

BROADWAY TIMES

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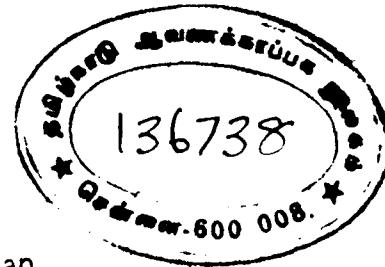
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Dec 5 - 53

I have watched with much pleasure the steady maintenance of quality in the Broadway Times. I congratulate Mr Mathew Cherman on the way in which he has looked after this venture and wish it continued support from the public. (Rajmopalachari)

Sr M Cherman
Broadway Times
33 Broadway
Madras 1

HON'BLE JUSTICE SRI P. V. RAJAMANNAR
Chief Justice of Madras



December 12, 1959

Dear Cherian,

I am writing this to express my appreciation of your interesting Journal, 'Broadway Times'. It has maintained during its first year a very high standard. I find every number provides a variety of fare. I also have noticed with admiration the independent outlook of the Editor and the Contributors generally. I wish all success to your Journal.

Yours sincerely

(Sd) *P. V. Rajamannar*

Sri M. Cherian
Editor
'Broadway Times'
33 Broadway Madras 1

ORVAL HOPKINS ESQ
Information Officer
U. S. Information Service
158 Mount Road
Madras

December 14, 1959

Dear Mr Cherian,

I am glad to know that your Magazine is now entering its second year and I send my sincere best wishes for its success in the years to come.

I have been regularly receiving your Magazine and have found it to be one of the best edited journals in Madras. The articles featured in your monthly are selective and topical.

Looking forward to seeing the Annual Number.

Sincerely,

(Sd) *Orval Hopkins*

Mr Mathew Cherian
Editor
'Broadway Times'
33 Broadway Madras 1

PROF. K. VASUDEVAN, M.A.
Head of the Department of Economics
Vivekananda College
Madras 1

December 14, 1959

Dear Mr Cherian,

I learnt that 'Broadway Times' will be completing a year by January 1960. It is the latest addition to our periodical journals and during its first year it has proved an informative and valuable guide to those people who want to keep in touch with current events. It was lucky from the very first to have enlisted the services of front rank Publicmen and Journalists and Educationists and has endeavoured to present the topics of the day dispassionately and in this it has succeeded admirably. I hope in the coming years it will prove itself as a journal which can serve the reading public by publishing the views of the day which are worth considering in influencing public opinion without which democratic ideas cannot permeate in our nascent democracy.

Yours sincerely,

(Sd) K. Vasudevan

S. BALAKRISHNA SHETTY B.Sc. (HONS) I.P.
Inspector-General of Police
Madras

December 7, 1959

My dear Cherian,

I have been reading the 'Broadway Times' and I have found it interesting and instructive. I am sure its usefulness to the public will grow continuously. I wish it a bright future.

Yours sincerely,

(Sd) S. Balakrishna Shetty

Sri M. Cherian
Editor
'Broadway Times'
33 Broadway Madras 1

DR. C. P. RAMASWAMI AIYER

THE GROVE
TEYNAMPET

December 17, 1959

I have been a reader of the 'Broadway Times' and in my opinion it is interestingly written and is often refreshingly unconventional and original in its views and their presentation.

(Sd) C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer

Editorial

SUMMIT MEETING

In recent years the idea of heads of States meeting together to further their mutual relations has become an accepted idiom in international diplomacy. Recollecting the successful conclusion of Allied conferences during the Second World War, Sir Winston Churchill was the first Statesman of our century to put forward the idea of heads of States meeting together to settle their differences. He put forward this suggestion in a speech in 1953 and this idea was largely entertained by several European Statesmen. The immediate result was the Geneva Conferences of 1955. The term summit or top level parley has developed a meaning of its own lately signifying for many people a fruitful step towards easing world tension. Such top level personal contacts can bring men in power to a greater awareness of the points of view of others. This has become inevitable since a Third World War will bring not misery and destruction like the previous wars, but total annihilation of the human race.

After several preliminary discussions the summit conference on Western invitation was held at Geneva in 1955 between the United Kingdom, France, the United States, and the Soviet Union. There was no fixed agenda. The main topics discussed were the reunification of Germany, European security, disarmament as well as increased cultural contacts between the two 'camps'. The determinations of this summit meeting were entrusted to a Foreign Ministers' conference which met in October 1955. It was here when the basic differences were revealed. The result was that the conference ended without any constructive decisions.

The idea of another summit gathering is very much in the offing. Today there is a tug-of-war between two power blocs, each with an ideology of its own. They both agree that a nuclear war is totally destructive but have not as yet come to terms

on other matters of vital importance preliminary to a top level discussion.

The political commentators forecast a summit meeting in the early months of 1960. We now understand that the Western Powers are willing to have a series of summit talks (the important topics being disarmament, reunification of Germany, European security, and possibly Indo-Chinese border trouble) starting with one in April in Paris. Nikita Khrushchev is now the man to make up his mind to fulfil this desire of the west, and we have news from Moscow as to Khrushchev's agreeing to summit talks. Whether the venues are Asian or Western capitals, summit talks by men in power are bound to ease tension in any part of the world. De Gaulle of France and Harold Macmillan of Great Britain are automatic choices for this top level meeting. President Eisenhower especially after his recent peace mission of over eleven countries is sure to have an important role to play.

In forthcoming summit talks Pandit Nehru must also be invited. In the context of Chinese aggression on our borders, Nehru's presence at a summit meeting along with powerful European Statesmen will surely pave the way for easing tension in our part of the world.

We acknowledge with sincere thanks the encouragement we have received in our First Year from the General Public, Public Officials, Statesmen, Judges, Academicians, Doctors, and others. We gratefully reproduce in the previous pages some of the opinions of our Readers.

THE EDITOR

MEN AND MATTERS

BY

C. H. V. PATHY

As the year of grace 1959 comes to end and we head into the new year certain facts on the international and domestic fronts are obvious.

The most outstanding fact is that the centre of gravity of world politics has shifted from the west to the east. As the cold war is almost thawing in Europe, we begin to hear the beat of the war drums in the demi-paradise of the Himalayas where the armies of two great powers are facing each other, prepared to go into action when the zero hour is sounded.

Will there be another world war?

This is the question that is on everybody's lips. The answer is, probably not. Nuclear parity makes total war suicidal. There cannot be a pocket war on the Himalayan hump for the possession of a few hills and barren land. The moment the fuse is lit in this region, the edifice of peace would come toppling down all over the world. Many powers will be involved in the conflicts.

Instead of gambling for a foothold over the roof of India, it is much more likely that Red China may attack Formosa, stir more unrest in Laos, Burma, South Vietnam and Indonesia.

Another danger spot to be carefully watched is the Middle East where Arab-Israeli skirmishing may produce open conflict. But the big powers working through the United Nations should be able to keep the fires from spreading.

We are hearing a lot of talk about disarmament. Total disarmament can be ruled out. A beginning however is being made with Russia, Britain and the United States agreeing on a treaty banning nuclear weapon tests. Red China and U.N.O.

Will Red China gain admission into the United Nations?

This is another ticklish question. Perhaps she may, but only if she stops threatening war. Should the Latin American members join with the Afro-Asian and Soviet blocs, Red China would get in despite opposition from the United States.

The last world war, like most other wars of the past, has, despite its vast destruction, given humanity more control of material resources than before. Under its terrible necessities, war forced human intelligence to break open more and more of the secrets of nature.

Despite immediate stress in many countries, knowledge now exists which can ultimately and permanently remove hunger from the problems of the world. The pursuit of bread has been an ever present cause of migration, war and internal disorder. That incentive toward strife need not survive this period of re-adjustment.

The only solution for the problem of the atomic bomb is to have nations learn to live without using it against each other. We have laid the material foundations for civilization, but only as humanity acquires self-knowledge and self-restraint can that civilization be noble and enduring.

Ayub on Top in Pakistan

One of the key men in Asian politics today is tall, burly General Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan Republic. I vividly remember him striding majestically through the corridors of Karachi Club more than ten years back, dressed in neat civilian clothes. A product of Sandhurst, like General Iskander Mirza he was one of the outstanding men in the army of pre-partitioned India. His coup and capture of power more than a year back

was as dramatic as it was unexpected. Corruption, jobbery and nepotism were eating into the vitals of infant Pakistan and more than once, the army was requested to take over power. Ayub never acted without calculation. He struck when the climate was favourable. He talked the language of democrats but acted in the footsteps of dictators.

He struck down the tallest poppies in Pakistan's political landscape. An ex-Minister was charged with black marketing a car, arrested and imprisoned; an ex-Mayor of Karachi Corporation is now safely lodged in jail, G. M. Syed, the Hamlet of Sind politics is no longer a free man; the king of smugglers was bagged and forced to prison, another Hindu wine merchant who minted a fortune is now chewing the cud of bitter memory under prison bars.

The secret of Ayub Khan's sway is that the entire army is behind him. Though it consists of only eight Divisions, its striking power is immense. Even those who do not toe the line to Ayub dare not whisper a word against him because the army men would swoop on them.

Ayub Khan recently met our Prime Minister and they had a frank discussion on many ticklish points. As a result, Indo-Pakistan tension is weakening.

The shifting of Pakistan's capital from Karachi to Rawalpindi is a major event. A 21-gun salute echoed through the hills as the train bearing Ayub Khan pulled into the flag-decked, highland city of Rawalpindi exactly one year after the bloodless revolution at Karachi. The new capital is 800 miles north of Karachi. To mark the anniversary of his capture of power, Ayub Khan proclaimed a new system of "basic democracies", a structure of partly elected, partly nominated councils designed to set up a democratic Government.

Shah's Third Wife

After a month of buying spree in gay Paris, fawn-like Farah Diba confessed that she was frightened. She is shortly to marry the Shah of Iran.

"My future husband, a man I hardly know, expects great things from our marriage. Above all, he expects me to give him a son and heir without delay," said this beautiful woman.

Faced with great expectations, Farah packed her Royal trousseau, 51 trunks full of shoes, dresses, suits and fur coats. In the French capital she was mobbed by 2,000 well-wishers, who shouted: "May Allah grant you ten children."

She is 21 years old while the greying Shah is 40. The wedding took place on December 21. On that day, Farah became the Shah's third wife in twenty years. Her immediate predecessor was Soraya, whom the Shah divorced in 1958.

Churchill 85

There is an element of agelessness about Winston Churchill who was 85 the other day. Banished in political wilderness for years, he was the prophet who said that a Europe dominated by Hitler was a menace. When Chamberlain stepped down, he became the Prime Minister in October 1951. Almost his first major action was to arrange for intimate consultation with President Truman in Washington.

Churchill is undoubtedly the greatest Englishman alive today. Even at 85, he remains something of an unknown quantity. In the course of a fantastic life, he has done enough to make half a dozen reputations; yet the final judgment of history in his case is hard to foresee. His finest hour was in 1940 when he staked the existence of Great Britain on the undoing of Hitler's overwhelming conquest of Europe.

Whatever his place in history, his place in folklore is secure. It is safe to say that in a thousand years from now, his name will be popularly known and it will surely conjure up a warm glow, a proud smile, and signify what is most bold and generous in human nature.

Winston, the architect of victory was thrown out of power when the Labour Party strode

to power but that party's victory was only momentary, and the Conservatives are back on the saddle with Winston acting the role of guide and philosopher.

In spite of the fact that his health is none too good, he takes an active interest in Parliament and keeps up his schedule of writing. He is not a genius without judgment as some represented him to be; he is a mature statesman who can not only scan the present but forecast what is to happen in the future.

Dragon Bears its Teeth

It is not as though Red China has embarked on a military adventure with blind eyes. The blow upon the Indian-Chinese frontier is only one among several in the Far East in which the flames of war are licking.

Communist forces are on the march in Laos; once again mainland Chinese have started shelling the offshore island of Quemoy; Red Chinese troops have practically sealed off Tibet.

The reasons behind this new phase of Red aggression in Asia are far more complicated and far more perilous. Red China's entire economy is predicated on continuing world tensions; China maintains her expenditure for arms only by the justification of the threats of war. And to maintain her mythical command of Asia, Mao Tse-tung's China now needs more victories, new crises.

As Mao's new China develops momentum, it can be expected to push outward even more belligerently. Already in a decade of power, the Chinese Reds have unleashed guerilla wars in Malaya and Indo-China, have invaded Korea and Tibet. But as in the case of Russia, the Reds hope to win by trade and propaganda even more than they win by war. Today, Red China is providing factories for Yemen, machine guns for the rebels in Algeria and even newspapers in Cuba. In this drive towards world power, Peking is certain to obliterate its deadly enemy Chiang Kai-shek. Confronted by the strength of the United States, Mao Tse-tung has so far drawn back from the brink of war. But his motto remains the same

as it was in the days when he was an obscure bandit in the Shensi Hills:

Ta, ta, tan tan, tan tan, ta ta which means "fight, fight, talk, talk, talk, fight, fight". The clouds are gathering over Asia. The military threat to several countries remains, and when the Chinese dragon can breathe its own atomic fire—a prospect that western experts think is not far away, the danger of the third world war being started in Asia will recur inexorably.

Summit Prospects

By the time that these lines appear in print, the stage would have been set for the Summit Meeting. It is the crown and culmination of President Eisenhower's Peace Odyssey. He went half way round the world in a historic extension of personal diplomacy. The trip by jet included nine countries in Asia, the Middle East and Europe. It has lasted two weeks and a half.

This Marco Polo adventure is unique in many respects. He is the first President of the United States to visit Asia; he is also the first President to call on the Pope. Apart from the capitals of the respective countries he also sampled far off areas where the United States is only a shadowy name.

It was Britain's Harold Macmillan who set the pace for personal diplomacy. Then came the turn of American Vice-President Nixon who went to Russia and saw that mysterious country with the lid off. No wonder Ike had been won over to the possibilities of personal diplomacy. On his visit to Europe, crowds hailed him in London, Paris and Germany. If he is able to build a backlog of goodwill for the United States, he told newsmen at Washington, he would think the trip worthwhile.

At the start of his momentous mission from Washington, addressing a Press Conference, Ike said: "I am going to build a better understanding of the United States and goodwill to us."

Capital after capital vied with each other in according the President a tumultuous welcome.

He got the greatest welcome ever in Delhi, eclipsing in its pomp what was accorded to the Russian leaders about three years back. Even normally, the President would have received a great welcome. But the timing of his visit with China shaking the mains added to its political importance and even innocent peasants who have never even heard the name of the United States walked miles from the hinterland to the capital city of India to have a glimpse of the man who has been transformed from a man of war to an architect of peace.

India today is the bulwark, the storm centre of South-East Asia. And the star of Pandit Nehru is the only star which really challenges the star of Mao Tse-tung. Suppose that star should go out. Suppose social democratic India, the exemplar of east-west synthesis, should go down into chaos and Communism? Certainly, South-East Asia would go down with her.

The real outcome of the President's visit would be known only when the statesmen of the world meet at the Summit. But the fact that it has generated a tremendous amount of goodwill is apparent to one and all.

In spite of the eminently reasonable stand taken by our Prime Minister, China has not resiled an inch from her aggressive acts. Apparently, the people of that country are itching for a showdown. Chou is intent to make a bid for the political and economic hegemony of Asia. Apart from any military action which may be in the offing, China is reported to be intent on a trade expansion which is bound to affect our import to South-east Asian countries. China is chartering special ships for her trade war with India.

Writers to Meet

Five years ago, the temple town of Chidambaram was the venue of the P.E.N. Conference. Poets, editors, novelists from all over the country had assembled and exchanged ideas. Many papers touching the development of all languages were read and the discussions had a high literary flavour. Writers of this country are meeting again in Madras in the spacious

Rajaji Hall, and Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar who played a great part at Chidambaram is to inaugurate the Madras assemblage.

"Writing is not an occupation," wrote Sherwood Anderson. "When it becomes an occupation a certain amateur spirit is gone out of it. Who wants to lose that?" What Anderson says is partially true. Some of the best writings of writers were done before they actually thought that with them it was an occupation. Whatever that be, authors are a part of our lives. They hit you in the headlines of newspapers, they stare from every nook and corner of a library, they fill up the book-stalls, they are even spread all over pavements. Such being the case, we cannot ignore them. But whereas a prosperous lawyer makes a five-digit income and a prosperous doctor does the same, the professional writer has to wade through poverty and struggle. One of the discouraging things about literature as a profession is that it is not a profession at all and has no entrance requirements. To be a dentist, one must hold a degree, but to write a book, one need hold not so much as a bunch of violets. Anyone can join the ranks of authors, leaving for the moment his own field—or sometimes not leaving it. It is to the country's advantage to make its creative souls more comfortable financially and it is a circumstance of happy augury that annual rewards for best writers are offered by the State. There is imperative need for taking a census of professional writers in the country and create conditions which will bring out the best in them.

