

SWARAJYA

103

Editor: Khasa Subba

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15 Naye Paise

BOOST FOR THE RUPEE

Mr. Dillon came from the USA, saw, and said that in ten years the rupee will become a hard currency. Sri H. V. R. Iengar, who is, in a sense, the guardian of the rupee, has followed up by a pronouncement that its strength is as the strength of ten because its core is pure. Both have endeavoured to allay the ignorant tendency to panic by reason of short-term depletions in foreign exchange.

It is true that the strength of a currency is the strength of the national economy and not the existence of gold-convertible foreign securities or gold itself. Indeed, there is no such thing as the strength of a currency, there is only the strength of an economy. So, the depletion of the foreign exchange has to be viewed only in relation to India's national economy. If, for example, it is shown that over a foreseeable long period, we buy from other countries more than we sell to them, then, it is not unreasonable to conclude that in terms of the currencies of the countries from whom we buy, the rupee will receive a set-back. This is a snowball process, and at each stage, we shall have to pay a little more for our imports in terms of the currency of the selling country. After the first world war, when the link between gold reserves and the currencies of various countries snapped, Gustav Cassel of Sweden formulated his theory of Purchasing Power Parity, which, in its elementary form, is as stated

above. It therefore comes to this, that a long term dependence on imports which substantially exceed exports is certain to weaken the value of a country's currency (and therefore its purchasing power) abroad.

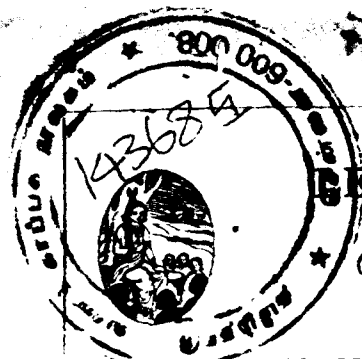
No one can deny that such a condition is one of weakness and not strength. Nor is it an answer that intergally, there is no collapse. The factors that make for internal monetary collapse are many, of which the reduced international value is but one, acting indirectly by promoting inflation and a tendency to speedily correct it by deficit financing. But basing the argument on the premises of a sound import and a sound export policy, what are the long term prospects for India and what is the policy that has been formulated and followed in order to correct adverse factors?

We are exporters of jute, cloth, tea, minerals. We are importers of capital goods, consumer goods, and food. We have also borrowed heavily and we have to face repayments from 1960 onwards. Our exports have to face severe international competition, and in recent years, there have been complaints about quality. In addition, our taxation policy, like the duty on tea, for instance, has not conduced to an encouragement of exports. Just now we have a surplus of sugar, and the Government is confronted with the fact that it can be exported only by giving a price subsidy. It has

been calculated that in order to earn a foreign exchange of a little over two crores, we have to subsidise a little over a crore. There is an Alice-in-Wonderland quality about this economics. Why should the cost of production of sugar in India be higher than elsewhere? That is the basic question. So also, in regard to plantations, labour has become so recalcitrant, that it is unlikely that costs will ever come down. What have we done to promote the export of cloth? Have we sent trained traders to study foreign markets? We still treat our exports as being made up of the surplus of home consumption; nor is it generally realised that a great part of our textile export is made up of unbleached cloth which is finished in the importing countries, and is more in the nature of raw material export. We have thus to reorientate our export policy if we are to survive in the severely competitive foreign markets.

The continuing import of food is a drain on our resources that cannot be treated in a light-hearted manner. The Ashok Mehta Committee said as recently as late last year, that we may have to import about two million tons of food for some years to come and that we should therefore enter into long term arrangements with certain food-exporting countries. This is a counsel of despair after fifteen years of growing more food within the country. With the policy of ceil-

(Continued on Page 15)



GET US GO TO TOWN

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

Mr. Fly told Mrs. Fly, "I know all the good and bad things in this village. I know the dung heaps and the sweets in the shops. But one thing I have not tasted. That is the delicacy prepared by Subbamma. I have never had a chance of tasting it."

"You are quite right, my hero", said Mrs. Fly. "I too have tried many times. But she always keeps her sweetmeat well covered. Her little son who takes it out to sell, why, even he never exposes it for a moment. If one approaches near, out comes the fan to drive one out."

Subbamma was a poor widow. Her husband was a merchant who died before he could save anything. Subbamma and her son lived a hard life. She would buy a rupee's worth of coconut and jaggery and make small cakes which the boy would take out in the streets and sell. There would be 128 cakes on the tray—eight rows of sixteen each—and he would sell them for two rupees and fetch a clear gain of one rupee each time. And on this they lived.

A rival started making similar sweetmeats, but everybody favoured Subbamma's cake. The whole village knew that these were clean and prepared with care. Even children liked them best. They seemed to melt nicely and stayed long in the mouth.

A new sweets shop was opened in the village. Huge tins and bottles filled with peppermints came in. They were cheap and came in quan-

ties from somewhere. The shopkeeper was a clever fellow. His speech and smile were enchanting.

The demand for Subbamma's home-made cake steadily decreased. In six months her business stopped altogether.

The poor woman was now helpless. She could not keep up the struggle and decided to get her boy fixed up as a servant in the new shop. The owner was a terror. The bright little lad lost his looks out of sheer fright.

The fly sat on the boy's ear, whispering, "Would all this have happened if only you had been kinder to me?" Now the boy was too dispirited even to flap the fly away. He stood in fear of being found fault with or even being beaten as he sometimes was.

The fly said, "What a pity! The poor boy is getting thinner every day," and sat on the sweets exposed on a tray. Both he and Mrs. Fly had just come in after a long go at a splendid dung-heap in a back garden. The peppermint was insipid.

"What are you saying?" said Mrs. Fly.

"I was looking at this poor boy and saying, 'What a pity!'"

"Yes, it is a pity! But what are we to do about it?"

"This peppermint has come and spoiled the village. Do you like it?" said Mr. Fly.

"No", said the female fly. "Let us go to the rubbish heap."

Subbamma's brother was employed in a small shop in Madras. One day he came to the village and took his nephew with him to Madras. The boy took leave of the shopkeeper who told him harshly, "You will have no wages for the days you are absent".

"Mother, uncle took me to a coffee shop in Madras. There, everybody sips his drink".

Subbamma was aghast. What, do they all sip and spoil the cups one after the other?"

"They dip the cups in a bucket of water between one drink and another", said the boy. The boy answered his mother's questions, "They put all the cups into a bucket of water, and take them out, and wipe them with a single piece of cloth."

She exclaimed, "Horror of horrors! A curse on that city. Are people so dirty there?"

"This is nothing, mother. Everybody, men of all castes, smoke there. They take the cigarettes out of their mouths and, with the same fingers, touch everything else."

She cried, "Stop, my child, stop. Never again must you go to Madras".

But the boy added, "Mother, uncle too smokes. He too sips his coffee cup". Subbamma closed her ears with the palms of her hand. "Eeswari! Mahadeva!" she cried, and went into the kitchen.

Mr. Fly too was listening to all this and said to his wife, "My dear, let us go to town. That is the place for us". And Mrs. Fly agreed, "Right you are. Let us go to the railway station. We can sit on some bundle or other, and get carried to town. Who is going to demand tickets from us?"



Sotto Voce

Sastra and
Standardisation

It is some months since the Report of the Samskrit Commission was handed in. And now we are told that the Government have "under active consideration" the Commission's recommendation that there should be a uniform system throughout India in respect of traditional Samskrit education. One can't help feeling that there are more urgent and important recommendations in the Report which the Delhi Government could have taken up with advantage to the national interest. I will go further and say that "standardising the almost bewildering styles and titles of patsala examinations" is an aim which cannot be properly effected by means of Government "recommendation".

There is definitely a case for integrating the patsala teaching into an autonomous system of Samskrit education upto the highest level with a Samskrit university or universities at the apex. The Government could provide the funds and facilities needed to bring into existence at least one Samskrit university for every region. These universities, while not ignoring the requirements of modern life, would be mainly devoted to conserving and building up the indigenous culture which has its roots in the Veda. The patsalas could then become appropriately feeders to the universities.

While inspection and examination and some kind of uniformity in regard to titles and diplomas would help to promote the pandit's worldly prospects, these things should not be allowed to dominate traditional Samskrit learning as they dominate officialised modern education. The aim of the ancient learning was thoroughness and rigour, and not a 33 per cent minimum. No teacher worth his salt would allow a stu-

dent to skip over a difficult passage or a difficult idea from the anxiety to finish the prescribed portion. Cries and shortcuts to a pass were altogether unknown. The third-rate merely dropped by the wayside.

The Government press note talks of facilitating "the interchange of students and teachers throughout the country". This interchange was not unknown in the past. Indeed no student in any part of the country considered his education complete until he had made a pilgrimage to every centre where there were reputed specialists in his particular branch of learning and learnt all there was to be learnt from them. The fellowship of scholars was universal. The *vaakyarthas* (disputations) was a far more accurate method of gauging a man's attainments than the written tests which dominate our universities. And it was inseparable from the Gurukula system. Unless that system is reinvigorated there can be no future for the traditional learning.

The Gurukula system's merit indeed is that it cannot be standardised. A Samskrit university of the type the Commission had in view could enlist the co-operation of distinguished scholars living in different parts of the country by the grant of appropriate allowances, in the formation of a panel for extra-mural teaching and research. It could give scholarships to students approved by such teachers. And it could have them tested at the end of their course (whose length should for each student depend entirely on the judgment of the teacher concerned) by scholars selected from that panel. Only thus, not by regimentation, can the old informality, wide-ranging scholarship and integrity be safeguarded.

Meanwhile there are two things which the Central Government could do. It could put its foot down on the systematic attempts that are being made in most States to abolish Samskrit from the school curriculum. I know that education is a State subject. But if the Centre can by directives or substantial subventions impose its fads and fancies from Basic to Gandhian philosophy on the schools and colleges it is idle to pretend that it cannot secure an assured place in the curriculum for the language of our religion and culture. Even if it hasn't the guts to make the study of Samskrit compulsory it could insist that those who would like to study it should not be presented with Hobson's choice and told that they could take Samskrit in preference to Hindi.

Hindi is currently in favour as a job-finder. Samskrit can never hope to rival it in this regard. But prescribing Samskrit as the language of protocol will not assuage the hunger of its votaries. There is a wide variety of jobs, ranging from archeology to cultural embassies, for which finished Samskritists would be eminently suited, and these jobs should be reserved for them. I write these words on Vyasa Poor-nima, the day sacred to memory of the sage of whom his own father Parasara affirmed in the Vishnu Purana, "Know that, Krishna Dwaipayana Vyasa was none other than the Lord Narayana Himself, Maitreya. Who else on earth could have written the Mahabharata?" (Ko-nyo hi bhuri Maitreya Mahabharata-krt bhavet?) The language that thus superbly equates culture with the highest spirituality must not become an alien in its own land. VIGNESWARA

Food Production in India—
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SIDELIGHTS :

The eightieth birthday of Sir M. Venkata Subba Rau falls this week. Since his retirement from the High Court Bench he has been devoting himself to good works, study, and the nursing of that child of his philanthropic enterprise, the Seva Sadan. An old student of the Seva Sadan says of it gratefully in the school magazine, "My experience and training there have helped me in the long run to be an able housewife." This tribute from a beneficiary of the institution reveals its unique distinction. Our girls' schools are passably good at teaching the subjects in the curriculum and the atmosphere that prevails there enables the girls to dress nicely and adorn themselves attractively. But while the decorative arts are well looked after the serviceable side of life is neglected. Many graduate women nowadays do not know how to cook and have to send to the hotels for food; the husband is denied one of the major satisfactions of family life and betakes himself elsewhere to appease his hungers. Perhaps the pathway to the preservation of love lies through the stomach! At any rate there is more happiness in households where the mistress is able to make economically and serve neatly good and tasty dishes than in those where the cuisine is unorganised or disorganised and is dependent on the grace of neighbouring eating houses. A school to teach girls the chemistry and the artistry of the kitchen and all connected skills run by a competent and experienced matron would not only be an excellent business proposition, it would contribute greatly to affection between spouses, the success of marriages and contentment, peace and harmony in homes.

Sir M. Venkata Subba Rau has devoted all his life's savings to the development of the Seva Sadan, not as a fashionable resort for the well-to-do but as a training place for good prospective

housewives, with special arrangements for teaching handicrafts and other occupations to make them economically independent and capable of earning their living. In this as in all other things, he has had the unstinting support of the gracious lady, his wife; and together they have made the Seva Sadan a great institution for the whole city to be proud of. From small beginnings it has grown into a large network of variegated and expanding social utility and usefulness. It is a school, a hostel, a polytechnic, a social and educational experiment, all combined in one.

Sir M. Venkata Subba Rau is the doyen of judges in the country. His administration of law and justice from the Bench was distinguished by a vigilant conscientious effort that was never relaxed for a moment, to eliminate the gap between the two. He strove to make law just and justice legal. This is not so simple as it seems and represents in modern conditions a feat of high character. The dispensations of judges are in India bound, as in Britain, by precedents. Case law dominates the judicial mind. The result is that when a judge commits a fallacy it becomes an authority cited for its binding effect in subsequent hearings. The judgment, and sometimes even the conscience of individual occupants of the Bench quails before the imposing facade of case law citations, and in the name of justice we have repetitions of the earlier thinking of other minds with the judge's own sense of right and wrong held in dutiful suspension. Judicial valour of a high order is required to pierce through the awful wilderness of legal precedents and reach the hard goal of equity; for it is an effort beset by the derision of the orthodox powerfully organised for treating every deviation from current practice as so much profanity. It may be said that Sir M. Venkata Subba

Rau as judge placed equity above all other consideration. He dared to defy the legal obstacles that stood in the way of equity. And the compelling power of his humanity has through the years led to reversals of earlier judicial decisions in conformity with his own attitudes, so as to liberalise many an outmoded law.

His probity is not merely confined to irreproachable practical conduct. It fills thought and intellect and pervades his whole being. His is a completely integrated honesty. People of this calibre, nowadays ever so rare, are a blessing to society as their very presence is an ennobling influence.

Dr. M. R. Guruswami Mudaliar who passed away at a ripe old age this week, was one of the most remarkable men of our time. In the diagnosis of ailments he was endowed with an unsurpassed intuitive capacity. He had a stupendous practice but did not care to turn it to profitable account. He accepted from patients whatever fees they chose to give, and never even cared to glance at the receptacle on his table into which they were dropped. He spoke the fewest words and his taciturnity was rather forbidding, but anxious patients who rushed to him for relief were buoyed up by faith in his ability and goodness. There was no difference in his treatment of rich and poor. His unspoken compassion was given to all equally effectively. In his later days he became extremely pious and devout and sought the potency of prayer to aid his ministrations for the healing of pain and disease. His receptivity to knowledge was enormous and he explored Ayurveda with faith and zeal to supplement his proficiency as an allopathic doctor. He was a man of infinite goodness who lived in another world of his own while shirking none of the duties of this one, and his memory will be cherished for long in honour and reverence by innumerable beneficiaries spread over the whole country.

SAKA

PLAINT OF THE WEAVERS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

There is no race of honest men and women in such a bad pass in India today as the handloom weavers. "Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills?" said Charles Lamb in one of his essays. On behalf of these weavers of ours I wish that same wish. The most industrious, the honestest of workers, who shirk nothing, who do not keep looking at the clock, who organize no strikes, who throw no stones or brickbats on the police and invite death and fruitless judicial enquiries, who do not call their brethren scabs or blacklegs, who live with their wives and are fond of their children, who work all day long and nearly all night too, at their looms, who ask for no housing schemes and have no quarrels with any one, these are the most unhappy people in our land. What they produce although essential and beautiful in quality, has a cruel competitor that issues out of the capitalists' power-looms which puts the cottage weavers' cloth out of the market.

"Let the old-fashioned wear of old-fashioned people, viz. the dhoties and the sarees, be left to the old-fashioned weaver and let the new giants produce all your newfangled wear" say I. No, this cannot be done, says Authority and the weaver and his family are left to starve. Money doles and rebates do not help them. These go to strengthen organizations, not the individual weavers whose labour calls for recognition and compassion. What good is it to see co-operative society buildings rise up in palatial style when so many handlooms cannot find admission into the 'co-operatives', and when their lot is just what it was. If only an honest citizen with a heart sees the men and women at work, and when the cloth is ready sees what quality it is, he would not hesitate to cry out against the cotton mills, as I do.

I am not pleading for an extinct culture or for an interesting tribe

of aborigines whose crude songs and dances would furnish the city ladies and gentlemen with an interesting half-hour. I plead for millions of live families who fill parts of our urban as well as the rural areas as bees fill their hives. They are not a negligible community like the bad brahmins but a good big chunk of the population. The handloom has the largest single group of artisans in the country working on it and if one measures by man-hours, they may well be even a bigger group than those engaged in agriculture. They have plenty of votes, let me

remind the politicians, and it is worth while thinking of them well before election time and helping them to a more bearable lot in the national economy. They are not people who could be pushed into landless agricultural life nor is there room for them in any other industry. We cannot banish them from their homes and relegate them to the slums in the industrial cities. The trade unions will not let them into the factories even if we desired to do so. These people that are struggling against odds deserve the attention and protection of Authority. The first victims are the handloom weavers when hard times arrive and it is no good, bestirring ourselves then. We should do something beforehand.

IS LIFE SWEETER ?

Breaking up the bonds of loyalty has become the "all-sweeping besom of sociitarian reformation, your only modern Hercules' club to rid the time of its abuses"—breaking up the ties of "loyalty" between landlord and tenant, between industrialist and workmen, between editor and working journalist and so on. Dealing with agriculture, the supreme occupation of any society of men, we see land has lost its value for those who had the talent and the wherewithal to look after it. No wonder that money now flows into banks which formerly used to be invested in land, and we hear reports of increased and increasing deposits. And because these banks generously contribute a share of this to the periodical public loans floated by governments it will be taken as a sign of prosperity. Meanwhile, more and more grains have to be imported from distant lands across the oceans to keep the famine away from India and this with the armament expense will widen the 'foreign exchange gap'.

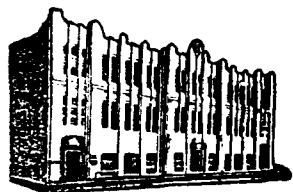
Who cares for land now except the economic arm-chair investigator? Neither owner nor tiller. Strife between the owners of land and the industrialists and the people who live by present manual labour either in the field or in the factory is not the way

to happiness. But this is exactly what is deemed to be the whole duty of the political man in progressive India. To encourage such strife and mislead the numerous poor in order that they may part with their votes—what a miserable bargain!—is not the road to social welfare. "Are men better? Are men greater? Is life sweeter? These are the test questions" declared a well-known American naturalist and writer of this century. We are lost in a maze of imagined means and forget the end which should be kept at all stages in view.

Is life sweeter? Are men better? Alas that no one, not even the excited clientele of trade unions can give an affirmative answer to these questions.

My own feeling, 'which may well be wrong' as they say is that this long blind alley of error must necessarily and ultimately end in control of all citizen activities by force of law and regulation i.e. Communism, the very thing to avoid which they tell us they are doing all this encouragement of strife. Before it is too late, let us restore the value of land and let us make it worthwhile for people to devote themselves to the patriotic occupation of raising food. Let us not divide the community that is en-

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gaged in the holy task of raising food by setting one section, of them against the other. The man who has the means, the men who know and manage, the men who can toil, all must help one another and pool their different kinds of resources and everyone must have a chance to be happy. The men who raise the food for the people cannot all own the land nor have the wherewithal to keep it in good yielding condition; most of them come to it only seasonally. Let us help them to be one community bound together by tradition and good sense. Let us not set them by the ears. They cannot be happy or even live unless they wholeheartedly co-operate. Let not politicians seek "to divide and rule", a policy wholly inapplicable to internal government and welfare. Suppressing any group, calling them exploiters, we create only a new class of exploiters and the newer they are, the less responsible they are, less responsive to any moral regulation.

Look at the anarchy into which every place of work has fallen. No one looks upon work as duty. We hear a sad tale wherever we go. Four men do not do what one man used to, be he clerk, or factory-hand or shop-assistant, and that too not so well as the one old-fashioned man used to do it without being driven. The slave-driver is now an abject slave himself pretending to be still master, so that his wife may not think poorly of him. This is the case even in Government offices. How can the total national output improve under these conditions unless it is put down in terms of money and fictitiously boosted?

And if the man who works on land wants to buy what he requires but which he cannot raise on the land, he has to pay for all the waste that has come to stay as the order of the day in all the workshops. We all work less and there is more of printed money about. Result: everything is dearer. We have more varieties of things before us and the problems of life have correspondingly multiplied.

Is life sweeter? Are men better? No, yet these are the test questions. Let good men do some honest thinking and all may yet be well, — if we but throw off the yoke of words and slogans and bravely cope with the evils brought about by credulity and competitive party politics. Let us give up envy. "You must resign yourself to seeing others also happy, if you wish to be happy yourself" as Bertrand Russell said.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

What to wear at the office?

Mr. Sherman Adams, assistant to the President of the United States, and a resonant influence, is in trouble.

From an industrialist, and friend of long standing, Mr. Adams has received gifts of a vicuna coat, the payment of lodging at a hotel suite in Boston, and the loan of rugs for a house in Washington.

Mr. Adams also, on behalf of his friend, has telephoned and written to two Federal agencies which are examining the way the industrialist runs his businesses.

Is there not in all this, a sub-committee of the House of Representatives asked Mr. Adams, the appearance of evil?

Mr. Adams declares not. The gifts are gifts of a friend; the telephone calls were routine; and in five and a half years in office, friendship has played no part in any decisions whatever. On this, Mr. Adams avers, his conscience is quite clear, though he admits, in this particular case, to imprudence.

Mr. Adams is a person of probity. This lapse is unaccountable. Yet it can hardly be doubted that the assistant to the President has acted improperly. He has hurt the President, the Republican Party, and himself.

The one benefit from the strange, unhappy incident is that standards of public conduct are being publicly restated. For the truth is, in the United States as in India, that nothing so becomes a man in office as glistening, dazzling white.

JOHN E. FRAZER

A Photographer's Diary

By M. KRISHNAN

A CONTEMPORARY
WORDSWORTH

The man from whose shop I took this street picture chose to indulge a philosophical mood. Youth, he said, the high spirits of innocent youth. Here is this smart young miss, pretending to be a rickshaw-puller and finding such zestful amusement in the pretence: twenty years hereafter, saddened by experience, weighed down with cares, will this little one ever dream of lifting up the shafts of a rickshaw in fun? By then, no doubt, she would know how wretched it is to be a rickshaw-puller, and could no longer find any joy in playing at being one. How wonderful it is to be young! The frets and frustrations of maturity have no realism for one then — and the commonest things are so significant and marvellous.

In fact, what that man said was very much what Wordsworth said. But being a retail merchant, he was more inclined to reckon precisely the loss sustained in transition from wonderful childhood to blase adulthood. To be fair to him, he was less pompous and mysterious about it than the poet, but he said much the same thing. The ode on *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*. All of it.

And of course, like Wordsworth before him, he was wrong. With age the body loses its resilience; bones harden and grow heavy; tiredness after exertion seems normal; the senses begin to fail, and bodily, even mental, limitations are accepted. But to say that the capacity for joy or wonder, or mischief or fun, diminishes with the years is untrue. There is no real, radical change in one. All that happens is that one develops the cult of dignity and a certain cunning reticence — one realises, more and more, that silence and inaction rarely betray one's lack of skill or knowledge, and that, by a lucky coincidence,



these are the very attributes of that dignity which is expected of mature humanity.

But that does not prevent grown-up, even elderly, people from feeling things. Only, their response or reaction to any circumstance is so rarely disclosed — they have grown up in the creed that it is immature to betray their feelings (except, God knows why, the singularly ugly and ludicrous feeling of petulance and anger, and the self-importance which they just cannot contain), and so they keep themselves to themselves. Particularly are they careful not to betray their wonder at anything new or strange, for to do so might be thought a sign of immaturity.

It is interesting to go deeper into this adult suppression of wonder. We wonder openly and artlessly at many things, when we are very young, for being young and inexperienced, so many things are new or strange to us.

Then, gradually, we learn to link up the feeling with inexperience, and since we are now mature and therefore experienced, we take great care not to wonder at things, even when they seem wonderful to us. Why, we even go to the extent of wondering at things when our sophistry tells us we should, though the expression is purely artificial and simulated. I remember the time I went to see India's first jet-planes. The exhibition of power and speed left me bored to tears, and only the fact that I was in a party prevented me from sneaking off to the morning show of a jungle picture at a near-by talkie. I felt positively overcome by ennui, as the planes roared past overhead and looped the loop, but I marvelled with the loudest of my neighbours at their antics. It seemed the right thing to do.

The truth is that we do not, un- luckily, undergo any real change with the years — it is the insects that have a metamorphosis in

CAPITAL COMMENTS

By JUNIUS

their growth. The child in the picture might not, at s.xty, play at being rickshaw-puller, but she would have lost none of her flair for pretence or fun. I say this not out of my knowledge of children, but from what I know of elderly people, by close observation. Such people are often secretive to a degree, to an unsuspected degree. It is always hard to know how they really feel, deep inside of themselves, or how spontaneous their rambling speech and manifest reactions are. This is specially difficult because, in so many other things they seem simple and set, through years of use, in their ways. But when they are alone, or think they are, they are sometimes careless (though the closely-worn habit rarely slips), and then you can see how little life has changed them.

But why should I argue the point when I can prove it? It is only those that lead secluded lives that can afford the mask of reticence and a closely-guarded privacy. Elderly men in high public positions, elder statesmen, departmental heads and the like, cannot possibly be dignified and correct both in public and at home. The strain of such sustained poise is beyond human endurance. And so they are mature and poised and posed in public — and undisguisedly themselves at home. And at times, in a crisis, even in public they are themselves — and then you cannot help noticing that they can be as wayward, inconsistent, gauche, irresponsible and human as any child.

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New Delhi: It was the proud claim, perhaps the loud boast, of journalism that it could influence Governments and shape the course of politics. Today generally all over the world and more so in our country, it is politics, in some form or other, that is influencing journalism even at professional level and directing the myriad channels of the Press. The purely professional standards of either judgment or behaviour are of little importance and no avail when what is sought is not public good but private gain. The loss of values for which lives were spent and sacrificed before, in a missionary spirit, if not out of a certain martyrdom, is nowhere more conspicuous, in these days of an all-round general decline of standards, than in what is still known as the Fourth Estate. It is one thing to call it the Fourth Estate; it is another to find it as a fourth-rate estate.

It is easy, even tempting, to ascribe all the ills in the Press to the later-day tension, or the new conflict, between the 'owners' and the workers over wages but on a deeper probe one finds that the real evil lies elsewhere and that the Indian Press will not recover its lost ground or regain its old prestige, even if the proprietors give fatter cheques and working journalists are ensured better security. For, the Press has both become a branch of commerce and a plaything in the hands of the politicians who warm the Treasury Benches. And public opinion in the country is too feeble to be heard amidst the din of raucous voices raised over the wage-disputes while the whole tradition which once gave the Press the authority and sanctity of the Church, is now being buried under the debris of false slogans and shattered illusions.

And where does Delhi stand in this sorry picture? Delhi means the Government of India. Their only interest lies at the moment

bringing an amicable settlement or even a forced understanding between those who own the papers and those who run them. They are not bothered who own them or how they are run so long as the daily sheets carry to the four corners of the country the activities of the various departments and the utterances of the different Ministers. What matters it to them — and why should it matter to them? — if proprietors make office-boys editors or editors keep themselves going by only dancing to the tunes of their managers? It is enough that proprietors care for their reactions when they appoint their editors and editors in their turn, do them long-sweep salaaming for securing or retaining their jobs. A chit must be produced before the Chair is occupied; sometimes a chit, once issued in the light of good record of meek obedience or on the strength of future good behaviour, needs to be re-issued. These things have happened, are happening and will happen, so long as proprietors are only too anxious to earn the goodwill of the powers-that-be and not much concerned to find editors who belong or adhere to a great tradition. And how can newspapers enjoy any prestige when their editors exhaust their energies in pleasing their proprietors at one end and placating the Government at the other? And yet one occasionally hears them waxing eloquent over editorial freedom, as if someone has denied them the freedom, for instance, to cut irrelevant ministerial speeches and make better use of space!

It is, however, the new technique that the proprietors have learnt to employ, that is confronting the Press as a challenge from inside — the technique of controlling the editors through their managements. Let the editor write a Diary or fill a Notebook or occasionally venture a leader but reduce him to an orna-

THE CINEMA

By V. P. SATHE

let him be let loose outside but chained inside — it will work, for few editors will revolt and resign. Not that our press magnates cannot take a larger view of things. They do, when it suits them. They will willingly give plenary powers to their editors if the editors can fill a larger role in their scheme of things. For there are interests other than purely journalistic. Such editors are not easy to find. And imaginative proprietors know no defeat. If ex-ambassadors promise to deliver the goods, no matter on what coast-line, no salary is too high for them. Each market-place has its fancy prices. Mid-August, not far-off, may well find past diplomacy allied to new business via the expanding territory of the Fourth Estate. A five-rupee increment to the workers may only bring contentment to the underdog but a fat salary to an ex-diplomat may bring 'credit' to the commercial system behind the baronial order!

Wherever the fault lies, whether with the proprietors or the editors, the Indian Press is lamentably failing to do its duty to the public by not carrying the message of the country's leading thinker to the four corners. Things were different when Gandhiji was writing his weekly article for *Harijan*. The readers of no paper were denied its contents. Was it merely because Gandhiji was up in arms against a foreign Government? It seems that the leading news-agencies and news-papers are not keen on doing a larger service to the nation — the former by creeding and the latter by publishing — Sri Rajaji's weekly pronouncements in the columns of *SWARAJYA*. This can only be explained by their reluctance or hesitation to touch stuff which is perhaps unpalatable to the powers that-be. It is a loss to the country that Sri Rajaji's voice is not heard all over as it should be. It is a far cry from Madras to Delhi. And there is a growing feeling at the Capital in influential circles that, taking the time-factor into account among other

Bombay: The strike and rains have had serious repercussions on the film business. Thanks to the dock workers strike, the raw film shortage was felt even more acutely as the new stock of 10 million feet which had arrived in the docks could not be cleared. Just when the civic workers ended their strike, the Rains hit Bombay for five consecutive days dislocating the entire traffic and preventing picture-goers from visiting theatres. Indeed, for some days, some of the theatres on Lamington Road were flooded with water; and as a result they had either to cancel the shows or carry on the shows with just a score of people in the auditorium.

On the night of Thursday the 26th almost all roads from the city to the suburbs were closed. As a result, most of the film personalities who stay in the suburbs could not attend the premiere of *'Police'*, which was attended only by Pradeep Kumar, Jabeen and Shubha Khote. Some of the guests, it was later revealed, had to abandon their cars on the way and walk back home.

The collections in almost all the theatres from Monday to Thursday were the poorest in recent years.

If the raw stock position improves, there is a chance again that after August, the film business will improve as it did last year.

During the last week, in spite of all these calamities, four new ventures were launched. Filmalaya, S. Mukerji's new venture, launched its first production starring Dilip Kumar; Ramesh Saigal launched *'Pathareeli Rohen'*. Kamal Amrohi launched Mahal Pictures' social production *'Deel Apna Preet Parayl'* written

out an air mail edition and take such other steps as are necessary, to cope with an otherwise impossible situation in which independent thinking is discouraged to the extent of being almost stifled.

and directed by Kishore Sahu, starring Meena Kumari and Raaj Kumar and Homi Wadia launched *'Chandrasena'* starring Amita Guha and Mahipal to be directed by Babubhai Mistri. Luckily, the dinner party of Filmalaya, which was arranged on Sunday 22nd went off very well as the weather was not so bad. It was attended by a record number of film personalities.

Deep and Pradeep's crime thriller *'Police'* was designed to give an opportunity to producer star Pradeep Kumar to have a 'dashing' role and sport many make-ups and disguises. His co-producer Deep Khosla also wanted to disport his 'versatile' talent both as an actor and writer in this picture. Between the two and director Kalidas they made a picture which was at one time almost banned by the censors. So to appease the censors, the ex-dacoit Rangooni, who was originally the hero of the picture, had to be killed and a police officer resembling Rangooni was resurrected to become a new hero.

The story concerns the adventures of Rangooni, who brings to book a gang of smugglers and thieves led by respectable Ramesh running a night club *'Blue Heavens'*.

To add spice and romance to the proceedings we have Manju, a crazy millionaire's crazy daughter keen to get her name in print somehow. Her encounters with Rangooni, who is forced to kidnap her and her eventual love for him and efforts to save him from Ramesh's evil design to kill him provide some of the interesting situations in an otherwise routine crime thriller.

The last chase and fight on the sea is enterprising; and had it been cleverly edited and directed, it would have been the highlight of the film. As it is, just a crude climax. The ideas of director Kalidas reveal his enterprising spirit; but his execution is not up to the mark. Pradeep Kumar

appears to be improving with each picture. Madhubala plays her role in the right spirit. Dhumal, Raj Mehra, Nadira and Om Prakash have little or nothing to do in the film. Deep Khosla is wooden and Anwar is his usual self.

Hemant Kumar's musical score is just a poor imitation of popular foreign tunes with "Oh, Oh, Oh Baby" reminding one of 'Bernadine'. The photography by J. P. Kapadia is competent; but the sound is defective and mars the picture to some extent. The dialogues by Nasir Hussain are entertaining and the picture on the whole emerges to be just an average crime thriller of the Hollywood variety.

To many film people, it appears rather odd that while the India Film Society started with the blessings of Shri V. K. Krishna Menon, has not made any headway, the Asian Film Society launched by two youngsters Pochee and Saraiya has become a

popular institution. The success of the Asian Film Society is mainly due to the enterprising spirit and showmanship of its organisers Pochee and Saraiya.

Every Indian film personality visiting U. K. is received with enthusiasm by this duo and lavishly entertained. In fact, Pochee has sponsored the visit of several of our film personalities to U.K. and played host to them. As a result, whenever he comes to Bombay, the stars and producers spread the red carpet and entertain him to various parties and dinners. Moreover, it cannot be gainsaid that unlike the India Film Society, the Asian Film Society has been holding festivals of Indian films in London every year and helping Indian producers to sell their product in U.K., Europe and even United States.

Bespectacled E. A. Pochee came to Bombay last month and during his stay here, met several of his old friends and discussed the various projects for popularizing

Indian films in the West. Now he is leaving for Berlin to attend the Berlin Film Festival. He is expected to discuss the proposal of holding the Indian Film Festival in Berlin and other cities of West Germany, which is regarded today as the best show window in Western Europe for the commercial exploitation of Indian films.

As Pochee is more of a businessman than just a cultural worker, he may prove successful in his new venture. In London, the Asian Film Society of which he is the secretary has succeeded in getting the patronage and support of political leaders as well as renowned British film personalities.

Shanta Apte is returning to the Hindi screen in Filmalaya's first production. She is playing Dilip's elder sister.

Ashok Kumar and Nirupa Roy are cast in Subhash Desai's new production 'Bedard Zamana Kya Jane'.

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SIR HAROLD NICOLSON, WRITER AND DIPLOMAT

By JOHN MORRIS

When Harold Nicolson reached the age of 70 a number of his friends conspired to celebrate the occasion by giving him what he calls "an enormous cheque". He decided to spend the money on a visit to the Far East, and in January last year he and his wife, who is better known under her maiden name of V. Sackville-West, embarked on a cruise to Java and back. It was, he said when they returned, "two of the happiest months which, in a life of wholly unmerited felicity, I have ever enjoyed."

Journey to Java is ostensibly a record of a not very enterprising journey, and if it were no more than this it would scarcely be worth writing about. But like many of this author's works, this is a book written on different levels. It describes also an intellectual journey, an excursion, with the help of a carefully planned course of reading, into the reasons why after the Napoleonic wars, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, young romantics indulged in melancholy, whereas today they tend to become what, in the current phrase, are known as "angry young men".

In the course of a long life Sir Harold Nicolson (he was knighted for his official biography of King George V.) has attained eminence in various fields, but he is chiefly known for a particular kind of discursive writing, a combination of fact, sometimes embroidered for literary effect, and imaginative speculation. It is of course a commonplace that most writers are at their best when describing a society from the inside, but the observation is more than ordinarily true of Harold Nicolson. The son of a distinguished ambassador (the first Lord Carnock), he himself, until he became a professional writer, served for a number of years in the diplomatic service, and he is at his best when dealing with that

A Journey to Java, by Harold Nicolson. Constable, 21s.

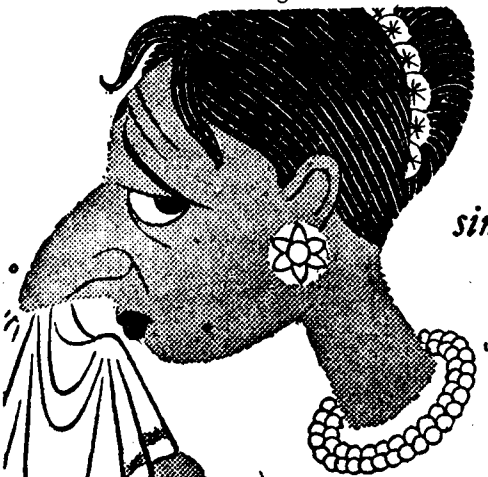
sophisticated section of European society in which a knowledge of four languages and the literature of all Europe is taken for granted. *Some People* is perhaps his best known book in this particular vein.

In recent years Sir Harold has tended to specialise in biography and the bypaths of diplomacy, and *Journey to Java* is a most welcome return to his earlier, and in my opinion, much more entertaining style. It is above all a happy book, and although it is in no sense an autobiography, the innumerable and apparently inconsequential observations which appear on nearly every page build up into a portrait which shows the author, despite certain Victorian prejudices (of which he is well aware), to be a most likeable man, and an ideal companion on a journey. Thus, despite the easier manners of the present day, he cannot bring himself to go swimming in modern bathing-trunks, and he is scandalised, at

a Government House luncheon party at Singapore, when his host invites him to remove his jacket because of the heat.

It cannot be said that this book adds anything to our knowledge of any of the places visited, but the purely descriptive pages are its least important element. The author and his wife seem to have spent most of their time working in their respective cabins; she on a book, Sir Harold reading and making detailed notes in connection with his chosen course of study. Both of them are completely happy; the telephone never rings, there is nobody to interrupt, a circumstance which it is normally not possible to achieve.

During the course of this intellectual voyage we are given Sir Harold's assessment of the views, among others, of Galen, Burton, Rousseau and Chateaubriand through Novalis, to Kierkegaard and Cyril Connolly. We are also introduced to Sydney Culpeper, a sort of *alter ego* of Harold Nicolson and one of his happiest inventions. This is a most urbane and sophisticated book. It is also an admirable example of the very best kind of informal English prose.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RAJAJI ON INTERNATIONAL LAW

Sir,—While one cannot but admire the crusading zeal with which Rajaji pours forth against contaminating the earth's atmosphere with nuclear fall-out, as a keen student of the subject, it is my duty to repudiate his observation that "students of international law may well spend their time over the study of astrology or haunted houses and the mutual behaviour of ghosts."

The fundamental error which Rajaji slips into is that, with Austin, he believes that international law is another name for international morality, using the term morality as though it were a depreciatory epithet. In fact it is both inconvenient and contrary to the best juristic thought to deny the legal character of international law. Questions of international law are treated as legal questions by the foreign offices which conduct our international business; legal forms and methods are used in diplomatic controversies and in judicial and arbitral proceedings. To hold with Austin that nothing is law which is not the will of a political superior is a misleading and inadequate analysis even of the law of the modern State. International law on the whole satisfies the essential conditions of law in general, namely the existence of a political community, and the recognition by its members of settled rules binding upon them in that capacity.

The inability of present law to impose a stoppage of nuclear tests, should not blind us to the existence of important branches of international law where custom and conventions have crystallized into regulatory codes of conduct. The laws relating to diplomatic immunities, and to a limited extent the rules regarding the territorial waters; technical matters such as the Universal Postal Union, the international system of copyright, the agreed rules for preventing collisions at sea, conflict of nationality laws, the procedures for extradition of criminals, to name a

few, indicate the wide field of international law without which international conduct would be chaotic. Add to this the modern development in international law, concerning the rights and duties of individuals, establishing the important role that the individual will have to play in world law. Instances of this development are the Nuremberg International Tribunal followed by the International Law Commission's Draft Code on Offences against the Peace and Security of Mankind and the Genocide Convention adopted by the General Assembly, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights of the General Assembly in 1948, with its impact on the municipal law of States, the undeniable progress achieved by the I.L.O. in giving concrete effect to the freedom of industrial association.

Regarding the specific issue of legality of nuclear tests, which Rajaji poses, eminent jurists point out that if cosmic irresponsibility has reached a point when it threatens to affect seriously the life and health of the populations of the rest of the world, States which do not indulge in these tests will have to consider a problem that at this stage it will be sufficient to pose, namely the issue of joint-feasers, in international law. The time is ripe to obtain an authoritative view of the subject if the powers consent, by means of an advisory opinion of the World Court. There is a duty under customary international law not to allow knowingly the State's territory to be used for acts contrary to the rights of other States. A juristic climate has been created for legal action to follow.

All this goes to show that one cannot afford the luxury of hasty generalization. Law is subordinated to politics and lawyers could begin their work only when statesmen are agreed. The world cannot be saved except by a common faith. At this point the lawyer has reached the limit of what he can usefully say.

Let men like Rajaji create this common faith. Meanwhile bouquets to the young lady of Rajaji's article, who is taking her Ph.D. at Cambridge in international law. May her tribe increase!

C. V. RANGANATHAN

"The man is alive but he can't kick" says Mr. Ranganathan. There is really no conflict between us.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

OUR LABOUR LEADERS

Sir,—I must congratulate you on your wonderful leader "The New Depotism". Labour in recent times in our country has been getting unmanageable and has been holding the pistol at the head of the management in every sphere of activity. Frustrated people with no ostensible profession take up the role of mouthpiece of labourers. All the time they are instilling — like Mantharai to Kaikeyi — the poison of discontent, go-slow policy, and strikes into the minds of these labourers who cannot think for themselves. Not once has any labour leader been known to have advised labour to give of its best. While all the time they are

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making much of their grievances, their rights and their privileges, not once are they told of their duties and responsibilities. Government has certainly to be blamed to a good extent for too advanced labour legislation in this country, for pampering them, and for kow-towing to them on crucial occasions. Many thinking people ought to be very glad that you had brought this question to the fore. Even when labourers were prepared for reasonable conciliation and for carrying on the work the labour leaders were intransigent just out of a desire to enhance their importance, thus bringing ruin all round. Nobody wants to oppress labour and cheat them of their rights and privileges. But let them be guided by high-minded and patriotic leaders who cherish goodwill to all and entertain no malice or hatred to anyone.

LT.-COL. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI

AHIMSA

Sir,—Much as we talk of our ancient culture, when we descend to practical affairs, our views stand divorced from life-long

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sentiment and tradition and are wholly pragmatic and utilitarian. This is due mainly to the kind of education imparted all these years and the twist which has been given to our way of thought since Independence.

In India where *Ahimsa Paramo Dharmah* has been unwritten law for ages and Lord Buddha preached kindness to all animals over 2,500 years ago, it is a pity that certain States, in an excess of zeal, have seen fit to pass laws prohibiting the slaughter of any animal and brought about a pronouncement from the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has decided that any legislation which prohibits the slaughter of cows which have ceased to give milk is illegal and *ultra vires*. It has thus given sanction to slaughter of animals in certain circumstances and overlooks how such an attitude is repugnant to Hindu sentiment. Add to this changes in our mode of thought as evidenced by the trend of certain legislation, is it altogether Utopian to think of the euthanasia of humans no longer fit to render service of any kind as beyond the vision of our legislators?

K. V. IYER

GRAND REMONSTRANCE TO CENTRE

Sir,—All of us in the South are beholden to Sri C. Rajagopalachari for his magnificent leadership of the campaign in favour of the retention of English as the Union official language. Our representatives in the State legislature and the Parliament belonging to the Congress party may not have the courage to fight for this cause as they are bound by party discipline even though they may be convinced of its righteousness. With a view to encouraging them to take up a firm stand and also impressing upon the Union Government the strength and volume of public opinion in this State on this issue, we should take steps to present a Grand Remonstrance to the Union Government. I am sure many volunteers in rural and municipal areas will gladly come forward to help the cause by

going from door to door to obtain the signatures of as many people as possible. Our representatives in Parliament should then be asked to present this Grand Remonstrance to the Union Government.

Madras A. N. SUBRAMANIAN

MAMMON IN UNIVERSITIES

Sir,—Certain recent developments in the field of education in Andhra are deplorable.

It is said that admissions to the proposed Medical College at Kakinada will be on the basis of a donation to the college. While the aim of the sponsors of the college is laudable, the method of admission is highly objectionable on academic grounds. That such a method of admission obtains elsewhere—in Bangalore, Udupi and Calcutta—is no justification. The distinguished Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University condemned in unequivocal terms this method of admission which certainly lowers educational standards. It is inconceivable for any right thinking academic mind how wealth could be a criterion in the matter of admission to colleges. It is a pity that a former Minister for Education and other respectable M.Ps. should be associated with this project.

Yet another example of Mammon holding sway over our academic life is the conferment of life membership of the Senates of Universities on film stars who have made sizable donations to them. Our Universities are already crowded with unacademic elements. It is true that we need funds for the development of our educational institutions. But these methods should not be encouraged.

Some of the South Indian Universities are admitting failed Intermediate students getting 25% of the marks in the first year of the new 3 year degree course. This step would further lower the standards in our colleges. The confidence of the public in the educational institutions and in the integrity of the educationists is rapidly declining on account of such decisions.

AN EDUCATIONIST

Boost for the Rupee

(Continued from Page 1)

ings and land distribution filling the mind of the planners and Ministers, there is every chance of a set-back in investment potential on land. As to the import of capital goods, a new balance has to be struck between the demands of progress and the dangers of facile foreign credit, internal inflation, and the invisible strings that go with lending and borrowing. Today, we are going in for huge foreign loans. They are not long term ones, and have to be repaid in a few years. Imports have already been cut to the bone. What is the need for progress in steel at this cost?

Then there is another fallacy. It is said that soon we shall be able to export more. But to whom are we expecting to export? Is it assumed that USA and UK are waiting to buy our goods? We shall have to look to the less developed countries of the Far East and the Middle East as our markets, and we may have to deal with them gently in the matter of payments. Even in the long run, therefore, it is not correct to say that when we start exporting steel, for instance, our troubles will be over.

Taking a legitimate long range view of the foreign exchange position, therefore, we see before us a period of food imports, capital goods imports, and heavy debt repayments; as against which, our competing capacity in tea, cloth and jute and sugar is on the wane. If the drain on foreign exchange is examined in this background, it will be seen that it is not a short term fall that we have to fear, but the emergence of a lopsided economy for quite a long time to come. The directions of required change are clear: a radical alteration of land policy, greater priority for food production, control of labour, a slower progress in the fields of industry. In the field of export, what is needed is the association of the trade with foreign sales, the abolition of State Transport, and an export-encouraging tax policy. These are not remedies in full, but surely, they are the lines for examination.

It is difficult to share the complacency of either Mr. Dillon or Sri Iengar. There is an unconscious cheer-making forcedness in their pronouncements. The bedside manner is dangerous in the face of a severe malady. The processes we see in the economic field are hurried and urgent ambitions struggling against old forces. While panic is bad, complacency is dangerous; and the higher the authority, the greater the need for facing the grim reality.

Priceless Endowment

The evolution of man's ideas depends on the maintenance of his capacity for generating, developing and using them. This basic capacity, which is not necessarily growing as our knowledge grows, will be as important in the future as it has been in the past. We must guard it as our most priceless endowment.—KENNETH MATHER F.R.S., Professor of Genetics, University of Birmingham.

SALUTE TO NAGY and MALETER

WHO ARE THE GUILTY MEN?

The Indian Committee for Solidarity with Hungary salutes and pays its humble tribute to Imre Nagy, Paul Maleter and their two colleagues who, despite a year and three-quarters of ceaseless torture, refused to confess to crimes they did not commit and for their heroism paid the supreme penalty. Their execution is an act of cold-blooded murder which cynically violates the conscience of mankind by reason of the unscrupulous breach of solemn pledges given for the personal safety of these men.

By this deed, international communism once again reveals its real nature. The myth of liberalisation and of the acceptance of peaceful methods is destroyed, and the world's hopes of peaceful co-existence between various ideologies are scuttled. This is a grim reminder that Soviet and communist pledges are not worth the paper on which they are written and that anyone who relies on them is guilty of unpardonable recklessness. Who are the men who have on their hands the blood of Imre Nagy and Paul Maleter? Guilty Man Number One is unquestionably Khrushchev, who now reveals himself as Tsar Stalin II. Guilty Man No. 2 is Mao Tse-tung, who not long ago said: 'Let a hundred flowers bloom', but whose newspapers have 'warmly welcomed the glad tidings' from Hungary.

Does this exhaust the list of guilty men? Are those who constantly glorify communism and give it respectability in the minds of our people free from guilt? Are not those who still clamour for a summit meeting with Khrushchev condoning these atrocities and encouraging further ones? And what of those hundreds of men and women who act as fellow travellers of the communists and so provide respectability to their various "peace", "friendship" and "cultural" fronts? These too are guilty men. Finally, there is the guilt of silence. Every man who, when murder is done, keeps silent and does not denounce the act is a passive accomplice in the crime. Freedom is indivisible. The bell does not toll for Nagy and Maleter alone; it tolls for each one of us who does not resist the advance of communism in our own country.

(Issued by The Indian Committee for Solidarity with Hungary.)

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SWARAJYA

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

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15 Naye Paise

THE THIRD YEAR

This is the first week of the third year of SWARAJYA. The journal was started as an experiment in the pursuit of truth without regard for those tactics of expediency that are often bound up with existence itself and survival. The quest of the first two years has led us to the major discovery that much of what passes for progress in the country is mere worship of slogans. Our democracy has come to be a slogan-ridden pattern of government imprisoned in catch-phrases that contain very little of intelligent thinking but go on establishing increasing tyranny over the minds of men the more loudly and frequently they are shouted. Socialism is inconsistent with the existence of the vast army of unemployed people that are found in India. Ours is a country where only a small fraction of the population is gainfully employed. Yet every measure of the ruling party has the effect of building a closed-shop atmosphere round this minority, giving it more and more of the good things of life, while the vast majority of destitute people without means of livelihood are left uncared for without any prospect of improvement in their condition.

The gulf between the lucratively employed and the poverty-stricken unemployed is widening in India. And this effect is being produced by the very Socialistic pattern which is advertised as planned to prevent it. A wrong turn has been given to government by wrong

thinking, or at any rate slavish adherence to empty slogans bereft of humanitarian content that have ceased to have any significance in the world of practical reality, and as a result the prodigious expense incurred over official plans has come to be substantially

Dear Khasa

The Swarajya has sustained ~~for long~~ its reputation for high thinking and moral fervour and independence. You are entering on the third year of the journal with the good wishes of all your numerous readers. May you have ~~the~~ in an annually increasing measure the cooperation of all those who consider independent and forceful thinking an essential part of democratic life.

C. Rajagopalachari

cheated of its legitimate share of constructive fruitfulness. Expense has got divorced from benefit. Power is applied not for comprehensive national advancement but for selfish sectional aggrandisement. Education is being destroyed with evil passions intolerant of talent and merit. In work places discipline has gone to pieces. We are sunk in a morass of deterioration glorified as Socialism.

There is hope for the future only if the conscience of the community is stirred into honest and independent thinking capable of casting off the tyranny of words which sound magnanimous but leave the mass of the people in a miserably under-privileged condition. This is a task which the powerful, in anxiety for their power, and their chosen beneficiaries are wont to defame with all the denunciatory adjectives at their command in their extensive publicity networks. But with its fulfilment is bound up the only freedom which is the source of all other freedoms, liberation from the organised fallacies of power politics, and SWARAJYA re-dedicates itself to it to the limit of its capacity.

Ceylon News

The account published on page 7 of the recent gruesome happenings in Ceylon should impel some stirring of conscience in the daily Press of South India. It has accepted rather tamely the news censorship imposed by the Government of Ceylon. The Indian public and the world in general have not been told in its columns the full extent of the horror let loose on Tamils and Indians in that island, apparently with the concurrence of the ruling authorities. It is on occasions like this that the true significance of what is called freedom of the Press has to be grasped by its guardians, the newspapers. We hope though late these will now make a combined effort to break through the cover of official protection spread over the Ceylon genocide by sending a representative committee of competent newsmen to collect facts on the spot and prepare an authentic report.



TO EACH HIS CARE

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

To Kuppuswami's house came his nephew, on a visit from Kandy in Ceylon. Kuppuswami's wife and children were very glad and gave him a grand welcome, as he had been abroad for more than three years. He had brought from Kandy lots of gifts for the children and they jumped with joy.

The hen told the cock, "One of our young ones seems to be missing, my dear. It was here last night and now it is nowhere to be seen."

"Perhaps a kite has carried it away", said the cock.

The hen replied, "Kites don't come out at night. And if one had come in the morning, we should have noticed it."

The cock had to confess, "Perhaps, the mistress of the house has taken the chick."

The mother bird asked, "Why should she want our little one?"

"Foolish creature! Don't you know it? Do you think they keep us in their house and feed us just for nothing?"

"What do they breed us for, then? What would they do to the chicken?"

"Alas, it would hurt you if I told you."

"Tell me. Let me know the truth."

"They twist its neck, and kill it, and cook it, and eat it."

"Good God!" cried the hen and fell down in a swoon.

After a little while, she opened her eyes and said, "What did you say? Do such things happen?"

"Don't we pick worms, and tear them to pieces with our beaks, and eat them up? In the same way these monsters eat our children. But they can't eat their food raw. They

put it on the fire and cook it before eating it."

"But what are you doing all the time? What use are you then? You crow so loud every morning. You shout, 'Cock-a-doodle-do!', as if you were a great hero, and wake up the whole village. Can't you save our dear little ones from these men?"

"My dear, how can I oppose prevent them? Is it to prove that I am a hero that I cry? As the East brightens at dawn, a sound comes from within me. I cannot suppress it. I fight too sometimes. But how can I fight these mighty monsters called men? They hold sticks and swords in their hands and rule the whole world." And the cock crowed.

The hen said sadly, "Even the kite seems to be better than men."

At that moment, a cat came along. The hen gathered her little brood together and spread her wings over them. She forgot all about the missing chicken. The old sorrow was drowned in the new anxiety.

Just then a big dog came running fast. The cat hurriedly scampered up the margosa tree. A squirrel saw the cat come up and in fright jumped to the top-most bough and hid itself among the leaves for a while and then, jumping on to another tree, uttered a screech of relief.

Within the house Subbu and his aunt were talking about the hard life of the estate labourers in Ceylon. The children sat round, listening.

"How unjust! How unfair!" exclaimed aunt.

To each his own woe and care.



Sotto Voce

Distributed Power

Andhra has acquired a Legislative Council. With that, as President Rajendra Prasad pointed out, inaugurating the new Chamber, the legislative machinery of the State is complete. The demand for a Council was, so far as the people were concerned, mainly a matter of prestige: where other States had two Chambers it was a mark of inferiority to be fobbed off with only one. The politicians were interested in it primarily as a new avenue for political power or influence. Being fully apprised of both these viewpoints, the States Reorganisation Commission took the easy way out and left the matter to be decided by the new State after it came into existence.

Our political pundits have always affected to believe that a Second Chamber was either otiose or an anachronism and a citadel of reaction. For that was what they had read about the unreformed House of Lords (the prototype for us colonials of all Second Chambers) in their textbooks. Our Constitution-makers, labouring under the same psychological hang-over, had however reluctantly reconciled themselves to Second Chambers, because they found that most modern Constitutions provided for one. But, they reduced the Second Chamber in the States to a pale shadow, a mere simulacrum of an Upper House. It had neither clear-cut functions nor a distinctive basis of representation.

The provision that an 'Upper House' could be brought into existence, or extinguished by a vote of the Lower House set upon the former the stamp of inferiority. And its powers as a revising body — one which could ensure calm thinking and give an opportunity for second thoughts — were not only exiguous. Such as

they were, they were made wholly ineffective by the fact that its constitution and composition made it a weak duplicate of the Lower House and wholly amenable to the party with a majority there. No doubt occasionally independent criticism was voiced by one or two upstanding non-conformists. But the House as a whole was as docile as any party manager could wish.

The few seats reserved for members nominated to represent Art, Culture et hoc have occasionally brought in an eccentric. But these nominated men have as a rule contributed little to the collective wisdom. The power of nomination itself has been used sometimes with blatant disregard for sound parliamentary convention. Thus the Premier of a State, having been elected Leader of the Legislative Party of which he was not a member, got himself nominated to the Legislative Council and did not think it necessary to seek election during the whole time he served as Premier. To "Upper House" rendered impotent in various ways the only luxury left was to bristle up once in a while over some fine point or punctilio.

The President of the Union told the Andhra Council that "though the old idea that Second Chambers were necessary as revising houses was perhaps no longer important", Second Chambers were still useful because they "afforded opportunities for representation of minorities and persons who had special knowledge and experience in various fields of national activity". The first part of that statement is not quite accurate. It is perhaps not without significance that the abolition of the House of Lords does not figure in the programme of any political party in Britain

which has some chance of attaining office. And in the U.S. the Senate wields formidable authority.

The truth is that the democracies today realise much more clearly than they ever did that the clash of interests is not to be eliminated by wishful thinking but should be resolved in an orderly way by being brought within the ambit of parliamentary government. The profound political intuition of the British people made government the joint concern of three different "estates of the realm". Democratic rule means essentially the balancing of opposed interests within the framework of just laws based on the widest measure of consent. A revisory Chamber with a distinctive basis of representation and special functions, is indispensable for the healthy working of such a system. The need for it is all the greater in countries like India where a predominantly illiterate public has been given the Greek gift of adult franchise.

Every Constitution must provide for stability and continuity, as well as for reasoned change. If a Fundamental Right could be negated almost as casually as a municipal by-law by a party which secures a temporary majority then it would be obviously impossible to make minorities feel at ease. The body politic in India suffers from deep divisions and endemic antagonisms. It is no use pretending that they do not exist. Homogeneity must be earnestly worked for, not by ignoring or overriding interests and points of view which have not got overwhelming numbers behind them, but by reasonable compromise honorably kept. The decay of Parliaments begins when practically irreplaceable Cabinets become a law unto themselves. This, and the one-man rule which is a not too distant sequel, can be avoided only by distributing power. An effective Second Chamber, making the locus of power more evenly poised can be a potent safeguard of democracy.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS :

Sri K. Panduranga Rao, of Guntur writes :

Your editorial in SWARAJYA dated June 28, 1958 provokes a feeling of sadness at the lack of sympathy for the poor working classes of India. The fact that millions of unemployed would be glad to do work more diligently for less wages should not be any reason to allow the employed labour class to subsist on sub-human standards. The plea that the ordinary laws governing supply and demand should be allowed to take its course, unmindful of the human factors involved in it, is the demand of the rapacious capitalist class and we know what harm it has done all these years. Labour always will be in excess of demand and by this iron law labour will never get a fair deal. After all, it is the duty of the Welfare Government to see that its weaker sections do not suffer by this "law". It is not by giving less to the working classes that we can create more jobs for the unemployed. It is bound up with the larger problem of industrialisation of the country.

Ever since SWARAJYA was started not a single line has been written reminding the landlords and industrialists of their duties to society.



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while the Government has been most vehemently condemned for encroaching on their unjust privileges. You have been supporting these classes with a fervour that can hardly be equalled.

The landlords and the industrialists are no more enemies of society than the working classes are. Formerly the Government supported the landlords and the industrialists indiscriminately. With Government support they tyrannised over their employees. Now the centre of gravity of power has shifted, and the employees, formerly tyrannised, have begun, with the support of Government in the altered conditions, to dictate to their masters of yesterday. The weight of official support thrown into the balance of employer-employee relations, makes for disequilibrium, on whichever side it may be thrown.

There is no purpose served by indulging in tirades against parties that have lost their power and are put on the defensive. I am not sure that official backing will make the workers now or hereafter any more human than their employers had been in the past. It is well to recognise that society consists of three classes, the employer, the employee and the unemployed. It is the last that is entitled to preferential gentle treatment as against the others, and it is their plight that should be taken into account as the proper touchstone for determining what really is a sub-human standard. Demand for

higher wages is legitimate if the background of the nation's economy is full employment on some wage at least, for all.

No amount of incense over the theoretical excellences of the Welfare State can dispose of the hard fact that the vast majority of people in India are tragically unprovided with the means of living. The care of such people should be the first concern of a really good government interested in spreading happiness and prosperity instead of contracting it. What is required is a civilized philosophy of life that will not penalise disabilities but will draw on the intelligence, talent and organising power of the well-endowed for comprehensively advancing social regeneration. There is no room for hatreds in such a philosophy or for any facile assumptions of rapacity to damn particular classes. Handsome is that handsome does.

SAKA

Publisher's Note

Readers of SWARAJYA have been demanding that the size of the journal should be increased. It has not been possible to comply with their demand till now. The accounts of the first year of working disclosed a loss. In the second year that loss was made good and there has been also a slight profit. I am emboldened at last to fulfil a promise I made months ago, and increase the size of the journal by four pages from the next issue onwards. The price will remain the same.

Let readers realise however that newspaper economy lacks stability these days and is subject to precarious conditions. A journal like SWARAJYA, tied to no party, depending on no support except what it can command by its contents, and with no powerful organisation to back it, must look to the active goodwill of its readers to make up for its material deficiencies and expand the scope of its utility and service. May I therefore appeal to all who appreciate this work to strengthen it by securing for it the interest of their friends.

MANKIND PROTESTS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The New York Times (International edition of June 15) in a beautiful map charts out world conditions which the United States' foreign policy must now tackle. It has this significant pointer against Washington : "Pressure mounts for decision to suspend atomic bomb tests".

It is refreshing to learn this from such a reliable judge of American opinion as the New York Times. The latest information as to the contents of the U.N. Scientific Committee's report (which has not been released up to the time these lines are written) confirms this appraisal of the situation. The Press Trust of India is responsible for the information that the report is known to estimate that continuation of nuclear tests after this year might cause up to 1,20,000 cases yearly of bone cancer, leukemia and genetic defects and it is added that the report is said to have warned that "mankind should proceed with great caution in view of possible under-estimation". But why should 'mankind' proceed with caution? It is not 'mankind' that is exploding these nuclear tests, or a government of the world or a major part of it. Three nuclear powers have been doing it in spite of mankind's protests and a fourth is likely to start poisoning the world from Sahara. One of the three powers and one who was deemed farthest from any inclination to yield to moral or spiritual considerations, declared unilaterally the cessation of further explosions on its part. We hoped the other powers would soon follow the example. This has not so far happened.

It is hoped the U.N. Scientific Committee's report and the pressure of mankind's opinion will bring about a cessation of this high-handed poisoning programme. President Sukarno's appeal in the New Statesman last week deserves the attention of all civilized governments.

2

There are a few voices still maintaining that as the West cannot trust the Russians, the West must go on poisoning mankind in general. The mere statement of this claim is enough to condemn it. The continuance any longer of these tests on the part of any power is a naked programme of attack on the health of mankind and the genetic integrity of the race. The plan of defending national security by nuclear weapons and deterrent power of total annihilation may be wise, stupid, reckless or anything else. But the immorality and wickedness of doing something that injures mankind in general is not open to any doubt.

The nuclear scientists of the world, the most eminent biologists of all nations and thousands of other doctors of science have in clear terms condemned these explosions and have also pleaded in the name of science for a total ban on the use of nuclear weapons apart from any other issues involved in disarmament. The Government of the U.S.S.R. have repeatedly affirmed their readiness to sign an

agreement, for such a ban. There is no doubt whatsoever that now the blame rests on the U.S.A. and British governments for any delay in this matter.

There are some writers, chiefly American, who confuse the public by statements that the havoc caused by conventional weapons was as terrible as what is being apprehended now by scientists as a result of the use of nuclear weapons. These people ignore, deliberately or otherwise, the great difference that genetic damage involves. Arguments of quantity of radioactive poison are advanced on the basis of a uniform spread over the entire world, whereas what will actually happen is a heavy concentration in places causing fatal results.

It is a wretched phase of the new development of science that seemingly scientific talk can be terribly dishonest. There will be a great meeting at Stockholm in the middle week of July and there will be another important world-meet at Tokio on Hiroshima Day in August. Let us pray that these meetings may see the end of this menace to the world that presents to us in real concrete form the meaning of the fable of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge.

APPALLING CYNICISM OF NUCLEAR POWERS

PRESIDENT SUKARNO'S INDICTMENT

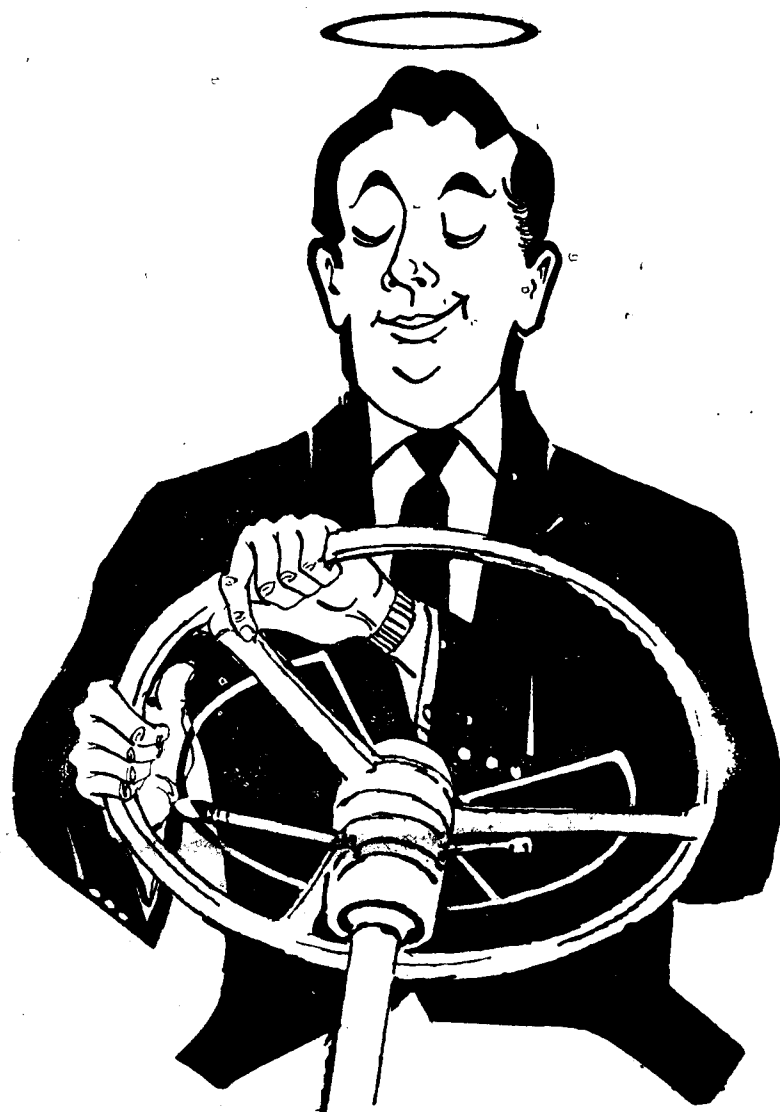
Excerpts from President Sukarno's letter to the "New Statesman", referred to in the article above, are here reproduced :

The war-time victims of the atomic bomb were Asians; it is scientifically indicated that the peace-time victims of hydrogen bomb testing are mostly Asian. It is quite time that Asian voices were heard on this matter. It is true that the choice of life or nuclear death is not in our hands, but at least we have the right and duty to speak and protest. It is our future no less than yours which is at stake.

As a man, a father, an Asian and a human being made in the image of God I am appalled at the cynicism of those who wield atomic weapons. They speak of saving their forms of civilisation, yet their policy is

based on the determination to destroy, if they conceive it necessary, that civilisation. And, of course, that destruction would not be confined to themselves. The nature of nuclear warfare means that there could be no neutrality in such a clash. We, too, are inevitably scheduled for the nuclear incinerator if your "fail-safe" civilisation should go wrong. It is a fearful thought that the future of the world rests upon the proper functioning of a thermionic valve somewhere in the Arctic.

It must be recognised that both main nuclear powers are prepared to wage nuclear war in defence of what they consider to be their vital



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interests. Neither power is prepared to jeopardise itself nor forsake any possible advantage. Both are determined that the other shall not maintain a lead in retaliatory or offensive power. This is a fact of political life. This situation will continue so long as their ideologies remain vital.

In this situation, we of Asia are little but pawns in the game. We do not, and for this I am grateful, have atomic bombs to flourish. However, it would be most unwise to disregard Asian opinion. In all sincerity, I tell you that we are growing increasingly resentful of the present situation. Asians are the chief victims of the West's failures and moral bankruptcy.

The West is facing a moral crisis. If there are any future generations, what will be their verdict on this second half of the twentieth century? There is no doubt at all that the testing of these horror-weapons, let alone their use, has already claimed its victims, probably running into scores of thousands, already born and still unborn. You have abrogated to yourselves powers which rightly belong to the Almighty; you have already ensured that the sins of the fathers—your sins—shall be visited upon the children. Believe me in this context, we in Asia do not see you as saviours of civilisation or as forerunners of the future; we see you as agents of death—our death.

I am writing this letter on the occasion of the anti-H-bomb week in Indonesia. Already, outside my official residence, thousands of people are gathering. Do not think that they are Communists or Communist dupes. They are ordinary people, worried and wondering about their future, hopeful that their simple lives will not be ended and their hopes ruined by mistakes they did not make, but by distant people to whom they owe nothing. This anti-H-bomb week has been arranged in connection with the series of tests in Eniwetok. In terms of fall-out, that is in our backyard. How many Asians will die as a result of those tests? Can the scientists tell us?

We utterly deny the right of the West to continue imperilling us and our future. We utterly deny you the right to cause cancer in our children. It is explicitly your task to utilise the skill and technique of your science for peaceful purposes.

There can be no question now of the West giving moral leadership to Asia. Your moral leadership has, for us, meant first colonisation and now the philosophical, moral, political and social bankruptcy of a nuclear arms-race.

You in the West are causing more gaps between humanity; you are also losing the battle for the hearts and minds of men.

SWARAJYA

BEHIND NEWS CENSORSHIP

A CASE FOR ENQUIRY

(The following is from a correspondent in Ceylon with facilities for obtaining accurate information of the recent tragic happenings there, and of whose reliability and sense of responsibility we are well assured.—Ed. S.)

The Ceylon Government has imposed a rigorous censorship on all news about the recent civil commotion both in the Press and on the Radio; so that it is able to send out a version about events here that suits itself. It may therefore be good for people outside to know something of what happened during the recent civil commotion.

How the Tamils were dissatisfied with Government's "Sinhala Only" policy initiated two years ago is well known. About the latter part of May this year, the Federal Party, led by Mr. Chelvanayagam, held its annual convention and resolved that, unless Government changed its policy, it would have to start a policy of non-violent civil disobedience. The day after the convention ended there was a flare-up of violence in many of the Sinhalese towns.

There are nine provinces in Ceylon. Of these two are Tamil-speaking. Four of the provinces, the Western, Southern, the North Central and North Western, are Sinhalese provinces. In these provinces where the Indian estate labour population is not predominant, the Sinhalese rose against Tamils and started attacking shops, houses and people. Houses were looted and burnt. Tamil people were some, stabbed, some tortured; sometimes they poured petrol on them and set them on fire. In quite a number of cases, women were badly disgraced. A Brahmin priest and his temple assistant at Panadura were beaten up, petrol was poured on the former and he was burnt.

Tamil people from the interior started pouring into Vavunia, the southernmost town of the Northern district. In other places they took refuge in police stations from where they were ultimately gathered into refugee camps. In

most cases they had lost all their belongings. Besides the thousands of people who were beaten up and wounded, it is estimated that about 500 Tamils at least were murdered.

Thirteen ships brought the first major instalment of refugees into the Jaffna district. Since then, two trains have been bringing refugees daily at the rate of thousand per train. It is authoritatively said that 100,000 Tamils have come back to the Tamil districts. Letters have been circulating which call upon Sinhalese people to drive the Tamils out of the country; and asking all Tamils, Muslims, Christians and Burghers to quit the island of Buddha Dharma which they are contaminating.

Out of about 2,000 Sinhalese in Jaffna, not one was killed and only two people were hurt. The Government is trying to make it out that all the trouble has been in the Tamil provinces. Since it has command of the Press and the Radio, it can say what it likes. But it will be unfortunate if the outside world does not know the true facts.

It was obvious from the start that the attack had been carefully planned, well ahead of time, and thoroughly organised. Numbers had been put up on Tamil houses. The assailants usually had a written list from which they read out names. The rise of the Bhikkus, as signified in their political organisation called Eksat Bhikku Peramuna, as the leaders in the demand for the supremacy of the Sinhalese race, religion and language, is one of the notable factors in recent Ceylon history. That the society called the Tre-Sinhala Peramuna was planning for these objects has been well known for some years now. Besides all this, some very high placed persons are

closely associated with the recent events.

It is significant that the Cabinet refused to declare a state of emergency till terrible acts of violence had gone on unchecked all over the island for 24 hours; and even then it acted only under pressure from the Indian High Commissioner, who is said to have threatened to appeal to his own Government to protect Indian life and property. It is also significant that the only areas where the Government has enforced strict disarmament on the part of the civilian population, is in the Northern and Eastern provinces, which are Tamil-speaking districts. Government's choice in the matter of parties to be proscribed during the emergency is also similarly curious. Letting alone all the groups known to have been associated with the outrage, it proscribed the Federal Party, which is a parliamentary party pledged to non-violence. To give an air of impartiality to the proceedings, it proscribed a Sinhalese party, which probably did not consist of more than a score of members in the country.

Enclosed is some literature circulated after the uprising.

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To all true blooded Sinhalese.

It is proposed to start a determined and intensive campaign not to recognise the authority of any Tamil officer in any Government or mercantile department. All Sinhalese employees are therefore urged to be in readiness to disobey, defy and ignore any order or request made by any Tamil officer placed in authority. This must be done collectively. The campaign will go on until Sinhalese is made the sole and undisputed official language in Sri Lanka.

Sinhalese men in whose veins runs Ariyan blood must stand united to defy and exterminate our common enemy — the Tamil. These wretched ungrateful blood-suckers who have been and are living on our charity from time immemorial are even scheming to destroy us. Look at the Tamil coolie. He is allowed to come and earn a living. In his own country he is starving, he is ignored and despised by his own 40 million Tamil blood brothers. What is he trying to do now? He wants to own our country now. See what is happening in the Hill country today. Open your eyes wide. Be awake. Show no mercy to this most ungrateful mena parayahs. They are parasites, sparrow hawks. In Malaya, Burma, Siam, Fiji, S. Africa, Mombasa and in our own dear land the problem is the same. They came as discarded beggars and when treated kindly out of sympathy they bite the hand that fed them. Why can't the boastful arrogant 40 million Tamils who own half the continent, if they have anything called self-respect, recall these blood-brothers, sisters and mothers? Low-bred scum.

Important notice to all Burgers and all principals of Christian schools and heads of Christian bodies and heads of Islamic institutions.

This is to inform you that you should quit Sri Lanka before 31-12-58. Otherwise you will be liquidated.

Sri Lanka is only for the Buddhists. You are the people who brought these foreign religions to Sri Lanka and we orthodox Buddhists feel that unless and until we liquidate you we will not be able to stop the spread

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Secretary.

of Christianity and Islam on Sri Lanka. You must have realised by now that we the people of Sri Lanka set up the present Government under the able guidance of Mr. Bandaranaike (who is today hailed by the whole world as the saviour of Sri Lanka and the protector of Buddhism) with the definite object of making Sri Lanka safe for Buddhism. Therefore in your own interest as well as ours please prepare to quit Sri Lanka by the date mentioned. Otherwise you must be prepared to take the consequences. Remember what we did to the Tamils. We gave them sufficient warning, but they were not prepared to listen to us. Hence their fate today. We mean what we say and we do it. The Tamils are going bag and baggage to Jaffna and Batticaloa. We mean to drive them out from their strongholds there too. Our Premier is building up a strong army for that purpose. Sri Lanka is for the Sinhalese. This is the only country in which the Sinhalese live and we have no other country like the Tamils or you Burghers who have come from the West with the idea of conquering us.

As our great Premier said in Parliament, this racial and religious problem must be settled once and for all. Then Sri Lanka will be on the road to prosperity and peace. He has solved the language problem once and for all and we are sure that he will solve the religious problem in such a way that the problem does not arise again to spoil the good name of Sri Lanka. The whole Cabinet and the people are behind him in this move. So please quit gracefully before the year is out.

(Signed) THE PEOPLE OF SRI LANKA

The Head Mistress,
Saiva Mangayar Kalagam,
34th Lane, Wellawatte.

Madam,—It is really very courageous of you to re-open your school. But we the Sinhalese people's organisation wish to remind you that you will not be able to run the school in future. So please prepare to hand over the school to Government by 1-7-58. If you do not do so by this date we will see that every child that attends the school after that date is stripped naked and sent back to Jaffna.

Do not take this as a mere threat. We mean what we say and we do it. We have achieved a great deal and we mean to give the finishing touches to what we have done. Once the emergency state is withdrawn our Premier is urging the Governor-General to do this at the earliest. So please beware!

We want the school to be converted into a Government Central College for Sinhalese girls. The Minister of Education has definitely promised us that he will do this. So why waste your time. We thought you had packed up! Well, if you are not prepared to pack up we will do the packing up for you very soon.



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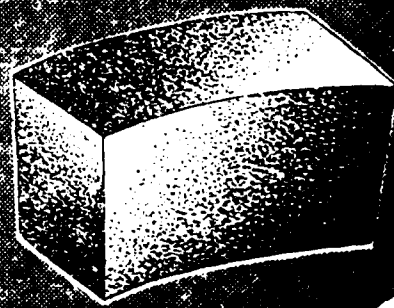
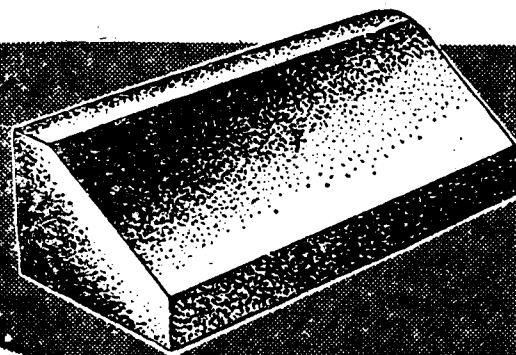
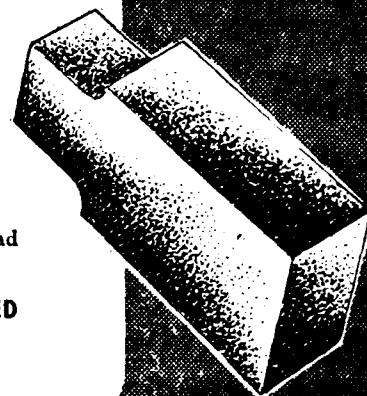
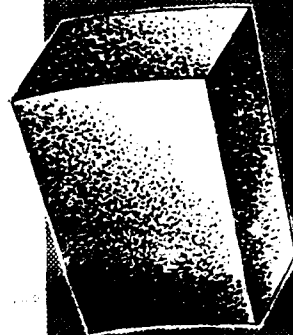
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THE FUTURE OF THE FAMILY

By Lt. Col. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI

From the sorry pass we have come to owing to insufficiency of food both in quality and quantity, the validity of the Malthusian proposition that population growth must be matched by the rate of production from the land, comes to our mind with great force. We must keep our population at the level that can be maintained by the food we produce. There does not appear to be, even with the best will in the world, any immediate prospect of increase in production of food, as unlike in China, climate here is a great deterrent factor in increased labour output.

The conflicting and contradictory ideologies whereby on the one hand the cry is raised for increased food production, and on the other, talks for considerably curtailing the land-holding of individuals are carried on, leave many in doubt whether production will not suffer in consequence.

People make a facile statement that as the population pressure is less in those countries and societies where the standard of living is high, therefore if we raise the standard of living here, we may also diminish the rate of population growth. No more illogical statement can ever be conceived. Improved standard of living is the result, and not at all the cause, of slower rate of population growth. With the same financial resources, while in a small family there will be some surplus left over for the provision of other comforts after feeding and clothing the various members, in a bigger family there will only be just enough for the necessities and none for extras. So limiting the family is the first step towards improvement in the standard of living.

It is fallacious logic to state that emancipation of women will bring about a slower rate of population growth. It is the other way round. Women will be emancipated only if they have some general education and some qualification for some occupation,

more possible in smaller families than in big ones.

Late marriages as a deterrent factor against the growth of large families do not appeal to me. Children must be born while the parents are young and energetic so that, not only can they bring them up with care, but will have the satisfaction of seeing them well settled in life before they themselves leave the stage.

Operative methods of sterilization both in the male and in the female offer the best chances of effective birth control. The only snag is that when once the operation is done, its effects cannot be undone. May I, in this connection, assert with all the

emphasis I can command that there is neither danger to life nor any ill effects accruing in consequence of the operation.

The deterioration in general health due to frequent child births and the inability in the working classes to provide themselves with ordinary comfort to combat such deterioration, must be convincing and compelling factors to make them resort to birth control measures. It behoves the State and the social reformers to sell this idea more amongst them than amongst the well-to-do. For, if they don't do it effectively, the fear that there may be a qualitative deterioration in the nation is not unwarranted. And when once the working classes fall in line with others, the dawn of better days may safely be predicted.—(Talk broadcast from Madras Station, A.I.R.)

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RADHA'S CHILD

SHORT STORY BY RAJAJI

Rajaji observed at a public meeting this week "I renounced untouchability long ago. I am not going to resume it at the call of journalists". As an illustration of the horror of untouchability which is not quite fully realised nowadays, this story by Rajaji written 36 years ago and originally published in YOUNG INDIA is here reproduced with the author's kind permission.

"I had left my darling in the yard. My eye! My pearl! I had left my child in the yard. Who has carried him away? My pearl! My darling!"

Thus crying aloud and hurrying hither and thither, like one mad, alternately weeping and laughing wildly, Radha searched for her child. She had fondly hoped the child would soon grow to be a man and comfort her in the world which God had made lonely for her too early in life.

"I told you not to put that ill-omened bracelet round his little waist. Was not your ill-luck enough for us? Ask Lakshmi of the next house whether she has been playing a joke hiding the darling."

"Oh, the thieves were here yesterday. I suspected the gang even then. I had the child on my arm and they looked so repeatedly at the shining gold as I put the rice into the begging bowl."

The old lady, Radha's mother, was right. A gang of kidnapers had arrived in the locality and Radha's child was stolen by them for the gold. From that day Radha was crazy.

It was the Scavengers' Colony. "Ponnayya, come and see; God has sent us a gift," said Lakki. And her husband came and saw the wonder. A shining little baby in the dung-heap near the wall, just by the prickly-pear bush, and a great, big cobra with its hood angrily spread out as if to protect the child from evil-doers.

"Don't disturb it. It is God come with a gift for us." But Lakki's importunity was of no avail.

Ponnayya the scavenger went into the house and brought a heavy bamboo-stick. The ser-

pent was just moving away into the bush, when a heavy blow on its head despatched it.

"What have you done?" cried Lakki as she picked up the smiling child and suckled it. "The poor thing is so hungry. You have killed the good snake. I don't know what misfortunes will have to be borne. Wasn't it enough we lost our child?"

Three days afterwards Ponnayya had the smallpox. There was an epidemic in the town, and it was no wonder he caught the disease, but Lakki attributed it to the snake. She did all sorts of expiation at the stone snakes on the tank-bund. But it was of no avail. Ponnayya passed away leaving Lakki a widow.

Ponnayya had left debts. He had been like the other scavengers of the colony fond of drink and his wages together with his wife's could not make both ends meet. The money-lender, a Tamil Mussalman, came and worried her and took away the brass-pots and the pick-axe, shovel and other things of any value in the hut, not minding Lakki's imprecations and threats.

The women's wages were increased a little by the municipal chairman who was a kind soul, and indeed financially she was better off widowed, than when her drunken husband was in partnership.

The baby too got the small-pox but having been vaccinated or for some other reason got over it easily. There were only a few pits on the face. The foundling grew up as a scavenger boy. But he was no good at the work.

Little Ponna, that was the boy's name, was attached to the rail-

way station as a porter-boy. He would bring a couple of annas every day to his mother who still though old served the municipality diligently. Ponna was smart and was a favourite with the station staff. But of course he was a pariah boy and was to serve within his limits.

One day he went into a first class compartment as the train arrived, along with two other competing porter-boys. The passenger was a Hindu gentleman. He was apparently a big official and was going to pay liberally. He handed his portmanteau to Ponna. The other boys grew jealous and one of them said, "Swami! He is a pariah boy."

"Is it so?" cried the Big One angrily and plucked the bag back from Ponna and drove him out of the compartment.

Ponna ran away in terror and he was too late to find any employment that day even among the European passengers.

The Big One stopped awhile at the station master's office and said something about high caste passengers and panchama porters. The station master was apologetic. "Ponna!" called the station master after the rush was over. "You ought not to touch a Brahmin's luggage."

"Sir, don't I know? But the gentleman handed the bag himself to me."

"You fellow, you are too handsome and smart-looking, and they don't find out your caste. Don't do it again." Ponna went to his mother that day empty-handed.

"No luck to-day, mother," he said and told what had happened.

"What if we are pariahs, is not our blood red? Have we not the same flesh and the same bones? But why did you go into that man's compartment? Were there no white men in the train?"

"I saw liveried servants and a great crowd near that carriage and I thought it was a white doria inside and went in it."

"Well, never mind, my boy; drink your karnjee. God will protect us."

It was a lucky day for Ponna. He had made double his usual

earnings. He ran along the road to his house when he saw some of his fellow-porters standing in front of the coffee shop in the bazaar. He halted and wanted rice-cakes for one anna.

"Swami, he is a pariah boy", said one of the boys to the Brahmin shopkeeper.

"Get away, you scoundrel,

How dare you?" cried the man and Ponna ran in fear of assault while the other porter-boys laughed.

He stopped again a few yards off near the toddy shop. An old woman had her little basket-stall of cakes and other things at the entrance. He purchased an anna's worth and was chewing

the stuff which was too hot for him. A gaunt old man cut a joke at the boy and said he would like the cake if he got in and had a drink. The boy hesitated, but another tempter joined. And they walked in together. Ponna went home that day somewhat late.

"What is the matter, son, you are late?" asked Lakki.

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Ponna did not answer but sat down sick. Lakki soon found out the smell and there was a storm. "I am lost" cried Lakki frantic with rage.

Lakki died one day, and Ponna (he was a young man now) and his wife had to leave the Municipal Colony. The old woman had saved more than Ponna had thought. She spent liberally for the marriage; yet there were Rs. 120, all bright silver, carefully tied in a little bag and secured in a pot. Ponna wished to open a little grocer's shop with this capital. He could not, of course, find a stall in the regular bazaar. A pariah could not do that, and even if he could get a place for rent there, no one would buy of him. He could open a shop in the pariah quarters, but the business being only among pariahs, would not be much. He thought long but finally made up his mind to try a shop in the paracheri. The problem of buying his stock had to be solved. There was another pariah shopkeeper there who would not give advice. He was having very little business himself and he felt the new competitor would ruin him quite. Ponna had to buy his goods through an upper caste acquaintance; and between this agent and the mandi-man his buying prices were so high that his venture did not flourish. Purchasers were few and he lost heavily. Soon his affairs got into a bad way.

Ponna and his wife were now working in the great spinning and weaving mill in the neighbouring city. The wife rose at four every morning to cook and get things ready in time. A neighbour agreed to keep their child for them when they were at the mill. They paid a part of their earnings for this. They returned home late. Ponna's wife would come earlier and take the child from her friend and make her house ready. But Ponna would come home late, often drunk.

They led a miserable life. Ponna would often think of his mother Lakki, who earned less than he was now doing, yet they had lived so happily and in com-

CAPITAL COMMENTS

THE HARD-HITTING S. K. PATIL

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: The Capital is definitely breathing a sigh of relief after a few showers, however half-hearted. The heat having disappeared and the dust subsided, July is making amends for the wrongs and rigidities of the last two months. The Prime Minister is back at the post of duty; 'God's in Heaven'—we are assured; all's right with Delhi, though, not with the entire world. For here, there is a new sense of confidence, with plenty of foodgrains available everywhere (no matter at what prices) and the Rupee running no risk of devaluation. Loose talk on any of these subjects is but—in the Prime Minister's familiar phraseology—'fantastic nonsense'.

Mr. Nehru's colleagues too are in high spirits while none is more spirited than the Minister for Communications and Transport who has the gift of communicating from the higher regions to which he can transport himself on the wings of optimism and fancy. The hard-hitting Mr. S. K. Patil deserves applause for never hauling down his flag, however frowning the sky and stormy the wea-

ther. Lakki had never uttered one harsh word. But now after the day's toil when he went home there was nothing but anger and abuse awaiting him. He drank more and more heavily.

There was a great big meeting in the city. Gandhi's men had come to address the people. Ponna also was there along with some other mill-hands. They spoke words which he, too, a panchama, drunken, illiterate, could understand. "Do not drink, spin," they said. "Do not drive the untouchable away, he too is a brother."

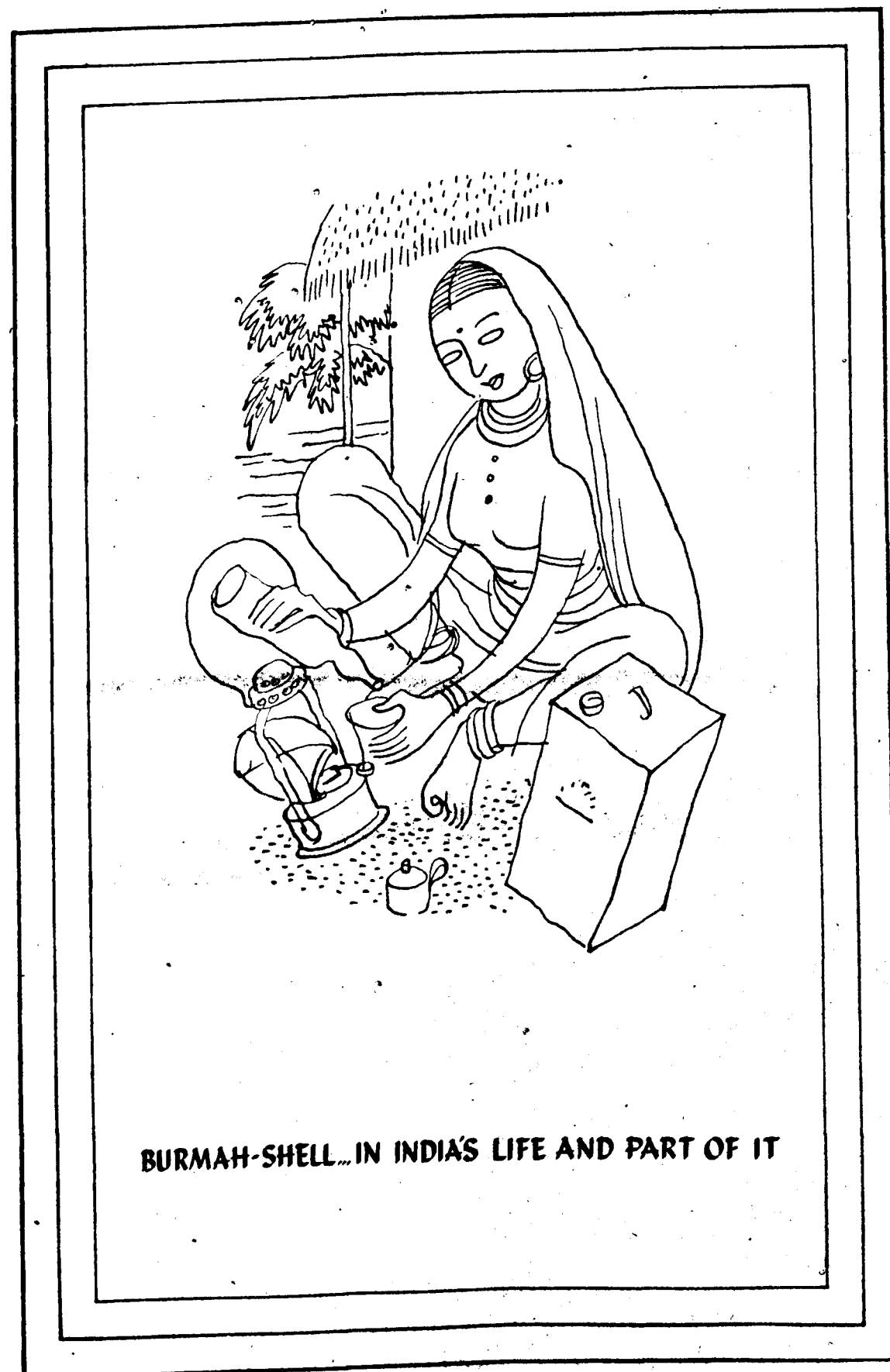
The vision of his little shop came back to Ponna. "If I could have had it in the regular bazaar, and I could buy myself and sell freely to everyone like the others,

ther. The world cannot but be impressed by his pontifical pronouncement in Calcutta that all talk of the decline of the Congress should be discounted and that there is no alternative to the Congress in India for another quarter of a century. That is just the kind of talk one would like to hear from a Congress leader these days when there are many who seem to find a wet blanket covering the entire organisation. No serious view need apparently be taken of the Congress rout in bye-elections. Mr. Patil is hardly the man to be demoralised by a few temporary reverses and set-backs. He will meet his adversaries at Philippi, in true Roman style like a gladiator.

The sturdy Mr. Patil has his 'confreres' in the States—Mr. N. Sanjiva Reddy, for instance. He is another stalwart who recognises no difficulties and entertains no doubts. By saddling Andhra Pradesh with an Upper House he has found an admirable opportunity to distribute patronage among more Congressmen. In the selection of men he had his way, which is to say that he had his

my mother's money would not have been lost". So thought Ponna as he dragged himself away from the liquor shop that day without going in.

Ponna in fact was a Brahmin boy, Radha's son, but neither he nor anybody else knew it. But should this make a difference? Is not untouchability a sin all the same? Some people think that untouchability does not affect a man in his daily life, and that there is equality in all matters except religious. The fact is, however, that untouchability works injustice right down in all matters and is like a blight on the whole nation — if only we will see.



BURMAH-SHELL... IN INDIA'S LIFE AND PART OF IT

men. He had quite a notable victory, though, for a wonder, the Congress lost two seats (which should have been its in the usual course), having been betrayed by some Congressmen. There are, we will be told, black sheep in every camp; they are not wanting on Hyderabad's verdurous pastures. But the man who shepherds the whole flock knows what to do about it all; he is a stern taskmaster. With his former chief and later colleague and potential

rival, Sri Gopala Reddi, planted at the Centre, he is today the monarch of all he surveys, with a ready-made—or is it Reddy-made-up?—regiment behind him. He should, however, beware of riding a high horse, with the awareness that Hyderabad's metalled roads are none too safe for the parade of political dynasties.

