absurdity of this thesis; it is just as absurd as the primary dogma of Communism, which derives sin from the institution of property, and defines any nation on the other side of a revolution as innocent by grace of the dogma.

American public opinion consoles itself with the thought that we have gained friends in Asia and that we have 'strengthened the United Nations'. The last illusion is particularly pathetic because it rests upon a false conception of the nature and purpose of the United Nations. It is not a super-government but a federation of nations. When the democratic nations of Europe and Asia were united, it was able to give leadership. But now it is in confusion and I regret to say that Mr. Krishna Menon is usually the spokesman of this confusion. The animus of anti-imperialism is too strong in him and the illusions about Russia too great, to make him a wise counsellor. At any rate, Asians may take such pride as they like in the fact that it is an Indian rather than an Ame-

rican, who has become the hell-messenger of the United Nations. I would welcome the fact, if it were not accompanied by such confusion and by the virtual abdication of my nation of its responsibilities to the free world. I know that the French are ridiculous in wading through rivers of blood in seeking to prove that Algeria is really a part of metropolitan France. But I also know that world history has never known a more plausible despotism than the Russian one which depends upon a compound of power impulses and Utopian illusions. It is rather sad that we should capitulate to the despotism or be on the way of doing so at the precise moment when it has revealed its true colours.

The New Pacifism

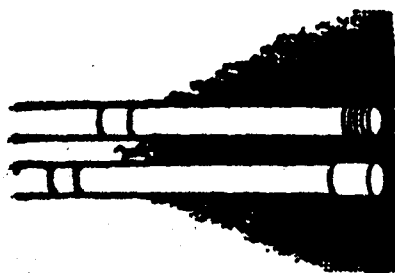
I have written very frankly about the conditions in the world in a way which will undoubtedly shock many Indian readers. I can only say that I know all about the suicidal dangers of a global nuclear war, and that I welcomed the Geneva spirit and the admission on both sides that the other one was as anxious to avoid such warfare as we were. I also welcomed Eisenhower's triumph over the absurd hysteria against Communism and the general relaxation of tensions. But now we realise that the fear of a global war tempts democracies to yield to every threat of force, because the threat involves the risk of total conflict. The totalitarian regimes can take this risk without the fear of public opinion. Hence they can push us all over the world with impunity. Our new pacifism is thus a very real source of weakness to us. The weakness is the greater because we have put too much emphasis upon nuclear weapons and are therefore not prepared to fight local conflict, even if we were ready to take the risk. For these and other reasons, the future is more ominous than it has ever been since the close of the second world war.

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AGI

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

A MIYA CHAKRABARTY'S new picture *Dekh Kabir Roya* has an intriguing title, the purport of which may be lost to those who are not familiar with Kabir's poetry. The title is taken from a famous couplet in which Kabir says that after seeing the topsy turvey world he felt like crying!

In this picture, it suggests that today love instead of being determined by the feeling of heart is conceived as an idea in head and that this attitude leads to misunderstandings and complications. This is illustrated through the story of three young, rich, modern girls who imagine themselves to be votaries of three different arts viz., painting, writing and singing. The girl who loves painting falls in love with an alleged painter at first sight, little knowing that the man is in reality a writer; in the same way, the second girl mistakes a singer for a writer and the third girl mistakes a painter for a singer. Gradually they come to love the wrong artists; but when they find their mistakes just at the time of marriage, they are not prepared to face the reality that they loved the persons and not just the art they imagined to be fond of. The realisation of this truth provides an interesting climax to this simple but amusing tale.

The three love-stories of the girls follow the same pattern and run almost concurrently. In each case, the same situation arises and yet the very repetition makes them more amusing and enjoyable. The Janali Coffee House where the three jobless artists meet is an interesting locale and is expertly used to enliven the

proceedings, the splendid dancing excellent music and the sympathetic waiter.