Britain's New Peer

Herbert Morrison, the errand boy who became leader of the London County Council and Deputy Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party has been elevated to Peerage. He goes to the House of Lords after 7 years of service to the Labour Party in the Commons, four of them as deputy leader of the party.

He made his first flights of oratory on the street corners of Lambeth. Serving behind the counter of a shop there he learned of the

trials of shop assistants in the early years of the century. There is a genuine Dickensian air about him, from his unruly quiff of hair to his South Bank accent.

The title conferred on him revives memories of his connection with the old Lambeth Shot Tower and the new Royal Festival Hall. Near the old Tower, Mr. Morrison drove into the Thames the first pile of the new embankment which made possible the great Exhibition on the South Bank in 1951. On another momentous occasion he laid the foundation-stone there of the old festival hall, the city's most modern concert hall.

Morrison goes to the House of Lords with a wealth of Parliamentary and local government experience behind him including that gained while holding office in the coalition government during the Second World War. He was Home Secretary during that critical period.

Nobel Prize Winner

This year the Nobel Prize has gone to a dark horse. Winner is none other than Philip Noel-Baker, champion of international amity. He is a pacifist by conviction and is a conscientious objector. He was a non-combatant in the last two World Wars. There is also a strain of Quakerism in his mental make-up.

He is a rare combination of a literary man with an athletic make-up. He is a Cambridge Blue and functions as Captain of the British Olympic team. He advocated inter-collegiate sports encounters.

He got the prefix Noel from his wife. Her name is Irene Noel. Philip met her in France. In politics, he belongs to the Labour Party and was once included in the shadow Labour Cabinet in 1958 but was dropped after the last general elections. Gaunt, bespectacled, he is the author of many books, his last one being *Arms Race*.

In the month under review, Hannen Swaffer, the Nestor of British journalism strode to his 80th year. "Swaff" as he is known to his innumerable friends all over the world has been unofficially dubbed as "The Pope of the

Fleet Street". On his birthday he was given a dinner at Savoy Hotel, London, which was attended by eminent men from all walks of life. Hugh Gaitskell was there as also Herbert Morrison, Clement Davies, and Lord Boothby.

Journalism burns you at both ends and few in this calling reach the ripe old age of 80. Swaff has been lucky that way. He has served on the staff of eight national newspapers in various capacities and may be said to be the originator of modern gossip column. His book of "Profiles" has been a best-seller. Even at this age, he is very much in demand and writes to several journals.

Costly Romance

King Feisal of Iraq, secretly married a beautiful young girl of twelve before he was murdered by a Baghdad mob, the girl's mother stated in New York from her Manhattan town house. She is a company Director. She said: "King Feisal and my daughter, Genevieve, went through the full Moslem wedding ceremony on June 22, 1957. It took place in our villa, with Baghdad's highest Mullahs officiating. The marriage contracts were approved by Parliament, and signed by the King's Ministers."

But the news was never made public because it was a time of disturbance in the Middle East. Feisal's son, King Hussein was having trouble with Nasser of Egypt. It was feared that the wedding might cause difficulties outside the country. Hussein flew in his private plane to get at the marriage contracts. He has them with him. Mrs. Arnault is suing the Iraqi Government and the late King's estate for £208,300.

It is stated that King Feisal met Genevieve in Switzerland in 1947 while they were both at school there. Mrs. Arnault's picture album contains many shots of her daughter walking arm in arm with King Feisal. The wedding was never announced officially because of opposition from Feisal's old uncle, Prince Abdel Ilah.

Genevieve now 22, lives with her mother in New York and studies painting.

MR. SPEAKER, SIR!

BY

POTHAN JOSEPH

Among the minor incongruities of British Parliamentary life is the fact that the dignitary in the House whose professional function is to abstain from speaking is known as the Speaker. In this respect India endeavours to follow the British tradition with the comical difference that at Westminster the Chair of the House of Commons is not treated as a party-prize. In the Upper House the Lord Chancellor sits on the woolsack but in the Lower House the presiding officer is elected without contest, and sometimes the party that wins the elections leaves it for an agreed choice eliciting the consent of the Opposition.

After the recent triumph of the Conservative Party and the command won by Mr. Macmillan of more than 100 votes in the majority, the British Prime Minister cried: "The story of class-war is over". Mr. W. S. Morrison who had been Speaker retired, and the vacancy has been filled by Sir Harry Foster Hylton. As Speaker he is now in charge of the Chamber whose doors are open to the approach of Royalty only by his bidding after a knock by Black Rod. It is a custom that dates back to the time of the Stuarts who would pay scant respect to the Commons since they believed in the Divine Right of Kings and claimed the prerogative of entering the House, indeed of arresting obnoxious members and clearing the floor.

The Speakership is invested with paradoxical features, even though the House of Commons represents sovereign power. In 1629, the members greatly daring enjoined it upon the Chair, that he should disregard the Royal instruction to adjourn. It was an occasion to test the strength and establish precedent. When the message from the King came to disperse, the Speaker declined by saying, "I am not less the

King's servant for being yours". Still the riddle remained until 1642 when William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, was required by the King to disclose the whereabouts of some members who had offended His Majesty. Taking courage in both hands, Speaker Lenthall answered the King: "Sir, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House may please to direct me whose servant I am". It was a historic pronouncement, reverently quoted in classics on the British Constitution. The Speaker became independent of the Crown, but still there was a tendency for the Government in power to keep a hold on the Chair until the Reform Bill liberated Mr. Speaker from ministerial dependence.

It is now axiomatic that the Speaker in England ceases to be a party-man as he occupies the Chair, but on this issue there has been a departure in Indian practice since the arena of fight had first been between the members of the foreign bureaucracy and the representatives of the people in the Legislative Assembly. The Montford reforms provided that for the gaining of experience, a British Parliamentarian should be nominated to the Chair for the first five years and Sir Frederick Whyte functioned with ability for probationary period. Then came the question of an elected Speaker and the Swaraj Party manoeuvred for the capture of the honour which could also be a fulcrum of power. It was a tense fight in which the Opposition won by a narrow majority.

Vithalbhai Patel attained a status described as being then in importance next only to the position occupied by the Viceroy, and in the dramatising of the event Mrs. Sarojini Naidu bestowed a black silk saree out of which the Indian Speaker's gown was tailored. Imme-

diately on mounting the dais, Vithalbhai Patel declared that he would officiate above party level, but his Indian successors could not live up to that restriction, especially Mr. Mavlankar who openly said that he had to adhere to the Congress Party to safeguard his re-election, and in his conviction continuance in the Chair by him should not be put in jeopardy. He himself most of the time had been ailing, often on travel abroad, but the Deputy Speaker carried on heroically just as in the Constituent Assembly Dr. H. C. Mukherji had to take care of the proceedings in the absence of the titular President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who had been frequently down with asthma at Sevagram.

Anyway, the Speakership was definitely counted a party-trophy when Cowaji Jehangir was defeated by two votes, thanks to a cross-floor surprise in the balloting. Many differences might have been registered if the circumstance of dependence on the ruling party had not been bolstered and many hope that, eventually, there would be an agreed election of the Speaker whose choice must be above the hazards of dog-fight tactics.

A fiction about the Speaker's prestige is that his eyes rove over the benches and that he who catches the Speaker's eye wins hearing. We know of course that in a debate the lists are submitted by the Whips. Similarly, the Chair expresses no opinion but a Speaker could be quite garrulous, whilst engaging himself in extraneous activities. Thus Speaker Mavlankar officiated as a zealous Hindi propagandist and the promoter of rifle-clubs with a women's branch so that the weaker sex could be well-versed in self-defence. That much of it was theatrical is now well realised by all old members.

There is another difference in the case of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The gentleman elected puts on a show of reluctance to take on the job which is understood not to be in the gift of the Prime Minister or Party. In 1945 when the Labour Majority under

Attlee came to power they made no attempt to run a candidate for Speakership but agreed to the choice of a Conservative as Speaker. The idea of patronage, jobbery and political leverage is kept out of the picture, and even on the recent occasion Sir Harry took the Chair without the Labour Party claiming the option of putting its own candidate. According to convention there was the farcical scene of the new Speaker being dragged by members to the Chair and Sir Harry acted his part with impressive perfection. And there he will remain without a trace of being under any obligation to anybody. When he leaves, convention bestows on him a peerage and pension, which reminds me of Vithalbhai Patel's exit from the Speakership.

In the political storm Vithalbhai had been arrested whereupon he sent a message to the Viceroy: "Thanks for my pension and my peerage". He was by that time in the close company of Mahatma Gandhi dressed in saffron, beard shaved and wearing a Gosavi's cap. People who saw him were astonished that his physiognomy had lost its familiar belligerence; and the rest of his career ended tame with his death in Europe, Subhas Bose by the bedside. The tradition in England of the pension and peerage is still kept up as may be seen in the following story:

"Buckingham Palace announced on November 12 the appointment of Viscount Dunrossil—the former speaker of the House of Commons W. S. Morrison—as the new Governor-General of Australia. He succeeds Field Marshal Sir William Slim."

In sum, it means that not only the retiring Speaker becomes a Viscount with a novel title, but he is also elevated as Governor-General of Australia, a non-party role. It would be a great advance in India's public life if the Speakership were kept above grab-rivalry amongst parties, since it should not be listed amongst the spoils of office.

ON 'SUMMITRY'

BY

S. N. SINHA, M.A., M.Sc. (LOND.)

One outcome of Mr. Khrushchev's visit to the United States is the near certainty of summit talks next year. Negotiations towards this objective have been an important feature of international diplomacy in recent years, and the very term 'Summit' has developed a mystique of its own, signifying for many people a highly fruitful step in the attempts to reduce world tension.

On the face of it, there are compelling reasons for the success of such a meeting. We live today with the Damocles Sword of a nuclear war hanging over our heads. Such a war can only result in the destruction of both blocs, and very probably the whole world. It can be argued that a high-powered meeting of the leaders of the Great Powers will be of definite help in resolving some of the thorny issues which face us and that the very fact of holding the conference will go towards reducing world tension. Such top level personal contacts might also bring the men in power to a fuller awareness of the points of view of others. In view of the high hopes which such a conference might raise, it is all the more important to base our analysis on facts and past experience. A summit conference is bound to be the resultant of various pressures, domestic and international, and these will, in turn, affect the policies and stands advocated at the meeting.

The Geneva Conferences of 1955, which were held in the context of the Cold War and the nuclear age, are a relevant example. Like the proposed conference of 1960, they too were aimed at a relaxation of tension and the settlement of specific issues. But to fully assess them, we have to first turn to their motive forces. These were varied on either side.

Feelers for such talks had been thrown out as early as 1953, when Sir Winston Churchill

suggested in a speech that the time was opportune for high level negotiations with the Soviet Union. He recalled the successful manner in which the Allied Conferences during the II World War (i.e., between Stalin, Roosevelt, and Churchill) had dealt with vital matters, and urged that the same techniques be applied to the Cold War. This was in the light of the apparent liberalisation in the Soviet Union after Stalin's death. There was also the general feeling in the West that the Soviet Union was weakened and that they would be negotiating from a position of strength. Also, there were strong domestic reasons. In 1955 the United Kingdom was on the eve of General Elections. British participation in summit talks would greatly enhance the prestige and appeal of the Conservative Party, which had made the summit one of its election planks. The U.S.A. would naturally favour their return to power, whatever be its views on the intrinsic utility of summit talks. Dr. Adenauer had reconciled the West German people to the NATO alliance with the promise that he would leave no stone unturned in the cause of German reunification. High level talks with the Soviet Union were desirable for him as well. The force of public opinion which had been aroused by Sir Winston Churchill's speech was also very great. People the world over wanted the 'Summit'. The United States (with Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State) was sceptical of the usefulness of high level negotiations at this stage, but for the reasons outlined above, was willing to go along.

Certain reasonable inferences also present themselves with regard to the Soviet Union. First, they were also quick to recognise the force of public opinion, or at least the value of pandering to it when it did not threaten their vital interests. Secondly, the Summit logically

followed from the policy of co-existence (which had been adopted under Stalin himself in 1952, in acknowledgement of the fact that the former policy had ceased to yield any benefits). Thirdly, the adherence of West Germany to NATO was a severe setback to the Soviet Union, which had all along tried to prevent this. A revisionist West Germany at the spear-head of NATO called for rethinking in Soviet tactics. This revealed itself as an attempt at conciliation. Closely following the new addition to NATO came the Soviet recognition of the Bonn Government, the Austrian Peace Treaty and also an attempt to patch up differences with Yugoslavia. A detente was desirable for them.

After many preliminary moves, the summit conference, on Western invitation was held in Geneva (July 1955) between the U.K., France, the U.S.A., and the Soviet Union. There was no fixed agenda, but the main topics discussed were the reunification of Germany, European security, disarmament and increased cultural contacts between the two blocs.

At the actual summit conference, these ticklish questions were not probed too far, and differences were patched up in ambiguous communiques. Elaborate declarations about the need for peace and a new spirit in international relations were made. Both President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev emphasized that power politics had to be eschewed. Further negotiations on the basis of the determinations of the summit meeting were entrusted to a Foreign Ministers Conference, which met in October 1955. It was here, when the representatives got down to brass tacks, that the basic differences were revealed. On no matter could any agreement be reached, and the conference ended as a failure in substance. The vague and ephemeral 'Geneva Spirit' was all that remained.

The reasons for this are not hard to find. Germany was the main stumbling-block. The Western view was that Germany should be reunified on the basis of free elections and then be at liberty to take any position she wished in

world politics. This was implicitly based on the belief that a united and free Germany would turn to the West. For the very same reason it was totally unacceptable to the Soviet Union, as it amounted to a surrender on their part without any corresponding gain. Regarding European security, the West put forward the Edon plan for a loose collective security arrangement for NATO and the Communist countries, while the Soviet Union wanted much more effective guarantees of their frontiers. A similar deadlock was reached over disarmament measures. Even on the subject of increased cultural contacts, there was again disagreement, with the West stressing the need for the free flow of books and ideas, i.e. relaxation of the iron curtain, while the Soviet Union was more concerned with increasing trade. Neither side was willing to make any acceptable concessions.

There are, however, more fundamental reasons for this impasse, stemming from the nature of the world we live in. The success of the wartime conferences was due to the common danger which threatened the Allied Powers. Even during the War the achievements of these conferences were in inverse proportion to the success of the Allied War effort; witness the relative failure of the Yalta and Potsdam Conferences held on the eve of Germany's collapse. The victors fell out when the war was won.

Today there is a global struggle between two power blocs, each with an ideology of its own. Even the common interest of both blocs in avoiding a nuclear war has not sufficed to bring about a unity of purpose towards this end. Nor is this surprising. The crux of the problem is mutual trust, which must prevail, to a minimum degree at least, if the negotiations are to be genuine and fruitful. One must have the conviction that the other party is sincere about the negotiations and the implementation of any agreement reached, as also that it will not attempt to use the conference itself for cold war objectives. The history of the disarmament talks bear testimony to this.

When either bloc feels that the other is bent upon the subjugation to itself and all that it stands for, it is bound to be irrevocably committed to at least the prevention of the physical and ideological expansion of its opponents. In such an atmosphere there is little room for mutual trust, and consequently the proposals made at the conferences were mainly aimed at the preservation and furtherance of particular interests.

Also, there is another important aspect. There exists a propaganda advantage in being the one to propose a summit meeting as also an odium attached to being the one to refuse it. In 1958, the U.S.A. proposed a summit meeting, one of the topics for consideration being the liberation of the East European peoples. Whatever be the merits of this question, it was hardly designed to induce the Soviet Union to accept the meeting in a co-operative spirit. The Soviet Union in turn proposed a summit meeting of thirty-two States, i.e. a smaller edition of the U.N. General Assembly, where it could seek to embarrass the Western Powers by raising colonial issues. The very idea of summit talks was being used as a cold war weapon. Commenting on the U.S. proposals, the then Italian Minister without Portfolio, Signor Del Bo, remarked that impossible conditions should not be attached if the talks were meant in earnest.