It is typical of the Capital that the Prime Minister's disclaimer about the dissolution of the

Ministry of Information and Broadcasting notwithstanding, people are discussing possible—indeed probable—changes. Nor can they help doing so when some of Mr. Nehru's own colleagues, whether unofficially at the dinner table or casually on the public platform, are heard dropping hints about some kind of ministerial reshuffle. Of course, "the Ministry of I. and B. will continue, and continue strongly," but it does not mean, nor does it necessarily imply, that Dr. Keskar will continue as its chief. He has had long innings at the same wicket and may well like a change of scene, or be recommended one. August is not far-off; it will not be a case of familiar faces all over.

There is a story current in well-informed circles that access to a certain manuscript which may not see the light of day for years to come, has led the Prime Minister to approach the question of Urdu with an emotional intensity, and also for purposes of emotional integration. But the immediate provocation apart, Mr. Nehru did a larger service when he pleaded for consideration of the question of Urdu in its proper perspective:

We must get out of the habit, (he said) that Urdu is a language of the Muslims. It is perfectly absurd. If there were not a single Muslim in India, Urdu should still be a language of India. It is part of our culture; its influence on other languages is considerable and good. It adds to the richness of our lives.

If Mr. Nehru, in his calmer moments, thinks it over and concedes the claim of English in the same correct perspective and generous mood, much of the heat generated over the language problem in India will have indeed subsided and yielded place to solutions, more radical and enduring.

The Prime Minister, at his last Press Conference, characteristically said that 'a question had risen in his mind how far Panch Shila was being acted upon by people who talked about it'. A similar question has occurred to many—namely, how far the 'socialist pattern' was being cared for by people who talked about it from high pedestals.



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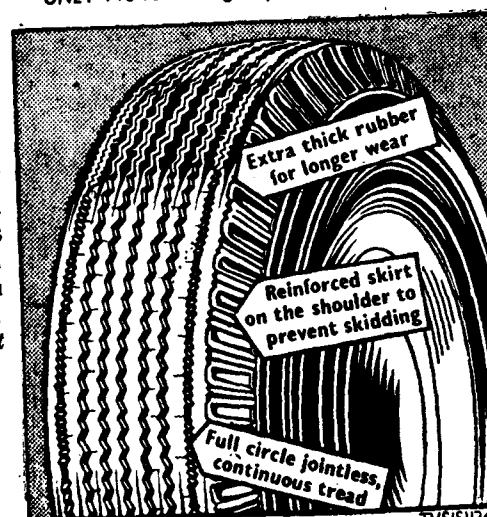
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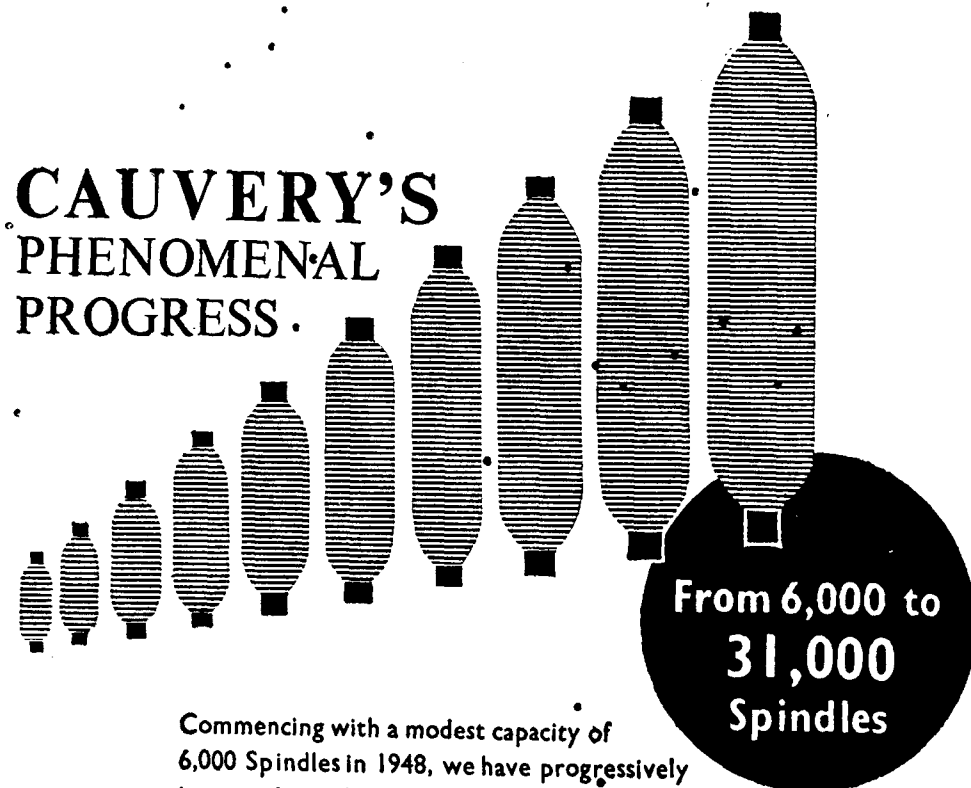
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EP

REVIEW

THE TEACHING OF SRI SANKARACHARYA

By Y. MAHALINGA SASTRI

Our Jagadguru Sri Samkaracharya Swami of the Kanchi Kamakoti Pitham has been for years touring various parts of India, and by example and precept endeavouring his best to turn the people's mind Godward and to importune the people to tread the path of Dharma as traced out in our Sastras. His Holiness has touched the hearts of millions of devotees and illuminated and purified their lives with spiritual longings and virtuous ideals, as none but one of His spiritual eminence could have done.

Sri Acharya's sojourns at Madras have been the longest and also the most fruitful. Twenty-five years back His Holiness delivered at Mylapore and other places in Madras a series of lectures on Hindu religion and philosophy and Hindu ideals of right conduct and standards of culture, to immense audiences. These lectures were published by the Mylapore Law Journal Office in Tamil in more than one volume, and are widely read by those who want to grasp the fundamentals of our scriptural faith.

Recently, from September 1957, His Holiness the Jagadguru has made his stay in Madras memorable by delivering discourses on religious topics to teeming audiences, at every section of the town. These discourses were almost regularly published in the leading Tamil newspapers and journals as well as in *The Hindu*, Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan being responsible for the English rendering. For the purposes of this collection under the title of "The Call of the Jagadguru," published

The Call of the Jagadguru
Sri Samkaracharya of Kanchi.
Compiled by Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan. Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. Price Rs. Four.

ed by Messrs. Ganesh & Co., the professor has selected, rearranged and revised his versions. His Holiness is still continuing his discourses and as he never repeats himself there is every probability of another volume of such discourses. But the forty-three discourses included in this volume are mostly gems of the first magnitude. As His Highness the Maharaja of Mysore says in his Foreword, "Many of the chapters are of particular use to some of us whose lives suffer now and then from crises of the soul." "Here is the Guru in his pristine glory".

A man's soul is reflected in his speech. Divinity beams lustrously through the utterances of great souls. They are simple in texture but wiry in temper; they are tranquil and transparent, yet deep and awe-inspiring; they are unostentatious, but gripping in their hold over minds; they do not surprise, but charm and elevate imperceptibly. Our Jagadguru's discourses are really revealing experiences—they open the inner vision and present to it a soothing mellow light which fills the being with unutterable

joy. His Holiness combines poetic imagination of a high order with scientific precision and insight into the essential core of things. The cadence of the progression of thought and the shapeliness of the ideals bodied forth are miracles of charm. The building up of the logic intended for even the decrepit to climb along, is itself everywhere a stroke of perfection. The lectures belong to the world literature on para-secular subjects, both sublime and moral; and their English version is to be welcomed, however much the translator's humility might compel him to think that the same cannot claim to possess the force and vitality of the original spoken word.

The Jagadguru's call is the call to the enjoyment of peace and permanent happiness. He implements his call with an exposition of the Truth about life which must be learnt at all cost.

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SOUTHERN RAILWAY NOTICE

Opening of Chandrampalem Train Halt

With effect from 16-7-1958, "Chandrampalem Train Halt" situated between Samalkot Junction and Pithapuram Railway Stations, on the Vijayawada-Waltair Section will be open for dealing with passenger traffic.

The following trains are scheduled to stop at the halt for 2 minutes.

Down Trains	Anticipated arrival at Chandrampalem Halt
No. 77, Madras-Vizagapatam Parcel Passenger	5-50 hrs.
No. 71, Madras-Vizagapatam Passenger	18-38 hrs.
Up Trains	
No. L. S. 40, Tuni-Cocanada Passenger	6-35 hrs.
No. 72, Vizagapatam-Madras Passenger	9-24 hrs.

Madras, 4th July 1958.

Chief Commercial Superintendent.

Religion is meant for practice and ceases to be such if neglected in practice. The practice of our religion being individualistic and not congregational, each one of us should take to a strict adherence to its dictates with courage and constancy. By our faltering allegiance and fitful observance we will be endangering the very foundations of our religion. Under the spell of foreign culture and civilization based on scientific advance in the external world, we have not only fallen low from our pristine purity and integrity but are very far from improving our prospects of reaching steady happiness which is the goal of life. The new ideologies are proving from day to day that they are not very dependable for securing peace and prosperity to the world. His Holiness, critically surveying modern trends, is definitely convinced that all problems of life at all levels, individual and social, economic and political, national and international, will get solved if only each one of us

cultivates devotion to God and practises his *swadharma* — the conflicts of life are due to confusions of *dharma*s. He expects us to respond to the call in a spirit of implicit faith, overruling our indolence and prejudice.

Speaking about the Vedic religion, the Acharya describes it as the original religion of all the inhabitants of the earth and declares that all the truths of the other religions which were founded by great prophets during historical times can be traced to the Vedas. He points out that while the religions of later origin aver that their own particular paths alone are true, the Vedic religion accepts the possibility of many paths to the same goal and is therefore not a proselytizing religion.

The most important of the series, to my mind, are the lectures entitled (1) "Is Hinduism Polytheistic?", (2) "Religious Unity", and (3) "Fundamental Unity of Hinduism". In these the

Acharya proves that there is no justifiable ground for the sectarianism which has weakened Hinduism during the course of the past several centuries. He declares that "Inviting a person to join a new religion is a sin", and that "It is not necessary that we should try to bring about uniformity in religions. Unity is what is important, not uniformity. There can be unity in diversity. Each one of us must follow his traditional religion with the fervour and devotion due to it and all of us may unite in our adoration of the one God of all religions". And again, "Unity in variety is the secret of life and religion. In the name of universal religion, let us not abolish all existing religions".

This is a great book on Hindu philosophy, religion, ideals of conduct and culture, and every sincere adherent of our religion seeking a new awakening of his spirit and broadening of his mental outlook, will find it an invaluable guide towards life's goal.

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CINEMA

IS THE MOTION PICTURE AN ART OR INDUSTRY?

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: Is the motion picture an art or industry? The Journal of the Film Industry has raised this question in its latest issue and appealed to the Prime Minister to "place the film industry in its normal place in the Ministry of Commerce and Industry under a separate Minister". And in the same editorial, just after making this demand, the Journal avers: "It (the film industry) has become not only a symbol of national unity but is in the truest sense a vital cultural influence on the lives of our people. It can only be ignored at the cost of the nation's fundamental right to recreation, relaxation and entertainment,.....".

If the Journal claims special treatment for motion pictures because of their cultural value, then that claim should be based on the merit of the motion picture as an art and not as an industry. The Government has acknowledged the claim and that is the reason why the films are placed under the Ministry of Information and not under the Ministry of Industry. But for the present crisis of raw stock import, the Ministry of Industry has hardly anything to do with the motion picture industry as such. The Ministry of Information, on the other hand, is vitally concerned with the cultural and artistic aspects of the film.

Apparently the Journal's opposition is not so much to the Ministry as to the Minister Dr. Keskar, who has been described as 'a drain inspector'. What is the implication of this description, one fails to understand. All one can say is that this attack on Dr. Keskar is uncalled for and unwarranted. For neither he nor his Ministry is responsible for the present raw stock crisis; and though even responsible persons like Shri S. K. Patil, who are unable to manage their own issues like the dock workers' strike

indulge in loose talk and criticism of Government's policy towards motion pictures, it is obvious that the Ministry of Information is not responsible for not starting the proposed Finance Corporation.

If it is on record that the Information Ministry has done good work through the Films Division in the field of documentary films — production of which was ignored by the film industry — and through the institution of State awards. But for the initiative of the Ministry, the Indian motion pictures would not have earned distinction in the International Film Festivals. The censorship policy of the Ministry may be puritan; but if the producers continue to make crime thrillers and ignore the basic rules, surely the censors or the Ministry cannot be blamed.

Most of the producers are at the mercy of stars and financiers; and they make pictures which bring no credit to the motion picture art. Of course, there are exceptions. But, how many of the hundred and odd pictures produced every year justify the tall claims made by the industry as to the vital importance of motion pictures? It is no use just blaming the Government or calling Dr. Keskar a 'drain inspector'. Let the film industry attain the same solid foundation as other industries; and then like other industries, the producers will not make demands for intervention and help from the Ministries but demand freedom to make pictures without any governmental interference. Today, the producers' attitude is such that the Government could with justification nationalize the industry and place it under a special Ministry for Films as demanded by many producers. Do film people want nationalization? If they don't, then they must learn the principle of self-help and self-sufficiency.

Ravindra Dave, who began his career with a crime thriller 'Dhamki', and attained success in 'Nagina', has been a consistent producer of crime thrillers. His latest offering 'Post Box 999' produced under the banner of Nagina Films is in keeping with that tradition. Produced on an average budget without any top-ranking stars 'Post Box 999', is nevertheless an engaging and engrossing drama, the credit for which goes to the compact and sparkling screenplay and dialogue by veteran P. L. Santoshi.

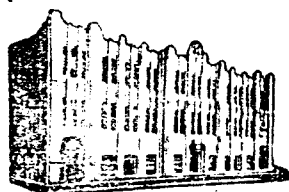
Unlike other crime thrillers, the story of 'Post Box 999' appears Indian and revolving as it does round just one murder, the narrative never becomes nauseating or incredible. An innocent youth is undergoing imprisonment in jail on a charge of murder; his poor mother announces a reward of Rs. 10,000 to the man who would prove the innocence of the youth. Vikas, a reporter of a local paper and the editor undertake this mission. The reporter is helped by Neelima, a smart girl, who is associated with the convict's mother. During the investigation, the real murderer (a hotel proprietor) tries to 'kill' the reporter. But his efforts fail and in an exciting climax Vikas by a clever ruse succeeds in finding Bindiya, the girl, whose evidence alone could

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save the convict. The girl's evidence in the court, however, proves insufficient as the murderer has an 'alibi'. But this 'alibi' is also disproved and the innocent youth is released while the hotel proprietor is convicted.

Interspersed with romance and the routine number of songs, the screenplay has its shortcomings. The editor, for instance, is unnecessarily comic while the reporter is too well-dressed for a representative of an almost 'bankrupt' newspaper. Then the hotel is also too westernized for a place like Moghul Sarai, where the action takes place. The editing is jerky and the sound rather atrocious.

Sunil Dutt as the reporter is appropriately tough and gives a good account of himself in the last climax scenes. At places, however, he is rather self-conscious. Shakila looks comely and acts with poise and ease. Leela Chitnis as the unhappy mother and Krishnakant as the 'comic'

editor contribute good cameos. Purnima, Tiwari and Kundan give good support with Amarnath making a restrained villain.

While the direction by Ravindra Dave is competent, especially in the last reels, the production shows disregard for details. Photography by M. W. Mukadam is good but the musical score by Kalyanji Virji is listless.

Tall, lean L. P. Rao has been chosen as a jurymen at the International Film Festival in Berlin. Among the film journalists, he is perhaps the least publicized, though he has been writing on and about films for at least fifteen years. For some years now he has been working with *Filmfare* and for some months now he is writing those crisp, pungent film reviews in *Times of India*. But as he seldom writes with his own name in print, he is not widely known outside the journalistic and film world.

(Continued on Page 23)

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CHARI

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"ASKING PRICE"

Sir,—I, and no doubt most of your readers, have been under the impression that "asking price" was a peculiarly Madras idiom even as haggling is considered to be a peculiarly Indian custom. It gave me a thrill of pride, therefore, to note (in the *New York Times Weekly Review* of June 8) that we need be no more despondent on this score because we happen to be really in the highest international social bracket in this matter.

It would appear that Hollywood movie moghuls are out to purchase the film rights of a Broadway hit and the author's representative is said to have said "the asking price for the film rights are in the healthy six-figure bracket".
Madras R. RAMACHANDRAN

HANDLOOM WEAVERS' PROBLEM

Sir,—Of all the members of the present Madras Cabinet Sri C. Subramaniam alone has been having the misfortune of giving up the views which he strongly held while he was in Rajaji's Cabinet. But his latest view about the problem facing the handloom weavers, happily makes a different reading. He has confessed that the only solution to this problem is to accept the suggestion of the Madras Government to reserve the production of bordered dhothies and coloured sarees exclusively for the handlooms. This suggestion was embodied in a resolution brought forward by Rajaji and unanimously passed by the then Assembly. But those were good old days! Whether the Madras Government still hold the same view about this problem and if so whether they intend taking steps to get their suggestion accepted by the Centre are not clear. Rajaji has again repeated his suggestion and we can understand the distress caused to that noble mind when we read the strong language in which he has condemned the competition from the mills by quoting Charles

Lamb. May God give courage to our State Government to take up a worthy cause and solve this problem that is facing thousands of poor but honest workers.

K. V. RAMACHANDRAN

-Cinema-

(Continued from Page 22)

His association with film journalism dates back to *Sound*, a magazine edited by Zabak. He was very closely associated with that magazine and wrote his column under the name of Lapat Rao. Afterwards, he was associated with film periodicals like *Movie Times*, *Box-Office* and *Film Age*; he also worked as public relations officer for R. C. Talwar and Commercial Finance Corporation.

Later he joined *Filmfare*, and the manner in which he changed the get-up of this now most popular film periodical won him his present position. A capable journalist, L. P. Rao knows the film industry inside out. And he rightly deserved the honour of being invited as a delegate to the Berlin and Karlovy Vary film festivals. The experience of this tour would lend further depth and understanding to his writing about films.

Shaukat Hussain is reported to be coming to India to direct a picture entitled 'Jane Bahar' for Co-operative Pictures. Madhusudan has written the story and Manohar will give the music. Dilip Kumar is likely to appear in the film.

Raj Kapoor has been signed by Sohrab Modi to appear in 'Savan' to be directed by M. V. Raman from a story by Pt. Sudarshan. Shankar Jai Kishen will provide the music. Sohrab Modi will direct G. D. Madgulkar's story 'Main' with music by Vasant Desai.

The muhurat of 'Behroopia' starring Raj Kapoor, Vyjayantimala, Johnny Walker, directed by Nandlal Jaswantlal and produced by Chandulal Shah, will take place this week at Ranjit Studios.



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15 Naye Paise

TYRANNY OF SLOGANS

The Congress Working Committee has appointed a three-man committee to secure "speedy and effective implementation of land reform" in the country. The reasons that have actuated the choice of members of this committee are quite obscure. Sri Dhebar, the chairman, is today a harassed and pathetic figure proved totally unequal to the task of maintaining morale and discipline in the Congress organisation, of which year after year he continues to be the President solely through the grace of the Prime Minister. The rapid deterioration in Congress affairs noticeable since his advent as President does not warrant the imposition on him of additional responsibilities. As for the other members of the committee, Pandit Pant is already overburdened with the work of a heavy Ministry, and Sri Morarji Desai seems still to be grappling laboriously with the acquisition of rudimentary knowledge in a technical portfolio for which he is, according to all accounts, too inadequately endowed. A committee thus composed does not promise much good. The evil effects of perfunctory treatment of important subjects by policy-makers in a hurry with too many irons in the fire are writ large in the present confusions of our legislative and administrative planning. More and more burdens are thrust again and again on the same persons. There is too much centralisation of power, with disastrous consequences on the sort of distributed initiative that is indispensable for efficiency.

Land reform has been bungled in the past by too much addiction on the part of the Congress rulers to slogans sounding grand and impressively leftist. In the name of "Land to the tiller" some positively atrocious feats of cruel dispossession at the expense of existing owners have been worked into Government policy. Land is of all forms of property the one that requires hard labour, continued care and vigilance and constant investment of capital for yielding even a moderate income. Yet it is of all forms of property the one selected for direct depredation with new laws prohibiting ownership beyond a prescribed dimension. The patent injustice to the individuals affected by this land policy does not fully reveal the extent of its evil. It has tampered with food production and forced the nation to depend on imported foodstuffs at a time when the saving of foreign exchange to the utmost extent possible has become an essential requisite for the success of the industrialisation plans that are being enforced with such severe strains and heavy taxation.

For raising the tempo of agricultural production the intelligence and enthusiasm of the farmer must be harnessed to adequate financial resources with no impediments placed on the reasonable enjoyment of the fruit of industry and enterprise. Large farms are a national asset rather than otherwise from the standpoint of increased food production, and all the world over in this scientific age wise govern-

ments woo the rich to turn to cultivation for the sake of the people that have to be fed in preference to so many less hard ways of making money or earning a living. It has been given to the Government here to embark on breaking up the large estates; to substitute a competent, educated and fairly affluent class of landowners with comparatively less efficient newcomers with inferior means; and then, discovering that capital is going out of cultivation, go in desperately for makeshift expedients to repair the damage.

Politics has played ducks and drakes with agricultural stability, and in the pursuit of slogans we have landed ourselves in experiments abandoned after trial as destructive and harmful by the Socialist regimes in other parts of the world from whose inspiration we profess to draw the pattern of our economic planning. The three-man committee belongs to the very centre of authority from which all past follies mis-called reform that have sabotaged our agricultural productivity, have sprung. We must look to other quarters for saving the national economy from the further deterioration threatening it.

Means and Ends

There has been severe criticism of Rajaji in some quarters for having joined with the Communists on the same platform, calling for a ban on nuclear weapons. It is noteworthy that at the very height of this recriminatory

agitation, the Madras Government held a meeting of party leaders to secure non-participation of students in politics. The meeting included all parties, not excepting the Communists. It went totally counter to the thesis propounded against Rajaji that he should not have joined with Communists, however important the objective. At this meeting the Madras Government abandoned the rule of "no association with the Communists for any purpose" and upheld the doctrine that the end justifies the means.

Do the Congressmen of Madras think that the participation of students in D.M.K. politics is a graver danger to the world than nuclear poison? Or is it the myopia of local politics that makes them see what is very near and disables them from seeing beyond that myopic distance?

Touglakian

A vigorous plea for common-sense is made by Sri B. Nagi Reddi in a brochure just published by him setting forth the facts about the film industry. This industry is now in the throes of a crisis, thanks to Government's decision to restrict the import of raw film. The industry's total annual requirement of raw film is of the value of one and a half crores. It earns more than this amount in foreign exchange through the exhibition of Indian films in the foreign market. There is thus no question of any saving of foreign exchange involved in the Government's decision. It is indeed the other way about. As Sri Nagi Reddi has pointed out, the total investment of capital in the film industry is more than 160 crores and with its ancillary occupations it employs 2 lakhs of people and yields a yearly revenue of 20 crores. To place all this in jeopardy for no conceivable gain to counterbalance it, is one of those mysterious acts of purposeless perversity for which the Government have now become notorious in their handling of fiscal issues. The nation's economy cannot long survive this sort of Touglakian folly.



PLAYING KING

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

The village people staged a street-play. In this the king's role was taken by Saambraani Pillai. When the show was over he went home in the king's garb. It was ordered by the manager of the play that every actor could keep for himself the dress he wore on the stage. That, in fact, was the payment.

King Saambraani reached home in high spirits. The other actors folded up and kept aside their stage dress. But Saambraani Pillai went on wearing the royal robes.

His wife pleaded, "Please do remove them and lay them aside." She was a good woman, diligently attending to his needs and comforts. And Saambraani was very fond of her. But on this particular day he was angry. The king in the play had been angry. The man carried the mood into his home and reprimanded his wife: "Speak no more! Know you not that I am the king?"

The poor woman did not understand this. She feared that her husband had temporarily lost his senses. She kept still, thinking that something could be done the following morning.

When day dawned, Saambraani still imagining that he was the king called for his Chief Minister and shouted "Mantri!" The dog in the house whose name was "Manti" thought he was being called and went to his master, wagging his tail.

"Come, let us go hunting," said Saambraani. And he issued forth clad in his kingly garments.

Fearing that the whole village would laugh at him, his wife tried to stop him. "Please, for God's sake, don't go out," she cried.

But in lofty tones the king declared, "My dear queen and wife! Stand not in our way. Our foes are fast advancing. I must meet them in battle." There was an episode of this sort in the play and the king repeated his performance.

"It is too far gone!" sobbed the poor woman.

"Cry not, my dear. Be brave. Soon, full soon, with victory crowned I shall return." With these words Saambraani ran out into the street. Full of joy, the dog ran after him.

On the way a fox met them and at once understood the whole thing.

"King Saambraani, sire!" said the fox, "All the kings in the land have lost their thrones. Your play-acting lasted but a night. That of the others went on a little longer. But even that has come to an end. It is meet and proper that you go back to the palace."

It was a clever fox which had been reading the daily newspapers. He was fully conversant with zamindari abolition and the elimination of 526 princedom.

"Mantri!" said Saambraani, looking at his dog Manti. "Is this true? Can we trust the fox's words? Tell me in your own language. I can understand."

The dog was very pleased to be thus consulted and made an affectionate growl.

Saambraani went back home. The fox caught hold of a chicken and disappeared. The hen gathered the rest of its brood and ran into the hut.

"All the kings are now no more. I shall be myself hereafter," Saambraani promised his wife. A great load lifted off her mind, she went back cheerfully to her chores.



Sotto Voce

A Slogan to end all Slogans

The Mysore Government are to appoint a Land Commission. It will visit all the different regions of the State and make an on the spot study of conditions obtaining there and report within six months. It will be remembered that a report on land reforms by a Committee presided over by the present Chief Minister has been before the public of the State for some time and has caused acute controversy. The curtailment of the rights and dues of the owners which it proposed has been generally regarded as too drastic. Will the Commission be free to disregard the Jatti Report?

If it is hag-ridden by the obiter dicta of the Planning Commission and makes a predominantly political approach to its task, it will achieve little beyond contributing one more misleading term to our pseudo-socialist jargon. A Land Commission properly so called should devote itself primarily to an assessment on the one hand of the respective contributions of the different parties to the production of agricultural wealth and, on the other, of the respective shares they obtain in it. In framing its recommendations it should see that capital comprising both land values at current market rates and the working capital needed for optimum exploitation, receive a fair return. The contribution of enterprise and supervision and the underwriting of risks by the owners should be fairly recompensed. And labour, both that which is 'attached' in varying degrees to a parcel of land and casual labour, should receive fair wages or the equivalent thereof.

These factors do not fall within the nebulous region of opinion. They are capable of factual determination. Of a totally different

order are such things as the fixing of land ceilings on a priori considerations, or the illogical assumption that a man who had been let into a holding as a tenant at will on a date fixed arbitrarily and retrospectively by the legislature acquires by that act a superior right over that land which would enable him in due course to freeze out all other interests. The legislature has no doubt the theoretical right to decide such questions of policy. But it has also the duty to base such decisions on a careful study of factual data bearing on the socio-economic conditions of the people which the Land Commission should also be required to collect.

Nationalisation of land long figured as a major plank on the platform of the British Labour Party. It is not without significance that the Party, sobered by experience of office and political maturity, has now decided to give up this goal. Britain never thought it necessary either to abolish all "intermediaries" (to use the language of our Planners) or to cut up the land into three or five acre holdings in order to honour the sovereign principle of equality. On the other hand the British Labour Party proposes that farmers should be lent money at reasonable and stable rates. This is considered necessary to help farmers, whose holdings because of their small size or other factors "did not give an efficient agriculturist a satisfactory living".

That last sentence gives the clue to the secret of successful husbandry. In no democratic country can the productivity of land be increased by decreeing that the farmer, if he wants to remain in the business, should be prepared to limit his needs to the

exiguous income from a five-acre holding. The tenant of today may rejoice in the prospect of displacing the owner by the favour of the State. But his son to whom education has given wider horizons will not relish the prospect of subsiding into a land-serf. The fantastically unrealistic character of our tenancy reforms is shown up by the fact that the day labourer actually gets a better wage for an indifferent day's work than the man who has invested a lifetime's earnings in a five-acre plot and farms it himself.

But the Congress Working Committee stubbornly maintains, to translate a homely Tamil proverb, that "the hare it caught had three legs". It has appointed a sub-committee to twist the tails of the States who are held responsible for the unduly slow pace of land reform. It is not perhaps without irony that the Home Minister Mr. Pant should be on this sub-committee while his native State (which is Mr. Nehru's homeland too) has been steadily fighting the hare-brained remedies of expropriation and fragmentation which the Planning Commission prescribed. No less diverting is the fact that while the Southerner is expected to give up his parochial allegiance to rice, the Government of India have just decreed that wheat products from Northern India to the South shall be restricted, as the Northern States have not enough for their consumption. And Mr. Nehru has made his own contribution to the battle of production. He has coined a slogan to end all slogans: "Slogans don't bring about prosperity".

VIGNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS ::

Many readers have sent greetings to SWARAJYA in appreciation of its work done so far. Here are a few excerpts from some of the more moderately worded of the letters received :

Our Swaraj is eleven years old. But our SWARAJYA is only two years old. Seeing how much the journal has contributed to eradicate the mental slums of our country, one would find it difficult to believe that it is only an infant of two years! It has built up a reputation which very few of India's adult journals can boast of.

—C. NAGALINGAM, Muthupet.

The leading articles full of sincerity of purpose and honesty of conviction, C. R.'s writings with their intellectual brilliance, Vigneshwara's frank and fearless feature and "Capital Comments" with their rich and scintillating humour—all these have captivated the readers who find in the journal sustained and abiding interest.

—R. S. V. RAO, Madras.

For reasoned thought and bold judgment without fear or favour, one has inevitably to turn to SWARAJYA.

—M. BHANUMURTHY, Tanuku.

SWARAJYA is impressive and modest without being spectacular and it marches on with unabated vigour. It has earned a proud place in Indian journalism.

—G. V. VISVESWARAN, Coimbatore.

Interpersed with the greetings there have been also several complaints. One reader complains that the style of the journal is "too scholarly, demanding from its readers a more than average intellectual standard". Frankly, one does not know how to deal with a complaint of this sort, since intellectuality is a compliment and not a blemish, a thing to be cultivated and not repressed. There is of course validity in the point that even a good thing may become as good as non-existing if it gets above the level of comprehension of those for whom it is intended. The antidote to unintelligibility is clarity of thought and presentation. Confused thinking can make the simplest words understandable as they convey to the reader only the confusion and no enlightenment. Journals cannot undertake the function of the schools and supply the public they seek to serve the mental equipment necessary for the

understanding of simple words. But they can and should make whatever equipment is available go the longest way in receptivity by avoiding wastage and confused thinking in the language used.

Here is another comment : "There is very little scope for any young and fresh talent because the settled columnists provide the major attractions of the journal". It is to be hoped that what are admitted to be "major attractions" will not be required to be eliminated for whatever reason. Young and fresh talent does not long stay where it is if its work is not lucratively rewarded. Even when the reward of effort is abundant, free lance writing has not much scope in this country. SWARAJYA has played its part in bringing gifted writers to public notice, enabling them to get good assignments that banned them from further writing. The whole plan of this journal is somewhat different from the ordinary pattern. It is a medium of service for veterans in their respective fields who have no career or other material interests to look to, but have still energy left to participate usefully in the discussion of public questions. The editor, though unfettered in discretion, is a symbolic figure of co-operation, a recipient of favours from his contributors, with few of the prerogatives or exercises of authority associated with that glamorous office. The journal is subject to the limitations of its august good fortune, but its freedom is absolute and no prejudice at the helm bars anybody's participation in its work.

The Ordinance of June 14 purports to be "for the purpose of enabling the Central Government to fix the rates of wages in respect of working journalists in the light of the judgment of the Supreme Court". "Purpose" however is different from the substance of an enactment and it is the latter that counts and becomes effective

in the fullness of time. It does not seem to be generally realised that though a committee has been appointed to go into the question of wages, the Government have taken power to modify its recommendations at will. Their decisions, on publication in the official gazette, will become binding on all employers. In other words, the Government have stepped into the role of dictator for determination of wages and other analogous matters connected with the conditions of service of working journalists. It will not be surprising if, after this, the disciplinary jurisdiction of the owner and even the editor over sub-editors and reporters is completely shattered and they begin to look to Government and Government patronage for the settlement of many issues of a professional kind which hitherto used to be subject to internal authority in the offices of the newspapers themselves.

In an article under the title "Present Problems" contributed to a Souvenir issued by the U. P. Working Journalists Union, Sri M. Chalapathi Rau, unfolding the psychology of the working journalists, says : "The federation has put considerable faith in Parliament and the Government; it has not been encouraged by newspaper proprietors to put its faith in them." To all appearances, "faith in Parliament" sounds spiritedly democratic, but it has also to be borne in mind, as a Veteran Politician reminds us X-raying the Nation in *Hindustan Times*, that "political emancipation and democracy, instead of cultivating a sense of humility and responsibility, have been allowed to intoxicate majority caste-groups to a thirst for power and tyranny and electoral corruption of the unprivileged classes."

The federation's attitude of faith and dependence has already encouraged the Government to assume powers of control over the Press far in excess of any obtaining in the rest of the world excepting Communist countries where the State itself runs the

(Continued on Page 19)

HINDI THROUGH UNDISCLOSED PRESSURE

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The 'inscrutable Orientals' still remain inscrutable to America. "A close examination of some of the images which cross our minds when we discuss the Chinese or the Indians reveals" says R. L. Walker, Professor of International Relations, University of South Carolina, "that in many respects we are probably no better informed today than we were half a century ago".

This is proved strangely by what this professor himself says in criticising the author of a book in these terms : "He talks of the Indians for example in terms of a people who are really united and share overwhelmingly common national traits instead of being, as they are, a people divided by great racial and geographic barriers and speaking more than 200 different languages". There is such a deceptive thin line between truth and error that it is not easy to deal with such statements, either the one or the other. The errors of American observers may be due to the fact that their fondest notions are based upon the "illusion of superiority" which is as genuine as generous and widely different from the airs of superiority that British rulers indulged in.

All the same, it is difficult to say whether we are really united and overwhelmingly share common national traits or whether we are a people divided by 'great racial and geographical barriers'. It is difficult again to say even whether we speak more than 200 different languages, although this mere question of fact should easily be verifiable. Dialects, some still unwritten and mostly without any literature, can hardly be classified as distinct languages and the enormous number of 200 carries no sense. We have about fifteen written tongues each of them with a growing and very self-conscious literature. The real thing that binds the people of modern India

is English and the perversity of false patriotism does not permit the recognition of this fact.

The principal phenomena of any evolution go evolving together. They cannot, be understood or dealt with separately. Once upon a time what bound all India together was the great Sanskrit language, in which everything worth writing, knowing or remembering was written in all parts of India. This place is taken now by English. The political unity of India is paradoxically the result of British occupation and the language of this unity is English even as it was the language of the foreign occupation. If we wish to preserve the unity that has resulted from the national disgrace, the language too must be kept and not dis-

carded in irrational disgust. The idea that honour demands some one of our Indian languages, some one of the 200 referred to by this American professor, to be enthroned in official sovereignty will, if indulged in, be an error of the first magnitude.

History proceeds forward and can never be forced back to take a different line. What has happened directly or indirectly to the affairs of a huge population cannot be shoved about according to caprice. The mass involved is too big for such manipulation. If political unity has arrived as a result of British occupation what accompanied that double process in the shape of language must be not only tolerated but preserved as an essential protection for the resultant blessing.

Hindi through force, bribery, flattery, manoeuvring or undisclosed pressure of various kinds will only serve to teach that linguistic success can be disastrous politically.

WHERE WE STAND NOW

Nuclear armaments are taking us with accelerated pace towards the abyss of Death. We have spoken and heard so often about the annihilation that is in the offing that we have put it aside from thought just as people forget the motion of a train when travelling in a saloon playing bridge. We are going on with our daily domestic and national affairs in the train, which is all the time speeding to total destruction with all of us in it.

Not I a melancholy philosopher but Thomas J. Hamilton, the *New York Times's* United Nations correspondent winds up a long discussion about the summit conference with these words : "But all this seems to rule out any prospect of real disarmament and the shadow of the Hydrogen bomb hangs over the world more menacingly than ever before".

And on July 9, the Moscow Radio commentator endorsed this : "The result is that the world really is practically on the brink of war. There might be a clash between atomic squadrons

in the air and an atomic war might be touched off. A war might be started by some U. S. pilot releasing a bomb about, say, somewhere near the Russian borders. It is a terrible strain to pilot jet bombers and even the strongest might break under it".

Mr. Dulles and his colleagues are juggling with the fate of the world. A preference for total annihilation is postulated against accepting Communist domination and this preference is forced not only on the people subject to their own government as they may be entitled to do, but on all mankind. The alternative is one between domination that is feared and annihilation that is certain. Some people believe that it is not a certainty but only a chance that the H-bomb will mean the destruction of civilization. It is not a chance but certainty, say those who know science and prefer truth to politics.

It is remarkable how men become strangely incompetent to understand or to judge when once

FOLIDOL AND MYOPIA

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

A foreign firm's faults of omission and commission in connection with a consignment of an insecticide, faulty storage during transmission and other grossly neglectful procedure on the part of those concerned led to a number of deaths by food-poisoning. The Union Ministry appointed a commission to enquire into the matter with Mr. Justice Shah of the Bombay High Court as chairman. The report of the commission has attracted deservedly wide attention. Such poisoning of food-stuffs must of course be prevented and it is well that the accident became the occasion for severe warning in dealing with insecticide poisons.

But what about the deliberate poisoning of food-stuffs that is going on by radio-active explosions conducted by powerful foreign governments? Scientists have told us that this poison is much worse than folidol. It affects many thousands at one time and the children to be born. It is spread all over the world, not confined to one shipload. It cannot be disposed of as contaminated flour-bags can be, but is stored by natural forces in the high atmosphere and will conti-

they are under the influence of a bias. A particular evil when constantly and morbidly made the object of obsession completely dislocates our mental apparatus. "We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories", as a great and good man once put it, and do not see the gravest catastrophies to which we recklessly advance.

ध्यायतो विषयान्पुंसः
सङ्गस्तेषूपजायते ।
सङ्गात् संजायते कामः
कामात् क्रोधोऽभिजायते ॥
क्रोधाङ्गवति सम्मोहः
सम्मोहात्स्मृतिविभ्रमः ।
स्मृतिभ्रंशाद्बुद्धिनाशो
बुद्धिनाशात्प्रणश्यति ॥

nue to come down and poison our water, our vegetables, and the milk, the fish and the meat that people drink and eat. It goes on thus for years. The poison enters the bones and the blood and contaminates the seed of future generations. This horrible poison is being manufactured and fired into the stratosphere, to be stored there against mankind's welfare, deliberately, not by neglect gross or venial, by governments not by petty private manufacturers.

Yet we are not half as aware or upset over this as over the folidol business. Reason and justice demand that a thousand times bigger fuss should be made over the nuclear test explosions than what has been legitimately made over folidol. The judges of all the High Courts of the world should join and issue an irresistible moral mandate to the governments concerned to stop this wicked and deliberate crime. But alas, we suffer from myopia. We see only near things but cannot realise the most vital facts if they

"A MONSTROUS DECISION"

The title is taken from the *New Statesman's* comments on the news that the East Islington Labour Party has excluded certain applicants from admission, for the reason that they are members of the campaign for nuclear disarmament in Britain. The *New Statesman* hopes this monstrous decision will be reversed by the National Executive of the Labour Party.

The Labour Party appears to be passing through a moral crisis over the nuclear issue. Cannot British Labour make up its mind in a simple straightforward way that as the nuclear tests have been shown definitely to be poisoning the world in a dangerous manner for all people, whatever the advantages may be to a particular nation, Britain should cease committing the crime whatever others may or may not

are not within our myopic seeing distance. Therefore we make a great deal of fuss over folidol but hold solemn silence over the radio-active poisoning of the whole world.

Three great governments were concerned in this poisoning programme. One of them has stopped it and has asked the other governments also to cease doing it. But these say they will not cease. It is as if the firm that consigned folidol had pleaded that they had not yet discharged their debts and so must go on as before until their business improved! Mr. Justice Shah would not have listened to such a plea, but we not only tolerate but some of us even approve of America's plea in favour of her tests. All the scientists of the world, the doyens of philanthropic service, of Christian thought, and of biological science have with one voice condemned the tests and want it to be stopped at once. Yet there are some in India who object to my condemnation of America on this count and there are people in Britain who disapprove of Bertrand Russell and Priestley's agitation for cessation of test explosions.

do? In attempting to add to a clear moral principle, arguments of military strategy and political expediency, we confuse what otherwise is simple for people to grasp.

The principle of unilateral action is essentially a moral principle and arguments of expediency serve only to confuse the application of a principle or morality. Adulterating a clear moral principle with arguments of military expediency leads only to barren controversy. Surely the British Labour Party with all its traditions should not lag far behind the government of the U.S.S.R. which has unilaterally stopped its tests and which has committed itself to agree to a complete ban of the manufacture and use of nuclear weapons as soon as other nuclear Powers join in such a ban.

It may be easy enough to prove that Deterrence through the H-bomb and rocket missiles is just suicide and no deterrence. But when fear and passions rule, with a good people the sword of the moral law is more effective than arguments of military expediency. Unilateral action requires courage, and the

inspiration for courage must come from conscience, not from War Office noting.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The Antique Smile

On the stone faces of gods and men carved in the antique past, so the late director of the Wor-

cester art museum, Mr. Francis Taylor, observed, there is a smile, a happiness of expression, that seems to transcend the happiness of human beings.

These are not sculptures of heroic individuals who walked the forums and bazaars of Greece and Egypt and India and Africa, (Continued on Page 19)

He studies the future with a slide-rule!

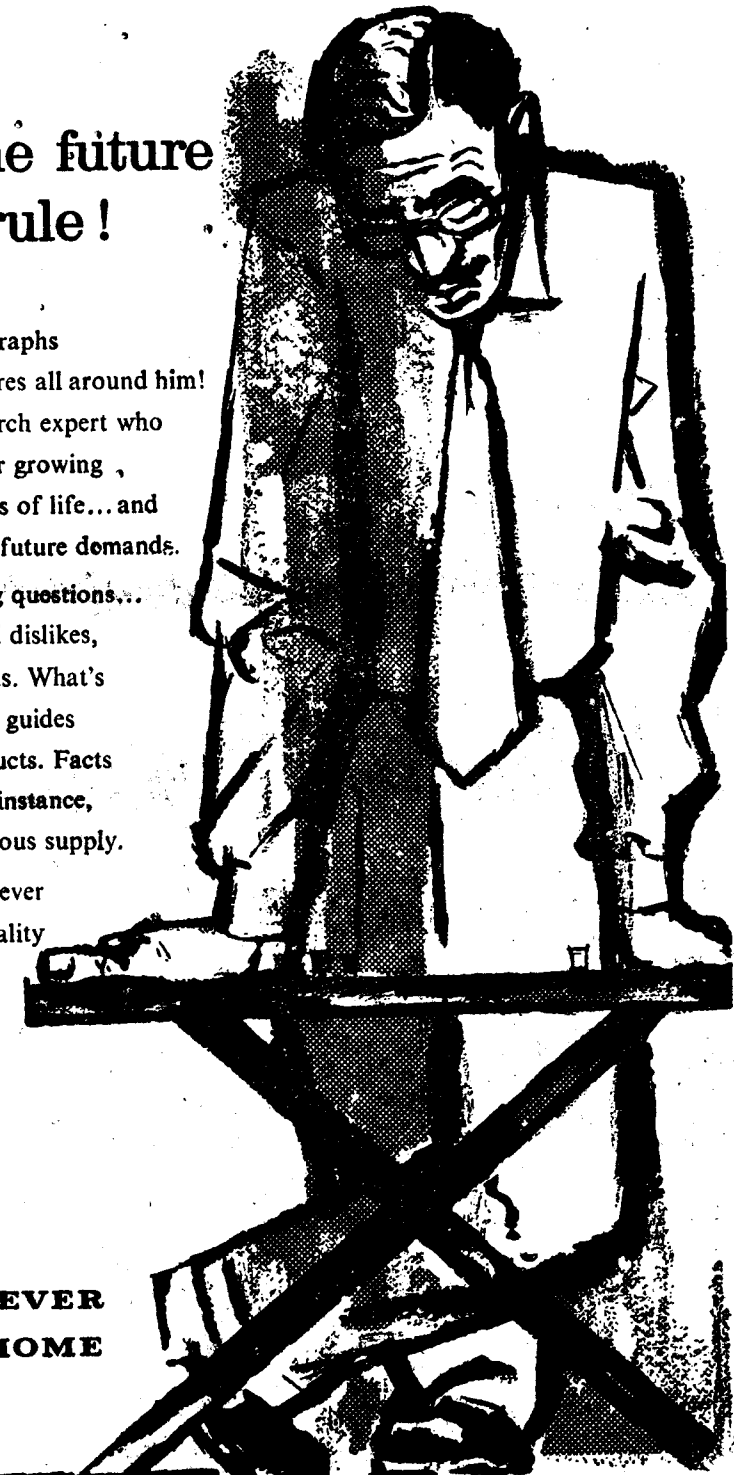
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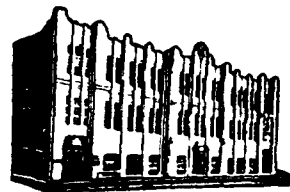
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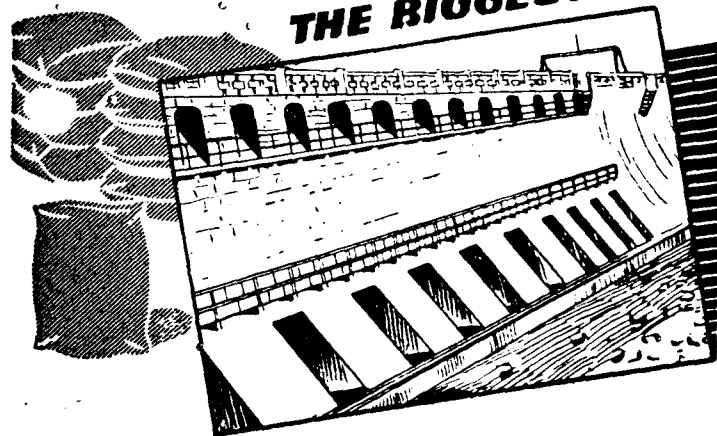
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MONEY FOR JAM

By POTHAN JOSEPH

"60-TO ONE OUTSIDER GLOWING
CURLS TROTS AWAY WITH
MAHARAJA'S GOLD CUP"

gives the banner-line on the Sports Page of a newspaper appearing on Monday morning, July 7. The news deserved front-paging in place of the feature "Jattu-Chavan Border — Talks Tomorrow", a Bangalore story not comparable with the turf-episode in its immensity and intensity—no alliteration intended for the thrill of apathetic laymen. Border-talks and parleys across Cease Fire Lines we have scattered all over the world, like Canal Disputes no less intractable even when handled by World Bank Experts. The victory of Glowing Curls trotting away with the Maharajah's Gold Cup was however an open defiance of form in contrast with the sly tactics practised in another royal event when the Queen of Hearts found that the tarts Her Majesty had made were carried away by the Knave of Hearts.

Father and son entered the contest, but the son captured the trophy. In Indian tradition, a champion does not mind being defeated by his son or disciple since it is home-talent that triumphs. At the Bangalore Race Course on the epic day under present study, Sri J. Thomas led his horse Glowing Curls into the paddock against Thomas pere A.V.T. (as in the combat of Sohrab vs Rustum) with the much-fancied favourite Sportsmen's Folly. Hundreds backed the Old Boy but the few who cheered the Young had pocketed that colossal dividend Rs. 589 in return for an investment of a tanner in the totalisator—a lock-up of funds for two minutes and 35 seconds when the tiny deposit mushroomed after the fashion of latter-day H-tests into the dividend of Rs. 589 with no fall-out injuring the mug-population assembled at the Trust Locality administered by the Bangalore Race Club. If any complained of blistering heat, the answer is that no one had compelled him to be there. We

outsiders just smiled when that rank outsider Thomas (Junior) showed the Elder the literal meaning of the cognomen Sportsmen's Folly. Jaisingh Thomas received the prize from the hands of the Maharajah himself with a bashful smile, presumably with an unrevealed streak of ironic sympathy for the fading generation. The followers of the favourite, like the widows of Assur, were loud in their wail; but then recall the exquisite experience of hope from start to finish. There was low-key cry of "Fakrudder Wins". The holders of 16 tickets were more fortunate than King Midas, since the gold created by the mystic touch could not be converted into instant legal currency for a glorious celebration until closing hours, as now. Midas touched his daughter and there was a treasure of gold, still as unmined, raw material, like the uranium ore of Belgian Congo mined by Americans for the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

When Finalise failed in the twenties at the Mahalaxmi Race Course for lack of a simple last

lash near the post, a racing friend of mine "Bombay Nair" (now no more) wrote in his paper that it reminded him of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire". It was high falutin language, but the sensation at the Race Course over the collapse of the "world certainty" of the age was something of numbness feared in the final ice-age divined as the final destiny of mankind.

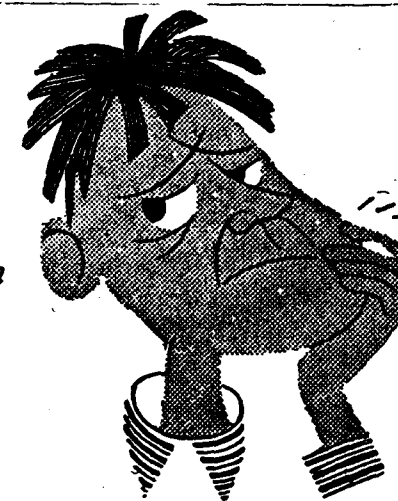
When many meet, there must be parting in grief. The sportsmen engaged in the folly of the pastime on July 6 went home. The wizards of the turf offering forecasts frowned whilst the bookies smiled. The palmists and the predictionists offered sure-fire selections for the rest of the season. If I had attended, I could have chosen the winner by my 'system'. Not palmistry or numerology but Rhymesterology. Anybody could have seen on the card that the distance for the Cup Race was printed as

"One mile, 3 furls".

Furlongs of course, but in the abbreviation lay the clue.

"Furls" rhymed with "Curls", not to mention Girls proud of their curling age. It was obvious that Glowing Curls was the tip of the day, Fakruddin up.

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THE ASS THAT WENT TO AMERICA

By M. KRISHNAN

(A fable by M. Krishnan, written straightaway in English so as to save the bother of translation. All the characters and situations in this fable are entirely false, fictitious and fabulous, and have no relation to life in our enlightened country.)

Not so long ago, there was an ass, but mind you, people did not laugh at him or speak slightly of him—in fact, he was almost respected. For he never used one syllable when he could use two, and habitually spoke in long-winded clichés, and that sort of thing, as you probably do not know, greatly impressed everyone where he lived. He would not say "I think so"—it was always "I am of the opinion that the position might be as stated"; he frequently spoke of things as in the Last Analysis, with all the Emphasis at his Command, and was much given to sudden capitals. In short he was a pompous ass, and asked for his description would have called himself a Don Key.

Now he was singularly good at rules and regulations, as many of his tribe are, and naturally, he became the P.A. to a departmental boss in due course. Here he found his vocation, for he could quote clause and sub-rule for or against anything or anyone as he pleased, and his boss being a typical boss and terrified of rules, he had the real running of the department. But was he happy, though he was feared, even hated, by everyone in the department and a good few outside? Not he!

He was in a department dealing with roads and transport, and an irresistible itch to visit America and distinguish himself as a soil chemist possessed him. Finally he wangled a transfer to the Department of Agriculture—and what a hearty send off his road-and-transport colleagues gave him!—and got himself deputed to an one year course at an American university in Soil Conservation.

Arrived in the land of his dreams, he was still unhappy. Yes, America was in fact the land of milk and honey and hot dogs he had heard about, but he had trouble with his studies. It

was not that he was not willing to work hard (all asses are notoriously hard-working), but somehow his efforts failed to get him any recognition at the university. However, he strove valiantly to Americanise himself, an endeavour in which he was encouraged by the entire population of the country, and learnt to substitute his "I am of the opinion" with "I reckon" when he was not sure, and "I guess" when he was. But though they were friendly, even sympathetic, they were shrewd, in America, and in no time at all they knew the truth about him. O that guy, they would say, he's a complete ass, and they were not the least little bit impressed by his flair for regulations because they had machines for all such things. He was, however, not unduly depressed by this—once he was back in his own country it would make no difference what people said or thought of him in America, and he was sufficiently imaginative to think of happenings and situations, richly tinted with American colour, which would be less unflattering to him than the truth—but he dreaded the approaching final examination.

As you have guessed by now, the America of this fable was not the land we now know, but one far more advanced in all ways. They had machines for everything, particularly for examining candidates at university examinations, and the best of machines, even the most fearfully complicated of robots functioning on radio activity and electronics, do slip up occasionally, when unintelligently handled—Professor De Wit Moron, Jr., the celebrated authority on examining robots, has estimated the possibility of such a slip as one in 4897302561. And so it happened that our ass, appearing for his examination in Soil Conservation, was awarded a degree with high credits in Palaeophytology, a subject of which he had not even heard.

Surprised and delighted at this unexpected turn of events, he returned home at once. His old transport colleagues, who had reason to apprehend that he

July 19, 1958

would be appointed head of the department, on the imminent retirement of their old boss, were waiting on the station platform to greet him, with limes and rose-garlands.

"Hi!" shouted the ass as he got down from his train and saw them, "it's great to see ya fellas again!"

"Hi!" they shouted in closely-imitated unison, "it's great to see you again!"

So, the next Tuesday, he became their boss. The canteen in his department now sells some brownish-purple aerated waters, to the nearest they can get locally to coke, and I guess they are going to have subways pretty soon in

this burg. After all, the soil lies underground, as everybody knows.

There is one thing, Emma, which a man can always do, if he chooses, and that is, his duty; not by manoeuvring and finessing, but by vigour and resolution.

— JANE AUSTEN

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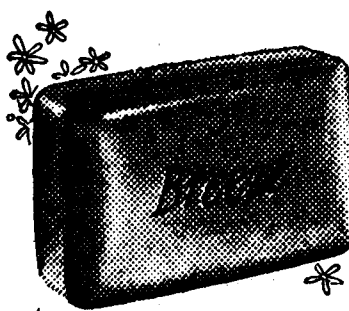
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IMPACT OF FOREIGN DEBT ON NATION'S ECONOMY

KALKI SYMPOSIUM

In a symposium in Kalki on "India's foreign indebtedness and its impact on our national economy," Dr. P. S. Lokanathan, Director-General, National Council of Applied Economic Research, New Delhi, says that "our objective should be definitely to switch over from short-term to long-term foreign loans. No longer should we be content with a living based on exiguous short-term foreign exchange resources. Our new loans should preferably be only long-term loans. We should also try to evolve a system of reconverting some of the short-term obligations already incurred."

Foreign borrowing, says Dr. Lokanathan, during the next 10 or 15 years seems inescapable, if we want to push ahead even at a moderate rate. There is however nothing wrong or bad about foreign borrowings. Other countries have also had to do so in the initial stages of their development. But with each successive period, India will move up to a higher plane of activity and not only will our dependence on foreign loans diminish every time, but the relative burden of fixed debt amount will also grow less. Nonetheless, the next 10 years will continue to be a critical period for India, especially in regard to her foreign exchange availabilities.

Assessing the burden of India's fresh loans to be contracted during the period of the Third Plan, Dr. Lokanathan says that the volume of this will depend upon three different factors: (1) the size of the Third Plan and its foreign exchange component; (2) the level of current exports reached by India over the next five years; and (3) the import substitution that can be effected in the meanwhile.

"The only way to fill the gap is to seek more loans and aid. Would loans and grants of such a magnitude become available? An affirmative answer would be excessively optimistic. The best

thing will, therefore, be to reduce the size of the Third Plan in so far as it relates to projects with a large import component, to concentrate on those projects which will either quickly save imports or definitely increase exports and to frame our Third Plan, essentially in the light of foreign exchange availability.

"The development programme should consciously aim at investments in 'human capital' and in expanding social overheads not involving too much foreign exchange and in developing such projects as would increase output without too much expenditure on foreign exchange. Actually from the long term point of view it is the development of human resources in skills, efficiency and productivity that will determine progress."

**"Prune the Plan" says
A. D. Shroff**

Mr. A. D. Shroff in a message congratulating Kalki on the sym-

posium, says:

"The present crisis, in my judgment, is mostly due to the over-ambitious nature of the Second Five-Year Plan and the reckless manner in which import licences were issued in 1956-57. It is of the utmost importance that the Government should not stand by prestige, but hasten to prune the Plan with due regard to our country's internal resources and possible external aid."

"Meanwhile, for the commitments already made, it is to be hoped that good friends abroad will come to the aid of India. In this context, I cannot but refer to three important measures which are to be taken if we wish to go along the right lines."

"The first is that there should be proper co-ordination between the various Ministries and a drastic pruning of non-developmental Government expenditure. The second is the revision of the so-called new integrated pattern of taxation which will only result in disintegration of forces that induce capital formation and individual initiative. The third is due recognition of the role of Free Enterprise in the development of the nation."

What can be done?

One may well ask, "What can be done?" Here are a few suggestions I would respectfully urge the Government to consider.

1. Give up the thirst for more and more power and authority, and resist the temptation to encroach farther and farther into the liberties and rights and the legitimate field of activities and responsibilities of the citizens and of the courts.
2. Stop talking and telling the world how to behave and let us mind our own business for a while.
3. Slash the colossal defence budget. It does seem odd that our nation that is the proud architect of Panch Shila and exhorts the world to shed the fear complex and stop the mad armament race, should spend disproportionately huge and increasing sums on military expenditure, especially at a time when it is itself so hard-pressed for funds for plans to abolish poverty, unemployment, illiteracy and ill-health.
4. Scrap Prohibition and stop chasing ideological will-o'-the-wisps, till the nation can afford the pastime. After all, India's citizens, too, are growing up men and women. There are worse things one can do, within the pale of the law, than drink.
5. Lastly, don't overdo it. It is said that "Too little and too late" led to the undoing of the British Empire. Let it not be said that "Too much and too soon" came in the way of independent India's progress and happiness.

M. A. SREENIVASAN in
Puzzles And Clues

CAPITAL COMMENTS

CONGRESS STOCK GOING
DOWN THE SCALE

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: As one surveys the scene at the Capital this week, one finds the Congress stalwarts, whether of the Parliamentary Board or of the Working Committee or of both, holding their periodical sessions to take stock of the situation in the country — a situation in which they find their own stock going down the scale. Apart from Kerala where the Congress is to lie low till the next General Election, the States of Orissa, Madhya Pradesh and Andhra Pradesh, call for special attention. Orissa's 'magic shadow show' is still beyond normal comprehension. Its Chief Minister, Mr. Hare Krushna Mahtab, the shrewd tactician that he is, ere he reached Delhi where he had been summoned to, confronted the bosses with an offer to resign, or advertised to the world his readiness to do so. In Madhya Pradesh where, contrary to all democratic procedure, a resignation was wrung out of the hands of a Minister who was given no chance to answer certain allegations, the story is one of a divided ministerial house. Andhra has earned the unenviable distinction of having lost ground in the Hyderabad Municipal Corporation, despite a two-third majority! How did it happen? How on earth could it have happened? Mr. Dhebar and his colleagues are simply feeling flabbergasted and are almost throwing their hands up in despair. Any party, by a heroic effort, may be able to measure up to the prowess and the power of adversaries but it can, by no means, cope with internal sabotage. It is doubtful if the Congress President could see light after a hurried visit to Hardwar and a plunge into the sacred stream!

The exciting Andhra episode should open the eyes of the stal-

warts of the High Command for, there can be no explanations but only inferences when the 44 — strong Congress, faced with Opposition of 22 members in the Corporation, lost five out of six seats on the Select Committee. The obvious inference is, that the Congressmen had not played the game but fouled their own nest. It should also be clear by now that the Congress Party in the Hyderabad Corporation was openly split into two camps, each led by a Congress Minister, one the Visalandhra wing and the other the Telangana group, which again establishes that the Sanjiva Reddy Ministry is no happy family and he has not yet emerged as the indisputable chief of Andhra Pradesh as a whole or as a single entity. The technique of depending for his support of Te-

Nehru

"Nehru walked smartly to the nearest shack *** vanished inside, ducking his head, and came out a moment later looking like a thundercloud. He inspected several more, and his expression grew steadily more forbidding. *** 'It is a disgrace', he said, 'we talk of a new India, of having socialism and all that; how can we look the rest of the world in the face, when some people still live in places like this. *** It must be cleaned up'. *** Out of curiosity, we went back *** a couple of days later. Nothing had changed, except that the bleaching powder had lost its effect and the shacks that had been hurriedly patched up for Nehru's visit were once more falling down. The flies and the stench were back, and the children who never went to school still played in the deep muddy ditches, wearing filthy rags or no clothes at all."

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL in
The Heart Of India

langana on its professed spokesmen whom he has taken into the fold rather than on the goodwill of the people, has not carried him far. He has apparently either chosen men on the basis of imaginary rather than real strength or brought together under his umbrella sworn opponents who, out of an irrepressible desire to stab each other, let Congress interests suffer. The incontrovertible fact is that the Communist Party has shown an amazing sense of discipline and Congressmen have lost all sense of discipline and duty, while some of the latter-day recruits to the organisation have but put themselves up to auction in the political market. Any flourish of sabre-rattling loses its potency when no care is taken to examine the credentials of men who seek the Congress ticket. All talk of disciplinary action sounds hollow when the party is confronted with what may be called disciplined betrayal.

If one desires to know how crudely some Congress officials in the States are going about, messing things and creating complications for themselves and their leaders, one should get the whole story from Hyderabad where a certain lunch organised in honour of Mrs. Indira Gandhi, at the Secunderabad Club of all places and by a Muslim industrialist with no pretensions of allegiance to the Congress, had at the last minute to be cancelled, lest the chief guest, on knowing the inwardness of things, should not only refrain from attending it but give 'the brains behind it a scolding.' What doubtless Mrs. Indira Gandhi would have done, Congress Ministers should learn to do — not to accept any invitation from any quarter indiscriminately, in order not to miss a garland or a bite.

As Junius is writing this feature; the indefatigable Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram is getting ready to fly to London to attend the Imperial Cricket Conference on behalf of India. Always keen on making his foreign tours pur-

poseful, he will endeavour to bring about a re-orientation in the affairs of the Imperial Conference by pleading once again parity in voting (inasmuch as England, South Africa and Australia have two votes each while India, Pakistan and New Zealand have but one each) and will urge

that the Cricket Conference sessions should be held in member-countries by rotation, instead of at Lords (London) always. He also expects to finalise the West Indies tour in U.K. next year, in consultation with their representative. 'Vizzy', it seems, has but one passion — the passion for

cricket; he has indeed made it a mission in life to spread its cult and culture, and it is amazing to see how he allows neither strain to his health nor demands on his purse to come in his way. He may well be hailed as the Knight-errant of Indian Cricket.

Of course mine is a safe job!

We: It's secure, yes. Nobody is going to sack you!

The Boss: And I sit behind a desk all day — no danger in that.

We: What about danger from dirt? Dirt carries disease-causing germs, you know!

The Boss: Interesting! But since mine is a spotless office...

We: Yes, but even here there's ordinary, everyday dirt. You may not notice it — but you can't escape it anywhere.

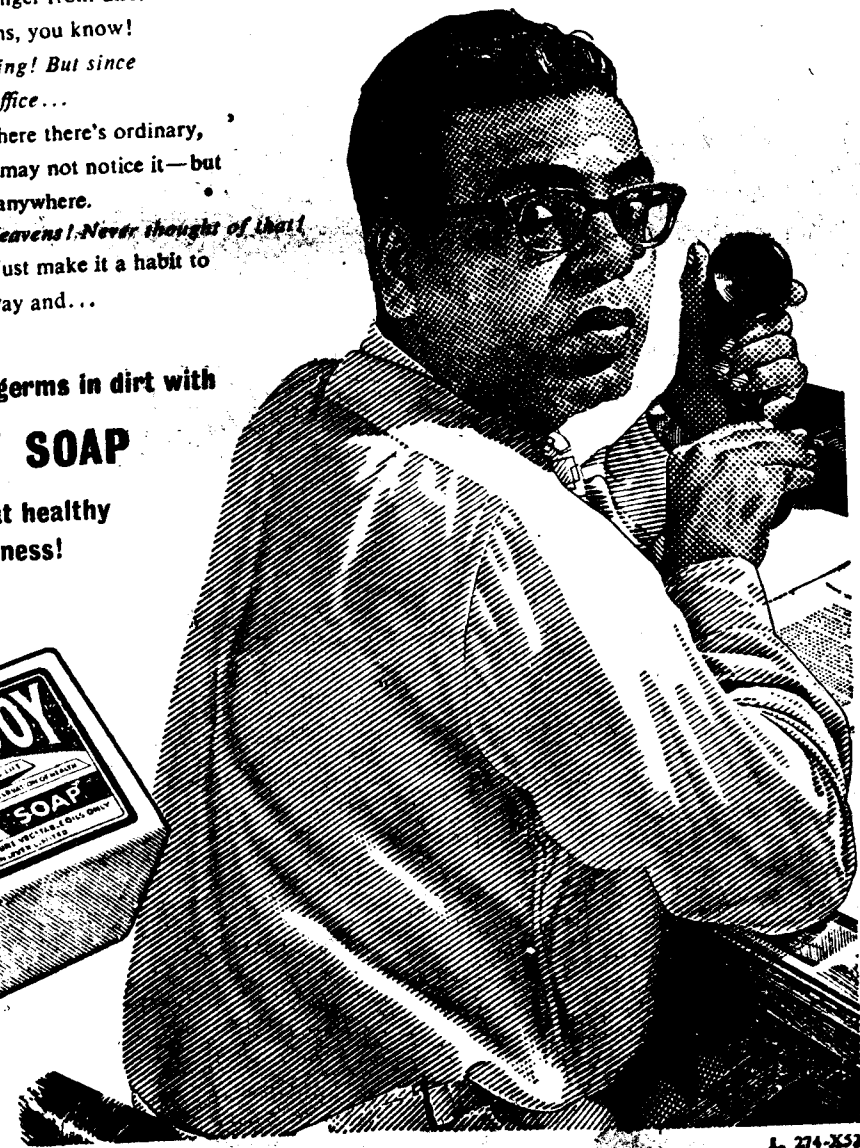
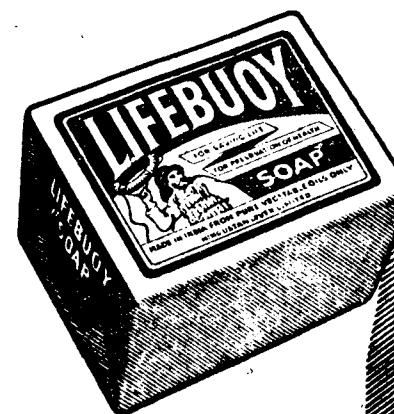
The Boss: Good Heavens! Never thought of that!

We: Don't panic! Just make it a habit to bathe the healthy way and...

Wash away the germs in dirt with

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REVIEW

THREE CONTEMPORARY NOVELISTS

By MICHAEL SWAN

It was Alexis de Tocqueville, that great analyst of the United States in the middle years of the last century, who made one of the shrewdest and most prophetic remarks about the literature of America. After remarking on the American's love of inflated language he says that American authors 'perpetually inflate their imaginations, and, expanding them beyond all bounds, they not unfrequently abandon the great in order to reach the gigantic. By these means they hope to attract the observation of the multitude, and to fix it easily upon themselves.' Since this was written America has produced its series of vast epic novels. Walt Whitman has let his imagination ride on gigantic imaginings. All reflects the sheer size of the country itself—the literature must not be puny when the country is immense. I think this same sort of thing is likely to happen with the very young literature of Australia.

The Australians still find that the pioneering days are with them in the sense that the arts and culture in general are not yet accepted as something necessary. But there is an awakening. A painter like Sidney Nolan has taken the pioneering history of Australia for his subject matter, and produced work of the first order. Last year in London the first Australian play to be performed in England, *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, had a great success—because it was about real Australian life and not in any way imitative of English plays.

Size does not come into the question with Nolan or this play, but now a very long novel by the

Voss by Patrick White. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 16s.

The Habit of Loving by Doris Lessing. MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.

At Lady Molly's by Anthony Powell. Heinemann, 15s.

Australian, Patrick White, has appeared in England and been acclaimed in extravagant terms. It is called Voss, the name of a German immigrant to Australia, who sets out with a small party to trek across the great continent. One can read Voss in two ways. On one plane it is a detailed and fascinating description of a journey of exploration, on the other it is an allegory of the relationship between Man, God and Nature—a drama which is personified by Voss himself, who finally appears to think that he has become God himself. It is an allegory and a myth. One critic has claimed that it is the fabrication of a myth, that there is something literary, mannered and consciously sophisticated about the book. But in the main it has been compared to Tolstoy and D. H. Lawrence. For me it does not have the interest in character and understanding of human nature which composes more than half the genius of Tolstoy. Mr. White's characters seem to have been created as part of the allegory. But there is no doubt that this book marks the emergence of Australian literature into a new era.

Miss Doris Lessing is another writer from the Commonwealth. She is from Southern Rhodesia and lives in London. She is strongly Left-wing in politics and was refused admission into her home-country because of her attitude to racial tensions there. But her work does not fit neatly into the South African school of novels. The race question on one side and the pioneering past have formed the shape of this school, and Miss Lessing has made her mark less as a 'dominion' novelist than as a remarkably acute observer of the whole human scene. She has been likened to the early 19th century novelist, Jane Austen, who wrote with a scalpel-like precision about human motive and behaviour.

Miss Lessing's new volume of short stories, *The Habit of Loving*, is full of those touches of truth which almost terrify one when one comes across them, because they are seldom mentioned, but instantly recognised. She has special assets as a writer, such as an understanding of Central European political psychology, which is very rare among English novelists. The title story is a very fine and moving study of an ageing man, a public figure in the theatrical world, who lives with an intense inner loneliness, dependent on women but unable to give himself entirely to them. Like the rest of the stories one recognises that she is writing about an experience which is true on more than one level. There is no doubt that Miss Lessing is a writer of great importance, whose work increases in depth and stature all the time.

I am writing about Mr. Anthony Powell's new novel, *At Lady Molly's*, in company with the other two because his work forms such a complete contrast to theirs. Mr. Powell is essentially a 'metropolitan' writer, and amazingly accurate reporter of the world of the upper classes in England. Witty, sophisticated, never piercing very deep into his characters, but completely aware of their superficialities, he belongs very much to a traditional line of the English novel. *At Lady Molly's* is the fourth volume of a series of twelve, called *The Music of Time*, in which Mr. Powell intends to present a picture of life in his particular world during the 1920's and 30's. In spite of his Englishness Mr. Powell is much influenced by Proust, both in his manner of writing and in his conception of his novel. In the earlier volumes he allowed himself perhaps too much of the Proustian elaboration of language, but in *At Lady Molly's* this is far more under control. It is difficult to say what this volume is 'about'.

It is a series of 'scenes', usually of a social nature, in which the human comedy is reported on by Mr. Powell. Unless one has met his characters before in the earlier volumes their behaviour

CINEMA

WORLD ACCLAIM FOR INDIAN FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: In 1958 not a single outstanding picture—either as an entertainer or as a work of art, has been released so far. So far, we have not had pictures which can compare with 'Do Ankhen Barah Haath', 'Mother India', 'Bhabi', and even 'Tumsa Nahin Dekha'. Of course, there have been some good pictures like 'Farishta' and 'Sone Ki Chidiya'—and they have fared well. Yet, on the whole, the output so far in the first six and a half months of 1958 is far from impressive.

In addition, the shortage of raw film, stars, theatres and the hurdles of censorship, have created problems which have affected the industry's smooth working in no small measure. And the industry has found no workable solution to any of the problems.

The industry is however in no danger of losing its foothold, thanks to the all-round improvement in 'takings' at the box-office. According to the exhibitors, the collections have gone up not only in Bombay city but outside by at least 20 per cent over last year. The record collections of 'Howrah Bridge' in Calcutta and 'Police' in Bombay are indicative of this fact. While 'Howrah Bridge' crossed Rs. 2,40,000 in the first week, in spite of heavy rains in Bombay 'Police' collected Rs. 1,16,000 (nett) in one week. The reports indicate that

is bound to be puzzling. Many of them have been at school or university with the narrator, Jenkins, and one of the fascinations of the series is to see immature characteristics coming into full flower as the characters mature. It is a mark of great skill and the complete realisation of his characters that Mr. Powell has been able to conceive them on this large scale. But sheer virtuosity is the impression any reader must get from his work.

the collections in other centres are better than ever. This is a very encouraging fact when one realizes that the quality of the new output is not so outstanding. The pictures expected to be outstanding in quality are yet to be released. The season for better and bigger pictures will begin next month when pictures like 'Yahudi', 'Talaq', 'Madhumati', 'Sadhana', 'Phir Phir Subha Hogi', 'Anari', 'Lajwanti' and 'Ma Bete' will be released.

Meanwhile, the success of 'Do Ankhen Barah Haath' which won gold bear and silver bear awards at Berlin ensures that the Indian film has kept up its reputation in the international film festivals. The citation for the jury's special prize says: 'An especially valuable achievement in depicting a significant social problem such as exists today in many countries with poetic feelings'. The universal human appeal of the theme has won for the picture high accolades from the International Catholic Cinema, which gave it a prize and from European critics as well. As a result of its triumph in Berlin, the picture will now be shown in many places in Europe. In London the picture is being shown by the India Film Society. The choice for the Bombay critics' award and the President's gold medal has thus won international acclaim and kept up the tradition set last year by pictures like 'Jagte Raho' and 'Aparajito'. This is the most happy development for Indian films; and this continued success at international film festivals will go a long way in securing the foreign market and foreign exchange for Indian films. One hopes that at Karlovy Vary and Venice also the Indian films will earn plaudits.

D. S. Films' 'Hath Kadi' could have been a really good picture. Its story had great possibilities;

but unfortunately those possibilities were never properly exploited and as a result the picture has turned out to be just a routine crime thriller.

The story centres round Madan, a youth, who finds that his sister's wedding is cancelled as he is unable to raise the money for dowry. So he resorts to theft and becomes a pawn in the hands of gangsters. Rupa, a fair CID officer, who is on the trail of the gangsters joins a theatrical company as a dancer and tests Madan who returns her necklace. She is convinced of his innocence until she sees him breaking a safe. Called upon to decide between love and duty, she sacrifices the former by divulging the name of Madan and handcuffing him.

There are many loose links in this otherwise brisk film, as a result of which the character of Madan is not fully clarified and he fails to get any sympathy. Perhaps the censors mauled the picture as they did not want any sympathy for Madan to be created. Anyway, from a purely dramatic point of view, the picture loses much of its grip; and the side plot of Santosh, who first falls in love with Rupa and then with Lata, Madan's sister, is the most unconvincing part of the picture. And even the two Geva-color dances shot against the background of Brindavan gardens fail to make the romance of Santosh and Lata interesting.

The picture begins on a high dramatic note, and capably photographed and directed, the first four reels create high expectations. But then the story becomes the usual type with stock situations and ends in the routine manner.

Motilal as Madan is good as usual. Shakila as the C.I.D. officer gives a sparkling portrayal. Sajjan makes a welcome return while Jabeen is just a doll. Amarnath is good as the police officer. Naushad's music is tuneful and a couple of dances are attractive.

Mr. L. Luraschi, chairman of the Foreign Language Film Awards Committee of the Motion Picture Academy of Art and Sciences and director of the

International Department of Paramount Studios passed through Bombay last week.

During his brief stay he met journalists and, in an informal chat averred that Indian films can get a market in America by sending the year's best pictures to the Academy. He also pointed out that the Japanese and Italian pictures had made headway in the United States through international awards. It was also necessary for Indian film personalities to be present at the 'Oscar' presentation of Indian films. The presence of Nargis, he pointed out, would have 'helped in many ways' the commercial exploitation of 'Mother India'. Besides, if Indian pictures were seen by the Academy there was every chance of Indian stars being called upon to work in Hollywood pictures and that would also help in selling Indian films in U.S.A. 'Mother India', he said, helped to clear many misconceptions and gave the Americans a correct picture of Indian family life.

Mr. Luraschi was impressed by the spirituality of the East. He visited Nepal where Paramount will be shooting 'The Mountain is Young' based on a novel by Han Suyin, the author of 'Love Is A Many Splendored Thing'. The picture will star Audrey Hepburn and Marlon Brando as the Nepalese youth. Mr. Luraschi was on his way back to Hollywood and stayed only for a day in Bombay. Like most of Hollywood celebrities, he began from a scratch in 1929 when he joined Paramount in Paris and rose to his present position.

Three new pictures went on floors this week: (i) Sheikh Mukhtar's 'Carnival' directed by Harish, with music by O. P. Nayyar, starring Kishore and Shakila; (ii) F. C. Mehra's 'Ujala' starring Shammi Kapoor, Mala Sinha, Raj Kumar, Leela Chitnis, Dhuma, and written and directed by Naresh Saigal, with music by Shankar Jaikishan; and (iii) Chandra Films' 'Behroopia' starring Raj Kapoor and Vyjayantimala and directed by Nandalal Jaswantlal.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PLAYING DOWN CEYLON KILLINGS

Sir,—In the near conspiracy of the Indian Press to play down the Ceylon killings, in the news columns, SWARAJYA has done a service to Ceylon and humanity by publishing some account of the black deeds of the devil-dancers of the adjoining Island.

It was really perplexing to see some of our papers writing very strongly in condemnation of the savagery of the rioters and the connivance or ineptitude of the Island's government, and obliging the Ceylon authorities by blacking out the reports of their black deeds. Stranger still was the fact that what time the devil-dancers were whirling in their mad orgy and a guilty government sought refuge under a strict censorship of news, out and in, the International Press Conference was in session in America and another Press organisation met in Tokyo—and not a word of comment or condemnation was there on the attack on freedom of expression, let alone human existence. Only some time later did the Commonwealth Press Union express its abhorrence of the Ceylon censorship—the censorship there effectively prevented this also being published!

Another sorry episode in this shameful affair is that a few individuals in South India in fighting their own petty political battles, foolishly and thoughtlessly touched on the cause of the Ceylon riots and expressed themselves clumsily. That the Ceylon government should have seized on these stray vapourings and broadcast them on air and in newsletters, not once but several times

Venus Pictures' Tamil and Telugu hit based on Alexander Dumas's 'The Man In The Iron Mask' has been transcribed into Hindi under the name 'Sitamgar' featuring Padmini, Ragini and Shivaji Ganesh.

While 'Mausi' has been granted certificate, and 'Savera' has crossed all the hurdles, both 'Sharat' and 'Gauri Shankar' have been refused certificates.

in a day, showed how desperate that government was in search of support for its shameless supineness. That apart, did any of these South Indian worthies come forward to correct the Ceylon government's annexation of their support, in forthright language.

How tricky is this protocol tonfoolery that prevents India's Prime Minister from letting the Indian public know that he has taken serious notice of the several reports of damage to life and property of Indians in Ceylon (Tamils, as it happens) and the steps he is taking to rehabilitate the refugees from across the gulf!

If the Ceylon government denies so many damaging reports the Indian Press could easily secure a responsible report on facts collected on the spot and present it to the public. A tiny Island cannot perpetrate thugery on a section of the population and seek immunity under protocol. Let India remember that that Island's one-time government thought it was giving the showdown to India when it blatantly befriended Pakistan and spoke of India's sinister attempts to annex Ceylon as she annexed Hyderabad. In Bandung again that government's chief tried to belittle India. The present government thought it prudent to befriend Nehru and because Nehru was generous and great-hearted the little Island thinks India can be taken for granted! Humanity requires that Banda and his band should be told where they lie.

NAMASIVAYAM.

UNWARRANTED ASSERTIONS

Sir,—In his inaugural address to the Horanada Kannadigara Sammelana recently held at Hyderabad, Mr. B. N. Datar, of the Ministry of Home Affairs made several unwarranted assertions in regard to the Union official language, which should not go unchallenged. It is totally incorrect to say that the consensus of opinion in Karnataka and Andhra is in favour of adoption

of Hindi as the Union official language. Mr. Datar must surely be aware of the valiant stand taken by eminent leaders of Karnataka like Sri K. Hanumanthiah, Sri D. V. Gundappa and Sir Mirza Ismail. Nor can he be unaware of the ensuing convention to be held at Hyderabad to advocate the retention of English as the Union official language. The large number of exceptions and qualifications which deck part XVII of our Constitution is a sure indication that the members of the Constituent Assembly, who were under party discipline, have unwillingly and half-heartedly given their consent to Chapter XVII. In any event, the present generation cannot be denied the right of correcting an unwise political decision taken in the heat of the moment.

In the interest of purity of public life, Congressmen, especially those in power, would do well to advocate their case at gatherings called for that purpose instead of misusing other platforms. Otherwise they have no moral right to criticise the Communists who are the authors of this technique.

S. KRISHNA MURTHY.
Secunderabad

FREE MIDDAY MEALS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

Sir,—The scheme to provide midday meal to all the children in the Madras Corporation schools is a bold humanitarian programme. At present, 25,000 children out of a total of 1,05,000 studying in the Corporation schools are being given midday meals at a cost of 10 naye paise per meal inclusive of establishment and transport charges. A sum of Rs. 4.25 lakhs has been allotted from the revenues of the Corporation for this purpose. To feed all the 1,25,000 children would cost about 21 lakhs, which the Corporation finds difficult to allot from its revenue. So ways and means must be found to make this sum available to the Corporation. Each meal costs 10 naye paise, and 100 meals will cost 10 rupees only.

My suggestion is that if 2,10,000 citizens in a population of 17 lakhs would come forward to feed

hundred children, by paying Rs. 10 on their birth days, wedding days, or other days important to them, the problem could be easily solved. This work is as much the responsibility of the citizens as it is of the Corporation.

Madras S. R. VENKATARAMAN

TRUE VALUE OF GREAT MEN

Sir,—It is indeed a matter of profound regret, as Junius has pointed out, that the writings of Rajaji, which are acknowledged to be instinct with wisdom and immortal as truth, should be obscured by lack of adequate publicity.

It is only a few rare individuals like Rajaji, amongst the millions of citizens of the land, who contribute something to universal progress, and rise by their talent and genius above their fellow countrymen. The progress and the glory of a nation depend on such rare individuals.

The history of human thought furnishes a thousand proofs of our ignorance of the true value of great men. Let us not commit the same folly again and stand condemned by posterity for having failed to lend our ears to another great man.

Tiruchy A. JOHN LOUIS

Sidelights

(Continued from Page 4)

Press. Already the atmosphere is one of effusive gratefulness to Government on the part of working journalists for anticipated benefits. This sentimental affiliation with ruling authorities is inconsistent with the main function of the Press of maintaining a detached and independent outlook towards the governing power. It is to be hoped that leaders of working journalists, not completely oblivious to the historical mission of the Fourth Estate, will save the federation in time from slavish entanglements with bureaucrats, power-politicians and Ministers and set it on a new terrain where it will fight its battles with the employers on its own resources and strength.

SAKA

The Antique Smile

(Continued from Page 7)

but idealisation, dreams of what men and gods could be.

What was it that the ancient sculptor saw in his world to carve that smile of contentment?

The Museum director declares that the sculptor, tool in hand, "felt his living God as God, and the smile was a translation into stone of wood of his reconciliation with the infinite".

Does this suggest, as Mr. Taylor thinks, that the world today, reflected in the abstractions and uncertainties of art, "is starved for universals", for ideas and ideals beyond our own domestic thought?

JOHN E. FRAZER

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15 Naye Paise

FRIENDSHIP THROUGH TERRORISATION?

How would the U.S.A. government have felt and what would they have done if the Soviet government of Russia had landed troops in Mexico or Lower California? It would be unthinkable, of course, but that does not affect the moral or political parallelism between such a thing and the landing of American and British troops in the Levant during the time elections are to be held in Lebanon and a change of government from monarchy to republican form effected in Iraq. As long as American and British troops are in the Middle East countries holding independent status, and as long as aerial and naval manoeuvres are going on in the dangerous area, it cannot be said that the menace of a world war has receded. All Russian proposals to explore the ground and secure world peace have on one ground or another been rejected by Western powers under the stubborn leadership of Mr. Dulles. The Soviet government's military forces on the other side cannot be insignificant and they are on the borders not very far from the American and British forces or from the scene of explosive possibilities.

What happened and weighed with the U.N. at the time of the British expedition to Suez two years ago was not more serious than what now faces the world. Nor are the pros and cons very different or difficult to adjudge. We are not concerned with the problems of mutual trust or estimates of character now but with

preventing an actual conflict. It is dangerous even if it were moral for America to rely on the notion that Russia will probably not use her nuclear power in this connection and may behave well notwithstanding all this provocation. There is a point always reached when such calculations prove wrong. As passions rise in tempo, the ground for such calculations is steadily undermined. Let it be remembered that nuclear power has become a demonic living force continually calling to be put in action. Did not the atomic bombs tempt America towards the close of the second world war even after Hitler had been defeated and Japan had surrendered?

Had some immediate concrete goal like taking possession of the Suez Canal or some other physical achievement of that kind been the aim of the landing of the American and British forces, swift action might make a *fait accompli* and all might still be well enough as far as world peace is concerned. But the prevention of one form or kind of government or leadership in Lebanon or Iraq or elsewhere is not a

thing that can be accomplished by the presence of foreign military forces. And temporary terrorisation is of no value whatsoever. Does the American government intend staying in Lebanon and the British government likewise in Jordan for all time? Do they intend to start a new colonial occupation drive in the Arabian countries so late in the world's day? Or is it believed seriously that all opposition to Western alliances can be liquidated by some steps physically taken by the present or augmented American and British forces? The plain fact of the situation is that America and Britain fear that the Middle East nations are dangerously near being dominated by friendly feelings towards Russia. Can this be met in any degree by armies or navies or air forces? Are the Arab nations to be terrorised into friendship? Nothing so self-contradictory as this can possibly be the motive. Yet nothing else can justify this provocative landing of forces—provocative of world war and world disaster. Let us hope good counsel will prevail and the American forces will go back as quickly as they came.

MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

The foreign correspondent of that responsible and representative newspaper, *The New York Times*, has written: "Today we find ourselves backing Chamouns, Sauds and Husseins against the rising tide of Arab renaissance. And by our military inter-position

side by side with Britain, we have sacrificed those pretensions to moral grandeur we had claimed in the United Nations." U. S. forces landed in Lebanon on the alleged request of Chamoun. They also went to protect American lives in the proportion

of four soldiers to one American. British forces landed in Jordon at the call of King Hussein. The U.N. Observer Committee had already reported that there was no foreign intervention in Lebanon. There has been a peaceful republican revolution in Iraq. Most of the foreign countries have recognised the new Iraqi regime. The leaders have accepted the obligations of the previous government in respect of the Baghdad Pact, oil agreements and have even nominated their U.N. representative.

Mr. Murphy, the representative of President Eisenhower, is in Lebanon, "fixing" the election of the new President. The opposition leaders of Lebanon have declared that the withdrawal of American forces from Lebanon is the primary objective before them and not the Presidential election. The correspondent of the *News Chronicle* (London) says, "The Americans are scaring their friends. The Lebanese are becoming uneasy." The *Manchester Guardian* comments that Lebanese politicians are now chiefly engaged in dissociating themselves from Chamoun's action in inviting them here."

Russia has offered "volunteers" to Nasser.

Khrushchev has proposed a summit meeting of U.S., U.K., France, U.S.S.R. and India. Selwyn Lloyd has proposed the alternative of an 'informal' Security Council meeting for the same purpose, so that Russia may not render every proceeding infructuous by a one-man veto. The Western nations are reacting favourably to his proposal.

Meanwhile, the Japanese resolution proposing an enlarged U.N. observation group in Lebanon, which received the support of Mr. Hammarskjöld and of the other nations, has been vetoed by Russia, which sees no use in such a body, unless U.S. troops are first withdrawn. From this medley of alarms and excursions two conclusions emerge. Firstly, that there is a large body of British and American opinion which regrets the precipitate military intervention of U.S.A. in Lebanon.

(Continued on Page 19)



STORY OF A FROG

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

On the ridge between two fields lay a frog, lost in the joy of contemplation. A snake approached it from behind and swallowed it in one gulp.

The frog went up to Brahma, who graciously welcomed the innocent creature, saying, "Come my child. What birth do you desire next? Would you be a frog again, or would you rather be born a man?"

"Lord, I want to be neither!" said the frog. "I wish to be a snake."

"Very well," said the Creator. "It shall be as you wish. Come back to me after you have learnt your lesson!"

Because it was afraid of snakes, the poor frog fancied that, if it was a snake, it would be free from fear. It came back to the same field, this time as a snake.

One day the farmer and his son were coming to the field from their home in the village. The father, stick in hand, walked in front, the son following behind.

Setting eyes on the snake, the old man shouted, "Stop there, Muthu!" and struck a heavy blow with the stick. The snake jumped and curled up. He beat it to death.

"I did nothing," the snake reported to Brahma. "I was simply basking in the afternoon sun. The man beat and crushed and tortured and killed me."

"When you were a frog, you wished to become a snake. What do you wish to become now? You have committed no sin. You shall have the body you ask for."

"Let me be a stick. I long to be a stick and beat that old man till he dies!"

"My child," said Brahma, "You should first be a tree and then become a stick. No one can be born a stick."

"Very well, then," said the snake. "I shall be a neem tree."

"Right you are," said Brahma. "Do no harm and you will be a neem tree. Now, go!"

The neem tree grew and flourished. It was filled with fragrant flowers. Then came abundant fruit. The village children picked them up, took out the seeds and gave them to the miller to be crushed for oil.

The tree lamented, "Alas! My children are cruelly crushed in the mill!" Then, forgetting its sorrow, it blossomed again and brought forth fresh fruit. Again, they gathered and crushed the seeds, and again, the tree shed tears.

In this way the neem tree spent many years in sorrow. Then one day the farmer came with the axe and cut it down. He cleared the ground to sow maize and raise a crop. He got out of the tree the timber for rebuilding his hut and fuel for his kitchen. He chopped one of the branches and turned it into a good thick club.

Armed with this, the rough fellow bullied all and sundry in the village.

One day, in the course of a quarrel, he hit a neighbour with the stick. The victim, badly wounded, went to court. The magistrate punished the farmer and ordered that the stick which had been used for the assault should be burned. Thus it was reduced to ashes.

Now it went to Brahma and prayed, "Lord! no more birth for me!"



Sotto Voce

Tension-shooters

Seminars are the current pastime of that new species of human lepidoptera, the international dilettanti. They take all humanity's tantrums for their province. Between an *al fresco* lunch and a sumptuous dinner they will neatly dispose of the growing pains of Asian nationalism, colour prejudice in Africa, Communism in East Europe or any other question that might have baffled the Sphinx. To the study of India's "social tensions" they take *con amore*. Here is unlimited scope for that universal benevolence which they shed like dust from their diaphanous wings.

In Madras they had a seminar the other day grappling, under the auspices of the World Brotherhood, with the problem of "Caste and social harmony". The proceedings reminded me of the ribald story of two men, strangers to each other, who lay to sleep on the pial of a choultry. One of them, afflicted with an intolerable itch in his back vigorously scratched—but it was the other fellow's back that got the benefit of his ravening nails. And no amount of protest by the latter availed him, for the night was dark and the itching of the scratcher's back did not abate a jot. As the pial humorists of Madras noted with sardonic amusement, it was the leader of the D.M.K. and an influential member of the Congress Ministry which has made casteism pay the maximum dividends that cordially agreed that caste was the peculiar bane of Madras.

The just men who participated in the discussion were ready to concede that caste had had its uses. But they were fully satisfied that it was outmoded. The only thing one could do with dead Caesar was to bury him. Caesar's executioners, it will be

remembered, discovered that they had not killed Caesarism with Caesar. Only they failed to look for it where it was safely lodged—in their breast. Likewise, after looking at caste from every point of view for two whole days the World Brotherhood has posed the momentous question, "What is meant by caste today?"

Leaving them to hunt the snark, let us examine some of the observations made by the amateur zoologists in conference. Mr. C. Subrahmanyam declared, "Once we are all agreed that these caste distinctions should go we should work for the attainment of a casteless society". We know how the Government, of which Mr. Subrahmanyam is an ornament have set about this work with might and main. The refinement of the original classification of communities, for the grant of educational concessions, into 'backward,' 'more backward' and 'most backward' was their special contribution. But something has gone wrong.

Those who hugged their "backwardness" as a charter of privileges look askance at the new and exalted order of the "most backward". Mr. Subrahmanyam said that his Government were "considering the question of giving educational concessions and other reliefs on the basis of economic backwardness rather than on caste considerations." Meanwhile the ranks of the "most backward" continue to swell, the latest additions being Vanhikulas and Padayachis; the latter, incidentally, a community which gave us a Minister. No wonder that the Mudaliyars and the Chettiars are alarmed. They may succeed in getting the *status quo* restored, all communities other than Brahmans being lumped together as simply "backward".

But to agree that the Brahman's needs too should be judged by purely economic tests would be to acquit him of a double dose of original sin. I cannot see that realist, Kamaraj Nadar, resigning his trump card to oblige the World Brotherhood.

Mr. Rajamannar scouted the idea that if the Brahman community were exterminated the castes would automatically disappear. But the Congress Government has shown itself no less zealous than the D.K. or the D.M.K. to destroy all that makes the Brahman a Brahman—the autonomy of his social life, the binding character of his *acharas* and *samskaras* and the rights flowing from his duties and functions in a traditional society. The Jew is allowed to have his kosher meat, though the Gentiles' humanitarianism might be revolted. Prohibition does not prevail against the Catholic's ritual use of wine. The Muslim can slaughter cows for the Id ignoring Hindu sentiment. But the Brahman's personal law governing marriage and succession has been decreed the lawful prey of the reformist vandal, though for him it is bound up with his salvation.

Our egalitarians cannot stomach caste by birth. They deny that caste has anything to do with religion or spirituality. But they carefully refrain from saying what they mean by religion. If pressed to define his personal faith the enlightened Hindu will take refuge in the evasive plea that a man's religion is his private affair. The freedom implicit in this claim should not be denied to the vast majority of Hindu believers for whom caste is an inextricable part of their religion. Because it is part of their religion they have felt no inclination to quarrel about it. It is the Janns-faced Europeanised demagogue who exploits caste at home for political ends and at the same time denounces it because it does not provide a favourable climate for national chauvinism.