Sparkling dialogues also enliven the story whose major defect is that it is rather thin and as such the screenplay is a little long drawn. The other enlivening factor is music. Madan Mohan's tunes are catchy and at least three of them are bound to be hits. Rajendra Krishna has written really poetic lyrics which are both apt and scintillating. The direction is as usual. Amiya is to be complimented for taking no star-cast and yet making such a breezy comedy. Under his direction both Aney Kumar (who wins acting honours) and Anita Guha have given surprisingly good portrayals. The other members of the cast including Shuba Khote, Amala Dajert, Jawahar Kaul are just adequate. The production is well designed in keeping with the Chakrabarty standard.

Personality of the Week

Mahendra Kapur and Arati Mukherji are the two new playback singers. They were adjudged as the winners in the Metro-Murphy Indian Singing Contest. As a result they will get contract from five music directors, to sing for their films, viz., Nausad, Anil Biswas, C. Ramchandra, Madan Mohan and Vasant Desai.

Mahendra Kapur is a twenty-three year old youth from Bombay, while Arati Mukherji is a school girl from Calcutta. Both are promising singers, and the 20,000 people who attended the variety show in which the sixteen finalists appeared greeted their selection with a grand ovation. This is in itself an encouraging sign, and if these two singers are not carried away by their success in the contest and if they work hard for real success as playback singers they will get their reward.

They were the winners in a contest in which 2,336 amateur singers from all over India participated; but

the performance of the majority of these amateur singers was of a very poor standard. Hence the choice was naturally restricted to the few entrants who really knew the art of singing. As Madan Mohan declared, the judges showed preference for those singers who had knowledge of classical singing as well.

It is quite possible that apart from the winners, some of the other finalists also may get a break in film-world. It is to be hoped, however, that the outcome of this contest will prove better than Kardar-Kolynos

Contest, also sponsored by M. G. M. The two winners of that contest have by now almost faded into oblivion while the runner-up Chand Usmani has made good. Let Mr. Kapoor and Miss Mukherji not suffer the same fate of Kardar-Kolynos Terasa Contest winners and justify the confidence placed in them by the Judges.

News of the Week

Ramchandra, the elephant signed by Shantaram for his next colour venture, has arrived in Bombay. It is now 'installed' in Rajkamal Studio.

ON EXHIBITION

By "NAMBS"

A GROUP of medicos were returning in a bus after seeing the Centenary Exhibition. "I say", said one of them, "Sam made friends with the doctor at the family planning clinic today." "Interesting. What happened after that? Tell us more about it," called out another. And so they went on. All this was itself an exhibition in extenso of what they had witnessed. For there in the front seats of the bus were half-a-dozen students of a local women's college and how could the boys keep quite without exhibiting their presence?

The love of exhibition can be traced to the ego in men as well as in institutions. To show oneself off is a pleasant pastime. Some dress well, some talk well, some eat well, some play well, some study well and in these various ways one would like to show one's talents or abilities. This is really a starting point for many of the achievements in life as well. The child wants to show to the parents what it can do. It does that by crying and calling attention to itself. Then when all attention is given, the

child smiles and exhibits a better atmosphere. Starting from the youngest, this desire to show and be seen pervades to the oldest. Some who want attention pretend to be ill!

The evenings in the Marina are by themselves an unrivalled exhibition ground. The latest sarees, the latest suits, the latest type of hair-styles, the latest cameras, the latest cars can all be seen there. People come there not merely to have fresh air and to see others, but also to show others what they have got.

The Centenary Exhibition

The University of Madras has had a hundred years of life. Unless it says that out, how will one know about it and so the celebrations and so the exhibition. At the exhibition the leveler in democracy was there. In Delhi the cold season levels the officer and the chaprasi by making both appear in wollen suits. Here at the exhibition the queue habit is enforced and one has no escape. Those who went in one way can come in only through the particular route and many spent more time in the queue rather than

in seeing things around. That was unavoidable. Groups of students, teachers, medical men, engineers, all standing one behind the other to get their turn is a veritable exhibition in itself.