What then are the prospects for the conference scheduled for 1960? At best they seem to lie in the possibility that the two blocs agree to continue having talks rather than allow the cold war to descend to the military arena. The international situation has not changed in essence since the Geneva Conferences of 1955. But now it is the Soviet Union which has marginal superiority in nuclear weapons. The proposed conference will mainly deal with Germany, and Berlin in particular. In fact, the origin of the moves towards the conference was the Berlin crisis, which had been parked off by Mr. Khrushchev last year, most probably in an effort to force

the Western powers to parley with him. On the Western side, it is the British Premier who has taken the initiative, at least partly for domestic reasons similar to those given above. He has been instrumental in persuading President Eisenhower despite the scepticism of President De Gaulle and the misgivings of Dr. Adenauer.

It is worthwhile to note the differences in the standpoints of the two blocs. Mr. Khrushchev's oft-stated intention is to secure the recognition of East Germany, and later, direct negotiations between the two German Republics about reunification. He also wants the Western troops to leave West Berlin (e.g., his speech at the Hungarian Communist Party's Seventh Congress, Budapest, on December 1, 1959). The Western position will very likely be the one stated by Dr. Adenauer and Mr. Macmillan, that Berlin should be discussed only in the context of self-determination for East Germany. The recognition of East Germany is anathema to Dr. Adenauer and his allies do not differ from him on his point. It is significant that in the Camp David talks, discussions on Berlin did not extend to the substantive issues problems. One wonders what progress the summit talks can make on this score.

The tenor of the above arguments might seem very pessimistic. The appalling prospect of a global war, it is said, calls for a bold and imaginative step. But there is no short-cut to peace, nor can any responsible statesman afford to gamble his country's interests on abstract hopes. The problem of peace is a vicious circle and has to be tackled on many levels. Especially in sociological terms, it calls for a reorientation of group attitudes and the fostering of a sense of human brotherhood. If it takes place, it will be a very gradual and painful process. This might seem a rather tall and academic order. But it is the only lasting solution to the problems we have to cope with. In the words of the UNESCO Charter, 'It is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be erected.'

KATHAKALI

BY

C. AMMINIKUTTI, M.A.

The days are gone when dancing used to be looked down upon by passing fashions as 'a series of immodest and dissolute movements by which the cupidity of the flesh is aroused'. Of late there has been a great revival in this art and its place in the cultural life of man is being recognised more and more. The art cannot die out, for its roots lie embedded in the heart and soul of the people to which it belongs. Though it may suffer an apparent death from the onslaughts of changing ideas and fashions, it emerges afresh as a socializing and unifying factor of human life; for, in dance what we find is not a mere manifestation of the physical life of man, but also the symbolic representation of his mental and spiritual life. In it we find reflected the spirit of a community or a nation, its social climate, religious beliefs and aesthetic life. As Havelock Ellis has expressed, 'it meets us not only as love, as religion, as art, but also as morals'. It will be worthwhile to examine in the light of this statement Kathakali, the well-known dance-drama of Kerala.

Kathakali, as it stands now, is essentially a religious dance. Its themes are based on Hindu Puranas. The predominant influence exerted by religion through ages as the controlling principle of human life is well known to any student of history; and in India, even today, when there is such an awakening of political consciousness and scientific outlook on life, religion still remains strongly entwined with the individual and social life of man. The history of art being a faithful representation of the history of human life, it is only natural that Kathakali, the most popular art-form of Kerala, was enveloped in a purely religious garb. Moreover, some writers on this art have expressed the opinion that about three hundred years ago when society and

religion in Kerala were threatened by the inroads made by foreigners into the land, one of the various methods adopted to safeguard and strengthen the religion was to incorporate the various dance-forms then prevalent in the area to evolve a new histrionic art which would have a more didactic appeal to the religious consciousness of the common man. The result was Kathakali and most significantly the duel is almost an indispensable feature of any Kathakali theme with its invariable sequel of the triumph of virtue and the discomfiture of vice. Yet Kathakali did not remain too long confined solely to its sacred function in religion; but it emerged as a social art of moral and cultural value and very soon it became a fashion in society to take to this art as a profession.

The great revival in Kathakali effected by the earnest efforts made by the late Mahakavi Vallathole by the foundation of the Kalamandalam and by artists like Udayasankar, Gopinath, and Chathunni Panikkar in the line of renovating and propagating this ancient art, has brought it to the knowledge of the art-lovers not of Kerala alone, but of the whole of India and of many countries abroad. The art is gaining ground and popularity day by day, but it is also being condemned severely by many people. The reason for this can be found in the fact that all classical arts have been subjected to unreasonable criticism in recent years. As Dr. Chelvat Achyutha Menon has said, "We are now living in an age in which our past is getting out of tune with the present. Ideologies that fundamentally differ exist side by side and they do not lack enthusiastic champions. A sudden cataclysm in the political horizon has thrown us overboard, depriving us of our capacity to realize our starting-point and the destination."

We have begun to think more and more in terms of extremes." In the present democratic and socialistic trend of events, we see a growing tendency in all affairs, especially in art, to prefer superficiality to substance, smartness to brilliance, sentimentalism to sentiment, and sensationalism to imagination. Kathakali is not a thing to be experienced and enjoyed superficially; one has to grow into the spirit of it. Some sort of knowledge about the different aspects of this highly complicated art and its technique is absolutely necessary for one to be able to drink in the vital joy that this art proposes to impart to its followers. For it may be said to the justification of ordinary critics that there are many even among those who can appreciate classical arts including classical dance, who fail to be inspired by a Kathakali performance. They turn their faces away in despair which at times even amounts to disgust. Kathakali is an art in which there is a wonderful conglomeration of the different fire arts like literature, music, dance, acting and painting. While all these different elements have helped to exalt Kathakali to a perfection of classical art, each in its turn has contributed its share in presenting it as an enigma or puzzle to the common man. A brief survey of these different features of Kathakali will unravel to some extent the secret of this art.

What do we see in Kathakali? Leaving preliminaries aside, let us start where the curtain departs and reveals before us the characters of the play. Music sung to a particular tune and rhythm and to a rich and resonant accompaniment arouses us to a world of strange events, and we see before us forms gorgeously and picturesquely dressed in the most striking combination of colours. They take us away from the ordinary human world in and around us to a world of mysticism and wonder. On their faces we discern the most amazing expressions of the various sentiments or *rasas* from the magnetic influence of which no lover of art can escape. Their movements are executed to a perfection of rhythm which has not been superseded by

any other art. They speak in a language of *mudras* or hand-gestures which in their connotation has a universal appeal. We come across courtship and duel, estrangement and reconciliation, separation and union, hilarity and philosophical meanderings interwoven in such a way that there is no clash or discord either in the interrelationship of events on the continuity of the theme. While individual skill is of utmost importance for the effective execution of the play, the rhythmic beauty of the individual is subordinated to the wider and variegated rhythm of the group. And we look on spellbound vitalized by the transportation into this mystic region of men and supermen, gods and demons, the unfoldment of the generalized notions of whose characteristics is the aim of the Kathakali art.

The literature for Kathakali is known as *Attakkatha*. In the large and copious literature extant, many *Attakkathas* are suited more for reading and enjoying than for dancing and acting. For an *Attakkatha* author has to compose his work within a tight framework of rules and adaptations. A good *Attakkatha* must be a fine literary work the passages in which can be sung to set classical tunes to the rhythm of which the actors must be able to dance according to the rules of a strict code of posture and movement. Moreover, any *Attakkatha* must be long enough for a full night's show. There are works which satisfy all these requirements and hence have become very popular with Kathakali actors. In this respect Unnai Varier's *Nalacharitham* is an *Attakkatha par excellence*. It is an exquisite literary work full of beautiful musical passages which cater wonderfully to the dancing and acting propensities of the actors. The story which is to be enacted in four full nights is unique in that it is composed very much in accordance with the principles enunciated by the Sanskrit rhetoricians. There seems to be no other dance-form in the world which has such a vast literature behind it; but the highly Sanskritised nature of the Kathakali literature eludes the grasp of the average man.

The dance and acting in Kathakali are based on the music to which the literature is attuned. As such only a literary man who is also proficient in the science of music, dance, and drama can be a good *Attakkatha* author. Two musicians stand on the stage and do the singing. Since the successful enactment of the play depends to a large extent on the quality and manner of the music, the musicians also must be fairly proficient in the different arts. The close affinity of the Kathakali music to the Karnatic style adds justification to the claim regarding the original unity of all South Indian music. The *Sopana* style is a deliberate adaptation introduced to accommodate Kathakali music to the full acting of the meaning of the verse by means of hand gestures, facial expressions and rhythmic movements, while much may be said in favour of the scientific and artistic quality of the Kathakali music, one has to admit that music in Kathakali as it is sung at many of the performances today is defective in many respects. It is reported that there is a general indifference among the singers regarding *Sruti* and the scientific precision of the *ragas*. The voice of the singers is often harsh and grates on the ears. The audience cannot grasp the verse for two reasons: first, the recitation is indistinct; secondly, the loud percussion instruments drown the singers' voices. It is true that "the universal drum has been an immense influence in human affairs"; but as Prem Kumar, the ardent Kathakali exponent from Ceylon, has observed, "the music and song should not concentrate on *Tandava*, a place should be found for *lasya*, the softer tunes should alternate more frequently, with the dominant martial music.

Dance in Kathakali which gives it the attribute of being the most dynamic of all stage performances is also the most captivating of all its features. The *Tandava* style reigns supreme, as Kathakali is mainly concerned with the presentation of the heroic sentiment. We see on the Kathakali stage actors indulging in vigorous physical feats like running, jump-

ing, and kicking about, a spectacle hardly to be found in any other histrionic art. But the rhythmic control exercised over these physical and emotional feats has a magical effect in filtering away the vulgarity about them, and by giving an aesthetic touch correlates them in wonderful harmony with the milder and softer portions of the play. *Kalasams* are rhythmic operations of vigorous foot-work following each complete verse; of these *ashtakalasam* is unanimously agreed to be a dance-form of superlative rhythmic order. Kathakali is said to have about thirty varieties of dance of the *tandava* and *lasya* styles taken together. We see here the martial spirit of a community and its tradition of warfare reflected adequately in its highest developed dramatic art.

Kathakali has a code of acting or *Abhinaya* which is well designed by the rules and regulations adapted from the Sanskrit schools. Yet the Kathakali actors' technique regarding the movements of the eyes and other parts of the face is unique in its method and marvellous in its effect in the expression of sentiments. The medium for the expression of ideas is hand-gestures. The non-linguistic and high poetic flavour of the *mudras* can be enjoyed only by one who has some knowledge of them. The total absence of speech in the actors and the exclusive use of the *mudras* for conveying ideas have been to a great extent responsible for the enigmatic quality of this art. But in a performance where eyes, hands, and feet should operate simultaneously in different styles, speech becomes an impossibility.

The masks and heavy make-up in Kathakali have been even ridiculed by critics as ugly and grotesque. It may be remembered that it is a community in which both men and women are used to a simple style of white dress that has designed this elaborate and colourful costume; and as such it must have been done with a specific purpose. The characters in Kathakali are not ordinary human beings and very often they are gods or demons. Among the many legends connected with the origin of Kathakali one relates to the

origin of costumes. The legend says that while the Raja of Kottarakkara, the supposed choreographer of this art, was sitting in meditation on the seashore, the different characters in the story of *Ramayana* were revealed to him in a vision as arising and disappearing on the surging waves of the ocean. Perhaps, sitting and meditating on the confluence of artistic settings that has merged with the rising and ebbing waves of ideas and fashions in the vast sea of Kerala's aesthetic tradition, it might have occurred to the Raja of Kottarakkara by intuition a picture of the different forms that should be given to the characters of his play. For the original design is said to have resembled in many respects the costumes used in the earlier dance-forms of Kerala; the present form is the result of improvements made in various stages thereafter. There is a variety of make-ups like *Pacha*, *Kathi*, *Thati*, *Minukku* and *Ninram* to suit the differences in the type of characters. The preparation of these characters for the stage is a long and tedious process that requires high cultivated skill on the part of the make-up men and also extreme patience on the part of the actors. The forms are artistically effective and significant only on a background that is provided by simple stage-settings like what were used before. On the modern stage they appear to be a mere anachronism.

Kathakali is realistic enough from the point of view of the purpose for which it was designed, and there can be no dispute on the point that it is idealistic to the core. The realistic and idealistic are blended together here in the ultimate presentation of a glorious pageant of uncommon splendour and moral significance. Although the heroic sentiment has the upperhand, the sentiment of love also is presented with equal enthusiasm; and it is in the love-scenes in Kathakali that we come across poetical highlights, rapturous melodies,

and poignant lasya varieties of high classical eminence. Thus while Kathakali conforms beautifully to the definition of dance by Havelock Ellis as the repository of love, religion, art and morals, the recommendations of the learned author of *The Dance of Life* must also apply equally well to it if it should continue as a living art. "There is no use of a tradition of devitalized technique even if it is carried to the finest point of delicate perfection. It must be renovated afresh by the new spirit of the age if it should be an expressive, emotional, passionate form of living art." It is only the absorption of new influences that refreshes any art. The strong reluctance that is being evinced by patrons of Kathakali to make any alterations in the art from what is strictly handed down by tradition is not a welcome gesture. It is to be realised that it is only through an evolutionary process that Kathakali came to the present form; and to organize it to suit the modern stage and audience without altering its essential basis of technique and tradition is a necessity of the age and the art, and not a mere demand.

In view of the fact that Kathakali is a combined product of literature, music, and dance Mahakavi Vallathole described it as the *Trimadhura* that is doled out to the devotees of the *Bhargavakshetra*; but a more analytical study reveals it as the *Panchamrita* itself in which we find synthesised the nectars of the five finest blossoms of "the garden of India"—the literature, the music, the dance, the acting, and the painting of all of which Kerala can be proud of a fairly extensive and well-developed tradition and record. The quotation from Vishvanatha's *Sahityadarpanam* used by Ananda Coomaraswamy on a different occasion, applies to Kathakali also with equal justification: "It is enjoyed by those who are competent thereto, in identity, just as the form of God is itself the joy with which it is accepted."

BREAD OR BLOOD

BY

I. PINTO

Many decades have slipped by since Thomas Robert Malthus went the way of all flesh, but up-till now his ghost has known no rest. The formula he stated in the year 1798, viz., that population increases by geometric progression, doubling itself every 25 years, while food production increased only by arithmetic progression was given the lie by factual findings and statistical evidence already in the last century. If this formula were true, England should have had a population of 144 million in 1901, whereas it was only 32 million. Between 1893 and 1912, for example, the population of the world increased only by 12½ per cent, but the world production of corn increased by 45 per cent, maize by 43 per cent, barley by 52 per cent and rice by 40 per cent.

Failing in their attempts to canonize Malthus in the Western world, the Malthusians have picked India as a demonstration area for their favourite doctrines and have succeeded in enlisting the co-operation and patronage of our Government. Family Planning through contraceptive birth control has been acclaimed as the chief, if not the only, solution for India's demographic problem. With endemic hunger and starvation on the one side and the disquieting growth of population on the other, Malthus seems to have been rehabilitated in India. But "the desperate situation in India can be explained," says De Castro in his brilliant book, *The Geography of Hunger*, "neither by the shortage of land nor by the excess of people. The reign of starvation in India is upheld by elements disguised and hidden in the complexity of this people's social economic life. Reasons are to be found that explain the situation more satisfactorily than the neo-Malthusian theory Misery exists in India neither because the nation is overrun with people nor because her soil is

saturated. The true causes have to do with inadequate exploitation of resources both natural and human, and with the extremely adverse effects of the British colonial policy."

It is not always realized and often forgotten that overpopulation is not the cause of starvation, but starvation is the cause of overpopulation. To hold the opposite view is to put the cart before the horse. Any successful tackling of the demographic problem therefore must start from the side of starvation and not population. It is scientifically demonstrable that standard of living and birth-rate are in inverse ratio. A direct nexus exists between the intake of proteins and the birth-rate, as can be seen from the following table:

Countries	Birth-rate	Daily consumption of animal proteins, in grams
Formosa	45.6	4.7
Malay States	39.7	7.5
India	33.0	8.7
Japan	27.0	9.7
Jugoslavia	25.9	11.2
Greece	23.5	15.2
Italy	23.4	15.2
Bulgaria	22.2	16.8
Germany	20.0	37.3
Ireland	19.1	46.7
Denmark	18.3	59.1
Australia	18.0	59.9
United States	17.9	61.4
Sweden	15.0	62.6

The biological explanation of this phenomenon is as follows: Protein deficiency results in fatty degeneration of the liver and the

tendency to cirrhosis. Now, between the functioning of the liver and the ovaries there is a close relationship, the role of the liver being to inactivate the excess oestrogens which the ovaries throw into the blood stream. When the liver has degenerated due to lack of proteins, it is naturally less efficient in its task of inactivating the excess oestrogens. As a result of this sluggishness of the liver, there occurs an augmentation of the reproductive fertility of the woman. These biological etchings receive a psychological fillip from the fact that chronic hunger (not acute hunger) intensifies the sexual appetite diminishing at the same time the desire for food.