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS ::

In a report of Rajaji's speech under the auspices of the Bharathi Sangam at Hyderabad, on Monday, a local newspaper (*The Indian Express*) publishes the following under the sub-heading "Widow and the Shave":

Mr. Rajagopalachari pointedly made a reference to the recent speech of Dr. Rajendra Prasad (at Bhopal) where he was reported to have advised against imposition of Hindi on the country till all parts of it were prepared for it. Here Rajaji resorted to the simile of a widow in the olden days being subjected to the shaving of her head as a rule. He likened the Southerners to the widow and the Hindi protagonists to the barbers who effected the shave. While the age-old custom was now being relaxed in conformity with modern trends, the authorities at the Centre were determined to stick to this principle regardless of the feelings of the Southerners.

There was a famous headmaster in the school where I studied whose teaching struck to the memory of the listener even after a long period of years, with the very words he used. I am reminded of how he dinned into us the significance of figures of speech like simile and metaphor. "A figure of speech", he used to say, "is a deviation from the ordinary course of language in order to make the meaning more clearly understood." But this particular passage in the newspaper report, reproducing a simile used by Rajaji in his speech, does not at all make his speech more clearly understood. It introduces into the discussion of the Hindi issue a barber and a widow to be shaved. Their relevance to the topic is not explained. Result: Confusion and no clarification.

By good fortune, I was present when Rajaji made his speech. He spoke in Tamil but the language he used was so simple that I understood every word of it. With

the hope of transmuting into its original clarity the confusion of the alleged simile in the newspaper report quoted above, I venture to give here in English translation the substance of what Rajaji said in Tamil:

We had among us an abominable custom, the shaving of the widow's head after the husband's death. Now it is not so binding but there was a time when it was inexorable. Nobody liked it, the widow least of all. Even if she was very young, she was not spared. Her parents shed tears when the hair had to be removed. (Same as our President who with a parent's affection is now shedding tears at the thought of imposition of Hindi by force.) But the emotion and the agony did not avail, and with misery in the heart of the widow, and tears in the eyes of her father and mother and all who loved her, the hair was removed at the appointed time, firmly and deliberately, with wills steeled against softness or compassion. It was unnecessary. It was brutal. It did nobody any good. Nobody had any relish or enjoyment in it. Yet it was done. The compulsion of the accumulated momentum of generations of compliance with the notion that this was a thing that had to be done, it cannot be evaded, it cannot be resisted, there is no escape from it, carried everything before it, and so it came about that a monstrous habit had an incredibly long vogue.

Now, while the reformers are toiling hard to get a bad custom changed, imagine the barbers themselves taking a hand in the situation with a demand of their own that the shaving of the head should go on, that it would be wrong to make a change and that ancient dharma should not be violated. Is the barber interested in the widow's welfare or dharma or in his fees. Similar is the position of professional Hindi pra-

charaks today who insist on the elimination of English in the alleged interest of the nation.

The Hindi protagonists of Hyderabad greeted Rajaji with black flags when he alighted from his plane at the air port. They pursued him in buses to the house of his host, Sri Pattabhirama Rao, Andhra's Minister for Education. Stationing themselves in front of the house they shouted themselves hoarse and tore their throats with deafening slogans. The Minister pleaded with them not to disgrace themselves with crude behaviour to an honoured guest and a great benefactor of the nation, and shamed apparently by his words, they left. The hall was packed and the crowd overflowed into the grounds outside in the evening when the first day's session of the convention was held. The elite of the city were present on the occasion. Sri Kodanda Rao who inaugurated the convention, Sri Lakkaraju Subba Rao who delivered the presidential address and Rajaji were listened to with rapt attention. The same atmosphere prevailed on the second day of the convention also until the moment when, after the speakers of the day had done, the first resolution, moved by Sri Aravamudan Aiyangar, was put to vote. Then pandemonium was let loose.

As soon as the resolution was put to vote a member of the audience got up on his chair, and flourishing a paper to prove his credentials as a delegate, shouted, "I oppose the resolution." This was the signal for some thirty or forty others to do likewise, and they all got up on their chairs with loud cries of "Rajaji, go back." One of them rushed on the platform and was permitted to speak, but at that stage neither speaking nor listening was what they wished. It was evident they were there to break up the proceedings and they did so with stentorian slogans mouthed in mad fury at the top of their voices. They gave the impression of mechanical automata that had lost their rea-

(Continued on Page 19)

CONFLICTING PULLS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Although India has achieved independence and a republican form of government has been established, it should not be thought that there is therefore a state of total satisfaction in the country so that we might without anxiety over constitutional matters attend to other business. There are pulls and stresses which are far too real to be wishfully ignored or belittled.

The liberty-urge that functioned to get rid of foreign rule is not exhausted but works still at other points. It takes new shapes in response to current conditions. This is inevitable in a people who are politically alive and whose number and distribution raise problems connected with freedom although not quite the same as release from foreign domination.

A large nation with a continental habitation and a central government whose glamour cannot be always kept up at high intensity must develop centrifugal pulls. These centrifugal pulls are not new but are as old as Indian history. The movement for liberty that found partial fulfilment in the elimination of foreign rule is still at work, because the urge to be free is inherent in the human constitution. It gives rise now to regional aspirations for freedom. That good government is not a substitute for self-government was true not only during British days, but holds good even now. A republic in Delhi is no substitute for the freedom the States are entitled to. There are grievances enough in quality and measure to rouse and accentuate the desire for local autonomy even for the sake of good government. This desire has become pretty acute, in recent times.

As against this inevitable and constant centrifugal pull, there is certainly, again, a centripetal force that is evolving with considerable momentum, tending to suck all power to the centre, in excess of what has been laid down in the Constitution by anticipation. This again gives rise to a

corresponding reaction in the opposite direction.

We have therefore not altogether a state of constitutional quietude. There are strong pulls centre-ward as well as centrifugal under a quiet exterior. I am setting out a factual appraisal of the situation and not seeking to justify the implication of the one pull or the other. The naturalness or the reality of these two pulls can be no justification by itself for either having its own way. It would be most undesirable for separation to triumph in the popular mind without being apprised of all the implications. It would be equally unwise for the sake of imagined efficiency and acceleration of speed to vest all power in the affairs of this continent in a central executive in Delhi.

It may be natural for every village to desire to rule itself, for every zilla board to desire as much autonomy as is given to a state, and for a state also to desire total independent status. But naturalness of desire is not the same thing as desirability. A desire has often to be restrained, yet it must be taken into account.

The centrifugal pull or, to put it in other words, the tendency to break up into small independent states is reinforced by the ambitions of local 'majority' groups to dominate and exercise tangible executive power on the basis of a numerical superiority within that region. They do not wish to lose the local advantage of superior

numbers which they cannot command as a group in all-India. Political groups other than the local majority groups may some of them nurse long-period ambitions to work up to power in all-India and hope for greater success to begin with in a small state and use it as a spring-board for later activities. Such groups also would like to assist and take advantage of the centrifugal pull.

The geographical and other unalterable conditions of a large land mass such as India is, call for a treatment different from the principles evolved in other countries under other conditions. No country or nation and no period of history is exactly a replica of another nation or of another period of political evolution. We cannot therefore get much help from classic literature or from history. Indeed we may go very wrong if we copy precedents.

Both the centrifugal and centripetal pulls may assume the character of disease unless the balance is wisely maintained. If the centrifugal pull assumes a more than normal momentum, it must be treated as a symptom of ill-health and we must probe for the cause and treat the disorder. In nine cases out of ten it will be found to be some injustice or apprehension of injustice. If, again, the centripetal pull is aggravated by some ambitious or greedy department at the Centre, it should also be treated as a case for the application of restraint at the top.

Democracy suffers from a necessary evil viz. rule by majority which may not always coincide with the rule of wisdom or even of justice. Majority rule is felt by

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the minorities as a form of tyranny. The groups, be they groups of individual citizens or be they states, that do not rule but are ruled cannot feel the glow of power and liberty that circulates in a democracy. They actually feel the depression of being ruled and find new tyranny in democracy, which they did not find in princely rule or in the British regime. In exact proportion to the sense of power that the majority enjoys, there is a sense of tyranny in the mind of the minority. This is often unrealised by those who have no occasion to feel it in their own bones.

And in India the majority and the minorities are more or less permanent and unalterable, because they are formed on the basis of facts and circumstances that do not admit of change by persuasion or lapse of time. This immutability of relative strength gives to every injustice a keenness of edge and makes it intolerable.

What is easily understood when applied to Muslim or other communal minorities applies *mutatis mutandis* to the subordination of some states to the rule of a majority of states or their representatives in the Centre.

There is of course a *must* in democracy. The majority must rule and the minority must yield. But the *must* does not mean that it is pleasant or that it will not produce its own consequences if not kept in mind and suitable measures taken. To make democracy at least as tolerable as it can be made for the minority, be it as between the majority and minority in one administration or as between the centre and dissenting states is the wisdom that is required in majority rule. This wisdom can flow only from leadership. It cannot arise out of popular thought or out of debates in Parliament.

These are days when every nation has come to maintain large and well-equipped armies. We have seen that power has a knack of easily passing over to armies, sometimes even without a blow in defence of civil authority. The training and the aloofness of standing armies furnish them with an aura of impartiality and

efficiency and there are demagogues not wanting among them. Those who are interested in maintaining the supremacy of civil authority and do not desire army coups to take over the government of the country, should take particular care about good government and justice and a fair deal to everybody, because these are at the root of the preference for democratic government.

Going back to the question of the centrifugal pull, military governments are bound to be central rather than local. This follows from the very nature of things, for the armies of nations are not divided on a regional basis with local affiliations and interests. The separatists must remember

this unpleasant truth as well as the other fact that in modern times the viability of small regions is considerably reduced. The passions that separatism always induces are antagonistic to mutual help and thereby regional viability is still further reduced. When even big land masses and industrial nations feel the need for mutual aid and co-operation, how can a poor and small area maintain its independent existence with hostile neighbours all around? Autonomy within a constitutional federation is a totally different matter, for there would be no hostility to be coped with. A true federation with local swaraj is the only solution of the problem.

A MATTER FOR INVESTIGATION

At a recent meeting which happened to be 'inaugurated' by the Chief Minister of Kerala I paid a compliment to him and said that he was a man of character and proceeded to remark that good character was essential to make any one a worthy person to whatever political party he belonged. Strangely, this observation gave offence to many advocates of the supreme worth of the ruling party. Anger is a symptom of fear. What was it that made them challenge my maxim about the importance of character? Was it a fear that it was conspicuously absent in their ranks? Even absence does not matter so much perhaps as a public reputation about its absence. This last is fatal for any political party and my remark should have led to reflection and not anger.

Every consideration goes to indicate the importance, to the whole nation, of quality in those who make up the ruling political party. Not merely good character which is essential, but quality as a whole is very important including integrity as well as equipment. It would be a calamity if the conditions and methods of recruitment followed by the major political national party of India tend to exclude university men. I really fear this is the case at present. We may

have an interesting revelation if statistics are gathered on this subject. If it should turn out that educated young men, and more especially university youths on whom we spend so much do not find their way into the national Congress party but are being absorbed in professions with a total aloofness to politics or that they join parties which for one reason or another oppose Congress, it should be matter for concern and enquiry.

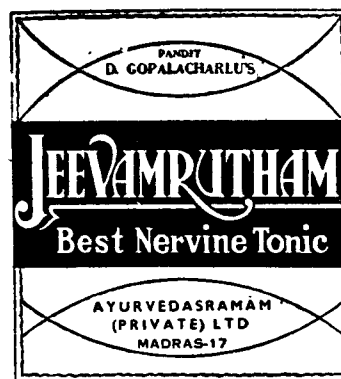
Ease of manipulation by local political bosses leads to a temptation quietly to exclude educated men, but such a shortsighted policy is fraught with national consequences that are not to be desired. It should be looked into why these young men are not approached for enrolment.

Majority rule is not just the violence of numbers. Quality and in particular the broad outlook that may be called political wisdom are required in the art and practice of government, be it democratic or princely rule or a bureaucratic regime. Without skill, equipment and wisdom, no big nation such as we are can be governed for long. It is not well to depend merely on the accident of natural genius which no doubt oftentimes, occurs and ignore the advantages of the systematic education that our uni-

versities are engaged in giving. The daily newspapers give a lot of education no doubt, but it does not require much argument to show that university education is better and safer.

The Congress should endeavour to draw educated men into its ranks and not classify them as untouchable because they cannot be treated like sheep and may give headaches to the shepherds.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI



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PROFOUND PUERILITIES

By POTHAN JOSEPH

Wiseacres who expatiate on the Algerian problem (a prolific theme for leading articles on uneventful days) have taken to the use of the term "Colons" indicating knowledge of the inwardness of "Algeria's personality", another cliché inseparable from India's pronouncements on the subject. Since we are not equally engrossed with the future of Cyprus Pandit Nehru has never dwelt on "Enosis" or "Eoka", a couple of expressions inseparable from the political enunciations of Archbishop Makarios who is as elusive and intractable as the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. With the Bonapartist phase of General de Gaulle, commentators in the Indian press rejoice in the term "Colon". According to Nesfield's Grammar, the Colon consists of two dots in vertical formation drawing attention to a statement of particulars. Those who have, in journeys of cultural exchange, lost their way to Costa Rica will recall the coin in local currency named Colon, sometimes spelt Kolon by sellers of Kwality Koffee, the best in Central America; but let us not forget the theme of Algerian Liberation, a process which de Gaulle has identified with the merger of the Colon and the Berber in that region—once the land of Phoenicians, next the possession of Romans, later the trophy of Ottomans, and at last the captive balloon of Metropolitan France.

Indian writers in their daily grind or the Survey of the Week (Sunday edition) could do well without the verbal gadget "Colon", but its employment signifies expert familiarity with the subject; no connection at all with the position of the Colon in the intestinal system so vital to life but so mystically situated that professors of medical science have to draw special attention to its location in the first-year class.

"I am not a Colonial" cried Krishna Menon once, in the Kashmir debate at the Security Council, meaning that he belong-

ed to Independent India, which "wrested freedom from unwilling hands", the 1947 episode. Emigrants from Europe to America, ousting the "natives" or the Red Indian population were "Colons". For in French, the word "Colon" stands for Colonist, Settler, Planter, Farmer, almost the Citiyon, but not quite, accustomed to cry *Viva le Republic* on the slightest provocation. There are a million-odd Colons in Algeria, but eight times that number of non-Colons would prefer to look after themselves rejoicing over the Bandung Spirit and coming under the extended umbrella of pan-Arabic integration projected by President Nasser. The interbred stock in the local population is not however called Semi-Colon, a symbol in English punctuation over the discreet use of which Fowler and Skeat could never agree.

When some one reaches 60—the real age of discretion in human life—I am content to speak, in plebian prose, of "Shastipoorthy" whereas my neighbour the Sanskrit professor (who spells it with an "m") describes it learnedly as *Shashti-abdapoorthy*, upholding his prestige for classical precision. Personages known as Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha used to figure in Charles Leadbeater's discourses as *the Christ* and *the Buddha*, a display of erudition highly conducive to the belief that the lecturer must be a Savant of no mean order but quite a prodigy in messianic literature. Opposed to it, is the disposition to be brief as in the modern expression "maths in preps" which, extended, means the teaching of mathematics in preparatory schools, quite a convenient usage.

The inhabitants of a colony whose original denizens are wiped out or locked up in "reservations" as in the evolution of the United States, revolt against the sovereign powers of the early recruiting centres; and they go on record as having overthrown

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Colonialism. The groping emigrant turns colonist; the colonist (as in the days of George III) becomes a frenzied rebel; the victorious rebel finds himself a free citizen deploring the existence of colonialism; and the Communist dubs this mass-growth as imperialism. The "Capitalist" denounces these adversaries as ruthless nihilists deserving the sanitaire cordon of containment, a species of fencing by iron curtains.

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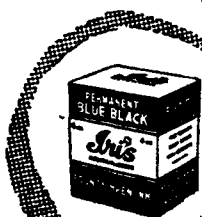
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TOWARDS ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY

By M. R. MASANI, M. P.

In order to appreciate the concept of economic democracy and ascertain in what conditions it can thrive, let us take briefly the examples of various members of the economic community. For instance, the worker. In an economic democracy, the workers exercise the right to organise trade unions and the right to strike. Last year in Parliament, we had a very amusing position when the Socialist Government of India, which professes to have the interests of the workers at heart, wanted to take away the right to strike of millions of State employees on the ground that the interests of the Five-Year Plan and the Government must come first and the rights of the workers must be subordinated to the interests of the Plan.

Those who believe in a totally planned economy are precluded from arguing against the truncating of the rights of free trade unions and the workers' right to strike. I believe in the right of the worker to choose his job, to change his job, to stop working individually and to stop working collectively. This is all part of the laws of the market. The laws of supply and demand lay down that every man has a right to give or withhold his labour. No Socialist regime in the full sense of the word can ever allow that right, because the Socialist planners decide at what job you and I are most needed. When the State is the sole employer, we become corrupted slaves instead of being free citizens who have the right to give or withdraw their labour. That is why all Communist countries—and they are the only logically State socialist ones—have destroyed the right to strike, which is made punishable by death, and have destroyed all trade unions as instruments of collective bargaining.

What is economic democracy for the peasant? It is his right to own his land and to say: "This land is mine, and I shall decide as to what I shall cultivate on it and what I shall not

cultivate." The moment his right over the plot of land is taken away and somebody dictates to him in the interest of the Second or Third Plan what and how much he will grow on that land, he has lost his economic freedom. That is why the peasant fights like a Trojan against collective and so-called co-operative farming which is foisted on him in Russia, China and elsewhere in the name of Socialism.

Let us examine the role of the investor. Economic democracy means the right to invest your savings if you want to or to blow them up in buying whatever you want. Any system of society that insists that you save your earnings or any part of them is the negation of economic democracy. The right of the investor to invest or not to invest and how to invest is a fundamental freedom.

Finally, there is the consumer. We are all consumers. Economic democracy for the consumer lies in the freedom of choice to buy what he wants, abstain from buying what he does not want, and to buy at a price that is acceptable. The only system which gives you as a consumer this right is that where the laws of the market prevail. Through the law of supply and demand, the consumer influences the pattern of production. The sum-total of all the consumer preferences that are daily exercised is the pressure on the producer to decide what commodity to produce and what to stop producing.

So far, no system to equal the operation of the laws of the market has been devised. That is because these laws are a reflection of human nature and an expression of enlightened self-interest. Economic democracy is guaranteed where the citizen goes to market and casts his ballot, not once in five years for Parliament, but every morning, afternoon and evening.

To say all this is not to argue for undiluted *laissez-faire*. While the laws of the market must prevail, while individual freedom

must come first, there are limitations that are necessary in the interests of avoiding economic anarchy, preventing rapacity, and mitigating social injustices. The role of the State to regulate economic activity to the extent—but only to the extent—necessary is accepted by all of us. That is why I believe that the alleged clash between Democratic Socialism and Private Enterprise in India today simply does not exist except in the confused minds of Marxists who want to keep alive an antithesis that died in the nineteenth century. The real struggle is between the free way of life and totalitarian Communism. I believe that a planned democratic order is possible, provided the planners know where to stop. We have to feel our way, step by step, to the mixed democracy.

The preservation and growth of economic democracy call for a system of checks and balances, which is provided by autonomous social forces. These are free peasant proprietors, free trade unions collectively bargaining for industrial workers, and finally free enterprise running factories and industries and competing to serve the needs of the community. People's enterprise is thus the foundation of economic freedom.

JARDINE AND GUNN

Recently two great characters passed away from the English cricket scene—Douglas R. Jardine and George Gunn.

In the early thirties England had practically succumbed to the Bradman terror, when the mantle of her leadership fell on Jardine. Immediately, Jardine forged a method based on the speed and accuracy of Harold Larwood to quell Bradman, and body-line bowling was born. And in the midst of a raging controversy, Jardine won back for England the Ashes. Within the rules of the game, Jardine was not afraid to take any extreme step to achieve his purpose. He struck a difficult

path for himself, sniffing at popular adulation; he would not tolerate people who were 'for playing the game' or shouted 'it is not cricket'. His tough nature chose the hard, unpopular way to success and he stuck to his guns to the end.

Australia, where he staged his drama, was up against him in anger, but Jardine never flinched. Once he had to play against the Australian aborigine, Gilbert, the fastest bowler of his day for the first few overs, and a big crowd had turned up to see Jardine succumb. But the Englishman stood firmly against Gilbert's fury and battled successfully with him for a long time. At the end of the knock, as he went back to

the pavilion and entered the dressing-room, he asked its doors to be closed; and then he collapsed, writhing in pain from the blows he had received from Gilbert!

Such was the man who restored England's glory, but no hero's welcome awaited him at home. Critics bawled at him, while even the M.C.C. nodded disapproval of his methods; it went further and imposed a ban on Larwood. In disgust Jardine turned away from the game and went into retirement.

Jardine was an elegant batsman and strictly orthodox in his methods. He was at his best in crises, when even the best of bowlers failed to shake him. He

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was one of the astute captains that ever led England.

George Gunn was a 'batman of humour' and a rare 'original'. The faster they bowled, the better he played, it used to be said of him. What a perfect answer Gunn would have provided to Jardine's body-line tactics!

Gunn never knew where the imp of his genius was going to take him. Once he drove a bowler firmly to the long-on and sure that the ball would cross over the boundary did not attempt a run. But the ball stopped inches from the line and when his partner called for a run Gunn waved him back. Then he took guard and cracked the next ball, different in direction and pitch, to the same place and this time it was four all the way.

Gunn was also a man of fun. While he was batting in a match he looked at his watch and told the umpire it was time to adjourn for lunch. The umpire said No and pointed to the pavilion clock, which was lagging behind. "It's however my lunch time", retorted Gunn, and taking off his gloves walked out, with the players and umpires meekly following. Another time Gunn gave a lecture to Neville Cardus, the critic, about the need for brighter batting in English cricket which was lapsing into dreariness, and then went in and played an innings of four hours for 48 runs!

Cardus commented: "Gunn can score a century whenever he likes—but this time I have no doubt he batted on purpose knowing that I would see the joke."

Jardine and Gunn—one imperious, stern and unbending, the other a lovable genius lighting the English fields with his antics and sunny batsmanship—both adorned the king of games each in his own manner. P. N. S.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

P. M. TACKLING THE WORLD'S 'MISTAKEN FURIES'

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: It was an exciting week at the Capital, the Prime Minister having had to rush back from a flying visit to his hometown, Allahabad, in view of the sudden and startling developments in West Asia. The sensation the people here had, on waking up one morning (by no means fine) to realise the gravity of the situation in other capitals, can be best described in the words of Nevinson when he said his 'Farewell to Fleet Street':

All the voices of fear, hope and lamentation echo in that silent little room, maps hang on the walls, and guide-books are always ready, for who knows where the next event may come to pass upon this energetic little earth, already twisting for a hundred million years around the Sun?

It was not only the journalists who felt hustled in their offices but all politically minded men in their drawing rooms could apprehend what was in store if things went wrong. With foreign diplomats in India alerted, all the doves in the Embassies seemed to have been swept by a gale.

Delhi's reactions this time were quick, almost instantaneous. Between the mighty in their seats and the men in the streets, there was a rare harmony. The American 'bundobast' in West Asia came in for adverse comment—in some quarters sharp and biting. It did not, however, mean that the manifestation of crude violence in Iraq evoked any sympathy whatsoever. Nobody can help if monarchs tremble in their capitals; the times are wholly unpropitious for crowned heads. The story of Jordan and Iraq is not one of mere constitutional monarchs. Kings involved in politics ask for trouble. That is but one aspect. The other is the

manner of riddance. Egypt showed the way when King Faruq was bundled out of his throne. There was nothing shocking about it since there was no wading through blood for the achievement of the objective. Deprivation of a throne need hardly be preceded or succeeded by slaughter. What the people of Iraq did was their own affair but the method employed and the manner of doing were not stainless. Yet the developments in West Asia, however dark and dreadful, provided no excuse for foreign powers for a blind plunge into troubled waters—and worse than water, boiling oil.

It is a tribute to Indian tradition and statesmanship that at this fateful hour appeals from foreign heads have been made to Mr. Nehru to play his hand in tackling, if not taming, the world's 'Mistaken Furies'. It is widely recognised that he is, more than anything else, a crusader for peace and has a horror of strife. There is a widely cherished hope that Nasser will care for him, that Khrushchev will give serious thought to his counsel and that even Mr. Eisenhower will not brusquely disregard it. From what little Mr. Nehru has already said, it is evident that he will talk and act, as the very model of restraint, whatever be (the measure of) his irritation or indignation against this or that country which has, in his view, flung all prudence to the winds and rather taken the law into its own hands. There is no more difficult time for a 'mediator' than now when things have gone too far, however much bellicosity is couched in guarded language or peace-loving sentiment. Mr. Nehru has one Lloyd Georgian trait—the hotter the chase, the cooler his mind. If the Gods are merciful, he will once again have averted the third World War.

B. N. REDDI

A POET IN THE MARKET-PLACE

It is a curious world, this of the silver screen, that fascinates and baffles the millions outside. No one can say for certain why exactly a film proves a box office hit and why another turns out to be a flop. Who can explain how or why an actor of no particular merit shoots like a rocket and soon after falls like a stick or why another, no worse by any account, should be a damp squib. And so is the case with directors. There are some pictures that linger in one's memory long after they are seen and the stamp of the director can hardly be ignored in most of them.

One such director is Sri B. N. Reddi, who was recently honoured by nomination to the Andhra Pradesh Legislative Council. He is not likely to be elated by the privilege of seeming to make laws for the land, but if there be any scope for doing a good turn to the film industry or the stage, he would leave no stone unturned. While the one needs tax relief, the other is languishing for want of patronage and organisation and nothing less than a widespread movement for theatres in every town can bring the stage to its full life. With his ideal of art and sense of dedication to the self-chosen task, he can well be expected to arouse the lovers of art among the public from their sleepy hollows.

Sri B. N. Reddi's place as a director in the annals of the

South Indian screen is assured. He is an artist out of the ordinary. He holds no records in output, for he has taken care not to produce more than about seven or eight pictures in a total period of about two decades. But none of them is the sort that one could see for a couple of hours of a listless evening and forget all about it the next moment. From 'Vande Mataram' and 'Swargaseema' to 'Malleswari' and 'Bangaru Papa' we have before us a series of fine pictures, which are works of art in a very real sense of the term. They are mostly sensitive pictures of social life that survive in the mind of the play-goer as an integral part of his own experience. It is not the hero or the heroine that we remember as we do in films dominated by big names in the cast, but the picture as a whole and every bit of it.

After a good academic education B. N. Reddi had his apprenticeship under veterans of the screen like H. M. Reddi. 'Vande Mataram' in Telugu was his first major attempt, and, in spite of a certain diffuseness and some technical defects, it was a moving social, rousing our sympathy and sense of justice. The theme of an innocent wife's trials and tribulations might not be new but it was presented with great dramatic effect. The picture showed that fine actress Kanchanamala—her beauty needed no make-up

Tensions abroad have nothing to do with tea at home. 'Any time is tea time' they say; they find time for tea whatever may happen anywhere. On Friday last week, the tinkling of tea-cups at the All-India Congress Committee office had a music of its own to Congress ears. For, the party thrown up in honour of Shri Shrimanji, under the highest auspices, was no routine affair. The Secretarial scene has witnessed many a change; Secretaries have come and gone; they are coming and going—if not unlamented, at least unhonoured. But an excep-

tion was made in the case of the ex-Wardha Professor who has emerged as a Planning expert, for during the six years of his tenure at the A.I.C.C., he was a power behind the throne. And, let it be taken for granted, that like the inevitable Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri, Shri Shrimanji, on whatever front he appears, will continue to have a hand in party affairs and decisions, particularly so long as Shri Dhebar Bhai needs to be retained as Congress President and buttressed up by other individual forces to add to the sum total of his titular sway.

and her tears were not induced by glycerine—at her best. She spoke with her eyes and whispered with her eyebrows. 'Suman-gali' was less popular, possibly because of an overdose of tears. It is a safe generalisation that screen-goers here have no preference for the tragic. 'Devata' drew the best out of Kumari as no other picture could.

With 'Swargaseema' starts B. N. Reddi's later period of more mature productions, in which he gave us a lot of variety with quality and mixed a little of laughter with the tears. The satire is enjoyable but unobtrusive and the interest is unflagging. Soft and gentle music, traditional as well as new-fangled, added melody to the beauty of this picture. 'Malleswari' was evidently a pure work of art, after Reddi's own heart. A lyric in celluloid, it is the director's dream come true. To the tinkling of the anklet bells of the dancing girl comes alive, as it were, the golden age of Krishnadevaraya, a poet among kings and a king among poets. No tears need be shed if it was not a box office hit. The songs of Krishna Sastri—who never writes anything that does not come of the heart's overflowing—and the story of Padma Raju are harnessed to the imaginative—even emotional—direction of B. N. Reddi in bringing poetry to the market place without diluting or degrading it.

'Bangaru Papa', vaguely owing its inspiration to 'Silas Marner', is marked by Ranga Rao's masterly characterisation of a difficult role. 'Bhagya Rekha' has its share of intense pathos, though it makes certain concessions to popular taste. It is with eagerness that his fans await Sri B. N. Reddi's next production. Unlike many other members of his fraternity who only give the public what it wants and devise ways to tickle the groundlings, he has taught the people what to want and expect of him, and they are seldom disappointed. Here is a rare artist of the screen with poetry in his veins and music in his soul.

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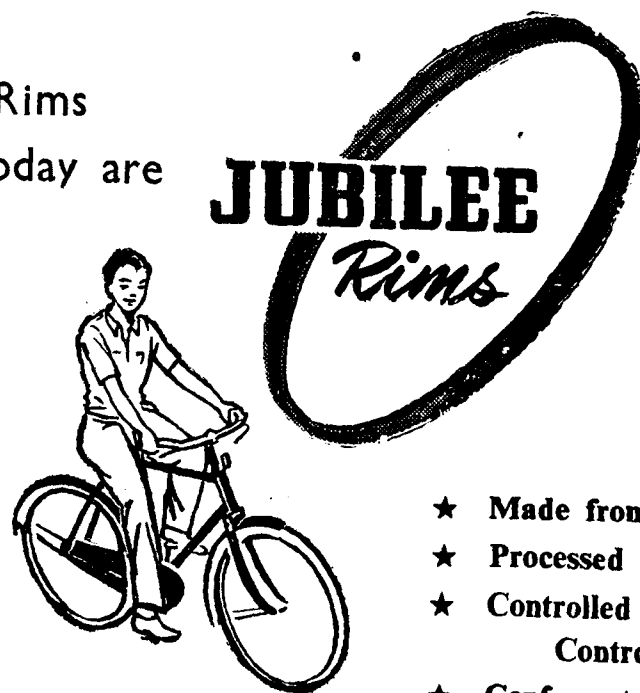
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CINEMA

'DEAD' PRODUCERS RESURRECTED BY PERMIT SYSTEM

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: Mr. Krishna Gopal, President of Western India Employees Association threatened that the film industry would be forced to observe a token one-day strike if the Central Government continued its unhelpful attitude with regard to restoration of the 40 per cent cut imposed on import of raw film. Mr. Roongta, Mr. Sohrab Modi, Mr. J. B. H. Wadia also spoke in the same strain; but neither Mr. Krishna Gopal nor other speakers gave a complete picture of the crisis created by the restriction on import of raw film.

In this connection, a veteran film magnate is reported to have said that the crisis has been created not so much by the cut in import of raw film as by the method of distribution of permits. He averred that the present available stock would meet the requirement of the producers, if there has been no control and no permits. For the restrictions imposed on distribution has made all kinds of producers rush for permits—as these permits have a premium. As a result, while just 200 pictures were produced in a year before the control came, already 264 permits have been issued so far, during this year in Bombay. And yet, the production has fallen not because of the lack of permits or raw stock but because over 100 permit holders have failed to utilize the permits by purchasing raw stock and shooting the films. In fact, for failure to use the permits in time, about hundred producers are now likely to lose the permits. Is Mr. Krishna Gopal aware of this fact? Or like Roongta and others, is he conveniently ignoring the reality in his zeal to blame the Government. In Madras also it is learnt that as against 80 pictures produced last year, over 100 permits have been issued so far.

If these facts are true, the

crisis is obviously not merely due to cut in import of raw film but due to the policy adopted in issuing permits. Even IMPPA and Guild have become conscious of this fact. They are trying to revise the policy by not allowing a producer to start a second picture unless the under-production picture is completed. But, there are some producers who are opposed to these restrictions and a big controversy on this issue in the steering committee almost led to the resignation of Mr. Roongta. Later, he agreed not to press his resignation.

The permit-system has been God-sent opportunity for many producers, who were almost out of the line and would not have got any financial backing but for their 'claim' to get permits on their past record. So, in a way the present control may have stopped new producers but it has on the other hand resurrected many 'dead' producers, who are now active. It is also a moot point whether all 264 pictures for which licences have been issued, will be made. In case some of the pictures are not completed for lack of finance, who would be responsible for the wastage of precious raw film? And the greatest irony of the situation is

that in spite of all this hue and cry, the raw stock is available in plenty in 'black-market', at of course double the normal price. As a film magnate said all these problems would be solved if the control and permit system is abolished and the raw film is made freely available. The cut in import quota, in such a case, would hardly make any difference to the production schedule.

While commending the film magnate's suggestions for consideration, it is imperative that at least 60 p.c. available stock is properly distributed so that the production work is smoothly carried out and no studio remains idle.

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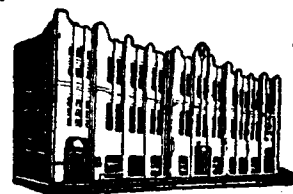
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Bibhuti Mitra's first independent production 'Phagun' is modelled on some of the popular musicals like 'Nagin', 'Shabnam' and 'Dulari'. For, it is a story of love between a son of a zamindar and a gipsy girl adorned with songs—and there are no less than eleven songs in the picture, two of which are repeated in the end.

The songs are the 'piece-de-resistance' of the picture. Their composition is lyrical; they are beautifully sung by Rafi and Asha and above all they have a haunting lilt and melody which every lover of Indian music will enjoy. The musical score of 'Phagun' reveals O. P. Nayyar at his best.

The music and its picturization are the principal attractions of this film. The story is thin, and some of the incidents far-fetched. The humour is broad and the trick of loss of memory appears rather stale, though it gives further opportunity for introducing two popular tunes again. The production is first-rate and displays the grandeur of the old Prabhat Studios. Madhubala looks charming and lovable; Bharat Bhooshan sports many disguises and acts with vigour. The Saint proves himself to be a dashing and gallant lover. Javan gives a stereotyped performance, while Dhumal looks rather odd and his humorous pranks fail to evoke hearty laughter. Kamoo is attractive as usual. Of the rest, Nishi looks as unreal as the role she is called upon to portray.

If you love good music, you will, however, relish 'Phagun'.

Bibhuti Mitra, who makes his debut in 'Phagun' as an independent producer is one of the few foreign trained film craftsmen in our industry.

Bibhuti Mitra, who began his career in the Bengal Civil Service found that his artistic temperament did not suit the Government job. So he left the job and joined P. C. Barua while he was making 'Devdas' for New Theatres. After gaining first hand

experience in Calcutta, Bibhuti Mitra went to London and got further training in London Polytechnic Institution. During his stay in London, he had an opportunity to work with such film celebrities as Alexander Korda, Alfred Hitchcock, Carol Reed and Paul Zinner. When the second world-war broke out, he had to cut short his stay in England and return home.

Back in India, he changed his headquarters to Bombay and made his directorial debut in 'Angoothi' which evoked praise for his work. Later he joined Filmistan and made two hits in a row viz., 'Safar' and 'Shabnam'. 'Safar' was Filmistan's first jubilee hit. He followed it up with 'Shabistan', 'Shart' and 'Durgesh Nandini' all big and controversial films.

Whatever his early training, Bibhuti Mitra belongs now to the S. Mukerjee school of picture making. As a result it is hardly surprising that in 'Phagun' he has followed the Mukerji formula to the hilt. Bibhuti Mitra is interested only in his work and is not known for mixing with the film crowd. That is why he found the quiet Prabhat Studio free from local film politics an ideal venue for his activity, as an independent producer. A successful director, Bibhuti Mitra is bound to prove a successful producer as well.

Vijay Bhatt is reported to have decided to make 'Shakuntala' with Nutan in the title role. Meanwhile, Ameeta is reported to have replaced Asha Parekh in 'Goonj Uthi Shehnai'.

S. Mukerji signed a deal for Indo-Soviet co-production with Uzbek Studio at Sovexport office on Wednesday in Bombay. The deal is on the same lines as 'Paradesi'. Incidentally, Filmalaya's picture starring Dilip is now postponed; instead a new picture directed by Nair Hussain and starring Shammi Kapoor will go on the floors first.

Sunil Dutt is leaving on 21st to attend Karlovy Vary Film Festival where 'Mother India' is being shown.

July 26, 1958

NUCLEAR TESTS

[The following is the speech which Sri Rajaji has sent tape-recorded to the Stockholm Peace Congress (July 16), at the request of the World Peace Council, Vienna. This was before there was any inkling of the American landings in Lebanon.]

My most cordial and respectful greetings to the eminent and earnest men and women who have gathered to concert measures to stop or reduce the activities of the great fear-mongers of the world.

Just as when proposals are tied up in large packages it prevents and postpones agreement among nations, so when too many questions are bundled together at Congresses and Conferences, the probabilities of achievement are greatly reduced. I would implore you all until we secure the stopping of all nuclear tests to leave out the question of disarmament. The enemies of Peace seek to mix the issue of banning nuclear tests with disarmament and we help these enemies of ours by putting the two issues on our own agenda.

Disarmament brings in the question of relative strength among the nations of great power. It cannot be avoided. Relative strength necessarily drags into the discussion the interests of different powers. And that inevitably splits the Congress into several factions. That the nuclear poisoning of the world caused by the explosion of weapon tests should cease, is a matter wherein the different interests of the different nations of the world do not conflict. Why should we do what confuses this plain issue on which all could agree at once and put our united pressure on the recalcitrant governments? I would beg of you to concentrate on the ceasing of test explosions. There is plenty of time and opportunity when this is achieved to take up the other questions which are, I agree, quite important and urgent. They will not suffer by the priority I seek for the issue of nuclear tests. Neither the military repression that Hungary has recently witnessed nor the execution of Imre Nagy can furnish excuse or authority for not considering the cessation of nuclear test explosions. There is no relevant connection between the two. There is no logic in continuing the poi-

soning programme of nuclear explosions, because U.S.S.R. or the Communist nations have used brutal power to suppress disaffection. The misbehaviour of any nation either on the one side or the other cannot be pleaded in justification of doing something and persisting in it, which all scientific opinion based on the evidence of eminent men of integrity declares, puts the whole of mankind in grave hazard. The reasons for the cessation of nuclear tests do not rest on the good conduct of the Communist Governments or their adherence to the principles of natural justice. It rests on scientific evidence as to the connection between these nuclear explosions and bone and blood cancer and genetic damage to the human race irrespective of nationality or political alignment. It is therefore silly to plead one's anger at the execution of Imre Nagy as a reason for postponing the cessation we demand.

If the conduct of the U.S.S.R. Government has any bearing on this issue of great and universal interest, I point out that the unilateral action of the Soviet Government in declaring that they will explode no further tests irrespective of agreement among the nations on that question, is far more relevant than what they have done to the Hungarian leader. The fact that the Soviet Government have not resumed their test explosions even though America and Britain have not reacted favourably to their unilateral action and thus gave an excuse for them to revoke their decision is more relevant than the Nagy execution so far as our demand in respect of nuclear tests goes.

Mr. Dulles's latest note to Moscow draws attention to the fact that American attendance at Geneva did not in any way imply commitment on the principle of suspension of tests. The Soviet Union is of the opinion that its participation in that Conference would therefore be no use. It is

said that Russia's insistence on the acceptance in principle of the cessation of tests before going into the Geneva Conference is a new hurdle. There cannot be a more ludicrous misuse of language. The refusal to accept at least in principle the cessation of test explosions is surely the real hurdle, and not Russian insistence on such acceptance before going into the so-called experts' Conference, into the question of detections.

America pleads again that it is not wrong for her to use Trust territory for the purpose of these poison-spreading tests. Trust territory or not, it is a crime to do what leads to poisoning the whole world and deforming future generations of mankind, be it in thousands or tens of thousands. It is a base crime to do it with the express object of improving one's own national interests. What is the use of the Indian Government pleading before the Trust Council about the illegality of American explosions in the Pacific islands? America is indeed treating the whole of mankind's atmosphere as Trust territory.

About the effects of these explosions and of the radio active fallout resulting therefrom what more has one to say after what Dr. Schweitzer and the other eminent and good men of international fame and recognition have said? It is a case where the crime has been proved to the hilt; but what use is proof when we have no court, to execute judgement? The people's court of the world must take up the matter with great vigour and stop this blind activity.

It has been demonstrated that negotiations and conferences lead us nowhere. The nation that has a moral sense and feels convinced about the crime must act unilaterally. This is the only way to put pressure on the recalcitrant governments. Russian action has stirred up the moral sense in Great Britain. But apart from what other governments may or may not be morally compelled to do, it is the plain duty of those who are convinced to desist from this crime. I am sure the force of Russia's unilateral step has not been exhausted and will continue to operate specially when Russia

has refused to be provoked into withdrawing her suspension notwithstanding the obduracy of the British and American Governments.

America's great sin perpetrated on Japan in 1945 has brought its retribution by throwing America into perpetual terror about what may happen to it any day. This is not mere scientific consequence according to the laws of the material world and the progress of human knowledge but as a Hindu I see in it the spiritual law working punishment for Crime. May the Grace of God terminate this punishment and give to the men and women of America the courage to take a great unilateral step by solemnly renouncing the use of nuclear weapons altogether. And may Britain show the way in *loco parentis* as a mother guides her child's steps.

My age and health prevent a journey to Stockholm. The Peace office in Vienna graciously asked me to send a recorded speech. I speak to you friends, in all earnestness to concentrate on this nuclear menace and earn the gratitude of succeeding generations. You should ruthlessly expose the folly of America asking people to accept the fears of her politicians about Russian aims while we are told at the same time to reject the fears of scientists about the absolutely certain and grave consequences of the nuclear tests. It is not Cold War but a hot war waged on the whole world with poisonous weapons. We cannot lay down our arms for the sake of friendship or obligations but must resist this most wicked continuous aggression on the whole of mankind.



Trivandrum Wedding: SRI S. RAMAKRISHNAN, (son of Sri V. R. Sivaraman, Manager, Madras Auto Service) married KUMARI JAYALAKSHMI, (daughter of Dr. V. S. Iyer) at Trivandrum recently.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UGLY DEMONSTRATION

Sir,—The adoption of Hindi as the Union official language largely affects the student population and with a view to have justice done to them, especially to the non-Hindi region, Rajaji has been addressing meetings on the issue. 'Everyone in this country, as Rajaji pointed out at the Hyderabad Convention, has the right to express his own opinion on any important subject like the one under controversy.

Some leaders of Andhra Pradesh including Messrs. Pattabhi Seetaramiah and Kaleswara Rao met at a convention sometime ago and passed a resolution favouring the adoption of Hindi as the Union official language. This convention was not objected to by any of the persons who maintained the opposite view, nor were any ugly demonstrations made against its sponsors. But when the second convention met, there were ugly demonstrations against our elder statesman at the airport and at the convention hall. While analysing these facts, one could naturally come to the conclusion that these demonstrators were deliberately inspired by the leaders of the first movement with a view to insulting one particular person, namely Rajaji.

Had the student population of Andhra Pradesh studied and understood the speeches and writings of Rajaji on this subject, I am sure they would not have been misled like this. Their act has to be severely condemned.

Madras T. ARAVAMUDHAN

UNIVERSITY MEDIUM

Sir,—The Madras Education Minister recently stressed that it is only the medium of the regional language that will create a favourable climate for the easy acquisition of knowledge at the university level and that students welcomed the adoption of the Tamil medium. The doctrine of 'softness' or 'easiness' may be justified, to a certain extent, as far as the education of children is concerned; but it can have no place in the

sphere of higher education where hard intellectual work is needed in the interests of students themselves. The principle "It is the intense effort which educates" has to be commended to the university students.

Several arguments have been adduced before for continuing the English medium at the university stage. Dr. Shrimali, the Union Education Minister, made a thought-provoking statement that a policy of mass higher education is neither feasible nor desirable and that higher education, by its very nature, should be imparted to those who could benefit by it. University education, if it is to give to the country talented men in the fields of higher research, administration and social services, should be open to those who could attain mastery of the international language, namely English, requisite for the proper study of their special subjects. Collegiate education cannot be lowered to the standard of intellectual imbeciles who cannot swim in the main intellectual currents of the world. English should be retained as the medium of instruction in the three-year degree courses; and the recommendations of the University Grants Commission that there should be no haste in the change-over from English to the regional language should not be interfered with by the State Governments.

Again advocates of the retention of English as the official language should, with equal vehemence, advocate the retention of English as the medium of instruction and examination at the university stage; for the two problems are inseparably interlinked.

R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR
Coimbatore.

NO DESERTION, ONLY DUTY

Sir,—May I venture to point out to your readers that Saka is too generous to some former contributors in suggesting that they used SWARAJYA to make their reputations and then deserted the paper in order to make their fortunes elsewhere? In fairness

to your paper he should have added that some writers have ceased to appear in your columns because their work no longer comes up to SWARAJYA's high standards. Since the disappearance of these names does your paper great credit but is obviously humiliating to the writers concerned, I beg to be permitted to sign myself,

ONE OF THEM

Nothing more was intended by me than that some old contributors of SWARAJYA were precluded from continuing their contributions to it by the terms and rules of their subsequent appointments. Writers are not considered, only their articles. The editor has not infrequently rejected his own articles.

SAKA

COMPULSORY HINDI

Sir,—The State Language Convention held sometime ago at Madras rightly stressed the need for compulsory introduction of Hindi in our schools. Mr. Santhanam who presided was too hesitant and his warning that the Madras Government will be failing in their duty to protect the interests of backward communities if they do not make Hindi compulsory is too mild. Anyone connected with educational institutions knows how this optional Hindi has led to sad neglect, especially of students from backward communities and this in the long run will create a problem similar to the non-Brahmin movement with all its bitterness and hatred. The State Minister for Education is fully aware of this danger and has been urging non-Brahmin students to avoid apathy in the study of Hindi.

Before considering the claims of Hindi to be the Union official language we must realise that compulsory Hindi in all component States is an essential condition precedent. The question whether, when and how Hindi is to replace English can be usefully taken up for consideration only after a decade or two of its compulsory introduction in all States.

If for any reason the Government of Madras feel unable to

introduce compulsory Hindi in all their schools they must at least in fairness apprise the Centre of the real situation and frankly admit that Madras can never switch over to Hindi.

Tuticorin M. C. VEERABAHU

Middle East Crisis

(Continued from Page 2)

non. Secondly, that there is little chance of any substantial relief from present tensions and immediate possibilities of extended war, unless U.S. troops are withdrawn from Lebanon and British forces from Jordan.

One may appreciate the American view that Russian methods of infiltration are subtle and that one should not be led astray by Khrushchevian professions of peace-hunger, especially so in view of the obvious advantage to Russia of breaking the Baghdad Pact and in the context of the new Nasser-Khrushchev Axis. This is a major world problem; and a vast question of how best to stem the tide of rising Communist tendencies in the backward countries is mixed up with Russian exploitation of Western political blunders. If American action in the Middle East is part of this Grand Strategy, then, it is singularly inappropriate and self-exterminating.

It is inappropriate because no people today will countenance the bolstering up of authoritarian regimes with foreign help, much less foreign military help. It is dangerous because, hereafter, even the neutral nations who felt a sympathy for the American way of life will feel unhappy if they fear that it is likely to be bayonet-persuaded.

One cannot but appreciate the Russian veto on the Japanese resolution. For, as long as one nation maintains its troops on the soil of another nation, both of whom are U.N. members, to ask for a discussion of the merits of the case is a practical futility. Incidentally, the supra-U.N. method of the Western powers are fraught with the ultimate danger of the reduction of the U.N. to a ceremonial body that will wither towards extinction by

reason of a prolonged *functus officio* in regard to anything that matters. The U.S.A. killed the League of Nations by not joining it. It threatens to kill the U.N. after having joined it.

S. Y. KRISHNASWAMY

Sidelights

(Continued from Page 4)

son and freedom and were pulled by strings from a distance and set to the task of making a thorough nuisance of themselves to prevent the further business of the meeting from going on. They were dedicated to disturbance and they created and sustained it with an aggressive attitude and the full power of their lungs. The police who came in when the turmoil broke out, remained disinterested spectators of the disorderly scene.

Rajaji rushed into the ranks of the slogan-shouters. The organisers of the meeting strove to hold him back but he broke away from them. As he advanced into the thick of the crowd, protective hands from its very midst formed a cordon to make a path for him. The Hindi contingent followed him and cleared out of the hall as he left it. By the time I came back after accompanying Rajaji as far as his car, the hall was empty. The convention delegates were then called back and the resolutions put to vote and passed.

The ring-leaders of the disturbance were the organisers of the meeting next day when Rajaji spoke on the present dangerous world situation. Their supporters were present in full force. The hall could not contain the crowd and it filled the whole compound. As he went on with his speech it started to rain but they stood in the rain and listened. When he left, the slogan was different. They all cried, "Long live Rajaji." He left the airport next day in a shower of garlands. Greeted with black flags on his entry, he left the city subdued and chastened, with some comprehension of the greatness of his mission and the wisdom symbolised in it.

SAKA

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COMPANY GIFTS TO CONGRESS FUNDS

The Madras High Court has given its ruling, on the basis of an analysis of the terms of the relevant provisions of the law relating to companies, that commercial and industrial magnates can lawfully donate shareholders' money to the election chest of the ruling party. The eminent judge who dealt with the question was obviously quite enough troubled by the immorality of the transactions and the undemocratic trends that they must set up, but he felt constrained by the present laws not to refuse sanction. The conscience of the legal profession and general political morality must rebel against this permission legally given to the ruling party to get the great industrial and commercial magnates to give other people's money to be used by it to perpetuate its rule. The wage earners and their political friends might believe that the industrialists will get the Congress into their net by this doling of money. But apart from this pull that such monetary obligations create, what chances have other political groups as against a party that has, besides its fundamental stock arising out of the independence struggle, all its present governmental powers of helping or ruining any business organization to utilise in extracting big donations, this legalised authority for open allotment of vast sums out of company income to purchase the favour of that party?

The results of elections depend as we have seen on the acquisition of a few thousand purcha-

se votes and when the ruling party has vast, almost unlimited money at its disposal, the conclusion is always foregone. The more keen the contest, the more significant a particular election, the greater the readiness to use

this money power. If we wish democracy to grow securely and squarely, this special facility given to the ruling party to approach capitalist and business magnates must be done away with. The courts can only interpret the statutes; they cannot legislate or aspire to clean the aegean stables. The legislature as now constituted is interested in maintaining the facility to prolong its present composition. It is not to be expected that shrewd politicians will sacrifice their chances for the sake of general morality or the ultimate aim of democracy. It seems unlikely therefore that unless a great and irresistible protest rises from the public conscience anything will be done to put an end to what judges have condemned though they felt powerless to give effect to their ideas of justice and morality.

Let no one mistake it that because the judges have ruled it in favour of the ruling party, they have approved of this iniquitous procedure. When a very wrong thing is made legally possible, the evil consequences are manifold. It has not only the effect of perpetuating the authority of the ruling political party and making it conterminous with industrial prosperity, but also sets up unhealthy rivalry in purchasing the favour of the government for permits for exports and imports by helping the political bosses with funds. He who gives more freely is naturally a greater friend and he who grudges is an enemy. In a controlled economy,

$$E = Mc^2$$

"The speed and efficiency of the Navy—The Corps operation was in contrast with the vagueness of the justification put forth by President Eisenhower."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

Who can discover the sense behind the American landings in Lebanon when not even a very senior member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of the United States is able to unravel the mystery? "America does not know what to do with its marines in Lebanon nor how to get them out" bewails Senator Hubert Humphrey through the Radio. "We do not know how long they are there except that they are there to protect a government which will soon be out of power by our own diplomacy."

Are Presidents elected on the strength of the number of foreign soldiers who are landed by air under cover of war-ships or by the votes of the people's representatives? The Democratic creed is taking strange shapes indeed in the nuclear age. Democracy is equal to the number of soldiers you can send multiplied by the square of the velocity of the aircraft. Is this the Eisenhower doctrine on the pattern of the Einstein formula?

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

this is bound to lead to further and further corruption. Even the industrial magnates and people engaging themselves in trade and commerce will soon feel the evil results of it. But they are powerless to express their fears, for the power of government strikes at the root of freedom of expression of opinion. It is a pity that Gandhiji is not alive today, and no one who has his vision or his courage or his dedication to rectitude is in a position to set things right.

Waning Force

Under the American system of separated powers it is the President who must provide the motive force to keep the wheels of government turning. His resources as head of State, party leader, and, in effect Prime Minister are great. But if his energy or interest flags, the United States and the whole alliance of free nations suffers. It is only natural with such thoughts in mind that Americans keep asking how Mr. Eisenhower is doing his job. Illness has robbed him of some of his old vigour, yet the full answer is far from simple.

Integrity of a high order remains, as it has always been, one of Mr. Eisenhower's chief qualifications for his office. Those who complain that he spends too much time out of his office forget that he has rationalised and streamlined much of the work which is thrashed out in committees before coming up to him for decision. Yet what is lacking is a firm and steady driving force.

THE TIMES.

Lebanon

John E. Frazer writes :

From India's windows, what has been happening in the Middle East in recent years is the triumph of a long, hurt cry for freedom.

This may be so, and a tragedy of the times is that the United States, with no sympathy for kings and all sympathy for declarations of independence, often is forced to ally itself with despots in order to cope with a larger despotism.



SPARROWS IN THE COURT-HOUSE

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

Judge Sivalinga Nadar was only recently appointed District Judge. He was enthusiastic in his work. He put questions to witnesses and caused annoyance to the advocates on both sides. He was trying a case under the newly enacted divorce law.

The wife was the plaintiff and the husband opposed the suit for divorce. It was eighteen months since they were married. She contended that their temperaments were incompatible.

The defendant denied this and opposed the petition for divorce. The plaintiff's advocate, Subramania Pillai, was young but capable. Vasudeva Ayyar, who appeared for the defendant, was not only old but old-fashioned.

While examination of the witnesses was going on, two sparrows sat on a window sill high up in the Court room, chirping 'Tweet-tweet'.

Vasudeva Ayyar could not follow the evidence. Perhaps, he was a little hard of hearing. And he went on repeating, "What did you say?"

Judge Sivalinga Nadar burst out, "These sparrows have become an intolerable nuisance."

"The sparrows are laughing," said Vasudeva Ayyar, "at people so foolish as to sue for divorce!"

The sparrows chirped louder still. They had understood the advocate's remark.

The cock-sparrow demanded, "Will you too go to Court against me?" "Never, never!" answered the hen-sparrow.

Subramanya Pillai feared that his case would be prejudiced by the sparrow's nuisance. Vasudeva Ayyar cross-examined the witnesses, laughing all the time. The plaintiff's advocate thought it best to get the hearing adjourned and said, "I am feeling dizzy."

It was impossible for Vasudeva Ayyar to object to an adjournment based on grounds of the lawyer's health. He only interjected, "Why should young people be so sickly?"

"Apparently the parties have no children. Else how could the wife sue the husband?" said the hen-sparrow. But the cock-sparrow answered, "Even then with children these men would sue each other." Then saying, "We shall avoid this evil company," the hen-sparrow left the place and flew off to the hospital nearby.

A monkey, watching everything that went on, concluded, "These sparrows seem to know nothing of modern progress. It is time some one did some propaganda among them."

able history of western intrigue in the sands and oil fields should obscure that one, monumental fact.

The number of wise men will always be small. True, it grows but nothing in comparison to the fools, and unfortunately they say God is always for big battalions

VOLTAIRE



Sotto Voce

Students and Politics

Hardly a day or two before the present disturbances in Kerala originating in a student agitation began it was solemnly agreed at a meeting of the Madras State Education Advisory Committee that "the aim should be to see that all political parties respect the principle of non-involvement of students, staff and managements of educational institutions in party politics". It was recognised that from this it followed that "there should not be any student organisations in educational institutions that are based on or affiliated to political parties". This recognition was to be given effect to by the political parties establishing among themselves a convention to this effect. But the Committee, with a wary eye for possible snags, proposed to consider "the implications" at a subsequent meeting.

The call for a State-wide student strike which has been made with the support of the Opposition parties in Kerala is a rather grim commentary on the unreality of such pious resolutions. Let me hasten to add that the same thing might have easily happened in any other State. If in Kerala the Congress and other parties have capitalised what was to some extent genuine student discontent the Communists have always practised "infiltration" among the student community as a fine art. The frustrated idealism and the boyish love of excitement which the Congress during its long years in the wilderness systematically exploited have, luckily for it, not been used against it directly on any large scale since it came into office. This was due not so much to its virtues or to any superior sense of responsibility on the part of the other political parties but to the magic the names of the Mahatma and to a lesser extent of Mr. Nehru still work on this susceptible section of the public.

At the same time this loyalty was not strong enough to counteract the corrosive effect of the habit of irreverence which the Congress in the days of the national struggle inculcated by practice and precept. Even after the attainment of Provincial Autonomy there were not wanting Congress Governments which looked on blandly when academic indiscipline was steadily mounting in schools and colleges. The psycho-analyst might have had interesting things to say about the subconscious animus against those in authority at the seats of learning which prompted Chief Ministers to look on with exaggerated impartiality. But there is no denying that academic discipline has been the first and worst casualty in the silent war the politicians have waged against all institutions and foci of influence which might seem to challenge their monopoly of power.

The young cannot live without admiration. The secret of educational statesmanship lies in directing, so far as the adolescent is concerned, this spirit of hero-worship into worthy channels. The old educational curriculum which aimed at nourishing the idealism of the young on the study of the humanities had a definite pull in this respect. Intelligently planned, the study of Science could be made equally satisfying, I have no doubt. Unfortunately in our schools at any rate Science is dealt with in a rule of thumb way which does not stimulate the spirit. At best it is regarded as an ancillary to the acquisition of a technical skill. In the programmes of 'General Education' for colleges which seek to redress the defects of excessive specialisation a place has been sought to be given to the History of Science for its humanistic value. But men who can handle Science as a humane discipline are hard to come by.

I have wandered far from the troubles in Kerala. The agitation for the reduction of boat fares by the students of Kuttanad area had, as even the Government-appointed Committee has admitted, a core of justification. A section of the student community which has been drawn into the agitation had in fact long enjoyed the concession of a fixed rate of one anna. It might be that the revised rates adopted when the Government Water Transport Board was set up did not in fact affect this particular section adversely. But instead of patiently elucidating this and pointing out the economic difficulties in the way of extending this concession to others the Government chose to take their stand on prestige and use the big stick.

The non-official committee which enquired into the agitation recommended that an enquiry should be held into the students' grievances. These included a complaint that a text-book with a blatantly ideological slant had been prescribed. The Government brushed aside the demand for an enquiry and chose to describe the complaint against Communist propaganda in school books as irrelevant. Now that the Chief Minister has offered a comprehensive enquiry one hopes that this matter also will be investigated. After all students stand to lose far more by indoctrination than by a slightly increased boat fare. And the disturbances have exposed the hollowness of the claim that the Communist Government of Kerala was strictly neutral in labour disputes.

VIGNESWARA

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SIDELIGHTS ::

King Hussein of Jordan is being publicised in the American Press as a plucky, young ruler, a product of Harrow, the school that Sir Winston Churchill once attended. Much currency is given to the legend that as a boy of 15 he had seen assassins shoot down his grandfather when everyone present fell to the ground in a fright but he alone stood erect and defiant without fear. Nuri es-Said used to be glamourised as the strong man of Iraq. When some time ago King Saud of Saudi Arabia visited India, the newspapers were filled with stories of his prodigal generosity. Propaganda has built up the Arab monarchs into some kind of fabulous beings rolling in oil wealth, given to eccentricity and fantastic squandering of money in rather childish ways, but generally sound at heart, human, romantic, and intensely interested in promoting the welfare of their subjects. The Iraqi murders that marked the change of regime from monarchical to revolutionary have therefore roused a wave of sympathy for the 'innocent' victims throughout the Western world and it was in the style of a protective godfather of good and tried friends in the Middle East now threatened by anarchic forces that President Eisenhower launched his marines in the Lebanon.

Here is another side to the picture. "Our so-called 'friends' in the Middle East", says the redoubtable Kingsley Martin ("Critic" of *London Diary*) "never hesitated to use murder to protect their interests"—and he proceeds to give chapter and verse (*New Statesman*, July 26):

"It now appears that, less than a week before the Baghdad coup, Nuri—suspecting that something was brewing—rounded up 27 officers and civil servants and hanged them without trial. King Hussein last year had a 12-year-old boy sentenced to prison merely for writing a letter to Nasser. He recently hanged six political opponents and he has just passed a savage law imposing the death sentence on virtually anyone who criticises the regime. King

Saud has a way of dealing with opponents by pumping water into their stomachs, tying up their genitals with wire and then hanging them upside down until they die of burst bladders. Our Sheikhly friends on the Gulf are little better. A colleague tells me that on his first morning in Kuwait he was awoken at 5 a.m. by a knock at his door. Outside was a messenger from Sheikh Mubarak—Kuwait's 'strong man'. The Sheikh asked my colleague whether he would care, as a treat, to accompany him to watch the flogging of prisoners. If the Bri-

tish public knew such facts I cannot believe they would allow for one instant the despatch of British soldiers to defend these monsters."

"The only steady aspect of our Middle Eastern policy is confusion", says C. L. Sulzberger in the *New York Times*. "Today we find ourselves backing the Chamouns, the Saudis and the Husseins against the tide of Arab renaissance. And, by our military intervention side by side with Britain, we have sacrificed those pretensions to moral grandeur we had

(Continued on Page 19)

AMERICAN COMMENTS ON 'LEBANON

V. R. Belcher, University of Washington:

One cannot but be appalled at the action of the Democratic Speaker of the House of Representatives in silencing protest on the day of the marine landings in Lebanon with the words, 'In times like these we had better allow matters to develop rather than make remarks about them'. The attitude of Senator Mansfield—also a Democrat—is equally disturbing, for he is reported to have questioned the wisdom of the landings but declared that as the President had made the decision he would support it. In general, protest has been confined to small groups of intellectuals who can do little.

Los Angeles Times:

Most Americans denounced the British-French-Israeli attack on Suez. The tragic irony is that our intervention is not very different... A disinterested observer might say that we are war-mongering.

Wall Street Journal:

Throughout our history one of the great strengths of the United States in the world has been that it could depend upon the support that lies in the

decent opinion of mankind. Today we are plainly in danger of losing esteem.

Denver Post:

The Eisenhower Administration has chosen to regard Arab nationalism as identical with Communism, or at least as equally dangerous to the West. The truth of the matter is that our policy is as false as it is fatal.

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette:

When the coup in Iraq brought down the pro-Western government there, it also brought down the whole ramshackle structure of U.S. policy in the Middle East.

Chicago American:

Please let's not hear so much hereafter about America's high mission to lead the world.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

We are using the same excuse which the Russians used when they ruthlessly crushed the rebellion in Hungary.

Chicago Tribune:

Once again, we have before us an example of dismal miscalculation in Washington.

THE ENCIRCLING OF ARAB NATIONALISM

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

To the Americans today the union of the Arabs into a great and powerful unit is a base crime, a wicked form of co-operation, a conspiracy against civilization. Any one leading such a movement is a second Hitler who must be put down by force and no Munich tolerated.

Hitler is dead but the powerful nations of the earth see his ghost everywhere wherever significant nationalism finds a capable leader. Unfortunately now there are difficulties facing these people who suffer from the Hitler-memory, who feel that safety lies in anticipatory liquidation of all sources of terror. The difficulty is that U.S.S.R. is not now an ally of the U.S.A. as it was when Hitler had to be defeated. They have nuclear weapons both of them and are on opposite sides. Liquidation cannot be undertaken except with preparedness for self-annihilation!

Mankind cannot find peace through this American and British strategy or any other like strategy. Russia's advocacy of co-existence may be insincere, may be a total fraud, but co-existence itself is not a fraud. On the contrary therein only lies peace. Isaiah spoke the word of God to his people and that word is good and true for all the peoples that have come to live on earth: "Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom; give ear unto the law of God, ye people of Gomorrah. He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

The encirclement of Nasser is being completed. Nasser has become a greater fright to America than even the legendary figure of Hitler. The union of the nations of the Arab world who

are one in language, religion and manners as well as in national aspirations, is looked upon by American diplomacy as a re-enactment of Hitler's march over Europe to be met with similarly before the new Hitler gathers more power. It may be no exaggeration to say that perhaps today even Khrushchev is not so disliked as Nasser is hated. Khrushchev has a right to be as bad as he is, but Nasser is an upstart! This is the psychology

A STRANGE EXPERIMENT

The Lebanon experiment of the American Government is a new adventure in administration and it is worth analysis. It is stated that American troops with powerful naval and air backing do not intend any offensive or defensive military operations against any nation. They are not fighting any enemy in the conventional sense either by way of offence or defence. The plan is to liquidate alleged 'subversive activities', of other Arab nations and governments believed to be carried on secretly through their agents. Admittedly working through subversion and secret methods, these agents are not coming out in the open and fighting like soldiers. Yet soldiers are to attempt to fight them! This is the novelty of the experiment that the American adventure is making.

How is subversion to be met by an armed force be it indigenous or be it a foreign army of 20,000 soldiers imported from America and Britain. The Government of the country must first discover and identify the secret enemies, make sure of their suspicions and utilise the physical power of the American army to cope with these elements. This can have a meaning only if the police of the local government is not itself able physically to cope with criminals. It means that American soldiers constitute

that is hastening the Western troops into the Middle East. But in this new array of forces, there is no Stalin to help the West, but a Russia that opposes. And this is perhaps a great difference.

War is receding, they say. This can, and may it soon, become a truth. But it is not yet a fact. The possible strategy is that a new cloak may be put over the Western armies that should encircle Arab nationalism, calling it a U.N. force. It can bring 'peace' i.e. a suspension of war, but not satisfaction to the Arab world. Nations cannot be suppressed. They can be destroyed by nuclear poison bombs, but they cannot be suppressed while living.

themselves into a reserved armed police force giving their services to the Lebanon State. If the enemies of the present Lebanon government are numerically so great that such an arrangement with foreign troops has become administratively necessary, it means that the present government of Lebanon has broken down and it is only the American army that is in occupation—as the East India Company took charge of India, territory after territory.

If there is no open civil war but only subversive attempts and the government forces have not been yet outnumbered by insurgents, the question is, can conspiracies and subversive activities be ever dealt with by soldiers and guns, particularly when the soldiers are foreign nationals? It is an attempt to do what is impossible—something like trying to hear through the eyes and to see through the ears. The end may be worthy but the means employed are wholly inappropriate and opposed to common sense—as much as trying to disinfect the air in a house by a musical performance or remove stink by playing a military band.

The results of this American adventure will be that civil riots will have to be provoked so as to provide subject matter for military action. Where there was order the American experiment

MEETING AT INFINITY

By POTHAN JOSEPH

will have to produce disorder, so as to have something tangible to cope with. Since conspiracy and subversion cannot be met by physical force, the progress of events will take the shape of seeking to convert conspiracy into alleged civil disorder. The disease will have to be modified in order to suit the medicine imported!

If the American government is convinced that its friend the present Lebanon government is not able to govern efficiently, the straight course would be for America frankly to get legal authority to throw away its traditions and to take over the Lebanon administration and guard it against conspiracy and subversion as it does in America in its own territory, doing all the watch and ward that fall to the lot of normal administration. Lebanon must become part of America. And as a result America must be brought near to the land borders of Russia. And this is what is going to happen if the policy of interference in a foreign country across oceans and seas is not reversed immediately.

Has the President of the U.S.A. the right, according to the law and the Constitution of the U.S.A., to land American forces in a foreign land in order, not to keep off an enemy attack, but to prevent a change of government in that area, be it a change of the form of government by civil commotion or a change of the personnel of government by peaceful processes open to the people of that country according to their laws? Can the President exercise such power by giving the name of 'indirect aggression' to what is going on by way of change of political opinion however brought about among the population of that country? And even if such power be duly exercised, could it be done without authority from the U.N.? Can the land frontiers of U.S. territory be taken so near to Russia without fresh and specific national authority? The constitutional result and the effect of U.S. military forces seeking to preserve civil order in Lebanon or a particular administration in office do amount to taking the land frontiers

In the summiteering cloud enveloping the world we are apt to miss the holding of a Little Summit Conference at New Delhi which might have loomed large as a domestic event but for the extra-territorial sensation caused by the Middle East crisis. Pandit Govind Vallabh Pant, who moves towards his goal like a steam-roller, has virtually completed the sittings of the Parliamentary Committee on the Official Language which is causing reactions all over India. A large section within the committee is said to favour the Madras Government's shapeless and edgeless proposition about the slow and slimy adoption of Hindi without any direct reference affront to the Congress Working Committee's decision, but the Calcutta University has taken occasion to plead for the retention of English which, of course, means that the Calcutta University is not subordinate to the High Command, but is free to express independent opinion without fear of disciplinary action. The holy-holy formula adopted at Gauhati really makes nonsense of the hurried provision in the Constitution about the universalization of Hindi by a set date. Indeed the Calcutta University wants English to be added to the list of official languages

of U.S. territory to near the Russian border. And can this be done by mere executive authority? It gravely endangers peace and invites war. It seems these questions should be pondered over and answered. It is not a case of mere wrong foreign policy but seems also to be a breach of the law of America itself.

The argument is this: "We have planted interests in Lebanon with the consent of its lawful government and we must protect them with our soldiers if those interests are endangered by a change of foreign policy or by revolt or rebellion by misguided people". This means that every foreign capitalist will have the right to call in the soldiers of his own gov-

appearing in the schedule. Observers in New Delhi declare that the Pant Committee, representing loaded dice, will be driven to the conclusion that "English will have to continue in India in some form for a long time to come". Here is a concatenation of uncertainties amounting to spineless negation. An illustration will suffice for proof.

In our school-days we were taught that parallel lines never meet, but in higher classes the proposition reappeared in the dictum that parallel lines when prolonged meet at infinity. The new linear quantum "Infinity" makes it a repetition of what had been postulated, because infinity has no terminals for the two parallel lines running in perpetual projection. Likewise we came to learn of the mechanism of Archimedes' Lever. This lever of the Greek mathematician was supposed to rest on a fulcrum. He explained that if the handle of the lever were sufficiently (or incalculably) long, a small child could by its strength be able to lift the weight of the world at the other extremity. There are a number of words in the language which could be used to cover the gulf between improbabilities and impossibilities. Bismarck once

ernment to stand guard when there is a constitutional threat to the life of the then administration of that country or a change in foreign policy; that the *status quo* is a vested right of the foreign exploiter! This would be a subversion of all prevailing notions of international commerce and the sovereignty of nations.

The Lebanon adventure is a demonstration of the law that all colonialism must take the same course. With the best of intentions America finds itself doing just what the British did, just what the Dutch did, just what any ambitious power must do if ambition must find secure foreign fields for operation.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

August 2, 1958

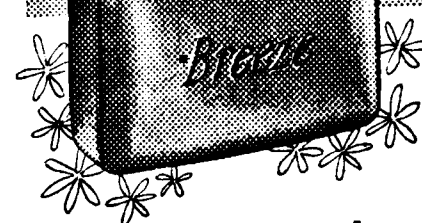
SWARAJYA

said mankind will always have a fool for a statesman if the Statesman deals with remote uncertainties as against what is just practicable. If it is contended that a particular language will "ultimately" be the official medium in a country of 250 languages and dialects (Hindi too has several

sub-dialects) it would stand out as a proposition that can neither be contradicted or confirmed. In my college days at Madras we had a prominent lecturer named O. Kandaswami Chettiar, highly in demand on public platforms. He had a favourite quotation from Tennyson's *In Memoriam* with

which he used to charm his student-audience into a hush of solemnity. He would quote the last verse of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* which speaks of "the far off Divine Event towards which the whole Creation moves". Listeners would often sigh in pious

(Continued on page 16)



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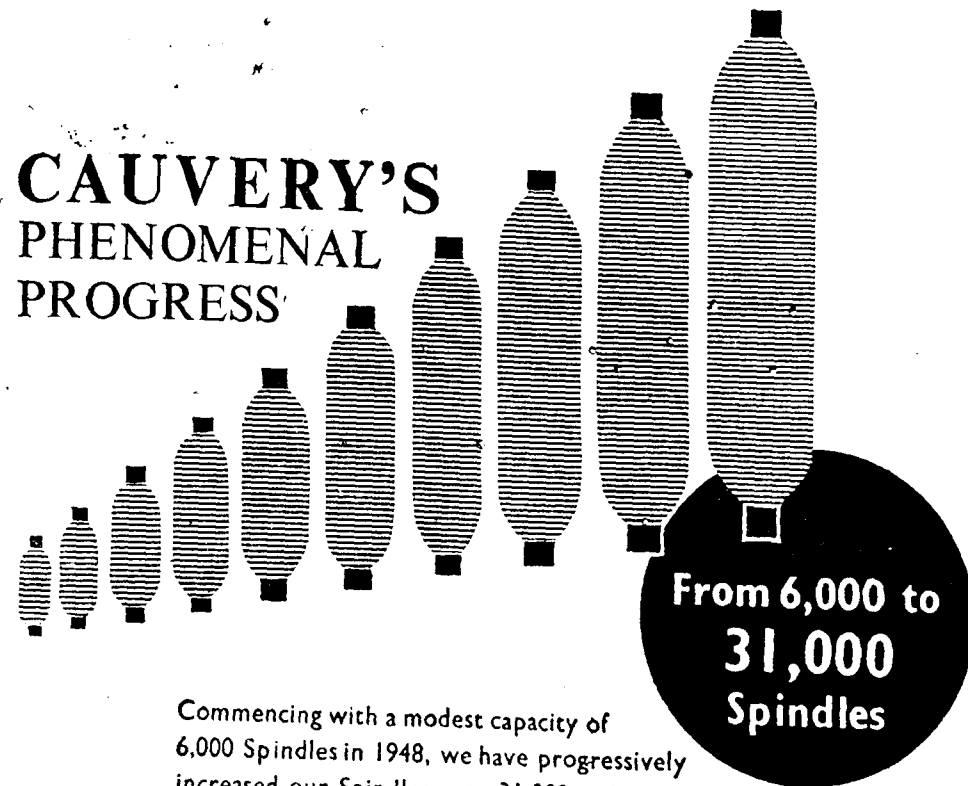
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CAPITAL COMMENTS

RIVAL LANGUAGE BATTLE FRONTS

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: Till a decade ago, Hyderabad in the days of the Nizam and Bhopal in those of the Nawab, though separated by considerable tracts under the British flag, were within the same political orbit and a similar administrative set-up; they were citadels of Muslim domination and spheres of Urdu influence. To-day, with the former Ruling Princes nearly pensioned off, they have a wholly different story to tell, but they have retained their importance, indeed primacy, as capitals of Andhra Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh, vibrating to the dynamism of their respective governments. It was interesting to find them recently chosen as, or converted into, rival battle-fronts for long-range snipping between the advocates of English and the protagonists of Hindi. If Bhopal had the distinction of receiving the Rashtrapati and his benedictions, Hyderabad had the honour of receiving and hearing his august predecessor at the governmental summit. Was it a mere coincidence that the Rashtra Bhasha Sammelan at Bhopal and the Union Language Convention at Hyderabad met on the same day, each reacting to the other with instinctive antipathy, though not open hostility. It is possible to look at the picture in a different perspective or from a new angle and feel gratified that in both Bhopal and Hyderabad, distinguished men discussed "so learnedly" for the larger good of the country. It is also possible to reflect that, in between the rival cries for Hindi and English, a common language was heard—the language of what may be called discord! But this battle of tongues cannot be disposed of, so easily or summarily.

The battle between Bhopal and Hyderabad which, in the present context, stand for Hindi and English, is a battle between mere sentiment and practical sense,

between unreasoning prejudice and reasoned argument, between tribal passion and broad outlook, between bigotry and catholicity, between cultural isolation and cultural expansion—indeed, between heat and light. That a question which should have been decided on pure merits should have got mixed up with politics rooted in parochialism is too patent to call for any proof. Who should dominate whom? Who can dominate whom? Who are in a position to impose their decisions and will on the rest? It won't help the sabre-rattlers to forget or ignore or overlook the inalienable right and the inherent capacity of some people to resist, with such resources as they can command, and with a will never to yield to blatant injustice and brazen-faced coercion. In politics, what is said matters less than who says it. Here, in the matter of English, what is said is itself compelling while the man who says it is Sri Chakravarti Rajagopalachari. Aye, there is the rub! If it is somebody else, whoever he may be, the world could have witnessed the clenched fist at work. Since it is one to reckon with, it is now, on high admission, treated as a kind of cold war between the hot-gospelers of English and the haughty champions of Hindi. It is a familiar device in the field of politics to attack or abuse the adversary when he cannot possibly be answered. So we find not one argument advanced to meet his, but black flags for him and derisive cries.

It is such a pity that what chances there are for the natural advance (mark the adjective) of Hindi are being thoughtlessly spoiled by various excesses perpetrated in its cause or name. It was only the other day that some of the Opposition members in the Uttar Pradesh Legislative Assembly had the vision to advance the

cause of Hindi by walking out of the chamber as a protest against the Governor's address in English! Those who have the interests of Hindi at heart have indeed various ways of demonstrating their own enthusiasm. Junius has an episode for his readers. Recently a South Indian—a candidate for the post of a lecturer in English in a North Indian college—was politely asked by the UPSC if he could teach English in Hindi—mind you, for college classes! This "aside" has its own implications. To revert to Rajaji the crusader, he will be amused to hear that a few M.Ps.—such were their strange fears!—asked one or two veterans of the High Command if they could freely meet Rajaji and pay him their respects, on his visit to Hyderabad. It is not right to publicise the elaborate answer with its qualifying provisos. Nothing is gained or lost by meeting Rajaji however; but much is lost by not meeting his argument. He should love to have an invitation to go to Delhi for a conference with Nehru and Mr. Dhebar, Mr. Pant and Mr. Morarji Desai, and whomsoever else they want on their side, to discuss the language problem, himself alone (as Gandhiji at the R.T.C.) to raise his voice. But there would be no such invitation but cold neglect of him, though the issues he has been raising cannot be really neglected. He has no illusions about his fellow-Congressmen when they assure themselves of their infallibility. He has known them better since 1942 when he was isolated and made the victim of ridicule and calumny, if only because he could foresee what they were destined to see—and stare at—only years later. The present attitude to Rajaji is one of exasperation—and Rajaji knows it. So, Junius would tell the mighty in the words of Omar Khayyam:

He that tossed Thee down
in the field—
He knows about it all—
He knows, He knows.

And we know it too.

Short Story

SUGAR TROUBLE

By Dr. N. R. DEOBHANKAR

Madhukar Pandit was a keen student of Botany. His original approach in watching plant functions had filled his Professor with admiration. And yet he got his M.Sc. without distinction. Being poor he had managed his education on scholarships. Since his graduation he had been filling temporary posts and was now anxious for a permanent job.

While at college he got to know and like an attractive girl, Usha Sathe, who studied Music and was supporting herself on scholarships. Their interest in each other grew and they were married when she took her degree in Music. He had just landed his second temporary job as Botany teacher and she her first one to teach Music in a girls' school.

In many ways they were a well-matched couple. Usha's serene temperament was delightfully set off by Madhukar's sunny nature. The first year of their marriage passed like a rosy dream, but during the second and third the economics of love had begun to obtrude upon its romance. The cost of living was high and their jobs, being temporary, left them often in the lurch. During these last few months especially they felt the sordidness of poverty.

One morning as they sat in their modest apartment in Mahim, Madhukar noticed that Usha looked particularly dejected.

"A penny for your thoughts, Usha" he exclaimed.

"Can you pay on the spot?" she asked. "If you can, you are richer than I."

"Don't take things so very seriously, my dear," consoled Madhukar. "Have faith. Our ship will come home when the new term is at hand. We are bound to capture good vacancies. Then we shall hear of 'Mrs. Usha Pandit, Principal, Gandharva Academy' and I shall be in clover, feeding heartily and smiling upon life, while you sing yourself hoarse to support me."

"You can't fool me like that," replied Usha. "I know how keenly you miss your Botany research. What was the theory you were working upon, hugging your microscope day and night?"

"Oh, that was just a fantasy, 'Chlorophyll & the Endocrine System in Plants'—Sounds pompous enough, doesn't it?"

"Any reply from the French Academy?"

"Just the usual acknowledgment of the thesis."

"You might have risen to be a peer of Jagadish Chandra Bose. But—'A Woman Tempted Me, Oh Lord'. Matrimony is the grave of all high endeavour."

"Oh, no! Don't turn a misogynist, Usha. I champion the other school: Two-Can-Live-As-Cheaply-As-One; Halving-the-Worries-and - Doubling-the-Joys, and all that. But isn't that our post-man?"

"Yes, let me see what luck he brings. . . . Only acknowledgements of our applications: fourteen for you and eight for me."

"Hurrah! I'm still leading. Good old Post Office,—ever holds out the morrow."

"Which is always a day ahead and we never meet. Oh, Madhu, here's something else,—a reminder of the quarter's Insurance premium."

"That's absolutely the last straw on my back. But who is knocking at the door, I wonder?"

It was Mr. Jain, the Head Master under whom Madhukar had officiated. "Good morning, Mr. Jain. Come right in. So glad to see you."

"Since you've both become so rare" began Mr. Jain, "I thought I would be Mahomed and go to the mountain myself. How are you, Mrs. Pandit? It seems you've given up even the monthly Musicals. That's too cruel!"

After a few more courtesies exchanged, Usha apologised and went in; and the two men turned to things like departmental rulings, state language, student-

indiscipline, and other small talk of professional educationists.

Soon Usha returned and placed a tea-tray before the guest. "Thank you, Mrs. Pandit, but you shouldn't have taken all this trouble really,—and isn't Mr. Pandit going to join me?"

"He. . . . he doesn't take tea these days" put in Usha.

"Why? Doctor's orders? — Sugar trouble?"

"Yes, sugar trouble" agreed Usha promptly.

"Bad luck I call that" said Mr. Jain. "But of course you can use saccharine, you know. I had an uncle. He did that, in fact he never stirred out without a bottle of saccharine and an Insulin syringe in his pocket. Ultimately his legs swelled and then came carbuncle, and so the end."

"Quite a lovely prospect that, isn't it?" put in Madhukar in assumed self-pity.

"But you mustn't take it so badly, Pandit. There are lots of miracle drugs these days. And we've got to keep a stiff upper lip, haven't we?"

"Yes. . . . yes. . . . Noblesse oblige," wailed Madhukar.

"Well, I really came to invite you to give a talk to our Science Association next week. I hope you're free. And of course we want Mrs. Pandit too for the 'At Home'."

"Thank you. Are you free Usha?" asked Madhukar.

"Yes, I am, and it will be a pleasure, thank you, Mr. Jain" she replied.

"I must thank you rather. Your free Music classes for the Mahila Samaj have endeared you to the town. I wish we could make your stay here worth while. But you know. . . how it is. . . ."

"Yes, we do" agreed Madhukar helpfully. "But it is nice of you to feel that way." Mr. Jain said good-bye and was leaving when Madhukar turned to him. "Just a minute, if you please, Mr. Jain. Usha, if you don't mind, I'll have a word with Mr. Jain about the lab and see him off."

Madhu was somewhat long in returning. When he joined Usha she had slipped back into her

mood of dejection. "Still in the dumps, Usha?" he asked.

"Sorry to spring 'Sugar Trouble' upon you so abruptly, Madhu" she apologised. "The grocer refused to fill our order last evening because of unpaid bills, and I scraped the last grain of sugar for Mr. Jain's cup." "I guessed as much" said Madhukar.

"But I should have done something about it, instead of making that silly joke about Sugar Trouble" persisted Usha.

"I thought the joke rather clever" defended Madhukar. "You pounced upon the lead that seemed to be going abegging. Jain, poor sap, swallowed it literally."

"It was when he brought out

the horrid details that I realised how vulgar I had been."

"Nonsense, my dear. Don't be so morbid. Come and guess what I hold in my hand. . . . Give you seven chances. . . . Don't just shake your pretty head. . . . Have a try. . . . A cheque for nine-hundred! Signed by H. L. Jain, Head-Master! Sold our mic-

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roscope to his school. What good was that to me? Why wait for the carbuncle?.....All right.....all right.....I withdraw the joke.....Jain was negotiating with an auctioneer.....knew our instrument was far better for the price.....clinched the bargain on the spot, transforming us from sugarless paupers to ruddy capitalists! Not bad, running that!"

One afternoon, while Usha was at the typewriter, her school friend Sarala Shastri, now Sarala Bhave, turned up. These two had retained their school-day love for each other, in spite of the lapse of years and the dissimilar spheres into which life had flung them. Sarala's husband was a rising lawyer in a near-by town, and she was spared the straits familiar to Usha by now.

When Madhukar discreetly left the two young wives together after dinner, they lost no time in recalling the glimmers of the past and in exchanging notes about the present.

"How I wish you both had good permanent jobs" sighed Sarala, "and leave petty worries behind. It must be rare to find vacancies for both in the same town."

"It is" agreed Usha, "but the stage is reached where we are even ready for temporary parting."

"Are you, really? Let me think this out.....An idea has flashed across my mind. But you will have to be—let's say, tactful. Some people might even call it deceitful. Are you prepared for that?"

"Be more explicit, my dear."

"Mr. Bhave was at Nasik for a case the other day, and happened to learn that the President of the Girls' High School was looking out for a Music teacher. But the snag is that she must be either unmarried or a widow. Would you care to apply as Miss Sathe? Your diploma is in that name, which makes it easy."

"But what's wrong with married women? I thought orthodox convention puts them above maidens in respectability."

"So it does. But respectability is sometimes expensive, and this

School-Committee consists of skin-flints."

"But I don't see where money comes into this at all."

"You poor nit-wit,—when a girl marries,—and I don't mean a cold fish like you,—what is the first thing that happens?—A baby. And that entitles her,—whether in factory, school or office—to Maternity Benefit. And who foots the bill?—Her employer. It is that which the close-fisted Management want to escape. Do you know, there are several posts they fill only from year to year, just to shirk paying for the scale of permanent grade?"

"Oh, I see. But suppose the.....married teacher undertakes to....."

"Don't be silly, Usha. No Committee would dare bind a woman to help them evade a sound legal provision."

"And if I go as.....Miss Sathe?"

"Then it's your own funeral. But enough of all this levity. I didn't really mean it.....Too many risks.....Not worth while. Your plan of opening Music classes wherever Mr. Pandit gets fixed is far more sensible."

The vacation spent itself out fast enough. The husband and wife were holding an important consultation on that day. The schools would reopen next week, and as Madhukar had received calls from more than one institution, they had to pick and choose from the offers. It was here that a sudden explosion occurred, shattering conjugal harmony.

Three schools had accepted Madhukar's application. As the grade in one was too low, and the work in the other too miscellaneous, Madhukar was in favour of the last which was Nasik.

"But.....but that's a Girls' High School" stammered Usha.

"Is it? I don't remember,—and I don't particularly mind. Not bad for a change. Girls are usually a studious and manageable lot. What about that solitary offer of yours? Let's go over it again."

"It's also from....from Nasik" she murmured with hesitation.

"You mean the same school as mine?" asked Madhukar eagerly. "Yes.....I think so" she replied without enthusiasm.

"Splendid! How lucky! Our ship seems to have come home at last. Didn't I always say it would?.....But what's your trouble, Usha? You don't seem too pleased."

At last Usha had to blurt out her story of how, despite Sarala's discouragement, and on the impulse of the moment, she had applied for the Nasik post in her maiden name, and obtained it by posing as an unmarried woman. Madhukar was aghast. "But why—why?" he asked in an agonised voice. "How could you give them such a fib? What made you disown me so blithely?" He was so upset that he could not restrain the sharpness in his tone.

"It's only a technical deception, Madhu" argued Usha lamely. "And I was so sure to be passed over for better candidates that I really didn't think twice about it."

"Since you were so sure of being rejected, why in God's name, did you apply at all? Is that another example of feminine logic? No man in his right mind would argue so idiotically. I know about the Committee's absurd condition, but it is enough if one of us has a job. You must reject the offer at once."

"You always despise my attempts at being helpful. Any other husband would have appreciated a wife's earnestness behind it."

"A wife's earnestness in repudiating the husband, in quibbling over the fact of her marriage! You are no more Miss Sathe now than I am the Queen of Sheba.....Did you consider that it would mean our having to live apart,.....passing for total strangers? You might as well get a divorce and be done with it."

Thereupon the battle raged more fiercely than ever, and the situation got out of control before they knew it. The weed that could have been plucked out in a moment became a giant growth. Madhukar's sense of humour and Usha's sturdy poise vanished into thin air. They ceased to be on speaking terms before night set in.

A month went by since Madhukar Pandit and "Miss Sathe" took up their new appointments at Nasik, each doggedly sticking to his fatal decision. The school provided accommodation to Miss Sathe in the Girls' hostel and to Mr. Pandit in a spare room by the side of the laboratory. A great change had come over both since leaving Mahim. Madhukar lost much of his vivacity, while Usha apparently went about with a new radiance. She dressed with care and attended social functions, whereas Madhukar grew untidy and scarcely left his room.

Madhukar had made it a practice to come to the laboratory a quarter of an hour before classes began, and give the once over to the day's apparatus. As he walked between the rows of long tables one day, he found a couple of girls already there, and Miss Shukla, his young Lab Assistant sitting on a chair near the sink and rubbing one eye.

"Please, sir," said one of the girls, "Will you see what's wrong with Miss Shukla's eye? Something has got in and it hurts." Madhukar hastened to the spot and was holding Miss Shukla's head back and leaning over her to see what was wrong when Usha walked in and came to a dead stop. "I beg your pardon" she said very stiffly. "Sorry to intrude upon such an intimate group" she added and was marching off.

"No need to apologise" said Madhukar evenly. "Miss Shukla has injured her eye. Perhaps you would be so kind as to give her first-aid yourself?"

"I'm afraid I haven't that healing touch" replied Usha with acerbity. "Could I give a message to Ratnaprabha from her mother for which I came?"

"Excuse me, I must attend to this lady first" retorted Madhukar with deliberate indifference, and turned to his case. Everting her eyelids and using a wet swab, he brought out the offending grit and showed it to the sufferer. "Oh, what a nasty thing!" exclaimed Miss Shukla. "Thank you so much. I feel so relieved now."

"Will you allow Ratnaprabha to....." began Usha again.

"There she is" cut in Madhukar sharply, and stamped out of the room, to the surprise of Miss Shukla and the girls.

Their Founder's Day came a few weeks later. It was the School's biggest function. The public and the members of the staff were very affable to one another and the guardians and their wards had a really good time. At the garden-party the women teachers and the senior girls were assiduously playing hostesses to the public, and to the men-teachers raised for the occasion to the same rank. Mr. Sharma, the middle-aged Physics teacher, was in high spirits and dragged Madhukar to a side table. "Here are two more mendicants for your bounty, Miss Sathe" he called out to Usha, who was passing by with a tray. "What a charming hostess we have, Pandit? See how the others are craning their necks to catch her bright eye!" In response to this heavy compliment Usha smiled feebly and served tea, while the girl with her offered snacks, and both moved on hurriedly. "There's a woman in a million for you, Pandit" exclaimed Sharma with an air of gallantry. "Voice like a bul-bul, beauty like a nymph. But women are like cats: they want luxury and no nonsense about love! Some lump of an I.C.S. will bid for her hand one day and carry her off,—mark my words, Pandit."

When the party was over, Sharma was blissfully unaware that Pandit had not uttered a single comment during the repast, or that he had scarcely touched his tea.

"I mustn't give in to this mood of melancholy" thought Usha to herself one afternoon. "I'll go to the park and shake off this dejection." With this idea she reached the public park noted for its quiet and its floral attractions. After roaming about dreamily among lovely blooms and feasting her eyes on the riot of colours she sat down on a rustic seat hidden in a bower. Her thoughts were going round and round the same tragedy: her rupture with Madhu. A sense of bewilderment seized

her whenever she tried to trace where it all began and how a little folly could turn into such a disaster.

While thus preoccupied, she did not notice that Mr. Sharma was standing near her and smiling ingratiatingly. "What an appropriate setting for a Daughter of the Muse" he began. "May I join your meditations, Miss Sathe?" And without waiting for a reply he sat down by her side.

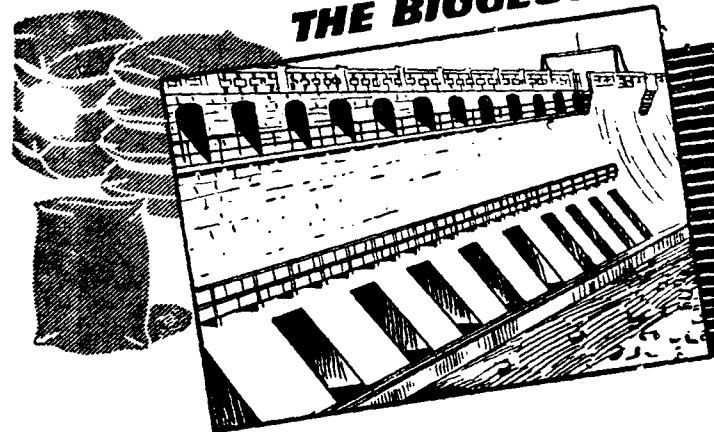
Now if there was one person whom Usha disliked more than any other in her new circle, it was Sharma. She was therefore all the more annoyed at this intrusion on her privacy, but didn't know how to evade it. Sharma started talking sententiously about the struggle for life in general and the privations of teachers in particular. He switched on to the ethics of matrimony and the chances of present day youths for happiness. "Now tell me, Miss Sathe" he went on with an air of profundity, "What are your views on marriage? You are so intellectual and modern that I can't help valuing your opinion."

"Oh, my views are nothing out of the ordinary" she replied evasively. "Thank you,—thank you, Miss Sathe, for taking me into your confidence on such an intimate matter. You see, sometimes the youths of today affect extreme views that are almost annihilistic. Take the matter of what is called "Companionate Marriage", for instance. It scatters our ideas of chastity to the four winds. Mind you, I'm not saying anything against it wholesale. It may...." he added, putting his hand suddenly over Usha's, as if to emphasise his point. "...It may, I say, be quite permissible in certain cases, where the approach is what may be termed essentially intellectual."

Usha withdrew her hand and was shrinking into herself. "Excuse me," she exclaimed, rising suddenly. "It's getting dark and I just remember an appointment." And she walked away hurriedly.

She did not know that Madhukar happened to be an involuntary witness to the end of the last scene. He too had come to the

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RAJAHMUNDRY.

park to cast off his depression and had strayed into that bower.