At the Highways department stall there was a device of making people stand and wait. The model of the lift bridge that is going to be built in Negapatam was on show there. It kept all the people huddled together on one side watching its movement up: then it came down and all the stream of people crossed over. This was a good way of drawing attention. The Coleroon Bridge is said to be the first in India where pre-stressed concrete beams are going to be launched as a single piece and it was interesting to see the model of this. Then there were models of many things to go about as well. The road crossings with a number of toy cars continuously moving about without crashing into each other somehow paled into insignificance the radio driven Morris car in the open-air grounds. See how one exhibit can overshadow another. At the PWD stall there was a model of the Madras Assembly and it showed how the Speaker could cut off any member's speech if it was found that he was going on the wrong track.

Value of Exhibitions

To many exhibitions are anathema. Yet that is a wrong view to take. There are many things that we know. But the ways of putting it on show differ from person to person and place to place. In the Congress Grounds the exhibition this year attracted quite many people to the Police Dept. stall. The way in which people display their wares, how they attract the customer, that is a study for one and all. He who could not go to the Kolar Gold Field could pay two annas and three ples and see a model of the gold mine at the exhibition. Then there was the Well of

Death in the Congress exhibition. To see how man risks life to make his living; that seemed to be the message behind this exhibition of motor cycling in the Well of Death.

The young in age are the ones who roll round the exhibitions because it is fun for them. They can roll round and rock around only now; when they are old they may not have the temperament to visit such places. At the Centenary exhibition the groups and groups of students who came from the City as well as from elsewhere left little room for those who did not know how to edge their way. They had really a good time looking at the exhibits and also those who sat behind the stalls. Those pretty faces did attract them to see the exhibits. The love of beauty is the spring behind the desire to exhibit. And so the world goes round and round.

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A LETTER FROM DELHI

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS

IN 1950, after his coup against Purshottam Das Tandon, Prime Minister Nehru had promised to cleanse the Congress organisation of corruption, careerism and group rivalry. For four years he remained *de jure* President of the Congress party and for the last two years, he has been its *de facto* President, though his protégé, U. N. Dhebar, is the President in name.

How far has Nehru carried out his promise? Like his other promises and pledges, this, too, has remained a pious platitude. In a Communist party, in the name of Democratic Centralism no free expression of opinion or democratic exchange of views is allowed. Instead, warring groups measure their strength whenever an opportunity arises and the victor liquidates the vanquished. The same is the case with the Congress party also.

At Congress sessions as well as at A.-I.C.C. meetings, official resolutions are always "unanimously" adopted after Nehru or one of his playboys have spoken. The most notorious instance was the resolution on Hungary adopted at the A.-I.C.C. meeting in Calcutta in November last. A solitary member, who had given notice of an amendment, disappeared from the scene and saved his skin. And the resolution, which did not even mention Russian troops, not to speak of the bloodbath they had enacted, was voted "unanimously."

Commenting on the resolution, the Communist journal, *New Age*, had said that it was a blow to those who wanted to exploit the situation in Hungary for anti-Communist purposes! Nevertheless, the self-same leaders changed their tune on Hun-

gary in a few days and in the foreign policy resolution adopted at the Indore session of the Congress last month a demand was made (by implication) for the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary.

Congressmen, who obey their leaders so implicitly on matters concerning ideology and principles, have, however, no qualms of conscience to defy the leadership when it comes to group rivalry. During the last five years, not a month passed without the High Command (an apt phrase which does justice to its Nazi origin) having to sit in judgment on factional warfare in the party in one State or another.

Thanks to the elections, the faction fight is coming into the open. It all started when Nehru began to campaign for Krishna Menon wherever he went. This is not without reason. Reports have reached him that S. K. Patil is out to ditch Menon and that the latter regards it as a kind of retribution for what the Prime Minister has been doing lately to obliterate the memory of Sardar Patel. Whether the reports are true or otherwise, Congress, who carried the tale to Nehru, convinced him of its correctness. Some Indo-Soviet personalities like Drs. Mulraj Anand and A. V. Baliga with a view to currying favour with the Prime Minister, also gave a cold war twist to the situation and impressed on him that Patil, in view of his pronounced "pro-Americanism" was out to put an end to Menon's career. A pro-Soviet propaganda sheet published from Bombay (Nehru is credited with reading it regularly) also gave currency to the reports, though in a different form.