The fact that a high standard of living lowers birth-rate while a low standard increases it was clearly stated by Thomas Doubleday as early as 1853, though conservative opinion considered him unorthodox then. He wrote : "THE GREAT GENERAL LAW then which . . . really regulates the increase or decrease both of vegetable and of animal life is this, that whenever a species or genus is endangered, a corresponding effort is invariably made by nature for its preservation and continuance, by an increase of fecundity or fertility ; and that this especially takes place whenever such danger arises from a diminution of proper nourishment or food, so that consequently, the state of depletion or the deplethoric state is favourable to fertility ; and on the other hand, the plethoric state or the state of repletion is unfavourable to fertility There is in all societies a constant increase going on amongst that portion of it which is the worst supplied with food ; that is, amongst the poor. Amongst those in a state of affluence and well supplied with luxuries, a constant decrease goes on."

The Indian population problem is aggravated by the institution of universal and early marriage. Besides, there are other social and religious factors militating against India's economic prosperity. A very large section of our people live on a monotonous vegetarian diet, the use of meat and eggs being taboo for them.

It is estimated that monkeys alone devour or destroy such quantities of foodstuffs as would suffice to feed some 20 million people every year ; but killing these "enemies" of man is considered wrong and so the havoc goes on. To this colossal loss must be added the damage done by rats, rabbits, cattle and birds not to mention the various pests that infect the crops. Is it any wonder then that we have not only to beg for food from abroad but also see the masses going hungry every day, notwithstanding the fact that India is a predominantly agricultural country ?

In sizing up our population problem we have to take into account not only 380 million human mouths, but also the 204 million heads of cattle. Cattle are considered an asset to a country, but in India they are more of a liability than an asset. "The acceptance of cattle as man's fellow travellers on earth with the same right to live out their allotted span of life and die a natural death has made the problem of cattle and food in India unique." A fourth of the world's cattle population is concentrated on this sub-continent, but a goodly number of them are either unproductive or useless from the economic point of view. As a result of under-nourishment, there is a progressive decline in their capacity for work and milk yield. For other countries, cattle are part of their food resources and so the pasture land and fodder allotted to them really mean ultimately provision of food for the people. But in India, cattle have become a drag on the economy and compete for food with the human population.

Another cause of starvation in India is the precarious state of our agriculture, which can be judged from the figures on specific crop production. For example, India raises only 14 quintals of rice per hectare while Italy produces 50, Spain 45, Japan 35 and Rumania 24. It is wrong to attribute this low return to the poverty of her soil situated to a large extent in the tropical zone. In the first place, much of the soil of the alluvial plains where most of the farming is carried on is made up

of materials brought down by the rivers from the northern non-tropical latitudes. Thus, although the climate of the Ganges and Indus delta is tropical, the soil there is mixed up with elements carried from the temperate zones where the rivers originate. Besides, equally tropical countries have achieved far better results in the matter of crop yield : Egypt has a return of 30 quintals per hectare, Surinam 25 and British Guiana 22.

The low agricultural yield in India is chiefly due to obsolete methods of production and rudimentary and primitive technique. Farmers are at the mercy of the capricious monsoons ; their tools are crude, the bullocks atrophied and emaciated, fertilizers are inadequate and there is neither seed selection nor effective pest control.

India's immense herds of cattle would seem to provide a fairly good supply of manure. But in reality this is not so. Only about 60 per cent of it reaches the fields, while some 20 per cent goes uncollected and another 20 per cent is used as fuel. Some years ago, when a European gentleman was riding on an elephant, the pachyderm dropped his "visiting card" near a hut. Hardly had the tusker done so, when an old woman rushed to the scene and hurriedly collected the droppings, thanking the Sahib with plenty of Salaams. She was overjoyed at her luck ; now she could keep the home-fires burning for a week.

The work-capacity of the Indian peasant is slight because of chronic under-nourishment and low levels of health and hygiene. Careful investigations have revealed that he loses a month each year through attacks of malaria and at least a quarter of the rural population work throughout the year in a state of fever. Cholera, dysentery, worms, etc., which visit the poor peasant with rhythmic regularity year after year also play their role of incapacitating the worker.

Apart from the low energy quotient of our labourers, there is a colossal waste of human potentialities in the country. In the words of

De Castro : "The great tragedy for the national economy is not so much the number of people who die, but the age at which they die A quarter of the babies born die in their first year ; 40 per cent die before they are five, and only half survive to the age of 20. In that way the pitiful conditions of Indian life eliminate half the human beings that the country produces before they become adult. The effects of this situation on the economy are disastrous ; it is as though half the individuals born were defective, having mouths to fill but no hands to work. Half the Indian children are born merely to consume a starvation diet and to die before they are old enough to produce. The Indian's life expectancy of 26 years—less than half that of the American or Englishman, and a third that of the New Zealander—is one striking aspect of this terrible waste of human potentialities."

The institution of property relationship has also to take a part of the blame for the low yield and income of our farms. The great latifundia are in the hands of some 6 to 8 million landlords, while hundreds of millions share-croppers occupy the land. The proprietors are businessmen rather than cultivators, and take little or no interest in cultivation except as a source of their super-profits. Absentee landlordism has been the bane of our agriculture. Nor is there any incentive for the peasants to produce more as they are perpetually aware that no matter how hard they may work, they will get almost nothing for themselves.

We can now ask : Is India overpopulated ? This question does not arise if we consider *lebensraum* for there is enough and more living space in India even for twice the present number. But viewing the question *vis-a-vis* actual available food supply, one is tempted to conclude that India is overpopulated. We have, however, to look a little deeper and differently into the matter. Our potential resources are immense and experts believe that India has no need to get alarmed at her teeming millions. After all, who are those that are really alarmed but political-practitioners and egocentric myopes

who are living well and cannot brook the presence of semi-starvelings around them? Adequate fertilization, say the F.A.O. technicians, could raise Indian food production by 20 per cent. Intensive D.D.T. would make it possible to redeem for cultivation large unhealthy tracts, especially in the Himalayan foothills. Not only that, but D.D.T. could also double human productive capacity. It is estimated that the number of malaria victims in the country is between 100 to 200 million.

There is, moreover, a large portion of arable land which has not yet been exploited. Farming only the more fertile and easily watered zones, our peasants have left uncultivated an area of some 150 million acres. With adequate irrigational facilities and fertilizers these land resources can be taken advantage of not only to feed hungry mouths but also to raise crops for export and commercial purposes. The special F.A.O. Committee which edited the report of the World Food Survey concluded that wheat production in India could be raised by 30 per cent in ten years: 20 per cent by using fertilizers, 5 per cent by introducing new varieties and 5 per cent through protection from insects and diseases. They go on to say that after this period additional measures could swell the increase to 50 per cent.

In addition to her agricultural opportunities, India has very considerable mineral resources.

Her potential water power is assessed at 27 h.p., which is a higher figure than the 20 h.p. of China and Canada, and compares favourably with the 28 h.p. of the U.S.A. Our potential oil supply is calculated to be 3 per cent of the world's potential supply. These resources far from being exhausted, are virtually untouched. The surface has not even been scratched. After giving all these facts and figures we can conclude with De Castro: "Certainly there is no demonstrable excess of people in India in relation to the potential resources of the country."

In the 'hungry forties' of the 19th century, the Chartists in England adopted the slogan "Bread or Blood". The paradox of the disjunction was that they wanted *both* bread and blood, and not *either* bread or blood. They knew full well that blood was needed to get bread. But India seems to have taken the disjunction quite literally in the belief that bread could be multiplied by sacrificing blood, little realizing that without blood there can be no bread. Her programme of Family Planning will certainly reduce her population, but will it increase the quantity of bread? If there be no men, where will bread come from? And even if it came, like the miraculous manna, who will be there to pick and eat it?

MURDER IN THE MATHS CLASS

A SHORT STORY

BY

DR. S. P. ADINARAYAN

On the morning of the 21st of November 1951, the Modern College, the leading educational institution of the city of Madpur, was shaken to its very foundations (built by an unscrupulous contractor on insufficient funds, they were never very strong) by the news of the sudden death of its Mathematics Professor. At 10 a.m. he was seen entering the college looking quite hale and hearty. He collapsed at 10-30 while in the midst of explaining the Borel theorem to his final Honours class. The class itself in contrast to the larger world of the college, faced the catastrophe with commendable fortitude, born no doubt of the hope that now at last was a sporting chance of understanding the theorem in question. At the sight of the collapsing Professor the three women students who sat on the front bench fainted simultaneously. While gallant males administered first aid, the Monitor of the class (whose uncle was a doctor) tried to feel the Professor's pulse and failing to do so announced that he was dead. He then rushed up to the Principal's sanctum and gave him the news. The Principal with admirable presence of mind (hitherto conspicuous by its absence) immediately phoned for the police. Not that he suspected foul play but he liked to be on the safe side. Inspector Henry was on the premises in less than ten minutes (the Police Station happened to be next door). The body was removed to the Principal's room before the 11 o'clock bell rang and the classrooms disgorged their seething masses of young humanity. Rumour had already got round and a deputation of the Staff waited forthwith on the Head of the institution demanding a holiday. The Principal repeating several times that the play (by which it is hoped that he meant work) must go on under all circumstances,

refused to grant one. The retreating deputation met an oncoming one of students in the main lobby. There was some exchange of views and great disappointment felt all round. For the first time in the history of the college there was unanimity of opinion between staff and students. All agreed that an excellent opportunity for declaring a holiday had been perversely thrown away. The President of the Union Society who led the younger group (he had never studied Maths nor ever spoken to the late Professor) took this as almost a personal insult. Working himself into a tremendous state of excitement he threatened to organise a strike. But there was a general feeling that the dead Professor deserved a less banal tribute. The masters voiced their determination to try again soon and added for the benefit of the students that they would use only constitutional methods. By 11-30 all were back in their classrooms, but for the rest of the day there was very little teaching or hearing done—proof positive that the great institution by an almost super-human effort of its collective will had once again reached normality.

Soon the ugly word 'murder' was being freely whispered all over the building. It was the Inspector who first mooted the idea. Inspectors have nasty minds. To them 'death' and 'murder' are synonyms. When he informed the Principal that a *post-mortem* would be necessary, the latter pointed to the telephone (it being one of those rare occasions when he remained silent in the face of an opportunity to say a few words). The body was then removed to the mortuary.

After lunch (provided at college expense) the Inspector took complete charge of affairs. The big staff room was evacuated and placed

at his disposal. Here he interviewed various people. First came the Principal and then the wife of the late Professor. A constable had been sent in the college car to break the news and fetch her. Third on the list was the Assistant Professor of Mathematics and then in order, the college Medical Officer, the three girls who had fainted, the Monitor and the Professor's cook who had accompanied his mistress. It was 6 p.m. when he left for home with his pocket-book almost completely filled up. A preliminary medical report was waiting for him when he got back. The Professor was undoubtedly poisoned. Ample traces of *quackcure* a deadly and swift acting poison was found in the blood stream.

After dinner he read through his notes several times and made the following abstract of evidence giving his own views in parenthesis :

(1) *The Principal* : The deceased was known to have often cycled to the Principal's house in the morning before college hours and pestered him for an increase in salary. These visits had invariably delayed breakfast. (*Self-protection*. Some people will go to any length to keep their coffee hot.)

(2) *The Professor's Wife* : Many indications that all was not peace and joy in the professorial household. The partners (there were no children) had frequently sparred and the cause of dispute was invariably finance. Mathematical precision had often come into conflict with lay laxity. The Professor was in the habit of demanding accounts for the money given to his wife for household expenses. Like wives all over the world she had resented this. When her totals did not tally with his, she had hinted at the possibility of there being two answers to the same sum—an explanation which he rejected with professional (and from her point of view narrow-minded) scorn. The husband had often complained that she was incapable of adding two lines of four digits correctly. The wife had retorted that on his salary she had no chance of doing this even incorrectly. (*Sublimation*. The mother

instinct blocked of its natural outlet had sought substitute gratification in an artistic murder.)

(3) *The Assistant Professor of Maths* : Was older than the Professor and hence his only chance of occupying the chair was to get rid of the present incumbent. (*Promotion*. Too good a motive to be true. May get the electric chair instead.)

(4) *The College Doctor* : It had transpired that the Professor had owed the college Doctor quite a lot of money. In fact bills had not been paid for nearly three years. At the beginning of the academic year he had switched over to a new doctor. Did the old one think that it would be easier to get money out of a widow? Easy access to drugs. (*Bill Collection*. The strongest instinct of the medical profession. Also implied professional insult.)

(5) *The Three Girls who had Fainted* : It was established during the course of evidence that recently the late Professor had winked at one of the girls thrice during a single lecture. Were the winks accidental or libidinous? Academic onslaughts on presumed virginity. True that the Professor was past fifty and all the three girls as ugly as sin. But in these matters one can never tell. (*Sex*. Death before dishonour.)

(6) *The Monitor* : Had shown remarkable improvement in his work during the present, which was his last, year at college. Whereas during the last two years he consistently stood last in the class, this year he was always first. The Professor was well pleased with him and had made him the Monitor. (*Elimination*. The least likely suspect.)

(7) *The Professor's Cook* : Had spoken volubly and at length about quarrels in the family. A *liaison* between him and the widow was by no means an impossibility. Strongest suspect from the point of view of opportunity. It would be child's play to add a little of the real stuff to food which the Professor had so often described figuratively as poison. (*Obstruction*. Cooks can be ruthless in their treatment of vegetables and rivals.)

The Inspector spent a busy week investigating. At the end of it he was no wiser than before. Then he waited for some more days hoping that the passage of time or chance may bring to light some new feature that may ultimately lead to success. But his luck was out. A second week as futile as the first passed by. Then he consulted his wife, late one evening after dinner. He had already read out to her the resume of the evidence that he had made. He now described to her all that he had done by way of follow up. "I am completely baffled," he concluded. "I have never worked harder in all my life and never with so little success. Today the Superintendent sent for me. The case is attracting a lot of public attention. He wants results. I have none to offer."

"Had I known you less well," his wife replied, "I would have been greatly surprised at the way in which you have completely neglected the one important clue that is sticking out a mile long."

"I thought that I had gone through the evidence with a microscope."

"Try going through it with your brains, for a change. What is it that a Professor constantly uses during the course of his works in the classroom?"

"Surely not his brains, though what little there was of it was examined during the *post-mortem*."

"Of course not his brains."

"Woman, this is not the time for conundrums."

"The duster. The new type—a block of wood with a piece of felt stuck on to it. A Maths Professor has it in his hand practically all the time that he is teaching—writing stuff on the board and rubbing it out before anybody has a chance to read it."

"The duster of course," shouted the Inspector jumping up from his chair. "Oh! what a blind fool I have been. I shall see the Principal immediately."

As he left the house his wife scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it over to him. The Inspector thrust it into his pocket. The Principal was reasonably co-operative despite the fact that he was being disturbed at 10 p.m., just as he was preparing to go to bed. He explained to the Inspector the system in his college regarding the issue and maintenance of dusters. Every classroom had a duster and the number of the room was marked on it. A clerk brought them round on the first day of the term and collected them back on the last day. During term time it was kept in one of the drawers of the teacher's table. The Maths Professor took all his classes in Room 13. The duster that he had used on that fateful day must be still there, but of what help could it be? More than a fortnight had passed by. Many others must have handled it subsequently.

The Inspector admitted that the duster as clue was somewhat cold yet if the Principal did not mind he would like to have a look at it. If he could kindly give him the key to the classroom and a note to the caretaker. "I shall do more than that," said the Principal delighted at the prospect of getting rid of him so quickly. "I shall take you myself to the clerk who is in charge of the dusters, along with many other things of course. He lives in one of my out-houses. He will come with you to the college and help you."

And now the Inspector had his first bit of luck. It seemed that the clerk had wandered into classroom 13 late on the date of the catastrophe and found the duster lying on the floor. Thinking that other teachers may have some sentimental objection to using it he had taken it away and locked it up in his desk. It would be available immediately. On their way to the college they picked up the Professor of Chemistry. He was to act as an analyst. The Inspector's heart gave a throb when the duster was produced. It double throbbed when it was found that a small hole had been neatly drilled on one of the sides. The Chemist was now asked to do his

stuff and find out whether any traces of *quack-cure* was to be found near the hole. He took three hours to do so but in the end affirmed that definite traces could be found. The method of murder was now clear. A small needle coated with the poison was stuck into the side of the duster. The Professor in his zeal for explaining the Bordel theorem evidently did not notice the pinprick. At a later stage the murderer must have come back and removed the needle. He dare not remove the duster lest its absence may create suspicion. He trusted to luck that nobody may notice the small hole that had been drilled.