Madhukar was so well up in Botanical lore that his present work in that subject demanded hardly any special preparation. But this only left him free enough to brood over his unhappiness. Resolving to check this distraction, he plunged into his old research in *Chlorophyll* and became once again inseparable from the laboratory microscope. His table was cluttered with retorts and decanters, slides and test-tubes. And the variety of plants in his vases multiplied.

Of late one interruption appeared rather frequently in his laboratory work, and caused him considerable annoyance. It was the visits of Miss Lal, the Art teacher of undoubted talent but of doubtful age. She was in many ways a model Artist, but not quite the artist's Model. She professed aesthetic interest in the flowers and foliage of the Botany room, but kept fluttering over the botanist more than over his specimens.

His growing bluntness succeeded in choking her off at last, but she felt aggrieved. "What's the matter with this Botany teacher, Usha?" she asked one afternoon, as the two were having tea. "Why is he so rude?" "What happened?" asked Usha with assumed indifference. "The man hardly returns your greetings" grumbled Miss Lal, "...keeps his nose glued to that ugly microscope. He has a profile worth a million to a film-star, and I told him so once,—but not the faintest flicker of a smile showed" on his countenance. Seeing some gorgeous flowers in his lab one day I asked if they did not make him think of boating on a moon-lit lake, or a song by the beloved. He just heaved a sigh of boredom, turned his back and snapped that he had no time for such hysterical nonsense. Now tell me, Usha, what can you do with a man like that? Do you think he is shy?"

"How should I know?" murmured Usha with suppressed irritation.

"Do you know what happens to such a man in the end?" continued Miss Lal. "He falls like a

ripe plum into the lap of the first designing hussy he meets. It doesn't require crystal-gazing to foretell that."

Ratnaprabha was Usha's favourite pupil. She sang well and adored her Music teacher. One afternoon she came to Usha's room, and finding her alone, begged for a favour. "Say you will not refuse me" she crooned, nestling against her. "But you've not told me what it is you want" reminded Usha. "I want your photo,—just like the one with Mr. Pandit" replied the girl shyly. "With.....with.....you mean with the Botany teacher?" asked Usha with ill-suppressed agitation. "Don't be cross with me, Didi" pleaded the girl. "I went to hand over my Botany notes to Mr. Pandit, but he had just left the lab. You know he lives in the side room next to it. Seeing his door ajar I knocked and stepped in. He was looking intently at your photo, held in a book. But he snapped it shut the instant he heard me. I had only a glimpse, but it was enough to show how sweet you looked."

"It must be a mistake, my dear" whispered Usha. "I don't think it could have been mine,... not likely....."

"Have I annoyed you, Didi?" asked the poor girl. "I won't of course speak a word to any one.....Say you forgive me!"

"There's nothing to forgive, my child. Let's just forget it. I know you're not a gossiping girl, and will keep this.....this delusion to yourself.—And next time I've a spare photo I shall not forget you."

In spite of their jobs at Nasik the Pandits had kept the flat at Mahim, as it happened to be available on easy terms. Madhu had given one key to Usha and kept the other with himself. In spite of her brave front Usha was feeling more and more wretched these days. Longing to unburden her misery she took three days' leave and wired her friend Sarala to join her at Mahim.

When the two met this time it was a different Usha, and their

gossip had little to do with the romantic glow of the past. Sarala felt partly guilty for Usha's crazy plot, and was alarmed to see the conjugal bark heading for the rocks. She chided her friend without mincing matters, and warned her of the disaster ahead. "Resign, take sick leave, run away,—do what you like" she urged, "—but retract from this hoax at once. Do you realise you run not one risk but two,—first of being found out as a married woman, and the second of being found out as an unmarried mother."

"Don't be disgusting, my dear" protested Usha.

"I'm not" insisted Sarala. "Even if you don't meet Mr. Pandit at Nasik, are you going to avoid him everywhere,—during holidays and vacations? Will you keep a flaming sword between you and him all your life? For what end is all this penance and self-mortification? If your differences have reached that pitch, be honest and get a divorce. Giving him his freedom is the least you can do in fairness to him."

Next morning Sarala left.

As Madhukar was going to knock at the Mahim apartment, the door flew open and Usha half stepped out before seeing him. In her over-wrought condition coming face to face with him so unexpectedly sent her heart galloping, and drained her face of blood. Her head reeled, she turned faint and would have collapsed, had not Madhukar rushed to support her. Placing her gently on the bed he revived her slowly. The first thing she did on coming round was to cling to his hand and bathe it with her tears. "Oh, Madhu! Can you ever forgive me?" she sobbed.

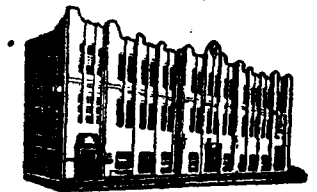
"Drop it, Usha. Don't talk of forgiveness," he replied.

"I must have been possessed by a fiend" she groaned. "How else could I have behaved so abominably?"

"Forget it, my dear girl" replied Madhukar soothingly.

Usha controlled herself after a while, then suddenly exclaimed: "Where's the letter I was going

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to post when you appeared like a ghost at the door?"

"Is this what you mean?" he asked, picking up an envelope from the floor.

"Yes, that's my resignation from the Nasik school. Sarala was here and opened my eyes."

"Did she? Good old Sarala! May her tribe increase! With those lovely twins, she has made a good start already, hasn't she? —But I too have a letter to show you." And he took out a long envelope from his bag and gave it to her.

"From the French Academy!" she exclaimed, sitting up and going through it in excitement. "Oh, Madhu!..... Doctorate!..... Two years' lectureship! Your *Chlorophyll* thesis at last!..... Oh I'm so happy!..... Will they relieve us at once!..... I mean at Nasik?"

"As there is only a fortnight to the Divali vacation, we had better stick it out till then. That will give them a month and a half, quite ample time, to make new appointments. By the way, did you notice that in addition to the handsome scholarship, the Academy offers a family allowance all

through our stay. Isn't that grand?"

"Are you sure you won't find me a hindrance in your work?"

"Absolutely sure! In fact, I'm planning to collect 'Maternity Benefit' from our French hosts, if you back me up properly."

"There you go with your jokes again!"

"No joke this time. And you will have to give concerts in Paris, mind you. What better interpreter could Indian Music find? We must discuss all this soon. But what about some hot tea in the meanwhile? Will you help me make it?"

While Usha and Madhukar were still at their tea, Mr. Jain, the Headmaster, walked in. "Saw the window open" he explained, "...just took a chance. Tea? Yes, yes, thank you... Can never refuse a cup from Mrs. Pandit. Ah! is it saccharine you're stirring, Pandit?"

"Saccharine be blowed. Got rid of the sugar trouble for good. A wandering Sadhu from holy Trimbak did the trick. As hale as a horse now."

In the noon Madhukar went to the French Consulate's office in connection with the matter of his scholarship. That in fact was why he had come to Bombay, not knowing that Usha too would be there.

The day ended quickly for the husband and wife, and early next morning they left for Nasik. There was a sap-shot for Ratnaprabha in Usha's bag. In the train she talked happily of nothing but their coming voyage and of Madhukar's imminent fame.

Meeting at Infinity

(Continued from page 7)

reflection cheating the orator of loud applause. And come to think of it, we could not figure out what blooming upshot was meant by "that far off Divine Event". Mr. Kandaswami Chettiar surely could not have heard of the Sputnik era or the peril of atomic missiles capable of obliterating the world. Nevertheless it had a go about it, like Hindi flowering into ultimate

beauty and overpowering diffusion as our national language.

Another lexicographer says that Hindi will develop strength "in the long run". If the distance is not revealed but still you endeavour to reach there, the running must be fast. Meanwhile Rajen Babu who is a secret carrier of the germs of Hindi fanaticism in all its insidious virulence tells us that there could be no question of "imposing Hindi". You may call it infusion instead, but the President also wants all folk to "enrich Hindi" as if his mother-tongue were in a condition of roaring solvency already. His Hindi is different from Purushottam Tandon's Hindi while the All-India Radio Hindi would be hardly intelligible to the distracted Prime Minister who is challenged by all sides to solve the underlying anachronism of it once he has torn himself away from the current convenience of the English language and learnt to re-evaluate the Gauhati call for a march through quagmire to approach Hindi as the All India classic. He is himself aware that the language best known to all parts of India and which happens to be already rich in English, which, by the way, is no "furriner" considering its Indo-Germanic origin. It is no comfort to be told that the pro-English utilitarians are in the company of "separationists" seeing that language has no frontier. Nor is it any comfort to be told that changes would not be decreed "overnight". Of course history is made at night in a different sense but don't let us be misled by jargon like "eventually", "ultimately", "in the last resort", "imposed", "in the fullness of time", etc. The claim for nebulous margins is a confession of bankruptcy on the part of linguistic tribalism. Don't let us, under the stress of shiboleths, go beyond what can be seen as far as the eye could reach. Such guidance would conform to the wisdom of national seers like Gopalakrishna Gokhale who would always quote Cardinal Newman:

"I ask not for the distant scene
One step enough for me".

CINEMA

BLACK-MARKETING OF TICKETS

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: The cryptic reports in local newspapers of the tragic death of Shri K. E. Maju, the Manager of Chitra Cinema, Dadar, who was stabbed just outside the theatre on Sunday night, do not reveal the significance of the event. Shri Maju, it is learnt, had tried to stop the black-marketeers from selling tickets at a fancy price and he had to pay for this with his life. He was stabbed on Sunday night and he died on Thursday morning.

This tragedy is a reminder of the menace of the black-market in cinema tickets prevalent in Bombay. It is prevalent not only in Bombay city, but in many other cities all over India as well. The black-marketeers buy tickets of all classes—especially of lower classes—in advance booking and sell them at fancy prices a few yards away from the booking office. Though such a practice is 'illegal', neither the police nor the exhibitors have been able to stop it. As to the producers and distributors, they measure the success of their picture by the rate quoted in the black-market. The higher the rate of tickets quoted in the black-market, the more popular the picture.

There are gangs of 'goondas' who live on this business in Bombay. The exhibitors at one time tried to stop this evil by restricting the sale of tickets in the lower classes to one ticket per person; but even that did not prove effective. There cannot be any check on advance booking and the black-marketeers are ready to invest large sums to buy tickets for an entire week in advance. Even some of the money-lenders, it is reported in the local press, advance money to these gangs and charge heavy interest. The business in the opening weeks of a star-studded picture is very brisk and generally the tickets are sold at double the normal rates. The great irony of the situation is that the

picturegoers, who grudge any increase in rate, have no hesitation in paying double the price for a ticket in the black-market.

It is alleged that the theatre managements, especially the managers and ticket-sellers are in league with the black-marketeers. The allegation is perhaps true; for the theatre staffs are generally not well paid and moreover they cannot afford to incur the wrath of the black-marketeer gangs. If they refuse to sell them tickets, the gang-leaders are quite capable of stabbing them as they did in the case of Shri Maju of Chitra Cinema. By obliging the black-marketeers, the theatre people are assured of 'safety' and a 'cut' in the profits.

No one can deny that continuance of black-market sale of tickets is a social menace and should be stopped. Last week, the police arrested over twenty people and almost stopped the selling of 'black-market' tickets. But after a couple of days the black-marketeers were seen to be active again in the Lamington Road area.

Unless the picturegoers decide not to buy tickets from the black-market and force the police to arrest the black-marketeers, this menace will continue. The Exhibitors' Association also must evolve means to stop this menace; for ultimately the money that would ordinarily come to the box-office of the theatres is going to the black-marketeers. And the Government is also losing a considerable amount of entertainment tax this way. Maju is not the first victim; there have been other victims before. It is time the most stringent measures were taken to root out this evil.

In the wake of its box-office success in Calcutta, Padmini Pictures' costume drama 'Suhag' has been released in Bombay.

Though the picture has nothing to commend it to the intelligent, adult, urban picturegoers, one must, whole-heartedly commend it to Children's Film Society as a picture ideally suited for children's taste.

In fact it is the story of two parrots told by a mother to her two children. The parrots are none else but the grand-parents of the children. The story follows the usual pattern with the usual King and Queen, the prince being abducted in childhood by the villain, a selfish magician and his beautiful daughter, who falls in love with the 'missing' prince, who outwits the magician and asserts himself in the end. The missing prince left in the jungle is brought up by elephants like 'Tarzan' and this subsidiary plot full of animals and adventures makes 'Suhag' an enjoyable jungle thriller as well.

Packed with so many diversions, it is not at all surprising that 'Suhag' has won popularity at the box-office. The production values are lavish, the Geva color dances gaudy and the direction rather slow, while the acting is purely theatrical. Though better dubbed than 'Piya Milan', on the whole the dub-

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ROAD TO SEETHANAGARAM

bing is quite faulty. Of the artistes Shivaji Ganesan easily gives the best performance, though he too is stogy.

Among the rest Jamuna, Raj Kumari, Rajamma shine. The music by Lingappa is pleasing but poor picturization of songs has ruined its effect.

'Suhag' is a typical South Indian picture which critics dislike but the mass of cinegoers find entertaining.

The untimely death of Taher Lucknavi who died after prolonged illness in Miraj Hospital last month went almost unnoticed in the press. He suffered almost the same fate as the hero in 'Pyasa'.

Taher was a poet as well as a screenplay writer. He wrote many screenplays for Sheikh Mukhtar and completed the script of 'Do Ustad' while he was on death-bed against medical advice. Much is not known about him and his literary career. But in spite of working for such a lucrative line as the film industry, Taher did not make enough money to provide for his illness and, in case of his death, for his wife and children. By an irony of fate, he had to live his last days on the support of such well meaning friends as Sheikh Mukhtar, O. P. Nayyar, Johnny Walker and Shammi.

After his death the Film Functions Committee also helped his family. But the help has been meagre and it is upto his friends to raise a fund that will ensure security for his family in future. Taher's case again emphasises the need for preparing a scheme which would help the ailing creative workers and their families. The Film Functions Committee whose sole purpose is to collect funds for the needy film people should give more attention to this problem.

Kuldip Sehgal has secured the film rights of Premchand's popular novel 'Gaban' and is negotiating for the film rights of another Premchand story 'Nirmala'.

Kishore is expected to go to Italy next month for the shooting of I. S. Johar's 'Bewaqoof' co-starring Mala Sinha.

Sir,—Seethanagaram, a place about fourteen miles from Rajahmundry is famous for the role it played during our struggle for freedom. It was the citadel of Congress activity — political as well as constructive — in this part of the country. Many heroes of the freedom fight found shelter and occupation in the Ashram there in between active movements and jail-goings. Mahatma Gandhi found much needed rest and peace there during his whirl-wind tour of the country in the thirties and felt as much at home there as in his Ashram at Sabarmathi. To this day there stands a hut called "Gandhi Kuteeram" as a national memorial, indicating where Mahatmaji stayed during his visit. Now the Ashram is taken over by the Kasturiba Memorial National Trust and it is the headquarters of the Trust for Andhra Pradesh. Besides a maternity home and a pre-Basic school run by the Trust, the Ashram conducts a school for women village workers for the Women Welfare Board, a "service home" for the State Government, and a bee-keeping industry for the A.I.K. and V.I. Board. The maternity home also caters for general medicine and it is the only medical aid worth mentioning for hundreds of villages roundabout both for women and men. Seethanagaram also forms a part of an N.E.S. block.

Political and social importance apart, Seethanagaram is an important trade centre for scores of villages roundabout. It is a rich and thickly populated area. Along the fourteen miles of road from Rajahmundry to Seethanagaram are about ten villages producing not only plenty of food but also plenty of the dollar-earning tobacco. The I.L.T.D. and B.I.T. companies have offices at Torredu and Muggulla, two rich and commercially important villages on the road. The city bus from Rajahmundry runs upto Torredu and the mofussil bus service to Seethanagaram is about the most

profitable bus service from Rajahmundry. And yet there is no proper road to Seethanagaram.

The question of a proper road to Seethanagaram has been an active problem for over three decades now. Chronic scarcity of funds and party and village factions had been the bane impeding the proper development of this road. However, till the great floods of Godavari in 1953 there was a fairly usable road except in the rainy and flood season. During the flood in 1953 this road was very badly inundated and the ravages of that flood have so far not been properly repaired. As at present it is a continuous stretch of fourteen miles of deep ruts, terrific pot-holes—over 2 feet deep at many places—mud and slush. It is a road unfit for even primitive buffalo carts. It is not an accident that the road is like this today. It has been about the same for the last five years. Transport on the road is extremely expensive. Lorries demand as much as Rs. 50 to transport goods to Seethanagaram. Taxies refuse to ply on the road unless tempted with fabulous fare. Even double bullock carts demand eight to ten rupees to cover these fourteen miles. Buses ply for fear of losing the routes and as their profits outweigh by far their repair losses. Ministers and high officials who often have to go to Seethanagaram because of its social and political importance, go by the Eastern flood bank of the Godavari which is maintained in a good motorable condition by the P.W.D. But this facility is denied to the public and the trade. Governors and V.I.Ps. visiting these parts are not taken to Seethanagaram in spite of the excellent work of national importance done by the Ashram there as the bund road is too narrow for their safety. No wonder this rich area remains undeveloped and backward in spite of the N.E.S. activities.

An all-weather road to Seethanagaram which can stand rains and floods has been a crying

August 2, 1958.

necessity for a long time now. It is to be hoped that this necessity is recognised by the authorities concerned and the needful is done immediately.

MAJOR D. V. RAJA RAO
Rajahmundry

ORDERS CONTRARY TO ASSURANCES

Sir,—While Hindi has been selected as the official language of India, it was assured by personalities not less than the President and the Prime Minister, that its introduction would never stand in the way of anybody. Whenever our President and Prime Minister visit South India, they often repeat these assurances on the public platforms. Even recently in a speech in the Parliament our Prime Minister said that the South Indians were studying Hindi as they were interested in it and not because it was imposed on them. But it is a tragedy that Government orders are issued contrary to such assurances.

At present not only are many of the non-Hindi speaking people who are serving in the Central Government services in Bombay compelled to study Hindi but they have not been given quasi-permanency in the service on the ground that they have not passed the required Hindi examination, while many of their juniors have been declared quasi-permanent.

This is a great injustice to the non-Hindi speaking people and this act on the part of the Government is against the spirit of democracy. It is now obvious that the introduction of Hindi does stand in the way of progress of the non-Hindi speaking people. May I hope that the authorities in Delhi will look into this matter?

Bombay K. V. SIDDHARTHAN
ADMISSION TO COLLEGES

Sir,—While the so-called battle against communalism is going on, the State governments are continuing their fight against certain communities.

Take for example the question of admissions to professional colleges. While some States have fixed seats according to the proportion of the communities in the general population, in one State about fifty per cent of the

entire population is eligible for preferential treatment on the ground that it is backward. Seats are denied in the professional colleges to meritorious students on the plea that only a few seats are reserved for a particular community, but at the same time less able students from other castes are given seats. The Declaration of Human Rights stated more than a decade ago: "There shall be equal access to higher education on the basis of merit". Our Constitution declared that there shall be no discrimination based on religion or caste. But alas, the fundamental right in India, as the University Education Commission noted, seems to be for the community, and not for the individual!

T. SADANANDA RAO
Mangalore

Sidelights

(Continued from Page 4)
claimed in the United Nations." Britain is unique in the world as an example of an imperialist nation that relinquished an empire and thereby won the friendship of the people over whom it had previously ruled. The United States

is the only example in history of a powerful nation abstaining from territorial conquest and taxing itself heavily to provide aid of various kinds to under-developed countries. These two nations are well fitted by tradition and history to lead a freedom movement in the world, but fear of Communism has landed them into odd international misadventures tending to strengthen tyranny and oppression. This is the confusion from which their policies are to be extricated if they are to benefit humanity instead of injuring it and distribute "wisdom instead of arms" to bolster up outmoded regimes.

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MADRAS Naga Paise

REFORM AND EXCESS

There are two great tensions in modern civilization. The socio-political doctrine of equality does not square with the inevitable hierarchy of functions in modern communities. This leads to one tension. The other is the conflict between liberty on the one hand and unity and stability on the other. "Individual freedom first and last", say some. "The claim of the community first and last", say the Socialists, be they Communists or be they non-Communist Socialists. Reinhold Niebuhr comes after an elaborate study of things in Britain, France and the U.S. to the conclusion that liberty and equality are valuable regulative principles but are not realisable goals.

It is as rare an achievement, says this philosopher of America, for the rational man to be reasonable, as for the pious man to be charitable. And the reformer in power often belongs to the group of unreasonable men. "Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to excess, which will itself need reforming", said honest Samuel Taylor Coleridge. This happens because, the reformer mistakes a valuable regulating principle for an actually realisable goal—just what Niebuhr warns against.

So in India we have arrived at a state of things which makes the Editor of the *Eastern Economist*, Delhi, hark back to John Stuart Mill:

The principle of utility allowed Mill to make narrow distinctions between tyranny and licence. He

saw dangers on either side, but considered the perils of interference greater than the perils of neglect. Even when it does not infringe on liberty, government interference is open to three objections. First, the individual normally knows his own business best. Secondly, if he does not, his freedom to choose is his only means of education and development. Thirdly, the effect of State guidance is to dwarf the individual; and it is of individuals that society is composed. Mill might have been painting a picture of 1958 when he wrote in 1859: "If the roads, railways, banks, insurance offices, great joint stock companies, universities, and public charities, were all branches of the government; if in addition, the municipal corporations... became departments of the central administration; if the employees of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this, or any other country, free otherwise than in name.... If every part of the business of society... were in the hands of government... to be admitted into the ranks of the bureaucracy and, when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole object of ambition.... The absorption of all the principal ability into the governing body is fatal, sooner or later, to the mental activity and progressiveness of the body itself.... Working a system which necessarily proceeds in great measure by fixed rules, officials are under the constant temptation of sinking into the indolent routine, or... of rushing into some half-examined crudity which has struck the fancy of some leading member of the corps...."

Coming from one who could not have foreseen the scandals of the notorious socialist ground nuts scheme in East Africa, of Crichton Down in the U.K., or of the Life

Insurance Corporation in India, this sentence shows remarkable instinct.

Criticism of the efficiency of the Centre, and of State administrations in India has been growing in the press. Is the explanation to be found in the following words of J. S. Mill? "...A State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands, even for beneficial purposes, will find, that even with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing, for want of vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish."

No more unhappy demonstration for reform carried to excess can be had than what the craze for change and destruction in the field of management and cultivation of land has brought about. Land tenure reforms have resulted in the killing of the land. It has lost all its attractions for investment of capital and human energy. Futile verbal and mathematical efforts to increase food production have become the laughing stock of the day and imports of grain from abroad are going up in alarming proportions. Statutory changes in the rights and privileges of owner and tenant have been made and more are still being threatened, all calculated to produce more votes at elections for the government party and not more food for the people.

Vital power for people's good has gone out of governmental machinery, despite the heavy taxation, exacted at an unprecedented rate.

Is this Honest?

Among many complaints received on the subject from non-Hindi employees in the service of Government, here is an extract from one of such letters:

Ref: F. No. 15/3/1958-Co-ordn. (192), Ministry of Finance (Dept. of Revenue), New Delhi, the 27th March, 1958.

Ref: Ministry of Home Affairs Office Memorandum No. 7/43/57-Ests(A) dated the 24th January, 1958.

The appointee will have to pass by the required standard a Hindi test held annually for the LOWER DIVISION CLERKS/STENO-TYPISTS within THREE consecutive chances. In the event of failure to pass it within the admissible chances, the appointee will render himself/herself unsuitable for confirmation whenever occasion arises.

These poor clerks pose these questions: Is it constitutional to impose Hindi in this manner before the date fixed in the Constitution? Is the provision in the Constitution that steps should be taken to make Hindi the official language in 1965, an authority to impose such penalties from now on? Was it not intended only to take steps by way of educational programmes?

These are questions that cannot but be answered against such tyranny on the part of Hindi protagonist departments. Far more painful than all this is the question of honesty behind the various assurances given by the President and Prime Minister of India as to non-imposition of Hindi to the disadvantage of non-Hindi people.

It seems the latter will be driven to question the truthfulness of the highest in the land and what will that lead to, Heaven knows.

Women's Wear

What women wear is decided by the whole mental climate of the time. We find in periods of social stability, expanding economy, 'good money', and male domination that women wear elaborate hampering clothes with rich materials and much decoration. Crinolines are the natural expression of expanding trade and increasing population. On the



THE FERRY

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

"An old man came to the hermitage of the Attangudi hermit. Bowing low he asked, "I pray, tell me, master, of the way to the better world." The hermit uttered no words of teaching. He asked, "What brought you to this town?"

The old man answered, "My grandson is of the right age for marriage. I came here to look for a suitable girl for him." The Swami asked, "Is the business over?" "Yes, in a way it is over."

"Why then have you come to me?"

"I was told that everybody came to Your Holiness for instruction. I thought I could try and get some good advice too."

"Very well then", said the Swami, "Let us go to the river bank." The two reached the river bank. Crowds of villagers were waiting to take the ferry and cross the stream to join a great festival going on on the other bank. The boatman said, "The ferry cannot carry any luggage. No bundles, please, only passengers can get into it." A peasant was about to get into the boat carrying a bundle, but the ferryman objected and stopped him.

The peasant said, "You need not spare any room for the bundle. I shall keep it on my lap where I sit. Why do you object?"

"You may sit with the bundle on your lap. Even so, the ferry has to carry both you and your bundle. If I allow everybody to come in with their luggage, the boat would sink", said the boatman. The peasant could not understand

the objection and argued, "What am I to do with my bundle?" He cried, "How can I cross the river leaving it behind?"

The boatman was strict. He would have no luggage on the boat. He said, "Those who have any luggage, please leave the boat."

A number of people got down accordingly. Some went to the inn-keeper near by and deposited their bundles with him and returned cheerfully to get into the ferry.

Those who clung to their luggage stood on the shore.

The boat moved forward. They said to one another, "How can we leave our luggage with somebody else? Alas, the festival will soon be over and we shall miss it."

The inn-keeper said, "Did you not know that the ferry carried no luggage and that passengers should get into it empty-handed?" Our peasant cried angrily, "If I sit with my bundle on my lap, would it be too much for the boat?"

Thinking it useless to argue with this obstinate man, the inn-keeper did not answer.

The Swami asked, "Did you observe all this?"

The old man who came in search of a bride for his grandson said, "Yes, I did. But what is the point?"

"You wanted to know the way to a better world. The first thing to do is to hand your burden over to the Lord. Are you ready for it?"

"I must go and consult the old woman at home."

"The festival will be over by then," said the Swami.

other hand, in 'post-crisis' periods of social change, 'bad money'—that is, inflation—and female emancipation, women wear flimsy and skimpy garments,

very straight in line and pale in colour. They cut off their hair and wear their waists in the wrong place.

— JAMES LAVER.



Sotto Voce

Where are the Editors?

Newspaper publishing is an honourable trade. A newspaper is the one thing in the world that can neither be nationalised nor socialised. Starry eyed idealists who scorned to look into balance sheets and journalistic co-operatives who were zealous to cut out the middleman soon found themselves hanging in midair, their sorry nag dead under them from sheer inanition. The enterpriser who provides by his capital, initiative and skill the material medium that journalists can use to instruct and entertain is entitled to a modest profit and to the thanks of the community. True, there have been black sheep among them. But because there are dishonest shopkeepers who give short weight does anybody propose that we should shut up all shops?

But a strange thing about our publishers—or owners, to use a more familiar term—is their horror of publicity. Rather belatedly they are asking for public sympathy in their tribulations. But the public knows nothing about them except what it has learnt to their discredit. They too long treated the internal economy of the newspaper as if it concerned none but themselves. They carried this reserve so far that when the Press Commission was set up they ostentatiously withheld their co-operation as a body. This was wrong tactics; worse, it betokened contempt for public opinion.

The scandals unearthed by the Press Commission were no worse than could be fished out from the cupboards of any other industry. What did greater harm to the owners was their tacit admission that while they had individual interests to which they clung, they had neither *esprit de corps*

nor a professional conscience. In refutation of the gibe that they were parasites they could point to nothing more than the transactions of the Indian and Eastern Newspaper Society. That body had concerned itself mostly with grouses about newsprint, Government advertising and with demands for concessions of one sort or other.

As for the A.I.N.E.C., that pale shadow of the proprietors' organisation, is it not remarkable that for a body which is supposed to have kept the banner of editorial freedom proudly flying for fifteen years, it should at its latest meeting, have told the world that "the best assurance of adequate wages and working conditions lies in recognising the position of the Editor". Recognition by whom, pray? If they have not won recognition of their autonomy from the proprietors, how do they expect anybody else to treat them as of any account? In fact most of them are not Editors at all but owners or owners' nominees who have delighted in ambling amiably from the blue bed of the I. & E.N.S. to the brown bed of A.I.N.E.C.

No wonder they were cold-shouldered by both the Government and the proprietors when it came to bidding for the support of the "working journalists", the wild men of the Delhi Federation. When they acquiesced in the usurpation by the journalistic trade unions of the authority to speak for the profession of journalism they wrote themselves down for ciphers. They obediently echo their masters and oppose "the rigid prescription of grades and scales and categorisation of journalists". What is their alternative—to fix minimum wages, as the owners urge, on a regional

basis and leave other things to be settled by the industrial dog-fight?

Working journalists are public servants. They are not Government servants. The most sinister aspect of the Government's policy towards the Press is that they have consistently ignored this important distinction. Mr. Kunzru quoted Mr. Gulzarilal Nanda's revealing statement that by the recent Ordinance "the matter had been taken out of the hands of the interests concerned and it would be for the Government to decide what the wage structure should be". By what authority? A party government is not a judicial tribunal. And who is going to find the money? Newspapers may have to close down on a large scale. But the little Fuehrers do not care. Whoever starves the trade union boss will not.

Proprietors, tame Editors and pinkish politicians masquerading as 'working' journalists desperately compete with one another for the favours of the Government. It is a state of affairs which no Government that genuinely cared for democracy would like. Journalists represent a key-service. The State should see that they have the competence that makes for independence. But it must not seek to annex them as henchmen by giving arbitrary awards. The basic wage structure must be hammered out by a thorough and uncommitted judicial enquiry. Future modifications should be the result of arbitration failing mutual agreement through the medium of joint organisations at the different levels of the Whitley Council type. Only so can the autonomy and the self-respect of the profession be safeguarded and carpet-baggers and hedge-lawyers kept out.

VIGNESWARA

There always is controversy about change; the clash of the believed versus the perceived.—Air Marshall Sir Victor Goddard.

SIDELIGHTS ::

A lightning strike of some three hundred out of a total of eight hundred workers in the *Hindu* office, accompanied by violence and disorder which the police, apparently under instructions from the Government, did nothing to avert or control, but kept quietly looking on, led to the closure of the office and suspension of the paper on Monday night, for the first time in its long and distinguished history of unbroken publication for eighty years.

The strike, by itself, was not of a magnitude to affect the running of the paper. It was confined to a minority of the staff. The large majority of employees kept out of the strike and wanted to work. But the strikers were joined by labour unions connected with other institutions operating under Congress leadership and by disorderly elements, and these took the law into their own hands, and physically prevented the willing workers from getting in.

It was not a case of peaceful picketing. I was a picketer in days when it was most dangerous to be one, and the full force of governmental authority used to be savagely applied then to prevent picketing and terrorise picketers. Twenty-six years ago, the public furore over the rough handling I had from the police while picketing along with a friend in China Bazar, led to the stopping of the beating of picketers by the police in Madras streets, that had been customary at that time.

Peaceful picketing to gain public ends was a Gandhian invention in Indian politics. In the Congress tradition originated by the Mahatma, picketing was a physical act only up to the extent of the actual presence of the picketer on the scene. The connotation put into the qualifica-

tion, 'peaceful,' was most exacting. Nobody was even to be touched by the picketer with his hand. The emphasis was on persuasion and appeal without the slightest taint of obstruction. The picketer was enjoined to do his picketing with folded hands and not with the fist. The right of peaceful picketing which came into vogue under the Gandhian impetus was stringently formulated by the author of the movement to exclude every kind of threat or intimidation or physical interference or violence against anyone not responding to the aim and purpose of the picketers.

Here is an account of what happened in the name of picketing in front of the *Hindu* office from an "Eye-witness" present on the scene. He writes: "Sir,—Please permit me to voice my disgust at the way in which the strike situation in the *Hindu* office is being handled. I was an eye-witness to the scene that took place on Monday the 4th instant in front of the office. I was present at the spot both in the morning and in the evening on that day. Non-strikers willing to work were prevented effectively from entering the premises. I found that employees on duty, when coming out or going in, were roughly handled by the strikers and their supporters. Not only were they physically prevented, but also the conveyances of those who arrived in them, were stoned. In the evening, paper parcels brought from the office for despatch were seized, torn and thrown in the street. The police on the spot were witnesses to this wanton act of hooliganism and violence. Why have the authorities concerned remained mere onlookers?"

There are, of course, turbulent elements everywhere. Society will go to pieces if they are not held in check and are allowed to gain ascendancy. The Govern-

ment collect taxes from the people to maintain the police in order to provide reasonable security and freedom of movement to citizens engaged in their various avocations. This week the Madras Government behaved in dealing with *The Hindu* as if their intention and the whole tempo of their executive and police machinery were geared up to achieve the protection of the worker's right to strike and the destruction of his right to work. A great national institution was driven to suspend its service because the Ministers failed in their basic duty of protection of person and property towards its officers and staff anxious and willing to work, and threw in their weight into the sanction of disturbance, disorder and violence.

The Ministers concerned and the State Government are by their failure of duty responsible for the closing of *The Hindu*. Their attitude involves a denial of the citizen's right to work. If government patronage is to be extended to disturbers of the peace bent on putting great institutions rendering valuable public service out of action, it will nurse and let loose on society an uncontrollable destructive monster before which nothing good in the country will be safe. Ministerial handling of labour in Madras calls for enquiry in the interest of national discipline and morale.

Mount Road is our Fleet Street and many of the daily newspapers are located in and near it. The violence and the looting of paper parcels, the beating of sub-editors and reporters, and the failure of the police to protect person and property at the scene of the disturbance, could not have escaped their attention. It is a pity that not one of them has raised its voice in protest! Perhaps the sight of so much rowdyism and so much indifference on the part of the constables present took them so much by surprise that for the time being they were paralysed.

SAKA

THE WITHDRAWAL OF FOREIGN TROOPS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

"Mr. Murphy's skilful engineering of General Chehab's candidature," to use the language of the perspicacious editor of the *New Statesman*, has brought about conditions for an early face-saving American withdrawal from Beirut. The sooner this withdrawal and that of the British troops in Jordan are finished, the better for world de-tension and for the American and U.K. 'face'. Persistence and pride never helped any one in the process of getting out of an error into which one has been unfortunately led.

New Iraq has been recognized all round. Indeed, she has rejected France's offer to recognize as a superfluity. What then is left in the Middle East for an urgent peace-meting of powers, except it be the obstinate taste for exploitation which refuses to be entirely removed. An urgent Summit Conference was deemed necessary when the Western troops landed in Lebanon in reaction to the change of government in Iraq. When this change has been universally recognized and stabilised beyond expectation, the cause of the trouble has disappeared and this must now be recognized. There is no need for a Summit Conference on the Middle East affairs, and there is no need for foreign troops and continuing import of equipment and ammunition. Delay in withdrawal of American and British troops must lead to suspicions of some conspiracy or other for which there is no lack of fertile soil in that area.

There are other matters and world-issues for a Summit Conference. As long as this Cold War and the nuclear race continue to cast their baneful shadow on the world, efforts for peace must continue. The danger of nuclear weapons affects not only the belligerents but also many other and wholly innocent nations of the earth. The issues of nuclear

total disarmament and the reduction of military expenditure in general all over the world do call for examination and solution. But America has made up her self-righteous mind that she is not going to benefit now by any conference of the heads of States.

The heads of governments are asked to meet because only they can declare a policy of mutual trust and lay the true foundation for disarmament, not those who thrive on armaments and the complications of distrust. This is the reason why Russia wants a Summit Conference, it is not just motivated by the relative ill-health of President Eisenhower and the prospect of argumentative victory. The world generally hailed the proposal because people all over the world appreciated the truth that the first essential for peace was a policy of mutual trust and this could be declared only by heads of governments and cannot be worked out by files and professional arguments.

Some people in Delhi thought that a great new feather was put in India's cap when Sri Nehru was asked to go to the Summit Conference. We are sorry for this hasty illusion. Our cap requires feathers of a different kind. Our international importance, such as it is, stands in no need of confirmation, neither can it improve by an invitation from America. We ought not to mistake effects for causes. Power is never so operative as when it is known to exist but is not brandished. This is true as much for the power of peace-enterprises as for the power of armed forces. Let our Prime Minister's power for peace grow and not be allowed to be eaten up in futile conferences. That power will not suffer by Mr. Dulles's disinclination and no one need feel sad because Sri Nehru does not now go to New York or Geneva. Pandit Nehru has plenty to do and to

undo in India and he ought to be and is glad to be able to save more time for such things.

The Cold War is the outcome of distrust and fear. It can dissolve only by an improvement in that field. There is an obstinate residuary urge to liquidate the enemy whom we cannot trust and whom we fear. This animal urge to kill takes the shape of various arguments that impede the realisation of co-existence. This variation of the animal instinct of killing what one fears will have to be overcome, if indeed civilization is to survive.

What makes this animalist residue in human evolution most dangerous is the latest fruit of the tree of knowledge — the energy of nuclear fission which science has placed in the hands of man and which has now entwined itself into the very economy of industrial nations. Russia has repeatedly offered to agree to a total ban on this dangerous aggravating element in the present tension. The West however seeks perfect safety. In its quest for perfect freedom from fear, it prefers to lose the chance of even a second best. This is an obvious mistake, but it takes time to realise that in this mundane world we have to be content and begin with second bests.

And going back to where we began, the Western troops in Lebanon and Jordan must be withdrawn as quickly as possible, lest other kinds of troops are invited to other parts of the Arab world by the lawful governments in *de facto* authority there.



LADY, YOU'RE LATE!

Who cares! She knows that the occasion demands the most careful selection—saree—choli—jewellery. And she spares no pains in making the right choice, for charm and refinement are a family tradition.

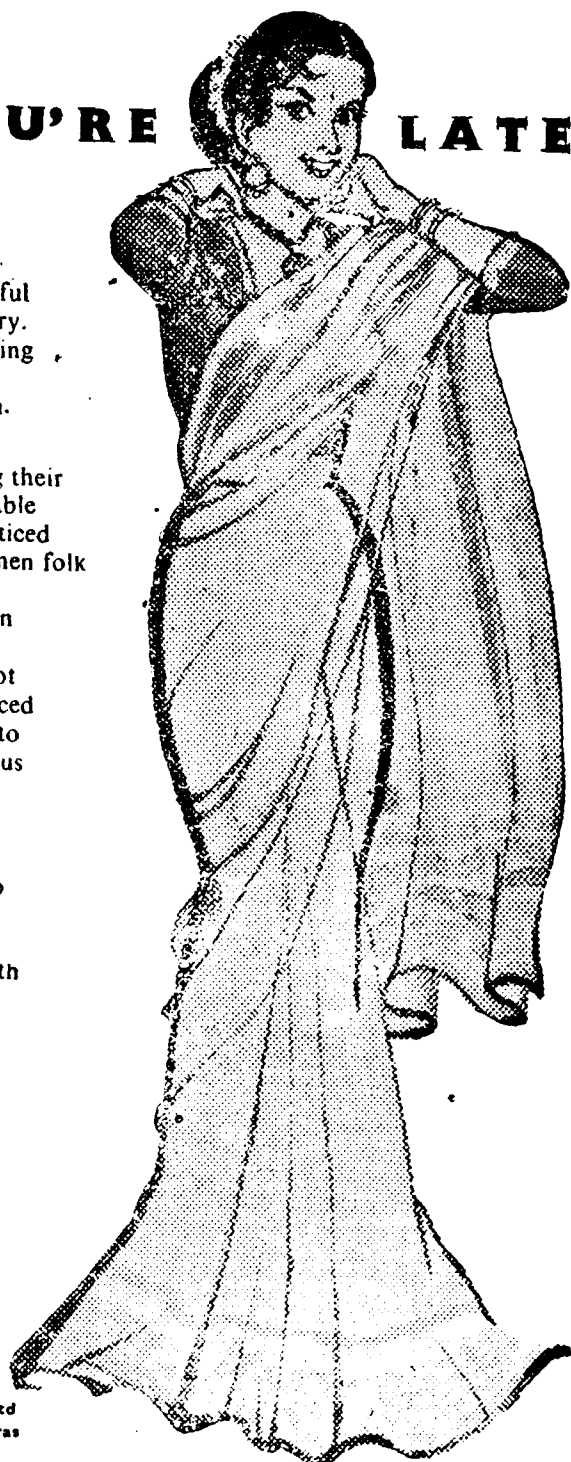
Nearly eighty years ago when BINNY'S started manufacturing their quality cloth, it was mainly suitable for men's wear. When ladies noticed how smart and handsome their men folk looked in BINNY'S cloth, they wished they too could obtain the same *variety and quality* in women's wear, and they were not disappointed. BINNY'S introduced silks and union fabrics designed to suit the taste of the most fastidious women. Soon BINNY became a household word and buying BINNY'S a family tradition.

Today, more people are able to buy more cloth, but *discerning* people look for these reassuring BINNY'S trade marks on the cloth they buy.



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BY 348

LEST WE FORGET

TILAK AND GANDHI INTER-LOCKING CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM

The anniversary of Lokamanya Tilak's birth is being celebrated all over the country now. One of the finest tributes ever published to the great patriot was by the late George Joseph. It is here reproduced. It was written originally for the "Navajivan" Tilak Number and reprinted in "Young India", August 2, 1923.

Tilak represented—in thought, outlook and work—a great chapter in India's struggle for freedom. Mahatma Gandhi represents an equally great chapter in the same story—the Revolution of Non-violence on a national, nay international scale.....

It is idle to erect competing pedestals of greatness for them. One star differeth from another in glory. But there is a logical, exact, interlocking connection between Tilak and Gandhi which it would be profitable to understand.

In historical precedence in the back-ground is another figure, understanding not whom, we understand nothing at all. It is Naoroji. The accurate significance of Dadabhai to Indian nationalism—all the permanent part of it, was not struck by him till near the end of his long, combative and useful life. His earlier task was the intellectual formulation of the grievance of foreign domination. It was an accident—the inherent accident of his hard mathematical mind that led him into the investigation of the economic consequences of British rule. The work he did was final and conclusive. Poverty and un-British Rule in India is one of the determining books of history as fateful and classic as Adam Smith's Wealth of Nations or Rousseau's Contract Social: nothing in politics or affairs could be the same after its publication as before. But his political judgment lingered. For so experienced and alert a man, Naoroji's recognition that economic exploitation and political dominance were two aspects of a single integral evil, was curiously belated. I do not know whether it was he that invented the blasphemous phrase

about the "indispensability of British connection"; but he be-

THE FATHER OF NON-CO-OPERATION

Another great tribute to the historic significance of Lokamanya Tilak is the following written by Rajaji as an editorial in "Young India" (August 10, 1922).

When Tilak passed away in August 1920 and India was punged in grief, Mahatma said: "Let us erect for the only Lokamanya of India an imperishable monument by weaving into our own lives his bravery, his simplicity, his wonderful industry and his love of his country". On the true and solid foundations laid by the departed leader, we have been working to build a superstructure worthy of the architect, which should at once be the fulfilment of his life and a fitting monument of his service to the motherland. Our own lives are the bricks with which alone this great memorial can be built. If we wish to complete the structure which we resolved to raise, we must shape ourselves into brave men and women, leading simple lives, working incessantly and loving our country with all the passion of which our hearts are capable. When small men die, their affectionate friends desire to perpetuate their memory by statues and monuments of stone. But India unanimously instinctively agreed when the great Lokamanya died that the only fitting monument that should be erected for him was Swaraj. From that day the national sinews of war bore his revered name..... We shall draw during moments of doubt and weakness on the memory of his indominate will which is a nation-

lieved in the heresy for a long time. But the Partition of Bengal precipitated his thought long held in solution as it did that of a million others. He made up his mind, that the only way of redemption is Swarajya—a very revolution of the mind. Till then, Association in Government, not Authority was understood to be the goal of Indian politics. But to Naoroji belongs the supreme credit of affirming that Swarajya was the only thing that mattered. The revolution in ideal was a miracle.

Truly may it be said that Tilak was the father of non-co-operation. In his speeches made years ago, he laid bare the true sources of the strength of foreign rule. He traced it to its bottom and showed how it was firmly planted in our own co-operation and not really on the British army or navy. He declared most clearly and emphatically that salvation must come to us only through our own efforts and not from outside. He led us step by step cautiously, but made it clear all the same that we should stand on our own legs. He uncompromisingly rejected, so long ago as 1907, the gift of Swaraj as a contradiction in terms, and turned our attention inwards as the only way to true and lasting emancipation.

Of suffering as an essential element of political work, it may even be more emphatically asserted that the great Lokamanya was the discoverer. Before him we were content with protests and requests, whose futility led to the bomb and pistol and to assassination and secret conspiracy. But the Lokamanya repeatedly entered the prison gate in full view of the nation and showed that the true way to liberty lay only through suffering. He it was who first consecrated the jail in India as the temple of freedom till at last it has now become an integral part of the national faith.

for a man of his age. It can be no grievance that he never achieved the complementary revolution in the discovery of the true master.

It was Tilak that discovered the true master in Indian politics—the common man, the man behind the plough and in the village. Indian politics before Tilak was the politics of private interviews and confidential whispers. No wonder either. As long as the final word was conceded to rest with the Indian Civil Service and with Parliament in England, the obviously right thing was to persuade them. By their very nature, they could be got at only through conversations and understandings, and the diplomacy of petitioning. Tilak discovered that the Civil Service did not matter much nor even the House of Commons. He perceived that all governments have to be bullied and driven and a foreign government more than any other. He felt that the only way to move the Indian Government was to defy and if possible, frighten it. As it happens, the British Government is afraid of mobs. Parliamentary government, the only system of administration with which Englishmen are acquainted, is regulated mob-law. Whatever the mob shouts is right; the bigger the mob, the righter it is and the more irresistible its authority for Governments. The Lokamanya decided that the only way to bring the Government to reason was by appealing to the people. He did not object to the educated folk, but they were no use to him — they were so few.

He, therefore, directed his appeal to the vast mass of Indian humanity. He saw that though our people were possessed of a fine and unrivalled culture and of an unequally political sense, they were ignorant of the phrases and the outer forms with which he, as a graduate of Bombay and Englishmen by the fact of their existence, were acquainted. There were two ways of getting the crowd into effective intellectual contact with the Government. The Government could be taught the phrases that move the people or the people, the intellectual routine of the rulers. He decided on the former course. He started on that vast process of popular education, the result of which is to be seen in Maharashtra, where the common people know more about politics (genuine real politics) than in any other part of the country. The *Kesari* was created by him; but it was something more than the *Kesari*. He created a new language, he opened up a whole sphere of thought, an intellectual interest; he made people alive with the thought of mastery, mastery over themselves, and over the Government; he brought the past to life again, made Maharashtra proud of itself and of its heroes. He rebuilt a nation. From time to time the Government imprisoned him; but whenever he came back, with ever growing power he had forged. Others have had the glory of vast popular receptions; but it was he that roused the people to the possibility of being organised into demonstrations. His march through the Maharashtra in 1917 was a triumphal procession. The Revolution was upon us. The Government was brought into touch with the politically-minded villagers in their thousands and it was afraid. It discovered that sedition had spread from the towns to the villages, from the universities to the farms, from the intelligentsia to the people. The passing of power from the lawyers to the peasants was not clearly visible in Tilak's day because the movement was so huge that it could be perceived only in the detailed result. But he was

responsible for the true Revolution.

The creation of the crowd as a compelling force in politics was the Lokamanya's work and by a subtle irony he was content to brandish the sheer size of the Indian crowd in the Englishman's face. The further problem was not solved by him: How is the crowd to act? By an instinctive wisdom, he concentrated on the single issue, and succeeded beyond dispute. Rebellion, political assassination, passive resistance, boycott of British goods—all these were suggestions with which the air was filled in his time, and he was too wide awake a politician and journalist not to have known something about them all. But he never gave a sign of the current of his mind. As fate willed it, he died before the solution of the problem became a pressing, urgent necessity.

The need of the time found its fulfiller. Mahatma Gandhi came forth. In the field of Indian politics, the whole of his life was a preparation for the change he introduced. He called it non-co-operation. The name was of no consequence; but the reality was that the people whom Tilak had roused were in need of regulation. The power was there; but it had to be used. It was a method that the nation was in search of. Mahatmaji invented the method, presented the world with a perfect technique of non-violent coercion. Non-co-operation was born on the day that Tilak died; and his very spirit was born afresh in the fulfilment of his purpose.

Has non-co-operation achieved its end? Can it achieve the object defined by Mahatma Gandhi? The nation is in the middle of a prolonged decision, which looks perilously like a battle. But no matter; history will tell. But of one thing we may be sure. The programme of 1920 would have been impossible but for the long life of him we knew as Tilak.

India's biggest city — Calcutta — is as much as ever a pest-hole, and in the words of the United Nations World Health Organization, one of the most unhealthy places in the world. — *Time*

HONORARY HUMBUGS

By POTHAN JOSEPH

Apart from the scriptural dictum that a labourer is worthy of his hire, experience teaches us that honorary work is costly. When an honorarium is paid, it has the appearance of being *ex gratia*, with the mercenary element in the bargain genteelly played down since resort to law for the exaction of dues is considered bad form. A barrister cannot sue his client for his fees, and fortunately he knows to make sure of it in advance. The *quid pro quo* element enters into transactions unless one is an eccentric philanthropist (a millionaire who shells out), but he hardly pauses to reflect that he had come by those millions by squeeze-methods in a sordid world. Probably, his conscience pricks him, but joint-stock companies free to make donations to political parties are above all suspicion of being roused by the still small voice.

In Bangalore we are in the throes of digesting the Gorwala Report, a lengthy document produced by a man who does not believe in *bhoo dan* or *budhi dan*, but has contributed his quota of *shram dan*; an intellectual (a type categorised in Russia), he had worked free and handed over his study of the Mysore Administration without any taint of filthy lucre. He condemns Prohibition as a chimerical futility, and there I am on the side of Mr. Gorwala, Rajkumari (Amrit Kaur) and all the angels. For him it has been an occasion for self-expression, and there is a lot of advice given free, gratis and for nothing. His dabbling in censorious journalism after resignation from the I.C.S. over the food-control issue, has given edge to his remarks, a circumstance bound to quicken the journey of his Report to the dustier corners of the Secretariat Shelf.

Now, we have had a brood of volunteers since the attainment of Independence who forsake their salaries and prefer a one-

rupee allotment per annum from the public exchequer. The earmarking of that one-rupee has tremendous significance in the codes of finance departments and auditing mandarins. The austere acceptance of the Rupee is accompanied by prerogatives of large spending and State-hospitality all over the country. The token cut of a pound in a Cabinet Minister's salary by Parliament amounts to expulsion. The late St. John Brodrick, Secretary of State for India, had to quit when his salary was cut, though some of our particularists would today argue in India that he should have stuck to his job, trousering £4,999 out of the Indian Estimates. When it was announced in 1950 that K. M. Munshi had been appointed without salary, as Agent for Hyderabad, I wrote protestingly against that act of sacrifice. In my judgment, it made the case hard for the poor man who might be equally fit for a similar office redolent with patriotism and self-abnegation. It is believed that the Community Development Minister draws no pay at all whilst the Defence Minister is a despair to accounting officers in many a metropolis which he visits from the days of his High Commissionership, since he doesn't bother to sign forms and is allergic to money.

The record of rewardless public life is rare. Nelson died like a hero, and Parliament voted a fortune to Lady Hamilton, not his widow in distress. I fear laxity on the part of honorary functionaries (including some of our eminent *Satyagrahis*), and I regard the convention of adequate remuneration as being better. In the pressure on newspapers for higher subscriptions by the Press Trust of India, we are reminded that it is a non-profit-making venture pledged to the supply of the pure milk of world-intelligence. Formerly the Associated Press of India operated as an ordinary commercial

concern. Now they tighten the belt, it is claimed, in calculations of capacity to pay. Bare liability first; hence the Government too become stingy in subsidies (described as subscriptions by the P.T.I. staff no doubt influenced by the vow of non-profit motives taken by the investors). Why should they be so disdainful about dividends when Finance Investment Corporations and State Trade Corporations believe in the test of moderate returns as incentive? I do not trust the glow and glamour of self-righteousness as a safe aid to efficiency. News-service now looks like a spectacular front of philanthropy which subscribers upon whom the screw tightens are not able to appreciate on receipt of monthly bills from the General Manager. Their *shram dan* is such that they won't consider even a return of 4 per cent.

No, no, the labourer is worthy of his hire: let's be done with boloney.

Books on Economics

	Rs. nP.
<i>International Economic Disintegration</i> : by Wilhelm Ropke	17 06
<i>International Economic Integration</i> : by Prof. J. Tinbergen	18 37
<i>The Economist in the 20th Century and other lectures in Political Economy</i> : by Lionel Robbins	13 00
<i>Collected Economic Papers</i> : by Joan Robinson	17 06
<i>Income Revisited</i> : by A. C. Pigou	4 87
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CAPITAL COMMENTS

WARRING CAMPS
IN NEWSPAPER OFFICES

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: The latest to arrive in Delhi from all parts of the country to gain the hearing of the Government of India were the publishers of newspapers or the conscience-keepers of the newspaper magnates. Who says that proprietors have no problems? They indeed have; the publishers have their own; and the working journalists have apparently themselves become a problem. And all because, it seems, Delhi finds itself uneasily tossed between consideration for newspaper-owners and concern for newspaper employees. The I.E.N.S. publishers rallied here under quite high auspices, a former Governor, Shri R. R. Diwakar, having presided over the Conference and a leading M.P., Shri H. N. Kunzru, having inaugurated it, with the customary flourish.

The burden of the song is—and how burdensome it is!—the Wage Board business; it strikes at the roots of the Industry—and how striking it is! In all such matters *Junius* is accustomed to take a line of his own, subordinating even economics to ethics. Let us hear the publishers' tale or the proprietors' wail; let us concede that they are really confronted with practical difficulties in running the industry; let us assume (without necessarily agreeing) that the procedure of the Wage Board has been "arbitrary and unscientific". But what kind of approach to their problems it is when the foremost newspapers (that lay down the law for the country from dawn to dawn) have resources to employ men at higher levels on huge salaries but none to make the underdogs more contented, when they find means to throw away a good bit of money on special correspondents in remote capitals but little to give a living wage to

the mofussil ones nearer home: when they have motor vans ready to take bosses' children to schools but none to reach the staffmen home after midnight toil at the desk. Nothing that they say by way of a reply will carry conviction.

Troubles are bound to arise when there is no equitable or just distribution of resources among the men who work—and more troubles arise for the smaller papers because of the various excesses on the part of the bigger ones. For peace in industry, in any industry, as Earl Baldwin said once, there are problems "that no Government can settle, that no Government can interfere with, and no Government can solve". The only solution to the problem of the newspaper industry in India is a round the table one, with honesty of purpose and an ethical outlook—directed to common good. But the long-winded and strongly-worded resolution passed by the Conference holds out no such promise. And where both parties are on the war-path, there is little hope of anything like an amicable settlement. And worse is the position as the Government to whom both turn in despair, are given more to wobbling than to acting resolutely to bring the strife to an end. Above half a decade after the Press Commission came into being to bring

peace to the newspaper industry, we find things going to pieces, with warring camps in almost every newspaper office. And it is from such quarters—the utter irony of it—that appeals go for Peace on Earth!

Mr. Dhebar's hands are now full, particularly because of the gaps in the ranks of the Secretaries still gaping at him. As if Orissa, Mysore, and U.P. are not enough to keep him pre-occupied, Kerala has made a pressing demand on his immediate attention. Incidentally, new conventions are being set up, with the President of the Congress and the Chief Minister of the Communist Government in the State, exchanging telegrams and letters though not (yet) confidences. It seems that after the Prime Minister's public statement that Kerala is no nightmare to him, Dhebar Bhai is left severely alone to face the music, since he alone of the High Command has to study the situation from the party angle without the official complex that other members who happen to be on the Treasury Benches cannot shed. In the wake of the visit of the Governor of Kerala to Delhi and the high-level talks, there has been a new appraisal of the affairs in the problem-state. There is no question of, or warrant for, Delhi annexing Kerala on some pretext or under some provocation or other. But Delhi will watch the developments and be vigilant. Luckily, the Governor of Kerala is both an elder statesman and a seasoned politician who combines sobriety and shrewdness and can be trusted to handle any difficult and delicate situation with an expert's mind and skill.

SAMPLE OF WHAT HAPPENED
TO INDIANS IN CEYLON

The following letter addressed to the authorities in Ceylon gives a fair indication of what happened to many Indians in Ceylon in the recent disturbances:

I am an Indian citizen resident in Ceylon for a considerable time

and was doing a business in hardware at Matara for the last 22 years.

On the 26th May my premises were attacked and looted of all the goods and furniture therein by armed hooligans, who also destroyed my books of account,

August 9, 1958

cheque books and all records.

I escaped with my life and took shelter at the Matara police station till the 3rd June when I was evacuated to the refugee camp at St. Peters College, Colombo.

Whilst at the Matara police station, I saw some of the looted goods being brought to the station, having been recovered and I have

since received information that more of my property has been recovered by the Matara police.

Having decided to leave Ceylon for my homeland, it is now my intention to go to Matara to bring back to Colombo whatever of my possessions have been recovered, collect what dues I can and also settle with my creditors at Matara.

This will require a few days being spent at Matara and my request is that you will kindly afford me police or military protection on my journey to Matara and back and during my stay at Matara.

I am naturally anxious to return to India at the earliest possible opportunity and shall therefore

...no fury like
a woman scorned

Just a simple housewife... yet her wishes are of prime importance to us. We know better than to scorn her opinions, ideas, suggestions—for she knows best the needs and requirements of the home.

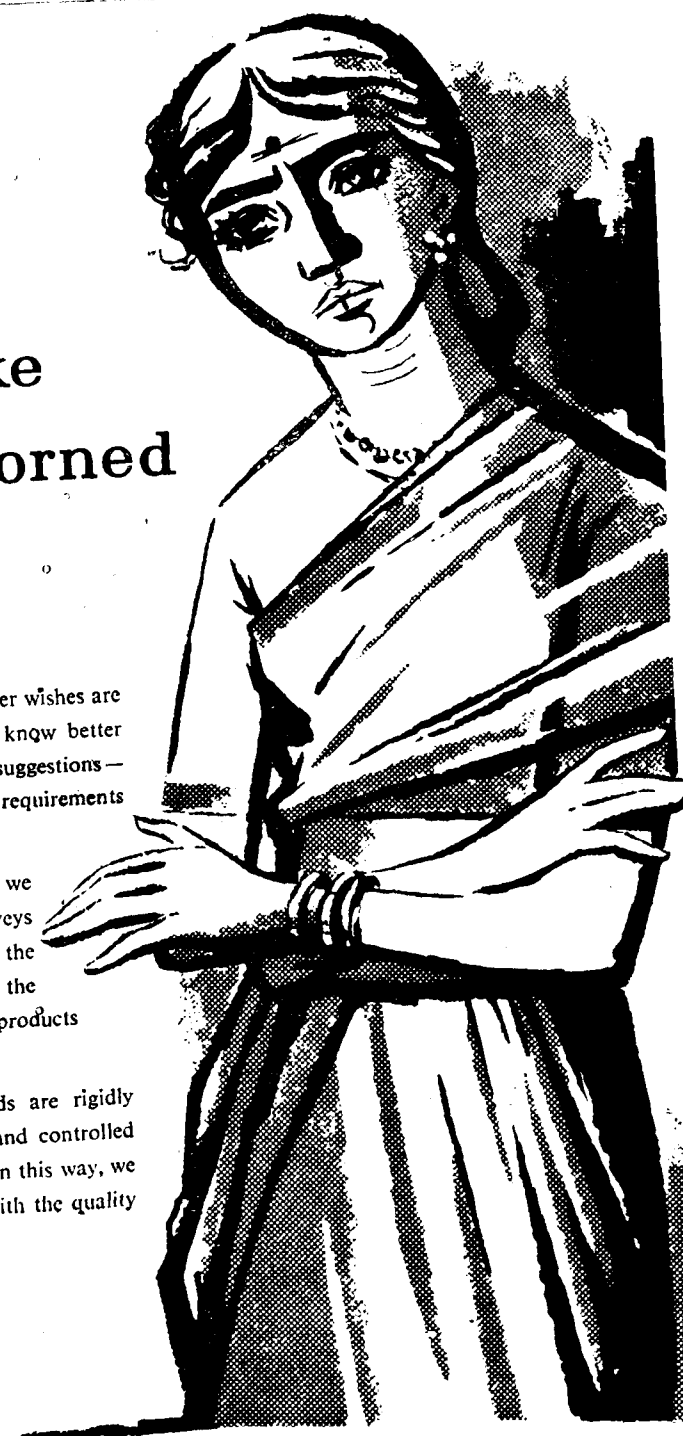
To find out just what she wants, we carry out marketing research surveys all over the country. Thus, it is the housewife who sets many of the standards that Hindustan Lever products must measure up to.

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GOD'S LIEUTENANT

By M. KRISHNAN

My neighbour is vacating the house in which he has lived for many months, and moving out to what Milton terms, with such suggestiveness, "fresh Woods, and Pastures new".

Or else he is contemplating the move.

Frankly, I have no idea what he is planning to do. I happen to be, though some of my neighbours are envious of the distinction, the oldest resident of my road, and this imposes certain additional obligations on my natural neighbourly restraint. By nature I am a man with little curiosity towards the human population of my surroundings, and as the Oldest Resident I set myself an exemplary standard—I just can't descend to the level of common, vulgar snooping. So, when this P.A. called on me and jerked a thumb towards my neighbour's residence and remarked that it was falling vacant, I could neither confirm nor deny his suggestion. He had already introduced himself to me, as the P.A. to some governmental officer—was he the P.A. to Mr. Zitheruddin? I don't think so, I don't think even Gazetted Officers run to such names, but it did sound somewhat like 'Zitheruddin'.

But of course the house was vacant, he advised me, why, it had been notified!

Perhaps, I suggested to him, he should ask the owner of the house.

be grateful if you will kindly grant my request without delay.

Important records such as passport, visa, Bank of Ceylon savings pass book, account books, cash of about Rs. 10,000, signed cheque leaves, cash cheque to the value of Rs. 8,000 and one gold chain to the value of Rs. 500 were also stolen during the disturbance. This has been reported to the Matara police, and my statement was recorded on the 28th May night.

N. KOVILPILLAI NADAR.

He pooh-poohed the suggestion. Was I Mr. Krishnan? I admitted it? Very well, then, that was the end of the matter. The vacancy had been notified and he had been referred to one Mr. Krishnan. There was no point in further beating about the bush. Now, what Mr. Zitheruddin wanted to know was this . . .

I interrupted him to point out that the house was not yet vacant, though it might fall vacant shortly. I reiterate that as the O.R. I am totally above snooping, but my neighbour has a large family—a dozen humans, three Alsatis, a fourth and much more mysterious dog of less obvious pedigree, whose periodical and silent appearances and disappearances are quite uncanny, a cow, a heifer, a calf, and some poultry. One needs to be both blind and deaf, not merely incurious, not to know whether or not such a family has shifted out of a house. I could hear my cook chasing my neighbour's chicken out of my kitchen (which they persistently invade), and I could see members of the family still in occupation. Facts are facts, though I am second to no man in my respect for Notifications.

"I beg your distinguished pardon," I said to the P.A., "but the house is not yet vacant."

Patiently, and with the air of a grown-up explaining some elementary thing to a deficient child, he explained to me that the vacancy could not be denied since it had been notified. Nothing less—actually notified. That was final and conclusive. Now, what Mr. Zitheruddin wanted to know was this. He was willing to take up the house, but wanted a bathroom put up on the first floor. What did I have to say to that?

I had plenty to say. I repeat, for the third time, that I realise that as the O.R. I have more onerous obligations of neighbourliness than, say, a man who has lived for a mere fifteen years on

our road. But even I think it is asking for too much, asking me to build a bathroom on the first floor of my neighbour's house—especially as I know that this house already has such a convenience upstairs. I told the P.A. plainly that I refused to put up a bathroom.

That irritated him. Very well, then, that was the end of the matter. Mr. Zitheruddin would not take up the house! It was as simple as that. Mr. Zitheruddin positively refused to take up the house if that was how I felt about it.

Restraining a powerful desire to inform him that I was not heart-broken by Mr. Zitheruddin's refusal to be my next neighbour, I told him that *was* how I felt.

Thank you, he said with pointed sarcasm, rising from his chair, thank you very much. And he stamped out of my hall. I felt like closing the door with a bang on his departing back, but such puerile gestures are beneath an O.R.—I closed it very gently. However, I could not help wishing that if people wanted to make constructional demands of their prospective neighbours, they would at least have the courtesy to call in person to make the demand and not send their P.As. But on second thoughts I withdrew this wish. I mean to say, if this was a fair sample of God's lieutenant, what would God Himself be like!

Diverse Brands

In America nuclear physicists are leading the campaign (for abandonment of nuclear tests); in Germany the outstanding nuclear physicists have pledged themselves not to make the H-bomb. In Russia Peter Kapitza, now perhaps the greatest name in nuclear physics, refused from the first to have anything to do with research for destruction. He risked much and suffered much. In England most nuclear physicists do just what they are told and regard the campaign with sceptical disapproval.

A. J. P. TAYLOR
in *New Statesman and Nation*.

CINEMA

FESTIVAL OF JAPANESE PICTURES

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: A festival of Japanese pictures was held last week in Bombay, under the auspices of the Indo-Japanese Association. On Thursday 31st July "Twenty Four Eyes" was shown at Eros and on Saturday 2nd August "Blue Sky Girl" was shown at Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan. The third picture "Harp of Burma" is to be screened later.

Originally as Shri G. S. Pohekar said in his speech it was proposed to organise the festival on a big scale and invite some of the directors and stars from Japan. But, apparently the plan did not materialize and the festival had to confine itself to the screening of only three Japanese pictures. The Association would have done well to have at least Indian film personalities associated with this festival; unfortunately, but for a couple of enterprising producers like Sadashiv Rao Kavi and Hiten Chowdhary one did not see any film personality at the two shows of Japanese pictures.

So far only three Japanese pictures have been screened commercially in India viz. 'Yukiwarisoo', 'Rashoman' and 'The Gate of Hell'. And while the first has been a popular success, the artistic beauty of the other two has won critical acclaim so much so that at least among the students of cinema art, there is a great interest and curiosity about Japanese pictures. Hence it is a pity that the festival of Japanese films was not open to all and that only two pictures were shown during the festival. It would have been ideal if at least seven Japanese pictures including those which won awards this year at Berlin and Karlovy Vary were shown at the festival. Even now the Indo-Japanese Association would do well to arrange for such a week not only in Bombay but in other big cities like Delhi, Calcutta and Madras. Even the two pictures screened

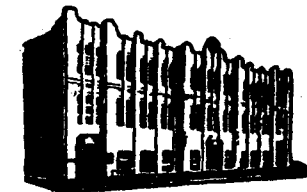
during the festival are so good that they deserve to be widely shown.

'Twenty Four Eyes', for instance, is a most poignant picture of a school teacher and twelve students beginning in the quiet days of 1928 and ending after the turbulent war in 1946. Through the lives of the students and the teacher, the picture vividly portrays the impact of the rise of Fascism and war on common people without once showing the war or any political scene. Had there been an art theatre in Bombay, a picture like 'Twenty Four Eyes' would have been a popular hit among the lovers of film art. There are excellent reports about some recent Russian, Swedish, Bulgarian and Chinese pictures as well; but, we in India may never have an opportunity to witness them for lack of a chain of art theatres in this country. Today, more than ever before, we need theatres which will screen documentaries and foreign art films exclusively; such theatres will go a long way in improving the taste of the picturegoers and the standard of our own pictures.

Bimal Roy making 'Yahudi' reminds one of William Dieterle making 'Kismet'. For, both these directors are known for a certain kind of subjects and realism and have never been associated with costume fantasies or melodrama. But if Dieterle could make 'Kismet', there is no reason why Bimal Roy should not direct 'Yahudi', a loud melodrama based on Agha Hashra Kashmiri's play modelled on Cecil De Mille's 'Sign of the Cross'.

This love story of a Jew girl and a Roman prince has all the ingredients of box-office success, already exploited by New Theatres twenty-four years ago in 'Yahudi Ki Ladki'. Marang toy-

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ed with the same subject only a year ago with disastrous results. The new version made by Savak Vasha, who died during its making, is expensive, opulent and though not a gem of art, a satisfying entertainer with many distinguishing features.

The screenplay by Nabendu Ghosh and polished direction by Bimal Roy have succeeded in giving the old, static melodrama, a certain mobility and sensitivity at least in the handling of the romantic development and the characterization of Marcus as played by Dilip Kumar. Aided with sparkling wit by dialogue-writer Wajahat Mirza, the romantic scenes between Marcus (Dilip) and Hannah (Meena) are most enjoyable. The scene in which Dilip reveals his true religion to Meena is most poignant and perhaps the best acted and directed piece in the film. That is why when Dilip turns blind, it provides a greater emotional climax than the death of Yahudi

(Sohrab Modi) who reveals to Brutus, the Roman persecuter, that Hannah is his daughter. This nemesis somehow fails in its dramatic impact to convey the irony of the futility of religious persecution. This is perhaps the only great drawback in this otherwise well mounted motion picture.

In the end the lovers unite; but their union appears rather tame, because of the tame climax.

Dilip is excellent when he does not try to be melodramatic and speak in the same pitch as Sohrab Modi, who gives his usual full-blooded performance. Meena Kumari is the best of the trio acting her role with grace and charm. Nigar gives a brilliant cameo as Octavia. Nazir Hussain is ill at ease as Brutus.

Shankar Jaikishen have done an excellent job of background score while their tunes have a popular lilt. But for a weak climax, leisurely tempo and

rather unreal atmosphere 'Yahudi' directed with restraint and slickness is an interesting and enjoyable film.

'Talaq' was granted 'U' certificate while 'Sadhana' was also censored last week in Bombay and is booked as the opening attraction at a new cinema.

K. A. Abbas is recording two songs for his new picture 'Char Dil Char Rahen' written by Sahir and set to music by Anil Biswas. Incidentally, the English translation of Sahir's famous poem 'Parchhain' is being published on 15th August.

Filmistan has filed two writ petitions challenging the validity of the Cinematograph Act of 1952 and prayed for the cancellation of the Government notification banning 'Bombay Flight 417' and 'Jasoos'. The result of this test case will be watched with avid interest by the industry.

THE HINDU OFFICE STRIKE FROM A CORRESPONDENT

On August 5, 1958, something unprecedented in the history of *The Hindu* happened. The paper suspended publication without even being able to let its readers know what had led it to take this most painful decision. For six gruelling days the management and the majority of the employees of the paper had struggled valiantly to bring out the paper without giving even an inkling to its readers of the ordeal through which the paper was passing and the terrible conditions of intimidation and violence which the staff had to surmount. With that scrupulous concern for its reputation, which has marked it out among the great papers of the world, it would not let its readers know about the misbehaviour of a fraction of its employees who went on a lightning strike or of the insults, humiliations and violent assaults which its gallant band of loyal employees had to endure in discharging their duty by the paper.

What started as a lightning strike on Wednesday night developed in three days into an organised war of intimidation in which one side had to observe all the rules of decency and order, while the other had no scruples about the weapons to be employed. As the strikers were a small minority of the employees, *The Hindu* had no great difficulty in bringing out the paper as long as its loyal employees were free to go in and come out without fear of molestation. But that was not allowed for long. From Saturday, in the name of peaceful picketing, a regular reign of terror was inaugurated by the leaders of the strikers to prevent loyal employees from going in and to beat up those who came out. *The Hindu* became a kind of beleaguered fortress, with this difference that those within were utterly powerless to do anything against those who were assailing them from without.

During all this period, when the ranks of the demonstrators shout-

ing in front of *The Hindu* were swelling, thanks to reinforcements from other unions under Congress leadership, when peaceful picketing was being transformed into a mounting crescendo of violence and hate, the police acted as mere spectators, leaving the lawless elements in charge of the whole stretch of Mount Road from Purushotham Buildings to Simpson Buildings. On Saturday evening, the Sports Editor of *The Hindu* was set upon by a dozen assailants as he was returning from work and beaten right in the centre of Mount Road within a hundred yards of *The Hindu* office. On Sunday and Monday sub-editors, reporters and clerks of *The Hindu* who attempted to go to the office for work were surrounded and either compelled to turn back by menacing threats or by violent assaults. Brutal assaults on drivers of vehicles were made to prevent food and provisions from being taken to the workers inside the office.

We shall say here nothing about the endless stream of abuse which was maintained by the strikers and their supporters or the continuous incitements to hatred and violence. What makes them significant but sad is that the ostensible leaders of the strikers were Congressmen and it all happened under a Congress Government. The complete denial of legitimate protection to persons going about their lawful vocations which was witnessed during the five days of *The Hindu* strike makes a complete mockery of the Government's pretensions with regard to maintenance of law and order. The right to strike is undoubtedly a valuable right for the workers to protect their interests. But equally also the right to work of those who wish to stand loyally by the institution to which they are devoted is no less sacred. With what claim to equity or fairness can a Government deny the protection of the forces of law and order to those who wish to carry on their

normal peaceful vocations when they are threatened with intimidation and violence by organised bands of hooligans and strikers?

What has happened in Madras in the past few days is a profoundly disturbing symptom of what can happen to any well conducted enterprise if it is left undefended to face the unscrupulous attacks of organised violence. The fact that in this case the victim of the attempt is a great newspaper, which has been known for its integrity and independence, makes the phenomenon alarming. No citizen's rights would be secure if Authority chooses to remain a passive onlooker while the partisans of the Government in power take the law into their own hands. In refusing to submit to the forces of violence *The Hindu* has enhanced its reputation. The press and the public of this country will hope that very soon conditions will be created which will enable *The Hindu* to resume publication in peace and dignity. Nothing would be of greater danger for the future of freedom and democracy in this country than the emergence of unholy and evil forces which can hold public enterprises or institutions to ransom by unleashing violence with the connivance or tolerance of those in power.

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STATUS OF THE ARTIST IN SOCIETY

By Mrs. D. P. ROY CHOWDHURY

India is proud of her heritage in works of art left by artists of a bygone age. Our country is studded with temples which are filled with beautiful figures either in bronze or in stone. These attract people from distant lands who come, wonder, and bow before them in awe and reverence. Until recently our own people took little or no interest in these treasures.

Though there are such wonderful works of art throughout India, not a single artist of merit is mentioned anywhere. All that we hear is that the work belongs to this or that period or school. Why this indifference to the creators of the arts? This is a puzzle for which there is no clue. I wonder whether the fate of the men of the past was no better than that of their brother artists of the present day.

Replicas of the beautiful and rhythmic figure of Nataraja

adorn not only many an Indian home but even homes across the seas. Dancers from all over the world admire and worship this immaculate form of the god of dance and derive their inspiration from it. People from everywhere visit the temple of Kanarak and marvel at what they see. Who has not heard about the caves of Ellora and the frescos of Ajantha? These are relics of the handiwork of the old masters which we preserve with the greatest pride and care. But the originators of these great works, who are they? How many of us ever give a thought to those whose brains conceived these wonderful images and fingers moulded the forms? History records the feats of the great warriors of battles but no record is kept of the makers of masterpieces in the field of art. They are neglected and allowed to get lost in oblivion.

With the passing of years some changes are bound to come and so it has been in India. Political independence has given opportunity to the men at the helm of the government to give their attention to the progress of the country in all spheres of activity.

Art institutions such as academies are formed in the capital cities and placed under the guidance of experts. These in their turn arrange meetings and seminars where artists of calibre meet for discussions and interchange of thoughts. Art galleries are established in every big city where both ancient and modern art treasures are collected and exhibited throughout the year for the benefit of the public. Itinerant exhibitions are held periodically, and to make them attractive works of artistic value from all over the world are assembled and displayed to the visitors. These no doubt help to improve the aesthetic taste of our people. But they by themselves are not

enough. They do not suffice to eliminate the difficulties that artists have to encounter, or raise their prestige in society. The path of an artist in this country is strewn with thorns. An artist who can get over the hurdles that confront him and make headway is considered extraordinarily lucky.

The works of an artist are often left at the mercy of those whose prerogative it is to sit in judgment over him though their qualifications for it may be questionable. Aesthetic merit alone cannot be expected to be the criterion in the appreciation of a work of art. It has often been noticed that when the portrait of an important personage is unveiled with great pomp and the event published in the newspapers with big headlines, the name of the artist who took such great pains to immortalize the man, is not even mentioned.

Demand for an artist's work depends a great deal on the fashion of the time. Woe to the artist who dares to brave the current fashion. His works will go unnoticed. When old fashion dies yielding place to new, his works may have a chance of recognition but by then the artist may not be there to win his laurels.

There are several art schools in different parts of India whose aim is to educate new aspirants in the field of art. The pittance that are given to the teachers in these schools hardly enable them to keep body and soul together, leave alone the question of maintaining a family.

An artist in our country is still a man to be pitied and is not revered. So long as this state of affairs lasts, in spite of all the tall talks, there will be little chance of making any substantial progress in the cultural evolution of our land.

A country's aesthetic development depends a great deal on the mental outlook of her creative geniuses. These must be made to feel that they are assets duly prized as such.

MATERIALISM & SPIRITUALISM IN WEST AND EAST

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

There can be no two opinions on the need just at present to inculcate public spirit and altruism in India. A great citizen of Madras, of impeccable worth and nobility, Sir M. Venkatasubba Rao rightly animadverted the other day upon the gap between profession and practice in the country, and furthermore, he countered the half-truth that the West is materialistic and the East spiritualistic. Really, the fact is the other way about. Western materialism, it is no exaggeration to say, is essentially spiritualistic, even as Eastern spiritualism is or tends to be materialistic to the core. One can draw this inference from ever so many instances. Compare, for example, the high position which churchmen occupy in Europe or America with the deplorable conditions in which the *purohit* or the *archaka* has to live in India. Consider, again, the scrupulous observance of rituals on occasions of great national importance, the dignity of the reopening of the Parliament and of the courts and on all occasions both grave and gay, and notice their grievous lack in this country. To us, marriage is a holy union and a sacrament. Do the matrimonial press advertisements and the infinitely worse cabaret-like celebrations, add to its solemnity?

All religion and philosophy, it is said, strive for a good life; and a good life is defined as one which feels an emotion of pain in the sufferings of others and happiness in their happiness. Indeed a Tamil mystic asks, "What happiness, O, God, I know of, except to make others happy?" Here again the West scores over the East. By no stretch of imagination could, for instance, the Western nations and the well-to-do therein, responsible for the pouring out of millions (without strings) in philanthropy on a world-wide canvas, such as the Carnegie,

Ford, Nuffield and the other foundations, exclusive of those started under the aegis of the U.N.O., the Colombo Plan and the Norwegian aids, for the upgrading of the lowly and the relief of the sick and the suffering, not to mention the systematic endeavours by scientists and physicians, experimenting on their own lives for the eradication of fell diseases, be termed materialistic, any more than some of our own countrymen, outwardly religious, with possibly the name of the Lord ever on their lips, but the very epitome of greed and self-aggrandisement, such for example as the politician in power with his accent on his caste and sub-caste, the tax-evader, the hoarder, black-marketer and the food adulterer, the rack renter of dwelling houses, the dowry extractor and the trade union leader or worker putting forth unconscionable claims and bringing even humanitarian work to a standstill, be dubbed heirs to a spiritualistic heritage. In such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that it has been found easier to procure foodgrains from foreign countries than from our own stockists of rice and wheat.

Crores are spent on education and our universities absorb a lion's share. How about their products, the bush-coated youngsters with little roots in the ancient culture or traditions and less of the Western discipline of study, research and adventure, but with all their aspirations harnessed to securing a place in the I.A.S. and a five-digit dowry?

Religion is felt to be nobody's business and Hinduism is most hurt. Age has withered it, and its recent excrescences have done it greater harm than all the proselytising agencies thrown together. A thick foliage of bigotry and superstition on the one hand and insistence on its prag-

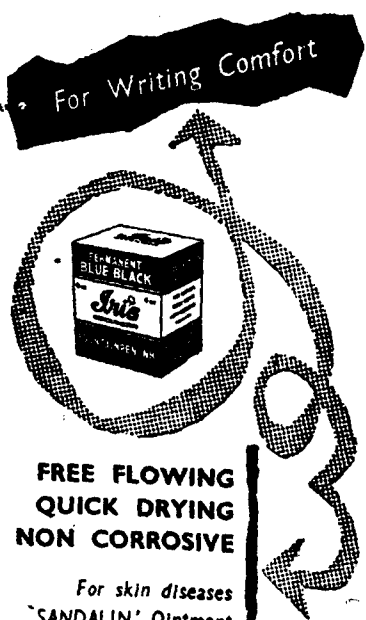
maticity on the other, hide its eternal truths. Even amongst a good number of its well-meaning fraternity, astrology governs, not *advaita*. What is perhaps more serious, religion is divorced from morality and ethics, with consequences which are too obvious in the political and social fields. Sycophancy, selfishness and servility, these three alone lead to power and prosperity. Those who scoff at the festivals in honour of the birthdays of the Gods and the manes, never forget their own, and in the case of people at the helm, are never allowed to forget their own. Colossal sums are thrown away on elections and marriages, with no thought for the poor and the distressed, even where starvation deaths and suicides are round the corner. Recently a good number were reported to have died of thirst in Bihar due to the heat wave. Did it strike a sympathetic chord anywhere? Would such a state of affairs be allowed to flourish in any Western country? It is easy to multiply instances; but enough has been said to prove that the situation is gloomy in all conscience.

The Will to Live

Although "a broken heart" may not be accepted officially as a cause of death, there can be little doubt that the absence of the "will to live" can lead to a death for which in our present state of knowledge, it is impossible to find a physical cause. There are few experienced doctors who have not encountered the patient who, having decided that life was not worth living, almost literally "turned his face to the wall" and died. Conversely every experienced doctor knows that "the will to live" is one of the most potent factors in ensuring recovery from a serious illness or operation.

The close inter-relationship of mind and body which was neglected with the advent of so-called "scientific medicine" at the turn of the century is now accepted as one of the major challenges to the medical profession. — Medical Correspondent of THE TIMES.

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VALLATHOL

By K. M. GEORGE

Sankaracharya, Ezhuthachan, Ravi Varma, Vallathol — these names easily suggest to the non-Malayalee the beautiful land of palm-tree and pepper — the land of Kathakali — Kerala. The last of these, Vallathol, left us on 13th March to join the mighty immortals of his stature.

Vallathol was born in the year 1879 in a middle class Nayar family in Malabar. His mother was Parvathi Amma and his father (Katuthottu Malliseri) Damodaran Elayatu, a connoisseur of art in those days. His education was in Malayalam and Sanskrit in the traditional way. His uncle, who was also his chief guru, hoped that Narayanan would become a physician, for he taught him Ayurveda after the basic instructions in Sanskrit Kavyas and Sastras. But Providence willed it otherwise and nobody could destroy the genuine creative urge of the boy. Even at the incredible age of 11, Narayana Menon used to write verses. Believe it or not, he had completed three small books of verse at the age of 13. By the time he was 26, he had 16 books to his credit. Most of these are second rate in quality when compared to his mature works, but sparks of genius are evident in them.

What brought him to the notice of the whole of Kerala was his rendering of *Valmiki Ramayana*, which he completed in one year and 6 months. He was only 27 then. Since then it was a steady and sure ascent for him to the highest place in the field of poetry.

Poetry was an empty word for me till I had the chance to hear a few lines from Vallathol. This is one of the firsts that I remember very clearly though it was several years ago when I was in the school. The passage was from *Magdalana Mariam* — a poem by Vallathol written on the story of Mary who came to Jesus. The story was very familiar to me. Simon had arranged a grand dinner in honour of Jesus:

He who had turned the water into wine

To grace another feast, was now regaled
As servants one by one with humble haste
Before him laid the varied dainty fare.

Turned water into wine. Yes — that was what had happened to the simple story in the New Testament, which in the hands of Vallathol was transformed into wine — an intoxicating drink. The whole poem was intoxicating to me, the school boy. And partly owing to the easy and charming diction and partly owing to the weakness for the intoxication, I could commit to memory the whole of the poem within a few days. Even now after the lapse of over 25 years, several lines from this poem come to my mind spontaneously and dissolve in a pleasant hum.

Even her faintest smile
Lapped all the world in soft, lactescent bliss
And in one tremulous smile her hovel grew
A pearly palace fair as Kailas heights.
And she who until then had searched for scraps
And sordid crumbs for food, now rose a Queen
What glories can withstand the conquering charm
That walks in woman's loveliness arrayed?

And finally we come to the most moving incident in the story — where Mary washed the holy feet of Jesus with her sweet flood of tears and wiped them with her silken hair and soft caressed them with her lips.

Woman, most hallowed glows thy face!
Today thy kiss is well-bestowed.

There are critics who think that Vallathol has made the story a little too romantic. Perhaps there is an element of truth in it. But then the answer is, if you want only the plain story, read the Bible; but if you really want poetry, if you want to enjoy aesthetic thrill and experience a pleasant intoxication — then come to Vallathol.

Vallathol has of course treated the subject with reverence and understanding. He is, however,

not preaching Christianity, but emphasising the unity of spirit in all religions by suitable allusions. It is not only Christian themes that Vallathol has dealt with in this way. He has made use of Islamic tradition as well as Buddhist and Jain stories, not to speak of the Hindu Puranas from which he has largely drawn. His example was followed by many a poet of the younger generation.

Vallathol has been different things to different people. He has been compared to Valmiki, Kalidasa and to Wordsworth. To some he is a classist steeped in tradition, to others he is the leader of the romanticists and to yet others he is a stark realist and the moving force of the progressive school. Some critics hail him as the greatest nature poet of Kerala, others see in him the celebrated poet of Indian Nationalism and there are many who go to him to enjoy in ample measure unadulterated poetry, poetry without any ulterior motive. And all this is true, for Vallathol had a many-sided personality.

Apart from the translation of Valmiki Ramayana, his important works in the classic style are *Chitrayogam Mahakavyam*, *Aushadhaharanam* and the translation of *Sakuntalam* and *Rigvedam*. Though these are valuable works in their own way, Vallathol will be better remembered by the free and fresh lyrics which he has written in large numbers. The publication in 1914 of the poem on *Anirudhan* took the Malayalam readers by storm. This brought in the first strong wave of romanticism in Kerala. The hundreds of lyrics on various aspects of life published in the 7 volumes of *Sahitya Manjari* have spread a wave of freshness and vitality in the Malayalam literature.

Out of this romantic and colourful setting there emerged the serious poet of Nationalism. Vallathol associated himself closely with the National movement and became a leader in the cultural front. His poems on Gandhiji and the National movement have inspired hundreds of people to a life of sacrifice for the country's cause. His poem on the tri-colour flag in *Vanchippattu*

metre has injected patriotism into the veins of every Malayalee.

Not enough, not enough.....Let it fly higher and higher
The Tri-colour of our dear Land.

Every child in Kerala knows this. There is a moving poem on Gandhiji entitled *Ente Gurunathan* or My Master.

During recent years Vallathol's poetry had taken a new turn. The economic and social problems of the country had moved him to his depths. He visited many parts of the world including Russia. He has written a few poems relating to the Soviet Union; but side by side you find him translating *Rigveda* also. Vallathol is too great a person to fit into any particular school or ideology. He was the poet of the people and he had something to satisfy every section of the people.

He knew only Sanskrit and Malayalam well. But amazing was his grasp of the political and social currents of the world. He had very wide sympathies and he behaved like an equal with the highest and the lowest. Superiority and inferiority were unknown to him. That is true greatness!

It is well-known that Mahakavi Vallathol was the founder and director of Kerala Kala Mandalam, where the famous dance-art of Kathakali is taught. Kathakali was a much neglected art till Vallathol in the north and Krishnan Thampi in the south of Kerala found it necessary to revive it. Krishnan Thampi passed away at an early age and it is therefore Vallathol who planned and worked hard to bring it to the notice of connoisseurs of art throughout the world. India can well be proud of this national art. Vallathol was the moving spirit of Kathakali. In fact ever since he became deaf — this happened during his 30th year — he was literally living in Kathakali and speaking the language of Kathakali.

His own words throw a flood of light on his personality: "Holding out in one hand Art and in the other Morality, if God offers me to choose one, I will not hesitate to take the former." That was Vallathol and such was his love of art. — (Courtesy A.I.R.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BLOODSHED IN CEYLON

Sir,—You have rendered a great service by publishing an account of the bloody deeds perpetrated on the helpless Tamil community by the so-called 'Buddhists' of Sri Lanka. What adds insult to this injury is that the Ceylon Government should come out after a long period of news censorship with a brazen-faced version of events which makes it very innocent!

It is manifest that the sponsors of the movement which gained rapid momentum with the blessings of some 'high-ups' in the Government, have as their objective the liquidation of the Tamil community.

Even *Newsweek*, the well-known American magazine, had to report: "Crowds watched passively while Tamils were doused with gasoline and burned alive. Tamil homes were reduced to burned-out shells; shops were pillaged."

It is noteworthy that responsible Indian leaders who reacted so emphatically to the execution of Imre Nagy with which we are not immediately concerned should deem it fit to sit quiet with their mouths shut up. Is it because they are Tamilians, the disturbing element in the South?

N. V. L. NARASIMHAM

POSTHUMOUS PROSPERITY

Sir,—Nowadays when a popular person—a politician or a cinema actor, for instance—dies, leaving no substantial estate, except perhaps a bungalow, a car and a telephone number, an influential condolence meeting is organised within a few days of his death—i.e., before the news gets cold or crowded out by other matters of topical interest, and an appeal made for a permanent endowment in favour of the successors of the deceased.

There can be no two opinions about the fact that anybody in distress must be helped; the purpose of this note is to question

why only *somebody* in particular must be helped.

The proper time to help a talented person is when he is alive, so that he could be kept above want and thus enabled to carry on his creative work without worry. The beneficiary of this public aid is the public itself which will reap the fruits of the labours of the genius. To render this aid posthumously would be futile as regards the purpose to be achieved by such aid.

There are millions of bread winners in our country who find it hard to make both ends meet. When they die in despair after a life-long struggle against hopeless odds, leaving a destitute family with unmarried daughters and uneducated sons, no public meetings are organised on their behalf. In what way, then, is a person who just happened to throw his weight about in society when he was alive, in a worse plight than millions of others?

Madras R. RAMACHANDRAN

DONATIONS TO CONGRESS PARTY FUNDS

Sir,—Your masterly editorial captioned "Company Gifts to Congress Funds" reveals in forthright terms the disastrous consequences of big industrial and commercial magnates making donations to the ruling political party under legal sanction. Your emphatic expressions are superb and aptly worded and leave a deep and indelible impression on one's mind of your lucid exposition on the subject.

It is hoped that your editorial will serve as an eye-opener to the various politicians known for their selfless struggle and sacrifice, to legislators reputed for honesty of purpose and sincerity, and all right-thinking persons interested in public welfare and that they would take up this question and raise their voices in protest and opposition.

S. PASUPATHI
Kolar Gold Fields.

SWARAJYA

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

Vol. III. No. 6

MADRAS, AUGUST 16, 1958

15 Naye Paise

BALANCE SHEET

One more Independence Day has come round and is being celebrated in a routine way without enthusiasm. There is no longer any sign now of the delirious joy with which the nation greeted the attainment of freedom eleven years ago. The occasion calls for a survey of our position.

In the political field, it is more than ever a case of total dependence on one man, the contrary of a healthy democracy. In the economic field, we are attempting to screen our impoverishment by highlighting a shortfall in foreign exchange. As far as the foreign exchange position goes—there can be no room for argument about it—there is a serious crisis. Only joint international action on the part of London, Washington, Bonn and others can help us, and one can guess what that means in terms of political implications.

As far as internal life goes, it is complete dependence of everyone on favours from Government and departmental officials. Taxes have spiralled to a summit. Energy has been sapped all round and the fire of national independence has been converted into ashes in citizen life.

In by far the most important field—the spiritual field—every day marks an increasing pace of a general breakdown of moral values. Small-mindedness, and deceit have spread. Mutual love and help have disappeared. We have equated work with pain and sloth with happiness. A few with power and influence are intoxicated in the process of hurting others.

The ignorant poor are dragged into a mire of corruption at election time. Open iniquities are not brought to law but hushed up. There is a prevailing fear that it is no longer possible to do business with honesty and save for the future. People have lost faith in righteousness.

Yet we must hope, hope that merciful Providence will not abandon us to bankruptcy after removing our shackles of subjection.

The Joint Committee

The meeting between Khrushchev and Mao Tse-tung has resulted in the issue of a joint communique wherein they jointly declare that the right of the peoples of all countries to choose their own social and political system must be respected and States with different social systems must co-exist peacefully and (2) that at the present time the primary task in preserving and consolidating peace is to achieve agreement between States to reduce armaments, end tests and ban the use of nuclear weapons, to scrap all military alignments and military bases set upon the territories of other countries, to sign a peace and collective security pact. The objection raised is, how can we trust the enemy or believe he will keep the terms of any agreement?

We cannot begin peace except at the point of agreement. To raise an objection to this is to object to peace itself. Nothing can be clearer than this, but governments persist in not seeing it and do everything to increase distrust and prolong the cold war.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Our troubles are largely of our own making. We must make up for errors of judgment and face hard facts without false pride.

Glass Houses

Congress leaders of Kerala seem more eager and more busy to persuade their High Command that 'law and order' has broken in the State than to persuade the people of the State that they would give a better Ministry to them than what the Communist party has been able to give. The plan seems to be to discredit the latter and get President's rule instead of honestly striving to obtain a vote of confidence from the people. An attempt in the latter direction made in Deviculam failed, and now it appears that instead of learning a lesson from that defeat the Congress leaders of Kerala have intensified their Delhi programme of hustling the Government of India to impose President's rule on the State. The attempt at making trouble through school boys having collapsed as a result of the statesmanly decision of the Kerala Ministry, nothing now seems to remain for them but to get the Congress President to tour round and gather grievances such as might furnish ground for a finding that 'law and order' has broken down. We wish to impress on the Congress leaders of Kerala that wisdom lies in honest work to recapture the trust of the people. The overstepping of bounds by partymen and the apathy of the police on such occa-

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ADDISONS PAINTS - Madras-11

SIDELIGHTS ::

The Hindu has resumed publication after a break of a week. An editorial in the issue of Tuesday, Aug. 12, states: "We have decided to resume publication on a statement given on behalf of the striking workers that they were sorry for the developments of last week". The "developments of last week" included an illegal strike which carried no protected rights under trade union law, accompanied by publicly demonstrated acts of violence and hooliganism. The strikers have to thank their stars that they have had to deal with a kindly disposed and conciliatory management not too conscious of its strong legal position. Otherwise they might have had to wait longer and pay a heavier price even for the achievement of mere reinstatement. If this experience of being so lightly let off is not mistaken as victory for misdemeanour and kindles a more civilized attitude towards dissentient fellow-workers, these strikers will deserve to be congratulated.