The result was that Nehru devoted a good part of his Madras speech to praise of Menon. He also issued a special appeal seeking votes for Menon in the name of *Panch Shila*, non-alignment, truth, non-violence and other virtues of which Menon is totally innocent. Whether the appeal had any effect on the enlightened electorate of Bombay or not, it roused the ire of T. T. Krishnamachari, who was engaged in tough election fight in Madras. Bubbling with anger that Nehru failed to reward his new-found "Socialism" with even a word of praise, T. T. K. was reported to have remarked to a journalist: "The Prime Minister perhaps did not know that, and not Menon, was seeking election from Madras!"

But there is reason for the Prime Minister's emphasis on Menon in his Madras speech. Notwithstanding his cosmopolitan outlook, Nehru believes in pitting one caste against another and one region against another, when it comes to vote-gathering. The Maharashtrian population of North Bombay will not touch the Congress even with a barge-poll after what the Congress rulers had done to them and their kith and kin. The hundreds killed in the police firings in Bombay will not be so easily forgotten. So, according to the theory of divide and rule, Nehru appealed to the South Indian population of North Bombay to vote for Menon. And where else can the appeal be made, but in Madras?

Encouraged by Nehru, the Indo-Soviet personalities of Bombay have also issued an appeal in favour of Menon. But many of them are such blatant apologists for Russia that any thinking voter will ask whether their appeal does not mean that in practice Menon has been sabotaging the policy of non-alignment. To cover up their embarrassment, some Congress leaders have been waxing eloquent about American hostility for Menon. It is true that pro-Ameri-

can opinion in India does not like Menon but that is to be distinguished from the criticism of Menon by the Praja Socialist Party or Jayaprakash Narain, who object to Menon playing ducks and drakes with our policy of non-alignment. Hungary was a test case. On November 9, 1956, when the U. N. General Assembly voted an Italian resolution demanding withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary, India (under Menon) voted with the Communist bloc against the resolution, while the rest of the Asian-African nations had abstained. Was that non-alignment?

Secondly, hostility of pro-Americans and partiality of pro-Soviets make Menon a cold war personality and not a faithful instrument of non-alignment policy. The sooner he ceases to be India's representative at the United Nations the better for us.

Nehru's appeal and the statement of the pro-Soviets have provoked S. K. Patil also to retort. He said in a statement last week that by singling out Menon for praise those who wanted to do him good were actually doing harm to his election prospects. That was a slap in the face to Nehru. Addressing the Indo-Soviet fraternity, Patil said that they were creating the impression that Menon was "a Leftist" which would be bad from the point of view of winning the election.

In a panicky bid to win the election, Menon's friends are making him a many-headed figure. His pro-Soviet admirers paint him as a fellow-traveller, his Big Business supporters like Patil want him to look like a Wall Street businessman out to destroy Communism and the Prime Minister is desirous of endowing his blue-eyed boy with a part of his photogenic personality. Why don't we have Soviet type of elections so that all this bother can be avoided?

G. S. B.

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PEDLAR'S PACK

SGR. FRANCESCO URRUTIA woke up one morning and found himself famous. At least that is the impression which the Indian Press has promoted among its reading public. No drowning man ever caught at a straw with more pathetic avidity than our quidnuncs this seeming advocate of our point of view. The voting in the Security Council on this or any other issue means nothing; with the intrusion of the Russian veto operating as unpredictably as the *deus ex machina* in old plays, the status of that world-body has been reduced to the level of the parish pump. But we in this country cannot find much comfort in the solid phalanx of support for the idea of an inquisition coming out to explore the chances of settling the Kashmir issue or problem or situation or controversy. Abusing the opponent and calling him bad names are ancient stunts, and will convince none outside India. The language of our leader smacks more and more of demagoguery. Adapting an old couplet, I am tempted to say of him:

'Peace, peace is Nehru's delight; not
Gandhi's more

But touch him on Kashmir, and no
dictator so sore!