The mode of murder was clear but what about the motive and the man? It was now that the Inspector remembered the piece of paper that his wife had given him as he was leaving the house. He forthwith glanced at it. **ARREST THE MONITOR** it said. The Inspector was well aware that the case against him was both shaky and circumstantial. In fact he had considered him the least likely suspect. There seemed to be no adequate motive. Yet he made up his mind to obey his wife partly out of force of habit and partly as a compliment to the success of her reasoning so far. On the way to the Police station the Monitor confessed to the crime.

Dawn was breaking when the Inspector reached home. His wife was sitting up for him. He described to her the night's events. "How did you do it?" he asked. "I had all the facts and seemed to have made a complete mess of them."

"In cases like these," replied his wife, "it is not facts but the atmosphere that is more important. This being intangible had no doubt escaped your attention."

"What did you extract out of the atmosphere?"

"My first big clue. I know something of college life. My father was a Lecturer. My suspicions were instantly aroused when you said that the Monitor was the cleverest boy in the class. The usual practice in all colleges

is to make the dullest boy the Monitor. Add to this another bit of evidence that you read out to me. The Monitor was poor in his studies the last two years, this year he has become expert as revealed by the marks obtained by him in the class examinations. Now mathematical ability is an inherited one. You are either good or bad in it. You cannot change your status by hard work as you can say, in History or Economics. Now while you were chasing round your clues I also did a bit of interviewing. The Monitor's classmates tell me that this year he has positively refused to show them his returned answer papers. The late Professor handled all their classes. Put all this together and **BLACK-MAIL** hits you in the eye."

"But why kill the goose that laid the golden egg?"

"Because he wanted it to lay platinum eggs and he refused. The Monitor had found out, as I also did, that the Professor was to be the Chairman of the Board of Examiners for Honours at the University. He wanted him to give him a first class. But you know the system of paper correction for Honours examinations. The same paper is valued by two examiners independently and the average taken. If the Professor had put up the Monitor's marks he would have been easily found out and his career ruined. So he flatly refused to do so and in a spirit of bravado the Monitor killed him."

"What was his hold on the Professor?"

"Here again you overlooked a significant clue. The Professor had changed his doctor."

"I went into that. There is nothing in it. He owed the college once a lot of money and possibly felt delicate to go on having medical advice from him."

"College Professors with their meagre salaries are adepts at living on credit. There must have been some other cause. My guess was that he was suffering from a common but unmentionable disease. You remember that there was constant misunderstandings with his

wife. He might have sought consolation elsewhere with disastrous results."

"But surely the college doctor was competent enough to deal with the situation."

"Sure enough, but he has many friends among the staff and quite unintentionally may let out embarrassing information. So to be on the safe side he went to a new doctor not knowing that he was the uncle of a student of his. The student himself who happened to be

hanging round the surgery at this time unknown to the Professor, must have overheard parts of the consultation. He then began to put the screw on. Though a dud in Maths he was evidently good at murder."

"But not good enough to escape my clutches."

"He little dreamt that it would be his lot to cross swords with the cleverest police officer in the City of Madpur."

NATIONAL LANGUAGE OR LANGUAGES?

BY

J. VIJAYATUNGA

Whatever inferiority complexes India might have suffered from in her long history language was not one of them. India has known a series of foreign conquests, the conquerors in each instance being utterly alien in culture, temperament and in race. Indians adapted themselves to the position of a subject race, but without feeling that their regional languages were in jeopardy. Naturally, courtiers, revenue collectors, recruiting agents, and all such subordinate officials had to learn the language at Court, the language of the Conqueror; but at home their language remained inviolate; remained the link between them and the masses. *Swa-Bhasa* was never rooted out. How could it be?

A minority of purists and puritans did attempt to make Sanskrit the language of the Upper Crust. It was the language of theology like Latin in Christianity, and, like the Latin Church service, unintelligible to the average man. Similarly Sanskrit was jealously guarded from pollutable lips, and at the same time its use was enjoined upon those who were privileged to use it.*

Of course, the conqueror disdained the language of the conquered, and all petitions to him had to be in his language. And, there is in every country, and there was in every age a horde of linguists. (Learning a foreign language is not difficult.) Conquerors spoke

through intermediaries: the technique of the interpreter was known long before the time of recent Dictators. Learning an alien conqueror's language with purely utilitarian objects in view is like learning a foreign language for purposes of commerce. How many Sindhis in Cairo, Santiago, Tokyo, speak the local language as well as the natives.

Except for a small number of *fonctionnaires* and traders, who adopt the foreign ruler's language the *Desi Bhasa* remains intact, remains alive and kicking. It has to because if you have to lampoon the foreigner or his quislings it must be in your language and not his. The local language may not flourish: may not be *de rigueur* in "society" but the very fact of its being the language of the masses makes it invincible.

A foreign ruler does not wish to impose his language upon the whole nation for obvious reasons. If Bentinck and Macaulay were over-zealous about teaching us to lisp in English it was for other reasons. It is also true that servility expresses itself best in imitation. Till how recently did not Indian burra Sahibs carry their solar topees in the crook of their arm in the accepted fashion because some Englishman had done it? Dinabandu Mitra makes one of his characters say: "I speechify in English: I dream in English." But till the twenties of this century we did not have an

* "During the Pal Age Buddhism and the Brahminical form of Hinduism existed peacefully side by side, but in the twelfth century under Sens we find a certain reactionary tendency on the part of the Brahmins against the democratic and vulgarizing spirit of Buddhism. The Buddhist priests had already, in the latter part of the tenth century, begun to write books in Prakrit (the popular form of Sanskrit). This Prakrit was called by the Brahmins Paicachi, Prakrit, or the Prakrit spoken by the evil spirits. So we find the Brahmins of the Sen age condemning the use of the vernacular language in religion, which the Buddhists had encouraged. "Who hears the eighteen Puranas of the Ramayana recited in Bengali will be thrown into the hell called Rourava." The Brahmin opposition was not mere jealous exclusion. There was a genuine fear that religious truths might be perverted or degraded and the ceremonies lose their dignity by feeble or incorrect translations. In Sanskrit the ancient tradition was preserved inviolable."—*The Art of the Pal Empire of Bengal*, J. C. French, I.C.S. [O.U.P. 1928]

inferiority complex about English. Of course the man who asked for a stamp at the post-office counter in English got served before the peasant who had to ask for a "Ticket". But such incidents were too trivial for us to get hot under the collar.

Besides foreigners who subjugated large portions of India there were the inter-regional wars and conquests. A Chola king on the throne of Kalinga would not speak Oriya but would make Tamil the Court language. This sort of thing was happening all the time without the various linguistic regions of India feeling that their ancestral languages were in peril.

In the case of English we did not notice any peril at all. Drama, classical music, the writing of *feuilletons*, and more ambitious works, were all in one's own language. Tagore and Iqbal wrote in Bengali and Urdu respectively and they had a following, though it is true Tagore's following increased after his European reputation. But we do not think any the less of Tagore because he confessed, *a propos* of his English translation of *Gitanjali*:

"I have not been able to imagine to this day how people came to like it so much. That I cannot write English is such a patent fact that I never had even the vanity to feel ashamed of it. If anybody wrote an English note asking me to tea, I never felt equal to answering it. . . ."

Somehow or other we did not regard English as an alien language. It was the language of government, no doubt, just as Persian was the Court language during the time of the Moghuls, but the awareness of English as an alien language was less than it was in the case of other foreign languages that have since been assimilated into Indian languages.

English was the language of Indian nationalism. Certainly every nationalist one can think of "speechified" and dreamt in English. Nationalism as a mass movement manifested itself first in Bengal, then in Maharashtra. But no Bengali nationalist envisaged making

Bengali the national language of India: neither did any Maharashtrian conceive of a Swaraj when Marathi would be the national language. The fact was that we did not suffer from any language-complex. Maharastrians getting together would speak in Marathi, Bengalis in Bengali, and so on, and when we had to speak to one another we found English handy.

Political emancipation was the most urgent need. Naturally independence would pose many problems and the fostering of Indian culture, as expressed in its linguistic areas, was to receive first attention after the framing of the Constitution. A national language as such did not loom on the horizon yet. True, when some of us met in Europe and spoke in English we were sometimes asked by foreigners why we did not speak in our mother-tongues. We would explain that India had so many mother-tongues. If further convincing was wanted we would say that a Swedish-American from Minnesota and a Dutch-American from Pennsylvania both spoke English. But it never struck us that because a Punjabi and Madrassi spoke to each other in English they were less patriotic. In fact we were patriotic, we were proud of India's culture because we had realised India's greatness from historians like Vincent Smith, archaeologists like Sir John Marshall and Cunningham, orientalisks like Max Muller and Monier Williams, art critics like Havell and Ananda Coomaraswamy.

In 1921 still in his militant mood following the launching of Non-Cooperation Gandhiji wrote in *Young India*:

"The highest development of the Indian mind must be possible without a knowledge of English. It is doing violence to the manhood, especially to the womanhood of India to encourage our boys and girls to think that an entry into the best society is impossible without a knowledge of English. It is too humiliating a thought to be bearable. To get rid of the infatuation for English is one of the essentials of Swaraj."

Actually by then the infatuation, if there had been any on a large scale, was fast disappearing. Apart from the Arya Samaj Gurukulas which had been functioning from a much earlier period, apart from centres of national education like Santiniketan, there were many organisations—Society for the Promotion of National Education for example—and many educational centres which stressed the importance of a truly national education.

From the twenties to the forties the country was engrossed in political problems and the question of a national language still remained in the background. Then in April 1947 the Maharashtra Rashtra Bhasa Sabha at a conference passed a resolution to the effect that Hindustani should be the federal language with Devanagari as principal script and Urdu and Roman scripts for particular purposes. The Resolution went on to say: "The Sabha would also like to caution our legislators being swayed with the idea of raising any of the provincial languages to the status of a federal language, as such a course is bound to fail as utterly impracticable and unnatural: it also means a logical death to the provincial language sought to be fostered."

The Hindi Sahitya Sammelan was active in the field and was working for the propagation of "Sanskritised Hindi". Mahadev Desai who was then editing *Harijan* struck a note of compromise:

"Let us avoid both the extremes—that of a narrow view of Hindu culture as well as that of too wide internationalism. If we did so, we would at once see that Hindi plus Urdu equals Hindustani, written in both scripts, is the only common national language acceptable to the people. Will the Congress be loyal to this cause at this period of its test? Or will it fail the masses? At the A.I.C.C. meeting at Bombay Pandit Jawaharlal had to say a few hard words to its members. He said that they frequently put forth Gandhiji's name to suit their convenience, but asked

whether they cared to accept his views on language, scripts, communal unity, etc."—*Harijan*, June 6, 1948

In 1947 Gandhiji had declared that the national language can be "only Hindustani written in Nagari or Urdu script". The transfer of power to the Constituent Assembly took place on 14th August 1947, and on 26th November 1949 it adopted the Constitution, one of the provisions of which was Hindi as the national language.

With all due deference to those who framed the Constitution the imposition of one language, out of fourteen recognised main languages as the national language without a referendum to the nation was highly undemocratic. Our troubles over the National Language are the result, and a great deal of energy that could have been put to better use in the service of the nation has been expended over this issue. Much has been done by the Government to undo what it did in the name of the people, much has been done to further aggravate the problem. The Congress Working Committee's Resolutions of August 1949 and May 1953 affirmed that education in all public schools at the primary stage should be in the mother-tongue. Again, the Provincial Education Ministers' Conference adopted the following resolution which was approved by the Government of India and has been followed by the State Governments:

"The medium of instruction and examination in the junior basic stage must be the mother-tongue of the child. . . ."

Then there is the safeguard in the Constitution itself in Article 29 which provides "that any section of citizens having a distinct language, script or culture shall have the right to conserve the same."

The State Reorganisation Committee also recommended reconstitution of certain linguistic areas but their recommendations have only created fresh problems. In the meanwhile "linguistic intolerance" has been on the rampage. Shri Purushottamdas Tandon

addressing the Gorakhpur Janapada Sahitya Sammelan sometime ago said: "Hindi should be our compulsory language and other languages like Marathi, Bengali, Gujarati, etc., should be taught as second language. But in no case English should be our compulsory language."

A more moderate note was struck by the President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, when replying to an address of welcome by the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha, Madras. He said that it was not intended to make Hindi compete with regional languages for position but that the competition was with English, the question being how soon it could be replaced by Hindi. —(22nd February 1953)

The Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, has consistently pleaded for "linguistic tolerance". Many eminent educationists including Vice-Chancellors of universities, ex-Vice-Chancellors, educationists of the eminence of Prof. Wadia, have pleaded for a gradual replacing of English while extolling it as "a unifying force".

Dr. Ivor Jennings delivering the Wayneffle Lectures in 1949 at Oxford had this to say:

"If Hindi were the national language the Hindi-speaking peoples of the North would become as dominant a class as the English-speaking are now. English is at least a neutral language which all can learn on equal terms. Hindi would give a preference to some and would be anathema to others."

When she was Minister of Health, Rajkumari Amrit Kaur pleaded for compulsory teaching of English as a third language, the other two being the mother-tongue and Hindi.

Finally, we have the recommendations of the Official Languages Commission whose report was published in 1956. Two members of the Commission, namely, Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji and Dr. P. Subbarayan entered Notes of Dissent, and the Chairman, Shri B. G. Kher, in submitting the Report to the President, expressed himself as aggrieved by these notes

of dissent and referred to portions of those Notes as "gross misrepresentation".

But one cannot help applauding them for their bold stand. Both have voiced the feelings of non-Hindi-speaking peoples' feelings which might take a violent form if Government insists on imposing Hindi as the State language in 1965 without giving the country time to get accustomed to Hindi and without giving Hindi a chance to grow. Each of them has written a long Minute of Dissent but the following note is almost identical except for "of" in one case where the other uses "to" and "properly" where Dr. Chatterji uses "directly":

"Hindi was selected out of the fourteen main languages of the country as enumerated in the Eighth Schedule of/to the Constitution not by Parliament consisting of properly/directly elected representatives of the people."

Both of them point out also that:

"It (the Report) is also seeking to place as something conclusive before the non-Hindi peoples of India that it will be both an act of patriotic duty and an urgent and necessary reform to replace English by Hindi as quickly as possible and to take in Hindi to saturation in their judicial and administrative bases/spheres, in their educational set up, and consequently in their most intimate being/in every aspect of their life."

(The alternative phrases are as used by Dr. Subbarayan and Dr. Chatterji respectively)

Shri Kher further pointed out that "one eminent scientist" claimed that the giving up of English would put the date back in the country. But Shri Kher and the majority of those who sat on that Commission are for Hindi by 1965.

According to the 1951 Census 1,71,742 "were returned with the mother-tongue English".

Those of us who would include English as one of the main languages of India are no

longer for the retention of English as the State Language at the Centre. We cannot object to Hindi if by public referendum the country adopts it as the national language. But we can see no gain, but real disaster by the present policy of the Government which is brow-beaten by the protagonists of Hindi. Most of us agree with Dr. Suniti Kumar Chatterji that "the linguistic question is not at all so urgent for India". We also agree with his view that if Hindi is made the national language without allowing it to become so it will create two classes of people: Class One Citizens—those who speak Hindi; Class Two—those who do not.

Dr. P. Subbarayan rightly stressed the fact that: "In a very vital matter like the official language of India, a question which seriously affects the non-Hindi speaking areas, the Constitution can certainly be amended."

Shri C. Rajagopalachari at the risk of becoming still more unpopular is outspoken:

"What Sanskrit did in India during her long and silent centuries in the past, what Latin did in Europe though it was divided into many States and nationalities, English is doing now in India. It may not be spoken in India except by a small group but it is the language that in modern progressive life 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 India's life the best from all parts of the civilised world. If we remove or reduce the part that English plays now in official life in India and give free scope for linguistic centrifugalism India would be reduced soon into a collection of isolated islands.

There is no likelihood of this happening, for the effects will be felt soon enough for those in high authority to realise the dangers and they are not likely to allow the evil grow."

We fervently echo the hopes of this eminent elder statesman. All of us who are willing to contribute of our energy to the building of a great India have better and more urgent things to do than to be embroiled over the question of a national language. Like a nation a national language takes time to grow. It cannot be ushered in through a parliamentary edict.

The Linguistic Survey of India lists 179 languages and 544 dialects. Included in the 179 are many tribal languages.