It is not contended that the tribulations of one in their own ranks should not touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of employees in an office not directly hurt at the time by a decision which they deem unjust. It is a commendable thing to rally in defence of a dismissed fellow-employee instead of icily minding one's own business. For my own part, I could not sometime ago help giving up good employment which suited me admirably when a humble worker who did his duties well was cashiered without just cause; and I could return to the office only after he was taken back. Also on another occasion I could not refrain from participating in a strike. But it is not fellow-feeling but beastliness to lay violent hands on people who do not feel as you do and want to be left in peace to go on with their customary vocation. The right to strike does not in-

clude license to bully and harass those who are not moved by the grievance causing it and wish to stay out of it.

When Sri Gurunathan (Sports Editor of *The Hindu*) was surrounded on returning from office by thirty and odd persons and belaboured roughly, it was neither trade unionism nor 'peaceful picketing' nor any other legitimate sort of labour action; it was, pure and simple, cowardly ruffianism. It could be overlooked, perhaps, if it was a spontaneous, unpremeditated outburst of disorderly elements. But it was enacted under police protection—and the police themselves in this case are believed to have been given their cue by a Minister.

Peaceful citizens do not need police control at all. It is for the protection of society from its thieves, criminals, thugs and rowdies that the police are maintained at very heavy cost to the community. In the ultimate valuation it is the instinctive sense of professional duty of the policeman which makes him rush to the protection of the victims of crime and violence that sustains law and order and assures security to citizens. The police cannot but feel disgraced and dishonoured in their own conscience if the tradition of social protection which is the distinguishing trait of their profession is in any manner sought to be weakened or violated. But when a Minister himself is guilty of this atrocity!

Congress leadership of labour in Madras has proved to be a curse in this way. It has utilised ministerial authority to get the police to provide a protective umbrella for rowdiness to enable a minority of workers in a great public institution to terrorise the majority successfully and bring about the closing of the institution itself. *The Hindu* office strike

is symbolic of a menace that still lurks in the background—the menace of a vain and short-sighted Minister ambitious for power and popularity abusing his position to the detriment of law and order, the destruction of industrial peace, and the ruin of the morale and discipline of the police.

Before charging the Communist regime in Kerala with mal-administration prejudicial to social security, the Prime Minister should probe the origins of the goonda raj that prevailed uncontrolled, with the Government complaisant and the police looking helplessly on, in broad daylight in the very heart of the capital of Madras State last week.

Extract from *Sidelights*, SWARAJYA, May 10, 1958:

Mr. Venkatraman (Labour Minister, Madras) added: "If you have recourse to the process of law, they (the employers) also would have it. Law takes its own course and time. That is why I say that if people gather their strength and use it, a settlement may be reached quicker. After all, no employer likes to be at loggerheads with his employees always; he will see when it will be to his interest to come to a settlement".

"So, in your opinion this method of recourse to strength is better than recourse to processes of law, or other methods of settlement?" asked a reporter.

"That seems to be the only alternative left now" he replied. He added, "In the *New York Times*, there was a strike which went on for many days. Why not we also have an all-India strike of working journalists?"

"We will have this additional distinction of the strike being suggested and sponsored by a Labour Minister" remarked one reporter. The Minister laughed, and told reporters, "I have no objection to your quoting me. We are being driven to go on strike."

The report, of which the foregoing was a part, was contradicted by the Minister. He said it was "incorrect both in substance and in its tenor." What he then denied by word he has now implemented in deed.

SAKA

THE SALVAGE OF FREEDOM UNDER SOCIALISM

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

At the Sastri Hall at a recent meeting Sri Arabindo Basu, Professor of Indian Philosophy at the Durham University gave a thought-provoking talk on Socialism on the background of a recent visit to Israel. The audience was limited, which was an advantage to any one speaking on such a topic, for generally, thinking runs in an inverse ratio to the number gathered. Sri Basu's point was that Socialism—any form of it anywhere—must end in complete regulation of life and the total subordination of the individual to the State. This was inevitable, he said, so far as economic matters go, and in this respect Sri Basu saw no difference between a Communist State and one run under 'Socialism' as in Israel.

He expressed the fear that with economic control, the freedom of thought and freedom of culture also generally disappear, which need not, according to him, happen. He suggested, and this was his main theme in the lecture, that even though in the modern age, the citizen was doomed to be swallowed up by the State as far as economic matters go, the 'soul' of society may be so tended as to leave the citizen free in thought and culture.

As far as one can see who has not had more opportunities of discussing this question with the eminent professor, this appears to be a vain hope. Once we grant to the State the right or the opportunity to swallow the 'body', to use the figure which Sri Basu employed, the 'soul' must go with it. If the economic life of the people, and of every one of the individuals composing them, must be under complete regulation, the rulers will easily see that they must obtain a 'willing' obedience to such regulation. And how can 'willing' obedience be got except by moulding the brains of the citizens and by indoctrination from childhood upwards? The root of action is in thought and if action and behaviour must be regulated, thought and culture

must be shaped to it. No administration can achieve an escape from evasions by mere statutory compulsion. This truth is true in largest measure when the population to be regulated is very large as in Russia, China or India, and is of heterogeneous levels of educational equipment. What can be achieved in a very small State cannot be hoped for in a continental area and a population that has grown up in mutual isolation over a variety of regions. Statutory compulsion by itself must result in corruption and evasion. Regulation would be very largely nullified by disobedience and fraud to which the bureaucracy soon adjusts itself. The mind of the people would have to be brought under complete subjection if regulation in economic matters must succeed in any adequate measure. Inner law must supplement the external statutes.

And this means the totalitarian training of the mind, intense and all-pervading indoctrination, the idolisation of the State and all claims to individual freedom of thought and expression treated as heresy and treason. There can be no freedom of thought or of culture in a State which is run on the theory of complete economic State control of the citizen's life. Temporarily and in the published statutes we might have freedoms of some kind, but the ultimate point that must be reached inevitably is the destruction of all freedoms.

So much for Sri Arabindo Basu's thesis. There are some hopeful critics of Soviet Russian life, who have been analysing and watching trends in that country, who believe that signs are not lacking that people (though as yet only a small number) are coming into existence even in the Communist world who dare to probe the limits of State control and attempt to overstep bounds. These Western critics believe that the future may belong to these heretics of the Communist world who desire to break the slavery of the Communist citizen: that is, that economic control may at last break down and with it the control of thought and culture also. This is perhaps more an expression of the critics' own faith in freedom as an ultimate natural urge than accurate prognosis. But even if true it is not a contradiction of what has been stated above in connection with Sri Arabindo Basu's thesis that total economic control must inevitably lead to the other and more deadly control—control of thought and opinion, control of soul as one may briefly

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put it. If this is to be avoided, it cannot be done otherwise than by renouncing the doctrine of complete economic surrender of the citizen to the State, which is at the root of the mischief. We cannot eat our cake and have it. If freedom of thought and culture are precious and must be retained, we must bear with something short of egalitarian Socialism in the material plane.

As regards the shape of Socialism itself, high taxation may take the place of complete State ownership and a residue of freedom may be left with which the individual may be taught to be content. But there is a limit to such taxation. Beyond that limit, Socialism through direct and indirect taxation may become even less sufferable than total State ownership. With State ownership of land and factories goes responsibility also, as it does with a master's ownership of his slave in the institution of slavery; but an unbearable rate of taxation does not relieve the citizen of the worries of ownership and management. Losses during some years are not taken into account by the tax-gathering State which knows how to tax in good years but not to rehabilitate or compensate for bad years. These observations are of great importance in a country where Socialism has preceded prosperity, of which India is an example. Wealth cannot be produced by equalisation but only by eagerness to produce wealth. The time for egalitarianism arrives only after nation-wide production of wealth based on individual incentive; otherwise we must reconcile ourselves to a rigid scientifically conceived plan with coercion, slave-driving and complete control of life and soul.

If we desire real and substantial freedom of thought and culture we must be free from the total control that Socialism under Communism imposes as well as from the privation and misery and atrophy of interest which oppressive taxation under national Socialism brings about. It is the middle path of moderation alone that can conserve the freedom of the soul and all the humanitarian emotions that make up civilization.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

THE FUTURE OF KERALA

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: incessant rains and continuous drizzle have made Delhi so wet these days; if this is literally true, it is also metaphorically correct to say that over the Capital now there is a wet blanket. There is a certain sullenness in high quarters that things have so worked out as to make the 'summits' recede from the Prime Minister's foot-hold. It is less a disappointment to him than a loss to international politics. What admittedly bothers him is the worsening turn of events abroad. Nor is the picture at home even remotely rosy. For, more than anything else, Kerala from later-day reports, challenges attention. Like Kashmir, up in the North, the water-logged State of Kerala is—indeed—has been—full of troubled waters. Prior to August 15, 1947, the banner of revolt was raised there in the name of Independence for itself; within ten years it has, at least in a limited sense, actually become independent of the rest of India. Born or trained adepts in the art of digging in, Communists, particularly when in power, allow no grass to grow under their feet. Their ascent to power could have been prevented in time but other considerations prevailed and the risk was taken. Now it is political Kathakali in a new style. Eyebrows and hands are raised—in despair. The Congress is rattled and jittery. Mr. Dhebar who has visited other States for studying the situation there, will proceed to Kerala to see how the land lies—and the water flows. He will view things from the Congress angle. Meanwhile, the Prime Minister has spoken with unusual restraint about Kerala, which itself is most significant. One thing he has made crystal clear. Anything which clashes with the letter and spirit of the Constitution should be prepared to go under. And there the line is drawn in indelible ink for those who can read it.

The Congress cannot redeem it-

self so long as it relies on the bravado of the drummer-boys inside its ranks as the only antidote to the vituperation of the debunkers outside its precincts. For setting its house in order, it must be sensible enough to be sensitive to independent, forthright, motiveless criticism such as that offered in these columns or at least to the plain speaking of its own party-men whose bonafides are beyond cavil. It is a healthy sign that some of its younger and more ardent spirits are thoroughly unreconciled to party complacency and organisational crisis—and are beginning to talk aloud. Pamphleteering as an exercise in heart-searching and honest thinking is a mode of action which compels attention, and Mr. Heda who has set the pace and tone by taking the public into confidence about his apprehensions of the fate of the Congress, has done a signal service to the party. It is out of love for the Congress and concern for its future that he has focussed attention on the many and varied ills that beset the paths the Congressmen tread. He calls his, 'the viewpoint of a private member', and it is a virtue that it has ceased to be the private viewpoint of a mere member. More should, by emulating his example, come forward to make the Congress realise what is wrong with itself. It is the intrepid Mrs. Sucheta Kripalani (once again of the Congress) that, in a foreword to Mr. Heda's little 'blue book', *On The High Seas*, goes for Congress thus:

"It is riddled with faction and group politics. Unscrupulous, time-serving politicians, ambitious of power, have formed coteries and juntas and are jockeying for position for themselves and their supporters. Corruption, inefficiency and delay are a feature not only of the Congress organisation but also of the administration".

Let us say 'Amen'.

If those of the Congress like

Mr. Heda and Mrs. Kripalani are conscious of corruption in administration, what are they doing about it as Members of Parliament? Perhaps they are not to blame; for, apart from talking about it loudly, they, one presumes, draw the pointed attention of Ministers to specific cases which make them uneasy and

leave them perturbed. It is arguable that in some Ministries in particular—that of Food, for instance—the problem in the very nature of things, becomes acute. But that hardly warrants utter indifference or absolute imperviousness to the rot that may have set in. It is within the knowledge of Junius

that one M.P.—no back-bencher either—having studied the case and satisfied himself that smuggling of food-grains on a particular border was assuming alarming proportions, felt concerned to take the Minister into confidence and cautioned him against the actions and activities of certain officials. For all the

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pains he took, he finds himself rewarded with silence and even denied the normal courtesy of a reply. How on earth can corruption be checked when subordinates who seem to be in the know of things and, at considerable risk, offer to prove allegations openly made, from files in circulation, are not given a hearing by their seniors and when, on the other hand are variously harassed for having dared to stir up the still waters of organised corruption. If senior officials are allowed to bring about convenient alliances below and provided with a protecting mantle above, there is perhaps nothing that even exasperated M.P.'s can do. It is idle to talk of fighting corruption when the premium is put upon the hush-hush technique. Or is it that minor charges must assume the proportions of major scandals before serious notice can be taken of them? It does not, however, necessarily mean that always something comes out of any major offensive either, against alleged evils in administration; it all depends, as we know only too well from past experience.

Madras Seva Sadan

The Founder and Honorary General Secretary of the Madras Seva Sadan writes:

The Madras Seva Sadan completes 30 years of service in 1958. From its modest beginning as a home for eight destitute young women, it has grown now into a multi-purpose women's welfare institution running an orphanage, an industrial school, two secondary schools, an industrial centre for women and a secretarial institute for girls, with three residential sections for girls.

Mrs. Tara Cherian, Mayor of Madras, has made this, the thirtieth year, an occasion for universal public appreciation of the cause of women and children, and has formed 'The Madras Seva Sadan Thirtieth Anniversary Celebration Committee' with Sri S. S. T. Chari as the convenor of the Donations Sub-Committee. Efforts are made through a few sub-committees to highlight the

VEENA SAMBASIVA AYYAR

By S. Y. KRISHNASWAMY

The tradition of Indian art is to consider it as an aspect of devotion to God, and a means of obtaining salvation. The aesthetic satisfaction of the artist in the fulfilment of a creative urge has never commanded acceptance as an end in itself. "Musical gift without devotion leads not along the righteous way" says Thyagaraja, who held himself to be a devotee first and an artist next. Art for art's sake tends to make it expressive and experimental, but as a procedure or discipline (Saadhana) in the search of the soul to rediscover its high estate, it becomes meditative, melodic, a stream of yearning sound that seeks for truth through beauty, ever striving, ever incomplete.

So much so, the Divine Mother is alert with instant grace to the sound of her devotees' music. She is "Sangiita Rasikaa", and "Saamagaana Lola", connoisseur in excelsis of melody, and fond of the Saaman chant. Krishna says: "Where my fond devotees sing my praise, there I linger long". But there is also a higher conception of music as being the very shape and content of Divinity. The Mother is "Naadaroopaa" and "Naada Mayee", melody-formed and melody-filled. Here music is elevated from the pathway of longing to the crest of experience, to those lightning moments when the ego is annihilated in wave upon wave of undifferentiated sound-ecstasy from which one awakens as from a dream.

It is to this twin-tradition of music as devotion and song, as

cause with the publication of a souvenir and a public meeting on October 12, presided over by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India.

I trust the public will understand the magnitude of the task and will extend to the Celebrations Committee their maximum co-operation with a view to bringing stability to the programme of service of the Seva Sadan to help the cause of the less fortunate women and girls of our country.

God-experience, that Sambasiva Ayyar belonged. He sang for his salvation, and made his music an offering to the Goddess Brihadambika, the tutelary deity of his native Trigokarnam. I have heard him recite her thousand names in his humble home at Perambur, to the accompaniment of the veena. He generally lost himself then. He guarded his art as a devotee guards the syllables of mystic initiation. He was not available to teach all and sundry; he had to be satisfied about the earnestness of the pupil. His scheme of training was laborious and thorough, not the surface skimming of the get-it-quick school. He was humble in himself, but proud in his art. He felt consecrated. Not for him the loose living of the professional panderers of song, or the subtle sycophancy of the lace cloth and civet-smeared sycophants, or even the injective wit of the art-conceited dilettante. He was imbued with a sense of high seriousness, and combined a comparatively impecunious personal life with unflagging dignity.

He was the younger of two brothers. They were well known as the "Veena Brothers of Karaikudi". The elder, Subbarama Ayyar, was the more forceful of the two. He sat in the centre and held the veena upright, like a drone, and was brilliant but restless. Sambasiva Ayyar was the foil. He interposed a melody here and a melody there and brought down the temperature; and when his own turn came, he played with unhurried precision. Perhaps the elder brother was the greater artist. I have heard the great Dakshinamoorthy accompany him on the mridangam with uncharacteristic humbleness, with flower-touches that belied the thunder of his later Kanjira days. Sambasiva Ayyar was proud to proclaim his secondariness to his brother. He once played the pallavi, "Ganai Lola Karunalavala", in the rag Todi, on the Radio. I met him the next day, and complained that he had not been up to his usual form. "True", he confessed, "I

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thought of brother, and I could not go on". But he was not inferior to his brother, only different.

He revelled in the rendering of the *taanam*, which is particularly suited to the veena. Indeed, one may digress to register a protest against the vogue of hiccupping and gargling a vocal *taanam*, or of screeching it on the violin. As well try to reach the moon with a garden ladder. Ayyar's *taanam* remains with me as a rare memory, colourful with undertones, variegated, ranging from a bird-warble to a lion-roar, and compact with the nuances of the *raaga*. I was never particularly attracted by his rendering of kritis. I thought them too stiff to be enjoyed. They brought to my mind other memories of graceful playing, by another artiste, whose gentleness was like "tired eyelids upon tired eyes".

During his last days, he practised his art and taught the boys and girls in the Kalakshetra at Adayar. It is to the undying credit of Srimathi Rukmini Devi that she gave him this opportunity in life and art when he most needed it. She rendered the same service to the inimitable Tiger, and continues to look after the doyen of Carnatic music, Sri Vasudevachar of Mysore.

It is the privilege of each passing generation to bemoan the deterioration in life and art. Some of it is just old age and sentiment. For instance, there is a wider awareness of music today than before. But there is also an unawareness of true excellence, an urge for quick excitement, an absence of effort in understanding, and an acquiescence in the false grandeur of mike-multiplied music. Ayyar was a misfit in this age. He somehow survived into it. He therefore retreated into his shell. Most artists have the defects of their qualities. During recent years "form" is in the fashion, full of grace and proportion at its best, but often descending into posturing and crooning, and dragging the song into unsuitable slow tempo. The critics who have been fed on this diet have ventured to say that Ayyar lacked grace, and was correct but not

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genius-original. Perhaps so, but he was nevertheless a great artist, and had enough sense to confine his art to his own ways, instead of diluting it into treacly anemia. It is futile to assign percentages and places to artists. There are always hypercritics who cannot listen to a concert without being painfully reminded of another and better one. Ayyar was a true *vainika*. That suffices for some of us who have heard a great deal of music, and feel an art-bereavement in his passing away. We

are entitled to the conceit of having known him and heard him play. And also to the legacy of a lost experience.

The Asian Office of the Congress for Cultural Freedom will celebrate Leo Tolstoy's fiftieth death anniversary which falls on 8th November 1960. A Celebration Committee consisting of prominent Asians and headed by Sri Jayaprakash Narayan, an Honorary Chairman of the Congress, is being formed.

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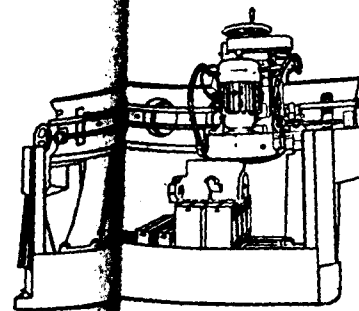
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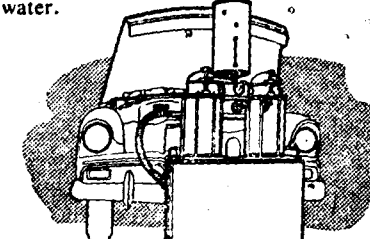
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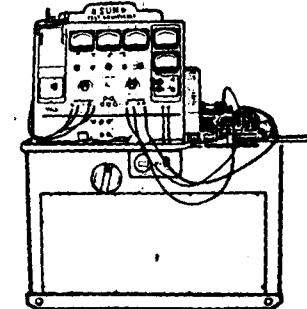
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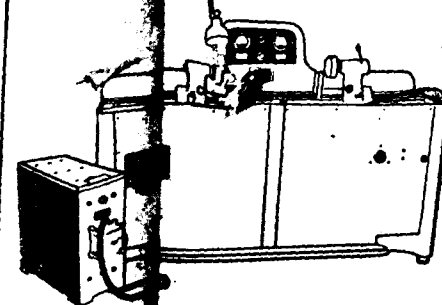
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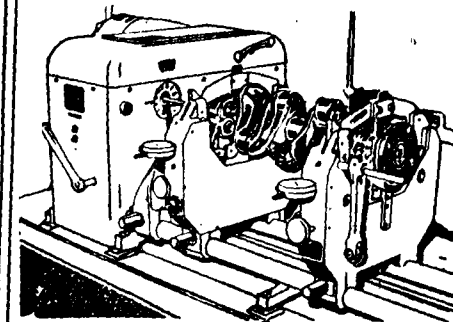
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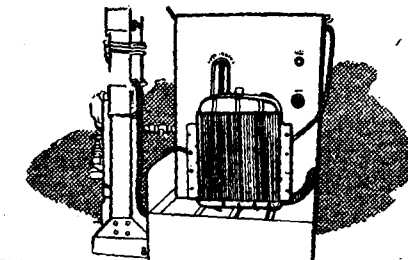
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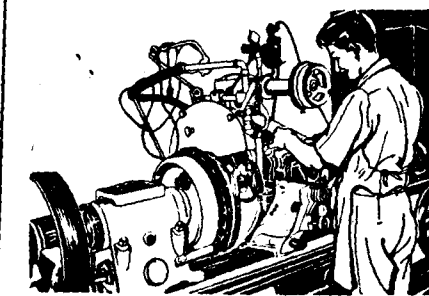
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REVIEW

FOOD PRODUCTION IN INDIA

By T. K. DORAISWAMI AIYAR

Mr. Krishnaswamy's book on Food Production in India is a timely publication of considerable merit. For no subject is of such fundamental importance at present as the problem of providing adequate food for the vast population. Our mishandling of the food problem lies at the basis of the inflationary situation that has been bedevilling our economy, draining our foreign balances and thwarting our planned development. Some may be of the view that so much thought has been given to the problem since our independence and the literature on the subject is so abundant that very little addition of any importance is possible by way of fresh contribution. This is however a mistaken view; for, the fact that the food crisis is still very much with us and that the problem is no nearer solution is a measure of the deficiencies in our approach to the problem. It is sad to contemplate, indeed it is humiliating that, while the U.S.A. with less than 10% of her working force working on the farms produces not only enough food at a very high level for her entire population, but enjoys a substantial surplus for export; that the U.K. with about 4% of her labour force working on the farms produces nearly half of her food needs, India with about 60% of her labourers on her farms has to import annually about two million tons of foodstuffs for providing food for her population at a depressingly low level.

In these circumstances the contribution that this book makes is of paramount importance. The author has brought to bear on his study the fruits of his experience in handling the food problem of India with resilience of mind and a preparedness to look realities

Food Production in India: By S. Y. Krishnaswamy. Published by Bamati Books, 3 East Circular Road, Madras-28. Price Rs. 3.75.

squarely in the face. The author's aim is, in his own words, to make a diagnosis of the defects from which the food production plans are suffering in the hope that "it will at least elicit interest and criticism even where it does not command acceptance and to substantiate that it is not, so much at the technical end as at the organisational end that the plans have not succeeded". Anyone who reads the book cannot but be struck not only by the wealth of information furnished on different aspects of the problem, but by the freshness of a stimulating approach to them.

The author traces the history of the efforts made by the authorities since independence to tackle the problem and deplores their failure. He points out that "something is wrong either with the plan or with the execution or the agency or the attitude of the farmers." Analysing the situation, he cites a number of reasons for the failure. Among them the most important according to the author is the inability of the Government to make the Grow More Food Campaign a genuine mass movement. This was due not a little to the apathy of the Congress authorities themselves. He points out that in 1950, the Ministry of Agriculture sent circulars to all the Congress committees in India asking for suggestions and soliciting their help and that not a single reply was received. In a democracy based on adult suffrage, the enthusiasm and goodwill of the people at large are necessary conditions for the success of the campaign.

The second reason the author assigns for the failure is lack of machinery for co-ordinating the work of experts in different lines and the shirking of responsibility on the part of administrators for taking decisions. He deplores that experts more than planners are at the top and swaying the issues. He refers to the lack of "top men

who can make and work a plan and who can use the experts". In other words, there is lack of co-ordination and overall purposive direction. Another reason is said to be the irrigation policy of the Government. The author says that "the attempt to convert the Deccan into a delta is one of the conspicuous failures of irrigation engineering." A fourth reason is said to be the undue emphasis placed on Community Projects. In this connection, he refers to the division of the country into favourite areas and what may be called "Cindrella" areas. He rightly points out that an all-out intensive programme for selected areas is not what is required. The discriminatory character of this programme is a serious defect. One feels that instead of concentrating on improvement in already developed areas, efforts should have been taken to infect the administration of the entire country with an enthusiasm for progress. Finally the author refers to the land policy of the Government and to the uncertainty that hangs over the entire agricultural economy. It is not adequately realised "that the formulation and application of a uniform All-India policy, with reference to the agricultural economy that differs in so many respects from region to region is not a little responsible for the failure of our food policy. Instead of enlisting the goodwill and enthusiastic co-operation of all interests associated with the cultivation of land and the raising of food crops, Governmental policy has tended to drive a wedge between those who provide capital and managerial direction on the one hand and those who contribute manual labour on the other. Ideological considerations which are absolutely out of place in the context of a difficult food situation have been playing havoc with the fruitful exploitation of the land and thus tended to the aggravation of an already grave food situation.

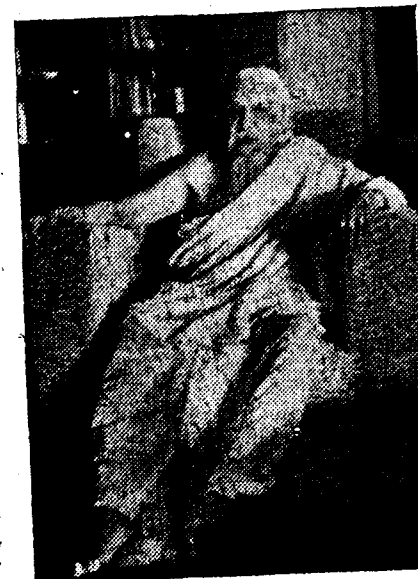
Referring to the problem of fixing a ceiling on land holding the author points out that what agriculture requires is not so much a ceiling as a floor. In this connection, he goes on to point out that

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in order to secure the same income as an unskilled labour unit a farmer who tills his own land needs between 8 and 10 acres of good irrigated land equal to about 20 acres of dry land. Though this calculation of relative remuneration may not be meticulously correct, it is obvious that in view of the fact that a very large proportion of land holdings is below 10 acres of land dry and wet put together, there is no point in dangling the bait of land holding before the agricultural labourer. The author further points out that there being an imperative need for reducing uneconomic holdings, the policy underlying the fixing of ceilings and re-distribution of land to the landless may accentuate the burden of uneconomic holdings. Hence, he suggests an elaborate and ingenious scheme according to which the land-holders themselves should take the initiative and surrender the land in excess of a certain extent. The land so surrendered should be offered for sale to neighbouring owners of uneconomic holdings. Notwithstanding the merits of this proposal, it is appropriate to observe that the present period of emergency in relation to the food problem is not the proper time to embark on schemes of fixing ceilings and re-distributing land which are sure to embitter feelings and disrupt whatever solidarity or good feeling exists at present among the different interests associated with land. One cannot help feeling that there is not sufficient awareness on the part of the authorities of the implications of the emergency that the country is facing. A sharp distinction should be made between short term and long term measures. Short term measures like the provision of better seed, fertilisers, green manure, minor irrigation works, tube-wells, loans to farmers, etc., have been resorted to involving heavy expenditure with results not commensurate with the outlay. Instead of boldly and resolutely remedying the deficiencies and wastes relating to these short term measures the authorities have embarked on schemes like fixity of tenure, re-distribution of shares of the pro-

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SRI AUROBINDO



Sri Aurobindo, the master-mind of the present age, was born in Calcutta on August 15, 1872 and at the age of seven he was sent to England for education. He was there for fourteen years. Even at the age of eleven, he felt that a period of great revolutionary change was coming in the world and he himself was destined to play a part in it. His father used to send him newspapers marking for attention news items relating to maltreatment of Indians by Englishmen. It roused in him a feeling of resentment against the subjection of India to foreign rule. As a member of the Indian Majlis at Cambridge, he delivered many revolutionary speeches. A society (Lotus and Dagger) was also formed in which the members took the vow each to play some chosen part, which would help in the overthrow of foreign rule. In 1893 he left England and joined service in Baroda State. Sri Aurobindo contributed many articles to newspapers and with Tilak was among the first to demand Swaraj. A conspiracy case was lodged against him and he was incarcerated in the Alipore Jail where he spent almost all his time in reading the Gita and the Upanishads and in intensive meditation and practice of yoga.

Sri Aurobindo arrived in Pondicherry on April 4, 1910. From this time onwards his practice of yoga became more and more absorbing. In 1914, after four years of silent yoga, he began the publication of a philosophical monthly, the *Arya*. Most of his important work, *The Life Divine*, *Essays on the Gita*, *Synthesis of Yoga*, *Secret of the Veda*, etc. appeared serially in the *Arya* till its cessation in 1921.

duce between different interests and fixation of ceilings on land. While these latter measures may be appropriate to a long term policy they conflict with the efficacy and fruitfulness of whatever short term measures are resorted to apart from the defects already crippling their implementation. Turning to remedies for the disease, some of them have been already referred to in the foregoing observations. The formation of river boards for developing, in an integrated manner, the region through which a river flows is one of the suggestions. Buffer stocks of food grains to

Sri Aurobindo's teaching is based on that of the ancient sages of India: Behind the appearances of the universe there is the Reality of a Being and Consciousness, a Self of all things, one and eternal. The aim of his yoga is an inner self-development by which each one who follows it can in time discover the One Self in all and evolve a higher consciousness than the mental, a supramental consciousness which will transform and divinise human nature.

In a message given on Aug. 15, 1947 Sri Aurobindo said:

"The spiritual gift of India to the world has already begun. India's spirituality is entering Europe and America in an ever increasing measure. That overnight will grow; amid the disasters of the time more and more eyes are turning towards her with hope and there is even an increasing resort not only to her teachings, but to her psychic and spiritual practice."

N. K. KRISHNAMURTHI

be built up with a view to regulating supplies over a period is another. A third suggestion is the replacement of the village by the shandy or market as the primary unit for promoting rural development. It is a pity that the village communities which served a very useful purpose over the centuries have undergone a process of disintegration during the British administration of India. The deterioration in the food situation is to no small extent due to this disintegration. Fifty years ago, the Indian Irrigation Commission said that they were repeatedly assured that the maintenance of the tanks was not satisfactory and that "Kudimaramath" was practically dead and observed: "We are ourselves reluctant to admit that so valuable an institution is really dead and past restoration". The author dryly remarks that the process has gone unchecked since then. It is a melancholy fact that enough attention has

not been paid to village needs and the stepmotherly treatment to which the rural areas have been subjected accounts not a little for the unsatisfactory food situation in the country.

The author is not in favour of co-operative farming and points out that Japan which enjoys the highest yield per acre in Asia has not adopted co-operative farming. In this connection it is relevant to point out that while even the co-operative credit movement whose management is of a routine character has failed, it is not possible to conceive that in the existing conditions there is any reasonable chance for co-operative farming which calls for team work to succeed.

Mr. Krishnaswamy commands a racy and pleasing style and his book covers a very wide field and will serve as an invaluable guide to all those who are giving serious thought to our food problem.

FABULOUS MODERNITY

Fables of Aesop. Translated by S. A. Handford.
Penguin Classics. Rs. 2.

The Penguin Edition of Aesop's Fables, first published in 1954 and reprinted in 1956, has just found its way into the Madras bookshops. Lovers of fables, even if they have other and perhaps outwardly handsomer editions of Aesop, should snatch copies of this new version before they disappear. There are 207 fables in the collection, translated from the Greek by S. A. Handford. The English is terse, simple, completely modern in idiom. One reads with a feeling that nothing has been lost from the original, though only a Greek scholar can say whether this is so or not. On the other hand, one need not be able to read Greek in order to be entitled to speculate on whether something has been added.

A brief and excellent introduction deals with the history of the fable. The view that the fables of ancient Greece were modelled on those of India is now discounted. As far as is known today,

the fable was invented by the Greeks, and probably by the Greeks of Asia Minor, the country of the lion which appears so often in the stories, and the birthplace of Aesop himself. There is strong evidence that Aesop really existed. He probably lived during the middle years of the sixth century B.C. The traditionally accepted view that he was a slave is open to some doubt, though it seems very probable. It also seems to be true that he was done to death by the citizens of Delphi, but there are different and to some extent contradictory views as to the reasons. The description of him as "a preternaturally ugly, misshapen little man whose hideous appearance contrasted with his brilliant sallies of wisdom" is not contemporary, but based on later legend. It is not known whether any of his own versions of his fables were written down by him or his contemporaries, but his name was so closely associated with the fable that many which

belong to a later date, including some with morals that are a part of Christian teaching, were attributed to him.

Many of the fables, says the editor of this series, dealt with contemporary social and political conditions. What makes this translation so provocative as well as enjoyable is that the titles given to some of the fables are quite plainly intended to point an equally contemporary political moral to present-day readers. The story of the lion who fell in love with the farmer's daughter and was allowed to marry her only on condition that he had his teeth extracted first has been called "Disarmed". "A Communist Dictator" is the title given to the fable of the wolf who established a law that all the wolves should share their catches equally, but who hid his own captures in his private den. There are, of course, other fables which point a moral so obviously relevant to our times that no underlining seems called for. Many of them, as the translator points out, do not deal with ideals of virtue and the highest codes of moral conduct, but are merely counsels of prudence and worldly wisdom. Some go further, and—I quote—"degenerate into frank immorality—how to get the better of an enemy (or even of a friend), how to keep a whole skin by subservience to the possessors of power, how to profit by other men's misfortunes or mistakes, and in general how to turn everything to good account for oneself."

Readers of the fables will agree that this is a fair criticism of either Aesop himself or of many later writers whose names have been lost and whose stories are attributed to the greater originator. It may be that in a few thousand years' time, if the statesmen of today allow the world to survive, the work of our own great contemporary fable-writer may also come to be attributed to Aesop. But because the morality of our new fables is on a level far higher than many of these traditional stories, may we not hope that among the original and delightful fables which appear in

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now and then be given a clear and direct contradiction of Aesopian teaching?

For example, here is Aesop on whether India could be useful at the Summit (which the translator has called "Negotiating from Weakness"):

"When the hare addressed a public meeting and claimed that all should have fair shares, the lions answered: 'A good speech, Hairy-Feet, but it lacks claws and teeth such as we have.'"

And here is what might be called the anti-Aesop version:

The lion and the tiger and the eagle were quarrelling over the division of a sheep. Meanwhile, the meat was going bad. Along came a rabbit. The lion said: "Let him decide what is fair." "Ridiculous!" said the eagle. "Why should we allow anyone so puny to judge between us?" "Because he's a vegetarian," answered the tiger, "and can be trusted not to snatch a mouthful for himself."

But why should I attempt what readers of SWARAJYA know can be done so much better?

Lest this review should seem to do Aesop himself less than justice, it should be added that some of the fables have an almost shattering insight into human nature. And they are so stimulating to the imagination that it is recommended that they be taken only in small doses. For example:

"A small house was being built for Socrates—a man whose fate I would willingly share if I might share his glory, whose ill-fame while he lived was a small price to pay for being judged guiltless now that he is dust and ashes. A passer-by made the obvious sort of remark that people do make: 'Fancy a man like you building such a poky house!' 'I only hope,' said Socrates, 'that I can find enough true friends to fill it.'"

This gives the full flavour of Mr. Handford's spirited translation.

ANNIE OAKLEY

RAJAJI'S APPEAL ON LANGUAGE ISSUE

A Panjabi's Appreciation

A letter to Rajaji, a retired jabi official writes from Dehra:

After reading your recent echoes at the Union Language

SWARAJYA

Convention, Hyderabad, I desire to write to you a few lines.

I am very glad that you have been pleading for the cause of English and for its retention as the all-India official language. Your plea, that on the continuance of English as official language no time limit should be placed, is very sound. It is of course necessary that we should not confuse language with people (i.e. the English), and that English must be kept for scientific, medical and educational advancement of the country, and for the preservation of its unity, as it was mostly the English language which had brought about the unity of India. By discarding it there will be disunity. Moreover India can contact the outside world only by means of English. It is also essential that English is recognised by the India Government as one of the languages of the country.

I am a Punjabi, but as I served from 1911 to 24 in the Defence Accounts Department, Burma, where the majority of the staff was South Indian, I have several intimate Madras friends with whom I have been regularly corresponding in English. Like me

there might be thousands and lakhs of Indians who correspond with their inter-state friends through the medium of the English language.

Your view is also quite reasonable that Hindi should not be thrust on the people of the States where it is not the mother-tongue. Hindi is being made unintelligible with difficult Sanskrit words and is not understood even by those whose mother-tongue it is. It would be suitable if words of other languages which are common and prevalent among people, are introduced in it and Hindi is made easily understandable. Then only it will be loved by all our countrymen. With all that, English should remain the official language of the country without any time-limit.

Your plea that English should be the official language of India is certainly very commendable and praiseworthy. It is also requested that steps be taken by you to urge some members of Parliament to move in the matter and see to it that English is included in the Constitution of India and recognised as one of the languages of the country.

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August 16, 1958

CINEMA

FANTASTICALLY HIGH PRICES
FOR MUSIC DIRECTORS

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: Why is the music director alone given credit for the success of songs in a film? Why is he alone given the 'award' for the popularity of songs? And why is there such a great disparity in the income and importance of music directors and lyricists? These questions were raised by Sahir, one of the most sought after poets in the film world today in a paper he read at a meeting of film writers last week in Bombay.

Sahir asserted that the poets today were just 'appendages' of the music directors and had no separate existence or significance of their own. He also pointed out that while the music directors could — and often do — borrow tunes from foreign records, the song-writer cannot pass off somebody else's poetry as his own and he has to compose original lyrics

to suit not only the situation but the tune and meter already fixed by the music directors. In a sarcastic tone, he said, while the music director gets his 'tune' from 'Rhythm House' records, the song-writer has to write 'original' words in conformity with the tune. The musicians do the orchestration, and the play-back singer sings it; but when the song becomes a hit, the critics eulogise only the music director and he gets the 'award' for it, doing nothing 'original' for his work. If this is true, it again spotlights the fact that the song-writers are not getting a square deal.

The music director's prices have gone up beyond all proportion. Some of the music directors who were reported to be demanding Rs. 25,000 a year ago are now reported to be quot-

ing a lakh of rupees. A couple of music directors are reported to have been signed at the fancy price of a lakh and fifty thousand rupees. The prices of lyric-writers have not been raised proportionately. Sahir is perhaps the only lyricist who is demanding the same price as a music director. He believes that words are as important as the tunes and that the poet must get parity with the music director. He is fighting a lone battle; and though top music directors may not work with him at his terms, other producers and music directors are agreeable to his terms. But if the success of songs is a result of joint contribution, then it is high time that the music director alone should not claim all the credit for it and others, especially the lyricist, should also get the credit for it.

But as Sahir himself said, the foundation of our industry is weak because throughout the last twenty-five years, more importance has been given to the form than content. What is said in a film is not considered as important as how it is said; natural-

"I look upon an increase in the power of the State with the greatest fear, because although while apparently doing good by minimising exploitation, it does the greatest harm to mankind by destroying individuality which lies at the root of all progress."

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ly the writers, who shape the content are not given the same importance as the director, music director and stars, who give form and interpretation to the content. Now that the song-writers are on the war path, the 'content' part of the pictures will assert its real significance in the economic structure of the film industry.

Pradeep Kumar sprang an agreeable surprise on film journalists with his 'punctuality' at a tea-party on Saturday, 9th August, at Volga.

Pradeep Kumar has completed 45 pictures by now and within a few months, he would complete fifty pictures. His first significant picture, he told us, was 'Bhuli Nai' which was released in Bengal on 15th August 1947. He followed it up with '42' which was shown in Bombay even earlier than Bengal as Bengal had banned it.

In Bombay he began his career with an exclusive contract with Filmistan and later on became a full-fledged free lance star. Recently he entered into production along with Deep Khosla. But at the party he announced that he had separated from Deep and Pradeep and is starting an independent picture under the banner of Pradeep Productions. His first picture will be 'Agreement', a hilarious comedy written by a progressive Bengalee author. It will be directed by Probodh Chakrabarty and star Vyjayanti-mala and Pradeep Kumar. The second picture will be directed by Pradeep Kumar himself.

Filmistan's 'Hum Bhi Kuchh Kam Nahin' is a routine costume drama. The story concerns Usman who raises the banner of revolt against a villainous vazir and falls in love with the princess whom he rescues from kidnappers deputed by the vazir. The story proceeds along expected lines with a dancer sacrificing her love and life for the hero. Ranjan as Usman is not even vigorous and Sumitra was never so dull and colourless as in this film. It is a pity that an actress of her calibre should have been wasted on such a listless,

absurd film. Music by S. D. Batish is as pedestrian as direction by Raman Desai.

There is nothing intrinsically wrong in making action costume dramas with Arabian background, provided they have some sense, a fast tempo and breezy entertainment. Over fifty pictures of this category are made every year; and one expected Filmistan with its vast resources to give lead to the other producers in this type of pictures. But unfortunately 'Hum Bhi Kuchh Kam Nahin'

has nothing in it that can be commended.

Producer-director P. N. Arora launched his new picture 'Production No. 24', a family social starring Shakila, Anil Kumar, Om Prakash. Ravi is giving the music.

J. K. Nanda is launching his new venture 'Chalak' soon with Raj Kapoor and Madhubala in the lead. Shankar Jai Kishen will provide music.

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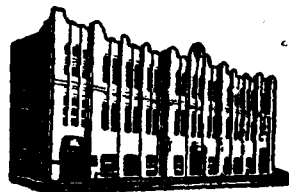


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"BLACK-MARKETING" OF TICKETS

Sir,—Mr. Sathe is wroth against what he dubs a "social menace". This appears to me like giving a dog a bad name and hanging it because there is not a single element of "black-marketing" in buying a ticket at a certain price and selling at a profit. It passes my understanding how this transaction differs in any manner from the sale of any other commodity.

Suppose there are only 3 tickets available at the counter, and P, X, Y are queueing in that order, to buy them. P buys all the 3 tickets and sells them to A, B and C. Now, what does it matter whether A, B and C see the picture or X, Y and Z? As a matter of fact, however, the claim of A, B and C is superior to that of X, Y and Z because the former are so keen on seeing the show that they are prepared to pay extra.

Far from being a "social menace" jobbers in tickets actually render valuable social service. Suppose a clerk leaving office at 5-30 p.m. wants to see a picture beginning at 6 p.m. He won't have the ghost of a chance if he were to compete with gentlemen-at-large who have ample leisure to bide their turn in the queues.

I am afraid that by making this honest profession illegal, the Government of Bombay will be driving its practitioners into less desirable means of earning a livelihood—say, pickpocketing, for instance!

Mr. Sathe also avers that on account of the operation of jobbers "ultimately the money that would ordinarily come to the box-office of the theatre is going to the black-marketeer". This statement can be understood only on the assumption that he would have the theatre-owners themselves do the black-marketing!

He continues: "The Government is also losing a considerable amount of entertainment tax this way". This, again, is incomprehensible because every ticket bears its own tax, no matter whether it

is sold to a vile black-marketeer or to honest Joe!

Madras. R. RAMACHANDRAN.

PROHIBITION MOST ESSENTIAL

Sir,—One of the suggestions of Sri M. A. Srinivasan under the heading 'What can be done' (SWARAJYA 19th July) is to scrap Prohibition. To do so is to spread untold miseries to the women and poor families in the country. Illicit distillation should be eradicated by enforcing the law more vigorously. Scrapping Prohibition is no remedy and it is worse than the disease. If it is the loss of revenue that prompted Sri Srinivasan to make this suggestion, we should treat the so-called 'loss' as an amount spent for the benefit of the poor people. Prohibition is a most essential and practical reform. To make fun of this great reform is a social injustice.

Madras. K. V. RAMACHANDRAN.

THE LANGUAGE ISSUE

Sir,—I am a student, studying in Intermediate Arts in one of the morning colleges of Bombay and I wish to state that I have been working in an office for my livelihood.

Many boys from Madras, Mysore, Andhra and Kerala, taking advantage of these morning colleges, have become graduates, but since last year Hindi was introduced as a compulsory subject for Intermediate Arts, with the result many boys of these States could not succeed in last year's Intermediate Arts examination, though they secured good number of marks in other subjects. Many of the students who failed abandoned continuing their studies further, and feel frustrated in life, due to the sudden introduction of Hindi. Their ambition, plans and ideas in life are wrecked, and I can say unhesitatingly that the unpopular introduction of Hindi is responsible for this.

Generally, these students are considered to be brilliant students in the class but even after stud-

ing very hard it is naturally impossible for them to write standard Hindi within two years. If it had been an optional subject, these students would have been saved from this difficulty.

Rajaji's stand with regard to the language issue is really praiseworthy, and I venture to say that 90% of the students support him. Hence, I request him not to change his stand under any circumstances and help us to receive higher education in order to shoulder the future responsibilities of our country.

I have been observing the cosmopolitan people in Bombay with regard to this issue and I say with courage that not only the people of Madras, Mysore, Andhra and Kerala (E. M. S. Nambudripad's opinion is not at all the opinion of his State), but also Christians, Bengalis, Sindhis and a section of Maharashtrians support Rajaji's stand.

From this, I can deduce that he has the support of 75% of the population of our country and hence I request him once again to stand firm as a rock; then only it would be possible to get success in this battle.

Bombay. S. T. SUVARNA.

THE HINDU OFFICE STRIKE

Sir,—The narration of events which took place in the course of the Hindu office strike and which culminated in the suspension of its publication by a correspondent in your last issue does not certainly err on the side of exaggeration. Anyone who watched the happenings at the scene during the fateful days and particularly on Monday when the tempo of organised violence reached a summit, when getting inside or coming out of the premises, even in a closed car became a dangerous adventure, would have been struck by the apathy of the police. "Why were they mere onlookers?" This is a riddle which the honest citizen who has been brought up to expect protection from the Government in carrying on his avocation peacefully, will find difficulty in solving. How far can the right to strike, which the Government is supposed to stand by, be carried

into effect? Does it involve the belabouring of persons and destruction of property? Would the strike, if it was engineered by a party other than one with a Congress flag, and conducted in a similar manner, have been upheld in the same fashion, with masterly inactivity on the part of the custodians of law and order? How was the harbour strike different from this? In the former case, the strike was dealt with as if it were reprehensible and deserved to be broken with outside labour imported under official protection; whereas the Hindu office strike was supported by the passive attitude of the police who just looked on when acts of violence were committed under their very noses. As you have commented, the silence of the daily newspapers is inexplicable except on the supposition that the violence witnessed on the scene and the apathy of the police had a paralysing effect on them.

K. N.

THE HYDERABAD DEMONSTRATIONS

Sir,—Mr. Aravamudhan has ventured to bring to light the leaders behind the recent demonstrations against Rajaji at Hyderabad. He is perfectly correct regarding the leaders. I was myself present at the airport and the venue of the Convention on both the days.

The demonstrators were mostly young people from the Hindi Prachar Sabha and the Arya Samaj. Some were from the U.P. and had settled here, with no particular avocation. They were all people whose mother-tongue is Hindi or a close dialect of it. They certainly do not represent the student population of Andhra Pradesh on the Union official language issue.

The student population of Andhra Pradesh unfortunately has not, so far, evinced any interest in the matter of official language and is not alive to the situation. Perhaps lack of proper leadership is responsible for this.

Let me remind them, through your columns, of what you yourself had said at the Convention,

that "It is not Rajaji himself but those who ignore his advice that will suffer" if Hindi is imposed as the Union Official Language.

P. VENKATESWARLU.

Secunderabad.

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THE HIGH COST OF 'DEFENCE'

In this nuclear age the defensive capacity of our military forces is very negligible. It is so negligible as to be worthy of being considered as practically non-existing. In the event of war with a major power we have no means of defending ourselves even for a day. Yet in recent years our military budget has grown to enormous proportions. It is the theory of the military experts that this is necessary for protection of the country from attack by Pakistan. We have entered into an armament race with Pakistan with the belief that otherwise our national safety will be imperilled. In this armament race Pakistan has the advantage of receiving modern, up-to-date military equipment from the United States without having to pay for it. We have not only to pay for our armaments, our imported war material is not so efficient and modern as that of Pakistan. A considerable part of it is outmoded. The source of our supply is Britain and it is not unlikely that Britain has been loading on us her outmoded military equipment for which she has no use, but we have given it a new puerility by imagining that it is all coming properly reconditioned. Pakistan's armaments are not reconditioned armaments. They are the latest of their kind, just made, and emerging straight from American armament factories.

A great part of the foreign loans we raise is expended on im-

port of military equipment of questionable utility in a real war but considered by us as necessary for defence against Pakistan. We are also largely dependent on other countries for our food supply. The inroads on our foreign exchange resources made by food and armament imports are so heavy that they leave little surplus for the industrialisation needs of India's second Five Year Plan. Contrasting the Chinese position with ours in the matter of planning, the *New Statesman and Nation* (August 9) observes:

However calculating and sometimes uneasy may be the attitude of the Russian leaders towards Mao Tse-tung, they do at least provide their main ally with the long term assurance that capital equipment and technical advisers in known and substantial quantity will be steadily forthcoming for Chinese economic planning. As a contrast India... is continually having to go cap in hand to America, Britain and West Germany... India must periodically tremble on the verge of bankruptcy.

What with a heavy food deficit and an equally heavy dependence on imports of armaments, India has got into a chronic foreign exchange crisis, and so long as the crisis lasts, the Government's dream of industrialising the country must be held to be chimerical. This indisputable truth the leaders in power have failed to grasp, or if they have grasped it, they have been most reluctant to admit it and to effect the necessary modifications in their prevailing policies. The net effect of this has been the burdening of

the country with a hopeless mounting foreign debt with no chance, ever, of applying the proceeds substantially to the declared objective of industrialisation. On the other hand the political implications of unredeemed and apparently unredeemable foreign indebtedness are plain. It will impair and destroy Indian independence in the international political game.

Of all leaders in the country Rajaji deals for the first time after Independence with this dilemma of our position fairly and squarely. In a brilliant article under the title "The Only Solution" published in this issue of SWARAJYA he says that "the one and only way out of the crisis is a reduction of military expenditure. The Government must run the gauntlet of anti-Pakistani fanaticism and do this reduction. It requires great courage and decision, but it is this and this alone that can save calamity." Rajaji points to the example of Germany and Japan who, "after the almost wholesale devastation of the war" have achieved their present prosperity mainly because of the reduction they effected whether by inclination or necessity in their military expenditure. Their example, he pleads, "must inspire us in India as well as in Pakistan not only to fresh energy but to a realisation of the wastefulness of putting money in armaments in the context of the present world."

Fear and folly go together, as the stockpiling of atom bombs by

the nuclear powers has conclusively shown in our own time. Experts will no doubt decry Rajaji's plea for the cutting down of our military expenditure as reckless. But as he points out, "it should not be minded if we wish to save the country. The arms race started by American military aid to Pakistan can be stopped only by unilateral action on our part and we should shame America into decency in this matter".

Too often the leaders in charge of the Government have ignored Rajaji's wise counsels. They have met invincible arguments with drift and evasion till bungling has become a habit. If the folly of the habit is persisted in, history will not be held in suspension for their sake; it will overtake them with irretrievable disaster, with the nation so ill-served by them having to pay a heavy price for their stewardship.

M. C. Balakrishna Menon

M. C. Balakrishna Menon, Assistant Editor, *The Indian Express*, Madras, who passed away recently, exemplified Madras journalism at its unostentatious best. He was never the one to draw attention to himself, and he rejoiced in doing good almost by stealth. He had a large and kindly view on life, and he was totally free from the acerbities of the journalistic profession. As a sub-editor he was quick to take decisions and quick to act on them. As an Assistant Editor his comments were lucid and reasoned. He did not set out to make a reputation for himself, and he almost made reserve and taciturnity a fine art. But the impress he made on his colleagues was deep and profound.

I happened to be one of them for a few years. His kindness was as refreshing to a novice cowering in the shadow of his more condescending or acrid seniors as his freedom from professional pedantry was striking. He was always guided by common-sense. I well remember how, after a weary night spent on duty in the office, he would take us of his "batch" to a nearby restaurant and there regale us with piping hot idlis and coffee. He lov-



MANGY CUR

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

Ramakrishna Chettiar was the richest man in Kamasamudram. Half the cultivated lands in the village belonged to him. His house was the only one built of brick and mortar. The other houses were all thatched huts.

There were in the village many street dogs which lived on offal and kept barking the whole night. Housebreaking and thefts were rife in that district, but the thieves never approached Kamasamudram. They were afraid of the dogs. They got what they could from the other villages. This is a story of long ago. Burglars and jemmies are unknown in the district today.

A mangy dog used to sleep on the pial in front of Chettiar's house. After every meal, Chettiar's youngest son would himself bring out his eating leaf, with a handful of cooked rice left in it, and throw it to the dog. It loved to lick the ghee sticking to the leaf. It would sleep on the Chettiar's pial and nowhere else. Chettiar and his servants tried their best to drive it away. They pelted it with stones. It would yelp and run off, but it would come back again the moment they went in and shut the door behind them, and it would curl up and sleep on the pial.

A thieving tribe came to the village. By day they split bamboos and made mats and baskets. They made friends with the dogs, which would

bark at them feebly, even if they barked at all.

One Sunday night, the third day after new moon, the thieves quietened the dogs by giving them a good feed of hard ragi bread. Two bronze plates were removed from one house and a pair of fowl from another. At last, the thieves approached Chettiar's house. The mangy dog barked at them. They threw a bit of bread at it, but it went on barking loudly. Chettiar woke up crying. "This wretched dog never lets one sleep." He came out and hit the dog with a stick. It yelped and ran away. Then he shut the door and went back to bed. But as he did not go to sleep and kept talking with his wife, the thieves found they could do nothing there that night and went away.

Next day, as usual, Chettiar's son came out after his meal. The dog approached him, wagging its tail.

Chettiar, who was washing his hands near the pial, observed, "It is all due to you, Sessa, that this dog has become such a nuisance."

"Poor thing, it comes wagging its tail. Is there no medicine for dogs' sores, father?" said Sessa.

"Good Lord", said Chettiar, "It looks as though you will go and buy medicine and rub it on the dog!"

It was the gang of thieves that really suffered from the mangy dog's nuisance, but how was the Chettiar to know it?

Mr. Menon. His death is as much a loss to Madras journalism as it is a personal deprivation to those of us who enjoyed his friendship. No young journalist entering the profession could have hoped for a more genial mentor.

N. S. RAMASWAMI.



Sotto Voce

Playing the Game

Hardly thirty-six hours after Mr. Nehru had declared, as the result of a bit of thinking aloud, that "it is better for the policeman not to have firearms at all", the policemen of Ahmedabad were being called upon to use their firearms. They used them to some purpose. A few people were killed. And though the crowd indulged in stone-throwing, looting and other anti-social activities, the police did succeed in restoring some semblance of order.

In this case there did not arise the contingency which the Prime Minister advanced as a powerful argument against arming policemen—that they might be overwhelmed by superior numbers should the ineffective or improper use of their arms by panicky policemen provoke the crowd. The Government of Bombay had seen to it that there was no dearth of armed men to deal with any emergency. Would Mr. Nehru permit the use of arms—as an exception to his rule—if the police were not likely to be swamped? After all it is a counsel of prudence—which was impressed upon men by superior authority even in the old British days—that the police should not fire ineffectively and therefore with danger to themselves.

But it is difficult to follow Mr. Nehru's reasoning that it is better not to arm the police since the risk of their being wiped out was less than the chances that their very defencelessness might prove their salvation. It is bad enough to put a handful of men with firearms in a position where they cannot effectively defend themselves, let alone defending the dignity and vindicating the majesty of the law. But it would be far worse to expose them to ridicule, to put upon them tasks that must

provoke the animus of undisciplined mobs and expect them to turn tail at the first sign of trouble. Nor does Mr. Nehru squarely meet the point by suggesting that arms should be left to the armed police.

Armed police undoubtedly have their place in the internal security of any country. So have the troops. Thus Mr. Nehru vigorously defended the employment of troops in Tatanagar to protect the property of Tatas against possible mischief at the hands of strikers. And Mr. Pant was no less vigorous in denouncing the vandalism of the Ahmedabad mobs who had destroyed valuable Government property. Property is valuable whether it belongs to the State or to private persons, whether it belongs to a key industry like Tatas or to a consumer industry like the manufacture of sweetmeats. It is neither logical nor practicable to say that the police armed with nothing more than lathis should suffice to deal with attacks on one class of property while attacks on the other class must be repulsed with all the might of armed police or armed troops.

Unfortunately Mr. Nehru has set the fashion of speaking of property-owning as if it implied a double dose of original sin. He can hardly expect the man in the street to see that there is any sacredness in Government property or defence industries. When the Kerala Government told the police that it must not interfere if kisan squatters trespassed on private lands or strikers brought any industrial unit to a stand-still, the Government of India were obviously handicapped from interfering decisively. For E. M. S. might have turned round and said that his Government were merely

carrying Mr. Nehru's principles to their logical conclusion.

Mr. Nehru has now come to the conclusion that there is a good deal of insecurity in Kerala and that fundamental rights are violated on a large scale. He wants a thorough probe. If the probe is to be really effective he must not be afraid of the *tu quoque* argument at which Mr. Dange and his friends are adepts. If fundamental rights are being violated in Congress States that is not an argument for playing down the outrages in Kerala. It should, rather, make the Congress Governments realise the folly of practising or winking at Crypto-Communism partly in the hope that they would thus be taking the wind out of the sails of the Communists and partly out of unwillingness to appear ideologically timorous in Mr. Nehru's eyes.

The Englishman is proud of the fact that in his country the policemen carry no revolvers. But then, since the days of Peterloo they have been given no tasks that required the use of revolvers. In Ahmedabad the police were put on a task that did require the use of guns. There is no use telling the Maha Gujarat Parishad that it is not playing the game by resorting to violence. They might retort that it takes two to play the game; that the arbitrary imposition of a bilingual Province on the people of Gujarat and Bombay by a whim of the ruling party at the last moment did not make that imposition any less an act of violence because it was clothed in the forms of law. Whether in Ahmedabad or in Kerala respect for the law and the Constitution can be ensured only by avoiding deep fissures between official policies and public opinion.

VIGNESWARA

Providence, through the nature of Man, has decreed that there shall be few subjects under the sun on which it is not possible for opposing views to be held.

— SIR WILLIAM HALEY,
Editor of *The Times*.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Budget-making in Britain was revolutionised by Beveridge. Before he appeared on the scene it was considered good finance if the Chancellor of the Exchequer achieved a surplus budget, if he managed to cut the expenditure to less than the revenue. The emphasis was on economy and solvency. Those were days of minimum government and provident administration when deficits were dreaded and borrowing was avoided.

Beveridge changed all that. He gave a new status to loan-raising. Loans meant the credit at a government's command. It should not be wasted but fully utilised for the good of the community. Budget-makers should not be content with departmental economies. They should take manpower as the datum in framing their budgets and provide adequate means to the whole population for a comfortable standard of living.

The technique of taking manpower as the datum was explained in elaborate detail by Beveridge. An estimate should be made of the total income of all the family units comprised in the population. This should be set against another estimate of the total of income they would need for comfortable living. The difference between the two, indicating the community's shortage of means, should be made good with increased outlay on works providing additional employment. The resources for the increased outlay were to be found through borrowing, heavy taxation, printing of paper currency and accentuated economic power.

Full employment is the basis of the Welfare State envisaged by Beveridge. It is in exchange for full employment that the intensive over-government of the Welfare State, with its characteristic concentration of economic, along

with political power in the hands of a limited ruling party, is not only tolerated but advocated. Unemployment on any large scale is wholly incompatible with the very conception of the Welfare State.

When the Congress in India at its Avadi session adopted as its objective the Socialist pattern of society it annexed to itself the enormous economic powers and monopolies associated with the Welfare State. Since then the rate of taxation has gone up steeply. Control over every kind of enterprise and activity has been increased. Some extremely profitable undertakings developed by private enterprise have been taken over by the Government. The printing of paper money has progressed to unprecedented levels. Yet the central benefit theoretically justifying all these exactions is as far away as ever before. The atmosphere is one of oppression and not of benign distribution of the means of living to all people under State auspices.

In our so-called Welfare State, unemployment is not only rife, there are no signs of any possibility for a significant reduction in its volume in the foreseeable future. Government policies load the dice heavily against the unemployed. We have small pockets of prosperity here and there occupied by the industrial proletariat. These are very well organised and have learned the bargaining power of collective action. They are served by politician-leaders who often belong to the ruling party. Government support to labour unions in industrial disputes has had two effects. It has made the unions concerned unruly and undisciplined, apt more to depend on force rather than reason in the formulation and settlement of their demands. It has raised the cost of industrial production, leaving no scope for capital-formation out of profits

and savings for the promotion of new ventures to provide work for the unemployed.

Millions of unemployed who have not, ever, the ghost of a chance of making a living, would be glad to fill places for half the wage when a strike is on. But they are prevented by labour laws. These laws have erected a closed-shop atmosphere round industry enabling the workers in occupation to go on continually enhancing their demands. In other countries where similar laws exist, the people are fully employed, and there is not such a vast army of unemployed people as exists in India.

Our Welfare State is thus built on the volcano of the misery of a vast majority of workless inhabitants whose plight bids fair to continue unrelieved, if labour laws and government policies are any index of future trends. Numerically these constitute the most formidable element in Indian society. They are unorganised and uncared for. They are treated as fair game by everybody else. Government trades in their name whenever it indulges in acquisitive orgies under cover of serviceable Socialist slogans. But their distress is going on increasing, and it has been terribly augmented lately by the drying up of the springs of private charity as a result of the pretentious play of the Welfare State game by Congress tacticians. There is a limit to human endurance. When the volcano erupts, the pampered children of our rulers trained under special laws to turn their backs on their less favoured countrymen, will be perhaps the first casualty.

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THE LANGUAGE ISSUE IN INDIA

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Like places of pilgrimage and the roads leading to them, certain languages play their part in different periods of history to bring people together in mutual understanding and benefit and help them to general improvement. Greek did this in Europe once and Latin performed this function in an extraordinary measure when Europe was torn by differences and distinctions in all respects. History has recorded that universal enlightenment and knowledge spread in Europe through Latin.

Sanskrit purveyed enlightenment and culture to all parts of India although no tribe or community spoke Sanskrit as such and although the people spoke different languages in different parts of the country. People in all parts of India who aimed at enlightenment and culture made it the means and the symbol of their ambition to acquire a knowledge of Sanskrit and thereby a common bond of spirit tied all parts of India into one community.

What Sanskrit did in India during her long and silent centuries in the past, what Latin did in Europe though divided into many States and Nationalities, English is doing now in India. It may not be spoken in India, but it is the language that unites all the different regions of India into one and India itself with the rest of the world. It serves as the continuous vehicle that brings into its life the best from all parts of the civilised world.

If humanity is a single family, some means of communication, some common vehicle of enlightenment and invigorating knowledge must play its part. It is only ignorance heightened by obstinacy that would resist the part that English should play in modern times and treat the language as an enemy left behind by the British rulers. It is sheer folly to displace English in fields where it has struck root, in the administration, in the law and in the universities. Instead of welcoming the good that Providence and the Laws of Nature often give us

along with shame and evil, some among the leaders of India seek to cast off with what was shameful and evil, the good also that came with it, thereby undoing the just economy of Nature that ever mixes good with evil.

There are regional languages in India, each spoken by millions and possessing a not inconsiderable amount of literature. Hindi is one of these and one that serves a larger single group than any of the other Indian languages. On this latter ground it was thought possible to make it the official language of all India. If this could be done, it would remove the imagined shame of a language of foreign origin functioning in India as the supreme official medium. This was adopted in the Constitution of India. A distant date was fixed to give effect to this resolution, thereby helping to keep all difficulties and objections dormant for the time being. The distribution of languages and people is such that no one of the Indian languages could be given the honour of being the Union official medium without leaving a large mass of territory and the people inhabiting it outside the range of that language. Although

Hindi or some dialect of it is spoken by nearly two-fifths of the population of India, this is confined to a contiguous mass of territory leaving three-fifths of India out of that contiguous region.

As the date fixed for the enforcement of the provision of the Constitution regarding the Union's official language approaches and steps have to be taken towards that end, the objections to the measure have begun to find expression. The other language groups, in particular Bengal and Madras, resist the Hindi programme. It is noteworthy that in spite of the constitutional provision about Hindi having been adopted ten years ago, the Government of Madras have not adopted compulsory instruction in Hindi and even now dare not introduce such a measure in their schools. Even if there were no resistance or if it were successfully met by government measures, it is not wise to do something that is bound to result in inequality of opportunities. To continue English as the official medium as heretofore and to let each region carry on its administration at State-level in the language of that region is the only safe, just and convenient alternative. And this would leave intact the nexus between India and the outer world which is no detraction but a high privilege.—
Courtesy Envoy.

THE ONLY SOLUTION

Increased "food" production is no doubt absolutely essential for national well-being. It is inconceivable that we can, by any process of modernisation, convert the Indian continent into an industrial country, depending for food on imports from abroad, to be paid for by export of steel or textiles or sugar or even tea. Even if it were physically possible, it would be an incongruous lopsidedness for countries with a vast land area. Increased "food" production is not a thing to be achieved by amendment of laws or the substitution of statutory regulations for the old-fashioned contractual relations, or by a limitation of the acreage of indi-

vidual ownership, least of all by overthrowing personal interest and introducing in its place collective or bureaucratic management, through co-operative organisations. The increasing of food crops calls for a programme of constructive help and encouragement, enlargement of holdings, and fostering increased interest among the farmers: certainly not of sowing discord among the elements who have to co-operate, and tinkering with agrarian affairs so as to cause land values to move down to vanishing point. Increase of food production is to be attained, if at all, by stages which are necessarily slow, for which the exchange crisis cannot

AN IDEAL, NOT AN EXAMPLE

By POTHAN JOSEPH

wait. Bankruptcy would overtake us and upset the whole cart. The one and only way out of the crisis is a reduction of military expenditure. This reduction is not only possible but also desirable from every point of view. The Government must run the gauntlet of anti-Pakistani fanaticism and do this reduction. It requires great courage and decision, but it is this and this alone that can save calamity. It will be called reckless, a policy that will sell India to the enemy and so on. But it should not be minded if we wish to save the country. The arms race started by American military aid to Pakistan can be stopped only by unilateral action on our part. Indeed, we should shame America into decency in this matter by taking such a bold step even if there were no crisis in our foreign exchange relationship calling for economy in expenditure. Investment in arms equipment for air, naval, and ground warfare on the pattern, though on a smaller scale, of the Western powers, is as fantastic and unreal as the stockpiling of nuclear bombs by them, knowing all the while that they are never to be used.

Every consideration points in the direction of drastic cuts in our defence expenditure. Courage in one form or another, but distinguished from old Micawber's confidence, is called for to meet the crisis which cannot any longer be hidden or ignored. The best form of courage in the present context is to face the anti-Pakistani fanatics and follow the only rational course indicated and make drastic savings in the military budget.

The idea of meeting the situation by entering into long-term commitments with the "Free World" in the form of loans is bound to land us in political implications that must surely affect our independence in international affairs. It is treacherous ground to walk on. The right solution is one that can be executed by ourselves, although it certainly requires great strength of decision. Nothing short of an intrepid move can adequately meet the situation.

Pardon my temerity, but in all this controversy about students and politics I feel that Mahatma Gandhi should not be held up for the emulation of Indian youth on occasions like Water Transport satyagraha and opposition to stiff examination-papers, however conscientious their urge of protest. Adolescence is the period of admiration. Looking back I recall that the Boy Wonder of my school-age used to excite admiration because he had read Abbott's *Life of Napoleon*, and he could speak to us with heroic gestures about the campaigns and triumphs of the Corsican phenomenon. In the days when our mind is susceptible to black and white distinctions with no grey shades in the evaluation of worth, we indulged in a kind of idolatry which had no relation to the facts of life. Akbar was a good man, Aurangzeb a bad man: it fitted the framework of our intellect without any trace of debunking. In printed books summing up *Paradise Lost*, analysts of the Indian Educational Service used to compare the problems of Napoleon with the frustrations of Satan. As reflection grows with middle age, we realise that Satan had some of the attractive slogans of democracy as against the fixations of benevolent Fascism. Nevertheless the fact remains that youth is the

Many factors have contributed to the remarkable economic revival of Germany and Japan after the almost wholesale devastation of the war. But the fact that these nations have reduced their military expenditure whether the reduction be by inclination or necessity is one of the chief contributing causes. The present prosperity of Germany and Japan must inspire us in India as well as in Pakistan not only to fresh energy but to a realisation of the wastefulness of putting money in armaments in the context of the present world.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

lustrum of admiration in life.

The English lad was all right with Nelson as the ideal. A seafaring nation could not have cherished a superior model with courage and success as his emblem and experience. But don't tell me he was truthful at the Battle of Copenhagen when, applying his spy-glass to his dead eye, he justified later his tactics of good cheer with any maxim like *Satyameva Jayate*. The English school-boy to-day has his camera, he sees Vista Vision pictures and knows in his heart of hearts that propaganda incipient in the Battle of the North has no ethical merit to be gained in the atomic age and the prospects of total annihilation.

I referred to my beardless contemporary who had been our authority of Napoleon Bonaparte. Since my elder brother George Joseph had been a metaphysician by birth and a politician by aberration, I browsed on his books on Carlyle and Emerson, and naturally I could not endure Napoleon as my probable pattern of personal success after passing the examinations of the Madras University. My first hurdle in academic honours, which drove me to Bombay where I could score better marks without a thought of Napoleon, or Schopenhauer. Wisdom lay in finding a job.

Mahatma Gandhi had no faith in the technological age of mankind, and his life was spent in an epic political struggle to befool and disillusion exponents of foreign domination the world over. George Washington did not shy at physical violence and bloodshed in order to accomplish the identical aim. The myth of the cherry-tree is that he could not tell a lie. The genius of Gandhiji lay in measuring our capacity as a nation and making authority impossible without consent of the governed, a dangerous doctrine—after the accomplishment of the goal itself in the routine of existence. That it happened to be

British overlordship is a detail. He loved the British people and as a student when his mind was in the formative stage, he had tried to learn first-class dancing. Incidentally he could never have won a prize in ball-room dancing because of bowed legs, whereas his contemporary of Lincoln's Inn, Mahomed Ali Jinnah had the advantage of straight props in the system, with a lordly monocle to enchant partners in days of Joseph Chamberlain, the monocled statesman of Imperial expansion. Mahatma Gandhi was a moral prodigy by his own right of setting rules and claiming exceptions. I cannot recommend Indian youth to copy Mahatmaji's way of doing things to solve daily grievances, certainly not their love-affairs if the episodes of his life in relation to Kasturba are depicted in a true-to-life film, free from pedantic or nationalistic motivations. I once read out a story of Mahatmaji's life, the incident where he flung a pair of binoculars into the sea to teach his young wife the lesson of non-possession; well, the graduate listener exclaimed "Intolerable". Mahatma Gandhi had his own technique with a reserve-code of action in ascending order but not suited to boys and girls between 17 and 25 when concentration on the essentials of regulated freedom alone could indicate sense in their conduct. How I would love to live again and learn better to bring fancies into alignment with realities! No society can last if each individual insists on rights like Tolstoy, Thoreau and Gandhi. Kids who rebel must be whipped into sleep. Gandhiji's formulas in life must be confined to prescription: "To be taken only according to Doctor's orders". His example is not meant for question-paper wangers and junior humbugs who affect the blameless white of curta-sanctimoniousness. Discipline ought to be Discipline, Sir; and the story of the monkey that borrowed his master's may be repeated once a month in the class; but, alas, in the daily budget of news we have frequent episodes of teachers also going on strike.

THE 'HINDU' STRIKE AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

By AN ESTEEMED PUBLICIST

The manner in which the Government of Madras handled the situation created by abrupt cessation of work by a section of *The Hindu's* employees has left the citizen of Madras State gaping and wondering whether we are functioning under "the rule of law" of which we hear a great deal or jungle law where physical might alone prevails. The Mount Road incidents of the first week of August raise important questions as to civil liberties which we purport so zealously to guard through ad hoc organisations bearing that name.

At the outset let me make it clear that I am not discussing the rights and wrongs as between employer and employees, trade union rights and their exercise or the I.L.O. conventions in this regard. The labour union of *The Hindu* office is of the I.N.T.U.C. brand. That is to say, the labour wing of the Indian National Congress is in charge of the union. When Congress is in power in the State, one would have thought the Ministers would be doubly careful in seeing that they do not lay themselves open to misconstruction of their action, or more precisely their masterly inaction, when naked rowdyism stalked the principal thoroughfare of the capital of the State. Even the I.N.T.U.C. cannot claim that this cessation of work without notice to the employer is anything but an "illegal strike." When such cessation of work by one section—reported to be a third of the total strength—has occurred, the others have a right or the civil liberty to attend their office. It is ridiculous to call them "blacklegs" or other similar names, for they are not substitutes brought to fill the vacancies created by the strike. The Minister for Labour was at pains to assure a Rotary audience during the week of the turmoil, that Government cannot give assistance to "break a strike." It may be a fine point, full of meta-

physical distinctions as to whether the Government should or should not help to break an "illegal strike." But breaking a strike means employing blacklegs to carry on uninterrupted work. But this is not what *The Hindu* did. Employees, nearly all of them of more than one decade of standing, sought to go to work. They were all obstructed, a select number assaulted and a few belaboured severely—under the distinguished patronage and in the immediate presence of those who were paid by the tax-payer to maintain law and order. This sophistry about Government's inability to assist in "breaking a strike" will not therefore go down the throat of even the naive.

We are really concerned with the larger and far more important issue—which is the provocation for my writing. Irrespective of contexts, when a defenceless person is set upon by a dozen muscular persons and thrashed on a public thoroughfare, irrespective of whether or not that person is at fault, is it not the duty of the police to intervene and prevent such barbarism? Can Government instruct the police force who are employed with tax-payer's money, to watch such disgraceful belabouring of undefended persons by an unruly mob, on the indefensible and specious ground that it

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would amount to "assistance in breaking a strike"? The first law is the humanitarian law. It came long, long before trade union law. Surely Government can see the quaint irony of converting the police overnight into a U.N. observers' group. Even a murderer or a thief is not allowed to be set upon by a street mob and the police intervene to protect him in order that he may receive his punishment according to law. When did a member of *The Hindu* staff, whose only offence was that he tried to enter his place of work, forfeit the common right of law's protection against personal attack — particularly when Law and Order were marshalled within a few yards of these ugly happenings?

We are in imminent danger of injecting mobocracy into democracy, by putting a premium on trade union outlaw-cracy. The sense of security is being undermined in the mind of law-abiding citizens who saw the happenings in Mount Road during the first week of August. Incidentally the statement of the Union official that he was unaware of and regretted the assaults on the employees shows he did not see nor was he aware of what hundreds of stupefied citizens as were passing by, saw—the poignant picture of lawlessness unchallenged in the presence of law. One would expect on-the-spot-union-leadership to be better informed about what the union members, augmented in strength by proximate union membership, perpetrated in broad daylight. *Expost facto* expressions of regret are neither here nor there. *The Hindu* incidents have shaken the morale of all those engaged in peaceful occupations and their confidence that legitimate protection would be available in the normal exercise of civil liberties. Constitutional guarantees to the citizenry, as embodied in our fundamental rights, are worthy of reperusal by those that administer our State—and this would be relevant in our Independence Week, when we rededicate ourselves to a year of fresh effort—under the shadow of our Tricolour Flag.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

EXHAUSTED HUMAN VOLCANOES

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: A feature like this which happens to be written on the Fifteenth of August, centres round the memorable day itself. Memories crowd in on *Junius* who lives in a world of his own, reckoning with dates which have a larger meaning and not unoften reveal how 'Destiny with men for pieces plays', on Life's chequer-board. To most of the readers, the Fifteenth of August has significance only as the day of Indian Independence. The Fifteenth of August, 1947, is by no means the starting point in history, not even in our own. For long years it has had some recognition as the birth-day of one of the foremost pioneers and prophets of Indian Nationalism—Sri Aurobindo Ghose, to whom, indeed, Nationalism, in the classic phraseology of H. W. Nevins, was "surrounded by a mist of glory, the halo that medieval saints beheld gleaming around the head of martyrs".

If our own Sri Aurobindo whom no country other than Bharat-Varsha could have possibly produced, was born in 1872, there were yet other celebrities out of August's cradle, having been born on the same day—James Keir Hardie in 1851, De Quincey in 1785, Walter Scott in 1771 and Napoleon in 1769. They had little in common except the stamp of greatness. Napoleon was to France what Caesar was to Rome and Alexander to Greece, and despite the gloomy setting of his last days, his profile and tread have not ceased to be a part of history. Walter Scott who belonged to the world of letters was a monarch of all he surveyed, for revitalising the past and bringing back to life 'the pomp and pageantry of a by-gone age' while De Quincey, so to say, belonged to the world of drugs and dreams and left behind him some of the finest examples of English prose, rising to the level of

poetry. James Keir Hardie opened a new chapter in British politics, bringing in his wake the force of Labour, despite his obscure origin and a temperament which, according to A.G.G., had all 'the gloom of Calvinism and the severity of the shorter Catechism'.

What a small but splendid galaxy! Napoleon rose to the skies and then fell into the abyss; Scott died with 'unstained name' but in uncleared debt; De Quincey lived and died a slave to opium, having nevertheless drawn his inspiration from it; Keir Hardie was so uncouth at the zenith of his career that on his way to Parliament House when he was mistaken for a workman and asked whether he was 'going to work', on the roof, he said 'yes, but on the floor'. Far different was Sri Aurobindo's lot. One day the world realised that 'the thoughtful soul to solitude retires.' He chose Pondicherry for his own realisation. It proved to be no Napoleon's Elba but a pilgrim-centre for the *darshan* of (as his successor in Baroda, C. R. Reddy called) "the sole-sufficing genius of his age". Blessed are they who were born on the Fifteenth of August!

India too, as a free nation, emerged into history on the Fifteenth of August, amidst high hopes and wild rejoicing and yet not without grave fears and dark forebodings. If our Independence was "won", it was because of the goodwill of the British, if not by their courtesy, however belated. We have learnt to say and repeat that our Independence was 'won' without bloodshed. This is but true in a limited context for, when the lights went up on the night of the Fifteenth of August, 1947, blood was still flowing in the

August 23, 1958

SWARAJYA

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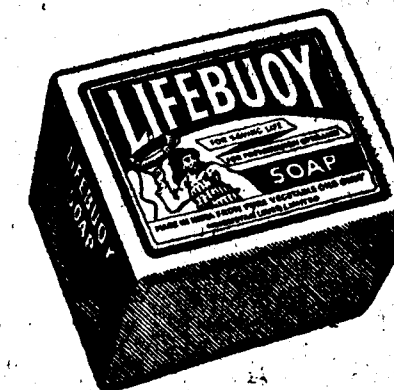
five rivers of the Punjab and other streams elsewhere, in the wake of the Partition. And quite long before another August Fifteenth arrived, the Mahatma was assassinated, and with him disappeared the moral force which was the sheet-anchor of our

Freedom struggle. And since then, disappeared strength and stability with Sardar Patel and a certain idealism and nobility with Maulana Azad. In one sense the nation is shrinking while the human volcanoes which at one time were so much in

eruption seem to be getting exhausted. None too cheery a picture for those who have yet to fulfil their mission.

And this Independence day has dawned amidst the rumblings in Kerala and convulsions

Invisible guests in my home?



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Yes, indeed! Invisible 'guests' that arrive uninvited—to cause disease. Look here...my friends are neither invisible nor the cause. It's not friends we mean. It's enemies: the germs in dirt! But my home is as clean as a new pin! Ah! Even here there's ordinary everyday dirt. Perhaps you can't see it—but you can't avoid picking it up! Heavens! Never saw it that way! What can I do about it? Simple! Just bathe the healthy way! Make it a habit to...

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— and enjoy that healthy feeling of freshness!

L. 277-303

JOLIOT-CURIE

The premature death of Frederic Joliot-Curie was not unexpected. It will be a cause of great grief to the many millions of people throughout the world who, though unable to judge the value of his contributions to science, loved and admired him for his work as President of the World Peace Movement.

When Madame Curie discovered radium, most people were aware only of its potentialities for good. Probably nobody foresaw that it was to prove to be the most cataclysmic discovery of our age, and perhaps of all history. The train of later discoveries which have produced the H-bomb and the I.C.B.M. were unimaginable when the young French physicist Frederic Joliot married Madame Curie's daughter Irene, and added her name to his. It is a tragic irony that these two great scientists, whose professional careers were devoted to problems relating to the peaceful uses of radio-activity, should have been victims of the new power which they had helped to develop and of the dangerous men who today control it.

Irene died a little more than two years ago of leukemia, cancer of the blood brought about by radio-active pollution. Frederic's health was permanently impaired by the shame which he felt—a shame not for himself but for his country—when the French Government (it is generally believed under pressure from the U.S.A.) refused to allow either himself or his wife to take any part in officially-sponsored researches into the use of atoms for peace. The two were undoubtedly France's outstanding nuclear physicists.

in what was once Gujarat. The question of Bombay has been reopened, not on the floor of any State Legislature or of Parliament but in the streets of Ahmedabad. This is time for calm reflection and sober appraisal and also for swift action and decisive leadership.

Denied the opportunity to make any further major contributions to the advancement of learning in that field, both of them continued to teach and inspire students at the Sorbonne almost until their deaths. I was one of those privileged to form part of the guard of honour which kept vigil beside Irene's coffin in the great hall of the Sorbonne during the day and night before she was accorded the tribute of a State funeral. My sharpest recollection is not of Mendes-France's funeral oration, but of the file of young men and women, dry-eyed but tense with emotion, who paid their last homage to one of the greatest women of our time.

Joliot and Irene played a leading part in helping to found the World Peace Movement. Joliot became its first President, and in spite of increasing ill-health continued to guide its policy until his death. When the Stockholm appeal for the banning of nuclear weapons was issued in 1949, it was denounced as a Communist manoeuvre. In fact, it followed exactly the same lines, even in the details of its text, as a resolution which had been passed by the United Nations in the first General Assembly in 1945. But labels, and the penalties attached to them, could not deter those who saw clearly at that time the danger that threatened the world and which, as the world now recognises, has been rapidly growing ever since. The World Peace Council is one of many bodies which has helped to educate public opinion to make scientific data intelligible to the layman, and to bring scientists together to discuss how best to exert their influence as citizens possessed of special knowledge and therefore with special responsibilities. Probably few people will ever know how much of this work was initiated by Joliot's own efforts. Perhaps the greatest tribute that can be paid to him, and I am sure that it is true, is that he, like his wife, has left the world a legacy of trained, serious and

responsible young men and women who have learned to think for themselves and to have the genuine scientist's loyalty to truth.

The partnership of the Joliot-Curies, both in work and leisure, was so complete that it is almost impossible to think of one without the other. When Irene died, many of their friends felt that Frederic would not survive her for long. When I read the news of Frederic's death I found myself repeating the beautiful seventeenth century English epitaph on the surviving partner of such a marriage:

"She first deceased.
He for a little tried
To live without her,
Liked it not, and died."

It is not for them that we mourn, but for the world which they tried so hard to save from its fate.

MONICA FELTON

The Budget of 1957-58 was a major error which has disorganised and injured the economy...

Largely because there does not exist in the country at the present time an adequate design for new production particularly in agriculture and because incentives have been destroyed over a large area of the private sector, and because the public sector is incapable of even fulfilling its part in the Plan, an element of stagnation has been forced on the economy for which the Government of India must take responsibility.

Eastern Economist, August 15.

Control of water quite obviously means co-operation. It's a very interesting thing to see how many of the great civilisations of the ancient world—civilisations such as Assyria, Babylonia, Ancient Egypt—have been in countries which are short of water and where it has been vital for people to work together, conserve their water resources and distribute it over the land so as to make the production of crops possible.

— DR. L. DUDLEY STAMP

BOOK REVIEW

PARTY POLITICS IN INDIA

The great problem which faced the Indian leaders who drafted the Constitution of India in 1950, was how to work out a political system which, while responding to the varying and sometimes even conflicting interests and loyalties of its vast population, would preserve the essential basis of its national unity. After a careful consideration of all possible alternatives, they decided that a federal system with power divided between the Centre and the States and with a parliamentary form of government both at the Centre and in the States, was the one best suited to Indian conditions. Now, for the satisfactory working of parliamentary democracy, the existence of well-defined parties is essential, as that alone provides a range of choice to the electorate as well as a machinery for the peaceful transfer of political power from one group of politicians to another under constitutionally recognised rules. The real test of the stability of India's political system therefore lies in the answer to the question posed by the author at p. 21 whether political power in India can be transferred from the Congress to another group capable of governing effectively within the democratic framework, and on the further question whether when power is so transferred, it will be tolerated by the superseded group. In this connection, it may be pointed out that at p. 274, the author deprecates resort to civil disobedience against a popularly elected government, and says that such resort is a serious obstacle to stability. "Wanton violations of law constitute a real threat to democratic institutions in a society where large numbers of peasants and workers apparently do not yet feel the restraints of law".

The future of the opposition is, therefore, perhaps the single most challenging political question in *Party Politics in India*: by Myron Weiner. Oxford University Press, Madras-2. Rs. 20.

India today. As it is, the opposition in the legislatures in India, is not only numerically weak but badly fragmented. At the general elections, so many independent candidates stood and so many groups put up candidates of their own, that in many cases, they only ensured the success of the Congress candidates in multi-cornered contests. Before the disappearance of the British Government, political struggle in India was rarely focussed on indigenous questions relating to the administration of the country, but was directed by the whole of the Indian people against the foreign government. Even if differences of opinion existed among the people, they were never regarded as so serious as not to be tolerated within the Congress; and many of the parties or groups which are now in opposition to the Congress, were at one time included within the Congress. Since their separation from the Congress, they have not had sufficient time to organise themselves on a nation-wide basis and to capture the minds of the masses. The system of single member constituencies, except where seats are reserved for the scheduled castes or backward classes, and the election of members is by a simple majority, has had the usual effect of giving the majority party a disproportionate number of seats and of reducing the number of seats secured by the other parties. At the same time, they have not, in the peculiar circumstances of this country, had the effect of reducing the number of parties which have not won seats, to only two or three. A general lack of experience of parliamentary institutions has not yet accustomed small groups and their leaders and militant members to tolerate party differences in ideologies and work together with other groups as a united party in implementation of an agreed programme of general national scope and width. The result is the existence and growth of a multi-party system in India.

The author is a political science scholar attached to the Princeton University in America who spent eighteen months in India during the years 1953 and 1954, studying political events, interviewing leaders and members of parties and public men and carefully observing trends and tendencies in party alignments. He has also since kept himself in touch with the developments of political parties in India as will be apparent from his references at pp. 224 and 283 to the general elections in India in 1957. In this book he has given a detailed, well-documented and interesting account of the formation, growth and programmes of the principal political parties in India, the reasons for the influence of the Congress, the formation in 1934 of the Socialist party as a group within the Congress, its subsequent separation from the Congress in 1948, the split in 1951 of a group of Gandhians including Acharya Kripalani from the Congress and their forming themselves into a Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party (K.M.P.P.), the merger in

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1952 of the Socialist party and the K.M.P.P. into a Praja Socialist Party (P.S.P.), the rise of the Marxist groups and Communists, the origin of the Hindu Maha Sabha in 1907 and its subsequent growth, the creation in 1951 by the late Syama Prasad Mookerjee of the Bharatiya Jan Sangh, and various other topics of party politics. The book throws a flood of light on the political events of the years 1953 and 1954, the currents and cross currents of party diplomacy and the motives of the leaders who took part in them. In the opinion of the author, the reasons which led the dissidents to leave the Congress in 1951 and 1952 were more personal than ideological (vide pp. 94 to 96). So long as the Congress party is in power with an overwhelming numerical strength behind it, the parties in opposition know that there is no chance of their ousting the Congress and themselves attaining power and therefore they have no immediate motive to combine with one another. As the author says at p. 228 "the further a party is from responsibility, the greater is its concern for its ideology".

The lure of power is a great inducement for disparate parties to work together. At p. 254 the author mentions what he describes as "the ambivalence which many Indians feel towards political power" as one of the causes of the reluctance of opposition parties to combine. In doing so, he exaggerates the extent of prevalence among Indian politicians of a renunciatory feeling which scorns political power as something "dirty" or "unpleasant". Often the so-called "ambivalence" may itself be due to a lively sense of the out-of-reachness of political power.

Writing on the subject of "attempt at left wing unity", the author has some pertinent remarks on the subject of unification of trade unions. He regrets that the Indian trade unions have never had an independent existence apart from political parties, and that leading trade union workers with few exceptions have come from political parties. He says that "without some degree of mutual trust between the political parties and agreement to depoliticise the trade union area trade union unity seems unlikely".

At p. 22, the author refers to the impact of the party system on relations between the Centre and the State Governments, and quotes the remark of Sir Ivor Jennings in his book on the Indian Constitution to the effect that "one of the inevitable consequences of federalism is the possibility of a conflict between the State and federal governments". Luckily, the framers of the Indian Constitution were not unaware of the possibility of such a conflict and have provided in the Constitution several safeguards to meet the same. We can only hope that they will prove sufficient. The study of party trends in India leads the author to conclude that subject to unforeseen contingencies, the Congress will retain its power both at the Centre and in most of the States for at least a decade more (vide p. 284). With him, an examination of possible democratic governments as alternatives to the Congress "begins

and ends with the P.S.P.". He thinks that "no other party approaches the P.S.P. as a potential democratic alternative to Congress" (p. 284). This however is only wishful thinking. For he says at p. 290 "Essentially our argument is that the Congress party and the P.S.P. must become the bulwark of the democratic secular and national order... They may and in fact ought to differ on economic issues, but where society is threatened by the opponents of a democratic or secular State, then the two parties must combine together".

Finally, it must be pointed out that the author's study is confined only to political parties in the legislatures in India and is not concerned with the extent to which party consciousness and political ideologies and differences have permeated the masses. The book under review does not deal with the motivation of voters. Adult suffrage has been introduced in India with some suddenness among a population which is mostly illiterate. The majority of the voters have no awareness of the political issues involved in an election and know practically nothing of the character and antecedents of the candidates who seek their suffrage. They are easily led, and often swayed by passions, prejudices and promises. The election of particular candidates by particular constituencies is therefore no indication of the political colour of those constituencies. This fact leads to a measure of unpredictability regarding the future behaviour of the voters and consequently to "a degree of latency in Indian politics". Who knows that a better instructed electorate of the future will not prefer the Bharatiya Jan Sangh to either the Congress or the P.S.P.?

Not only is the book under review remarkable for its collection and arrangement of facts and a concise and interesting summary of party developments in India, but it is highly valuable as a thought-provoking contribution to the study of a subject which is of vital importance to the future progress of this country.

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CINEMA

EFFECT OF RIOTS ON THE
FILM INDUSTRY

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: The film business, despite all the hue and cry of vested interests, has been steadily mounting up. The collections of several pictures have broken many past records. In Bombay State, and especially in Ahmedabad, the business has been very good. During the last three or four months, the pictures released in Ahmedabad have brought more money than in Bombay; in fact Ahmedabad has come to the rescue of many distributors who just managed to cover publicity expenses in Bombay.

Naturally, the distributors were looking forward to August and September as the months in which the business in Ahmedabad would further rise. But alas, their hopes have been dashed to pieces. When 8th August (Martyrs' Day) passed without any untoward incident, the film industry heaved a sigh of relief; but three days later Ahmedabad was in the grip of riots following the removal of the Martyrs' memorial by the police. And the film industry suffered a heavy loss. For not only Ahmedabad, but several other cities in Gujarat have been affected by these riots. In Baroda, two cinema theatres became victims of mob fury. The situation at the time of writing is returning to normal; but with the impending threat of Satyagraha, one cannot vouchsafe for the future. As things stand, the business in Gujarat is likely to be affected for some weeks to come, and the industry will have to bear a considerable loss.

In Bombay, however, the business has been extremely good and so also in other centres. With big pictures in the offing, it is to be hoped that 'peace' and prosperity would prevail in the country. For only internal peace and prosperity guarantee good returns at the box-office. Meanwhile, though there is so

much hue and cry about the shortage of raw stock, it is worth noting that almost all the studios in Bombay have been active all through this month. There has not been a single 'vacant' floor in any studio. What is more, several new pictures have either gone on the floors or planned to be started during this month. In contrast to the situation in May and June, there is a spurt of production activity in Bombay. And even those film-makers who have been resting on their past laurels for several months past are active for the first time with several new projects in the making. Thus, though the situation in Gujarat has given a set-back to the film trade, the situation on the whole does not warrant any pessimistic forebodings.

After a spate of crime stories, and loud melodramas, here at last comes a motion picture which is as refreshing and delightful as the first showers of Sravan. The picture that succeeds once again in raising our hopes for the future of Indian films is Anupam Chitra's maiden offering 'Talaq' jointly produced by Mahesh Kaul and Pt. Mukhram Sharma.

The story by Pt. Mukhram Sharma is simple and follows almost a familiar pattern; yet the screenplay is so sparkling and the approach so refreshing that 'Talaq' not only grips the audience but keeps it entertained throughout the 14,000 and odd feet of its length. It begins with the usual boy-meets-girl pattern. But the situations in the story are not only plausible but appear to have been taken from every day life. The romance ends in a marriage and happy parenthood. There is however one snag. The son-in-law does not tolerate the gambling habit of the father-in-law whom he has to support as he had forced his wife to give up her job.

It leads to friction and instead of finding a right solution, it explodes into a crisis, when the wife resumes work and the husband walks out with the child.

There appears to be no way of compromise and a divorce seems certain. The other two couples—whose characters are interwoven in this plot—help to bring the estranged couple to their senses.

'Talaq' makes a case against divorce by stressing that in case of divorce, the child is the greatest sufferer. Even the protagonists of divorce will agree with this viewpoint which is presented with sentimental overtones and convincingly portrayed, thanks to a splendid performance by the child-star Ashwini (Honey, sister of Daisey) who wins our sympathy throughout. But then there is no unsympathetic character in the picture. Even the idle, parasitic, gambling father of the heroine, who causes a lot of trouble, does not become obnoxious. When he repents he earns our sympathy. The credit for this must also go to Radha Kishan, who contributes a memorable cameo.

Rajendra Kumar and Kamini Kadam, the star of Marathi films who makes her debut in this Hindi film, play their parts adequately under the capable direction of Mahesh Kaul. Sajjan and Kusum Thakur are excellent and Yashodhara Kathju and Lal Bahadur play their roles with ease.

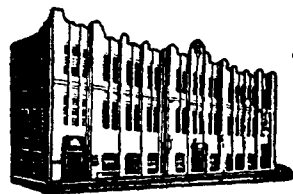
The story is thin, and the spoken word rather than action dominates the film. But happily, the dialogues are racy and the treatment (Continued on Page 15)



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FALSE PRIDE AND ERRORS OF JUDGEMENT

Sir,—False pride and errors of judgment have indeed contributed to the decline of popular enthusiasm in the celebration of the Independence Day.