Nor has there been much dignity or restraint in his references to Britain. Granted that she has a score to settle with us, and that the present is a tit for our Suez tat, why squeal about it in public? Why not come out of the Commonwealth if you have the guts to do it? And then what about America's vote? What grudge has she against us? Did she not antagonise Britain herself in the Suez affair? Rabble-raising on a mammoth scale may be exhilarating at the moment; Kashmir may be exploited to swell the present trickle of support for Congress in the coming elections. But at the end of it all, we have still to come to terms with Pakistan. We had plenty of time to do it in, but then went easy. Now we find excuses in other people's commissions for our own omissions. Our so-called policy of non-alignment has ranged the big powers in

their traditional opposition to one another with one more area of conflict in which they could use us as the verbal guinea-pigs!

C. R. says that we offered the pro of a plebiscite in Kashmir in *our* conditions; but that in no sense can be considered a contract which we bound to fulfil.

Trust C. R. the casuist
To give the obvious a new twist:
In his mellow view a promise
May be used to impose on a raw miss
But the way to construe a contract
Is to treat it as an entr'acte!

Referring to the opposition demur that foreign companies in India should be nationalised, Mr. T. T. Krishnan chari declared that we would lose more than gain by it. The argument was first thought of by Pandit Nehru to reassure foreign capital without which he would collapse like a pricked balloon. T. throws an interesting side-light on the post-Gandhian spirit in Indian politics. The decisive factor would seem to be whether your prospective victim would retaliate. If he is strong and likely bring us to our knees, then play up the sanctity of international obligation. But if he is your own neighbour, bring in the analogy of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws to do him in the eye and get away with it too! He concluded by assuring foreign investors that the Indian government would play ball with them.

And make up for it by playing foul with the people in the country!

Mr. Menon has clinched his claim to be considered the greatest single source of comic relief in U. N. circles. His rallies and collapses with a facility which a quick-change artist should envy. Next to his files, he is dogged by his physician whose latest diagnosis of his condition is a gem of pretentious pedantry. For

(Continued on page 48)

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.

JAWAHARLAL AND JAYAPRAKASH

SWATANTRA deserves to be congratulated for spot-lighting Louis Fischer's powerfully-worded contrast between Jawaharlal Nehru and Jayaprakash Narain. The small paragraph on page 27 of your issue of 9th February '57 is more effective than a full-length article on the subject can be inasmuch as it draws our attention to the chinks in Nehru's armour, and leaves it at that.

Chinks, whether in armours or in walls, are generally filled in with some solid material. But obviously the Congress store-room has run out of solid material; for, how else can we account the frantic efforts of the post-1947 Congressmen who have been busy polishing and painting while they ought to have been cementing and concreting?

I was one of those who had come to think of Jaya Prakash Narain as a back number until his recent announcements proved conclusively that he is more active and alert than most of the contemporary politicians, older and younger. One feels that J. P. Narain is destined to play a prominent role in the India of tomorrow.

N. S.

INDIA IS FRIENDLESS

There is reason to believe that Soviet Russia, our friend of the Panch Shila, wants to teach us a lesson which India in general and Nehru in particular should never forget. That lesson is that Nehru and India are friendless on the issue of Kashmir. The voting on the resolution has revealed the stark reality that we are isolated in world politics. Our foreign policy of non-alignment, based on what is described as 'dynamic neutrality', has failed to win us any friends. We stand tragically alone. We have thus placed ourselves in the midst

of a cross-fire from both the power blocs who, it has now become clear, would like to exploit Pakistan's intransigence and aggressive designs against us with a view to force us to lean decisively in favour of either the one or the other of them. Kashmir thus proves to be either the Waterloo or the Stalingrad of our non-alignment policy.

We are thus compelled to go it alone so far as the Kashmir problem is concerned. Even China, our Panch Shila-comrade, would not take sides as is evident from the recent statement of Chou En-lai that he would like to study the problem before expressing any opinion on it.

The unscrupulousness of Pakistan has proved to be an asset and our idealistic passion for world peace worked up through the policy of non-alignment has placed us in a most dangerous predicament.