Language	Number of people speaking	Percentage to total population
Assamese	4,988,226	1.39
Bengali	25,121,674	7.03
Gujarati	16,310,771	4.57
Hindi, Urdu, Hindustani, Punjabi*	1,49,944,331	42.01
Malayalam	13,380,109	3.69
Marathi	17,049,522	7.57
Oriya	13,153,909	3.68
Sanskrit	555	.00010
Tamil	26,546,764	7.2
Telugu	32,999,916	9.24
Speaking other languages as their own.	32,906,787	9.22
TOTAL	3,56,879,788	

* Figures given in Census separately by Punjab, Pepsu, Delhi, Himachal Pradesh were found incorrect. Hence this collective figure.

SMILE A WHILE

District Councillor: "This public meeting has been called to support the new movement for preserving our rural beauties."

Village Spinster (going out indignantly): "I think it's an insult to suggest that we need preserving."

Caller: "Is the boss in?"

New Office Boy: "Are you a salesman, a bill collector, or a friend of his?"

Caller: "I'm all three."

Office Boy: "The boss is in conference, he is out of town, step in and see him."

The lady motorist leaned over the man she had just knocked down.

"You know," she said, "you must have been walking very carelessly. I'm a most careful driver, and have been driving a car for seven years."

"You've got nothing on me, lady," replied the slightly injured man. "I've been walking for over sixty-six years."

A psychologist was rather surprised to see a lady entering his office and leading a duck by a leash. "And what seems to be the matter with you?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing is wrong with me," replied the lady. She pointed to the duck. "But my husband here keeps thinking he's a duck."

A guest at a dinner party arriving late found a seat reserved for him near the head of the table, where a goose was being carved.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "so I'm to sit next to the goose." Then observing the lady on his left, he made haste to amend an awkward

phrase.

"I mean the roasted one of course," he said.

"It is my wish that all the party should hang together," said the man on the platform.

"Hear, hear!" came a voice from the back of the hall derisively.

"I don't mean in the sense in which that idle scoffer would have you understand," went on the speaker with dignity, "but that they may hang together in concord and accord."

"I don't mind what kind of cord it is," came the same voice again, "as long as it's a strong cord."

A teacher was having difficulty in making little Johnny understand subtraction. "Now, Johnny," he said, "you have ten fingers. Suppose four were missing, what would you have?"

"No piano lessons," replied Johnny.

Lawyer: "I must know the whole truth before I can successfully defend you. Have you told me everything?"

His Client: "Except where I hid the money. I want that for myself."

The bestman was doing his utmost to make the groom brace up.

"Where's your nerve, old man?" he asked, "You're shaking like a leaf."

"I know I am," said the groom. "But this is a nerve-racking time for me. I've got some excuse for being frightened, haven't I? I've never been married before."

"Of course, you haven't," said the bestman. "If you had you'd be much more scared than you are."

A railway contractor advertised for 300 sleepers.

From a parson came the offer of his whole congregation on reasonable terms.

* * *
"My flat is on the third floor—No. 17. Put your elbow against the bell-button and press hard."

"Why my elbow? Can't I use my hand?"
"Yes—but surely you're not coming empty-handed?"

* * *
A little girl wrote the following composition on men.

"Men are what women marry. They drink and smoke and swear, but they don't go to church. Perhaps if they wore bonnets they would."

* * *
The new wedding pledge for the bride is : To love, to cherish and to inspire.

For the groom probably it will be : To love, to nourish, and to perspire.

* * *
Mr. and Mrs. Newrich were staying at an exclusive seaside hotel. One evening at dinner the conversation turned to music with special reference to Mozart.

"What a coincidence," said Mrs. Newrich. "Only this morning I saw him on the number five bus with his wife ; they were going down to the beach."

A dreadful silence followed and for the rest of the meal Mrs. Newrich was actually aware that she had "dropped a brick".

As soon as they were alone her husband bounded on her. "Haven't I told you that when you don't know anything about what's being discussed you're to keep your mouth shut?"

"But what did I say wrong?" queried his wife.

"You've been here long enough to know," shouted her husband angrily, "that the number five bus does not go down to the beach."

* * *

The prisoner was, in the dock awaiting his sentence. The judge turned towards him and solemnly announced a sentence for five years hard labour. To his surprise the prisoner let out a howl of laughter.

The judge said sternly, "I see nothing particularly funny in a five-year term of hard labour."

The prisoner wiped his eye, looked at the judge and said, "Well, you see, the joke's on you ; I saw my doctor last month and I've only got six months to live."

* * *
Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels?"

"Unquestionably."

"What is it?"

"I've just told you."

* * *
"Why don't you start yawning when Arthur stays too long? He'll take the hint and go," advised the beautiful girl's mother.

"I did," was the reply, and he told me what lovely teeth I had."

* * *
Two friends were discussing a new neighbour.

"I believe Mrs. Green is a great gossip," remarked one.

"Yes," replied the other, she has a keen sense of rumour."

* * *
A man worries about what the future will have in store, but a woman worries about what the stores will have in future.

* * *
That was a railway cutting beside the football ground. It was one of those matches in which the referee was far too easy. Foul after foul ; the game degenerated. Then after one particularly flagrant offence, a train in the cutting let forth a piercing blast on its whistle.

A spectator shouted to the referee: "Lumme, Ref, even the engine driver saw that one."

IN SEARCH OF PROGRESS IN INDIA

BY

M. RUTHNASWAMY, M.A., BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Invited by the Forum of Free Enterprise, Bombay to deliver an address on the Achievements of Private Enterprise for Democracy and having to visit a son at Rajkot and a son-in-law in Lucknow I thought I would make a tour round India visiting places I had not seen before.

At Bombay in addition to the Forum address I was invited by the newly founded International Amity Centre to address meetings in one school and two colleges and speak to the students on the International Idea. The New Era School in Cumbalha Hill where I spoke on the 5th August was founded and is managed by a private body of Gujarati philanthropists. The meeting was held in the Assembly Hall of the School where my address was preceded and succeeded by devotional songs. I was struck by the orderly and disciplined behaviour of the students—such a rare and refreshing experience nowadays—the several movements of the students—boys and girls for this is a co-ed institution—standing, sitting, marching in and out being controlled by a silent motion of the hand of the teachers in charge of the students. The Colleges at which I spoke were both of them founded by refugees from Sind who came to Bombay with nothing but their enterprise and grit. Both these Colleges are in fashionable parts of Bombay and must have cost a fortune to build and a large annual budget to maintain. They teach in all the Arts and a few Science subjects up to the M.A. standard—they also hold classes in Law. The principal of one of them is thinking of establishing an Engineering College in Kalyan—I think he will do it. As in most private Colleges in Bombay, evening-classes are held for the benefit of those already employed. Not much social, residential life is possible in these Colleges. But their foundation and prosperity bear

testimony at once to the extraordinary enterprise of the Sindhi mercantile community and to their interest in education not only for themselves but for the general community. To the Parsis, the Baniyas and the Bhathias, the Sindhis have been added as promoters of the prosperity of Bombay.

As the Bombay Convention of the Swatantra Party happened during my visit I attended and spoke at it. Accounts of the Convention have already been published. I will here only add my impression that the advent of the Party has been greeted at Bombay as the rising hope of the middle classes. In fact at the Business Meeting more than one delegate wanted the middle classes and their needs and grievances specially mentioned in the "Aims and Objects". This move was resisted by the leaders as the Party stands for the welfare of all classes and they did not want it to be disposed of by its critics of the Left as a bourgeois Party. Nor did the Bombay Convention bring the richer classes of the industrialists and the rentiers into open support. So far only Sir Hormusji Mody has come out into the open. The rest are waiting to see which way the new cat will jump.

At Ahmedabad

The same attitude of cautious expectancy animated the meetings of the junior Chamber of Commerce, at the Gujarat Club addressed by the leaders of the party at Ahmedabad in addition to the mass open-air meeting held there. In the first place Bombay and Ahmedabad have been so closely wedded to Congress, that as a businessman assured me in the privacy of his home it would be a wrench for them to give up Congress. Secondly, businessmen want to know what the prospects of success of the party are before

they can openly support it. But there are speculators also among businessmen. Some of them speculated when they put their money on the Congress horse in the days of the race against the odds of British rule. Their betting came off to their profit. Who knows but some of these very businessmen of Bombay, Ahmedabad may be speculating in secret on the new party—for most speculation is not done in the open. If it were, there would not be so much of it.

Bilingual Bombay Going

One ready speculation and an open one I heard of in Bombay State was that the splitting of bilingual Bombay into Maharashtra and Gujarat was a matter of a few months, although one official whom I met later in Sourashtra saw no reason why there should be a split. Evidently the Services and Service interests are against division. But what chance have the Services and Service interests against politics and the politicians?

A Madras Face

Before I take leave of Ahmedabad I must record a personal pleasure. This lay in meeting Mrinalini, daughter of old Madras friends Dr. and Mrs. Swaminadhan, now wife of a scion of the Sarabhai family of Ahmedabad. When she heard I was in Ahmedabad she invited me to dinner and her dancing school. When I arrived at her artistic home she was in the midst of her dancing lesson teaching young girls the art in which she has acquired world-fame. One of the pleasures of old age is to find girls whom one had known as children setting up and reigning in happy cultured homes.

An Ahmedabad Mill

Mrinalini's husband Gautam Sarabhai runs a mill in Ahmedabad and I thought I should visit it to see how a modern Textile Factory is run in Ahmedabad. The Calico Mills must be one of the largest Textile Factories in India producing as it does 60 million yards of white, dyed, and printed cloth a year. And it is all

done there—spinning, weaving, dyeing and printing. It is run on up-to-date lines and has a Designs Department as well as a Research Laboratory to the headship of which it has attracted a South Indian scientist whom I last saw working in the Ordnance Factory Laboratory at Cawnpore. The mill also provides modern workers welfare services—blocks of workers' quarters, hospital with special provision for maternity cases, creche and dispensary and recreation rooms. It is a fine illustration of enlightened private enterprise.

The Ahmedabad Textile Labour Association

More remarkable was the Ahmedabad Textile Association. I think it is the best organized and most efficient Labour Union in India. For one thing it has a striking building of its own—3 storeys high—providing for offices and work of all kinds. The building reminded me of the Trade Union buildings in England and Europe. One office room is devoted to receiving, registering complaints or grievances of the members day to day. On my visit I saw members at a counter handing in their letter of complaint; another sees to their redress by taking up the matter with their managements, another organizes the Co-operative movement (credit as well as stores) among the members, a fourth looks after their welfare needs, a fifth after their welfare activities, a sixth after the social and leadership training of the members, yet another after women's welfare, another after recreations, etc. The workmen are represented on the several Committees of the Association. The whole-time work of the offices is in the charge of paid officials. The present strength of the Association is about 75,000 out of a Labour force of 120,000 textile workers in Ahmedabad. It has no politics, except that practising Communists are excluded. It is a genuine Trade Union looking after the rights and interests of the workers as workers. It is a tribute to the workers, the employers and the Union that strikes have been reduced to a minimum, most of the disagreements between Labour and Capital being settled by negotiation and arbitration.

Started under the inspiration of Mahatma Gandhi it has kept to his ideals of peace born of mutual understanding.

At Ahmedabad also I saw the largest single hospital in Asia—built and maintained by Government. And I could not miss visiting the Sabarmati Ashram of Mahatma Gandhi. The building in which he stayed is *pucca* with half a dozen rooms innocent of furniture. On the banks of the Sabarmati it was a quiet spot.

Sourashtra

From Ahmedabad I proceeded to Rajkot where one of my sons is an officer in the Western Railway. Sourashtra was one of the corners of India I had not seen so far. And it was a pleasant journey by train—miles and miles of green land growing groundnut. One pleasant feature of the landscape was the Mangalore-tile roofed houses dotting the fields either in individual self-assurance or gathered in the usual conglomerate village. Even in the latter position the red-tile roofs set off the green landscape in pleasant relief. Subsequently I heard that these Mangalore tiles come all the way from Mangalore by sea in small boats—an illustration of the great part that may be played in inland commerce by small sea-faring craft. To serve this maritime traffic, Sourashtra is dotted with little sea-ports, the most important of this being Verunai and Okka.

Okka v Khandla

I did not go to Okka but I heard in Rajkot and during my journeyings in Sourashtra that commercially Okka would have been worth developing and could have been developed into a major port at much less cost than that which is going to be thrown into Khandla. Okka is already there, it was being rapidly developed by the sagacious Sayaji Rao Gaekwar of Baroda in whose crazy-quilted territory it lay, it is much better protected against the wind and sand of the monsoon of the Arabian Sea than its new rival, it serves Rajasthan as well as Sourashtra. Khandla has to start from scratch, it faces the Arabian Sea direct and is

thus liable to hourly frontal attack by sea, and wind, and silt, it serves mainly East Punjab. It was a political consideration not a commercial reason that founded Khandla. Sind and East Punjab had to be compensated for the injury of Partition. Here again the Sind refugee has scored.

Dwarka and Somnath

Being so near I thought I must see two places celebrated in Indian legend and history. Easy railway journeys took me to either place from Rajkot. As soon as I arrived at the station at Dwarka I took an ancient phaeton and was shown round the temple—rather a modern one—situated picturesquely on the banks of a little river before it joins the sea. The shrines in the temple were dedicated to Sri Krishna and his consorts. Groups of pilgrims streamed in continuously. Both to and from the temple and on the railway journey I was musing on the life and activities of Krishna, king, warrior, god, lover. I could well imagine him faring forth in his chariot to the court of Duryodhana and the field of Kuruschetra—it was a level country now and these punctuated by forests—a distance of 500 miles!

The trip to Somnath was even more pleasant. After a night's journey from Rajkot I arrived at Veerovel railway station to be directed to the Travellers' Bungalow where at a moment's notice the Goan butler gave me a nourishing breakfast and later at lunch he served me a pomfret from the Arabian Sea. I was lucky to get it, he said, as usually this fish in large catches is conveyed inland as far as Delhi. It is a pleasant 1½ hours tonga ride to Somnath taking the busy little port of Veerovel on the way with a pool of fishing and other little craft occupying a large part of the port. There is nothing left of the original temple of Somnath—in fact there have been half-a-dozen editions of the temple, the one sacked by Mohamed of Ghazni has left not a rack behind; the ruins shown are those of a much later temple. But the situation right on the shores of the Arabian Sea no iconoclast could take from it.

A Hindu Trust headed by Mr. K. M. Munshi is raising a large heavy structure to impress the modern pilgrim and worshipper probably as a western counterpart of the eastern Jaganath temple at Puri. But the thought came to me as I saw the masons giving the last touches that a tall, light, airy piece of architecture its central tower bearing a lighthouse lamp to serve the mariner on this frequented coast would have been in keeping with the past history and permanent position of Somnath. The tourist must not miss a visit to the Museum for he must make a search for it—it contains all the remains of the old Somnath that could be salvaged.

New Delhi after 3 years

FRIGHTFULNESS IN THE NEW ARCHITECTURE

It was in 1956 that I last visited Delhi and the changes that I noticed are significant of the kind of change that has taken place. The first thing I noticed was the large number of Government buildings that have sprung up on every side. The Agricultural Department has two large buildings for its Secretariat where half a floor of the North Block had sufficed on the morrow of Independence. And almost every old official building has an extension. The growth of the bureaucracy of the Central Government hits you in the eye in these huge official buildings. Government's entry into the Hostel business—of all businesses in the world—is recorded in stone in two huge structures—the erratic, dinosauric, ugly monster of the Asoka Hotel and the more respectable architecture of the Janpath Hotel. While the latter is in the centre of New Delhi, the Asoka Hotel is in the diplomatic enclave in Chanakyapuri. Its distance from the railway stations must be an additional handicap in the race for custom.

The Diplomatic Enclave

Nor can I congratulate the diplomatic enclave or its architecture. There is more originality than beauty in it. The new American Embassy looks like a beehive on a wigwam—I suppose the architect wanted to symbolize

American activity in a Red Indian (native American) structure. The Yugoslav Embassy is a Communist freak. The English High Commissioner's office is an English imitation (therefore feeble) of the U.N.O. building at Lake Success—all side without front or depth. The only respectable building is the diplomatic enclave is the Internunciature. And what a distant desert—for trees have yet to grow in it—to put the diplomatic enclave in! It is properly sealed from the life of New Delhi.