Your survey of our position in the political, economic and spiritual fields is splendid and has tended to prove that democracy is on its trial. Not only our freedom but our very safety is shown to be threatened when we read the recent poignant statement of the Editor of *The Hindu* that "elementary protection to the individual has been denied" in this country.

The *Balance Sheet* as presented by you in your issue of 16th August depicts a very unsatisfactory state of affairs. I join you in your prayer and hope that "merciful Providence will not abandon us to bankruptcy after removing our shackles of subjection."

R. S. V. RAO.

COMPETITION FOR PRIVILEGE OF 'BACKWARDNESS'

Sir,—A few days back our Education Minister Sri C. Subramaniam announced to newspaper correspondents in Madurai that Government are considering the withdrawal of educational concessions granted to students on communal and caste basis and hereafter only economic backwardness will be the basis on which educational concessions will be granted. Three or four days after this announcement, the news appeared that the Government have included the *Vannikula Kshatriyas* in the list of *most backward* classes and that all concessions will be granted to this community in the field of education.

This perhaps reveals that the Government have shelved the idea of abolishing educational concessions on caste basis for the present. If that be so, another community which has got an equal claim with that of the *Vannikula Kshatriyas* to educational concessions is the *Mukkulathore* community comprising Kallars, Maravars and Agambadiyars. As such

it would be fair on the part of the Madras Government to include the *Mukkulathore* community also in the *most backward* classes list and grant them all concessions in the field of education and employment.

V. RANGASAMY.

Vice-President, Akila Mukkulathore Sangam, Madras-17.

MINISTERS AND ELECTIONS

Sir,—Much has been said recently about the participation of Ministers in elections and conflicting views have been expressed. Kerala Ministers have been praised for keeping themselves aloof at Devicolam. There is nothing wrong in participation nor any virtue in non-participation. On the other hand it is almost a duty on the part of Ministers to face the electorate on such occasions, not only to explain their stand and their achievements but to answer the charges from the opposition parties.

From my fairly long experience, I can safely aver that ministerial participation no doubt swells votes but it also spoils votes much more. Ministers wield considerable influence over those who form the higher strata in society. Unfortunately these higher classes are developing a sort of slavish mentality. It is tragic to see students and scholars sticking to their seats to listen to the stupid and insipid speech of a Minister inaugurating a College Literary Union or a 'Kambar Vizha', for which the unfortunate Minister is most ill-equipped. How can such classes escape the influence arising out of the Minister's personal visits?

But the reaction in the mass mind is disastrous. The pomp and paraphernalia associated with Ministers' visits tend to produce a hostile attitude. Further the voters are over-conscious of their power at the time of elections and do not hesitate to grow even erratic as they did in 1951 when they voted out even some very deserving Ministers. The Indian mass mind

has a revulsion against power and pomp and this is a great handicap always for the party in power. There are other advantages and handicaps too and these can't be helped. Ministers' participation should not be avoided on this score.

Misuse of office by Ministers is another matter and it has to be guarded against. Ministers' talk with a local leader at the time of elections about his cousin's appointment or a business deal having some Government connection, is an example of such misuse. His interference in the supply of irrigation water to villages at this time, is a gross misuse. Ministers' exaggerated declaration about a prospective big industrial enterprise or a major irrigation project in the area creating false hopes is cheating. Ministers have to be careful when they participate in elections and it is better they act within well defined limits. If Ministers confine themselves to merely addressing public meetings and eschew private meetings of leading personages or village groups or even party workers at the time of elections, there will be no cause for such accusations as those alleged by the D.M.K. leader Karunanidhi against the Ministers Kamaraj and Lourdammal for the part played by them in the Tuticorin by-election.

M. C. VEERABAHU.

Tuticorin

Cinema

(Continued from Page 13)

ment so lively and rich in details that 'Talaq' becomes a stirring drama of modern marriage. The lyrics by Pradeep are apt and his lyric on Free India is most timely. They are tuned to pleasing melody by C. Ramachandra, who seems to have taken special pains in composing the effective background score.

'Talaq' thus emerges as the first 'must be seen' picture of the year 1958.

'Talaq' is a creation of excellent team work of technicians, author, director, music director and artistes; and yet no single individual deserves more credit

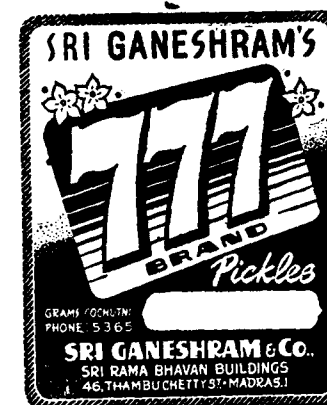
for it than Mahesh Kaul, the director, who has proved to the hilt that a good picture can be made without stars.

Mahesh Kaul has never made a star-studded spectacle; he has rather taken many up and coming stars and moulded them into fine artistes. Mahesh Kaul is a versatile person. He is a competent writer, a competent artiste and a capable director. Coming from Madhya Pradesh, he began his career in Bombay as an artiste and later became a full-fledged director. It was ten years ago that he created a sensation in the film world by making 'Gopinath'. The picture was acclaimed as great; but it flopped miserably at the box-office. His subsequent directorial efforts 'Naujawan' and 'Jeevan Jyoti' won plaudits from critics but failed at the box-office. And Mahesh Kaul was even subjected to ridicule and described as 'flop genius' and 'arty-arty' director.

In 'Abhiman', with Mukham Sharma's popular screen-writing, Mahesh Kaul retrieved his position and won the success which had been eluding him so far. In 'Abhiman', he also changed his style of direction and gave more scope to the artistes for free movement instead of the measured movements which had crippled his 'Jeevan Jyoti'. And in 'Talaq' he has revealed his real mettle in the meticulous presentation of rich human details and psychological insight in the patterns of human behaviour. At last, it is gratifying to find that the greatness and talent of Mahesh Kaul has been acknowledged by all his past critics. Mahesh Kaul, who has given us two new stars in 'Talaq' in Kamini Kadam and Ashwini, can now shed all diffidence and pursue his quest for art in a more confident and assured manner.

Nargis and Sunil Dutt, who are now holidaying in Europe are expected to return by the end of August to resume work in their unfinished films.

Writer-Akhtar Mirza is directing Madhubala Ltd.'s second production 'Mahalon-ke-Khwab'.



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SWARAJYA

3.5

Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

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30 SEP 1958
MADRAS, AUGUST 30, 1958

15 Naye Paise

THE CREDITORS MEET

Mr. William Clark who served in India as Correspondent of the *London Observer*, writes as follows in the May 29 issue of the American fortnightly magazine, *The Reporter*:

Within the past two years, as Pakistan has begun to receive American arms "to defend herself against Russia", India has felt bound to match those deliveries by purchases, mainly from Britain, paid for in cash. The cost is crippling and at present represents the largest single item of foreign exchange expenditure. As long as the quarrel lasts, both countries will be sadly weakened by it.....

But it does seem that the worst ravages of the arms race could be prevented, since the United States, which is at present supplying a major share of Pakistan's total military budget, has at least equal interest in India's fate.

The background to the foreign exchange crisis, as pictured by Mr. Clark, is worth noting. According to him, the exchange crisis is the result of the very considerable financial gap left to be filled by loans and credits from abroad in India's ambitious Second Five Year Plan. He says:

For a time, in 1957, it looked as though these loans and credits were not going to materialise and that the plan would collapse. In desperation, the then Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari set off on a tour of the Western capitals..... A substantial loan was arranged in Washington.

The plan has been saved from disaster; but it is still cut to the bone, and India's progress has been sadly slowed down. Indeed the latest cuts announced at the beginning of May were so severe that their full impact has been concealed

from the Indian people for fear of a serious drop in morale. It is generally believed that it was despondency over this development which led Nehru to consider retirement.

The latest development is that the Western powers are meeting together to rally to our aid much in the style of creditors anxious to keep the debtor going. The political implications of this development can be easily foreseen. An indebted nation cannot play an independent role in international affairs. Debt means dependence and the creditor powers on whom we have come to depend know only too well how to pull the strings to make us dance to tunes of their setting in international organisations like the U.N. Already our much-vaunted policy of non-alignment seems to be suffering eclipse.

What for should this sacrifice be made? Industrialisation is the grand objective of all the plans we have taken up, entailing so much dependence on foreign aid in its supposed pursuit. But actually our plans of industrialisation have not fared satisfactorily. A great deal of the loans we have raised has gone into the cost of increased military expenditure and of the import of foods we could not do without.

As people have to be fed and cannot wait till the exchange crisis is solved, the only way left, if our industrialisation plans are to emerge out of the paper blue prints and take concrete shape, is by means of a reduction in mili-

tary expenditure. Alone of all the nation's leaders, Rajaji has made this sensible suggestion. Not being misled by the confusion of pre-conceived desire, he was able to make a correct assessment of cause and effect and face the facts of the situation squarely. But the men in authority, not being so gifted, have greeted his suggestion with silence, while a certain section of the Press has challenged it with a polemic on the over-all priority of national defence.

Rajaji has given his answer to his critics, in this issue of *SWARAJYA* in less than a column of unanswerable reasoning. In the multiplying complications of our present unsatisfactory financial position, what is defence against Pakistan worth, he asks. And he concludes with this appeal: "If the whole gear-up of Indian defence is against Pakistan and vice versa, cannot we achieve the same equivalent balance, reducing military expenditure in both countries and putting more into real progress and prosperity?"

Wars illustrate the culmination of folly that enables nations to learn their lessons after paying a very heavy price for it. Wise leadership teaches the lessons eliminating the payment of a price for it. Rajaji's counsel, if acted upon, will save for the Second Five Year Plan whatever remnants of good it is still capable of, after the disastrous stewardship through which it has passed. It is a heavy responsibility for the

Government, though power has dulled its conscience, to continue loading this already over-impo-verished country with heavy taxation and other burdens, of which the major part is consumed in uneconomic waste bringing little benefit to the people.

Mockery of Honour

The following editorial in *New Statesman* of this week throws considerable light on the character of the governments supported by Britain in the Arab world:

'It was the only honourable thing to do.' No doubt Mr. Macmillan believed what he was saying when he thus defended the dispatch of British troops to Jordan. Even at the time his words seemed foolish. Now they have an overtone of savage irony. In the swarming desert town of Amman, where only the presence of 2,000 British paratroops keeps King Hussein on his throne, a hideous trial is taking place. Last week British viewers had the chance to see it in action. They saw the four accused, unmistakably bearing the marks of systematic torture, dragged pitifully into court to face a mockery of justice. How many others have already died under torture in Hussein's secret cellars? Or have been summarily hanged in secluded courtyards? We can only guess. But we do know that it was only the urgent representations of the British ambassador which last week prevented Hussein from hanging a group of 'conspirators' publicly in Amman's main square. The ambassador was naturally worried lest the British soldiers should understand the regime they are defending.

How long must this mockery of 'honour' go on?

As it is universally acknowledged that home is the best of schools, and parents the best of teachers, it is necessary therefore neither to over-strain the accommodation in the school-house, nor increase the work of the usually low paid teachers.

LT. COL. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI.



THE HORSE'S PENANCE

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

Once a horse envied a bullock. "What lovely horns this creature has! How useful they would be if I too had them!"

Thinking on these lines, she (it was a mare) did penance and prayed. Her prayers were answered. Two strong horns 'sprouted and' grew on her head. Looking at her image in the pool, she was filled with joy. Exulting in her new acquisition, she grazed on the meadow.

Suddenly she was frightened by something; she started running. But she could not run as fast as she used to do. She fumbled and faltered like a bullock. Her feet had lost their strength. She cried in disappointment, "What has happened to my feet?"

Later, when she stood still and rested after grazing, there was a strange upset in her stomach.

Before she could say, "What is this thing happening inside me?" the grass she had eaten had come into her mouth. Even after she chewed and sent it down, the trouble in the stomach continued.

Pained and perplexed, she lay down beneath a tree. She chewed the cud again and slept a little. Then she got up and walked about.

"How hard is my lot!" she complained. "Why, I am no better than a bullock. I want neither these horns nor this cud-chewing bother".

And so she started doing penance again, this time for becoming a mare as before. She looked at her feet. The hooves were cloven, not whole as they used to be. When a fly settled on her back, she brandished her tail to whisk it off. To her shame she found it quite changed. "Alas for my tail! It

used to be a long and lovely mass, like Draupadi's unkempt hair. And now it has shrunk to the tiny tuft on a brahmana's pate!" Overwhelmed by shame and sorrow, she wept. "Save me, Oh Lord!" she cried. Take back these cloven hooves. Restore to me my former happiness, my whole and healthy hooves. I cannot bear the sight of this tail. Won't you give me back my old tail?"

The Lord asked, "My dear child! What is wrong with you?"

"Look at my feet. How can I run on such feet? And look at my tail! It is disgusting!"

The Lord smiled and said, "Why do you complain? Like deer and cows, you have cloven hooves and a long tail with a tuft. What is wrong with them?"

"Enough! Enough!" said the poor mare. "I do not like these hooves or this tail. And then, what is this strange upset in my stomach? I cannot keep my food down as before."

"Of course, that is so," said the Lord. "But what does it matter? If you chew it well and swallow it down again, it will be all right."

"And will my children have these same troubles after me?" inquired the mare.

"Of course", said the Lord.

"Have pity on me, O Lord, and save me!" she cried.

"Very well, then," said the Lord, "Give up the horns."

"Here, take them back," said she, touching the Lord's feet. "I want neither horns nor cloven hooves nor this tail or this trouble in my belly. Let me be spared this job of chewing the cud. My only wish is to run about and live my old life."

"So be it!" answered the Lord.



Sotto Voce

The Man Behind the Farmer

The delegates to the International Conference of Agricultural Economists at Mysore must have been greatly heartened to hear from no less an authority than the Prime Minister that the birth-rate was slowly going down in India. For one of the main items on the agenda is control of population. And when they found Mr. Nehru modestly claiming that his Government's "effort in the direction of restriction of population was yielding some results" they must have been struck all the more by this responsiveness of the Indian countryside to ultra-modern ideas, because they must have noticed that our Planning had made so little headway in other respects. Did not Mr. Nehru himself sorrowfully confess that the Directive in the Constitution about universal primary education was not likely to be realised in the near future?

Mr. Nehru is rather given to practising Coueism. He has in recent months admitted often that he had, at least with easy optimism, assumed that, because there had been a succession of good monsoons some years ago, our Planners had solved all the problems of agriculture once for all. It is not for the barren satisfaction of saying "I told you so" that I refer to the matter. Such mercurial optimism might breed scepticism in the outside world about our achievements generally. Mr. Elmhirst, in his address, did in fact discreetly hint that it was high time we got a move on with regard to education. It was clear he had in mind our government's tacit assumption that if we established steel mills the schools would take care of themselves.

One hopes at any rate that the Congress Governments will not, in their deference to Malthus, be

tempted quietly to emulate the go-ahead policy of the Communists in Kerala. Far from hiding its light under a bushel the E.M.S. Ministry has published a businesslike list of cash concessions and subsidies for people of both sexes who are willing to undergo sterilisation. Rs. 25 per head is the *quid pro quo* offered to those with an income of less than Rs. 200 for agreeing to forgo the pleasure of adding to the unwanted. With characteristic thrift the Kerala Government says that the subsidy will be given to only one party.

We will leave it to the Kinseys to explore the sociological implications, and to the moralists the propriety of offering inducements which, with an abysmally poverty-stricken people, might invest inducement with the peremptory character of compulsion. We will not even go into the question of the bearing this kind of short-cut to national self-sufficiency will have on the cultural and spiritual values which Mr. Nehru insists are no less indispensable than material well-being. But, surely, the assumption that this country is over-populated and therefore sterilisation of all who can be made to agree to it is the solution is but one more proof of that total disregard of the importance of the individual which has been so characteristic of our Planning. Expropriatory land 'reform' invoking the sacred interests of that mythical being, the tiller of the soil, is but an extreme instance of the same insensibility.

The value of Elmhirst's address lies precisely in this that he effectively if implicitly repudiates this basic assumption underlying our Planning in respect of agriculture. Our rulers imagine that production can be increased only by liquidating a whole class (and

that class the most intelligent and resourceful in the rural community), though of course they do not call it by that ugly name. They, further, think that in exchange for the shadowy satisfaction of owning a minute parcel of land the tenant and the labourer who are to be benefited at the expense of the owner, should be prepared to be indentured land slaves living on a pittance and toiling to feed the cities. They must find Mr. Elmhirst's questions exceedingly inconvenient. "Does the farmer receive a fair reward for all his labour and foresight? What sort of man do we expect him to be — solely an economic factor and no more, or do we wish him to develop into a whole person?"

"The whole purpose of society is nothing less than to liberate the individual". Mr. Nehru will no doubt cordially agree with Mr. Elmhirst in one compartment of his mind. But in another compartment he indulges to his heart's content his dream-phantasy about "co-ops" proving the Open Sesame to our agricultural paradise. He will not see that "co-ops" under present conditions will be but a euphemism for imposed collectives. That our policy-making is all shreds and patches is only too obvious when Mr. Nehru, whose Government have been stridently calling on the States to impose land ceilings, ruefully admits that "the average holding in India was pitifully low". Our 'political revolution' may have preceded our 'economic revolution'. But it should not lead to the revolutionary overthrow of commonsense.

VIGNESWARA

It is said that on his death-bed Hindenburg, whose advice the Emperor finally accepted, was seized with remorse. From a subjective point of view he was undoubtedly convinced that he did right when, in 1928, he advised the Emperor to relinquish his throne. It may well be that fifteen years later he bitterly regretted the step when he realized what had happened to his country as the result of no longer possessing a monarch.

SIDELIGHTS ::

Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar was quite right in enunciating the salutary principle (at Erode recently) that students should not be admitted to colleges on the basis of their parents' contributions to college funds. The wealth of parents is certainly not a factor to be taken into account in admitting students to colleges. But the blame for it rests largely on the universities. They have shown a disposition lately to dispose of academic honours in a commercial spirit, bestowing them on persons in authority devoid of academic merit or on liberal donors to university funds. It has become customary with certain universities to concede even membership of the Senate in exchange for a large donation. The resulting cheapening of university prestige has robbed honorary degrees and Senate membership of a good deal of distinction that once belonged to them.

The colleges have only followed in the footsteps of the universities in selling the facilities at their command for money. It may even be said that the mercenary attitude of certain colleges, rightly condemned by Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, is a natural consequence of the example set by prominent university administrators. They have not been honest in the admission of qualified seekers to university privileges. All sorts of devices, including the disgraceful district-war allocation of seats, have been got up to shut out candidates of great promise. Is it to be expected that the victims of this wrong use of administrative authority in educational institutions have only to fold their hands tamely in acceptance of their lot and do nothing further about it?

The Udipi Medical College was started for getting round the patent injustices that had crept into

official methods of dealing with candidates for medical education. Several highly qualified young men, shut out from other medical colleges, have found hospitality at Udipi (even if they have paid for it) and done exceedingly well for themselves and the community. It is a pity that the system of admission by donation shuts out the poor. But there is no animus in this kind of exclusion. It is to be hoped that it will not be found impossible to establish, from the pooled total of the donations and contributions, a proportion of free seats for the benefit of the talented poor.

A deliberate policy of discrimination on communal and other grounds in the treatment of administrative personnel has become the order of the day in Madras State. The protagonists of this policy have even lost all sense of shame about it and pursue it openly. Revolting against the oppression involved, some exceedingly capable officers have left the State and gone elsewhere and distinguished themselves creditably there. Students can-

not run away from injustice as grown-up people can, as the education they stand in need of can be obtained only locally. The new type of college with purchased seats that is now springing up is evidence of the price which administrative injustice in other institutions has driven people to pay to escape from its consequences. It is by no means certain that the standards identified with the administration of the Madras University have not had something to do in providing this provocation.

Rich human material is getting diverted (being often driven out) from administrative departments and educational institutions. There is no doubt that the psychology underlying this expulsive effort is in its true character unpatriotic, however meticulously it might be clothed with imposing slogans to make it look attractive. Hence it is that Government institutions have failed to win voluntary contributions and forced them to fly to other fields. If a balanced attitude of fairness replaces the present distempers, the donations now going into the purchase of seats, will begin to enrich endowments for the advancement of learning.

SAKA

WITHOUT COMMENT

DEFENCE EXPENDITURE

(U. K. and other Commonwealth Countries)

Country	Year	Total Expenditure	Defence Expenditure	Percentage
United Kingdom	1957-58	£ 5,289 m.	£ 1,441 m.	27.2%
Canada	1957-58	\$ 5,220 m.	\$ 1,723 m.	33%
Australia	1955-56	£ 1,076 m.	£ 192 m.	17.8%
New Zealand	1956-57	£ 203 m.	£ 26 m.	12.8%
India	1957-58	Rs. 668 crores	Rs. 252 crores	37.5%
Pakistan	1956-57	Rs. 164 crores	Rs. 79 crores	48%

PRIORITIES

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

According to such a good witness as the *Eastern Economist* of Delhi there is no alternative except foreign assistance for bridging our foreign purchase deficit gap. And meanwhile there is a creditors' meeting being held in Washington in which the U.S., U.K., West Germany and Japan will discuss our affairs. We know what has happened to a person when creditors have to meet over his affairs.

Great and prosperous powers are interested in our being kept going. It is in this atmosphere we run an arms race against Pakistan *cum* America. What is defence against Pakistan worth with these complications multiplying?

Some refer to the security of the country being 'first priority'. What good is it talking generalities of this type? The question is not whether defence is first priority but whether aircraft carriers are first priority, whether we must launch naval

strategy before bridging our exchange deficit, whether the re-conditioned equipments we buy will be of any use, whether these supplies from abroad will be going on according to expectation etc., etc., and whether we cannot put sense into Pakistan as well as ourselves and save both of us from the bankruptcy that is mercilessly awaiting the end of this race.

Is it not illusory to depend on our war potentiality when our financial position is not satisfactory? When for every spare part we look for supply from friends of our opponent in the prospective battle, we should ask ourselves this question without confusion of mind, and make Pakistan ask itself the same question. If the whole gear-up of Indian defence is against Pakistan and vice-versa, cannot we achieve the same equivalent balance, reducing military expenditure in both countries and putting more into real progress and prosperity?

GOOD BOOKS

At the outset let me make it clear that though I propose talking about books, this is not a review. It is just a reverie, mere meditation with the books mentioned as starting point for thought.

The editor of *SWARAJYA* lent me a book of good old Leo Tolstoi's short stories translated from the Russian and beautifully printed by the Foreign Languages Publishing House of Moscow. I began reading it with avidity, for one can never tire of Tolstoi. During the same week another friend lent me to read an American book, the short stories of Dorothy Parker — also very beautifully got up as it deserved to be.

Both the books I read together, that is to say, a story from one book now, and a story from the other another time, and again from the American book and back again from Tolstoi and so on. I finished both quick enough and

then this reverie. A contrast of impressions thus accidentally and irreverently formed itself.

You rise from Dorothy Parker with repulsion in your thoughts about the drunkenness and the filthy adulteries of the rich women of America. It is too bad for words. One would not have believed it but for the fact that a high-class American authoress has written it. There is no doubt this is a powerful writer fired to indignation, who lays it on mercilessly — chastising the wicked and the drunken not with whips but with scorpions. This fine American writer reminds one of Dickens and others who wrote 'with a finger of power upon hearts' about the vices that prevailed in Britain. But they had not the inimitable irony and subtlety of the American authoress.

From Tolstoi, whatever story you read, you rise with an elevation of spirit and a sense of deep fulfilment. You walk with God

wherever the Russian sage takes you in his quiet noiseless way warning you against sin and against the deadly error of self-pity. The scene in Dorothy Parker's stories is a wilderness of wickedness deserted by God once and for all. Why is the America of Dorothy Parker this, why is Tolstoi's Russia this other? Is it indeed that the wealth of America is a curse and the trials of poverty to which the Russian people were subjected served but to strengthen them and to fulfil the high purpose of Providence? Whereas in Dorothy Parker's America God has become a pander, a superintendent of vulgarity and vice the loathsomeness of which has compelled Him to give up the job altogether, in Tolstoi we find trial after trial leaving the sufferers stronger and yet stronger in their faith.

Dorothy Parker's talent for telling the story of a soul's torment from just one end of a mere telephone and the subtlety that she wields in expressing tragedy taking the reader also into a kind of active cooperation is unique.

But what genius produces for one country may not be good fare for another country. We are apt in India to take it that Dorothy Parker's America is the whole of America which would be altogether untrue. We cannot afford international appraisement to go so recklessly wrong.

Let us read good books. What are good books and what are useless? After reading a good book you always rise with an elevation of spirit. You say to yourself I shall be brave, I shall be frank, I shall be good, I shall be better than I have been. The other kind of book may please, it may be interesting, bright; but you do not rise from it a better man or woman after reading it. It has consumed a part, an irrecoverable part of your life but has given you nothing in return. Dorothy Parker, Americans should read and cry in pain and get better. But for India, it is no good book unless you wish to learn to despise America which would not be right or good. But Tolstoi cannot be too often read by us in India,

to be saved from irredeemable error and to hold on to fundamental good.

Art and literature need not always have a didactic lesson. Indeed direct didacticism is far from art. Every noble piece of art or literature must wait on the reader's soul a healthy breeze like the breeze of the heavens and cleanse it of ugliness and evil. The moral or purpose should be "wrought into the body and soul, the matter and tendency of the

S. S. L. C. TEXT BOOK An Affront to Readers and Teachers

Sri T. K. V. Rajagopalan, Secretary, Tanjore Town Secondary

story or the poem, not tagged to the end like a 'God send the good ship into harbour' at the conclusion of our bills of lading" as Charles Lamb put it.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

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School Teachers' Association, writes:

I wonder whether any one can make even a casual study of "Quantin Durward", the non-detailed study text book prescribed for the S.S.L.C. public examination in March 1959 by the Department of Public Instruction, Madras, without being shocked by its defects, improprieties and abnormalities of grammar. It is a departmental publication supposed to offer a model of diction for thousands of pupils. Unfortunately the book offends by being the very thing that it should not be. An exciting story of adventure and romance has been rendered in a dull and drab manner. This may in part be ascribed to the limitations of vocabulary imposed by the syllabus. But can this be pleaded as an excuse for the scores of spelling mistakes, grammatical errors and the use of unidiomatic language occurring in the book? In page 20 the sentence "The King of England was now Edward VIII" is a piece of historical inaccuracy which in a book of this kind should not have been tolerated. Apparently the reference here is to Edward IV. Be it noted that Edward VIII is the present Duke of Windsor. Sentences such as "Over came by sorrow he stamped his foot" in page 57 are linguistic outrages which even a juvenile would be loath to commit.

According to the departmental code drawn up for selection of text books to be prescribed in schools, any book which has a total of 5 mistakes in it gets automatically disqualified. This book could never have been approved on its merits. On a rapid reading of this particular text book, I was able to detect 72 mistakes. The withdrawal of the book is the least that is called for in the circumstances. The lady principal to whom this work had been entrusted performed it in the shabbiest manner possible and in approving it and prescribing it as a text book the Department of Public Instruction has made itself liable for a charge of negligence. The book is an affront to the reading and the teaching public.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

"A NEW DEFIANCE OF THE P. M."

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: The Capital seems to be getting into more and more curious positions. Once it was a case of too much of water, flowing in the streets—then it was one of no water at all being available for even parched throats. The Jumna having had a mind of its own, the Army had to be called in, for tiding over an exasperating situation. Luckily a good job was done—and done quick—to restore normal conditions, which is not to say that future fears can be discounted. But by now people in Delhi have learnt to get accustomed to all kinds of contingencies, with the sure knowledge that the powers-that-be will wake up to realities, only when a crisis has developed, not when it has merely threatened to develop.

It is now evident that the Kerala issue is making the political situation grimmer. It is hardly surprising that, in between the Government and the Congress in Kerala, no straight-forward story sees the light of day while various versions are being foisted, and will continue to be foisted, on the public outside. In view of certain ugly realities elsewhere, no easy answer is forthcoming from the Congress or the Central Government to the Communist question about the 'political murders' in some of the States administered by Congress Governments. Clever debating points on either side can be no palliative to dangerous portents anywhere. The stark fact is that, from the democratic point of view, things are in a pretty mess all over, in varying degrees of intensity. It is consciousness of this very realisation that has perhaps made Congress leaders thoughtful. They have lost all moral authority to impugn or impeach others and begun re-thinking, for they know not how to make political capital out of the mote in the adversary's eye, with the beam in their own. One factor in the profound controversy

that the Kerala issue has provoked fills Junius with sadness. A new defiance of the Prime Minister has emerged out of recent political debates. For long, all parties have, by a kind of common agreement, treated the Prime Minister as a personality isolated from party, as a national figure worthy of universal esteem. It is a different story now—and he is becoming more and more the target of attack, though, more often than not, for no fault of his own. But he is himself to blame, they say, for the teams he collects or the company he keeps.

The Capital is rife with a rumour—perhaps it is more than a rumour—that a Secretary to one of the Union Ministries is in the soup over an article he has written for the Press. If it is an article on Sarvodaya or the Welfare State, it would have passed unnoticed. But it is one on Democracy which, in his view, stands in danger of being assailed in India by the Communists. Having gone for them (which is none of his business outside his own drawing-room or parlour) he has asked for trouble. And unluckily for him this has happened at a time when the activities of Government servants, here or there, at a political level, have become a burning topic of discussion and dispute. So, this Secretary has invited on himself the displeasure or wrath of the Government—and stands in danger of being dealt with very seriously. He should be a warning to the rest of his class for, whatever be the power Secretaries exercise, they are not privileged beings like Ministers. In fact, even Ministers cannot—and should not—unburden themselves too much in the hospitable columns of obliging papers. There was the case of Birkenhead in England—and of Baldwin's warning to him not to write for the press any article touching political controversy.

Though Birkenhead saw 'no conceivable reason why he should not supplement his salary as Cabinet Minister by journalism' he could not help yielding. Such fine conventions are not popular in our peculiar climate. We have Cabinet Ministers who, short of promoting papers of their own, facilitate the advent of some—of course in the country's larger interests! But it would be an unhealthy development if a Minister's influence can be usefully harnessed to, or his name banded about for, the collection of funds, for floating papers of whatever complexion. People easily link things together—and they are not always wrong.

Gift to Madras Library

Dr. P. Gopala Krishnayya, President and Managing Editor, Krishnayya's News Service and Publications, New York City, will give a gift of a collection of American books, modern and classical, worth about Rs. 5,000 to the Connemara Public Library of Madras in memory of his brother the late Sri Radha Krishnayya Naidu, retired Divisional Engineer, Highways, Madras. The Connemara Public Library is already in receipt of these books in instalments and the entire gift will be completed in the next year or so and will include some autographed copies of books written by famous living Americans. Dr. P. G. Krishnayya expects to approach President Eisenhower and ex-Presidents Hoover and Truman to autograph for the Connemara Public Library the books they have written.

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"LAND TO THE TILLER:" A MERE SLOGAN

By T. V. SUBRAHMANYAM

Any person with elementary knowledge of Indian agriculture will be able to know that uneconomic holdings of land are a curse to Indian agriculture. Large scale machinery can never be employed by the Indian agriculturist unless his holdings are sizeable. Fragmentation of land must be stopped; actually India's pressing food problem demands the maximum output from each acre of cultivable land. What is required is fixation of a limit on small and uneconomic holdings of cultivable land and a vigorous drive for merging such small strips into larger farms in which big tractors can be used with profit. Employment of modern machinery in agriculture demands large investment and none will risk his money on an enterprise in which he is denied the right of employing his

income in further investment.

"Land to the tiller" has, like all other attractive slogans, a bewitching ring and finds favour with every small peasant. If one only cares to reflect a little, it will be found that it takes many things for granted. It assumes the existence of a small piece of land and a tiller using primitive methods of agriculture. Such a tiller will have no money with which to purchase the seeds to sow or the fertilisers. He will thus be a chronic debtor. Only debt relief legislation will provide relief for him. But then he ceases to be a good client for a lender. No creditor wants to advance his money on such a bad risk. There are no appropriate credit agencies to meet his needs except the notorious village money lender. This tiller will naturally multiply his

family, as he is too conservative to adopt family planning methods. The land will remain the same but it has now to feed many more mouths. These are the fundamental aspects of our agriculture.

From an economic point of view, agriculture should be like any other business venture, a paying proposition and an attractive occupation. It should not be the last resort of an illiterate, who will have no other profession except that of a cooly, in case his land fails to feed him. Unless it is realized by men in authority that agriculture also demands investment of capital, import of modern machinery and employment of labour, the myth in this slogan will not become apparent. We have a right to expect from our State such an intelligent analysis of this problem, for India still continues to be primarily an agricultural country. Industrialization of India should aim at lessening the numbers of those who are dependent upon agriculture as a hereditary occupation, irrespective

of its economic aspects. Often we now have in a single family a businessman, an engineer, a doctor and a lawyer. So also it is essential that Indian farmers should keep pace with the contemporary world and make their families also cosmopolitan units.

The man who actually tills the soil with his plough is not directly producing the food. He does the work of a labourer in a modern factory. An agriculturist can invest money on his land and employ labour as any other industrialist does. Our economists talk of land, labour and capital as the factors of production but as all the three functions are now rolled into one individual, we call him the tiller and raise slogans. In fact it need not be one man at all. The agriculturist should be treated as the 'entrepreneur' of food production. No entrepreneur will be interested in an industrial undertaking without the profit motive and the State does not stand in the way of businessmen constructing more factories. In fact we want them to do so. Then what is wrong in decentralising the various functions in this enterprise of 'food' production and allowing the agriculturist, the entrepreneur of food production, to expand his land-holdings and raise more food by effectively improving his methods? Ceiling on land-holdings will thwart this sort of attempt and will act as a deterrent for men of enterprise taking up this job.

Rationalization of Industry, Not Nationalisation

When an industry is organized in the best possible manner it is said to be rationalized. Rationalization is a scientific method of cost reduction designed to secure the minimum of waste and aimed at increasing efficiency. Rationalization owes its present status to the World Economic Conference of 1927 when it was christened as a concept.

Laissez faire is an outmoded doctrine today. The Welfare State ideal looms large in the minds of modern politicians. Hence rationalization has to be viewed

as a revolution in world economic thinking in these days of wobbling welfare ideology. Under the aegis of this concept economic life is controlled through the scientific method and problems like cheapening the cost of production and utilization of labour and management are dealt with scientifically. Regulation of production along right channels is made feasible by this scientific approach.

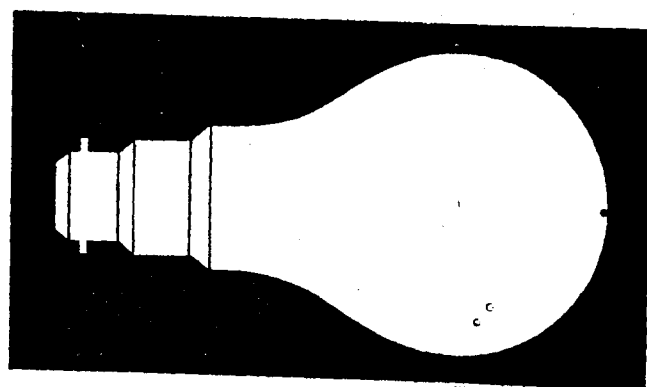
By her participation in this new movement Germany has served as a pillar of strength to this scientific method and rationalization has become a popular cult in that country. In Britain and in almost all the advanced industrialized nations of the world, rationalization has come to pervade the entire industry. It is both an attitude and a process and its success depends on a change of outlook on the part of both management and labour besides the adoption of a few novel methods of reorganization. Frederick Taylor, an American engineer, in his book 'Principles of Scientific Organization' taught how the apex of industrial output could be reached with calculated minimum effort. He advocates the replacement of the old wage systems by a new

one providing different grades of salary calculated carefully on a scientific basis, increasing the salary in proportion to the production accomplished by each labourer within carefully measured conditions of fatigue, dreariness, boredom and the like.

The International Labour Organisation aptly describes the scientific management as "the science which studies the relation between the different factors of production, more especially between human and mechanical factors". This is a science which is both dynamic and practical. The former American President Hoover started a vigorous campaign against industrial wastes and as President of the U. S. Engineers' Association he published "The Waste in Industry", embodying the report on this subject of the engineers connected with industry.

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UNEMPLOYMENT OF THE EDUCATED

By S. RAMIAH

India ranks among the first seven industrial nations of the world. But the pace of industrialisation lags far behind the growing unemployment which is very acute today. There is poverty amidst plenty. Resources in India exist only potentially. The majority of the people are still hungry, neglected and ignorant, living at a bare subsistence level with no hope of rising above it. The issue of providing employment to the educated people has become a challenge to the Government.

Employment Exchanges have come to be known as unemployment exchanges. They do not depict a faithful picture of the employment position in the country as the majority of our educated men remain outside the registers of the employment exchanges due to lack of adequate facilities for registration or ignorance about them or disbelief in them. There is a striking disparity between the number registered and the number employed. The responsibility for creating more employment lies with the Government. They should get the educated unemployed persons trained in technical institutes and workshops for employment in such industries and occupations as are now developing. Vacancies in various services have to be given wide publicity. There should be close contact between the employment exchanges and other departments.

The bulk of the people who are unemployed or underemployed, represent an enormous waste of potential wealth. The number of the educated unemployed in India is rapidly increasing. The possibility of securing jobs for all who

means of rationalization in industry. In the face of these merits, rationalization deserves more attention in India than nationalisation with all its glaring defects that have already become so patent.

Y. V. VISWESWARAN.

now wait, is very remote. Some of them are found unfit by the employers. The terms offered are unacceptable to some others. Filthy politics contaminates every field of national life. Corruption is rampant everywhere. Provincialism, nepotism and parochialism are predominant in ministerial circles.

The young chaps glow with high aspirations and ambitions when degrees are presented to them at convocations with great pomp, but they are soon filled with frustration and disappointment as they actually face life. In their

distress and despair, they are likely to entangle themselves in the most undesirable activities and get influenced by anti-social forces. In fact many youths have become professional gamblers and robbers in some States. The fate of arts and commerce graduates, in particular, is gloomy. Even the graduates in engineering and medicine will fare no better as days go by. There is keen competition for seats in the engineering and medical colleges. Parents hope that their sons and daughters can find employment as soon as they pass out of these institutions. But many, if the present conditions persist, will no doubt be disappointed.

The future of our infant republic will rest on the quality of the education imparted to its youth. There is, at present, greater need than ever, for a radical reorganisation of our educational system. It must ensure equality of opportunity for all. The aim should be to train each child for the career to which he or she is best suited. We know nothing of our future till we finish our education. Hard realities face us then and we find ourselves in hot waters. This is the main cause of unemployment among the educated people. Our training at the college is not fit to make us fit for life. In some countries, students earn while they learn. As soon as they complete their course of study, they know where to begin in life. We have to make both ends meet somehow or other. Some profession or other is thrust on us whether we like it or not.

Unemployment is the result of a discrepancy between the supply of labour and the demand for it. In India, the main problem is neither cyclical nor periodical unemployment. It is chronic. Rapid industrialisation with simultaneous rationalisation of agriculture on improved scientific methods will relieve the excessive pressure of our population on land. Implementation of community projects and development of cottage industries and the handloom industry will go a long way to combat unemployment. If the people are to come forward with a will and offer their support with enthu-

The Perfect Enigma

We are testing you all by fear and by hunger,* by the loss of goods, of friends, or of harvests. Blessed are they who endure with patience.

—THE KORAN

No power of genius has ever had the smallest success in explaining existence. The perfect enigma remains.

—EMERSON

When one door is shut another opens.

—DON QUIXOTE

The depository of power is always unpopular; all combine against it, it always falls.

—DISRAELI

Things refuse to be mismanaged long. Though no checks to an evil appear, the checks exist and will appear. Things have their laws as well as men and things refuse to be trifled with.

—AN OLD ROMAN SAYING

Those only who know little can be said to know anything. The greater the knowledge the greater the doubt.

—GOETHE

siasm, an integrated well-thought-out programme, with proper priorities in our planned economy, has to be devised, as otherwise no hope will be evoked in their hearts. Finance is the burning need of the hour, but the fiscal and economic policies of the various States and the Central Government are largely responsible for the cessation of capital-formation and the failure of internal resources to meet the capital needs of the national plans. Measures of taxation should be so devised as to spread the burden equitably without becoming unbearable to any section of the community. Indefinite policies which are calculated to undermine the confidence that the industrialists and capitalists and foreign investors

have in the Government, should not be formulated. On the other hand, no effort must be spared to foster the initiative to invest and to explore indigenous capital and to explore indigenous capital resources by fair methods. It is intolerable that our Five-Year Plan should suffer and remain a paper plan.

Poverty, the greatest of evils, is the effect of large-scale unemployment. Unless it is eliminated the nation cannot make much headway towards peace and happiness. Poverty should be mitigated, if democracy is to be sustained. As Bernard Shaw warned, "security, the chief pretence of civilisation, cannot exist where the worst of dangers, the danger of poverty, hangs over everyone's head."

STRANGE LOVER

"The age of chivalry is gone," cried Burke on the outbreak of the French Revolution; but Revolution itself threw up a few flowers of chivalry, whose fragrance is wafted across the ages.

The deputy from Mainz to the Convention was only 27. Doubts and misgivings assailed him. If the atrocities of the *ancien regime* filled him with revulsion, the excesses of the revolutionaries shocked him no less. He was like a rudderless ship.

It was then that he stood transfixed by a country girl, with large dark eyes glowing with a strange fire. She was standing before the judges, awaiting her fate, but with a smile on her lips, and the peace of heaven at her heart. Adam Lux, it was his name, saw her thus and became hers through death beyond death.

When she was arraigned before the judges, the motive for the murder of Jean Paul Marat was only a matter of conjecture. Had she avenged the death of a lover? Or was she simply mad? She said she never had a lover. Poor soul, how could she know of Adam Lux or his love for her? She had killed Marat, because she wanted to cleanse the earth of a monster.

A monster Jean Paul Marat undoubtedly was. The toll of a

bare thirty a week excited his disdain. Why not provide every village with a guillotine? Such was his dark ambition.

If such a wicked murderer was done to death, what a blessing it would be to the people, so thought that gentle girl, Charlotte Corday, living in a village. And she took the diligence, repaired to Paris and announced herself to Marat. She said she had brought intelligence from Caen. She was ushered in without delay. After hearing the news from her, he leaned backward to add a name to the list of candidates for murder, when the gentle girl leaned forward and plunged a knife through his breast. One wild shriek and he dropped dead.

His house-keeper rushed in. The police arrived. She was taken captive. But she was all smiles—she had performed her mission. She was taken before the judges and interrogated. She did not tremble: her innocent courage did not fail her: she answered cheerfully. Her voice was soft and pleasing. She had no other motive save to cleanse the earth of a monster.

Adam Lux was in the audience. He was captivated not by her physical beauty alone but by the beauty of her determined spirit as well.

She was, as usual, condemned to death. The tumbril took her to the guillotine. Adam Lux was following the cart. The executioner stroked her cheek, when he held aloft the severed head for the gaze of the crowd. So Charlotte Corday died.

The sight of the calm death of the gentle but resolute girl fanned the flame in Adam Lux's heart. He hurried home and penned a glowing tribute to the angel of sacrifice: the place where she died had been consecrated with her blood. And this tribute must be installed in the very place where she was guillotined.

This was too much for the Jacobins to bear. They were then pulling down the statue of Mirabeau to instal in its place a statue of Marat!

Adam Lux was taken before the judges. He told them he meant all he had written. There was no going back. And he was sentenced to death, too, without any further ado. He was removed to the same place where Charlotte met her end. He was all joy, like a bridegroom going to meet his bride. When his head was about to be severed, he embraced the executioner and implored him to stroke his cheek after the beheading as he had stroked Charlotte's. His head was severed, but it is not known whether the headsman honoured the hero's last request.

S. T. KASIRAJAN.

There is one thing of real value—to cultivate truth and justice and to live without anger in the midst of lying and unjust men.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

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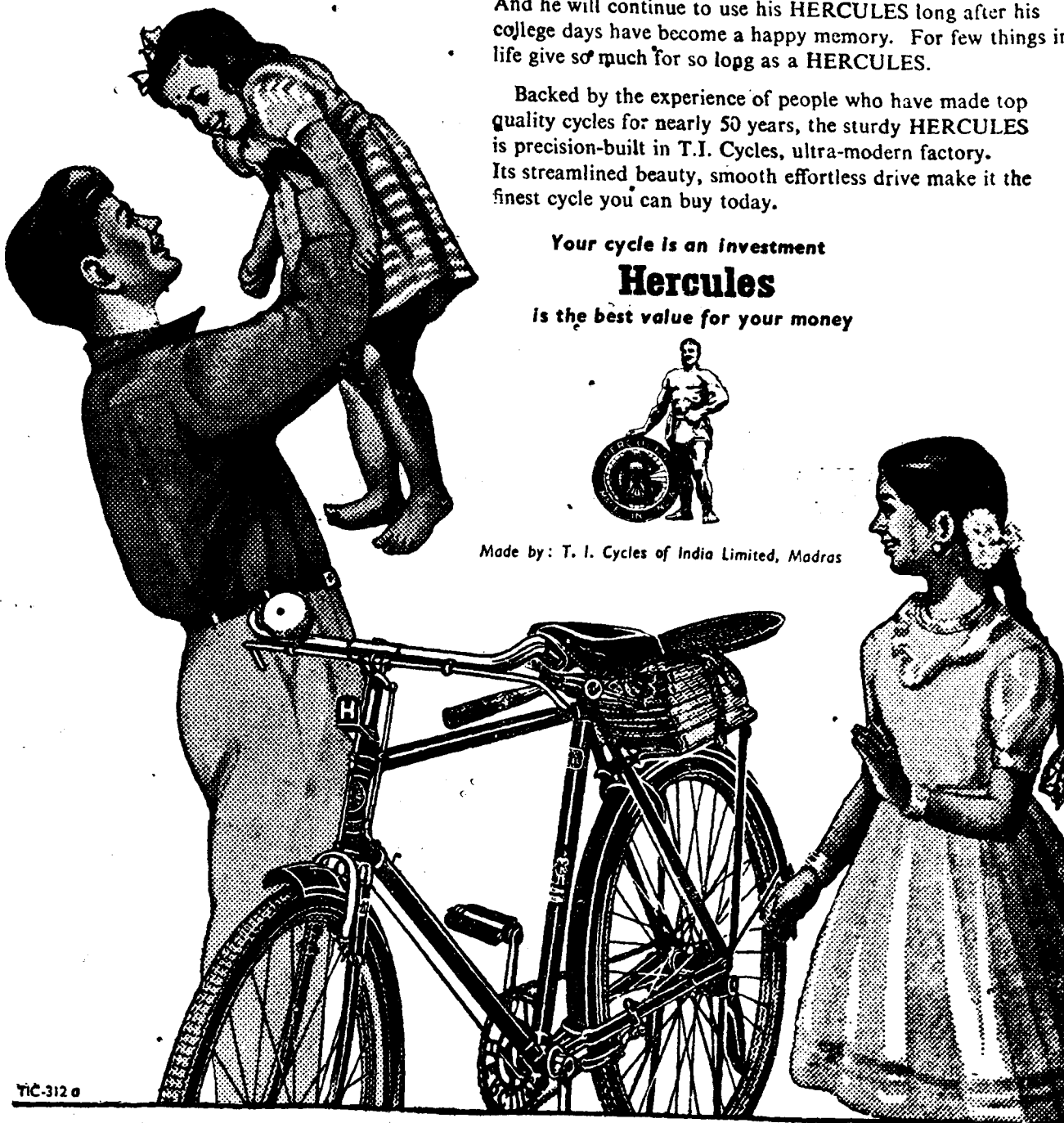
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NATIONAL DISCIPLINE

By K. NARAYANAN

Democracy is the government of a disciplined society. When people live together, as much for others as for themselves, they have the right social attitude ensuring a disciplined democracy. National discipline develops out of consideration for others, appreciation of their needs and the spontaneous urge to help them to be contented and happy. It expresses itself in the willing surrender of what one has in excess, to those who are needy. It is manifest in the adaptability of mind to opinions, customs, ways and languages other than one's own.

Viewed in this light, national discipline is the withholding of self-interest to the extent it stands in the way of the happiness, prosperity and aspirations of others. It is the recognition of the fact that one should do unto others as one would be done by.

In autocratic regimes individuals are non-entities because they are forcibly set to a pattern. Individuality is never allowed to take shape and assert itself. Discipline here is abject conformity to the will of one man or a group of men and community is a herd of dumb, driven cattle.

In democracy, on the other hand, each man is a pattern by himself and the nation as a whole a kaleidoscope of patterns. Myriads of people have myriads of minds and the beauty of this variety is kept up, fostered, so that by interaction a richer variety is brought about. Such dynamic diversity develops the will in every mind to do its individual best. Disciplined co-operation turns it into a creative process.

The basis of civilized life is discipline and discipline starts at home and in the family. The family being the unit of society the discipline engendered there makes itself felt in the national life. Enlightened parental care evolves in children respect for authority, proper domestic and social relations, awareness of private and social responsibilities and correct values. Their conduct is

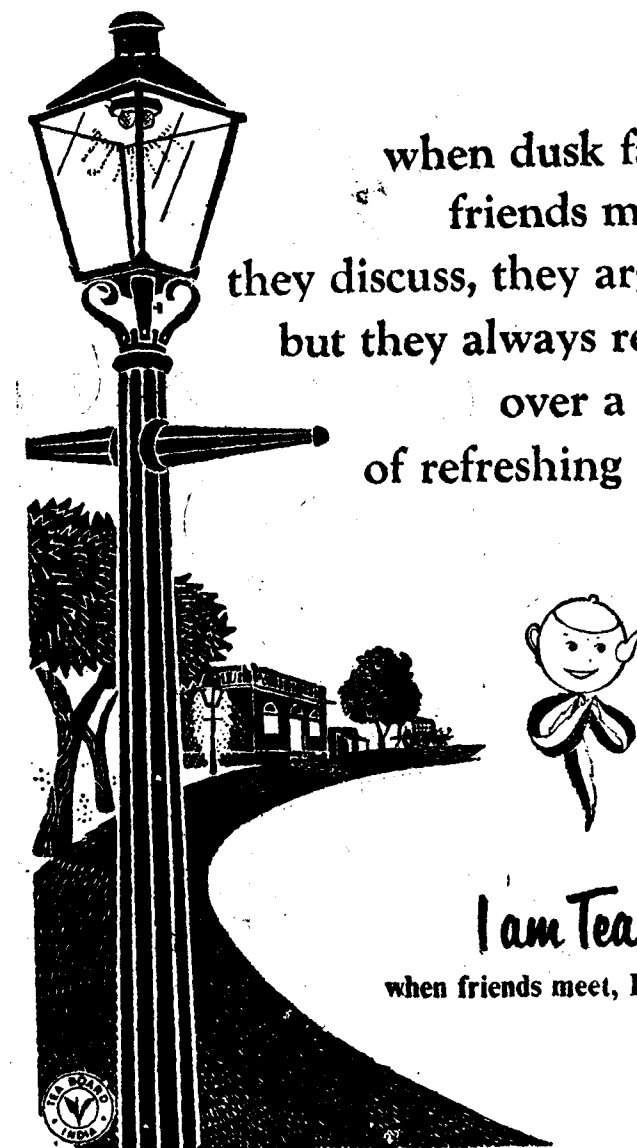
constantly watched and set right at every step so that worthy behaviour becomes second nature with them.

At school they find all opportunities to widen their horizon. They get to know about men and things, about other nations, their chequered histories, their destinies, their political and social institutions and learn lessons from them. It comes home to them how a nation of self-disciplined individuals is like a house built on rock. The example of Britain rises vividly before them. Despite foreign invasions and civil wars has not British democracy stood

the test of time and continued to grow from strength to strength? What is the secret of this sustained progress? National discipline. Such lessons are inculcated at school and children consciously or unconsciously practise them in their smaller domains.

And when they complete their education and enter public life as responsible citizens they always take cognizance of the harm their actions might cause others. To live and let live becomes the guiding principle of their lives and they bring it to bear on their conduct at home, at the office, at the club, at the market, at the public meeting, wherever they have to rub shoulders with people. They get to know that the law is not a tyrant but a necessary evil imposing discipline on meddle-

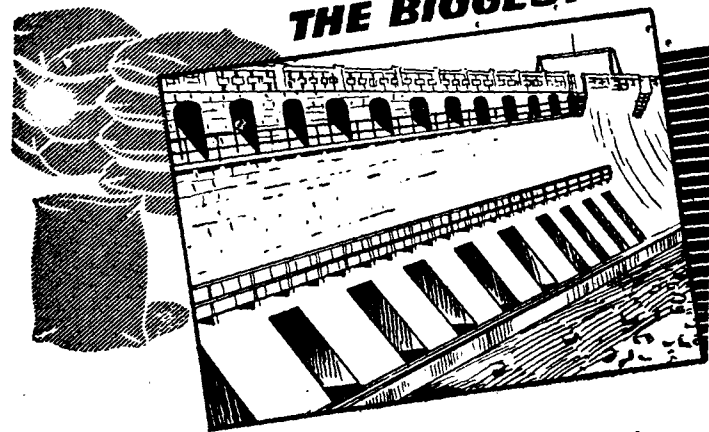
when dusk falls,
friends meet,
they discuss, they argue,
but they always relax
over a cup
of refreshing tea!



I am Tea
when friends meet, I join in

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some, anti-social beings. They so learn to control and regulate their personalities that petty jealousies, discords and enmities never affect their social bearings. They are not marauders of the dawn of history indulging in rapine and plunder, but civilized men doing their very best to achieve maximum benefit for the maximum number.

The concept of democratic elections and the vesting of powers with popular representatives are the corollary of disciplined thinking and disciplined living. The same sense of discipline makes government, like a true guardian, plan, legislate and build in the interest of the people.

Knowing one's personal obligations and carrying them out is the beginning of national discipline. The healthy understanding between parents and children, between teachers and pupils finds its consummation in the reciprocity between the ruler and the ruled. Every individual thus identifies himself with the State. Every national cause becomes a personal matter for which every citizen works and which every citizen does his best to promote. The defence of the country against foreign invasions comes to be looked upon as a sacred duty. In such a disciplined atmosphere communalism of all kinds, religious, ethnic and intellectual, parochialism and such integrating tendencies die a natural death making for the solidarity of the nation. Unity in diversity is thus made a living doctrine.

National discipline is not an inborn quality or a mere personal whim. It is not a rigid governmental imposition of do's and don'ts. It is an attitude to life consciously cultivated at all stages of our lives so that clashing interests are united in a common, disciplined, progressive endeavour.

When happy I thought I knew men, but I was destined to know them only in misfortune. Do you know what is more difficult to bear than the reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the horrible ingratitude of men.

NAPOLEAN BONAPARTE.

CINEMA

METHOD OF EVALUATION OF FILM TALENT

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: In the film world, who is responsible for raising the prices of individuals? How is the 'market value' of a star, writer or a music director determined? The buyers of films from producers naturally determine the value; and the measure for this determination is not so much talent but box-office returns of the pictures with which the particular individuals are associated. The box-office returns are a varying factor. As a result we find that the music directors, who were drawing fifteen thousand two years ago, now get a lakh and fifty thousand today; and also we find that the music directors, who were getting sixty thousand two years ago, going a-begging for a new contract. Recently, two producer-directors told me that the distributors were compelling them to change their music directors because they had fallen from the grace of the box-office goddess.

Now both these music directors are talented and are capable of giving popular tunes; they have proved their worth in the past with resounding glory. But just because their recent pictures did not do well or they did not spend money on personal publicity, they have gone almost out of circulation. The only redeeming feature is that though distributors have lost faith in these talented veteran music directors, some of the producer-directors are also suffering the same fate. There was a time when distributors used to queue up to buy the pictures of one such producer-director; at that time one of the most sought after stars of today was considered to be a drawback. Now the cycle has changed completely and the same star has to come to the rescue of the producer-director whose product the distributors are not prepared to touch.

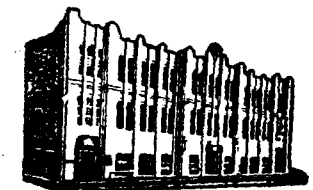
There are of course producers and film makers, who do not go after marquee names to sell their

productions. The happiest portent of 15th August this year was that it signified the release of three pictures, 'Mousi', 'Zimbo' and 'Talaq'—none of which had star casts. And this 'drawback' did not in any way hamper the initial collections of the pictures. Apart from their box-office merits, these three pictures would go a long way in giving a break to new talent. And if other producers like Shantaram, Homi Wadia, Mahesh Kaul and Mukuram Sharma show the same confidence and rely on 'talent' rather than marquee names to 'sell' their product, the entire method of evaluation of talent would change. Not current success but intrinsic talent would then determine the prices of individuals. But, with the majority of producers and distributors running after stars, this dream would never be realized unless there is 'radical' change in the financing of film production and the producers are able to get finance not on star-names but on the intrinsic value of their scripts. In other words, we need enlightened financiers and distributors like the two lawyers who control United Artistes, a famous concern in Hollywood.

After the successful remake of 'Aurat' by Mehboob in 'Mother India' director V. M. Vyas has made a re-make of 'Ghar Sansar' with Nargis playing the role which was also played by Sardar Akhtar. Of course, several changes have been made to bring the story and style of narration up-to-date.

As a result the picture does not appear for a moment to be out-of-date and though almost every incident is familiar the story of the elder brother and his wife working hard to educate the younger brother sustains interest and has moments of poignancy to leave an impression behind.

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The story casts Nargis as Uma—running the household consisting of her husband Kailash (Balraj Sahni), her daughter Bharati (Baby Devika) and her brother-in-law Deepak (Rajendra Kumar), a law student. Uma and Kailash work hard so that Deepak should become a lawyer. Uma incurs a debt. The first half recounts her struggle and Deepak's romance with Jyoti (Kumkum), sister of Banke (Johnny Walker). The romance is consummated in marriage, in spite of a family feud, thanks to Banke and Uma;

Deepak in the meanwhile becomes a successful lawyer.

The conflict arises when Jyoti whose ears are poisoned by a vile neighbour Menaka (Shammi) picks up a row with Uma. There is a crisis when Bharati and Uma are accused of theft. They leave the house in humiliation. Banke arrives on the scene and exposes Menaka and her father, as the true culprits and the family is united in the end.

Full of coincidences, exaggerations and obvious crudity, the incidents follow the familiar pattern of the so-called family dramas. It cannot be gainsaid that there is a basic reality and the conflict is quite familiar in almost every joint family in which there is a disparity by income between two brothers. While a real penetrating film about the family feud is still to be made 'Ghar Sansar' succeeds to some extent in appealing to the popular sentiments on the subject. The acting is good with Nargis, Balraj and Johnny Walker, who is the best of the trio sharing the honours. The direction has more polish than one could ever expect from V. M. Vyas and the entire production is competent with some good dialogue by Wahid Quareshi and lilting music by Ravi. And though the story is written by M. G. Dave, it is gratifying to find that the educated woman is not subjected to ridicule.

After seeing the film, one is not at all surprised at the success of 'Ghar Sansar'. It is as 'appealing' today as it was two decades ago!

The man who almost brought about a crisis between IMPPA and the Producers Guild last week is Ishwar, the genial secretary of Shri V. Shantaram and also the Producers Guild. The IMPPA members objected to his nomination to the Raw Film Committee, and they insisted that if the Guild is to be represented at all on the committee, it should be represented by a full-fledged producer and not by a 'paid' secretary. It was made an issue of prestige and privilege by IMPPA members; the Guild, on the other hand, refused to change its nominee. And no wonder; for though Ishwar is not a full-fledged producer, he is perhaps more competent and capable at the job than many producers.

As the secretary of V. Shantaram and the Guild, Shri Ishwar has been in close touch with the development of the industry for some years now. And he has a practical approach to the problems confronting producers. Ultimately the Guild agreed to withdraw his nomination on condition that a separate quota will be allotted to the Guild, which apparently, through Ishwar, would be distributed among its nine members. The allocation of the quota was to be based on past record. Thus the members of the Guild—including Shantaram, S. Mukerji, Raj Kapoor, Wadia, Filmistan, Mehboob, Kardar and Vijay Bhatt will get their stock from this Guild quota without reference to the regional advisory committee.

Bespectacled, smart R. V. Ishwar's greatest defender in last week's battle was the Guild's President Raj Kapoor. Ishwar, who is now studying in college for the Bachelor of Arts degree, attends college in the morning and works for the films throughout the day.

K. A. Abbas began the shooting of 'Char Dil Char Rahen' on Saturday 23rd at Modern Studios, Andheri with Meena Kumari attired in the clothes of a 'Chamaran' and using a very dark make-up for realistic effect.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROTECTION TO THE PRESS

Sir,—With the resumed publication of *The Hindu* from the 12th instant came a sigh of relief. *The Hindu* has earned the respect of the public that it is a moderate, truth-loving, level-headed, not-playing-to-the-gallery type of journal, much needed in the fast changing conditions in India. But one cannot really understand the denial of protection to such a sober daily by the police and the Government at the very metropolis of the State. Along with that feeling of disappointment, comes the feeling of insecurity to individual and institutional liberty. I wonder if the Government has noticed this growing feeling of disappointment and sense of insecurity in the city and the State. If it has noticed it, it should have come forward with a communique or Press statement explaining the circumstances under which such protection could not be given.

If no explanation is forthcoming from the administration, naturally the growth of suspicion would be unavoidable. The State Government would be doing justice unto itself if it issues a convincing statement, followed by an undertaking to conduct a high level enquiry into the matter. For me who lived in the composite Madras State and is still having respect for the administrative efficiency of Madras State, this episode is distressing.

B. RAMACHANDRA REDDI.
Buchireddipalem.

ORGANISED TRAMPLING OF LAW

Sir,—In the recent *Hindu* office strike I would blame the striking staff rather than the management. Some of the vital facts that emerge are: that the striking workers assembled in menacing numbers about the *Hindu* office premises; that the police were not as prompt in maintaining order as they usually are in disposing of inconvenient political opponents of the regime. It is admirable that the police did not want to appear as taking sides in an indus-

trial dispute of this nature, but may one know how they could permit crowds of workers to collect on the busiest public road in the city? If the Mount Road is not the property of hooligans, and they had no right to make it impassable to the general public, neither is it the property of the police, for them to make it over to the strikers. The police need to explain their behaviour to the public at large.

Officials of the *Hindu* Office and National Press Employees' Union, in their counter-statement issued in reply to Sri Srinivasan's, carelessly gave themselves away. They admit that picketing was commenced only two days after the strike began. That confirms the impression given by Sri Srinivasan that but for the violence indulged in by the strikers, publication of the paper would have continued uninterrupted. Further, the strikers could not have had any earthly reason for objecting to the police escort given to loyal workers, unless such escort stood in the way of their letting themselves go at the 'blacklegs'. The most mysterious aspect of the whole trouble was the indulgence shown by the custodians of law to the law-breaking crowds of workers, to the extent of appearing to take instructions from them regarding their duty.

Sri Rajagopalachari observed recently that administration could not be carried on by uneducated men. Is this fact being proved now? Sri Kamaraj should know that a government morally forfeits its right to rule the moment it becomes, however unwittingly, a party to organised trampling of the law.

Calcutta.

R. MANI.

U. S. A. IN LEBANON

Sir,—The intervention of the U.S. in the affairs of the Middle East should be viewed in its proper perspective and legalistic subtleties should not mar the fundamental issues at stake. When we talk of morality and right

code of behaviour, we are apt to close our eyes to the flagrant violation of these cherished things in the Communist countries. The present generation of young persons in the Communist world have been reared from their birth in the ideology of militant Communism and naturally sympathy and respect for world opinion do not find a place in their code of conduct. Their way of life, method of government and attitude to work and property are all diametrically opposed to what the U.S. and the Western countries stand for.

When we turn to the U.S. we find that the government and the people are men like us and not automatons. Their way of life, their pleasures, their education, their business and their recreation have all been evolved over generations of hard work, sacrifice and adventure. They being the only people who can stand against the Communists, having steadily and systematically prepared for it, are apprehensive of Communist plots and infiltration, in places where discord raises its head. Slowly and steadily the Communists are consolidating their position in dis-

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tant corners of the world by sweet persuasion and tall promises. The U.S. is aware of the dire consequences if this onward peaceful penetration is not checked, and has been waiting for a legitimate opportunity to halt further Communist consolidation. The opportunity arose in Lebanon and those of us who have been accustomed to sound traditions, respect for individual property, personal liberty, independence of thought and spirit, freedom of speech, in fact what all is considered good and noble, should at least refrain from criticising the U.S. in our own interests if we are unable to help her in this hour.

P. S. KRISHNAMURTHY.

INDUSTRIAL DISPUTES

Sir,—The need for harmonious industrial relations between capital and labour need hardly be emphasized in the context of India's Second Five Year Plan.

Today, more and more labourers, being conscious of their rights, are forming trade unions for mutual protection. Leadership of these unions is often dominated

by outsiders of different political ideologies.

The mushroom growth of trade unions—often several in a plant—and the domination of leadership of these unions by outsiders of different political ideologies make the task of improving industrial relations more complex for the States. Strikes and lock-outs are resorted to for frivolous reasons and for inter-union rivalries. The multiplicity of trade unions in each industry and unit makes it difficult for employers and the State to locate responsibility for breaches in the code of discipline in industry which has been evolved and ratified by all the central organisations of employers and employees in the country. The urgent need for compulsory recognition of trade unions by employers so as to foster the growth of responsible trade unions in each industry is, therefore, obvious. This will pave the way for collective bargaining as opposed to compulsory adjudication of labour disputes.

Settlement of industrial disputes through protracted litigation has become the fashion of the day and virtually the only means for securing better service conditions by employees. In the course of adjudication of disputes, the industrial tribunals and superior courts have evolved certain guiding principles which have persistently been followed in disputes over wages, working conditions, leave, gratuity and bonus. Would not, therefore, the codification of these guiding principles and norms, based upon an analysis of the various tribunal awards, eliminate over 90 per cent of the present-day industrial disputes? The Kerala Government's Industrial Relations Bill which purports to fix State minimum wages and to bridge the gap between highest and lowest incomes, gratuity, guaranteed bonus and compulsory recognition of trade unions, is the right and commendable step, though this measure may not be wholly unconnected with political strategy to entrench the Communist Government and party more strongly before the next general elections.

Calcutta. A. S. NARAYANA.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

Sir,—While declaring open a new college building in Erode the Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University is reported to have expatiated on the undesirability of admitting students into colleges on the basis of their parents' contributions to college funds. He also threatened to take action on the erring institutions via the subvention patronage of the Central Government. He said: "While we are speaking of standards and emphasising the considerations which should weigh with the authorities for the admission of students to such institutions....."

It would be interesting to know which "we" he is referring to so proudly and what exactly are the "considerations" which "weigh" with the authorities except the candidate's caste, tribe and *viva voce*.

While discreet silence on certain topics, by certain people, would certainly be golden, tact also would require that people living in glass houses should not throw stones at others—nor stick their necks out too prominently.

Madras. R. RAMACHANDRAN.

INEXCUSABLE EXTRAVAGANCE

Sir,—The unhealthy trends in the working of our Social Welfare State are being imitated in the private sector of social advancement to the total demoralisation of the national character. Newspapers report the daily air pilgrimages of political busybodies and persons of vested interests from all corners of the country to New Delhi. From the moffusil, too, such frequent yatras to the respective State capitals are the fashion. It is in danger of infecting small institutions carrying on educational and allied activities depending mostly on private charity supplemented by grudging and belated grants from the Government. One or two representatives of such a typical local school propose a yatra to Bangalore. Not, however, for collecting funds from the opulent capital city, but merely to invite a State dignitary there to come and preside for an hour or two over its

August 30, 1958

annual prize-giving ceremony! The cost of this yatra is, of course, to be a charge on the poor resources of the institution. Is the request by post, or through a delegated person on the spot, *infra dig* for the purpose? It was not so and served the purpose in similar and more important cases in the not distant past when the institution was being steadily built up by the self-sacrifice of its pioneers. Supposing now the dignitary in Bangalore is unable to accept the invitation, will not the cost of carrying it to him be a waste? Is all this show and snobbery, involving the waste of funds necessary? The contributors are sure to demur if they come to know of it and will certainly relax their support in future.

Mangalore. POURWALA.

COLLECTIVE CABINET RESPONSIBILITY

Sir,—It is bad policy to accuse one Minister in particular for the fault of the entire Ministry in a given situation, even though that Minister may have had something to do with the matter. I fail to understand why Saka should have singled out one "short sighted Minister ambitious for power and popularity" for special reprimand when the conduct of the entire Ministry was reprehensible.

Again I cannot understand him when he says that "what he (Shri R. Venkataraman) then denied by word he has now implemented in deed". I cannot claim Saka's first hand knowledge about the strike in *The Hindu* but I don't know if Shri R. Venkataraman or any one of his colleagues in the Ministry could be said to have engineered the strike in *The Hindu*. If so, the public should very much like to know. K. SUBRAMANIAM.

P. M. ON BOMBAY ISSUE

Sir,—It is the privilege as well as the responsibility of the government of a country, which has chosen the parliamentary form of government, to initiate policies which have to be submitted to the legislature for approval. Yet it is surprising that Mr. Nehru should plead his helplessness regarding the Bombay problem, saying that the decision is arrived at by a big majority in Parliament. Of course,

the amendment suggesting the bilingual formula was moved by members of the P.S.P. which unfortunately has not got definite views on any issue. But it could not have prevented the Government from seeing that it is voted against, by issuing the necessary whip. By not doing so, it gave its indirect support to the proposal.

The Government and the Congress High Command may well make this an issue of policy and prestige. But apparently they are not prepared to do this, being well aware of the cold fact that the city of Bombay is being given special treatment. Mr. Nehru himself says that the Bombay issue is one of those issues which, though they concern the local people, are yet national problems—and so the future of Bombay was decided on grounds different from those followed in the case of other sister-cities.

Let us hope the Congress, instead of vaguely throwing the burden and blame on Parliament, will recognise its Himalayan blunder and gracefully accept the demand of Maha Gujarat and Samyukta Maharashtra, which incidentally is the wish of no less a person than Maharshi Karve.

"JUSTICE".

CRUEL AND UNJUST IMPOSITION

Sir,—The Government of Mysore have decided to make the knowledge of Hindi compulsory for all Government servants and taken definite steps in carrying out their decision. In doing this our Government do not represent us. It is only a servile act by the State Government to sop the fanatically overbearing, Centre.

This servility on the part of our Government is understandable. We are all as much ignorant of Hindi as the Tamilians are. Yet we are indolent and allow this misrepresentation by the Government. The fight against the imposition of Hindi is common to all of us who speak Dravidian languages. Even in the States where Hindi is widely spoken it is not made the official language. We must have been the last people to accept Hindi. We live in an inverted order of things. The only wise course for us is retention of English. To save the nation from ruination responsible leaders must come out unflinchingly, and take up the arduous task of mobilising public opinion. I earnestly wish that the public would evince keen interest in the agitation against this unjust imposition.

Puttur. A. P. GOWRI SHANKAR.

'TACKLING' PROBLEMS

Sir,—Until about six months back letters used to be delivered in our place by about 1 P.M. Things changed and letters began to be delivered by about 5 P.M. Presumably the authorities must have received complaints, for the old practice was resumed and the public naturally were glad about it. This joy, however, was short-lived. It was soon discovered that the letters that were being delivered so promptly were those of the previous day's mail. The indignation of the public at this affront by the authorities may well be imagined. This is an example of the ingenuity shown by them in 'tackling' problems affecting the public interest.

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SWARAJYA

Editor : Khasa Subba Rau

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AVERT 'DOUBLE DARKNESS'

The linguistic States have brought about a certain measure of regional consolidation on the basis of language. In each of these States the regional mother-tongue is gradually replacing English, and to that extent, communication with others speaking different languages is being rendered difficult. The linguistic division of the country has accentuated its dependence on English for such remnants of inter-communication as still survive. What will happen if the present diminishing vogue of English is replaced by its complete extinction through legal or administrative means? The implications of this hypothetical but by no means improbable position were explained by Rajaji at a public meeting the other day with an apt illustration. Imagine, he said, that on a specified day, all the English newspapers, journals and periodicals go out of existence. What would be the result? We would know nothing of what is going on in other States. We would not be able to make sense out of the papers published in other languages in the different States. Even if Hindi papers were dumped on us free of cost we could get no enlightenment out of them. The patent consequence of the elimination of English from one single sphere, the Press, will mean utter annihilation of understanding as to what goes on in other parts of the country. It will mean our immediate envelopment in a bleak double darkness.

The English Press is now repairing to some extent the atrophy of understanding between one part of the country and another that is being hastened by unacknowledged Hindi imposition departmentally in violation of pledges to the contrary mouthed from public forums by high personages like the President and the Prime Minister. The administrative injustice involved in this sort of imposition has been frequently brought to public notice in the columns of SWARAJYA. It affects individuals, groups and communities, but even then it is indefensible. An even worse result is the injury it will inflict on the nation as a whole.

After the regional linguistic consolidation of recent years, English is the only medium left for inter-communication between the Hindi and the non-Hindi areas of India. If that medium is lost, the component units of the two large areas will be immobilised without adequate means even for understanding each other. Our national unity will be lost when mobility between the component units of the nation is destroyed. It is no doubt theoretically plausible that Hindi can take the place of English for inter-State communication. But that possibility has to be worked up to from scratch, and in the interval between effort and its fruition, time will not wait, and disunity will have fulfilled itself.

Under present conditions, therefore, English is the only instrument that we possess for the

maintenance of internal mobility and the preservation of national unity. It is the only window through which the light of science and modern culture can irradiate our affairs. Rajaji's warning that with the replacement of English by Hindi, we shall be dragged into double darkness, is no exaggerated conceit of the imagination. It is a coldly analytical estimate of an imminent peril based on existing realities. No real lover of the country can dare ignore it.

Morarji Abroad

A section of the Press has dedicated itself to propaganda to boost Sri Morarji Desai. He is even being played up as the successor to Pandit Nehru as Prime Minister. Sri Morarji's mission must not fail, cry some of his admirers. It seems to be little realised that plaudits of glory and the style of the conquering hero ill befit one whose real mission, for all the grand facade built round it, is little different from a tour of mendicancy. It is scarcely creditable to a government to send its Finance Ministers one after another on so undignified a mission. The honorific titles given to it will deceive nobody. As in the case of the indigent Micawber affecting shabby gentility, they only tend to cover our loan-hunting representatives abroad with the world's derision.

By calling these transactions "loans", we lay the flattering unction to ourselves that we are above accepting any "gifts".

Even a becoming feeling of indebtedness to our helpers is thus deliberately repressed. It is not intention but accomplishment that determines whether a benefit received in cash or kind is a loan or a gift. It is easy enough to tide over the mess into which we have thrown our affairs with foreign aid and make spirited declarations about our mettle. But what arrangements have we thought of for repayment of the 500 million odd dollars which we are immediately planning to receive, (with more to follow) to get out of our present desperate straits? The fact of the matter is that we have no goods to sell which our overseas creditors might need. Even for the sustenance of our economy at its barest level with enough food for all the people, we have become dependent on imports with no prospect of being able to retrieve our position in the near future. It seems inevitable that our status as a debtor nation will become a fixed one and except with new loans from the same or other creditors we shall have no means of repaying our old debts.

We cannot plan for industrialisation with heroics. Solvency must precede ambition divested of means. The soundest advice ever given for rehabilitation of our collapsing economy is that of Rajaji for the cutting of our military expenditure. This advice is worth taking at once not only for its own sake but also for the additional reason that our spending at present is not in quite safe hands.

Wrong Reason

The furore in Parliament over Sri Morarji Desai's interview with the American magazine *Time* was quite uncalled for. His estimate of Nehru is neither unfair nor uncomplimentary and the Prime Minister himself may not disagree with it, fully aware as he must be of his own lionised past and present, his intellectual humility, his lack of spiritual humility, his dissimilarity to the Mahatma and his belief in the scientific way. The Finance Minister's poor opinion of his countrymen as weak



THE NEEM-PLANT

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

There was an old neem tree, beside which grew a flourishing young neem plant.

"Mother," said the little one, "shall I too grow into a bitter tree, just like you?"

"Why? What else could you grow into? And don't you like it?" said the old neem.

"People come to you only for medicine and exorcising evil spirits. I am yet to see any one approaching you to taste your fruit."

"But it is only medicine and worship that give relief. What is the use of fruit that is sweet on the tongue? It gives no permanent joy. I am satisfied with what I am. And may you be the same, my child!"

"I wish to be something else. I wish to grow into a curry-leaf tree," said the plant.

"No, no, my child," said the tree, expounding orthodox doctrine. "Be like me, long-lived and happy. We may not wish for others' joys. Only harm can come from wishing to be like someone else."

The young one would not listen. It decided not to become a neem tree. It prayed to Ganesa and got His grace. The neem-plant grew into a curry-leaf tree.

Before it reached a height of three feet, the people in the neighbourhood started plucking its leaves for cooking. The merciful few removed the full-grown leaves. Others began to cut off whole branches. Still

others plucked tender leaves for choice. What was left of the plant was eaten up one day by a goat.

But the unfortunate neem's root survived beneath the soil. The boon of Ganesa did not go down so deep. For he could look into the future, and had taken pity.

"Mother," said the root in feeble and sad tones to the parent tree, "I have learnt my lesson."

"O, are you still alive, my child?" wept the mother tree.

"I have had enough of my folly. It is best to be a bitter tree like you. I see it now. Help me to live again."

"Pray again to Ganesa," said the tree to the little one's root. "And I shall add my prayers to yours."

And the mother prayed with a full heart for her child.

The root grew up into a good neem putting forth new leaves. The village folk came again to collect curry-leaves, for cooking, but finding the new growth hopelessly bitter went away disappointed. They allowed the plant to grow unhurt. Fowls came and scratched the ground. They looked for worms but helped the plant by aerating the roots. It grew rapidly. No one plucked the tender leaves. And the mother-tree's blossoms dropped like blessings on it with joy.

and cowardly may not be very agreeable to such of them as have a higher conceit of their fellow-nationals but its sting lies not in the occasion of its publication or the vehicle chosen for it but in the substance of the opinion itself. Against this there is no remedy. Every man is entitled to have any

opinion on any matter and express it freely. Objectively considered, it was when he traced the weakness and cowardice of Indians to 2,000 years of suppression in the past that he went wrong. There was more courage and heroism exhibited by Indians
(Continued on Page 4)



Sotto Voce

Pampering Indiscipline

There is a distinctly Mahalanobisian serenity about the review of railway accidents in the past twenty years that was placed before Parliament by the Railway Minister. I was particularly struck by the observation that though there were over 9,000 accidents in 1957-58, 166 of these were merely cases of trains running over cattle. You must not suppose that our humane Railway Minister regards the fate of the cattle as unimportant. But, if you concede the possibility that many of these accidents may have been due to cattle running over trains (or under them, it is all one) you will concede that they were not really accidents at all but private and personal disasters implicit in the contrary nature of the beasts.

After all there were only 17 serious accidents out of a total of 9,000. There might easily have been more. The other day a goods train fell into the flooded stream at precisely that point near Ariyalur where a terrible crash resulting in hundreds of deaths took place two years ago. And railway bridges on the ill-fated Hyderabad-Kazipet section have again been the plaything of raging floods. On a recent trip I found that the road authority had, on an important section of the Ghat Road, set up a lurid warning on every other bridge to say, "This bridge is weak" or "This bridge is dangerous", and then apparently forgot all about it. This happy insouciance is, alas, not open to the railways; it is not the other fellow but they who have to use the bridges.

Our rational secular State cannot afford to put forward the theory that the lines are bewitched at certain points. But there is ample room for respectable speculation as to whether there might not be some unexplained

periodical law of accidents (something like sunspots and trade cycles). Sabotage by hostile foreign powers too is now on the tapis. But instead of dwelling on these fascinating possibilities the Railway Minister preferred to pin his faith to a rigorous statistical law that the incidence of accidents on railways bears a distinct relationship to the total volume of traffic handled. And by this test India is shown to be far less accident-prone than either Britain or the United States, so far as collisions are concerned.

Unfortunately our luck does not hold when it comes to reckoning the number of passengers killed. For every one killed on the U.S. railways five lost their lives in India, and none at all in the U.K. in the year chosen for comparison. Nor is it easy to share the comforting conviction of the authorities that there is a steady improvement since the peak year 1947-48. For 1957-58 is distinctly worse than 1956-57. Comparison with foreign railways is apt to be misleading (as the report warily admits). The U.K. has one of the worst climates in the world with poor visibility most of the year. And its railways are inefficient because of war-time wear and tear and obsolescence. And both in Britain and America the hectic pace of life and the chronic congestion of traffic make a high accident rate inevitable on their railways, as on their roads, in spite of their comparative efficiency.

41 per cent of the accidents in India are attributed to the failure of the human element. That in U.K. 52 per cent of the accidents were due to this cause does not extenuate our plight. Our trains, crawling at a snail's pace, do not impose anything like the same sustained tension on the personnel. Besides it is clear that we

have to deal here with a problem practically unknown in other countries. The report says that the failure of the human element is due "to mental aberration, laxity, indifference and indiscipline among railway staff".

That highlights sharply the extraordinarily unhealthy state of Indian trade unionism. Railway labour is the biggest organised force in India. And it is the most indiscipline, providing in this respect a depressing contrast to the powerful railway unions in other countries. The portentous statement that the remedy must be both "psychological and punitive" will impress nobody in view of our railways' notorious inability to root out corruption on the one hand and the uniform pampering which this one section of Government employees has enjoyed all through.

Some years ago a committee of enquiry submitted a report showing that corruption was omnipresent and infected all ranks. What has been done about it? The authorities are talking of offering new incentives for increased production in the railway workshops. Has production today touched the peak, that we have to think of special inducements for potential Stakhanovites? Indiscipline is endemic and it is the tail that wags the dog. From the porter and the gang coolie upward practically everybody thinks it is naive in the extreme to suppose that when he is paid wages and quite a number of allowances for doing his duty he is paid enough.

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SIDELIGHTS ::

Madras is a city of meetings and discourses, as the engagement columns in the daily newspapers show. Music, dance, the theatre, public affairs, cultural shows, all these have entered into the life of the city through multitudinous daily programmes, investing it with an immense capacity for direct or vicarious excitement or enjoyment. Here you have listeners and spectators ready made for any kind of *tamasha* or activity. Visiting performers endowed with exhibitionable skills go away with happy impressions of a gifted and hospitable public capable of enlightened receptivity to the teaching and creations and demonstrations of talent. In other places involvement in the work-a-day concerns of existing reality is deeper. But here the flight from the present to a different world filled with thrills and inspirations has become chronic with vast sections of the people.

Sri Anantarama Dikshitar of Senganallur has been expounding the sacred Hindu epics, *Ramayana* and *Bhagavatham*, to large city audiences for some time now. His first round of discourses, which started at Triplicane, elicited a request for a second. That completed, Mylapore is now having its turn. Sri Dikshitar's great asset is his rich musical voice. The mere sound of the verses of Valmiki as sung by him is enchanting. Just to listen to it is a treat. It lingers long in the memory with its recollected reverberation as happens after one has enjoyed a concert of music by a master musician. The theme of Sri Dikshitar's expounding is the all-merciful, all-encompassing compassion of the supreme God in his several incarnations. It is so potent that by merely listening to His story as told in the great epic, one gets absolved of all sins and all one's cares in this hard world are dissolved in the benign concern of the divine omnipotence governing it. A rather difficult doctrine,

this, to put faith in, as it is rehashed here in cold print. But in the magic atmosphere evoked by Sri Dikshitar's magnificent recitation, it seems to be the only safe haven worth clinging to, all else being mere illusion. He is a great catalytic agent for transforming the ego-centred miseries of depressed people in the unmerciful economy of our present set-up, into abounding faith in Providence with all the exaltations of spirit that spring from it.

A teacher's influence, however great, is limited, to some extent, by the character of the recipient. The respective differences between Triplicane and Mylapore have been remarkably illustrated by the manner of the reception to the *bhagavathar* in the two places. There in Triplicane people are less affluent. The privations of life bear on them more severely. Their response to the consolations of religion is therefore more ardent and dynamic, their interest keener and more intense, their personal emotion and gratitude more bountiful. Mylapore is more prosperous. It has gone in therefore for greater theatrical effects and more opulent seating arrangements. Instead of mass devotion we have here a spiritual elite sparingly sprinkled in a comfortable body of the sophisticated tending to take the most serious things casually.

Another devotee who has been spreading the light of the classics in our midst is Sri Sivaramakrishna Sastriar. He seems to live in a halo of holiness. He affects his hearers less with the direct sway of words spoken, than with the influence of his personality, something not confined to the visible present, but spread over a whole imaginable past background of deep significance. Sri Dikshitar is never wholly lost in his text. He maintains a surplus vigilance for mundane obligations and the distinguished great that come in are assured of a welcome homily at his hands done in resplendent style. But Sri Sastriar,

once he plunges into his theme, is indifferent to his surroundings and is scarcely conscious of them. Long past the zenith of his expository powers, in ripe old age, his public appearance seems just an extension of his way of life at other times, a habit of worship that goes on with its own momentum and cannot be stopped. He is a revered figure immersed in a sense of eternity, showering blessing and benediction on all who chance his way.

Sri Balakrishna Sastriar is a democrat among *bhagavathars*. His address is not to the ritualistic brahmin; and so other communities also flock to him with zest. Potentially he ranks high as a proletarian influence. Besides those mentioned above, there are quite a few good, learned and pious men, with a modern catholic outlook engaged in this type of exposition. The Hindu classical epics, *Ramayana*, *Bharatham* and *Bhagavatham*, have not been equalled in all the years since they were written, for excellence of content. They are unmatched for their educative quality and wealth of culture. In the long history of India, protestant movements even when powerfully backed by the aid of governments, could not withstand them for long and eventually succumbed to their fascination and charm. At present when innovators with fantastic conceptions of education are playing havoc with young minds through shabby text books not even conforming to grammar rules, we may well turn to the *harikatha* for saving the culture and character of the young in coming days from the inroads of irreligious indoctrination. SAKA

Wrong Reason

(Continued from Page 2)

in the last years of British rule when they were subjected to severe suppression than there has been since the attainment of freedom. The Congress regime in independent India seems indeed to have more thoroughly demoralised its subjects than most of its predecessors of foreign extraction did or could in the near and remote past.

A THREAT TO UNITY

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Unlike Belshazzar in his hall
He spurns the writing on
the wall.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The linguistic isolationism that has risen like an evil spirit from the States reorganization cauldron will surely result in the break up of India into islands, with no means of co-ordination, co-operation or even communication, if English be thrust out of the secretariats, the universities and the courts. To keep English in the Press while dethroning it in the secretariat would be a stultification and an absurd contradiction. To hope that the Hindi Press will serve the purpose would be too absurd a hallucination even for the fanatics. The writing on the wall is clear enough without a Daniel being asked to read it. The evil will have firmly established itself if we depend on baby Hindi to grow and fight and fill the gap.

It is obvious folly to give up the string that binds as a result of a hundred and more years of history, education, and legal and administrative development.

English must not only be retained if we desire to maintain Indian unity against the centrifugal linguistic fanaticism which is enveloping every field of activity, educational and political, but also greatly strengthened in the educational field. Every observer has noticed and remarked about the deterioration in the English standard in schools and colleges. This must be immediately attended to. The fallacy that attention to one's mother-tongue must be accompanied by a neglect of English must be effectively demolished. The greater fallacy that attention to English is a favour done to England should be exposed and removed. The notion that it is patriotic to neglect English must be countered. While it is true that education must be through the mother-tongue it does not follow that worthless translations of text books of modern knowledge

should be prescribed in place of standard English books. If English as a language subject must remain in the curriculum there is no earthly reason why the good text book should not continue and furnish exercise in the use of English while the explanations in the classroom are given in the regional language. The students must be drilled indirectly in the handling of English by means of this wise combination of good English text books written by eminent English authors along with teaching through the mother-tongue. It is well known that the translations made to order are less intelligible than the original English books and often full of errors and defects. The love of one's own language and the application of it to modern subjects should not lead to perversion of knowledge at the source. There is no contradiction or disadvantage in the text books functioning

side by side with oral lectures and explanations in the regional language.

Teaching of English should also be changed as far as possible into the 'direct' method through exercises both oral and written in the English classes on subjects handled in the other classes. English should not be sought to be taught in the air, so to say, but with reference to the knowledge obtained in other fields of study.

The choice of books prescribed for attaining proficiency in English should also be more sensible. A recent letter that appeared in the columns of SWARAJYA about a condensed and edited *Quentin Durward* should serve as an eye-opener. There is a growing racket in the text books business that should be firmly handled by enlightened men of integrity before it gets too deeply entrenched in politics like the sister racket in admissions to colleges. Good text books are the basis of language education and the abomination of notes and synopses, the very enemy of education.

WISDOM CRIETH IN THE STREETS

It is easy for one who commands on his side nationalist passions, viz., fear and hatred of a strong power in strategic neighbourhood, to win public plaudits against a philosopher like Bertrand Russell who pleads for all mankind and for civilization as a whole. Bertrand Russell has been assailed by columnists in American journals as contradicting himself or as a being impractical upon his own confusion. The lower-level tricks of controversy are well-known and Bertrand Russell treats them with deserved contempt.

The controversy arose out of an alleged statement on Bertrand Russell's part that if we cannot avoid a nuclear war and the inevitable total annihilation that it meant, it is better for the wiser side to surrender, if that be the only way to prevent the full-scale nuclear war. The word 'surrender' was met by immediate and loud chauvinistic oppo-

sition and the philosopher was dubbed a fool. He never advocated a declaration of readiness to surrender beforehand for that would spell defeat in negotiation as well as in war. What Bertrand Russell stands for is clear. He claims for mankind the right to survive, to survive the new fatal knowledge. He claims the right for civilization to correct its errors and live. Those who threaten one another, preferring death to surrender, not only threaten total destruction to themselves claiming the right to suicide, but they propose to deprive the uncommitted nations of the world of their right to live and survive other people's fatal blunders. The advocates of nuclear war deny, says Bertrand Russell, the most elementary freedom, viz., the freedom to live not only to the inhabitants of Communist countries whom they oppose, but to the inhabitants of all the uncommitted nations, that is, those who

have not forfeited their right to any partisanship on either side.

Both sides have unqualified and deadly dislike of the way of life of the 'enemy' and have no hope it will ever change for the better. The West would rather perish totally than accept Communism and all that it stands for. On the other side, the feeling against Capitalism is not less strong. Bertrand Russell takes note of this and points out that the worst features of Communism have been developed under the influence of fear and would almost certainly grow less if fear were removed. This is not likely to be accepted by men who have worked themselves up to utter hatred and would rather depend on fear and yet more fear than on any such hope of change or reclamation.

Bertrand Russell puts the case clearly to the West. "I think that with wise statesmanship on the part of the West, it will not be at all difficult to avoid both nuclear war and surrender". What he advocates is a conclusion of agreements between East and West, admitting the inevitability of co-existence and the disastrous futility of war.

"Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets".

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

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K. MAHADEVAN,

82-A, Royapettah High Road,
Mylapore, Madras-4

MY FREE PASS

By POTHAN JOSEPH

When I was tripped out of office, the chief plotter sent out a whip to cinema managers that the editor's free pass had better be recalled for endorsement in favour of the gumshoe supplanter. I survived the blow, since they issued me a fresh pass in *honoris causa*; but like the Arab parting with his steed, I mused on the features of the free cinema-pass which years ago had enthralled me. My boyhood dream was not to become a railway-driver, but to be a proprietor of a sweetmeat stall. Charles Lamb wrote the doggerel:

*If ever I marry again
I would wed a landlord's
daughter:
For then I could always sit
at the bar
Drinking brandy and water.*

Since primal greed and not mechanical speed attracted me, my ambition in the days of my childhood (the first, not the second) was to live in the midst of free confectionery, consuming varieties all working hours. And now for my meditations on this broomstick of a fresh free pass which for the sake of courtesy alone, I accepted.

Free entry at performances is one of the minor prerogatives of journalism like ticketless travel for railwaymen, though no mention had been made of it in the Wage Board Award (R. I. P.). I maintain that once a pass is given it should not be restricted by

invidious conditions. On the folder-card the following is proclaimed as if for the deafened hearing of the world:

Not available on Fridays,
Saturdays and Sundays (also
special Holiday Shows).

I bet that banks cannot function on that basis. And exactly it is on those days that I have leisure to witness any kind of theatricals. "Admit Two" is the directive on the pass, a secret the door-keeper knows, but which I want to keep back from the partner I take in whose eyes I want to appear a dashed Beau Brummel. Why don't they make it 3, so that I could take mother and daughter, and sitting in the middle hum the sailor's song at port: "How happy would I be with either, were the other dear-one far away"? There is no Supreme Court decision on the delicate issue, but I fear the limitation to two savours of trespass on fundamental rights. It is just on those jolly good prohibited days that the pass-holder gets the bare chance of depositing himself (plus one) on those dilapidated sofa-seats with aged springs in uneven upsurge (a word of precious meaning in the story of Afro-Asian Colonialism). No, Mr. Manager, I thank you for your sympathetic intentions, but I hasten to ask you the meaning of that warning: "Strictly Not Transferable". In a Welfare State, everything should be mutually transferable, and in easy circulation. Exclusiveness ought to be *Verboten*. In the purchase of totalizer-tickets, there is no such thing as "Not Transferable". The very qualification "Strictly" is an affront to dignity. Attacking the Moderates, C. R. Das once shouted "Moderate Patriotism is like Moderate Chastity".