Kashmir came to us on the basis of legally unassailable accession. It was after this accession that we went to fight back the Pakistani hordes who had invaded Kashmir. Our armed forces defeated the Pakistani hordes and when our forces were pursuing the fleeing Pakistani hordes we agreed to a cease-fire in the interests of peace and appealed to the U. N. O. to resolve the Kashmir problem in a fair and peaceful way. We need not have agreed to a cease-fire and need not have sought the intervention of the U. N. O. We were then in a position to go it alone and clear Kashmir of the invading Pakistanis. If we had done this, there would have been no Kashmir problem today. But our Prime Minister was generous to a fault. We not only agreed to a cease-fire but made a unilateral declaration that we would permit Kashmiri people to decide their own fate on the basis of a plebiscite. Politically, this was the most fatal blunder we committed. Today neither the people of Kashmir nor the people of India feel any necessity for the plebiscite.

We approached the U. N. O. because we were the aggrieved party along with Kashmir. Politics of power-mongers in U. N. O. have so twisted this reality out of all recognition that we are now held up before the world as the accused!

24/2/57

February 24 1957

have become the accused and the aggressors have become abusers with the support of both the power-blocs who, but for India's valiant role for peace, would by now have been at each other's throats. We are now asked, at the request of Pakistan, to honour our commitment for "a free and impartial plebiscite conducted under the auspices of the U. N."

India will not submit to this calculated blackmail of the combined might of both the power-blocs. We committed ourselves to the plebiscite under certain conditions: 1. That Pakistan must be dealt with as an aggressor and must not be allowed to claim anything, not even a plebiscite, as of right; 2. That Pakistan must be asked to quit that part of Kashmir territory which it still holds as the ill-gotten fruit of its aggression; 3. That the U. N. O. would, in letter and spirit, honour these conditions before it could claim to order India to honour her commitment for a "free and impartial plebiscite conducted under the auspices of the U. N." By its latest resolution, the Security Council has amply demonstrated that it is incapable of being either "free" or "impartial". India should have nothing to do with such a body trying to teach her freedom, fairness and impartiality.

Plebiscite is, after all, meant for the people of Kashmir and not for the benefit of aggressor Pakistan and her allies in the U. N. O. The people of Kashmir have by a free vote opted for merger with India. The U. N. representatives could go to Kashmir as observers and watch the elections in that State to be held sometime this year in pursuance of the Constitution adopted by the Kashmir Constituent Assembly. If these elections are fair, free and impartial as any held in any democratic country of the world, the matter must rest there, and Pakistan must be told to shut up, once for all. Nothing beyond this need be done to implement our pledge for a free and impartial plebiscite in Kashmir.

The firmer and more uncompromising becomes India's attitude towards the Kashmir issue, the weaker and weaker would become the unholy wedlock of the power blocs. India must make it clear that India's loyalty to the cause of world peace and her comradeship with Kash-

mir as integral part of the democratic Republic of India are not for sale in the fish-market of international power-politics.

P. Y. DESHPANDE

"KASHMIR & THE ELECTIONS"

I express my appreciation of your editorial "KASHMIR AND THE ELECTIONS" in your weekly dated 17th instant. It is only in your journal that we have a chance to know the facts and the relationship between the Kashmir issue and the elections. I hope that in future also you will present such important leaders on national as well as on international problems.

R. RAMAKRISHNA RAO

(Continued from page 46)

he is reported to have said that Mr. Menon was suffering from 'a bout of coronary insufficiency complicated by a circulatory collapse in which the blood-pressure did not adjust to an upright position.'

My own view is that his present condition is the result of a 'bout of plethoric self-righteousness and smug pharisaism complicated by a visual collapse of his ophthalmic nervous system aggravated by an excessive granulation of his eyelids which accommodate an out-size beam to rest on them comfortably, while they cannot abide the dancing of a few stray motes in the visual appurtenances of his neighbours. He is therefore suffering from an obliquity of vision which prevents him from seeing anything straight.'

In plain English, Mr. Menon's collapse is symbolic of our collapse on the main issue. There was once a martyr to good house-wifery, when a needlewoman died of a prick in her finger. The trouble with Mr. Menon is an attack of verbal diarrhoea which has become chronic. Such, a confirmed friend of, India as the Manchester Guardian has called his performances tedious and rambling. But we swear by him and his exhibitions for want of something better to fall back upon.

LITRA