For every rule a dodge

As for the official life of New Delhi—there is no other life there, nor is there any other possible, even the social life is officialized—it consists mostly—apart from the reign of routine, red tape, forms and formalism which is rank and cries to high heaven, it consists in the Secretariat of a duel between the Government and private business fought over permits, licences, quotas. That is the great trade of New Delhi. On the more respectable side there is a battle of wits between the Government and the private sector. The Government goes on spinning regulations and forging fetters for private industry. But I heard in New Delhi that for every new rule of Government the private sector has discovered a dodge or two.

Dehra Dun

From Delhi I proceeded to Dehra Dun which also I had not visited all the years I have been touring India which began 35 years ago when as President of the Madras Legislative Council I visited all the Legislative Councils of those days which took me from Madras to the N.-W. Frontier as far as Landi Khana with the railway-gate-like barrier that separated India of those days from Afghanistan. Dehra Dun contains some of the most important institutions working for the progress of India. The Forest College trains our foresters who are to preserve and increase the forests of India so bound up with the agricultural prosperity of the country. The Forest Re-

search Institute carries on all kinds of research on the trees and timber and other forest products of India. The Survey of India has been mapping India and making maps for India for more than a hundred years. But when I asked for some book explaining the utility of this establishment the Director could refer me only to the annual reports. In this age of publicity and public relations how any scientific department of the Government could do without a popular explanation of its work I cannot understand. And it is memorable work that the Survey of India—making India its land, its natural features known to the people of India—has done. And it has done survey work for India's neighbours—Nepal, Burma, Ceylon. At the Doon School I was agreeably surprised to find as one of the masters young Mr. Hensman, son of one of the well-known Hensmans of Madras who retired from Madras Government service as Superintendent of Police. With pride and pleasure I saw Indian Masters under the leadership of an English Headmaster carrying on the work of an English Model Public School as if to the manner born. The Military College where two of my sons had been trained was the last of the institutions I visited; it looked as if it were all there—efficient and rigidly organized and withal willing to show visitors all there is to show of this great training school for our army officers.

At Dehra Dun also I came across the offices and Laboratories of the Oil and Gas Commission one of whose officers with his charming wife offered me the pleasant hospitality of his home during my stay there. They are doing their best to discover oil but the nagging of the Ministry to produce results quick is hardly calculated to discover oil where there isn't.

Hardwar

Before entering Dehra Dun I passed Hardwar early in the morning. I could catch glimpses of the Ganges here flowing in a narrow bed by the side of the Himalayas to the north. But unlike Puri, Rameswaram, Dwarka, the

other three Tirthas, Hardwar is a considerable town with large two or three-storeyed terraced houses lining clean, well kept streets and doing a brisk trade.

Lucknow

From Dehra Dun I went to Lucknow where I did not spend much time in visiting its meretricious palaces. But I spent a whole morning in the Botanical Gardens one of the best in India and where I found the *Lagerstromia Reginai*, the *Adansoni Digitalis* in flower and the *Bauhimia Vahili* probably the biggest creeper plant. Two mornings I spent at the Swatantra Party Convention on the 29th and 30th August where enthusiastic speakers spoke and a large enthusiastic audience filling the Bharadan Hall, the Durbar Hall of the old Kings of Oude, listened to speeches in Hindi. I was the only one who spoke in English. But I could discern an under-current of resentment among the Muslims present that Urdu was not given equal prominence with Hindi.

His Excellency Mr. Giri

When I phoned to Government House (now called Raj Bhavan) that I wished to call on the Governor, I was invited to tea. He greeted me as an old friend from Madras and spoke free and frank of his experiences in office and out of office. Speaking of his resignation from the Central Cabinet on the Banking Staff strike issue when the Prime Minister persuaded him to stay on "as in Democracy the individual must yield to the majority" Mr. Giri replied, "Sir, in a Democracy when a Minister does not agree with the majority in the Cabinet on a matter of principle he resigns" and resigned setting an example to Ministers as well as members of political parties. When he was appointed Governor of Uttar Pradesh he declared that he would take an active part in the Government and administration of the State. This declaration drew an unnecessary rejoinder from the Chief Minister of the State that the Governor would have to abide by the advice of the Ministry.

But he lost no time in assuring the Chief Minister that while he would always be a constitutional Governor accepting the final decisions of the Cabinet he would place all his knowledge, experience and advice at their disposal. He was not going to be a *roifaineant*. He told me that a Governor can make of his job what he pleases. If he wants to be lazy and passive he could let the Government and the administration go to the dogs and look on. If he wants to be loyal to his post he could help the Ministry and the Administration with advice, information, seeing things for himself. Mr. Giri is also open to advice and information. He keeps Government House open to all kinds of visitors who wish to see him on public business, men of all parties, Communists and students included. He keeps his eyes and ears open and his finger on the pulse of public life. And still the Ministry makes mistakes! That's their funeral he would say if they make them after all the advice he gives them. However that may be Mr. Giri shows how to do things as a Governor under the Constitution of India.

From Lucknow to Assam

From Lucknow I proceeded to Assam, another corner of India I had not visited. It was a long railway journey of 50 hours but it was pleasant as it was all new country springing into green fertility of wheat, pulses, sugar-cane after the recent rains. I crossed the rivers north of the Ganges—the Gumti which flows gracefully throughout the year through Lucknow city, the Gogra, the Gandak, the Kosi (which is not the river of sorrow that it is elsewhere and at other times)—and then finally the Brahmaputra broad and beautiful and which I had to cross by steamer-ferry to reach Gauhati.

Gauhati

It is the former capital and before long likely to become the capital once more of Assam. Situated in the plains on the banks of the Brahmaputra it is more in touch with the commercial and public life of the State and of

the rest of India than the present capital. And the railway calls for it. Soon the railway headquarters of the North-Eastern Frontier Railway now at Pandu will extend as far as Gauhati—in fact the 4 or 5 miles which separate Gauhati from Pandu are being filled with railway offices and workshops and quarters for railway servants. And there is a University a little outside Gauhati which is in the making.

Shillong

There is no railway to Shillong but the motor-journey of 50 miles through forest country takes about 4-5 hours. The Ghat road is so narrow that the motor-journeys up and down have to be regulated by a time-table and gates on the way. It is not one continuous climb but a series of hills have to be crossed with bits of level drives in between. Shillong is only about 6,000 feet high but the air is not so nippy and bracing as in the Nilgiris. But like the hill-stations in the Nilgiris it is on a plateau and so finds room for houses with gardens around, parks, playing-fields, golf-links and motor-cars and buses. Being the present capital of the State it abounds in Government offices, colleges and schools. It is the centre of a flourishing Christian community—composed mostly of converts from the tribal population of Assam.

The Tribes of Assam

They are chiefly the Khasis, the Lushais, the Garos. The Khasi women dress like so many Red Riding Hoods—only their hoods are not red but of duller colours, over their short skirts and jackets they wear a cloak with a hood covering their heads. Large numbers of these tribes have become Christians about 400,000 of them in the last 100 years—the Protestants in the majority as they had a lead of 50 years over the Roman Catholics who number about 150,000. The tribal people look with suspicion on the men of the plains by whom they say they have been exploited. Most of the tribal people are being set on the road to progress, although the Garos I was told are not hard-working enough for it.

The Marwari trader and money-lender is abroad in Assam. His are the shops in the towns, his the few factories, and he is buying up tea-plantations. But he is building schools and colleges in Gauhati, Shillong, Dibrugarh. I found him in business even at Cherrapunji.

Cherrapunji

Cherrapunji which I had read of in my school geography books I was at last able to visit. And it was on its good behaviour, it was a clear day although it was pouring when I left Shillong for the 70-mile drive. And I had a glorious view of the plains of Pakistan—the widest view of the plains from a hill-station in India—it extended for hundreds of miles around. At Cherrapunji I heard how the wretched border clashes between India and Pakistan as a result of which this border has been closed have killed the orchard industry of the hillmen whose market had thus been abruptly closed. And still there were economic wiseacres who said India and Pakistan would be economically viable after Partition!

Dibrugarh

Returning to Gauhati I started for Dibrugarh to finish off the railway system of Assam at the terminus. Dibrugarh is the centre of the Tea industry of Assam. And you find tea-gardens—miles and miles of them—on the plains (whereas in the south they have to be on the hills). I suppose on account of the higher latitude of Assam. Some of the tea of Assam is so costly about Rs. 10 a pound that it can be sold only in England and is not available in India. I visited a Tea factory and was surprised to see the large plant and multiple mechanical processes the tea-leaves still picked by hand by the pickers recruited from distant Chota Nagpur and Bihar—Oraons, Mundas, and Santals—have to be put through before they emerge in chests shipped to England where the tea is blended and sold in packets for the English breakfast table. How different from the original Chinese drying and preparing his tea leaves on the domestic floor.

Digboi

From Dibrugarh I went to see the Oil Refineries of Digboi. There also the Plant was huge and complicated—each of the Plants costing one crore. Kerosene, crude oil and wax are produced here—the return from the wax paying for the whole cost of the production. A South Indian Scientific worker of the Laboratory attached to the Refineries showed me round. Within a radius of 5 miles are to be found the oil wells indicated by their tall steel towers. Another oil field has been discovered by the Assam Oil Company, pioneers in this business, and are to be worked by the Government and the Company in partnership. Oil and Coal which also had been discovered in recent times are the basis of the industrial development of Assam. With these great sources of power and when the Geological Survey of India completes its exploration of Assam this problem State of Assam, when its security is assured can look forward to progress beyond the civilization of the Bamboo and the Tea on which it is now built.

The Security of Assam

For although I did not cross the Brahmaputra and get into N.E.F.A. (the North-East Frontier) I heard enough on this side of the river to feel we were on the edge of insecurity. Sikkim and Bhutan were pointed out to me across the river. And to the north of Sikkim and Bhutan was Communist China with its itch for probing weak spots on its frontier. To the east were the Nagas not yet pacified and still continue hostilities. Troops were in evidence entraining or detraining. Hopefulness rather than assurance in security characterized the undercurrent of feeling in Assam.

The Way Back

On the way back, at Siliguri junction where you decide whether to go west towards the cities of the north or to Calcutta is also the junction from which you can go north to Darjeeling another part of India I had not seen. The tiny hill railway train climbs in friendly

contact with the road, railway and road crossing each other continually without railway gates or collisions between each other's traffic. At St. Mary's Kursiong where I was cheered by South Indian faces I was for one brief hour vouchsafed a glimpse of Kinchenjunga's snowy breast unveiled by the Sun. Otherwise it was wet the day I went to Darjeeling going and returning. Everest which might have been visible was blotted out by the thick mist, Darjeeling was at its worst, not that the best could have been good as it and its houses are scooped out from the side of the mountain. But the quadrangle—the fittest form for a College—of St. Joseph's College North Point cheered me that depressing morning.

Calcutta

On the way from Siliguri to Calcutta I enjoyed another steamer-ferry crossing, this time across the Ganges from the east bank to the west—and this was a longer crossing than the one across the Brahmaputra lasting for 2 hours during which I had a delightful lunch of chicken curry and rice.

At Calcutta I found the same attitude of caution and suspended judgment as in Bombay towards the Swatantra Party—the more so as Calcutta has not yet been whipped into

enthusiasm by a Convention. They are all waiting for a big move from headquarters. And Calcutta and Bengal have more immediate problems to attend to. The floods and the riots had ceased but the Communists were keeping the food problem alive and their charge-sheet against Dr. B. C. Roy and his Ministry was yet to be disposed of in the Assembly.

And so after a stay of 3 days during which I found the taxi-service cheap and efficient and the restaurants inviting with no bans and prohibitions, an uneventful journey—even the Godavari had gone down to normal—brought me back home to Madras whose restfulness is the proper ending to a journey which took me in full circle or rather in a parallelogram across and round India.

What was the kind and degree of progress I went out for to see? In the towns I saw progress and prosperity, shops and restaurants full. The villages were still full of mud hovels doing duty for houses, congested and unsanitary, with no roads connecting them with railway stations or markets. The land looks prosperous but the people are poor. Governments are becoming bigger and bigger but the people are not correspondingly becoming richer and richer.

TELUGU LITERATURE

BY

D. ANJANEYULU

Leaving the more ticklish aspects of the origin and age of the Telugu language to experts on linguistics and philology, it must by now be fairly safe to assume that Telugu is essentially a Dravidian language vitally influenced by Sanskrit. While the Sanskrit element is only too evident in its vocabulary—especially in the word compounds—the closeness to Tamil in its basic structure, in sentence construction and syntax, in grammar and idiom and in the inflexions and verbal cufflinks, is unmistakable. Just as the Andhra country lies as a link between the North and the South, its language presents a harmony composed of the Dravidian and the Aryan strains and its literature is a happy amalgam of Sanskrit patterns and native impulses. If Andhra culture is composite in its character (like Indian culture, as a matter of fact), Telugu literature is, in a way, cosmopolitan in its evolution, having left its windows open to the currents from all sides.

The earliest literary composition—as we now understand it—extant in Telugu dates back to the eleventh century A.D. It is Nannaya Bhattu's version in Telugu verse and prose of Sage Vyasa's Mahabharata in Sanskrit. Not that poetic expression was not existent before Nannaya. There were a good number of stray verses, folk songs and metrical inscriptions, but their literary merit is doubtful as their authorship is undecided. Nannaya translated two parvas—Adi and Sabha—completely and left the third—Aranya—unfinished. This work was completed by Tikkana Somavaji (of the 13th century), known as 'Kavi-Brahma' and Yerra Pragada (early 14th Century), honoured with the title of 'Prabandha Parameswara'. Though this period can be loosely described as the 'Age of Translation (of the Puranas)' none of these three old masters are

merely translators of the workaday variety. They are poets in their own right—creative artists of the highest order. They were also profound scholars in Sanskrit and in Telugu. In spite of the heavily Sanskritised diction, Nannaya's style retains a distinctly Telugu touch about it. In the other two, the influence of Sanskrit is kept in check to effect a balance with the indigenous element.

As a violent breaking away from, and a strong reaction to, the Vedic tradition symbolised in the translation of the Puranas came the Bhakti cult represented by Palkuriki Somanatha (12th and 13th centuries), who was inspired by the message of the religions reformer, Basavao Somanatha's 'Basava Puranam' and 'Panditaradhya Charitra', written in a simple and direct verse pattern known as 'Dwipada' metre, were meant to spread the Veerasaiva faith. Evangelical in their fervour, they depicted incidents from ordinary life in the language of the common man.

Poetic Romances

The age of the great Pravandhas corresponds with the reign of Krishnadeva Raya of Vijayanagar which can be called the golden age in the history of Telugu literature. Himself a poet of a high order (with the 'Aamukta malyada' to his credit) he gathered around him a galaxy of brilliant poets. Foremost among them, Allasani Peddana is the author of 'Manu Charitra', a poetic romance of exquisite beauty, centred on the episode relating to a puritanical Brahmin youth and a celestial damsel. Timmana's 'Parijatapahana-nam' (with Satyabhama, the eternal coquette, as the heroine), Dhurjati's 'Kalahasti Mahatmyam', and Tenali Ramakrishna's (not to discuss his identity with that comic spirit Tenail Ramalinga) are other notable works

from the court poets. Srinatha and Potana, than whom no two divergent practitioners of the poetic art could be found, are significant names that stand by themselves. Pingali Surana was a Euphuistic romancer whose fancy soars with Shakespearian wings.

The poetry that flourished in the courts of the Naiks of Madura and Tanjore (latter 16th and early 17th centuries) is often referred to as belonging to the Southern school in Telugu literature. Love in its varied aspects—heightened by separation and often intensified in union or disappointment—provides the motif for the poets and poetesses of this period. From the latter half of the 17th to the early half of the 19th centuries is the dark age in which there was not much of original poetic work that we know of.

Pioneers of Modern Age

With the work of Veeresalingam Pantulu and his contemporaries begins the modern period in Telugu writing in the latter half of the 19th century. If Veeresalingam can be considered as the architect of modern Telugu prose, Chinnaya Suri, who gave us a standardised Telugu grammar and a prose work, entitled *Neeti Chandrika*, can be said to have laid its foundations. The first Telugu novel *Rajasekhara Charitram* (after Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*) was written by Veeresalingam, whom one could compare with Vedanayakam Pillai and B. R. Rajam Iyer of Tamil to some extent. He introduced new forms of writing in Telugu, social satire and humorous skit, literary criticism, autobiography and biography (in the lives of the poets). But, mainly a social reformer, he was more of a pioneer than a master in any of these branches of writing. In the novel, he was left in the shade by Chilakamarti Lakshmi Narasimham Pantulu ('Ramachandar Vijayam'), while in the light essay he was left leagues behind by Panuganti Lakshmi Narasimha Rao in his 'Sakshi' series (modelled on *The Spectator* essays of Addison and Steele). In drama and poetry, Gurazada Appa Rao (with his still popular 'Kanyasulkam') blazed

a new trail that has not grown dim after six or seven decades.