Lastly (last but not the least) there are left-hand panels in these free pass cards committing the holder to the condition that "Once a week" is the *summum bonum* of life. A season-ticket

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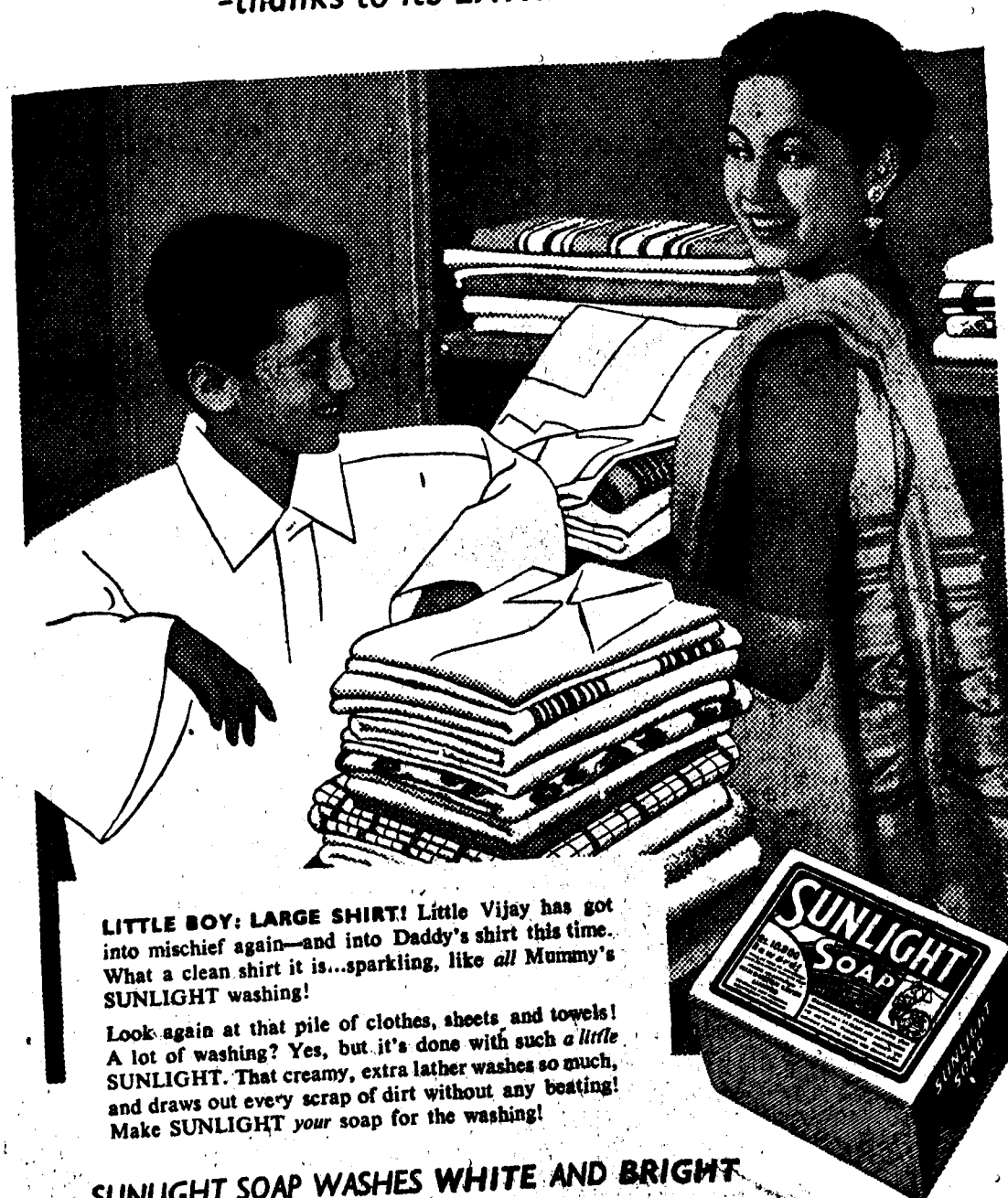
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(American Commuters) entitles a holder to spend all day in suburban travel; and in non-stop shows in Piccadilly the sound privilege of sitting out centuries is allowed. There is the lack of distrust implicit in all clauses of my new pass. My present pass is durable until 1959 despite the

coup d'etat; but it would not have been any good anyway when, honour bright, I prefer some *tamasha* free from the duty of studying all those screen-advertisements as also the names of cameramen, producers, music-masters, etc., who flourish in Hollywood. I am, of course,

grateful for my "Complimentary Pass" and naturally I return the compliment, largely by wishing the film-industry a prosperous future in India. And it is in token of my goodwill that I pause and bow my head when the Cinema House puts up the placard "Free List entirely suspended".

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LAND REFORM, TRUE AND FALSE

By M. A. VENKATA RAO

The zamindari system has been abolished by law, i.e., by force. Though there is a case for abolition of the artificial class of revenue collectors for Government (created by the British long ago as a convenience of administration in Northern India), there is none for the manner in which it was put through under the impulsion of ill-digested slogans. The guiding slogan was furnished by Communist technique: "land to the tiller". The appeal of the cry derives plausibility because of the idea that there should be no middlemen, or at least unnecessary middlemen, between the cultivator and the State. It is a question whether the class of zamindars was really one of unnecessary middlemen. However, the great harm that the measure did to the stability and progress of society flows from the blow it gave to the institution of private property. Socialism and Communism are committed to the abolition of private property and it was in pursuance of Socialism that the zamindari was abolished with inadequate compensation.

The basic idea of Socialism, namely the abolition of private property, is inherently wrong. What is necessary for progress is only the limitation of private property to prevent monopoly and unjust use or non-use. If the zamindar was not able to cultivate all his lands or was unable to afford the capital necessary for improved methods of agriculture, all that was necessary was to create institutions like co-operative societies to make such facilities available. And to help those who were able to cultivate land but were unable to obtain it (on account of the paucity of such land open to purchase on the free market), the State could have imposed ceilings above which lands were to be sold compulsorily to peasant bidders at the market rate. Land mortgage banks could have paid spot cash to zamindars recovering it with a low rate of interest from the purchaser over a long period of time.

This was the Danish way of re-distribution of land. It was a civilised way without the destruction of property rights *in toto* and the destruction of a whole class.

Now we are approaching the second stage in this policy of vandalism: again under the glamour of the same slogan: "land to the tiller". For, the abolition of the zamindari did not solve the land problem. It only substituted the State for the zamindar, which is no reform. In fact, it ushered in a new era of tyranny worse than the old, for the State is less easy to deal with by the cultivator than the old zamindar.

Today the State is committed to the fulfilment of the promise contained in the slogan of "land to the tiller". And since land is held over the greater part of the country by two classes of persons—absentee landowners and cultivating peasants—the cry of "land to the tiller" involves the abolition of the class of landowners. Now the landowners are quite different in status from the zamindars. While the zamindar owed his rights over land to the State in return for the service of collecting land revenue, being only a tax farmer or contractor or licensee, the landowner in the ryotwari areas has acquired his rights by fair purchase in the open market. His are property rights acquired through cash purchase. The present policy of depriving him of his rights over his lands for the purpose of transferring them to the tenant at rates of compensation to be determined by the State stands on an altogether different footing from the policy of abolishing the zamindari. It amounts to liquidation of real property acquired legally in exchange for cash accumulated over the years through hard work, fair earning and thrifty savings.

People have to consider this proposal to liquidate the property of non-cultivating owners seriously and realise its economic and social implications before they permit the Government to

proceed with this supposed reform. They have to inquire whether there is not an alternative way of realising the objective of enabling tillers to own lands sufficient for profitable cultivation at higher levels of production.

We have to consider whether there is any justification for liquidation of the property rights of landowners who have acquired them by purchase in the open market in favour of cultivators and tenants. Some tenants are proprietors in their own right for part of the lands they cultivate, while they are tenants in respect of other lands held by absentee or non-cultivating owners.

A class can be abolished with justice only if it is a parasite like that of beggars. Parasites perform no function but annex unfairly a share in the income earned by others. Many speculators in real estate and stocks and shares belong to this class of parasites. It should be considered whether landowners are comparable to this class of functionless exploiters. Now Socialism uses the term "exploitation" in a very wide sense to include the earnings of all trade and industrial production. Every form of economic exchange whether in commerce, capitalist production, transport or agriculture, except the wages of labour is considered to be "exploitation" by Socialist thinkers. That is why they advocate the abolition of private property in any shape or form. But are we to accept this view of Communism (Marxist Socialism) at its face value, simply because the slogan "land to the tiller" is repeated *ad nauseum*?

There is a genuine justification for the emergence and continued recognition of the class of landowners. They may be middlemen between the cultivator and the State. But they perform a genuine economic and social function.

One such function is that of enabling landless cultivators to have the use of land (that they cannot purchase) on terms of crop sharing. The tenants are thus enabled to have the use of land with a share in the agricultural product without the responsibility of paying land revenue. There is

September 6, 1958

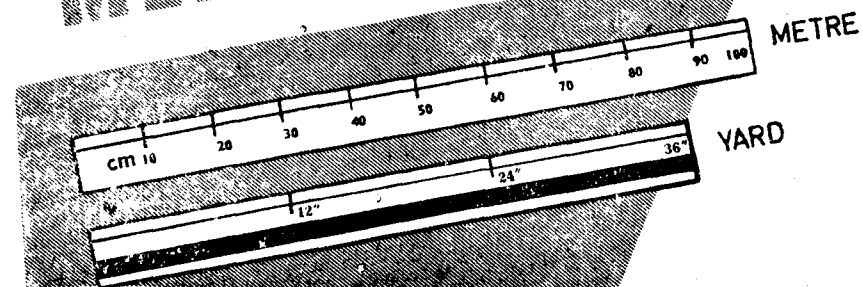
here a partnership between capital and labour with the proceeds of farming divided between them in accordance with custom. It may be that the proportion of the share accruing to each of the partners needs revision. Usually the proportion is fifty fifty. Other measures like the provision of

facilities — credit, co-operative marketing and purchase, etc., can be provided through State assistance. Further, successful tenants may be enabled through State loans and land mortgage bank advances to purchase land in the neighbourhood from owners who have surplus lands. A ceiling can

be fixed above which lands should be sold to applicants at market rates if they wish to buy them. This was the Danish way.

But the present policy of taking land forcibly from the landowner and giving it to tenants and landless labourers at nominal rates amounting to ten or fifteen years'

WHAT IS THE METRIC SYSTEM?



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In the Metric System, the multiples of a unit have the prefix *Deca* (10 times), *Hecto* (10 × 10 = 100 times) and *Kilo*

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10 metres = 1 decametre
10 decametres = 1 hectometre
10 hectometres = 1 kilometre

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2

revenue assessment has no justification whatever. It introduces vandalism as the foundation of the new Socialistic pattern of society. And vandalism can never make for stability and progress. It creates the psychology of expecting something for nothing on the part of large sections of needy persons. It stimulates greed and gives it a coating of moral respectability. It popularises the false doctrine that all wealth is the result of unearned income and is tantamount to robbery. "All property is theft", said a Socialist author (Prudhomme) and this is acted on seriously by our leaders today.

There is a case for the taxation of unearned income whether from land or buildings or machine-using factory. This was proposed by Henry George. Today it has taken the shape of taxation of capital gains. Land revenue assessment is raised from time to

time for the purpose of obtaining a share for the State in the unearned enhancement of land value flowing from the economic development of the country. To create a sense of confidence in the mind of the owner and to enable him to derive the benefits of capital investment, the interval is fixed at reasonably long periods. Twenty years of undisturbed possession and use have been found to be necessary to give a real chance to the owner to invest capital in improvements and to derive a reasonable income on an average over the period allowing for bad seasonal conditions and disasters like floods or drought. Stability of tenure for reasonable periods is a *sine qua non* of property in land and of progress through incentive.

There is another social function that is performed by land-ownership. It is to provide an avenue of secure investment

yielding a certain average level of income, particularly in food grains. Stability of property rights in land has historically provided an incentive to countless small businessmen, officials and others to save and invest in land. The hope of assuring for themselves and their children and dependents a form of income (chiefly in food grains) has helped many generations of people to plan their lives from a long term point of view. The possibility of having food assured for oneself and family has been a great moulder of character. It has helped people to subordinate the allurements of extravagant consumption to the necessary provision for old age and children till they come of age. A self-reliant class of householders who achieve freedom from hunger by their own efforts and savings without leave of the bureaucrat, dictator or capitalist, thus came into existence. Land investment has been an avenue of real freedom and has produced a class of thrifty, self-reliant, self-respecting citizens. This is surely the main aim of a republican society and if land-ownership secured through savings from genuine earnings over a life-time can assure this result, surely it is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

Real republicanism lives in independent or self-dependent citizens, who plan their own lives and carry them out without fear or favour. It is the duty of a republican State to create stable conditions of property and taxation to encourage such citizens to fulfil their own plans of life without unduly interfering with each other and depending on the State.

From this point of view, the preservation of the landowner is indispensable. The slogan should not blind us to the need for the preservation of the class of peasant proprietors and landlords, with facilities for successful tenants to acquire land through fair purchase.

The right way to build a free economy and free society is to relate property to function. Such function includes individual self-fulfilment as well as social contribution.

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THE PROSPECTS FOR A MORE HUMAN WORLD

By P. CHENCHIAH

The history, the tragedy and the comedy of humanity all arise from the constitutions of man and society. Man embodies a contradiction—a conjunction of antagonisms in the basic structure of his personality. Highly polarized, with divergent, opposed, conflicting emotions, impulses and appetites, with dreams that challenge his complacency and conformity, man presents a riddle to himself and to others. Society—man writ large, magnifies the essential conflicts in Man.

Nature from atom to nebulae builds systems by accumulation and agglutination piling atoms on atoms till they reach cosmic dimensions. Stars and planets perform most intricate and complicate motions of celestial harmony in perfect rhythm and rhyme. Animals are unified in a biological organism, in which all the constituents work in marvellous co-ordination without rift or risk. Nature obeys external law—life an inner law. Law upholds and guides them in the struggle for existence.

Man on the other hand organically and organizationally presents himself as the theatre for the struggle of rival and warring forces that refuse to be reconciled. Desire for change and progress counters the stability with which nature endows him. Imagination spurs him to stake his safety for the thrill of adventure. Not having the instincts of the animal to guide him nor the laws of nature to govern him, he makes his own laws and obeys them, he creates his own gods and worships them. Man-made laws lack the inerrancy of natural and the certitude of biological laws. Man has to save himself from himself. In this predicament he stands alone and unique in the universe.

Nowhere do the contradictions in man stand so prominently as in his inhumanity and humanity. If we give to these major tendencies and inclinations less comprehensive but more significant

names, they would be war and peace. Under these categories may be brought all the conflicts, collisions and tensions that make up human nature. For a just appraisal of the probabilities of a more human world, we have to consider the sources of war and peace in the individual and society.

Of the biological sources of struggle and consequent cruelty hunger stands first. Nature red in tooth and claw sums up the dominant phase of life and hunger inspires and instigates this struggle. Animals prey on each other goaded by hunger. Early battles for hunting grounds and pastures were hunger-incited. The nightmare of modern society, overpopulation, has behind it the urge of hunger. Wars, migrations, invasions, colonial expansions stem out of a desire to ward off future starvation. Germany and Japan face this dark prospect and that explains their politics and policies. Next comes fear. Self-protection, the deepest strain in life, breeds fear and fear tends to cruelty. The two world wars were precipitated by the fear that Germany may prove too strong if not nipped in the bud. America and Russia fear each other, not knowing who may steal a march over the other in the atomic race. The third world war may be brought about by a nervous neurotic in high position under hysteria of fear. Fear dictates the tactics that attack constitutes the best defence.

In human society the causes of war are moral rather than biological. Modern society has become an acquisitive society. A false moral hunger—vanity—feeds the passion to accumulate even at the cost of depriving others of their minimum needs. The acquisitive impulse abides at the back of the class and caste structures of society. The hoarder and cornerer of markets morally robs and starves many. The demand for furs has exterminated whole

species of birds. Vanity—a sign of immaturity—can result in inhumanity all the more dangerous because it decks itself in shining robes. Power, another moral infirmity, leaves a trail of misery behind it. Power-psychosis begets unspeakable atrocities—specially against the meek and mild. It endeavours to live on the labour of others. Greed, a common manifestation of power, seeks to reap where it did not sow, to annex the fruits of labour of others unjustly. Slavery—a universal phenomenon—had its origin in the abuse of power. Uncontrolled power creates arrogance and pride—always the breeding ground of inhumanity. Bigotry—religious and political—ends in persecutions, concentration camps, tortures. Jehads, crusades, *dharma yuddhas* accompany religions as dark shadows. The system of sacrifices deadens the moral sensibility and gives birth to pompous yet vicious doctrines of sacrificing other men for truth—different from sacrificing oneself for truth.

If the make-up of man were entirely of fighting moods and rending impulses the tragedy of life would not have been half so agonising as it happens to be. Fortunately or unfortunately for man, another side of his personality discloses directly opposite tendencies and inclinations. Even in animals this dualism exists but in man it gains in intensity and scope. In the animals the wolf and the lamb are not one organism. Nature separates the mild from the wild though it makes the one the prey of the other. In man this division does not exist. On the one hand man has pronounced inhuman tendencies and on the other equally marked human inclinations. To get the correct picture one should not pass over the other half—the better half. Man, along with animals, has gregarious instincts—the impulse to get together. He lives and develops in the family in an atmosphere of love and mutual comradeship. Man cannot exist as a solitary animal. He can only flourish in society. He hungers for fellowship and thirsts for company. He kills for food, but he also sacrifices for his country

and beloved ones. Churches, clubs, festivals and worship proclaim the humane side of man. Prophets and seers have enunciated the ideals of brotherhood, peace and love and men have followed them and even when they do not follow, they esteem them highly. The Sermon on the Mount contrasts the meek and the mighty, the proud and the humble, the exploiter and the exploited. Both have sprung from the same human nature. Nature, a gladiatorial show on one side, reveals as its other side family cohesion and mutual aid. Love thy neighbour as thyself states not only a command but also a natural self-expression in man. If war, greed, cruelty, power-lust are there, we should not forget that love, peace, joy, fellowship also exist along with them.

In the abstract theory we cannot exalt one half of our nature as superior to the other half. There have been philosophers who have preached the conquest cult of the strong and the aggressive. Nietzsche revived the cult and his influence on Nazi politics was great. Nevertheless, man has something in him which has made him side with peace even when he wars. Poets, prophets and teachers of mankind have glorified humanity and condemned inhumanity. Every religion holds peace and love high. The Muslims greet each other—*salam*—peace. The Upanishad *rishis* end with *santi*—peace. Jesus summed up law as 'Love thy God and love thy neighbour as thyself'. Not only in the realm of thought but even in politics, non-violence has been put to practice. Gandhi preached the gospel of non-violence and India won independence without war. Other nations in the Middle East and Africa are turning to it with hope. Supermen are not all warriors. If Hitler was a superman, so was Gandhi. The deep subconscious urges that govern human destiny and fate teach us to value humanity as the fulfilment of man and war as the frustration of history. Hypocrisy, the homage vice pays to virtue, today talks peace in world coun-

(Continued on Page 14)

CAPITAL COMMENTS

EXTERNAL AFFAIRS : KRISHNA MENON IN THE SHADE ?

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: In the proceedings of Parliament as in the pages in print, there is no greater vice than dullness. After rather a tepid or tame start, it was a relief to find the M.P.'s warming up and letting off steam without any over-weighing sense of delicacy about party affiliations. They delighted in pouncing upon two Ministers in particular—and seeking to pulverise them. None came in more handy than the Minister for Food, Mr. Ajit Prasad Jain, whose inadequacy for the task confronting him was readily assumed as much by the Congress Party as by the Opposition. The other who got into trouble with an almost effortless ease was the Health Minister, Mr. D. P. Karmarkar. He proved to be no improvement upon his predecessor, Raj Kumari Amrit Kaur; she could at least speak much better. Neither Mr. Jain nor Mr. Karmarkar was prepared for an offensive from their own party benches; both had to be, however partially, rescued by the Prime Minister. It was really no service to a generous chief to have put him to the strain of having to defend helpless colleagues—and too, with doubtful success. Mr. Jain in particular may not last long though the resignation (which he wisely offered) was not at once accepted, as Faës, in his own home-State of U.P., have been maliciously mocking at him. But whatever happens, it is perhaps a healthy sign that Congress M.P.'s have shed the fear-complex and taken their cudgels against Ministers who have become liabilities to the Government.

Yet another Minister—and a far more weighty proposition,—found his sense of propulsion on the wane though he was seemingly holding his own. Mr. V. K.

Krishna Menon, the Minister for Defence in the Cabinet and also the Minister for Offence outside, would no doubt once again lead the Indian delegation (or his own in the name of India) to the U.N., new situations having not arisen to disturb old arrangements. Yet he was not much to be seen, much less in his element. Since certain things that do not happen (while they should have happened in the normal course) are no less significant than those that do, one question was on everyone's lips when Parliament discussed Foreign Affairs: 'What accounts for Mr. Krishna Menon's absence?' Invariably he was deputising for the Prime Minister and sometimes winding up the debate opened by the latter. Suspicions seem to have been confirmed that he has been of late a bit in the shade, in the context of his role on the External Affairs front. From all accounts the Prime Minister has become more thoughtful. There is a perceptible, indeed marked, change in the man; he is, they say who know what they are talking, that Mr. Nehru is now-a-days, more subdued in temper, more restrained in language and more mellowed in outlook. Nothing better. How one wishes that he were also firmer and more purposeful! It was comforting to hear him say only the other day: "I am not interested in excuses for delay; I am only interested in work done." But then, he should be found stamping weaker vessels to common earth again, in respect of the 'clay population round in rows'.

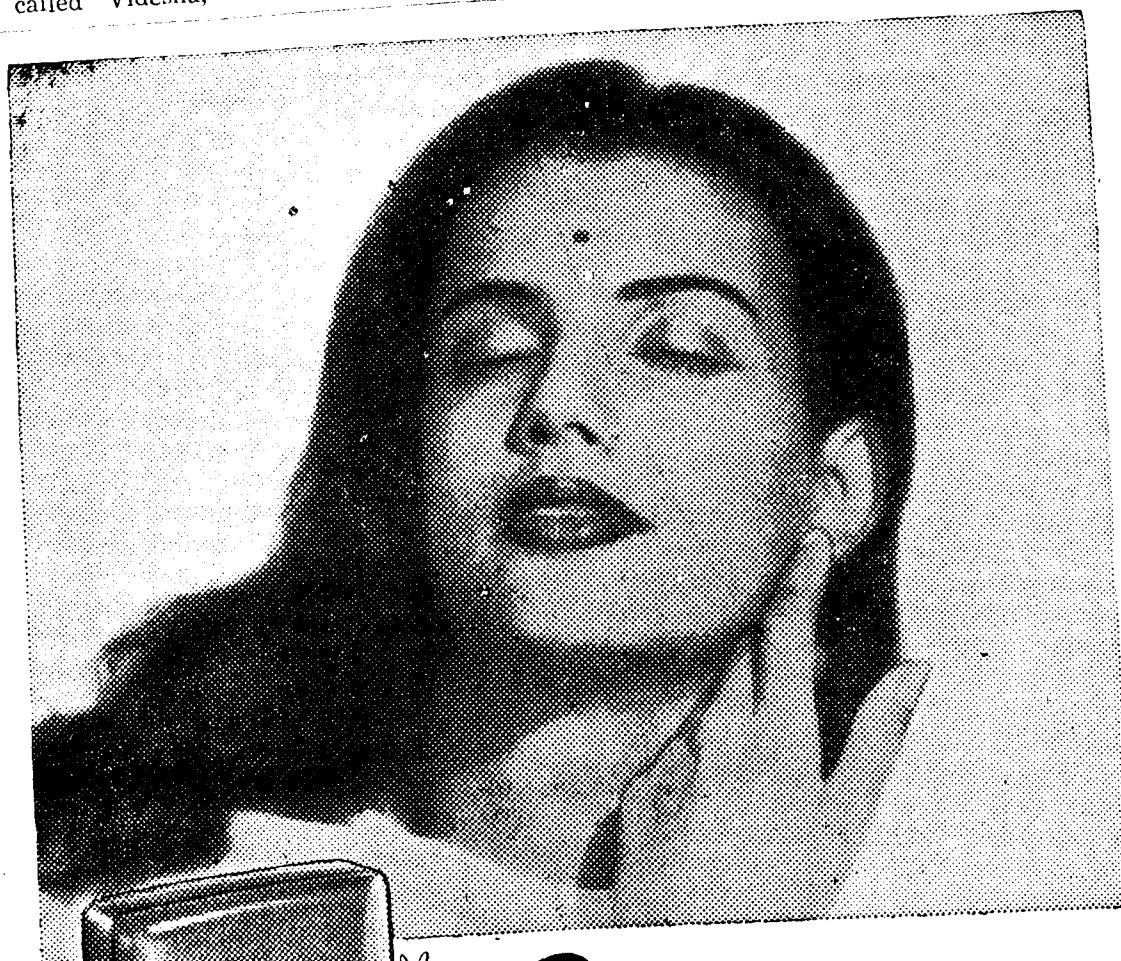
The presence of Shri Takhtmal Jain by the side of Mr. U. N. Dhebar is doubtless an accession of strength to him and the A.I.C.C. The newcomer should have come earlier if Mr. Dhebar's

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own persuasion was of much avail. Perhaps Shri Takhtmal awaited the Prime Minister's word, to persuade himself for leaving Madhya Pradesh where he has considerable stakes, for Delhi where he is yet to forge ahead. A lawyer of standing at a place called Videsha, famous

in history for the great Asoka's matrimonial annexation, he was the first popular Minister in Gwalior and later the Chief Minister of the Madhya Bharat that was. He was expecting, in the natural course, to succeed the late Shri Ravi Shankar Shukla in the new, enlarged Madhya Pradesh, but

Dr. Katju appeared on the scene, standing four-square between him and his destiny. For one who aspired to be the chief in his home-State in vain, nothing like a change of scene and a hop to Delhi while the Congress, from its own organisational view-point, could not have been wiser than



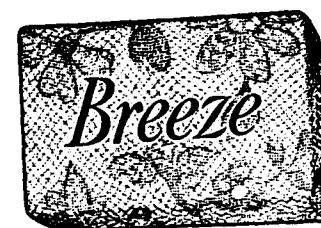
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in harnessing to its scheme of things so vital a man like Shri Takhtmal whose reputation for mastery of blue-books and thoroughness of execution, is established. His arrival in the Capital has raised new hopes, especially in the bosom of the Congress. Nor has Shri Takhtmal Jain lagged behind Shri Shri-manji in making an aggressively secular gesture. If, under the shadows of Jantar Mantar, Shri Shriman Narayan Agarwal, ceased to be Agarwal, Shri Takhtmal Jain has ceased to be Jain—so far as nomenclature goes. One Agarwal less and one Jain less, under Congress wings, sounds very convincing on the advance of Congressmen to the yet far-off goal of a casteless society. It is now assumed that when the third of the Triumvirate, Shri Satyanarayana Raju re-joins duty, he will be no more a Raju but simple Satyanarayana! Which may be, God knows, a lesson for the Reddys in Shri Alluri's home-State.

The Prospects for a More Human World

(Continued from Page 12)

cils and decks its diplomacy with the garments of peace. All look with longing for the realisation of the ideal age in which the wolf and the lamb, the leopard and the kid lie together and the lion shall eat straw like the ox, and nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks and men shall learn war no more.

Thus stands the human situation. In man are two divergent forces, good and evil, selfishness and selflessness, love and hatred, *sura* and *asura*. Their co-existence seems to be the condition of their existence. He cannot choose between them, accepting one totally and rejecting the other altogether. Should he embrace them both his life becomes a delirium of upheavals, convulsions, alarms and excursions. To make matters worse, something in the profound and unplumbed depths of his being urges him to do the impossible—to transcend them both. This disturber, the ethical in man, evaluates one half of his nature as higher and nobler without endowing him with power to win the higher and defeat the lower. Salvation lies in living in a third dimension where transmutation and transformation of war into peace can take place. Man's fine frenzy, martyrdoms, dreams are attempts of a creature of two dimensions to live in a third. This idealism adds to the mystery and misery of his struggle for existence. St. Paul has given a classic expression to this predicament: "To will is present with me but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not but the evil which I would not that I do. I delight in the law of God after the inward man but I see another law in my members warning against the law of my mind and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death." (Romans 7: 18-24)

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CINEMA

WHO CONTRIBUTES MOST TO FILM MUSIC?

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: The debate as to who contributes most to film music—music directors, lyricists, singers or musicians—is still going on. Sahir's claim that the lyricist's contribution is as important, if not more, as that of the music director has given a fresh impetus to this controversy.

In Hollywood such a controversy would not have arisen since songs do not mean music; the musical score is mainly confined to background music in most of the pictures. In India, there is hardly any picture without a song. And the importance attached to song—tunes, words, music and rendering—in our films is far greater than to background score. Even the music directors themselves do not attach as much importance to the background score as to the song tunes. We have amongst us many producers who are not prepared to spend any money on background music and they get the score composed out of the 'old' films' sound-tracks. That is why all this controversy over the credit for music.

It is learnt that the music directors at a recent meeting considered the issue raised by Sahir. Some of the music directors opposed consideration of the issue on the technical ground that the full text of the paper read by Sahir at the meeting of the Film Writers' Association was not available and as such no discussion on the 'oral' reports could be held. Yet, there was some informal discussion and one of the most renowned music directors is said to have remarked: "Let lyricists get as much money as music directors; but the lyricists should not belittle music directors or condemn them". Some of the music directors, it is learnt, were perturbed by Sahir's contention that the credit for orchestration should go to the three or four top Goanese musicians and not to music directors. But, formally the discussion was deferred.

Meanwhile, there is a proposal that Sahir should read out his paper again at a music directors' meeting and that musicians as well as playback singers should be invited to such a meeting along with the representatives of the Writers' Association. After the paper is read out, there should be a full-fledged debate among all so that this controversy will end once for all.

Similarly there is a suggestion to call a meeting of producers, writers and members of the advisory panels on the Censor Board to have a frank discussion over the censor policy. For it is felt by Indian producers that the censors have been inconsistent and arbitrary in their decisions and that they are not prepared to even hear the producers' side. On the other hand, there is a feeling in a certain section of the public that the censors have been too lenient—especially in the case of foreign pictures and that they have been allowing the exhibition of pictures which are detrimental to the younger generation's moral and social outlook. A thorough discussion in the form of a seminar would prove enlightening both to the censors and the producers. It is hoped that both the proposed debates will be held soon.

More than almost any Indian picture, Cecil De Mille's "Ten Commandments" with a length of 20,920 feet has done most astounding business in Bombay where it ran for 31 weeks. And in the last week also every show was house-full.

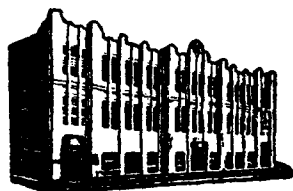
After reading the most critical reviews in 'Time' and other American and British newspapers which described it as vulgar, bawdy, cheap, I was not inclined to see the film. But the phenomenal popularity induced me to see the picture on the last day in the last show.

Cecil B. De Mille, the doyen of Hollywood super-spectacle-makers, introduces the picture in rather an unusual manner. He makes a short speech condemning dictatorships and upholding the idea of man's freedom. Man, he says, should not be the property of the State. The story of Moses thus the story of the fight for freedom. And Remessey, the Egyptian Pharaoh, represents the dictator.

With this introduction, the picture assumes almost topical significance. But as the story unfolds, it follows the familiar pattern with a Hebrew child picked up from water by the Pharaoh's sister and brought up as Prince Moses. He becomes the only rival to the Pharaoh's son both in love and as heir to the throne. Moses is kind to slaves and when the truth of his birth is revealed, he renounces his riches and joins his co-religionists. Remessey arrests him and banishes him from Egypt. He goes to Mountain Senai, marries a shepherd girl and receives God's command to go back to Egypt to free his people.

Upto this point, the picture is not only lavish, gigantic but plausible and interesting. But after the 'intermission' Moses as a prophet starts performing miracles to cow down the Pharaoh so that he may free the slaves. The incidents of day turning into night, death killing all the first-borns and ultimately the sea parting itself to give passage to the freedom-seeking slaves may be impressive but fail to be convincing to a rational mind. And in the end when the free Hebrews indulge in an orgy of sin while Moses goes to receive his ten commandments—which are inaudible—the picture loses all its purpose and justifies all the criticism levelled against it. Comparatively, one must say that Indian devotional films like Tukaram, Dnyaneshwar and Avaiyyar are far more human, sublime and inspiring. But 'Ten Commandments', whatever the speech of Cecil B. De Mille may indicate, was not perhaps meant to be inspiring, it was meant to be the biggest box-office bonanza.

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In sheer magnitude of opulence and spectacle, it reveals Hollywood's supremacy beyond doubt.

In the death of Yakub who died after a brief illness on Sunday 24th August, the film industry has lost another versatile artiste and a real trouser.

Yakub has played the bad man and the good lovable man as well with equanimity on the screen. As a villain, he has been most successful during the thirties; but as an artiste, a new phase in his career began when he played the bad son to perfection in Mehboob's 'Aurat'. The bad son was a lovable character and since then he made his villains not just outright bad men but human characters. During the war period, Yakub was most sought after and he even played the hero's role in many pictures. Later, along with Gope, he developed into a first rate comedian.

Though senior to Mehboob as an artiste, Yakub tried his hand at direction a few years after Mehboob had become a full-fledged front-rank director. He however did not make his mark. Eight years ago, he again tried his hand at production and proved a failure. Also, gradually, he lost his position as a front-rank artiste in the film world. In 'Ab Dilli Dur Nahin' and 'Abhimanyu' he staged a come-back last year. But before he could regain his past glory, the hand of cruel death snatched him away.

The best tribute to Yakub is paid by Motilal. He wrote: "During my 26 years, many heroes and heroines and villains have been replaced by new heroes, heroines and villains but gems like Dixit, Chandramohan, Saigal and now Yakub cannot be replaced."

Acharya Atre has announced his plan to produce a film biography on the life of Dr. Ambedkar. He has already made preliminary arrangements.

'Do Ankhen Barah Haath' is being dubbed in German under the supervision of Prabhat Kumar who flew to Berlin on 20th August. Guru Datt has returned from London and resumed the shooting of 'Kagaz Ke Phool'.

Tribute to Dr. Alagappa Chettiar

Excerpts from Sri S. Y. Krishnaswamy's Commemoration Address on Founder's Day celebrated at Karaikudi on August 30 under the auspices of the Educational Trust of the Alagappa Group of Institutions :

He was a mixture of extreme bohemianism and meticulous care. He would initiate a project and then personally pursue it through every intermediate stage to its final consummation. He was the despair of the pundits of procedure, most of which he circumvented and short-circuited by seeking relaxations at the hands of every one, from the Minister to the despatch clerk. But in personal life he took things easy. He wore whatever clothes his servants spared for his use. His dining room was wherever he happened to be when he was hungry, the office, the terrace, the garden or the portico, or a car speeding across the countryside. He ate at odd hours and with almost studied indiscriminate-ness.

He built a cult of generosity around him. Another Chettiar, who came to realise late in life that immortality was not one of the attributes of man and was anxious to perpetuate his name by means of a few inexpensive and well-advertised charities, complained to me bitterly that Alagappa had spoilt the charity market by giving away recklessly. It became a sort of unwritten law that any one who took employment under him was entitled to increase his earnings by surreptitious pickings. It was not as if he was unaware of what was going on. He once gave me a surprisingly accurate estimate of the earnings of his past and present subordinates. But he acquiesced in it. He said: "Mine is a one man business. I have to rely on a large number of men, some good, some indifferent, and some bad; the good men have no initiative, the indifferent men steal without working, but the bad men work and then steal. But when the

(Continued on Page 19)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EASING HOUSING SHORTAGE

Sir,—The other day I came across a news item that the Life Insurance Corporation had sanctioned a sum of about Rs. 12 crores for providing housing accommodation for their employees all over India. This is very good news indeed.

The Corporation may also seriously consider the question of providing similar accommodation for its policy-holders, on reasonable rent, in Bombay and other congested cities. To begin with, they may construct two-room and three-room self-contained flats if not in the city, in the suburbs, and rent them out to existing policyholders who have a current life policy with the Corporation for a certain reasonable minimum sum insured, say Rs. 10,000. The allotments may be made on the basis of lots.

Government and semi-government bodies vie with one another in providing housing accommodation for their employees, but this is not the case with other

employees. A stage has now come when the acute housing shortage can be eased to any appreciable extent only by institutional investors like the Life Insurance Corporation. This will go a long way towards popularising life insurance, apart from earning for the Corporation not only an attractive yield on their investment but, the gratitude of their policy-holders who have either insufficient or no accommodation at all.

Bombay S. RANGANATHAN

FREEDOM IN THIS WELFARE STATE

Sir,—With unconcealed satisfaction the City Improvement Trust announces that for 170 houses under the Low Income Group instalment scheme, it sold 3,000 copies of the prospectus and application form and received 1,000 applications with deposits.

It will be pertinent to probe into this third scheme of the Trust's essay into the provision of houses for citizens. Each copy of the prospectus is priced at Rs. 2.50, and the Trust pockets a cool five thousand chips in the preliminary prospecting. The deposits, of course, are returnable or accountable. In the vain quest for houses people do not mind laying Rs. 2.50 on a prospectus, somewhat in the manner of unemployed persons laying out Rs. 5 or Rs. 10 each on various applications for posts. Is it socially just or humane to exploit human weakness or misery?

In regard to this third scheme, at least one of the four selected areas, Seethamma Road, Alwarpet, seems a deliberate butting in of the C.I.T. on an already town-planned area of Mylapore West where houses of sorts had sprung up and sites had changed hands and other houses are in contemplation. Seethamma Road itself had been formed some years ago. Now the C.I.T. suddenly draws up a new layout for the area and asks the Collector

to acquire the lands from owners who have their own arrangements and plans. Under the emergency powers from the Land Acquisition Act of 1894 the Collector can impose his price on the poor owners, and the C.I.T. offers the sites at Rs. 3,500 to Rs. 3,950 per ground. The margin between the acquired cost and the selling price may amount to several hundred rupees per ground, merely for the promised amenities of drainage, water service, street lighting, and some roads.

It is remarkable that the C.I.T. offering sites invited applications even before it became possessed of the lands. If a company promoter took applications and deposits on this basis what would he be called? Why is it necessary for the Trust to lay its hands on a town-planned area right in the heart of a developed locality and scare hundreds of people into inconvenience, worry, expense and misery unless it is that a fast growing and fat establishment is to be kept going. This housing drive with Union Government aid has to be pursued not for mere effect or show but to really enable more houses to come up in an orderly and calculated manner in areas where no attempt has been made yet and where owners of building sites will not be put under compulsion to part with their holdings for a paltry sum and shell out fancy prices for "prepared" plots. Surely it is not intended to deprive owners of their possessions and throw them into confusion.

Whither are we proceeding in this Free Welfare State?
Madras

CITIZEN

CARNATIC MUSIC BROADCASTS

Sir,—In spite of repeated representations from the public, it looks as if the A.I.R. have not yet given serious thought to the question of reorganising the programmes and wavelengths of their Madras Station. It is well-known that thousands of South Indians have made North India and other places their home. It should not be difficult for the A.I.R. to meet the legitimate demands of South Indians

for more and more Carnatic music broadcasts, relayed on powerful transmitters, unlike as at present.

Should we be compelled to listen all the time to Hindustani music? On tuning any Indian station, one gets only Hindustani music. This is not fair when there are only two schools of music in India, Hindustani and Carnatic, and each is supreme in its own sphere and has got its own quota of votaries whose number must be legion. The present undue preference for Hindustani music is bound to deter the growth of Carnatic music, apart from needlessly prejudicing a large number of South Indians in the North. Bombay Station does out a mere 15 minutes on Tuesday afternoons and another 30 minutes on Sunday afternoons for Carnatic music. Compared to the treatment meted out to Carnatic music by stations in the North, one is compelled to conclude that South Indian stations are unduly liberal in the matter of relaying Hindustani music.

Madras Station should be allowed to use the present 100 KW. transmitter at Madras exclusively for Carnatic programmes. If, however, it must continue to be used for Vividh Bharati (Hindustani programmes) only, let them instal another equally powerful transmitter anywhere in the South to cater exclusively to South Indian programmes and Carnatic music. It is high time that a powerful transmitter was placed at the disposal of the South for relaying South Indian programmes including Carnatic music. Until this is done, the least that the A.I.R. should do is to allow Madras Station to make use of the powerful transmitter for Carnatic music during those hours when it is not used for Vividh Bharati programmes. This can, of course, be only a temporary solution.

Will the A.I.R. authorities at Madras favourably consider starting their morning programmes at 6-30 a.m. and ending them up at 9 a.m. as Bombay does? The present broadcasting time (a mere 1½ hours) in the mornings is absolutely inadequate.

Bombay. S. RANGANATHAN

INCONVENIENCE TO PILGRIMS

Sir,—With the idea of having darshan and getting some puja done, I visited Lord Ranganatha's temple at Srirangam on 27th July at 9 a.m. Imagine my surprise when I was told that puja will not be performed till 12 a.m. I was told that the Governor of Madras was scheduled to visit the temple any minute and until his departure no one would be allowed into the sanctum sanctorum. Hundreds of pilgrims were thus detained. Among the devotees I noticed Andhras, Oriyas, Bengalis and Maharashtrians besides Tamils. Surely these people came from distant places for worship.

Traffic is diverted, pedestrians are stopped, trains are detained at local crossings to allow the V.I.P.'s car to pass. I can allow all these unpleasant things but this sort of unwarranted interference with one's right to worship is too much for me. The Governor is welcome to worship anywhere but why this police protection inside the temple and why these elaborate arrangements? Queen Elizabeth joins her subjects when she attends Westminster Abbey. Even in Pakistan the President and Premier join the masses when offering prayer. But here the entire crowd of pilgrims is subjected to discomfort and delay.

S. V. KRISHNA RAO.
Trichinopoly.

GOOD AND BAD BOOKS

Sir,—The August 30 issue of SWARAJYA presented a piece of 'Oxymoranic' journalism in one of its pages where our elder statesman has recorded his 'reverie' and a teacher from Tanjore, his trenchant criticism of the text-book "Quentin Durward" published by the D.P.I.

The contrast between Tolstoi and Dorothy Parker is as charmingly delineated as that between 'good books' and to be mild, a bad book on Quentin Durward. Rajaji's exhortation to choose good books is very timely indeed.

To crown, as it were, his golden piece, Charles Lamb's words are cited. Milton said of a good book that it is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit embalmed and

treasured up for a life beyond life. The wizard of the romantics, Sir Walter, would blush in his grave, if only his spirit were to have a glimpse of the shabbiest summary of his liveliest masterpiece.

V. CHANDRA MOWLI

Tribute to Dr. Alagappa Chettiar

(Continued from Page 16)

stealing passes to the range of wholesale robbery they manage to leave me. I want things done in a hurry, and so I very often use the Nelson touch in these matters".

The great turning point in his life came on the day that he promised the Syndicate of the Madras University that he would start a college at Karaikudi. It was a great but sudden impulse. But from that moment, planning and dreaming, he led a life which was truly dedicated. The achievements that stand out today in brick and mortar, in the playing fields and avenues, in the care-free countenances of a thousand boys, are the result of the courage and determination of a weak man, harassed by physical and mental pain, but one whose wealth was but a drop in the ocean of his conquering desire to create more and more institutions for learning. He once confessed to me "I do not know how to thank God for the happy accident that made me promise to start a college. I shudder to think what I would have made of my time and money if I had not become interested in education. It has made even a life like mine worth living". I have known instances of his stinting himself for the sake of his college boys. He loved good clothes, good food, good books, but at one stage he developed a reluctance to spend even a hundred rupees on himself. What he gave was not the surplus of an ample income. It was the whole of his earning, and the whole of his self. Very often it was a mortgage of his own physical and financial future. What sustained him was the realisation that he was earning a staggering dividend through the education of hundreds of boys and girls.

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Editor: Khasa Subba Rau

Vol. III. No. 10

MADRAS, SEPTEMBER 13, 1958

15 Naye Paise

FOOD PRODUCTION DIAGNOSIS

The *Eastern Economist* has 'touched the spot'. In the beautiful city of Mysore international agricultural economists recently gathered to discuss matters appertaining to their field of research. The conference had a special importance for Indian publicists owing to the food crisis in the country that is alleged or denied and yet discussed. "Mr. Nehru's stock remedy for all the ills afflicting the farmer"—this is the *Eastern Economist's* phrase—was co-operative organization of agriculture. It is easier said than done by any process of democratic persuasion, says this journal. It is not a practicable proposition in a property-owning democracy, says the *Eastern Economist*, and to go on pleading for it in spite of this would be an indirect admission of governmental incapacity to implement any other solution and a convenient pretext for covering up shortcomings.

The *Eastern Economist* gives an explanation for the farmers' lack of enthusiasm in food production. "Perhaps it is not difficult to understand if account is taken of the political complications in the situation. These complications especially in populous democratic countries which have enfranchised the entire adult population arise from radical structural land reforms threatened or ineffectively implemented. If the planners in India have come up against the non-co-operation or opposition of farmers in spite of their prodding and so-called incentives for increasing produc-

tion, they have only to thank themselves for it. Many of the problems of agriculture arise from the fact of imbalances in farm incomes relative to the incomes in other sectors of occupation."

These remarks of an important and impartial journal call for serious reflexion on the part of a government that on the one hand is bent on disturbing harmony in the agricultural community and destroying the age-long confidence in land and investment therein, and on the other hand, coddling industrial workers in every possible way.

Japan's success in the matter of production is based on the Japanese aim to equalize the real income of an average farm house-

hold (including income from available non-farm jobs) to that of an average urban worker's household. What prevails in our country is a total negation of this, resulting in rural squalor and an ever increasing number of villagers crowding in cities seeking some urban employment or other abandoning the agricultural work to which they were brought up.

Land and occupations in land have lost value. The solution lies in bringing nearer to each other average farm incomes and the factory and other urban incomes. Unless the cost of factory produce for local consumption is reduced, agricultural income cannot satisfy the requirements of average rural life, not to speak of raising its standard.

'Privilege' of the House?

An attempt was made the other day to invoke the privilege of the House so as to prevent and punish the Tamil weekly *Kalki* commenting on the proposed partition of districts in the State of Madras. The comment was that the proposed multiplication of districts and the reduction of size of each district would lead to greater interference with the routine exercise of duties by officers in government service by the local legislators to the prejudice of normal justice. It is too common a practice now on the part of members

of the legislature belonging to the party in power to seek to divert the ordinary course of official business in order the more effectively to "nurse" their constituencies. This comment, a certain Congress member claimed, was a breach of 'privilege'. It is astounding that such an attempt was made to seek to protect abuse of position by invoking the privilege of the House. The privilege of the House is infringed indeed by misconduct and abuse of position by members and it would be a serious interference with the freedom of the Press if no one



VALLI ESCAPES

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

Sankara Mudaliar, the father of Sambasiva Mudaliar, was a person deeply interested in learning and culture and he brought up his son to be like him. Sambasiva Mudaliar married only after his father's death. The bride was his maternal uncle's daughter and she was aged 23.

Feeling that there was no point in having a wife who could not sing, Sambasiva Mudaliar sent her to a famous musician near Kumbakonam to learn music. He also sent a servant woman to stay with her and look after her. He told his young wife, "Don't be in a hurry to return. Learn to sing perfectly, and then think of coming home."

She took lessons for six years. It was understood that she had made reasonable progress. But Mudaliar wanted to make sure and sent his secretary who was good in music to go and find out. And he went, duly listened to Gowri Ammal singing and returned.

"She brings the notes out correctly enough," the learned secretary reported. "But the *taala* is not entirely satisfactory." It was not for Sambasiva Mudaliar to brush aside the faintest objection from any quarter. He sent word through his secretary that Gowri Ammal should go to Tiruvarur Subbayyar and be his disciple for some time.

Accordingly, Gowri Ammal spent four years at Tiruvarur. Subbayyar himself sent word

to Mudaliar, "Gowri Ammal has now acquired complete knowledge of *taala*. If she stays for two years more, her mastery of music would be perfect. But she seems to be in a hurry. What is to be done?"

Mudaliar sent back the answer: "What is the use of being in a hurry? Music demands time to master. Haste makes waste. Let her practise for two more years and then return."

When the two years were over the old secretary was dead. Anandarangam Pillai, the new secretary, was son of a great Tamil scholar. And he was sent with the message, "Go and find out how far she has progressed. Be strict in the test and frank in reporting."

He went and he came back, saying "Her music is flawless. No vidwan can equal her now. But her enunciation of Tamil words is not quite correct. There is a touch of Telugu in it. Once this defect is removed, it would be splendid!"

"You are quite right. No matter how flawless the music, how can we tolerate any impropriety in grammar or the pronunciation of words? But what should be done now?" Anandarangam Pillai answered, "It is quite simple. There is Subrahmanya Navalar in Jaffna. He will set right any error in articulation."

To Jaffna, then, the lady was sent. Having stayed there for two years, poring over *Tolkappiam* and *Nannul* and master-

ing Tamil grammar, Gowri Ammal returned home at last.

Meanwhile, Mudaliar's health was deteriorating and two Siddha Vaidyas were looking after him. Their medicines heated the system and caused complications. Thereupon he went to Tirunelveli and tried hospital treatment. Dr. Govinda Pillai, who had been abroad for higher studies in medicine, remarked sadly, "With a patient past fifty, cure cannot be easy or certain. All this is due to the poisons he has consumed as remedies. The Siddha system is terribly dangerous."

When Mudaliar heard that Gowri Ammal had come home, he took leave of the doctor and returned to the village, saying, "God's Will be done!"

Mudaliar could not recognise Gowri Ammal. And she too stared at him for a while, wondering, "Is this my cousin?"

She stopped all singing and began nursing her husband. In six months Mudaliar got back his health without the aid of treatment or medicine. The couple lived in happiness. Of the music or grammar she had mastered with such pains, Mudaliar asked no questions and she made no mention.

A girl was born to them and they named her Valli with great joy.

The girl grew up. Mudaliar was clear that Valli should not go to school.

"All the children in the village are being sent to school," pleaded Gowri Ammal.

But, Mudaliar could not be persuaded. He was stubborn in refusal. He must have thought, "I have suffered enough." Valli escaped school!

could warn or complain in such matters. The Speaker summarily dismissed the member's appeal, but the incident shows which way the wind blows when the majority in the case can without putting the issue before a court

of justice condemn journals by a mere numerical vote.

The outdated conventions of 'privilege' should all be brought under the jurisdiction of real and competent courts of justice and not left to be played about with

at the instance of political interests.

It is really absurd to worry about the future since this, when it becomes the present, is never as expected.

KEVIN FITZGERALD,
in B.B.C. "Woman's Hour".



Sotto Voce

Strange Yoke Fellows

Dr. Kunzru is a good man. And Mr. Bhupesh Gupta is a clever man. Now, it might be true, as a poetess who was also a blue-stocking said, that

If all the good people were clever,
And all the clever people were good,
The world would be nicer than ever
We thought that it possibly could.

But, she went on to observe, "they rarely hit it off as they should"; which, I think, is just as well. For the result can be extremely disconcerting when the good and the clever agree with touching unanimity, as Dr. Kunzru and Mr. Gupta did on the gross impropriety of the Finance Minister's breezy interview to Time.

Dr. Kunzru was brought up on the pure milk of Victorian Liberalism. For him politics is not a mere party game. It is the arena where the eternal war between Good and Evil is fought. If Parliamentary democracy were run according to the rules laid down by Dicey, Hobhouse and the rest of them, the world would automatically become, if not exactly a happy place, at least a righteous one. He is naturally appalled by the impropriety of a Cabinet Minister openly criticising his Chief and his country. Rudyard Kipling shocked the bourgeoisie of his day by talking of the "widow of Windsor". But Lord Altrincham has merely raised a titter. And in its classic home Parliamentary democracy is much more of an Aunt Sally today than is the Royal family, though Dr. Kunzru does not suspect it.

Our Constitution, following the British model, makes the Prime Minister the hub. The members of the Cabinet hold office at his pleasure. If Mr. Desai told the Time man anything which Mr. Nehru thinks was uncomplimentary or politically improper, it is

for him to take it up with his Finance Minister. As for taxing Mr. Desai with having libelled his countrymen by calling them, "cowards", Mr. Nehru might be deterred by the thought that Mr. Desai, who does not lack courage, might remind him of the proverb about the pot and the kettle.

The Prime Minister has castigated us often enough in public for the many sins which the stern eye of the prophet revealed—our myriad superstitions, muggumperry, lack of backbone, (which is but a polite way of saying coward) and so on and so forth. And instead of resenting this our progressives, whether in the Congress camp or outside, have volubly rendered thanks to God for Jawaharlal Nehru. And Mr. Desai is not the first Indian to unburden himself with searing candour on our national shortcomings to a foreign reporter. The cream of the joke is that a leading light of the Communist Party like Mr. Bhupesh Gupta should have challenged the Prime Minister to say whether any self-respecting Indian had ever said the things Mr. Desai had said. The Prime Minister could have reminded him that self-respecting Communists have not merely said but done far more unnameable things in their effort to toe the Kremlin line.

Has Mr. Gupta forgotten that or were busy inventing excuses he and his comrades were mute when Soviet Russia libelled the Mahatma in its Encyclopedia? Has he forgotten that, till Russia joined the Allies in the last war, the Indian Communists spoke of Mr. Nehru and the Congress as Britain's stooges? As for defaming the Indian or any other people, surely an ideological faction that says that history is all bunk unless it is rewritten by Russia

must have its tongue in its cheek when it works up well simulated indignation about "defamation". After all, what is a libel and what is not turns upon an objective assessment of truth and falsehood.

The philosopher statesman who is the chairman of the Rajya Sabha weighed in with the suave suggestion that the report in Time might not be correct. Mr. Desai, he argued, could not have said that Mr. Nehru did not believe in God. "God is merely a symbol of the mystery behind the universe and in, that sense Mr. Nehru does believe in God". But Mr. Bhupesh Gupta had no patience with such word-spinning. With a resounding snub that they were discussing politics, not philosophy, he silenced the syllogist. And he briskly did a bit of propaganda in the guise of asking questions.

Did Mr. Desai hope to persuade America to loose its purse-strings by suggesting that all Indians were not agnostics like Mr. Nehru? And was it not a fact that Mr. Desai was "being built up in the U.S.A. and the U.K. as the successor to the Prime Minister" precisely because "the Finance Minister holds such views and makes such insulting remarks about our people, tradition and history"? Mr. Nehru could have asked him in return whether it was not the possibility of the Desai mission's succeeding that seemed to rile him more than Mr. Desai's or anybody else's views about God. And he could have pointed out that the alleged building up of Mr. Desai by the U.S. and U.K. Press was not a matter that concerned Parliament and in any case Mr. Gupta need not shed any tears for him (the P.M.). But for once Mr. Nehru seemed tongue-tied.

VIGNESWARA

If you wish to be happy for an hour get drunk. If you wish to be happy for three days get married. If you wish to be happy for eight days, kill your pig and eat it.

But if you wish to be happy for ever become a gardener.

—CHINESE PROVERB

SIDELIGHTS ::

I cannot congratulate the Ministers concerned on their performance when the part played by the Government in *The Hindu* office strike came up for discussion in the Madras Legislative Assembly. What many eye-witnesses have testified to, they have denied. They escaped from accounting for what they did by denying the facts themselves. They have not served the Congress motto, *Satyameva Jayate*, emblazoned on so many Government publications, in the faithful manner expected of honest and decent members of the organisation. What is the use of poor Sri Dhebar rushing frantically here and there to patch up the prestige of the Congress? The loss of credit-worthiness of the Congress is due to the unashamed false propaganda of Congress Ministers which they manage to walk away with by commandeering votes with the aid of political power and influence, but which only amazes and disillusiones the public and makes the Congress itself lose honour in their estimation. It was not perhaps for nothing that the central controversial figure to whom can be traced the interference that led to the suspension of publication of a eighty-year old newspaper, was kept out of the discussion in the legislature and relegated to obscurity. Was it that his colleagues lacked confidence in him? Or did they want to make up for a weak case with their own self-evaluated superior capacity for making the worse appear the better reason?

In the stress of self-defence these ministerial advocates were not fair to the police. Madras city is now blessed with an able, honest and intrepid Police Commissioner. He is quite competent to maintain law and order in the face of mob violence of even much greater virulence than was actually in evidence at the time of *The Hindu* office strike. In fact in the first days of the strike there was nothing wanting by way of police protection to one and all in the free use of the public thoroughfare in front of the

newspaper office. The police helplessness and the outburst of violence that accompanied it were sudden developments. They produced the impression that the police were prevented from doing their duty by some authority which they could not withstand, not that they were confronted with an unmanageable situation and were reduced to ineffectiveness by it.

The Minister's propagation of the theory that the police did their best in the strike is not conducive to a deterrent estimate of what that best is, on the part of potential malefactors infesting society. The hidden insurgence of crime under the placid exterior of normal, peaceful law-abiding life is enormous. It is held in check largely by the salutary dread of consequences if free rein is given to its depredations. Not so much the actual quantum of the resources of physical control at the disposal of the police, as the reputation they command as an invincible and incorruptible force pledged to sacrosanct watch and ward duties, is the real secret of the safety of the community against the horrors of organised or promiscuous criminality. By proclaiming the weakness and inadequacy of the police in the handling of a very ordinary situation of no particular difficulty or complexity, our over-clever Ministers have impaired the authority of the police as a protective instrument of the public security and exposed the citizens to double danger at the hands of the anti-social elements. After this, is it surprising that half a dozen armed men should in broad daylight raid a railway station, attack the officials, get into a train, rob the passengers and walk away with the booty? The Ministers have contributed their part to undermine the prestige of the police as an effective branch of government for preventing, detecting and punishing violence and crime.

There is now considerable speculation as to who will succeed

the Prime Minister. A Bombay journalist, generously supported with additional advertisement revenue expressly to enable him to accompany Sri Morarji Desai on his foreign tour, has been building him up as the Future Prime Minister with the aid of quotations from the British Press. He went so far as to say that the programme fixed for Sri Morarji Desai in London was not good enough for one who was going to be the Prime Minister of India. The first evidence of a stirring of disquiet over these prognostications of prospective enthronement came from Sri Morarji himself after he had left Britain and reached the United States. But by that time a tempest had broken out in the Lok Sabha over his not very complimentary reflections on his countrymen and on Pandit Nehru in the American magazine *Time*. Repeating the usual formula of the indiscreet when their indiscretions have had a recoiling effect, he said he had not been correctly reported, or reported out of context. *Time* will no doubt give the proper answer to this in due course as the *New York Times* correspondent Mr. Rosenthal gave to the present Finance Minister's immediate predecessor on a somewhat similar occasion in the past.

Sri Morarji Desai disposed of the question of succession by saying that instead of his surviving Nehru, the Prime Minister, a healthy man, might survive him. As if, but for this, his chances could be brought within more definitely predictable limits! The ambitions stirred by the eleven-year-phenomenon of Congress in power seem unaccountably impervious to one patent fact. With the exception of the Home Minister, nobody in the Cabinet now has any strength apart from what the P.M. gives him. They are all made by him and they can be unmade by him. They will collapse the moment the Prime Minister's support is withdrawn from them. But even before that happens, the Congress itself might collapse, as with the passing away of Vallabhai Patel it has lost grit, stamina and perspective. It now lives in and on propaganda.

SAKA

A SPIRITUAL REVOLT

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Those who are old enough may recall the days immediately following the first world war when India was stirred to heroism in her struggle for freedom. Not only Gandhi and Shaikat Ali but thousands of lesser men drew moral energy from the conviction that God had chosen them to serve the nation. After the attainment of political freedom this conviction quickly faded away. All the diseases of the old Indian Adam—timidity, snobbery, greed, worship of power have returned—returned double-fold and attained a peak higher than ever before since the tenth century A.D.

In economic and political reflexions we come ever and again across references to "our rulers" as when the British Secretary of State and his Viceroy governed India! The nexus between government and people which was thought to have been brought into firm existence when Britain handed over charge to Sri Jawaharlal Nehru and Vallabhai Patel appears to have disappeared in a curious way; and rulers and ruled, distinguished from one another, have again come to be. What is the cause of this mental attitude? An undefined but well recognised auto-cracy prevails which is found to be impervious to reason and public opinion. Some things are hard to define but easy to recognise. There was, paradoxically, greater hope and confidence and sense of moral power among the intelligentsia during the later British days, than there is now under independence and in a parliamentary republic. Every one hopes for results to come out of personal contacts with men in power rather than out of debate or public agitation. I blame no one for this but take this to be a normal throw-back, an inevitable aftermath.

Thousands feel this depression but refrain from giving expression to it, lest they may be deemed unpatriotic. But we cannot

cure diseases unless we recognize the evil conditions. What shall we do with this timidity that has overwhelmed and changed the soul of noble loyalty and co-operation into something counterfeit and base? What shall we do, for this monstrous greed that has spread over the entire population turning all energy into mutual deceit, stalking the land in the guise of economic activity?

As for timidity Government can do something. It can do some things to restore the spirit of men to the condition of freedom, to make them shed the notion that opposition is fraught with risk. It is true that the economic involvements of a 'welfare' State do not help this reversing process. The bureaucratic and political encroachments in the individual field breed fear and subservience among all those that are in any way significant. But it is possible that those who are in power may deliberately plan to ease the crushing psychology of subservience.

DON'T!

Must change be chaotic?

Must we always throw away the good things with the bad?

Of course, not. There cannot be any difference of opinion on this. Yet in practice we see this wisdom disregarded. We do not see young people do the right thing in this regard. We see around us in the South that along with necessary social reform, good and healthy austerity practices which were traditional among significantly large communities are being given up by increasing numbers of young men and women. The desired abolition of caste distinctions has not yet happened; but even before that consummation, several good age-long disciplines are being given up on a pretty large scale. Take the Brahmins and the 'Saivites'. (In upper and western India 'Vaishnavites' are strict vegetarians, but in the

A little thing in front of the eye can hide the biggest shining light that is afar. A danger to personal interest can put the largest considerations into total eclipse. However, along with plans to regulate private life in the public interest, a true welfare State does require also the nursing of courage and freedom of thought. Otherwise, we shall have the worst evils and not the best results of a planned economy.

As regards the climate of greed that has taken the place of patriotism, alas, little can be done by a secular government to change the situation. The drive for raising the standard of life and the national income, by a process of confusion of thought, encourages mutual exploitation and greed. A spiritual movement alone can cope with this wide-spread evil; and this must come from outside the government. There are signs already of great discontent and a spiritual revolt is likely. Something must happen to make men hate greed and vice with all their souls. A re-birth of the nation must take place.

south it is 'Saivam' that means strict vegetarianism outside the Brahmin fold.) The Saivite Vellalas and Brahmins have for ages strictly abstained from all kinds of meat, all forms of liquor and from smoking. Not only have they been for generations observing very strict hygienic discipline as to daily ablutions and the cleanliness of personal wear, but they have been also vegetarians and teetotallers and abstained from all forms of smoking. But now young men among these communities have begun to smoke and set a bad example. Many among them imbibe alcohol and eat meat if not in their homes, in other places. The educated and the wealthy and those who have been fortunate enough to get good jobs in government service or commercial firms are the first to start these deviations from past tradition and to throw away

the healthy inheritance of generations of practice and initiate laxity among others.

Dear young men, if you wish to help the abolition of caste, do so by all means, Inter-marry. There is legal provision for this open and straightforward attack on caste. There is no other way to abolish caste. If you do not believe in rituals or deem them too much of a burden or that they involve expenditure which you desire to save, by all means give them up. But why should you smoke cigarettes, why should you drink wine or whiskey, why should you add mutton or beef or chicken or fish in your diet? Be catholic in your outlook, mix with every one and spurn superstition, but why give up good disciplines that have come down from generations and have thereby become automatic and easy? How much other nations would give to achieve these same disciplines which by reason of family habit you have come to inherit and find it as easy to conform to as to speak the mother tongue. You do not realise this and throw away these advantages for nothing at all. A thing can be broken and demolished easily enough but reconstruction is most difficult. What is it you do it for? The slightest fleeting pleasure, really not worth a tenth of what the discipline is worth.

The abstention from meat, alcohol and smoking enjoined by the custom of your sect is a most precious inheritance. It is a valuable example to other communities and a potent means thereby for national service. Once you take to smoking or to alcohol or meat you will not afterwards find it easy to give it up.

Let not what is good be looked upon as a dividing wall but as a power for service, for further extending that good practice among others. Do not give up the hygienic communal practices that have found implicit and automatic acceptance for generations unnumbered, among rich and poor, and educated and uneducated among certain groups, in a manner unique in the world. These should be mat-

ters for pride though not for arrogance, and should not be the first casualties in social change. Let us abolish caste but not throw away healthy practices.

The comfort or pleasure we get from certain habits is not worth the national loss. It is very painful to an addict to give up smoking or drinking. That however does not mean that it is a great pleasure that he derives from smoking or drinking. It is not good logic to equate the difficulty to give up what one has got addicted to, with utility. I appeal to the young not to allow themselves carelessly to be caught in the trap and grow into this addiction. I am not preaching to the addict. He knows

the harm but *cannot* escape from it. I appeal to the young officials in government and in commercial and industrial concerns who are not yet addicted, not to lose the inheritance that has devolved on them from their parents and grandparents, which no government can confiscate or put a tax upon.

My young friends, you have a high mission. On you rests the work of bringing about a great moral change in the nation. You have to get people to hate dishonesty and greed. Do not undermine your inherited equipment to lead such a spiritual revolution.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

OMINOUS SIGNS

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

In spite of every common sense consideration, an unseen force appears to be leading the United States to war-mentality. There is a great tide of winston-churchill-worship rising in that country now. It is an ominous sign that indicates a landslide of thoughts towards desperation and war. I hope it is only my own gloom and not any bad turn in American psychology that makes me see dark clouds.

Was it for the preservation of peace that the American and British troops landed in Lebanon and Jordan? The *New York Times*' front page 'analysis' (N. Y. T. Aug. 17) frankly puts down the motive in unambiguous and different terms: "It was the desire to forestall total collapse of the Western position in the Middle East that brought about the dispatch of American troops to Lebanon and British troops to Jordan last month". So it is 'Western position' and not Peace that had to be defended or invitations that had to be complied with. The troops are still there and the troops cannot and will not help the 'Western position'.

The Formosa situation has developed into threatening dynamism. We must deem contracts sacred

and it is worth while keeping them rather than too easily breaking them. But how long must an anomalous fiction of a non-existent Chinese State be kept up as against the factuality of Communist China? The mass is too big to be ignored or to be casuisted about. Can a mere paid soldiery be a nation with which the U.S.A. is to be for all time tied up as against a nation-state of 500 millions who can never be expected to give up their natural claim to Formosa as an integral part of China? Formosa is a cantonment and a military provocation, pure and simple, without a nation behind it. The whole world has accepted China but America still believes in shutting her eyes to it, and wasting money on keeping a nationless State as a permanent potential sign of war in front of China.

And now things are shaping from potential to kinetic condition. The power-calculators may have found an agreeable balance in favour of America and advised a push but the world knows the inevitable meaning of it foretold by atomic scientists and psychology experts. 'Tactical' is bound to end in something that is not wanted.

If America must respect her promises to Chiang-kai-shek, Russia must also be expected to keep her faith to China. And then nuclear war will solve all the minor problems of the world that have refused so far to yield to the treatment of minor marine landings and naval manoeuvres!

Since the above words were penned, the papers bring news of Russia's warning to U.S. and this time we cannot ignore the cry of Wolf.

PORTLAND (Oregon), Sept. 5.

Democratic Senator Wayne Morse last night called for a special emergency session of Congress 'to check

both President Eisenhower and Dulles in the exercise of their foreign policy of brinkmanship.'

LONDON, Sept. 6.

Moscow Radio, to-day, broadcast another declaration of the Soviet Union's solidarity with Communist China in opposing the new military adventure which it said the United States was preparing against China in the Formosa area.

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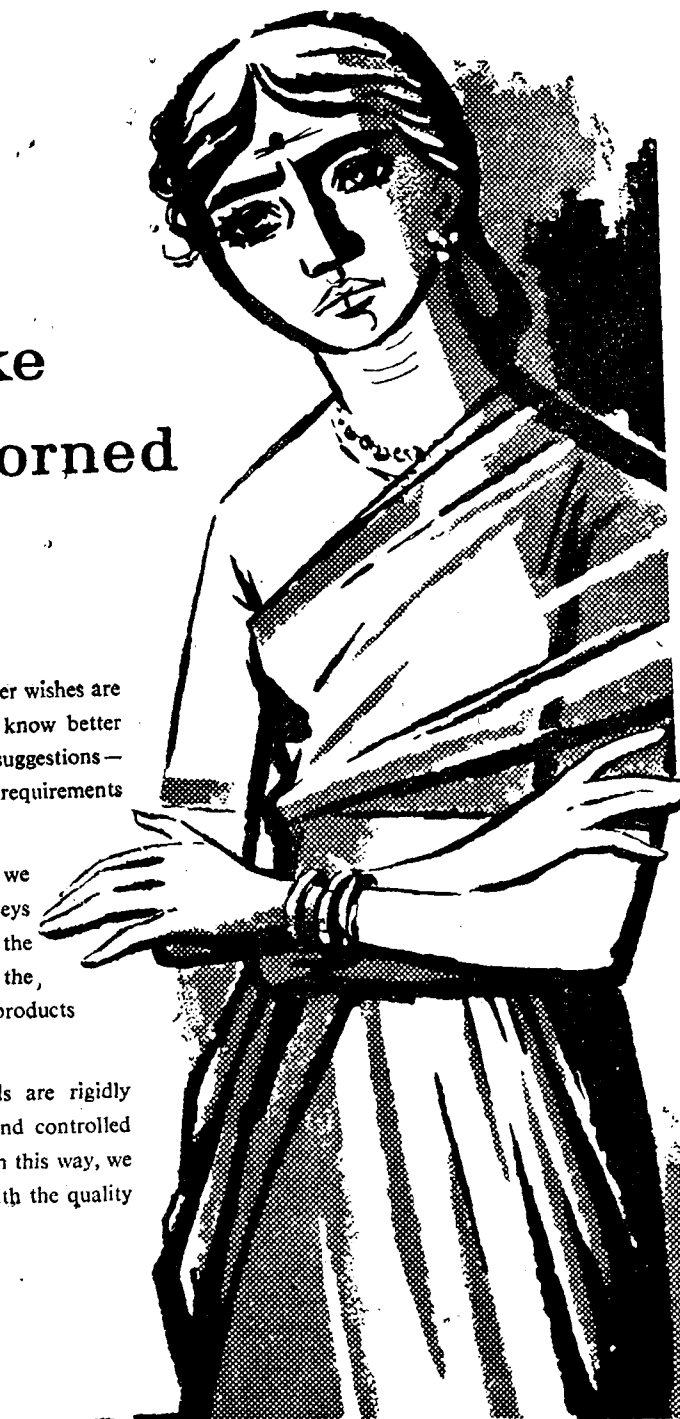
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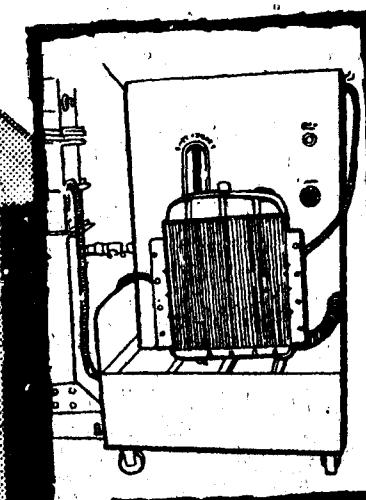
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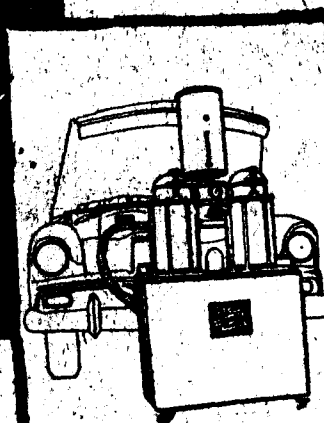


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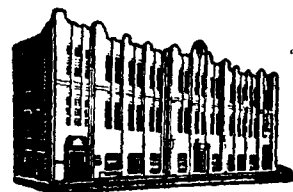
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EFFECT OF MUSIC ON PLANTS

AMAZING EXPERIMENTS AT ANNAMALAI UNIVERSITY

Dr. T. C. N. Singh, Professor and Head of the Department of Botany, Annamalai University, has been conducting, since 1950, a series of experiments on a wide variety of plants using different musical instruments and different tunes.

The basic fact that centres round the experiments, is that sound waves produced by musical vibrations, bombard the plants' cell walls and this disturbance tends to agitate the sensitive protoplasm and nucleus contained inside the cell and causes them to react in ways which accelerate the normal and customary growth of the plant. This has been well demonstrated, it is stated, by the spectacular results achieved from the experiments so far conducted.

A series of germination experiments have been conducted by Dr. Singh in the laboratory on seeds like black-gram, horse-gram, paddy, ragi, brinjal, bengal-gram, etc., and it was found that the sound produced from the electric bell which was used to excite the experimental seeds had considerable influence in bringing about germination earlier by several hours. Such seeds which germinated under the influence of sound appeared to keep their vigour even after the germination.

This phenomenon of enhanced growth and higher yields has recently been explained by a new experiment done in the Department of Botany where it has been found that under the process of photo-synthesis, evolution of oxygen was much more vigorous under excitation of sound, showing thereby that the synthesis of food takes place at a much faster rate. It has been claimed by Dr. Singh that this experiment has been done for the first time in the history of plant physiology in the Botany Department of the Annamalai University.

These experiments conclusively explain as to why there is accelerated growth and greater production of grain and straw when

plants or crops are dozed with musical sound.

Results in field scale experiments were even more perceptible. They were conducted on paddy and tobacco at Sirkali, near Chidambaram, and Sivapuri village near Annamalai University. Paddy crop was excited by playing Charukesi raga piped through Nadaswaram record with the aid of a loud speaker at Sirkali. A proper control of the same crop was maintained throughout away from the experimental field. The experimental plants gave 40 to 50 per cent more yield. The plants too in general were considerably taller and healthier than the plants in the control fields.

At Sivapuri village, near Annamalai Nagar, tobacco seedlings were raised under the influence of musical sound. The excitation was given by the tune of the violin. The plant, from the seedlings stage onwards, proved to be healthier. The mortality too was the lowest when compared with the same crop in other fields away from the excitation. In harvest the experimental plants gave 40 to 50 per cent more yield.

Another remarkable feature in the excited tobacco was its deeper pungency and it was stated to be due to the higher nicotine content in the excited plants.

Miss Stella Ponniah (now in the All-India Radio, Tiruchirappalli), performed the Indian Bharata Natya dance daily for a period of 15 minutes in the early hours of the morning from a cemented floor-distance of six feet. As a result it has been observed that the experimental plants had notably grown taller by about 60 per cent and had bloomed about a fortnight earlier than other plants.

CORRECTION

The author of the article under the heading "Unemployment of the Educated" published on page 10 of SWARAJYA dated August 30 is S. Ramesh and not S. Ramiah as wrongly printed. The error is much regretted.—Ed. S.

INDIA'S FOREIGN POLICY A FAILURE

By M. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Whenever there were internal troubles our Prime Minister used to tell us that India's reputation in the opinion of the world is so high because of our foreign policy. It has also become a practice in the Parliament to discuss the foreign affairs in each and every session and to applaud the statement of our Prime Minister which always gets unusual publicity in the Press. After eleven years of freedom it is necessary for us to judge to what extent our foreign policy has succeeded and whether our reputation is as high in the world as acclaimed by our Prime Minister.

Our foreign policy has proved to be a failure wherever India's interests are involved. Even after 11 years of freedom we could not solve the Goa problem. Our leaders are always telling us that our freedom is incomplete without freeing Goa from Portuguese imperialism. The Government of India have failed to get Goa accede to our country either through diplomatic channel or other effective steps. When the people of this country wanted to liberate this enclave by their voluntary effort, our Government not only discouraged them but put obstacles in their way. Thus there is no hope in the near future about the settlement of the Goa problem.

The Kashmir problem is a clear proof of our bungling in foreign policy. After the Jammu and Kashmir State legally acceded to India by the verdict of the Kashmir Assembly, why talk of another plebiscite? Our relationship with our neighbouring country Pakistan continues to be unhappy. We lack the moral and courageous leadership and the persuasive approach necessary to deal with these urgent needs successfully.

On account of over-anxiety to support Arab Nationalism our Government has so far not yet established even diplomatic relations with Israel, a progressive country which came into existence by the efforts of all the big

powers, though contrary to his earlier policy Prime Minister Nehru recognised fascist Spain. Why should a country which always advocates the admission of Communist China into the United Nations refuse to recognise Israel which is already a member of the U.N.O.? Our Government has failed to impress upon the Arab leaders the need to recognise the existence of Israel. Thus it has failed to play its part in trying to reduce the tension in the Middle East.

Only two years back the world witnessed two examples of naked aggression by the so-called big powers in the internal affairs of the small countries—one by Britain and France in Egypt and the second by Soviet Russia on Hungary. In the first case our Prime Minister rightly condemned the armed intervention of Britain and France in time, but with regard to the second he was lukewarm, though U.S.S.R. was a signatory to Pancha Shila. The recent landing of American troops in Lebanon and British troops in Jordan came in for strong condemnation, but the Soviet insistence on imposing its ideology on unwilling Yugoslavia and the execution of Imry Nagy and other Hungarian patriots was taken coldly by our Prime Minister. The Western military pacts—NATO and SEATO and Baghdad pacts—were main targets of condemnation by our Prime Minister, but there has been not a word of protest about the Soviet Warsaw pact which is no better than the Western military pacts. The silence of our Prime Minister on Communist China's rape on Tibet is a negation of the principles of peaceful co-existence and Pancha Shila. His anxiety to accept Krushchev's invitation to the summit conference and his eagerness to attend it, though the meeting was not called by all the interested countries, will not enhance the prestige and dignity of our country as a free nation. Our diplomats must be more restrained in their

talk while dealing with the problems of other countries.

The present wavering policy is responsible for creating more doubts in the minds of enlightened people and making issues more complicated for solution wherever our interests are involved. From 1947 to 1953 the Government of India were adhering to a policy of close co-operation with Western countries. Since then in the name of neutrality they have been slowly moving towards the Communist camp. The sooner this is corrected, the better for our country.

Instead of attracting the small and uncommitted nations to follow our foreign policy and establishing closer contacts with them we want to move with the big powers whose aim is world domination with different ideologies to achieve the same end.

As the much advertised Panch Shila has admittedly blown to pieces, our present foreign policy can no longer serve any purpose. Acharya Kripalani did great service by exposing the follies in the foreign policy of the present Government recently in the Lok Sabha. The Communist Party of India do not like any change of approach in our foreign policy because the Reds believe today that our Prime Minister is an unconscious ally of Communism and is driving India slowly to the camp of Soviet Russia. Our foreign policy is a boon to the Indian Communists. This should be vigorously exposed by the P.S.P. They should mobilise popular opinion in favour of a dynamic, effective and independent foreign policy for India.

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CINEMA

PEAK PRODUCTION ACTIVITY
IN FILM STUDIOS

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: While the deputation of the Indian Motion Picture Producers' Association was meeting Prime Minister Nehru on Saturday (September 6) the Bombay studios were humming with shooting activity. Almost all the stars were busy shooting. At Modern Studios, Andheri, four pictures were being simultaneously shot, viz., Abbas's 'Char Dil Char Rahen' starring Meena Kumari, Sheikh Mukhtar's 'Do Ustad' starring Raj Kapoor and Madhubala, Light and Shade's 'Chacha Zindabad' starring Anita and Kishore, and Deep and Pradeep's 'Ek Shola' starring Mala Sinha, Pradeep Kumar, Dhupal. Later in the evening 'Ek Shola' was extended for a second shift while Shakti Samanta shot 'Isan Jaag Utha' at another floor. At Mohan Studios, Nargis was busy shooting 'Lajwanti' and Johnny Walker shooting 'Jara Bachke'.

Thus in two studios alone, one could meet several top stars working and in all in Bombay on Saturday twenty to twenty-five pictures were being shot. A visit to the different studios revealed that the film producers were far from idle. In fact, they were never so busy. Modern Studios, for instance, had never been so active as it is now. And most of the studios also report that this is a 'peak' period of production activity. This is rather surprising since producers have been lamenting about the crisis created by raw stock and even men like Krishna Gopal have been expressing grave concern about unemployment likely to be caused by shortage of raw stock.

The so-called crisis was not at all visible in any studio. On the contrary, the spurt in production activity manifested the prosperity evident in the rising box-office collections. Indeed, while it appears on the one hand that the so-called crisis in the raw stock position has not affected production in any way, it appears on the other hand that the excellent returns at the box-office have given a new impetus to the producers, who in spite of all difficulties are in a position to carry on their shooting schedule.

Meanwhile, the results of the IMPPA deputation's talk with the Prime Minister are eagerly awaited, though some of the most responsible people in the industry feel that they would not yield any tangible results as the approach of IMPPA is not likely to impress the Government. Moreover the case of two producers who defied IMPPA's advice, went on hunger strike and partly won their point by getting raw stock, has further undermined the position of IMPPA.

Like 'C. I. D.' Shree Shakti Films' 'Howrah Bridge' is a musical thriller which has cap-

tured the public imagination. As a crime thriller, it does not provide any suspense, for one knows the murderer in the very first reel; and even the process of capturing the murderer is neither taut nor tense. For Rakesh, who comes all the way from Rangoon to find the killer of his brother and recover the Chinese Dragon, the treasured heirloom worth lakhs of rupees, spends most of the time hearing songs or romancing with a cafe dancer while Shamoo, a tongawala, does all the work and helps Rakesh to find the real culprits. The picture thus follows the usual pattern of our so-called crime thrillers sprinkled with a large dose of songs, dances, romance and inconsequential comedy.

Fortunately the song-and-dance numbers tuned in typical O. P. Nayyar style are pleasing. Especially the song about Calcutta, the Bhangra dance, and couple of folk duets are the most delightful numbers expertly executed; and they form the main attraction of the picture.

The plot also warms up in the last reels when Pyarelal, the murderer, kills his Chinese boss and runs away with the Dragon followed by Rakesh. The last fight across the girders of Howrah Bridge is the only really thrilling portion of the film and is brilliantly photographed by Chandu and directed by Shakti Samanta, who has exploited Calcutta cleverly with the help of his enterprising cameraman. The most redeeming feature of this thriller is that the crime is nowhere glorified.

Ashok Kumar as Rakesh is good as usual and Madhubala, whose Anglo-Hindi dialogue causes unexpected mirth, looks ravishingly charming. K. N. Singh is polished but Madan Puri as John Chiang gives a superb cameo. Om Prakash as the tongawala puts on a lovable portrayal. Of the rest Kammo and Sunder acquit themselves creditably while Dhupal is not in his best form.

The success of 'Howrah Bridge' reveals once again why our producers run after crime stories and hybrid westernized music.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

PROSPECT OF CHANGES
IN THE CABINET

By JUNIUS

With the success of 'Howrah Bridge' Shakti Samanta has become a full-fledged producer. Tall, dark and the most un-Bengalee-like Bengalee, Shakti Samanta began his career as an assistant to Phani Masumdar. But while the 'Guru' specialized in making idealistic, purposeful and progressive social pictures, the 'Chela' followed the Gyan Mukerjee school and specialized in crime thrillers like 'Inspector', which proved an instantaneous hit. Though his first directorial assignment 'Bahu' was a social, it was 'Inspector' that brought him into limelight.

'Inspector' was followed by 'Hill Station' and 'Howrah Bridge', which also he produced. He is making two crime thrillers at the moment, 'Jaali Note' starring Dev Anand and 'Detective' starring Pradeep Kumar. But he has selected for his own production a different kind of subject 'Isan Jaag Utha'—the very title of which is in the true tradition of Phani Mazumdar.

'Isan Jaag Utha' starring Sunil Dutt and Madhubala, Shakti Samanta told me, is a picture on the five year plan project and has no crime motif dominating it.

It is a happy sign that young and enterprising directors like Shakti Samanta who owe their success to crime thrillers have an ambition to make worth-while films; and are prepared to stake their career on purposeful themes like 'Isan Jaag Utha'.

Kamal Amrohi has acquired Modern Studio from this week. One big floor of the same studio has been acquired by Guru Dutt.

While certain newspapers carried reports about Kammo's accident and unconscious state in a Delhi hospital, Kammo was hale and hearty in Bombay attending the premieres of 'Howrah Bridge' and 'Sahara' on 4th and 5th September respectively.

Raj Kapoor's new production 'Jis Desh me ganga Behti Hai' will go on floors on 15th September at R. K. Studios. A shooting for one week has been planned with Raj and Padmini.

New Delhi: Is there going to be another re-shuffle of the Cabinet? On the need for it there is a near-unanimity of opinion: on its likelihood, the opinion is rather divided. Some proceed on the general assumption that there is little use and less wisdom in changing horses in mid-stream; others fear further deterioration in the absence of a new set-up, warranted by howling failures and harmful experiments. All speculation is sometimes sharply arrested by the one reality that after all nothing matters but the working of one man's mind who does not know one's own and whose moods are variable. Re-shuffle or no re-shuffle (call it by whatever name), between the present session of Parliament and the next, one member of the Cabinet and two Ministers of State will perhaps be replaced or shifted.

Mr. Ajit Prasad has, by common agreement, qualified himself for an exit, closely followed by Mr. D. P. Karmarkar. Another who is a favourite in the lists of casualties is Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Minister for Education; yet another whose handling of affairs has come in for adverse criticism is Shri Jagjivan Ram, the senior-most in the Nehru Cabinet. Maybe for other reasons, Dr. B. V. Keskar will have a change; he has been at the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting for quite too long, and he is credited with ambitions on the diplomatic front. Mr. K. M. Panikkar is leaving his place vacant, having taken up a professorial assignment in Chicago. Dr. Keskar knows France; he also knows French; he suits Paris. In inviting Mr. M. C. Chagla to uphold the cause of India in U.S.A. by holding the fort in Washington, the Prime Minister has made an unexceptionable choice. If his judgment in other cases is equally unerring, half of our troubles

will vanish, but it must be readily conceded that Chaglas do not emerge from Congress ranks and Mr. Nehru is confronted with a real difficulty in finding the right men among his camp-followers. So with little enthusiasm, he has been trying men who mostly seem to add to his own trials.

There seems to be a kind of esoteric relationship between America's *Time* and India's Finance Ministers. Once again, both have attracted wide attention except that it is not T.T.K. but Shri Morarji Desai. Whether the latter said what was reported in *Time* to have been said about India and the Prime Minister is less important than whether he was capable of saying it. Questions (though admitted) and answers (though given) on the floor of the House do not tell the whole story. In the present instance, two things, however, stand out clearly: (1) The Finance Minister speaks for himself, not for the Government, when he speaks of his country. (2) What Shri Morarji Desai thinks or says of Mr. Nehru, does not affect Mr. Nehru who feels least concerned.

Disorderly scenes in Lok Sabha and Opposition walk-outs are on the increase, making the Prime Minister sadder and the Speaker madder. Extremely sensitive to such things, Mr. Nehru, they say, is nowadays becoming more and more reflective, for it is by no means easy to find a remedy to situations fluctuating between a sense of frustration and a sense of wearisomeness. When a generation doomed to hard work—or (Churchill's) tears, sweat and suffering—gets lost from its moorings, worse may happen. Doubtless, we have a stable government, but it is stability sustained by nothing more effective than a majority vote. Doubtless,

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ESTATE DUTY FLOORING

we have effective leadership but it is effectiveness sustained by mere personal pull or prestige and no community strength. Several of these weaknesses are reflected in parliamentary proceedings. Parties have their 'generals' but no oratory as such; there is enough agitation but far too little of animation; there is more of ill-mannered clamour than well-informed criticism. The worst feature is ministerial fumbling; it has added to the strain of the Prime Minister. 'Order, Order' has become the Speaker's refrain while members raise a howl against pitiful exhibitions on the Treasury Benches. Amidst so much of welter, it is refreshing to find a solitary example of the power of personality; in Rajya Sabha there has not been a single walk-out. One inference is compelling: so much depends on who is where. But these are times when individual triumphs cannot compensate for collective collapses.

Few men in high office owe less to their position and power and more to their personal distinction and a certain moral authority than India's Vice-President who woke up on the morning of Friday, September 5, at 70. Simple and austere, learned and benign, wise and persuasive, Dr. Radhakrishnan smiles on the world, with an understanding born of a larger comprehension and a tolerance deep-rooted in religious faith. Age has added zest to his philosophic outlook, and far from weakening his fibre, has added to his zeal to find the key that unlocks the door of 'the mysterious universe'. And at seventy we find him enriching the literature of Philosophy and Religion, by making available to the world, his study of the *Brahma Sutra*—yet another standard work bearing on 'man's spiritual quest and fulfilment'. Apart from the felicitations offered to him by his countrymen, and many friends including the biggest in the land, the letters received by him from admirers abroad, known and unknown, wishing him many more years of enlightened and beneficent service to humanity, should be a source of strength to him and pride to the country.

Sir,—In defending the low flooring of 50,000 for estate duty, the Minister for Revenue and Expenditure chose a very unhappy comparison. He proudly pointed out that while the flooring was 7 to 9 times the per capita income in Australia, Britain and Japan, and 35 times in Ceylon, in India the tolerance ratio has been stretched to the absurd limit of not less than 180 times! It would be interesting to appraise the significance of this specious plea. If a viable per capita income were Rs. 5,000 it would not much matter if the estate duty flooring were Rs. 45,000 (9 times, as in Britain) or even 10,000 (just twice the per capita income) because in both cases the duty will have been paid out of some kind of excess income. But when the per capita income itself is far below the viable income, as in India, any kind of ratio would be fatuous. A very delectable formula for increasing the ratio would then be simply to reduce the per capita income. If the present per capita income were halved Sri Gopala Reddy would be presumably doubly happy because the dutiable ratio would then have doubled from 180 to 360!

His second defence in favour of the Rs. 50,000 limit was that "it would go a long way to remove inequalities". A moment's consideration will convince anyone that if there is one thing which is common to all the millions of people of India—without distinction of caste or religion—it is their poverty. In this respect we are perhaps more uniquely equal than the people of any other civilized country. Sri Gopala Reddy himself admitted that there were only 3,000 assesses last year. Now, what is 3,000 (or even 10,000) against 300 million? Even if all the assesses were liquidated and their entire assets distributed to the rest of us we would not be in any way more equal than we are now.

As regards the inevitable harassment of middle class people on account of the low flooring

Sri Gopala Reddy assured the House that there would be no harassment. This assurance would be valid only on the assumption that his own tenure of office is going to be as permanent as that of his "civil" servants!

R. RAMACHANDRAN.

A NOTABLE JUDGMENT

Sir,—In his judgment on an appeal against the judgments of the First Class Magistrate of Tiruchirapalli and the High Court of Madras Mr. Justice B. P. Sinha of the Supreme Court said that any object "however trivial or destitute of real value in itself, if regarded as sacred by any class of persons" would come within the meaning of Section 295 of the Indian Penal Code.

Section 295 reads:

"Whoever destroys, damages or defiles any place of worship or any object held sacred by any class of persons with the intention of thereby insulting the religion of any class of persons or with the knowledge that any class of persons is likely to consider such destruction, damage or defilement as an insult to their religion, shall be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to two years, or with fine or with both."

The remarks were made in an appeal by Mr. S. Veerabhadran Chettiar against Mr. E. V. Ramaswami Naicker, leader of the Dravida Kazhagam. In his petition filed with the First Class Magistrate of Tiruchirapalli, Mr. Chettiar alleged that the accused broke an image of Ganesh at a public meeting where he announced that he was doing it with the intention of wounding the feelings of the Hindu community. The court held that there was no *prima facie* offence under Section 295 and dismissed the petition. That view was upheld by the High Court of Madras. Mr. Justice Sinha reversed this decision and said that in the Section there was no express limitation of the meaning of the words "any object held sacred" so as to make them applicable only to images inside a tem-

ple or consecrated images and that such a narrow interpretation would stultify the object of the section and even the burning or defiling of sacred books would not come within the purview of the penal statute. This raises the apprehension that the courts in Madras State are not uninfluenced by the prevailing atmosphere and by the opinion commonly held that the Government are tacitly approving a movement of this kind. Though five years have passed since the incident happened which called forth the remarks of Justice Sinha, the iconoclastic virus has not abated. It has only taken a new turn. The subjects of Madras State are enjoined to free themselves from the thralldom of the North and the first step in the process of achieving their aim of craving for themselves an independent existence will be the public burning of the map of India minus the Madras State. The idea would be laughable but for its tragic seriousness and the following the sponsor of the idea has. How unique Madras is in that it has two allied movements the like of which cannot be noticed in the rest of the country. That they are allowed to flourish and grow unchecked speaks forsooth for the liberal outlook of the Administration! But, if the poison of separatism and hatred is allowed to spread, the powers-that-be will find it impossible to contain it at a later date.

K. N.

CUT DEFENCE EXPENDITURE

Sir,—Sri C. Rajagopalachari has expressed the view that the one and only way out of the exchange crisis is a reduction of military expenditure. This is very very wise counsel and our Government would do well to take it unhesitatingly. Huge sums of money are being spent on our defence, because our neighbour Pakistan is obtaining military aid from U.S.A. This 'arms race' between India and Pakistan will go on endlessly, unless we put a stop to it.

When we are in the midst of our second Five Year Plan is this good-for-nothing defence expenditure necessary? Strengthening

of our defence only helps to increase the hatred for India in the mind of Pakistan, which is already saturated with it.

When we want friendship with every nation, when our aim is peace, when we have no ill-will for others, why should there be fear in our minds that we should be ready in case of attack?

Let India show her heart to the world by greatly cutting her defence expenditure.

Khurda Road D. J. PATRO

GOOD BOOKS

Sir,—I was delighted to read Rajaji's article on Good Books in SWARAJYA. It is the best piece of advice that could be given to our people who now-a-days read, without discrimination, books of all sorts and defile their minds, besides spoiling their health. Not only our students but also others will be greatly benefited by Rajaji's wise words.

Sometime ago I read another brilliant article by Rajaji on Cigarettes. In the midst of absorbing political problems, such delightful digressions in the nature of homilies are refreshing. Such articles should appear more frequently. Courtallam. DEEPA NATARAJAN.

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SWARAJYA

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15 Naye Paise

CONGRESS AND COMMUNISTS

The Communist version of the situation in Kerala is printed in this issue to the extent permitted by considerations of space. They have made out a good defence to the charges levelled against them by the Congress leaders. In the process of defence they have also turned the tables on the Congress. They have endeavoured to show that what the Communist Government is charged with in Kerala can be justly attributed to the Congress itself in the Congress-governed States. If this had been merely a dialectical feat, it could be ignored. But the fact is that there has been increasing disillusionment with the Congress and the character and the way of life of Congress leaders in power and the latter are not in the fortunate position of commanding trust and sympathy when they malign Communist rule in Kerala.

It is often alleged against the Communists that their real nature comes out only when they have attained absolute power in a State; and that till then they play politics with an eye on popularity. The analogy of Eastern Europe is quoted in this connection. We are warned not to be beguiled by Communist blandishments in the illusory interregnum when they are being agreeable in order to achieve their ultimate objective of absolute power. All this may be true and it is historically undeniable that a considerable area of Eastern

Europe, is now under Communist dictatorship as a result of the adroit use to which the political opportunities of its parliamentary democracy had been put by the Communist tacticians. But knowledge of what has happened elsewhere is limited to a small number of intellectuals, and it is not likely to teach any profitable lesson to an electorate like ours of which the vast majority is uneducated and exposed to communal, linguistic and other disintegrating passions. It is not likely that what the comparatively better qualified electors of Eastern Europe failed to do in the matter of self-protection, the newly enfranchised people of India with so large an admixture of illiterates, and such little insight and experience in political affairs will be able to accomplish with the help of their own wisdom drawn from historical parallels.

People in India are influenced by the characters of the leaders they come in contact with. The Congress leaders have not helped to produce in the popular mind a good opinion of the Congress. The advent of the Communist government in Kerala is itself an outcome of public revulsion against the Congress Ministers who had ruled in the State previously. Man to man the present Communist Ministers of Kerala are superior to their immediate predecessors in the government of the State.

They are more energetic, knowledgeable, hard-working and punctual. They lead simpler lives and are more efficient. The argument that their attractive attributes are but the deceptive external graces of wily men working for eventual dictatorship does not come with grace from those who have had their chance to govern but have not used it so as to command the popular trust.

It is not merely Communist propaganda but common experience, that the evils complained of by Congress leaders in the Kerala Communist regime, are of universal vogue throughout the country. The Congress leaders have set the example for them. It is the reflection of that example in a diluted form which they see in Kerala, as the Communists have not had the time and opportunities extending over more than a decade, which the Congress governments have enjoyed, for progressive corruption, accelerated deterioration and intensified tyranny. It is to be hoped that they will realise what it is to be subjected to these evils, and learn to fight them, wherever they may appear, with self-correction and good example instead of retaliatory propaganda which will deceive nobody.

Corruption in Daylight

In support of the legislation that is now on the anvil for legally sanctifying donations to party



THE CAT AND THE MONKEY

(Fable by RAJAJI translated by
PROF. K. SWAMINATHAN)

"Look, mother! Look at that cat!" said the young monkey to its mother. "She carries the kitten with her mouth, as she runs. Why should I hang upside down, clutching you with my hands and feet?"

"Shall I carry you then?" said the mother-monkey, and tried to lift it with her jaws. The little one screamed and cried, "Stop! Stop! It is too painful. I wonder how the kitten can stand such treatment. I can't."

"I know" said the monkey. "If I climbed up a tree, holding you between my teeth, your body would be covered with wounds and you would soon be dead."

A dog started chasing the cat. She clambered to the roof of a house and escaped. All the time, the kitten, held firmly in her mouth, remained unscathed.

Two Vaishnava Brahmins were observing all this with interest. One of them belonged to the southern (Thenkalai) tradition, the other to the northern (Vadakalai). The Thenkalai devotee asked, "Did you notice this cat, my friend?" "Yes, I did," said the Vadakalai scholar. "And I also noticed the monkey!"

The devotee argued, "The Lord's compassion is like the love of the cat. He lifts us up

and looks after us. We should surrender everything to Him and trust Him absolutely."

"What you say is true enough," said the scholar. "And yet, unless we cling to the Lord with all our might, as the little monkey does to its mother, how can we be saved?"

"That's your Vedanta Desikar's dictum, is it?" said the Thenkalai man.

"Yes. What doubt is there?" said the Vadakalai man.

"Our Saints say no such thing!" said the Thenkalai man.

The monkey watched them closely and wondered what they were talking about. Then, fearing that they might throw stones at her, she pulled out a tile from the roof and dropped it down.

"Look, my friend. Look at your favourite, the monkey. There she is, tearing up the roof and making it leaky. The cat is not so bad, is she?" said the Thenkalai man.

"Your cat lives on stolen milk and ghee," retorted the Vadakalai man. "Or else, the low-born creature feeds on mice! The monkey is a noble soul, with fruit and nut for diet. She belongs to the lineage of the servants of God. Fie on your cat!"

"You talk at random, my

friend. Can your monkey match the cat in cleanliness? Every day she bathes herself clean with her tongue. Your monkey's skin is full of lice and dirt. And she eases herself where she likes, leaving the place dirty. The cat covers her droppings with earth. No other creature is as tidy as the cat. True, she steals milk and butter. But so did Krishna, did he not?"

This reference to Krishna silenced the Vadakalai man. He thought in his mind, "There is no use talking to this poor fellow who hasn't read the works of Vedanta Desikar," and he was getting ready to go.

Just then, Chandrasekhara Sastriar, a good friend of both of them, came along and joined them. He smiled to himself, thinking, "How earnestly are they discussing cat and monkey, not knowing that all is *maaya*, illusion! Mother and child, house and tile—everything is unreal, is it not?"

The Vadakalai man asked, "What are you laughing at, Sastriar?"

"It's nothing. I smiled, because I saw no point or purpose in all these arguments. The Srirangam Temple case is finished. Did you see the Court's judgment?"

"Yes, I did," cried the Vadakalai man. "And what shocking injustice!"

Sastriar remarked, "When one goes to Court, that's the sort of thing that happens." The philosopher's son was a sub-judge in Coonoor.

funds by companies, the plea was put forward that all parties stood to benefit equally and no special favour was therefore shown to the Congress. The argument is wrong and misleading if not worse. There is no harm in a party not running the government receiving financial aid from a business firm. Such a party cannot confer a favour or put pressure on the donor, and any gift or cash received by it would

be by way of free tribute to what it represents or stands for. Parties, like individuals, are entitled to give and take in situations of this kind.

But the case is different with a ruling party. The freedom to give or not to give is generally not exercisable when the beneficiary is the ruling party. Businessmen tend to make donations to a ruling party out of fear of injury or hope of gaining a

favour. There is undue influence in the transaction. If there is legal licence to collect in this way, Congress bosses would be free to sell their threats and favours and collect funds inordinately to the detriment of their political rivals at election time. If the proposed Bill is passed, corruption, decked in legal clothes, will strut majestically in broad daylight.



Sotto Voce

The Young Barbarians

Winding up the discussion on the new juvenile delinquency Bill Mr. Bhaktavatsalam sought to stress parental responsibility by a piquant illustration. Legislation against juvenile smoking, he admitted, had been largely abortive; but if parents set an example by eschewing the practice we might hope for better results. There is something in that. But the number of adolescents who take to this habit though their elders are strict abstainers is steadily on the increase; which suggests that parental example has little effect except perhaps in an undesirable direction.

Nor should it be forgotten that there are a number of indulgences which have been long recognised by general opinion among every people as not inherently vicious, though they are regarded as likely to be harmful, physically or otherwise, if permitted to the very young. Thus in most western countries moderate drinking and smoking are not taboo for older people of both sexes; though so far as women are concerned, the practice of smoking, at least in public, is still frowned upon as bad form by the more conservative folks. Betel-chewing in the South of India may serve as an illustration of the same kind of customary restraint laid upon the young. The Dharma Sutras are largely concerned with laying down what may be permitted in one *ashrama* but not in another.

That, incidentally, gives the clue to the secret of success which the *sattric* way of life undoubtedly achieved in the old traditional society. If there were certain inhibitions and prohibitions for the unmarried there were other but not less austere restrictions on the householder.

The hermit in the forest and the sannyasin, again, were subject to even more rigorous rules. And the student, living under the eye of his preceptor or the father from whom he learnt his job, had rarely to be disciplined. For he unconsciously imbibed the lesson of self-control by seeing his elders follow their *dharma* without external tutelage or compulsion.

Contrast this with what happens today. We have prohibition of liquor, more or less complete in most parts of Congress-controlled India. But not only are indulgences and dispensations issued freely to the influential in the sacred name of health. The zest with which many a true-blue Congressman goes on the booze when he finds himself in an area which is still lawfully "wet" or when he goes on a gilded deputation to a foreign country is rarely sought to be discreetly hidden from the multitude. If women demand the scrapping of the legal codes of Manu and Yajnavalkya as "man-made" could not drink addicts complain equally justly that it is a lawless law under which they are made to suffer since it seems powerless against the law-makers?

The Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University pointed out in the course of the debate that if boys took to vicious or dirty habits that was because the family was fast ceasing to be a restraining moral force. In the old days, he said, it was the grandfather who inducted the grandchild in his impressionable years into the do's and don'ts that would stand him in good stead in later life. But Mr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar's nostalgic longing for the good old days goes against the whole trend of the new morality which our rulers, out to remould us in the

image of the "free society" of the West, are ramming into us by an avalanche of legislation. The grandfather is coming to be regarded as a useless encumbrance by his descendants though our imitation Welfare State gives him no old age relief.

Every European country (not to mention America) reports a steady increase of crime. And this increase is even more marked among juveniles than among the older age-groups. Among the factors that powerfully contribute to this degeneracy are such by-products of technology in an age of social irresponsibility as horror films, blood and thunder fiction and the leader cult. Above all there is the rampant irreligion that parades as freedom of opinion. Against these potent influences the churches and various non-official movements of an ethical character put up some sort of fight, though without much success.

In India, however, while the State is stridently secular, the bodies and individuals on whom falls the responsibility of operating the old traditional restraints are, except for an honourable exception here and there, strangely dumb. They are paralysed by the fear that they might be denounced for seeking to bolster up an old-world ethic and a static view of society against the new dynamism. I don't forget that the gospel of change has set up its own fetishes and taboos. And it has propagated secular saints to preach, cherish and chastise. But the masses don't seem to be aware of them. Legislation by the self-indulgent can be no substitute for *dharma*.

VIGNESWARA

When the poet Coleridge tried to define true beauty, he returned always to one deep thought: beauty, he said, is 'unity in variety'. Science is nothing else than the search to discover unity in the wild variety of Nature—or more exactly, in the variety of our experience of Nature.

—DR. J. BRONOWSKI.

TIME TO CRY HALT

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

The American and British troops are still in Lebanon and Jordan. They were sent there, we are told, to safeguard the Western position in M. E.

What is the Western position? It can mean only one thing in modern times—friendship—friendship of the people, not of a temporary administration or ruler on the throne. These Western troops are expending and rapidly consuming the 'Western position' in this sense of that elusive phrase. They are not earning friendship but increasing the prejudice of the people against the West. And prejudice easily develops into the opposite of friendship. Very little is needed to speed up that process.

Bullying is not the way to earn Western position. It is not in order in modern political life in Asia any more than in the West. The result of bullying is the opposite of what is intended. It would be good policy for these tourists in the Levant to end their unproductive holiday and depart unobserved while the eyes of the world are on Quemoy, watching brinkmanship in the Far East with anxiety and fear.

The President of the United

States has spoken again reiterating that the Republic of China and the lawful government of that vast nation reside in Formosa and not in China. Solemnly he closes his eyes against the existence of so real and so massive a fact as China. How can a policy be wise or work out for the good of any body when it is built on the foundation of a mere illusion, a wish mistaken for fact. We are told that if Quemoy be permitted to go over, then the enemy would take Formosa, and then spread out to Japan and so the whole of Asia would be theirs. If this be true, China's existence itself is a threat and co-existence is impossible. We go back to Hitler who shrieked that the Bolsheviks must be 'liquidated'. Are we to try it again?

No, not liquidation but co-existence must be tried and tried normally—without pinpricks and provocations, without Formosa and Chiang Kai-shek. I have no doubt there are wise men in America who see all this. It is their patriotic duty to rise and bring a halt to wrong policy, both in the nearer East and the Far East and restore America's dignity and spiritual leadership.

SRI MAGANBHAI DESAI'S PERCENTAGES

Sri M. P. Desai has written a letter to important newspapers and publicised his statistical conclusion that literacy in Hindi is many times greater than literacy in English in South India, in Madras State and in Madras City. I could not believe my eyes reading this.

And now Mr. Datar the energetic colleague of the Home Minister of India has come out with a fairy tale of 50 lakhs of South Indian Hindi literates leaving English far, far behind!

Sri Subbiah of the Tamil Academy has explored the mystery and sent a report which explains

the false basis of this cloud-castle built for the pleasure of Hindi fanatics. A statistical form has been given to what cannot but be called an untruth. We cannot get figures of efficient literacy—or any kind of literacy for that matter—and work out percentages by adding up the number of candidates appearing in successive years for the Hindi Prachar exams. And some of these exams do not come up to the English standard of the lowest forms of our schools. As for Mr. Datar's figure not even all the figures in the Prachar Sabha's tables blindly totalled up yield this fairy tale figure!

The official report about the circulation of English language papers in all India must be a great blow to the protagonists of Hindi. 10 lakh circulation of English dailies as against less than 4 lakhs circulation of Hindi dailies in all India proves what is the inter-lingua of India. If the Hindi and English circulation of papers in South India could be got at, the result would be a knock-out blow to demonstrate the microscopic status of Hindi in South India as against English.

Whatever be the merits of the case for Hindi, let it not be based on factual claims which every schoolboy in South India would know to be false. Proving the impossible is not good policy.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

Kalki Symposium

For two months, in July and August, Kalki ran a Symposium on Our Foreign Indebtedness to which many distinguished economists made their contributions. All the contributions to the Symposium are now collected together and presented to the public in Tamil and English in two booklets, each priced 75nP. The discussion covers a very wide field and orthodoxy and heterodoxy battle in it for predominance. As if symbolic of a spiritual set-up for the whole effort, the editor, has encased the Symposium between two magnificent theses printed on its second and third cover pages, the first by Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam and the second by Sri Rajaji. His Holiness says: "National wealth should not be used to help people to lead an extravagant life." Rajaji says: "The right solution is one that can be executed by ourselves, although it certainly requires great strength of decision".

With this Symposium Kalki has brought the most momentous of the subjects engaging the nation's attention to the plane of fundamental thinking. This is how error and fallacy can be successfully overcome and there is no greater journalistic service.

UZBEKISTAN—THE REPUBLIC AND ITS PEOPLE

By SRIMATI VISALAKSHI NARAYANASWAMY

(The author of this article visited Russia last month as member of a delegation of the All India Women's Conference.)

The Steppes of Central Asia conjure up memories of the hoary past, when the nomads went about from place to place in search of better pasture for their cattle. They marched to Iran and then further west, and one branch crossed the mountain passes in the north-west of India and entered the fertile land of Hind. Since the early Aryans, several other barbaric conquerors have crossed over to India. But Chengez Khan, the Great Mongol has left an indelible impress of his Indian exploits. After him came the mighty Taimur Lung who followed suit. It is this land of the primeval adventurers that the members of the A.I.W.C. delegation first visited.

As the Russian plane Aeroflot flew over the Sulaiman and the Hindu Kush ranges from Kabul and then over the lands of Uzbekistan that once stirred our imagination, I saw below the arid lands unrelieved by as much as a green patch. In the scorching sun of the early autumn the grass had completely withered. I then understood why the people in those remote times were nomads. The first town the plane touched was Tirmet on the Amu Dariya river, which forms the northern boundary of Uzbekistan. The next stop was Tashkand,* the capital of Uzbekistan which is an area of about 150,000 square miles. It is bounded on the east by the friendly neighbour, the Chinese and by Kazakhstan in the north. It stretches up to the Karakum desert in the west. Uzbekistan became a Soviet Republic in 1925 and the population is around 7,300,000.

The marching years have brought phenomenal changes to

* The Asiatic name of the city was "Tashkand" though it has become "Tashkent" under the sway of the U.S.S.R.

this old Asiatic empire. The Uzbeks, with the help of the Soviets, have converted considerable desert areas into smiling lands which yield bountiful crops.

Tashkand, which means a city of stone, is situated on the banks of the Chirchic river, a tributary of Syr Dariya. The city continued to grow rapidly during the Russo-German War (1941-45) as a centre for refugee population and evacuated industrial plants. The Uzbeks are a people of fair complexion. Their features show plainly their Mongolian origin. They are hefty people with round faces, rather flat noses and black eyes which look at one from beneath bushy eye lashes. By religion they are mostly Sunni Moslems. Remarkable success has been registered since Uzbekistan came under Soviet Rule in extending the area under irrigated crops chiefly cotton. Uzbekistan now yields two-thirds of U.S.S.R.'s cotton production. We visited one of the largest textile factories in Central Asia—in Tashkand. There

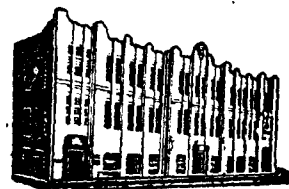
is a great nitrate fertilizer plant to meet the needs of the cotton fields. In the whole of Asiatic Russia, beyond the Urals, the cultivated area is well above 30 million 'hectares', we were told. The tractor and the harvester dot the fields which stretch as far as the eye can reach.

There is an old Tashkand city and a new one created by the Russians. The new city has been beautified with many groves of trees and large gardens. Tall stately buildings have sprung up. The roads are broad and straight and are lined with poplar trees, the trunks of which, are white-washed up to a height of about four feet. The policeman holds a stick vertically to indicate the right of way to the traffic, which keeps to the right. A long narrow channel perennially filled with water keeps the roots of the trees moist. One special feature of the capital is the market. To its shops come all the treasures of the East, the beautiful carpets from Bokhara, the richly embroidered cloth, the peculiar Uzbek cap, the delicate silver and brass ware of the skilled workers in metal. The sight of the man carrying water in a sheepskin bag is common. Another familiar figure is the sherbat seller who goes about with a container on his back and glasses in his hands. He makes his approach known by rattling the



Uzbekistan: Indian delegates being received by C. Makhramova, Deputy Chairman, Tashkand Regional Soviet.

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glasses together. At one time the city boasted of several mosques and madarasahs or Moslem theological colleges. There are however only a few mosques now. We visited one mosque which is reputed to be the biggest in Central Asia. The mullah showed us round and entertained us lavishly with fruits, nuts and drinks. This was followed by plates of steaming soup and pallav. Finally came the delicious light Uzbek green tea. As we bade him goodbye, he presented each one of us with an Uzbek cap and a piece of silk.

The architecture of old Tashkand and Samarkand (city of fruits) with their domes and minarets tells the story of their religious and cultural grandeur. In older parts of the city one can still see a few women going about with black veils over their heads and completely covered to the toes.

Since 1925 Uzbekistan has made rapid progress in the field of education also. Formerly the people were almost illiterate, only about 2 per cent were versed in the three Rs. Now almost every boy and girl can read and write. Education is free and compulsory for boys and girls. There are a number of schools, about 100 technical schools and 32 colleges. About 40 per cent of the students are girls. There is a State university at Samarkand. There are 25 theatres, 20 museums and a large number of parks. There are about 200 newspapers, each with a sizeable circulation. Mobile movies are also provided.

Women who were under the veil about 30 years ago have discarded it, despite opposition from the mullahs and the fanatics. Purdah is today a thing of the past. Many women hold important and high positions in the Republic; for instance, Madam Z. Rahimbabayeva is the representative of the Supreme Soviet. 17 women are members of the Supreme Soviet of U.S.S.R. out of a total of 59. There are women ministers, deputy ministers, chief engineers, directors of schools, doctors, nurses, journalists and heads of collective farms. At a civic reception at Tashkand Madame Jura Ilkhamova, Secretary of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, wel-

comed us and told us how in the beginning they struggled hard to cast off the veil and educate their women folk. They launched an intensive campaign against illiteracy in order to enable women to play their rightful role in the economy of the country. Several industries have been started, especially heavy industries. Water power has been harnessed wherever possible. There are nearly 800 hydro-electric power stations. The output of the collective farms has increased so much that many farms are in a position to buy machinery which they had hitherto hired from the State. A visit to the cattle and poultry farm revealed the nature of the work they are carrying on, in order to increase still further the output of milk and milk products and eggs. In order to reduce domestic labour, every collective farm has its own bakery, restaurant, dry-cleaners and launderers. There is a creche, maternity home and a kindergarten attached to the collective farm. The State provides all facilities for working women. Maternity leave with full pay is granted for 56 days before and 56 days after confinement. The constructive participation of women in the planned economy forms the basis of sound government.

Ancient art and culture also receive attention and encouragement. The centre of the city is adorned by a statue of Ali Sher Navoi, a great philosopher and poet of the 15th century. One evening we were entertained by the Uzbek bellarinas with dance. Music was provided by the famous artist Mavxoda Akzamova on the do-tar, a two stringed instrument. Life is not complete without the Chai-Khana. It is usually a low platform, either on the roadside or inside parks with a roof on top and open on all sides. The floor is covered with beautiful Bokhara carpets. Men squat on the floor and sip delicious green tea varied with the bite of a bun. The women dress in long robes with a colourful Uzbek cap. They have a straight parting and tie their hair in a knot at the back. Young girls have long plaits. Women wear a few items of jewelry.

ACTS AND PRECEPTS OF MEN IN RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS

By Lt. Col. C. R. KRISHNASWAMI

Persons holding high, responsible official positions must, in making speeches in public, take meticulous care that they confine themselves to the subject on hand and not ramble about, or make statements which they cannot substantiate.

In recent times it is being more unpleasantly brought to the notice of the public that the malady complained above is growing deeper and wider. The men in high position seem to think that anything which passes their lips must pass muster with the public. This is gross disrespect to the latter. It will be good if these people could previously sit down for a few minutes in a place, collect their thoughts and string them into a connected whole.

Now to come to specific instances. Our Governor Sri Mehdi has made the very wise remark that the Gurukul system is the best way of imparting education. Nobody will demur to that. But, has he considered the pupil-teacher ratio in that system? Is it possible in this country at this juncture? In Madras, without any expansion of space, the Hindu High School, Triplicane, P. S. High School, Mylapore, the Christian College High School, Chetpet, and other schools too numerous to mention, have increased in strength. How is the Gurukula system to be managed in these schools. Let Sri Mehdi provide the answer.

In the Traffic Week which they recently celebrated, many speeches were made unrelated to the events that had happened and are happening. They talk facetiously of improving the traffic by raising the standard of living among the people and by cutting out hand-carts and cycles. What a hopelessly short-sighted view! All varieties of traffic have got to go on and it is only a question of give-and-take adjustments. This

cannot be done in a day or two. The idea that road security is obtained by slowing down the traffic is the most foolish idea ever entertained by an administrative body. Slow traffic should drift towards the left and fast vehicles towards the right, and encroachments on the road should be ruthlessly prevented. Big pleasure cars must be allowed to rush past. Impediments in the middle of the road preventing easy and slight adjustments should not be permitted. When once this is borne in mind by all road-users, a general sense of give-and-take will prevail.

Big heavy handcarts are a problem. The police must be posted in large numbers to educate the public not to come in the way of faster and lighter vehicles. In no other way can the handcartmen be improved. They cannot be persecuted or prosecuted. They have to be made to realise that violation by them of the traffic laws will lead to trouble all round. On a number of occasions I had adumbrated methods by which the police can improve the traffic. But they have fixed ideas and will not take any suggestions from anybody because they think it is *infra dig* to do so. The latest instance was when I appealed to the educated classes to form a volunteer corps to detect the speed-hoggers. I then appealed for help from the police, but there was nothing forthcoming. A

few top class individuals; fully convinced of the efficiency of the scheme, were bristling with energy to do their best. They offered to take part in it at some sacrifice of time. But the police thought otherwise. Even in the matter of collecting the quarterages — dues owing to the police for the quarter—they seem to be nervous that the Automobile Association who have been rendering help might probably diminish their importance a little. What if they do? They are all employed in the same task. It is this silly idea that you and you alone must figure prominently in the world that brings plenty of work on you and finally leads to poor accomplishment of the same. It is not denied that there will be a few difficulties here and there in the beginning. But they can certainly be overcome.

It will be all to the good if people realise that each one of them has a small part to play in the administration and the well-being of the country.



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MANNERS FIRST, HINDI LATER

By POTHAN JOSEPH

Good manners must prevail in a democracy, said Vice-President Radhakrishnan during a squall in the Rajya Sabha, and without the courtesy that makes for maximum understanding in the course of discussion, debates became muzzled. Recently Governor V. V. Giri addressed the U.P. Legislature in English after a feeling apology that he could not speak Hindi, not even in the Avadhi dialect favoured by Babu Purshottamdas Tandon as the correct *rashtrabhasha* though the Biharis differ, unable to comprehend that variant of Hindi speech. A considerable number of legislators walked out after an unctuous assurance to the Governor that no personal slur was meant, but that they were bound to protest against English sentences echoing inside the chamber when Article 343 prescribes Hindi as official language. Apparently it was a case of sublime philosophy which says that while we should hate evil we should harbour love towards the evil-doer. The dissidents who performed this piece of *padayatra* from the floor of the House, acknowledgedly knew English; and printed translations had been circulated for the benefit of members who might have graduated in Hindi according to the curriculum of learning adopted by Uttar Pradesh universities and *patashalas*.

Now it is elementary courtesy that in a polyglot crowd, the language used must be the one that is most familiar to the majority present, because after all the purpose of conversation and conference is exchange of ideas. After the Tripuri Congress when Subash Chandra Bose was ousted and Rajen Babu filled the gap, the Rashtrapati paid a visit to Madras. Rajen Babu was duly honoured with a civic address (English) in Ripon Buildings; he replied, after rising in springy style, in eruptive Hindi, not because he was ignorant of English or the audience proficient in Hindi, but in order to familiarise Madras with the advent of Hindi, although

the Constitution took another decade and more to materialise. Corporators of Madras writhed as they listened, out of civility. His pithy jokes in Hindi failing to win applause, Rajen Babu quickly sensed the atmosphere, and wisely wound up. No doubt he had meant it as a boost for Hindi in the South, but considering the common medium of mutual understanding at hand, I have no hesitation in saying that it was bad manners, futile rhetoric and linguistic coxcombry. If Governor N. V. Gadgil of the Punjab is not equal to the task of making himself intelligible in his formal address to the Punjab Legislature but reads out his inaugural speech in English, is he to be boycotted by fanatics who have had in their schooling a modicum of English knowledge? When Mahatab was Governor of Bombay, he made his bow to the Legislature in English hard-pronounced; not in Marathi or Gujarati, equal ignorance of which probably saved him from suspicions of bias in that bilingual region. After all, our copying of "the speech from the throne" amounts to a concise announcement of the legislative agenda of the session and some policy of "my Government". His Excellency does not participate in the debate, he strives to be im-

partial in the interplay of parties and factions.

The latest stunt of Hindi die-hards to ease the position in the South is to pay a visit on a hop-tour, and then go North making press-statements that South of the Vindhyas there has been a vast popularisation of Hindi; that scholarship in Hindi is ubiquitous and spreading; that Tamils, Kannadigas and Malayalis threaten to excel the North Indian in literary grace; that C.R.'s warning means just frustration; and that all is hunky-dory with Hindi as national language, especially after the Gauhati Resolution, trading time for space to suit the Madras Ministry. Morarji Desai pooh-poohed the South Indian Language Convention when he spoke at Rameshwaram; Seth Govind Das (the Bernard Shaw of Hindi) carried a similar story after an on-the-spot inspection; President Rajendra Prasad after a glimpse down South publicised the same impression about enthusiasm in non-Hindi speaking areas. Babu Purshottamdas Tandon is too infirm to travel, but he is doing his best in the Pant Committee to eschew even Roman Numerals from pure Hindi.

Meanwhile, why be rude and ill-mannered when decent social and political intercourse is possible—albeit in the language of slavery or Swahili if people at a get-together happen to know it? A mark of democracy is indeed the observance of good manners.

HINDI MYTH IN TAMILNAD

By A. SUBBIAH

People living in the State of Madras know that, in spite of 40 years of intensive propaganda carried on with all the support which a resourceful State and a powerful political party could provide, Hindi literacy in Tamilnad has not made appreciable headway. From time to time, Mr. M. Satyanarayana, the energetic General Secretary of the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha, with more zeal for his

cause than for truth, has been regaling the public with fantastic accounts of the growth of Hindi literacy in Tamilnad. But no one in this State took serious notice of his periodic flights into the realms of fancy.

What is understandable and therefore excusable in a person whose profession is the spread of Hindi cannot be looked on with the same unconcern when it emanates from the responsible

SWARAJYA

September 20, 1955

occupant of Vice Chancellor's chair in the Gujarat University, Mr. M. P. Desai. In recent weeks, Mr. Desai has rushed in with communications to the Press, his theme being that literacy in Hindi is far greater than in English in South India, the proportion being as much as

4 times in the case of Tamilnad and 10 times in the case of Madras City. To one living in Tamilnad and therefore physically aware of the actual situation, the patent absurdity of this tall claim would be at once obvious. But the detachment which goes with distance enables Mr.

Desai to prove the contrary with statistics, culled with equal acceptance from the census reports of 1951 and the Hindi Prachar Sabha report for 1918 to 1955.

Mr. Desai gives 1.12% as the percentage of literates in English to the total population in



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SITUATION IN KERALA

COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT'S VERSION

The following are excerpts from a statement issued by the Communist Government of Kerala defending itself against the charges levelled against it by Congress leaders:

Ever since the Communist Ministry came to power, it was the avowed policy of the Opposition parties to oust it, by fair means or foul. They did not leave any stone unturned; they did not think any means below their dignity or unworthy of their professed ideals; they did not hesitate to adopt unconstitutional and violent methods in trying to pull down this Ministry.

The Deviculam by-election was a significant turning point. The Opposition parties made a life and death struggle in this election. They were full of hope and confidence that they would be able to defeat the Communist candidate through their combined strength and thus unseat the Ministry "through the ballot box". In this they miserably failed and everybody is now more or less convinced that the Ministry will continue for its full term of five years. It was this thought that drove the Opposition parties into desperation and made them resort to all sorts of questionable methods in their attempts to bring down the Ministry. During the Assembly session itself the Congress members had given a broad hint of the coming events and as soon as the session was over, Sri P. T. Chacko, Leader of the Opposition in the State Assembly, called a Press conference and made a statement, in the course of which he called upon all the Opposition parties to join the struggle to destroy the Communist Party. Extracts of his statement as it appeared in the non-Communist Press are quoted below:

"The Congress Party in Kerala is determined to defy and isolate the Communists in the State. Shri Chacko appealed for the co-operation of all patriotic citizens in this campaign to oppose and annihilate the Communists" (The Malayala Manorama, dated 9-7-1958).

Ever since the campaign against the Education Bill started in the State in May 1957, the Opposition parties, especially the Congress, had encouraged the formation of semi-military volunteer organisations under various names such as Santhi Sena, Christopher Organisation, etc. They never made any secret of it.

The whole point was that the Opposition was trying to take the law into their own hands and organise a private militia. This can be established by irrefutable evidence. Government had reports that at one stage in a single district there were over fifteen thousand volunteers trained in the use of lathis and daggers by ex-Army men and others—the training ground being Church premises in most cases.

INCITEMENT OF CIVIL SERVANTS

Together with this idea of organising a private militia must be taken the attempts, sometimes open and at other times covert, to tamper with the loyalty of Government servants and to intimidate them. The speeches of the former Chief Minister, Shri Panampalli Govinda Menon, are especially noteworthy in this connection. He openly appealed more than once to members of the civil service to disobey the orders of Government. He wanted the officers "to act according to their own conscience, even if, what their conscience dictates is not in conformity with the instructions of Government".

Let us deal with the "struggles" one by one.

THE STUDENTS' DEMANDS

The boat fare agitation was started ostensibly to retain the one-anna boat fare concession that was alleged to have been prevalent in certain parts of Kuttanad. Government's information was that the concession existed only in a very limited number of boats and was available to students going to some particular schools and that there was no truth whatever

Madras (based on census figures which take S.S.L.C. as minimum for literacy), while the percentage of literacy in Hindi is 4.4% for Tamilnad and 12% in Madras City, (based on Hindi Prachar Sabha reports). The Praveshika or Entrance examination in Hindi held by the Sabha is perhaps nearest to S.S.L.C. standards in English and according to the Sabha's own figures, during the three years 1954 to 1956, roughly 25,000 candidates appeared for this examination in Madras and other areas in South India covered by the Sabha. This compares with 220,000 candidates who appeared for the S.S.L.C. examination in the Madras State alone during the same period, of whom more than 100,000 candidates passed. Taking this as a working proportion (the figures in the preceding years would if anything be less favourable to Hindi), the aggregate literates in Madras State would be more than 8 times those in Hindi. Mr. Desai's estimated ratio is wholly wrong.

The Hindi Prachar Sabha, being independent of the census authorities, felt no obligation to treat S.S.L.C. standard as minimum for literacy and hence treated all those who appeared for their examinations, even the lowest of them, as being literate in Hindi. Even this did not satisfy the insatiable appetite of Mr. M. Satyanarayana. So the Sabha decided to add up the numbers of candidates who appeared for each of their examinations, even though the candidates who appeared for the higher examinations would normally have passed all or nearly all the lower examinations. This way a single person if he appears for the 6 examinations could be counted 6 times. Is it that, in a good cause, the end justifies the means, that this kind of unscientific statistical manipulation is employed?

Comment is needless. The magic wand of statistics in suitable hands can apparently transform truth into falsehood and falsehood into truth, and be a great modern ally to our own philosophical doctrine of Maya.

in the statement that it was prevalent throughout Kuttanad. A concession restricted to a few boats could continue only as long as the boats were under different private owners. Each owner was free either to allow the concession or not. But as soon as the boats were taken over by the Water Transport Corporation (in which Government had the majority of shares) a uniform rule had to be laid down. The Corporation decided that instead of giving a few students studying in one or two schools in Pulinkunnu the concession of one anna, they would allow half concession to all students using the boats of the Corporation throughout the areas where the Corporation boats plied. This was, in fact, a far more generous and far more useful concession so far as the vast majority of the student population was concerned.

Several negotiations followed between the students' representatives and the Collector (who is also the Chairman of the Corporation) and also with the Minister for Transport and Labour, both of whom were very anxious to settle the whole question amicably. And at one stage they very nearly succeeded. In order to satisfy the students, the Minister himself gave it in writing to their representatives that if, contrary to his information, the one-anna concession was found, after enquiry, to have been generally prevalent in Kuttanad, Government were prepared to consider its extension to all boats and recommend to the Corporation accordingly. If the agitation was based on any genuine grievance, it should have been called off at once. But the students were not apparently satisfied and they continued their struggle.

All this shows that if the agitation was a genuine students' agitation for some economic concession, there would have been no difficulty in settling it. At no time did Government take a stiff or unbending attitude; they were, on the other hand, prepared to go to the utmost in conceding the students' demands. And, consistent with public policy, they have, in fact, granted concessions

in fare which had benefited the vast majority of students of the area. And, if in spite of all these, a section of students decided to continue the agitation, the conclusion is inescapable that there were other reasons for it and other forces behind it.

THE SITARAM MILLS DISPUTE

The same can be said of Government's handling of the Sitaram struggle. However much leaders like Shri Panampalli Govinda Menon and others wished to picture it as a political struggle, Government repeatedly put forward suggestions for the amicable settlement of the issue and several conferences at ministerial level were called to effect a settlement of the dispute.

The Sitaram Mills is managed by Government. Its Managing Board has in it an elected representative of the workers. Recently a new drive was made to speed up production with the willing co-operation of a large majority of the workers. Since there happened to be an accumulation of stock of yarn which had to be got reeled in time, it was found necessary to transfer 12 workers from the Winding Section to the Reeling Section. Seven of the workers thus transferred readily obeyed the orders of the Management, but five of them, claiming to belong to the Labour Congress (whose President is Shri Panampalli Govinda Menon) refused to work in the new section. Although an assurance was given that the transfer was only temporary and that there was not going to be any reduction in the emoluments received by the workers on account of the transfer, the Labour Congress leaders made it out that this was an act of victimization. The workers flatly refused to do the job in the places assigned to them. Shri Panampalli Govinda Menon seized this opportunity to declare his "Liberation Struggle". His demand was the outright cancellation of the transfer order. He denied to the Management their right to improve methods of production through proper assignment of work accepted as a necessity by the vast majority of the workers in the factory.

But in spite of the defiant attitude of a handful of workers, only 182 out of 2,117 participated in the struggle; production in the factory was not only maintained but it actually increased considerably, reaching a peak level of 43,000 yards a day as against 27,000 yards so far recorded. In fact the "epic" struggle launched by the Labour Congress under leaders like Shri Govinda Menon was a struggle without the support of the vast majority of the workers.

On July 27, however, a settlement was arrived at in a conference attended by Shri Panampalli Govinda Menon. Accordingly, the workers who were transferred from the Winding Section to the Reeling Section undertook to work in the Reeling Section till the 15th August, by which time, it was expected, the accumulated stock would be exhausted. Government, however, promised that there would be no victimization, that all discharged workers would be taken back and that all criminal cases arising out of the dispute would be withdrawn and sentences remitted.

Thus, the struggle that was continued for more than two months demanding the cancellation of the transfer order was withdrawn. After three months of "struggle" the INTUC has had to accept more or less the very same terms as were offered by Government from the very first. What, then, was the struggle for?

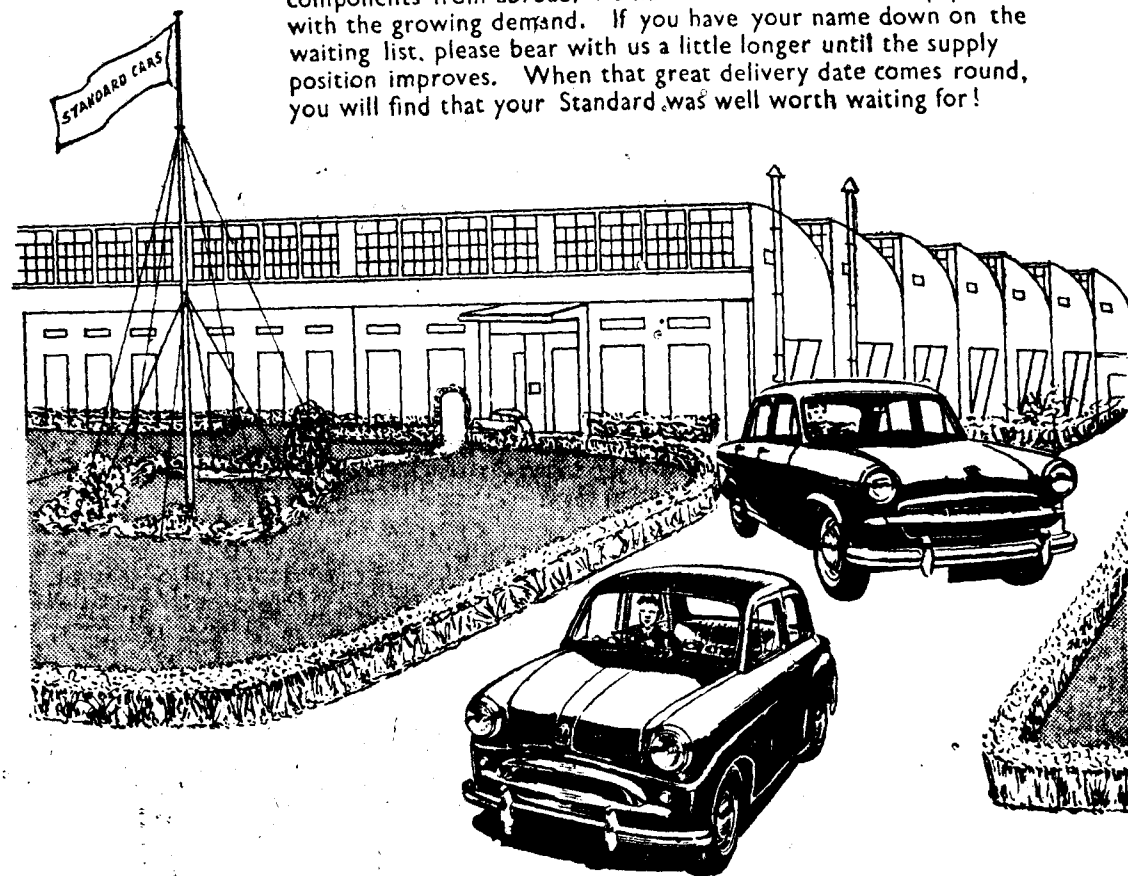
When the "battles" fought in the name of workers at Trichur (Sitaram), Alleppey and Fort Cochin did not produce the desired results, the "students' agitation" was seized as an opportunity by leaders of the Opposition political parties to engage themselves in regular campaigns against Government.

Stories were cooked up and spread about Communist violence. Even the unfortunate death of a girl in an accident while getting down from a bus, as was reported in a section of the Press, assumed the nature of Communist violence against the girl. This and other utterly false stories were propagated to provoke the public and

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SWARAJYA

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stir up feelings of hatred against the Communist Government.

What really happened in most places was that students of certain institutions were actually encouraged by the managements to leave their classes and they were further encouraged to roam about in the locality. Naturally students from these institutions were led to the institutions where normal classes were held and they forcibly entered the compounds of the schools and colleges and began shouting slogans. The disturbance thus caused was sufficient to enforce closure of institutions at several places. In front of many of the institutions, picketing was conducted in a violent and provocative manner. There have been innumerable cases of assaults on guardians and even on teachers.

The police certainly had a hard time in a number of places. Brazenly in front of them vulgar slogans were shouted. The unique feature of these incidents was the large number of kids thrown into the fray. It is sad to think that the agitators and their leaders thought it fit to rouse boys and girls hardly 10 years of age to engage in acts of hooliganism. Preventive action was rendered difficult because of the tender age of these children placed in the forefront of the disturbances. It is true that a large number of students had to be arrested. However, instances of force having been used against the agitators are few and far between, although there has been screaming propaganda about "naked police violence".

According to State Transport authorities, 100 buses have been subjected to attacks by the students. The cost of damages and losses incurred by the Department, according to a rough calculation, amounts to nearly one lakh of rupees.

INTIMIDATORY SLOGANS

The speeches made and the slogans shouted throughout the course of this "struggle" were highly inflammatory, such as no State Government in India would have tolerated. Following are a few examples of the slogans that were freely used in the processions

organised by the Opposition parties in the course of the struggle:

Beware of your life, Namburi!
Touch Sreekantan, T. V.'s head will be off!

This is not Hungary, this is Kerala; Beware, Namburi!

Down with your rule of the stammerer, the blind and the lame, Namburi!

Blood-thirsty Namburi, drink more blood hereafter!

Although the Opposition party leaders appeared very happy at the turn of events and wanted to make the fullest use of the "students' struggle" against the Communist Government, there were others who were distressed at the turn events had taken.

Here is what Shri K. Kelappan said: "The student struggle is a purely political struggle. I remind the political parties behind this agitation that it is dangerous to use the students as pawns in their political game. The bitter political conflict today might have blinded their eyes, but they must remember one thing. There are a number of impartial people watching all these misdeeds. . . . Normally it has been our experience that Catholic institutions keep away from such struggle. But, amazingly enough we find them today in the fore-front of these struggles. It is the worst crime against students to incite them to shout political slogans and to picket in front of Government offices."

All these appeals failed to have any effect on the leaders of the Congress and other Opposition parties.

Such in brief, is the story of the students' struggle.

The end of the struggle has served to ease the tension in Kerala for the time being. But the clouds are on the horizon and the Prime Minister's statement has only served to darken the gloom.

The charges against the Kerala Government referred to in the Prime Minister's Press Conference are:

- (i) that the Communists have indulged in political murders;
- (ii) that the withdrawal of cases in which Communists are involved has created an impression that Communists are free to indulge in crime, for which they will not be punished;

(iii) that officers of the Government are not free to act according to what they think just and proper, because they are being punished for any action taken by them against Communists.

As the Chief Minister said in his reply to Pandit Nehru, deliberate murders of political workers belonging to the Communist Party, trade unions and Kisan Sabhas have taken place in this State during the last sixteen months with the full blessings of prominent leaders of the State Congress.

It is true that on assumption of office, the Communist Government decided to withdraw all political cases and release political prisoners. This decision benefited not only Communists but also the Congress, P.S.P., R.S.P., Muslim League and others. The policy regarding withdrawal of cases and remission of sentences was laid down by the Government on the following lines: When a labour, agrarian or political agitation is settled, the cases arising out of these are to be withdrawn and the sentences remitted.

With regard to the charge that Government are victimizing officers who are honestly discharging their duties, it is desired to make one thing clear. As the Chief Minister said: "Administrative measures like transfer, suspension, etc., of certain officers taken by our Government are in full conformity with legal and constitutional rights". As a State Government we are not called upon to explain our conduct before anybody except the people of the State. It is a very bad precedent to make every little incident like transfer of a certain official the subject of public debate. If this thing goes on, normal administration will be impossible. Responsible leaders of the Congress and the Government of India should know this better than anybody else.

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CAPITAL COMMENTS

MORARJI DESAI AT HOME
AND ABROAD

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: Mr. Morarji Desai is having, from all accounts, a good time abroad—good for him and good for the country. He had a splendid start on *Time's* wings: everywhere he was recognised and received as a man of consequence and, what is even of more consequence, as the man of the future, within the context of Indian politics. It is generally, if not generously, assumed that he will return to India with laurels on his brow, in the immediate wake of more aid to the Plan. But it will not be the success (whatever be its measure) of the mission that will so much make his foreign tour historic as the single—and singular—fact that if he left our shores as India's Finance Minister, he will come back home, having been advertised as our next Prime Minister. He has done precious little to discourage people abroad from thinking on those lines. He has apparently not only certain opinions of others but a particular opinion of himself, which is all so natural in the case of one situated as he is. To be fair to him, Mr. Desai has not nominated himself as Mr. Nehru's successor nor has Mr. Nehru nominated him—or any. But he is 'tipped', it seems, both in the light of known facts and on certain broad assumptions. The Maulana is no more; Pantji

is too old; Mr. Krishna Menon has no roots in the party-soil; Mr. Morarji Desai stands nearest to 'the greasy pole'. It is also plausible that if and when U. P. ceases to give leadership, Guzerat alone can. If there are any doubts we have only to turn to Mr. U. N. Dhebar, but there are none. Mr. Morarji Desai is obviously the man who can be more easily marked out for succession than anyone else in Congress ranks.

Yet, who knows what will happen. Partly it depends on when it will happen. The distance that separates certainties from probabilities is as long as the one between attempts and achievements. In the case of Mr. Nehru, there had never been any doubt about his place since Gandhiji, in the plenitude of his wisdom, called him (Mr. Nehru) his political heir. On his part, Mr. Nehru is just simply not inclined to nominate his successor; his mind doesn't work that way, in spite of the varied pressure put on him to give his thought to the matter. And things always don't happen as anticipated—or even as planned. Curzon had his life's shock when he was passed over on Bonar Law's death. All this is not to say that Mr. Morarji Desai may have to reckon with the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. But, incontrovertibly, very much will depend upon the posture of affairs at a given time. How stands one with one's own men? How stands one, with certain others? Today, for instance, as things are, Shri Morarji Desai cannot venture to visit Maharashtra: perhaps he can't go to his own Ahmedabad without sufficient protection. Prime Ministers must have the stature of national leaders or heroes. Mr. Morarji Desai has been too much of a Bombayite to cast his spell beyond Western

India. Having drifted—or gravitated—whichever way you prefer—to Delhi and the central scheme of things, he may, in the next few years, qualify himself for succession. On the home-front he is quite convincing. But what about his grasp of foreign affairs? It is difficult to think of future Prime Ministers (anywhere in the world) as capable of rising from ranks which have subsisted on mere home-made brew.

Those who meet in the Central Hall in Parliament will now find three new portraits, arresting their attention and stirring their mind. They are those of Surendranath Banerjee, Chitta Ranjan Das and Rabindra Nath Tagore, all sons of undivided Bengal, cast in a heroic mould. It was when Bengal was sought to be divided, in a more remote day and on a different basis, that they had brought to Indian Nationalism the breath of a new life and the fervour of a new religion. Never had Surendranath Banerjee's oratory moved the multitude so deeply: perhaps "Cicero's oratory sounded like that" was the last word said by Mr. H. W. Nevins. It was during the same hectic period that, in defence of Shri Aurobindo the prophet, C. R. Das rose to superb heights. Surendranath Banerjee and Chitta Ranjan Das passed away in the same year (1925), the former having got under eclipse as a Moderate and a Minister in the Montford era and the latter having stridden the earth like a Colossus. Of a different and higher order than either of them or any other, with the solitary exception of Gandhiji, Rabindranath Tagore emerged as the Laureate of Humanity. It is gratifying to find that Members of Parliament are so enthusiastic as to have their portraits hung in Parliament House, particularly in the Central Hall which cannot ask for too much of seriousness. It is an agonising thought that within recent weeks the indiscipline that one used to associate with academic institutions has crept into legislatures and Parliament, divesting them of a sense of awe and all glamour. Democracy without decorum is something forbidding.

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CINEMA

STRINGENT CENSORSHIP POLICY

By V. P. SATHE

Bombay: The IMPPA members, who met Prime Minister Nehru on Saturday, 6th September, discussed almost all the problems confronting the industry. According to a statement issued by Shri J. B. Roongta, Prime Minister Nehru gave a sympathetic hearing and the delegation was 'highly satisfied' with the meeting. About censorship, Shri Roongta says: "I have a feeling as a result of these discussions the present censorship policy will undergo a change. I feel that either the leniency shown by the censors to foreign films will go or the censors will be asked to show the same consideration to our films which they show to foreign films". The IMPPA delegates also feel that they will succeed in getting their demand for having nominees of producers on the regional advisory panels also approved.

But it appears that far from being lenient the censorship will be tightened even for foreign pictures. For only last week Parliament's consultative committee on information and broadcasting suggested that more stringent censorship is necessary to improve the standard of Indian films. This committee has thus strengthened the hands of Dr. Keskar. Now he can say that he has been asked to follow an even more stringent policy while the IMPPA is clamouring for liberalization of the policy. As things stand, with all the catholic and liberal attitude of the Prime Minister, there is no chance of the censorship policy being liberalized. The majority of pictures which are trying to cash on the craze for crime and rock-n-roll music in such a vulgar and cheap manner have created resentment against Indian pictures in the mind of the responsible section of the public. Unless the producers first determine to make clean, healthy pictures they are not likely to get

the enlightened public's support.

At the same time it is true that the stringent censorship does not ensure improvement in the artistic standard of films. It cannot compel the writers to write better stories or the directors to be more sincere and artistic in their work. Above all, unless a taste for better pictures is cultivated among picturegoers, nobody will dare to make artistic pictures likely to prove flops at the box-office. Award of prizes, exemption from tax and financial support are the best methods to encourage production of pictures like 'Pather Panchali' and 'Do Ankhen Barah Haath'. But censorship can hardly contribute to the advancement of the Indian film art. On the contrary, the puritanism of our leaders manifest in the present day censor policy is doing more harm than good to the film art. Having granted 'adult' certificates, is there any sense in cutting mercilessly many passages of dialogue in pictures like 'Love in the Afternoon'? If as a result of the talk with Mr. Nehru, this policy is revised and liberalized, the IMPPA delegates would have achieved almost a miracle.

Nargis was felicitated last week by Gohar and Chandulal Shah at Ranjit Studio for winning the award at Karlovy Vary. Though there was a big crowd at the function, most of our top ranking stars did not turn up. Apparently they were busy; but most likely they did not have the courage to appreciate the triumph of the first lady of the Indian screen.

Speeches eulogising Nargis as an artiste were made by Shri Chandulal Shah, Shri J. C. Jain and Shri V. Shankar. Nargis made a suitable reply.

This has been a memorable year for Nargis. On 28th January she was awarded the title 'Padmashri'. A few months later she married Sunil Dutt, and the

international award for her acting in 'Mother India' was the crowning glory of the year. Last year, she had declared that she would retire by August 1958. And today rumours are rife about her proposed retirement. For with both 'Adalat' and 'Lajwanti' almost complete and 'Tha Raja' in the last stages, Nargis has no fresh commitment.

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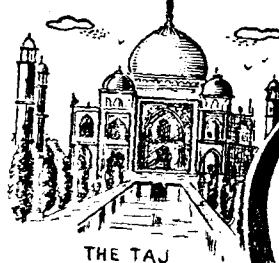
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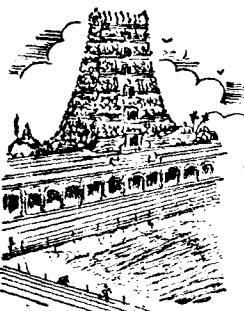
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THE AMERICAN PARADOX

In a speech at Chicago three years ago, Adlai Stevenson, one of the most influential of American leaders, spoke these prophetic words :

"The tragedy is that the possibility of war just now seems to hinge upon Quemoy and Matsu, small islands that lie almost as close to the coast of China as Staten Island does to New York— islands which, presumably, have been fortified by the Chinese Nationalists with our approval and assistance. . . . I have the greatest misgivings about risking a third world war in defence of these little islands. . . . They have always belonged to China."

Pointing out that "domestic political considerations" have influenced American foreign policy in the Far East, he urged : "We might ask ourselves how we ever got in this position, how the prestige and honour of the great United States, not to mention the peace of the world, could be staked on some little islands within the very shadow of the China coast in which we have no claim or interest." And he pleaded earnestly for a change in the American attitude to China. "The world will respect us for recognising mistakes and correcting them," he said. "But if our present posture in the offshore islands, for example, is a wrong one, who will respect us for stubbornly persisting in it?"

And Adlai Stevenson capped his indictment with a ringing appeal for a new sense of direction :

"It is not only over the offshore islands crisis that we need a new

sense of direction. Too often of late we have turned to the world a face of stern military power. Too often, the sound they hear from Washington is the call to arms, the rattling of the sabre. Too often our constructive, helpful economic programs have been obscured, our good done by stealth. Thus have we Americans, the most peaceful and generous people on earth been made to appear hard, belligerent and careless of those very qualities of humanity which, in fact, we value most. The picture of America—the kindly, generous, deeply pacific people who are really America—has been clouded in the world, to the comfort of the aggressors and the dismay of our friends."

In the midst of policy blunders typified in Mr. Dulles's brinkmanship that has brought the world to the very verge of war, the better mind of America is reflected in these words of Mr. Stevenson. The years that have passed since they were spoken do not dim their importance, on the contrary they have invested them with the additional weight of corroborating testimony. The United States is rich, peace-loving, not interested in territorial expansion and pledged to programmes of fabulous spending for the good of people in other countries. Yet no nation stands so isolated or has roused so much resentment in international affairs. This is the greatest paradox of our time and unless its contradictions are set right, the world will not regain its equilibrium.

The obsession of the Communist menace has thrown American policymakers out of balance. It has landed them in a scheme of

alliances with the major imperialist powers. At a time when people everywhere are awakening to a consciousness of freedom, as in Algeria, American alignments create an impression of support for the imperial masters of insurgent people struggling for emancipation. In Formosa, without American arms and money, Chiang Kai-shek's discredited regime could not be sustained for a day. It is only by abandoning the policy of countering, or even seeming to counter popular revolutions against imperialist or other dictatorship that the United States can re-establish its position as a freedom-loving power commanding the esteem and confidence of the nations of the world. Let it be noted that of all contemporary rulers of States it was Khrushchev alone that could summon the intrepidity to condemn the de Gaulle dictatorship for its fascist potentiality.

The temptation to domineer and play Providence inherent in wealth and military power has landed the United States in the present mess. The only corrective is the one that Adlai Stevenson formulated three years ago : "Let us never under-estimate the weight of moral opinion. It can be more penetrating than bullets, more durable than steel."

President Nasser and the U.S.

The curl in a diplomat's beard or the way he eats mangoes can, presumably, change maps and

SIDELIGHTS ::

The sixtieth birthday of Sri K. Iswara Dutt is being celebrated on Saturday this week at New Delhi. Felicitating him on the event Sri Rajaji says: "On the occasion of the Sashtiabda-poorti of my friend Iswara Dutt, let me offer my congratulations to his friends and relatives on their good luck and my continued good wishes to I. D. himself. He has served Andhra Desh and India in a difficult profession with ability, integrity and courage. His friends have been men of great eminence and his work and character have earned their appreciation. It is not easy to live sixty years with no blemish on one's good name and with none to bear ill-will. And this Iswara Dutt has done. God bless him. He has many more years before him."

The Vice-President of India, Dr. Radhakrishnan, says in his message: "I have known Sri K. Iswara Dutt from his college days. Without any advantage of wealth, birth or influence, he has risen by steady and honest work to the present position when he is recognised as one of our leading journalists. His style has clarity and sparkle and his writings often cease to be journalism and become literature. It is my earnest hope that he will live for many years to contribute to the public education of our country."

Friends and admirers of Iswara Dutt have got up a Souvenir to be presented to him at the birthday celebration. The presentation is to be made by the Home Minister of the Central Cabinet, Pandit Govind Vallabh Pant. I reproduce below my tribute of appreciation contributed to the Souvenir in honour of the distinguished journalist:

I met Sri Iswara Dutt for the first time over thirty years ago in the office of *Swarajya*. Sri Prakasam who had started the paper a little earlier, lacked business talent and was continually getting into debt and difficulty. But he had a stout and optimistic

heart which delighted in easy solutions for every oncoming crisis. He solved difficulties by appointing a man to take charge of them. So one day he jubilantly announced, "There is a fellow called Iswara Dutt, a wonderful fellow. He is joining us. Hereafter everything will be all right."

My good friend Krupanidhi who was then the most important man in the office after Prakasam, was taught by experience to receive these announcements with scepticism. But he had a constitutional incapacity for sustaining strong feelings for long. I know of none so involuntarily given to affability. Honey oozed out of his tongue in ever pleasant speech. Opinion therefore made no difference to behaviour, and the utmost graciousness and courtesy of demeanour prevailed in the welcome given to the newcomer.

We were at the time serious journalists fanatically given to the Mahatma's non-co-operation movement. Any idea of relaxation in the anti-imperialist effort was abhorrent to our sense of duty. To us Iswara Dutt brought his gift of gaiety. He skimmed the surface of life blithely without involvement in the tempestuous political currents of the day. He was actually capable of fraternisation on happy terms with notabilities bred up on British patronage! His reverent attitude

to individuals of distinction enabled him to overcome the acerbities of political intolerance that were the fashion among young men of those days who imagined themselves crusaders in the cause of freedom.

Iswara Dutt had an instinctive insight into the greatness and foibles of personality. Even as a student he gave his love to journalism and nourished himself in preparatory zest on the study of the masters of the craft in the England of Spender, Gardiner and Massingham. This turned him into a zealous admirer of the liberalism of British politics, and its influence remained with him ever after, protecting him culturally against the temptations of the acrimonious purism which passed for virtue and stamped dissent as treason, in the hectic days of our N.C.O. journalism. It was because he rose above offensive fanaticism of any kind that so much of what he wrote, even in the midst of the daily grind of newspaper drudgery, lives and remains fresh to this day.

After leaving *Swarajya* he filled with credit and dignity responsible positions on renowned newspapers like *The Hindu* and *The Hindustan Times*. He became Chief Editor of *The Leader* and his manner of leaving it does him as much honour as the work he did there. He started and conducted for years a monthly journal, *The Twentieth Century*, with unique distinction. It can justly claim to have shaped the

A MOST DANGEROUS SITUATION

By C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

While Pandit Nehru is enjoying the hospitalities of the rulers of Bhutan and Sikkim, the world is being taken by Mr. Dulles to the very brink of war. It seems as if America's present rulers have decided that war is inevitable and that it is better it comes now, than later. The majority of the world's people do not however think so. They still believe that war is not inevitable, that patience can avert it and that co-existence is possible.

It is a cheap way out to refuse to receive the representations of a brother government when one finds it difficult to answer them. The issue of America's right to stand between China and her islands, and the question why real China should not replace the discredited ex-dictator who sits in the Chinese chair in the U.N. are difficult to answer. An objection to form and language may for the time being serve to screen evasion and to give to American voters a sense of self-righteous fulfilment but cannot be a substitute for wise policy or international justice or serve the cause of world peace.

The present American policy has been severely condemned by Mr. Acheson and Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Mr. Dulles has accelerated his brinkmanship. Is it possible that something near to a world war is played to begin before November when Congressional elections must lead to the displacement of the G.O.P.? Should the world be plunged into catastrophic risk over an unjustifiable issue because of the party situation in American politics? Mr. Dulles hopes perhaps that the atomic weapons which Admiral Felt will unwillingly use (so he has said) against the Chinese mainland will quell Chinese arrogance and that out of a desire to avoid total war, Russia will let China down and stand aside. This would be a terrible miscalculation. Men are more loyal than that and there are causes and occasions which

drive them to desperate steps. It will be a signal for general nuclear warfare. That satanic thing has been hungrily waiting for it far too long. The situation is just the sort that wise men have all along been apprehending as the inescapable result of the manufacture and accumulation of nuclear weapons. Despite the universal awareness of the consequences of a nuclear war and the unwillingness of everybody to begin it, the machine has an infernal will of its own and takes possession of the rulers of men and urges them on to destruction.

Britain is not unaware of what will happen to her in the matter of a few hours, but her blindfold alliance with America carries her forward to catastrophe. The words 'Munich' and 'appeasement' are enough to drown commonsense and cloud the vision of men. Is it moral for America to give military assistance to help China against China ten years after the revolution was over? And is it wicked for Russia to intervene to support a government accepted by 600 millions against a foreign supported insurgent section? It is extraordinary that the immoral support that America has chosen to give to the discredited dictator of China, Chiang-Kai-Shek, and the fiction of a Chinese republic under his presidentship should be kept alive for so long and now taken to the length of inviting world annihilation. Quernoy is part of China as the coastal islands of America or Britain belong to them. If the world must be ruined, it seems far too unreasonable that so poor a provocation and so wrong an issue should furnish the occasion.

Perfect security is something which nations cannot expect, any more than men can, this side of the grave. And the sooner we can reconcile ourselves to this and not be worried by it, the better is our chance, and that of our children, of dying in our beds.

—MICHAEL HOWARD.

Yet in the sea of life en-isled
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild
We mortal millions live alone.
The islands feel the enclasping flow
And then its endless bounds they know.

But when the moon their summit lights
And they are swept by balms of spring
And in their glens on starry nights
The nightingales divinely sing:
O then a longing like despair
Through all their sounds and channels went
For surely once, they think, we were
Part of a single continent.

Author uncertain. Quoted by Walter de la Mare in *Desert Islands*.

SAKA

LEST WE FORGET

GOKHALE, MASTER OF THE POSSIBLE

By S. T. KASIRAJAN

"This side of life has been good to me. It is time that I should go and see the other," said a great soul. Gopal Krishna Gokhale was one of the few statesmen who could have said such a thing on his death-bed.

Born in a poor family on May 9, 1866, G. K. Gokhale lost his father at the age of 13, and came under the tutelage of his elder brother who spent half of his monthly salary of Rs. 15 on the boy's studies. Often Gokhale had to go without a meal. He tried cooking his own food; to save kerosene oil, he studied at night under the street lamps.

Taking his B.A. degree with Mathematics as the special subject, he joined the staff of the New English High School at Poona. He was called a "professor-to-order" there, because, besides Mathematics, he taught English, Political Economy and History. It can be truly said of him that whatever he touched he adorned. His old student and biographer, Sri R. P. Paranjpye says, "He never slurred over even the easiest passage, and took great pains in explaining all the allusions, and especially the historical references."

Another student and biographer, Sri Shahani, says in connection with Gokhale's lectures on Burke: "Every thought of that famous political philosopher brought forth from his silver tongue a stream of illustrations chosen from the everyday life of a citizen so that the dull-est received a clear impression of the tenour of the book. To the more ambitious set of students were thrown occasional hints on higher studies in politics.... To have heard Gokhale lecturing on Burke's *Reflections* was to have drunk at the fountain-head of constitutionalism."

Gokhale's memory was phenomenal. He was said to have learnt by rote almost the whole of

Scott's *Rokeby*, portions of the speeches of Burke and John Bright, and *Paradise Lost*. He spared no pains to train his memory. One method was to wager with a friend to examine him on the passages he had memorised, especially from Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, the arrangement being that for every mistake, Gokhale should part with an anna. Another was to set himself some portions for a day to commit to memory, and if he found himself wanting in that quota, to fine himself! No wonder he had such great command over the English language.

Besides the quality of prodigious perseverance, Gokhale was a hero-worshipper of Ranade, Dadabhai Naoroji, Pherozeshah Mehta and G. G. Agarkar. He would not sit in front of Ranade, whose "authority," to quote Gandhiji, "was final in every matter for him". Once he declared he would rather be alone on the side of Mehta than be in agreement with the rest of the world. He had such reverence for Naoroji that, to be of service to the great man, he rode on the coach-box of the carriage in which Mr. Naoroji was driving to a meeting. For him hero-worship proved an inspiring and purifying experience because he chose the right heroes.

Gokhale scorned cheap popularity. Once he tendered apology to the Government when he felt that the occasion demanded it. Gokhale was absent in England when an epidemic of plague raged in Poona and its environs. The Government of Bombay took steps to put down the epidemic and entrusted this work to British troops. Some people in Poona and other places wrote to Gokhale making allegations against the troops. Two European officers were killed and the British press demanded drastic action against

the culprits. Gokhale, to counteract the reaction in England, issued statements condemning official atrocities. On arrival in India he found to his dismay that he had been misinformed. And he took the only course which an honourable man could do. He offered a full and unconditional apology for issuing the condemnatory statements. In this he was supported by people like Ranade. The extremists complained that Gokhale had betrayed the national cause. He went into an eclipse. But then as always Gokhale put honour above expediency, truth above popularity.

In his efforts to "spiritualise" politics, he was a forerunner of Gandhiji, whose political guru he was. In fact, the moralist in Gokhale always asserted himself. At the height of his political activities, his moral elevation found expression in the founding of the Servants of India Society in the year 1905—when he was the President of the Indian National Congress. The preamble of its constitution contains, *inter alia*, the following significant sentence: "The Servants of India Society will train men prepared to devote their lives to the cause of the country in a religious spirit and will seek to promote, by all constitutional means, the national interests of the Indian people". This sentence, exhorting men to work in a religious spirit, marks him out from Cavour with whom his biographers are prone to compare him.

He gave himself unsparingly to the cause of his country. Gandhiji says, "to see Gokhale at work was as much a joy as an education. He never wasted a minute. His private relations and friendships were all for public good. All his talks had reference only to the good of the country, and were absolutely free from any trace of untruth or insincerity. India's poverty and subjection were matters of constant and exclusive concern to him". Though he was destined to be only an opposition leader, he never opposed the measures of Government for the sake of opposition. While criticising the policy of Government, he had always

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something better to offer in its place. His exactness of mind, his mathematical training and "his power of producing matter of fascinating interest from repulsive masses of statistics" made his speeches on the budget, events to look forward to and remember. Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson, Finance Member, said that a budget session in the absence of Gokhale was as the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out! He was listened to with the deepest respect and sometimes influenced the Government's policy.

SWARAJYA

A great master of the possible, he never missed any possibilities. In fact, he created possibilities. A constitutionalist, he was, of course, for change, but he asserted that there should be wisdom in change, and he believed in the inevitability of gradualness, and of good triumphing over evil. He affirmed that the connection between Britain and India should not be severed for good. He was moderate in tone and always constructive in suggestion.

His contribution to the building up of political life in India was

enormous. He was also a profound political thinker, as honest and comprehensive though not as eloquent as Burke. An idealist who was also a realist, a reconciler of the West and East who learnt the best in each and interpreted it to the other, one who knew the real India, the India of the villages, a statesman who was disdainful of popularity and pursued, unhesitating but unrelenting, the highest interests of the people, Gokhale has carved for himself a niche in the temple of fame as one of the great founders of modern India.

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THE JOTTINGS OF A GENIUS: COLERIDGE'S CHAOTIC NOTEBOOKS

By FRANK KERMODE

Reader in English at the University of Reading.

Coleridge, who thought highly of *Hamlet*, must have particularly approved its hero's immediately fumbling for his notebook on the departure of the ghost: 'My tables, meet it is I set it down...' Year in and year out, he himself set down whatever came into his head, indoors or out: things seen, dreams, observations of his children, complaints about his wife, addresses, summaries of books, or extracts from them, titles of books he would like to write, attempts to describe colour and sound; and a thousand other topics, trivial or important. He calls his notes 'acts of obedience to the apostolic command of try all things.' They are the work of a man unable to conceive that any activity of the human mind, and a fortiori of the poet's mind, could be without interest, a man to whom thinking, considered in isolation from what is thought, is delightful. Although Coleridge, before the date at which Kathleen Coburn's recently published volume of "jottings" ends, had come to see himself as cut off from joy, the creative source of poetry, he did not cease to believe in his mind as self-delighting, having that egotism without which, in his opinion, poetry was uninteresting.

The result of these 'acts of obedience' is a very large body of material, in numerous Notebooks of varying size and decipherability. In the past it has sometimes been felt that complete publication, even if desirable, would be impossible, so nightmarish are the problems with which they confront an editor. However, a sufficient number of notes has been published over

The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, edited by Kathleen Coburn, Vol. I (1794-1804) in two parts, Text and Notes. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 75s.

the years — principally in E. H. Coleridge's *Anima Poetas* (1895), an unjustly denigrated but practically unobtainable selection—to increase the appetite for complete publication.

In 1927 J. L. Lowes made memorable use of one Notebook in *The Road to Xanadu*; other scholars revealed more of the notes; and in 1953 Humphry House, skilfully employing unpublished material in his most valuable little book, *Coleridge*, spoke of Miss Coburn's project, then nearing fruition, as one of 'unbelievable heroism'. Now we can see what he meant. The mere transcription of the books must have been an appalling task; to establish order among the thousands of entries, and then to annotate them into sense and coherence, are tasks which demand, and are receiving, the devotion of a whole working life. Miss Coburn has imposed order upon Coleridge, without diminishing his variety.

This first volume covers the period of Coleridge's closest association with Southey and with Wordsworth, his unfortunate marriage, the onset of some of his many illnesses and of the opium habit. It is also the period of his great poems. Overt reference to these matters is, however, relatively scanty. Of course there are references to his wife and to his family; the first sad or petulant or blotted out, the second penetrating though affectionate observations of child psychology. There is material on Wordsworth, some of it new. But curiously enough the interest of the notes, though they are focussed on Coleridge's own fantastically active mind, is rather impersonal. A note of September, 1800 may make this paradox clear; 'The child being very ill was baptized by the name of Derwent. The child hour after hour made a noise exactly like the creaking of a

door which is being shut very slowly to prevent its creaking.' Nothing about the distress of the parent: only an exact notation of the sound of the infant's breathing.

Coleridge was devoted to this exactitude. 'Never to see or describe any interesting appearance in nature without connecting it, by dim analogies, with the moral world proves faintness of impression,' he wrote in a letter of 1802. It was proper that the intellect, in making the observation, should be suffused with feeling; but feeling is not inimical to precision. The Notebooks are full of passionate attempts to record colour, sound, even dreams, exactly. This passion informs Coleridge's curiosity over all its virtually limitless range, and obviates any impression of meaningless diversity in these notes. Confident in the power of his mind, Coleridge entered without apology every department of knowledge. It is however true that, despite his complaint that metaphysics was 'corrosive on the body' and hurtful to the imagination, he appears most persistently as a metaphysician.

This was necessarily so. For Coleridge all creative activity was poetry, and the poet alone employs the whole mind to conquer the difficulty that 'all our notions are husked in the phantasms of Place and Time.' His passionate interest in words, expressed in his coining of new ones, theories of puns, etymologies, is therefore necessarily complemented by metaphysical speculation; and this speculation cannot be dissociated from the intense examination of his own mind at work (he decided to 'write my metaphysical works, as *my Life*, & in *my Life*').

There is at present some dispute among Coleridge scholars as to the originality of his philosophy; and there can be no doubt that he drew heavily on Kant, and even more on Schelling and on A. W. Schlegel, from whom he derived his most influential theory, the distinction between the mechanical and the organic in form. These debts were not fully acknowledged, and accord-

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ing to Mr. R. Wellek, we must not claim that Coleridge, for all his enormous influence, was an original thinker. Coleridge himself dismissed the similarities between his work and Schelling's as a 'genial coincidence'; and Miss Coburn, whose notes on entries 921, 1675 and 1705 are important in this connexion,

tends to accept this. The truth probably lies somewhere between her and Mr. Wellek. Coleridge, though a born scribbler, was terrified when it came to writing a book; and while there is no doubt that his break with English associationist thought was primarily due to his own efforts, the discovery that Schelling and

Schlegel had formulated the next stage in print perhaps seduced him, in the labour of composition, into using them as more convenient sources than his own kaleidoscopic mind.

However this may be, Coleridge's importance for us is not in dispute. Unnecessarily extra-

(Continued on Page 14)

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ISWARA DUTT, AS I KNOW HIM

By D. ANJANEYULU

Journalists are, by and large, in an anonymous lot. It does not necessarily follow that they are always of the self-effacing type. Possibly, they have to make a virtue of necessity, as those whose business it is to spotlight the men and events of the day, have to be content with hiding behind the footlights. Politicians, after coming into seats of power, may consider them as a refined species of palanquin-bearers and paeansingers. It is therefore heartening to see a member of this fraternity, once in a way, riding in a palanquin and receiving tributes instead of throwing them about for others. Sri K. Iswara Dutt, who completes sixty today (September 27)—though no one would believe it, but for the incontrovertible chronological evidence—is in this happy position.

At present the Secretary of the National Book Trust, he completes over three decades of useful work as a journalist, publicist, public relations specialist, radio commentator, author and administrator. Born in a cultured middle-class family of modest means, like most of the Indian intellectuals, he is largely a self-made man. Fond of playing the truant in college, he always had a passion for general reading and a love of literature worthy of a university professor. Writing has obviously been in his blood and he felt ill at ease until he found himself a journalist, after a

series of interesting, and not so interesting, adventures, vividly described in his delightful autobiography, "The Street of Ink." Fleet Street filled his dreams, as it still does. After his early years on *Swarajya*, *The Hindu* and *Leader*, and first experiences in authorship, he settled down in Allahabad where he founded and edited for over a decade "The Twentieth Century", the quality periodical with which his name is still associated in the minds of many readers in India. His brief sojourns in Jaipur and Hyderabad in publicity and public relations were mainly due to the persuasion of Sir Mirza Ismail. With his natural flair for commenting on Parliamentary proceedings, he did a good job of "Parliament Today" on A.I.R.

He is a fine practitioner of the art of biography and he can etch a thumb-nail sketch of personalities that command his admiration or attention; with the same skill as he does a profile or a full-length portrait. On the editorial gadi, he combined a spirit of adjustment with courage of conviction on matters of cardinal principle.

Without personal acquaintance with him, one knows but less than half the man. He has a genius for friendship and his wide circle of friends is drawn from all languages, regions and age-groups and schools of political thought. It would be difficult to think of a journalist in Delhi or elsewhere who can claim a more cosmopolitan collection of friends. He keeps open house, to the farthest limit of his resources, and plays the host with charm and without ostentation. He continues to cultivate, despite the dryness all around us, the lost arts of conversation and letter-writing.

The bulk of his material fortune consists of books, of which he has an amazing number (of rare and precious volumes). In fact his whole house is a library. To his drawing room is transported to a different

world peopled by the best minds of literature, politics and art. Fox and Burke, Gibbon and Macaulay, Churchill and Asquith, C. R. and Radhakrishnan, among others, adorn the walls. Pictures of Fleet Street, the Houses of Parliament and of other inspiring scenes provide an atmosphere conducive to the proper cultivation of the arts.

Mr. Dutt sitting in his favourite armchair, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of papers, pens and pencils, is a picture of the typical writer in his workshop. He believes in soft pencils and rough paper. Seldom does he use a fountain pen, for he has greater faith in the steel pen and the inkpot. He would even tell you that the very act of dipping the pen in the ink pot is an aid to the process of thinking. A more powerful aid to thinking, in his case, must be the pungent cigars from his home town of Rajahmundry, of which there can be no shortage in supply, for he is sure to send an urgent telegram when the reserve stock is not encouraging enough.

Of books on political biography, autobiography, memoirs and reminiscences, not to speak of general literature and current affairs, he has probably one of the best private collections in the country. More valuable still are his wonderful books of press cuttings. From 'T.P.'s Weekly' (which ran a feature on 'Years of my Youth' contributed by G. B. Shaw, H. G. Wells and others) and 'Illustrated London News' in the twenties up to the latest 'Observer' profiles and 'Sunday Times' sketches, he has all the worthwhile features neatly scissored and pasted in their serial order in his enormous scrapbooks. These press clippings of a life-time are worthy of a first-rate newspaper office.

His wealth of knowledge about the political heroes and intellectual leaders of the nation should not be lost to the younger generation, to whom the chapter of freedom and the fight for it seem even now to be a closed book. There are at least five or six eminent national worthies whose definitive biographies can be written only by Iswara Dutt and by none so well.

CAPITAL COMMENTS

"ICY BLASTS WHICH MAY FREEZE OUR SPIRITS"

By JUNIUS

New Delhi: The story of Parliament's monsoon session is now that of the last flicker of the flame. With the Prime Minister, the Finance Minister and the Defence Minister far away on different missions from the noisy scheme of things at home, there is not much flicker either while the flame itself is about to be extinguished. October days will give Members of Parliament a respite—shall we say a well-earned respite?—to nurse their constituencies, or just themselves after a fatiguing session. Yet they will be momentous days in Delhi, in the wake of the President's return from Japan and the Prime Minister's from Tibet. At any rate, before Parliament will re-assemble at its winter session, there are expected to be a few icy blasts which may freeze our spirits. It will be a period worth watching.

The Finance Minister who has made history in his own way is still very much in the news. The echoes of the Time interview may have died down but its effects, so to say, have not been cleared. Readers of newspapers are under the handicap of reading only what has been published and not knowing anything of what was actually dispatched. It is the traditional privilege of the Government to get all the facts from whatever sources and in whatever ways that are open to them. Perhaps they are now in full possession of the whole 'story' though what they do with it is a different story. In academic debate it is a politician's way of making a point to say what he will do or would have done, "if I am the Prime Minister". This is not good form. But some cannot help showing off though prudence warrants that nothing should ever be taken for granted, till it actually happens. Nobody seems to be happy in Delhi over the publicity build-up of Shri Morarji Desai as the

next Prime Minister. What Mr. Nehru's own reaction is to all this flourish no one knows—perhaps except Shri Desai himself. For it is believed in well-informed circles that Mr. Nehru wrote to him, which is to say, that he gave a bit of his mind.

It is characteristic of the vigilance of the foreign press that various interpretations are being put on the Prime Minister's visit to Tibet. Perhaps more is read into it than is necessary—or even warranted. But one can understand the speculation though one may not appreciate it. What should concern us in India more is the question whether Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru has, after his recent loud-speaking, given up once for all the idea of seeking a long holiday. Or is he still toying with it? Perhaps it is not merely a matter of 'toying'; he is quite serious about it. And it may well be that on his return from Tibet, he will make his plans. In view of what has happened—and not happened—since he spoke of his intentions last, he is very likely to stiffen up and resist further persuasion of friends and colleagues to keep him tied down to office and responsibility without themselves discharging the corresponding obligations on their part to fulfil his expectations. Whether he feels tired, or tired of them, he should rather have his rest and watch them from a distance for a good bit of time. His colleagues who have nearly lost confidence in, and completely lost a sense of reliance on themselves, should learn to do without him while they can yet have him if the worst happens. On his own part, Mr. Nehru will gain by the objectivity he develops from aloofness and a new approach to problems that quiet thinking is prone to open. Junius is inclined to believe what is gently whispered in his ears, that on the eve, or

on the occasion, of his next birthday, Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru will announce that for some time he will study the problems of the world and watch the developments in India from abroad. And if this happens as well it may, the man who will hold the (Red) Fort here will be not Shri Morarji Desai but Pandit Gobind Ballabh Pant.

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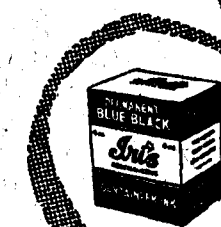
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CENTRE VERSUS STATES

By H. SURESH

Question: The crux of the matter in Kerala is whether it is possible for an undemocratic party to function within the framework of a democratic Constitution?

Mr. Nehru replied that it was possible for it to function "so long as it does not come into conflict with the democratic apparatus of the country. If it does, then one survives, both cannot."

—Press Conference,
August 7, 1958

While this is true of all democratic Constitutions, a more appropriate question would have been whether it is possible for a State Government which is opposed in policies and programmes to the Union Government, to function within the framework of our Constitution without coming into conflict with the Union Government. The question that is uppermost in the minds of all is whether the Government of India will interfere in the affairs of the Government of Kerala?

Our Constitution is a federation with a strong "centralist" bias. As some foreigners have observed, it is "a unitary State with subsidiary federal features rather than a federal State with subsidiary unitary features" (Dheare), "a federation with strong centralising tendency" (Jennings). Though there is an apparent recognition of the principle of "diversity in unity," there are several features in our Constitution which are repugnant to the strict theory of State autonomy. The emergence of stronger political fronts with greater claims for decentralisation may gradually force us to arrive at a balance which will definitely be more favourable to the States than at present. The Constitution-makers probably did not envisage a situation of perpetual 'cold-war' between the Union Government and a State Government. But in such an event their verdict was in favour of the former.

One of the many obnoxious features in this connection is the anomalous position of the Governor in certain respects. Though he is the constitutional head of the State and his powers are *mutatis mutandis* analogous to those of the President, he is appointed by the President and holds office during the pleasure of the President [Art. 156 (i)]. He must act on the advice of the State Ministry [Art. 163(1)] and must not act on any other advice according to the strict principles of responsible government; yet there are many provisions which give him the status of an 'agent' of the Central Government. Though a convention is being developed with regard to the appointment of the Governor, of prior consultation with the State Government there is no constitutional guarantee that he would not act as a steward of the Centre. Justification is sought on the ground that he has the duty to safeguard the interests of the people as a whole, but there is no provision in the Constitution that he would be able to exercise his discretion independently of the Centre.

When, under Art. 200 the Governor reserves any Bill for the consideration of the President, there is no means of over-riding the decision of the Governor by the State Government. The President, in his turn, shall declare that he assents to the Bill or that he withholds his assent. He may also return the Bill for re-consideration and if the State Legislature again passes the Bill, it shall be again presented to the President. But if the President refuses again to give this assent, the Bill fails (Art. 201). In other words, when once a State Bill is referred to the President, the Union Government can thwart the measure completely, if it so desires. Equally significant is the fact that there is no time limit for the President to express his mind, with the result every State measure may remain pending for an indefinite period of time, on the President's table, while bringing

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discredit to the State Government because of its disability to carry out many of its programmes.

But more grave is the provision under Art. 356. If the President on receipt of a report from the Governor of a State or otherwise, is satisfied that a situation has arisen in which the Government of the State cannot be carried on in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution, the President may by proclamation impose what is popularly known as "President's rule". The Article does not forbid the Governor to make a report on his own initiative and against the wishes of the State Government. And since the satisfaction required is the personal satisfaction of the President, it is not even justiciable in any court of law.

But when does a situation arise in which the Government of the State cannot be carried on in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution? The Constitution has not laid down any objective tests. The only provision specifically mentioned in this connection is Art. 365 which is appallingly depressive on any State Government which is in policy opposed to the Union Government. Under this Article failure on the part of a State to carry out the directions of the Union would entitle the Union to impose President's rule on that State. Though under Articles 256 and 257 the executive of the Union has powers to give directions to the State Government to avoid any possible conflict, the sanction provided under Art. 365 to comply with such directions reduces the State Governments to a very subordinate position. So far the Union Government has not acted on this pretext. But there is no warranty for supposing that the Union Government will not take advantage of this Article to impose its will on the State Government.

It is true that in all the four instances hitherto of President's rule there were political breakdowns and no stable majorities could be found to form Ministries. But such a healthy convention finds no specific provision in the Constitution. There is no

sanction that this power will not be misused to serve any particular party purposes. The prevailing "sense of insecurity" among the people in Kerala may as well be a ground for exercise of such a coercive measure.

But such a situation can also be tackled, though for a lesser period, by a proclamation of emergency under Art. 352. The President is given power to make a proclamation of emergency on the ground of war, external aggression or internal disturbance. It is not necessary that there should be an actual occurrence of these things. If he is satisfied that there is imminent danger thereof he can make such a proclamation with the effect of bringing any State under the complete control of the Union executive (Arts. 353-4). What the internal disturbance is which justifies such a proclamation is left to the sole determination of the President. This may have far-reaching consequences. The only consolation is that there has been no occasion, so far, to make use of this provision.

Another such oppressive provision is Art. 249. Under this Article, if the Council of States has

declared by resolution supported by not less than two-thirds of the members present and voting, that it is necessary or expedient in the national interest that Parliament should make laws with respect to any matter enumerated in the State List specified in the resolution, it shall be lawful for Parliament to make laws for the whole or any part of the territory of India. Though the maximum period such a resolution can remain in force is two years, two years of Central control may prove more than enough to supplant the State Government. It is to be noted here that the Council of States is so constituted that the ruling party in the Centre can always find a majority in it. Again, inasmuch as such a resolution of the Council of States is conclusive, the courts can have no say in the matter.

The Constitution also provides for the declaration of a financial emergency which is described as a situation whereby the financial stability or credit of India or any part of the territory thereof is threatened (Art. 360). The effect of such a declaration shall be that not only the Union authority shall extend to the giving of

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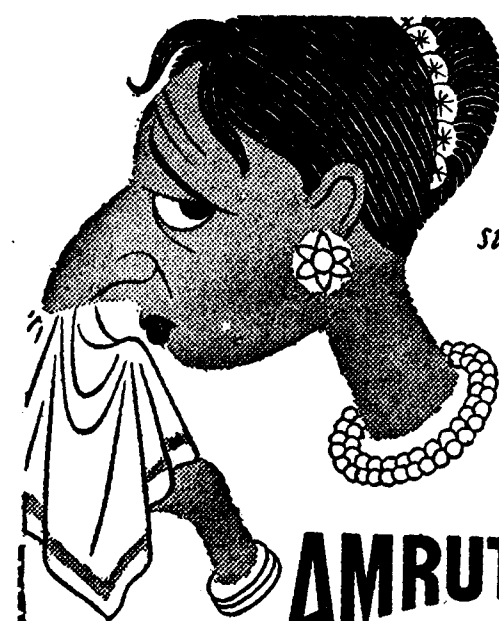
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POT CALLING KETTLE BLACK

directions to any State to observe such canons of financial propriety as may be specified in the directions, but also the State Government may be required to reserve all money Bills and other financial Bills for the consideration of the President. This is in addition to the provision regarding grant-in-aid to the States in normal times under Art. 275, which itself is an effective instrument of federal control of the State Government.

These are some of the provisions of the Constitution which if abused may hamper the growth of democracy in our country. The only sanction is the ultimate political sanction. But in a nascent democracy like ours there is no guarantee that this sanction will prove effective. As long as Prime Minister Nehru is at the helm of affairs at the Centre, probably nobody need have any fears. But it is for him now to build up such conventions regarding all these provisions that they may have the force of law in course of time. The situation in Kerala may warrant interference from the Centre under any of the provisions mentioned above. But any step taken now will remain as a precedent for such interference hereafter, and this may stifle the growth of democracy and federalism.

The Jottings of a Genius (Continued from Page 9)

vagant claims should be discouraged—for example, anybody who thinks that Coleridge's psychology directly anticipates Freud might ponder Note 1833, which advances something like a theory of the super-ego, only to reject it with contempt. There is no need to invent merits for him; more than any other man he created the climate of modern English literature. Even his failure to achieve anything systematic is in a way a corollary of his creating new standards of relevance; these we have inherited, and so cannot, in piety, disregard anything he told to his 'sole confidants,' as he called these Note books. That is why the publication of this work is a major event in English studies.

Sir,—The rumour that, in Kerala, insecurity of life and demoralised conditions of law and order prevail has further been punctuated by the recent visit of Sri U. N. Dhebar, the Congress President. But there is not less but more of insecurity and lawlessness in Congress-governed Madras, in comparison with the Communist-ruled Kerala. The intimidation of justice at the time of the strike in *The Hindu* office and the recent hooliganism at Kodambakkam railway station are examples of the prevalence of lawlessness and insecurity in Madras. It is high time that Congress leaders who make voluntary sojourns in Kerala for unwanted enquiries, visited Madras for a more purposeful study of the situation that is making Madras a pandemonium.

Madras. M. G. KRISHNA

MOBOCRACY

Sir,—By defending its attitude during the recent strike of some of the employees of *The Hindu* when Government looked on while *gomda raj* was allowed to prevail, the Government of Madras has forfeited its right to govern. Its members have revealed themselves to be no more than undependable demagogues who have very little sense of responsibility and even much less regard for truth.

The malaise we suffer from is that mobocracy is mistaken for democracy, and that applies as much to other States and to the Centre as to Madras. Had democracy taken healthy roots in Indian soil, after so disgraceful a performance the very impetus of public indignation would have hounded the present Government of Madras out of office much before now. To ask who would have replaced the men thrown out of power is merely begging the question. Let public opinion insist on only men of ability and integrity governing the country or a State, and such men will be forthcoming. But before that

happens the majority of people must rid themselves of the silly obsession that a Gandhi cap and khaddar are any longer symbols of virtue, probity and patriotism.

(Captain) KHURSHED LALKAKA
Bangalore.

POSTAL FORMS IN HINDI

Sir,—Article 343 of the Constitution directs that English shall continue to be used for a period of fifteen years for all official purposes of the Union. However, the proviso to that Article adds that the President may, during the said period, authorise the use of Hindi in addition to English for any of the official purposes.

Most of the postal forms and stationery now-a-days are printed only in Hindi. This is a clear violation of the constitutional provisions. Will any public-spirited gentleman come forward to take the matter to any of our higher courts of justice, which are still the only guardians of our liberties? I offer a contribution of Rs. 25 towards the expenditure.

G. NAGALINGAM
Muthupet (Tanjore Dt.).

THE ONLY SENSIBLE SOLUTION

Sir,—In this land, which was once a land of plenty and prosperity, the responsible people in authority wax eloquent over the need for increased food production and launch upon a vigorous and expensive campaign of family planning. A writer in a local daily says: "With uncontrolled powers in their hands, sustained by a fairly docile majority, freely roaming about and interfering with every aspect of life, the Government have not succeeded in making agriculture more economical and more inviting to the peasant."

With despair on the food front, we are trying to entrench ourselves with defence far beyond our capacity against our neighbour Pakistan. Defence is necessary but costly defence pre-

parations, almost proving our military superiority, stand to be questioned in the present context of our economic position and in the light of our basic policy of universal peace. In a recent article Sri B. Shiva Rao writes: "As a nation, we are a loyal member of the United Nations, wedded to the ways of peace. Repeatedly, it has been said in the U.N. and elsewhere that we have no enemies in the world, that we are not affiliated to any power bloc and we do not belong to any military pact. Against whom, then, and for what purpose are we arming ourselves?"

Our military expenditure has risen from 252 crores estimated in 1957-58 to the estimated figure of 278 crores in 1958-59. Why should we spend so much when our basic policy is peace abroad and friendliness to our neighbours? A careful study of the situation reveals that India desires to compete with Pakistan in an arms race to maintain her military superiority. But in fact, it is not a competition with Pakistan but with U.S.A., the supplier of arms and equipment to Pakistan. This is a costly adventure and even the present estimated figure of 278 crores cannot meet the situation. Can we afford this very heavy expenditure? Sri Shiva Rao makes in this connection a striking observation: "If at this juncture India could say to the rest of the world, small as a nation that we are in the military sense, we are prepared to face the risk of even unilateral action. I venture to think that it

would create a deep impression. We shall then be speaking from real strength—the strength that flows from a whole-hearted courageous adherence to the principles that we claim as our contribution to a new world free from the haunting fear of war." This was just the sensible and practical solution offered by Rajaji also. Drastic cuts in defence expenditure will alone save us from calamity. These drastic savings can help expand the social services and lessen the heavy burden of taxation and make the life of the people comfortable.

Madras. R. S. V. RAO

CARNATIC MUSIC BROADCAST

Sir,—Mr. S. Ranganathan of Bombay in his letter to you has correctly reflected the feelings of Carnatic music lovers.

That the quality of music broadcasts from the South has deteriorated is common knowledge but the pity is that what little is broadcast cannot be heard clearly by thousands of listeners in the North. Those in authority no doubt know that a high-power short wave transmitter is the only answer to this. Is it not unreasonable that the 100 K.W. short wave transmitter installed in Madras and originally intended for broadcasting Madras Station programmes should be allowed to Vivitha Bharathi (Hindi)?

This particular transmitter should be placed at the disposal of the South.

Burnpur, J. DORAISWAMY

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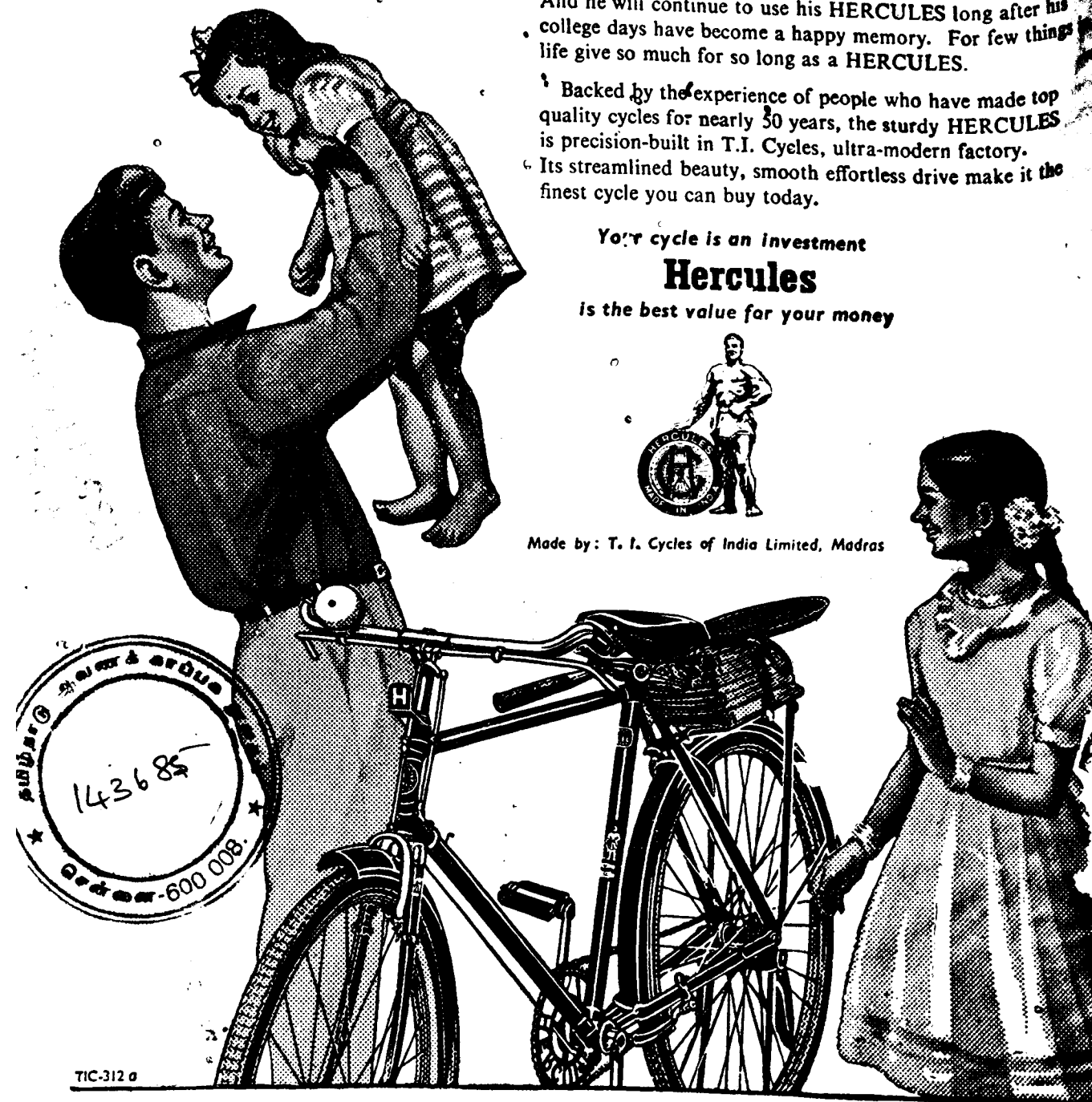
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