The impact of the Swadeshi movement in the early years of this century moved the Telugu poets and writers of the period to patriotic fervour and they hugged the novels of Bankim to heart. There was soon a spate of translations of his historical novels. A few years later, the poetry of Tagore inspired a group of sensitive young minds to poetic expression, breaking loose from the classical tradition which was not tired of verbal gymnastics like the pun and the double entendre and other tricks, which were the stock-in-trade of the older poets of the day.

Romantic Revival

The Romantic revival, associated with the names of Royaprolu Subba Rao, Devulapalli Krishna Sastri, Nayani Subba Rao, Vedula Satyanarayana Sastri and other kindred spirits, owes as much to Tagore's vision of beauty and Ghalib's mysticism as the 'emotion recollected in tranquillity' of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley. To ears waxing rusty with the hackneyed images and stale poetic diction of the classical versifiers, the lyrical outpourings of these romantics (Bhava Kavulu) came as the authentic voice of pure poetry. Here, for the first time, was the anguished lover grieving over the lost beloved or the pining youth stretching out his hands for the damsel beyond his reach. The cloying descriptions of the female anatomy gave place to a loftier conception of the lady love as almost a disembodied spirit—the twilight of the dewy dawn or the pearl-white foam on the waves of the sea. In Nanduri Subba Rao's 'Yenki Patalu' are sung the simple loves of a rustic pair in haunting melodies.

The 'Bhavakavis' sang undisturbed like the nightingale for about two decades from the end of the First World War to the beginning of the Second. The reaction to this as well as the revolt against the dictates of classical verse was led by Sri Sri (Srirangam Srinivasa Rao) who gave a shock treatment to the poetic

world with his pungent satires in *vers libre*. He and 'Arudra' have a growing crop of imitators who fail to make any appeal for want of the real poetic urge and lack of the basic disciplines necessary for a rhythm of language, with or without rhyme and metre.

Contemporary Scene

Just at present we see realists and surrealists jostling against the romantics who had missed their train (like the cuckoo singing after the spring is over) and the neo-classicists who would rewrite the Ramayana and Mahabharata for us. Viswanadha Satyanarayana, a modern traditionalist of the grand manner, who had tried every branch of literary composition with some success, has just given the finishing touches to his poetic version of the Ramayana (entitled 'Ramayana Kalpa Vrukshamu'). The 'Kamba Ramayanam' and 'Silappadhikaram' are now available in flowing Telugu verse by P. Sriramulu Reddi. The unification of Andhra and Telangana saw the birth of a new enthusiasm, especially in the poets from the latter region who began to sing with a new freedom and ecstasy represented by 'Dasarathi' in his 'Mahandhodaya Abhyudayam' and C. Narayana Reddi in his 'Nagarjunasagaram' and other poems. Narayana Reddi is also the author of 'Karpura Vasantarayalu' a poetic work celebrating the love of a royal prince for a maiden of humble birth.

The full-length drama is almost in the doldrums now as the stage is not in good shape and the requirements of the film are on a different footing. The one-act play, as also the radio play, is quite popular and the output in this line is impressive. But a too obvious insistence on social purpose has tended to vitiate a lot of playwriting and turned it to mere dreary pamphleteering. The noble impulse of the rickshaw-wallah, the hard lot of the industrial

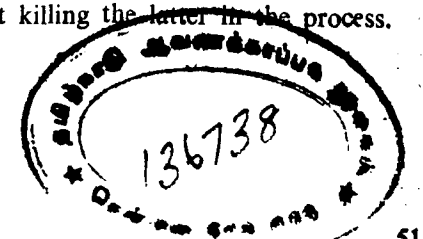
worker, the callousness of the capitalist, the struggles of the ill-paid clerk, are all very well in limited doses, but they can easily be overdone. Two playwrights who refuse to wear any label are P. V. Rajamannar and V. R. Narla. The one depicts the complicated relations of the sexes in modern urban society with a sharp insight and a rare subtlety, while the other reflects the struggles and changes in the life of the countryside with a fidelity that is convincing and a simplicity that comes of personal experience and habitual restraint.

Fiction Lacking Strength

Not many novels that give a true and vivid picture of contemporary social life have appeared in Telugu in recent years. Butchi Babu's (S. V. Subba Rao) 'Chivaraku Migilegi' (All that Remains) is a shrewd, if cynical, commentary on the complexities of the present industrialised civilisation. Sridevi's 'Kaalaa-teeta Vyaktulu' (The Timeless Men) is very clever and interesting as a picture of the life of college boys and girls (using the language of Vizag district) but it is a trifle flippant and not mature enough for a good novel. Short stories are being produced week after week, but not enough attention is paid to the form and style. Once in a way a good story or two are thrown up.

One curious paradox of Telugu poets is that those who were finding it difficult to keep the wolf from the door when they were writing their best work, are now having a merry time in ringing the changes for the silver screen. The others are waiting their turn in the queue. Translations, sponsored by heavily subsidised bodies, are found by the diligent pen-pushers more profitable than original writing. There is drive enough in all branches but not the direction that can wed social purpose to creative art without killing the latter in the process.

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MYSELF

[This is an excerpt from the book *Glimpses of Yesterday* (Price Re 1.50) by Pothan Joseph, reproduced here with kind permission of the publishers, The Madras Premier Co 33 Broadway, Madras 1.—Ed.]

I came under the influence of a remarkable man from birth, George Joseph. Of him, now no more, Jawaharlal Nehru writes in his autobiography :

“Evidently it was thought that some of us were trouble-makers and so seven of us were transferred to a distant part of the gaol, quite cut off from the main barracks. Among those who were thus separated were Purushottamdas Tandon, Mahadev Desai, George Joseph, Balkrishna Sharma, Devadas Gandhi and I... The future was dim, but whatever shape it might take, it seemed that it would be the lot of many of us to spend a large part of our lives in prison. So we talked amongst ourselves, and I remember particularly a conversation with George Joseph in which we came to this conclusion. Since those days Joseph has drifted away far apart from us and has become a vigorous critic of our doings. I wonder if he even remembers that talk we had in an autumn evening in the civil ward of a Lucknow District Gaol.” (P. 94.)

Once I asked Brother George about that memorable conversation, but he just shrugged his shoulders in reticence. The earliest I could recall of myself was carrying his satchel to school, and the last time we met was in Simla where he attended the old Legislative Assembly. I was far away when he died, but it is literally true that I underwent a spasm in coincidence ; and I asked a friend to make a note of the moment, since I felt something had happened that would make a permanent difference in my life. Six hours in advance of Kasturba Gandhi's death I had, slightly psychic perhaps, dictated my obituary leading article, to my ever-attentive daughter Cookie, now Mrs. Mathew Varki.

In Journalism

Our family was of Syrian Christian stock, and though we were in moderate circumstances, we had to fight back turns of adversity. When young men talk of a secure career, it leaves me cold ; and in my hazardous experience of journalism with 26 jobs held in honour and only once dismissed, I have never been frightened by poverty. At one time I ran into trouble for having signed a fidelity bond on behalf of the paper ; I was caught in semi-bankruptcy proceedings. I wanted to be the “Director” of a company for fashion and found myself a loser. Mr. Justice Blackwell of the Bombay High Court glared at me and asked : “Is that the prisoner?” Jinnah was at the bardesk, K. M. Munshi too ; they appeared amused at my predicament, with a burden of Rs. 30,000 on my back for having vaingloriously stood surety for a consignment of newsprint devoted to the national cause. I sweated for years to pay up in instalments, and if there were any technical dodge to escape liability, I would have adopted it : but Law is ruthless and I dread litigation. I was never in panic, however, nor my sainted wife who was invariably ready to retreat to the pious jungledom of Syrian Christian devotions in Travancore, which she always believed to be the vestibule to Heaven after the weary pilgrimage of life. But I must hark back to George Joseph.

There are some people who are aggressive performers on the stage of life, whilst others, no less great, are content to exercise a profound influence. My brother was a practising barrister, with politics as a diversion and metaphysics as his favourite study. I am not surprised at the impression he could unobtrusively cast on people like Gandhiji, Jawaharlal, Motilal Nehru and Annie Besant. Mrs. Besant

as Home Ruler selected two young envoys from India to address British audiences during World War I. They were Syed Hussain and George Joseph but they were turned back home from Gibraltar as dangerous customers. He had the advantage of a life-partner who thoroughly enjoyed the distractions of public life and the chores of hospitality which it involved. At her house in Madura, there was a regular procession of celebrities of the day with a bean-feast at run, all round the clock. When Gandhiji prescribed Swaraj as something to be achieved on some august Monday, Mrs. Susannah Joseph was game for it and she was getting ready for all the tamashas by the middle of July, at least a fortnight in advance. There was no pessimism in the family, except on my part about the outcome of delirious agitational proceedings at the cost of his profession. Many people in South India who lived to reap the harvest came under his influence. There is an emotional throb when he is remembered by people like C. R. Kamaraj Nadar, Varadarajulu Naidu and countless others, who have passed into Valahalla. Sir James Grigg (not an easy person to satisfy) once told me that two men in the Opposition profoundly impressed him with their resources of strength and precision in speech : Govind Ballabh Pant and George Joseph.

It is said that Benjamin Jowitt influenced the Asquith generation and that the Webbs were the source of inspiration in the rise of Socialism. In India, too, we have had men of like influence, Ranade, Shiva Prasad Gupta, Sayajirao Gaekwar, Edwin Arnold, Dadabhai Naoroji, Ramabhai, Babu Bhagwan Das, Dinshaw Wacha and Pandit Vidyasagar. They just influenced thought and stimulated their contemporaries without pyrotechnics. To this group belonged George Joseph, positively.

As a Teacher

I remember his coaching me to recite famous passages and even now I can readily declaim, word for word, Chapter 26 of the Acts of the Apostles, which he maintained was classical

eloquence ; and he himself was no mean writer or speaker. When I took my degree, he spoke to me of the subtle difference between pride and vanity and again between ambition and greed. I was never animated by the spirit of ambition or greed, because once I possessed Rs. 50 in my pocket, my sole interest in life lay in spending it. The urge to store up money or to be in the front rank was not in my make-up though I own I am a Syrian Christian : and I am a ghastly failure when it comes to muscling forward in a group photograph of journalists. My idea on graduation was to be free and happy with just enough to keep a two-seater as the utmost distinction. When I was enrolled as a High Court Advocate I was in misery when I had to make myself prominent by deeply bowing before the Bench without a brief. I thought they were all watching the new luminary moving in the orbit. And the wretchedness of waiting as a junior drove me to teaching-cum-journalism. As a lecturer in the Trinity College, Kandy (Ceylon), I proved my capacity to keep classes spell-bound, but it was during the years World War I ; we had to change portfolios on account of conscription among the European staff. The professor of Chemistry N. P. Campbell lost his life at the front and I was asked to teach the subject ; aromatic compounds of carbon which I disliked largely through fear-complex created by an acid test in the Presidency College lab made me leave Trinity. Even today, I steer clear of electric switches for fear of shock ; but the whole world has changed with electricity as a servant and not a tyrant of man.

Soon I moved to Secunderabad as an instructor in the Wesley High School, but on account of short rations, I made friends with Col. R. H. Cameron, proprietor of *The Hyderabad Bulletin*. I started writing for him at Rs. 3 per column, regularly paid. Fortunately the rule in the office was that contributors should not be defrauded by the tall yarn that writing is but an inspiration. Perspiration thus rewarded, I transferred myself whole-time to the paper.

In those days the infiltration into journalism (not yet infestation) of South Indians had hardly started; and I imagined there might be room for a unique personality in the realms of literature in Bombay. At the time B. G. Horniman was just starting the *Bombay Chronicle*, but the deck was full. I resumed teaching and became the Warden of a Girls' Hostel, much to the surprise of Sarojini Naidu who had profound forebodings about my qualifications as a custodian; but nothing untoward happened, and when after a fortnight I left, I had the honour of receiving a poignant address of farewell; but don't let me waste time on trivial experiences.

One morning Mr. S. A. Raja of the *Times of India* rang me up. There was a strike in the *Bombay Chronicle* office on the ground that the Board of Directors (1916) were getting too close to Lord Willingdon's lilac-Government. I had then an elderly friend the late N. M. Samnath who encouraged me in the venture and then personally conducted me to the office, where the Moderates were in Council over the crisis. I was appointed as a stop-gap sub-editor on Rs. 175 per month; and when Horniman returned he was sporting enough to confirm me. Thus I began the career of journalism marred by occasional gaps of subsequent unemployment, when authority frowned on me.

The Non-cooperation Movement was moving ahead and I worked spare-time under Mahatma Gandhi and spent a quiet hour for tuition in Bhavnagar House and also in the production of *Young India*, a weekly which my brother George edited sparkingly during intervals of jail-going, with supreme distinction in the N.C.O. hulla-ballo.

No Political Agitator

Frankly, I lack the pulse that registers political agitation. I was in my mental outlook a Moderate, believing in gradualism and rather morbidly conscious of national shortcomings. When Gengu Babu allowed himself to be driven over by a military lorry by lying in protest over the road, my reaction was that he

should not have done it, whereas many office-colleagues were proud of his heroic resistance to British Imperialism. I was a favourite with the Ali Brothers, but I could not read their mind as they flayed themselves over the Khilafat question. Gandhiji adopted their remote cause before the spectacular deeds of Mustapha Kamal Pasha that settled the feud of Church and State, Jinnah, thoroughly unexcited, observed it was an unholy alliance. To me, an Indian was just a human being who happened to be born in India, and patriotism has always been something inferior to "World Government" and the membership of the species. I might have been conscripted, but I would not volunteer.

Since I am not writing an autobiography, let me hurry on with some of my lessons in life. I trained myself to understand a subject by quick and intense study, and I can like the late Bhulabhai Desai, empty my mind like a spent cartridge, awaiting the next briefing. As late as 1920 when I was drafted on the staff of *Capital*, I could never dream of my future working capacity to write the weekly financial column of that specialised journal but I managed it successfully, with the approval of an ungrateful opportunist who later called me a total failure. I am convinced that it is better to suffer than to make others suffer and the best way of repaying an injury is to return it with an act of kindness.

The greatest thrill I have had was in saving a young man from drowning, another friend assisting me in the swim. It was risky and his bride was screaming from the Juhu sand-beach. When he was saved she explained her relief: she was afraid her mother-in-law could have blamed her for the rest of her life.

I have been a non-conformist, always at loggerheads with pretentiousness and fond of debunking. All these difficulties of mental readjustment have cost me dear, but I feel happy I have had my say. I thought of suicide only thrice in my life; once under a religious fit of repentance; on the second occasion because of a bill of Rs. 22, which, however,

was providentially paid up by a friend; the third time I got desperate, because a woman whom I had assured of my heart, being at her feet, disbelieved, but I have learned to cope with a crisis of that kind with reasonable philosophy.

With the Mahatma

Patriotism in territorial terms to me has not been a substantive virtue as compared with radical humanitarianism, and I have often wondered if Buddha or Christ had understood or preached it a different way. To me it has been like the merit inherent in such things as thrift, prudence, early rising or the taking out of an insurance-policy. When once I was held captive by Gandhiji for a moral course of improvement, and I practised eager steps with him in the mornings, I placed before him one difficulty. I loathed the very idea of a person canvassing votes before an election. When in the Presidency College, a candidate for the secretaryship of the Union Society asked me for my vote. I was disgusted. I still believe that canvassing should be prohibited under some *Public Obscenity Act*.

I spoke to the Mahatmaji in the hearing of Mahadev Desai about the indecency of it, but Gandhiji said that free speech allowed it and that the option remained for the other party doing as he thought fit. Before I escaped from his disciplinary control, I didn't have the time to put another question: "Is secret balloting quite the right thing?" I hold that secrecy in order to forestall possible reprisal on the part of a candidate involves a subtle kind of intimidation.

Once I was elected to the Bombay Municipal Corporation, but I was saved the torture of personal canvassing by a few deluded friends trusting my affectation of enthusiasm. It was a dead failure as many might even now recall. I wasn't built for the limelight.

As I conclude, let me record some of the surprises of my life. I never could imagine Jawaharlal Nehru attaining the heights of his present achievements, because when he was

feeling his way in the wake of Pandit Motilal's practice, I regarded him as just an intelligent novice, nothing more. His Herculean energy was unthinkable then. Another surprise of my life has been the extent to which cross-word-puzzles could ever command custom and create colossal prizes. A greater amazement came to me when nearly 80 per cent of the adult voters of India went to the polls in 1951. I feared that the returns would not exceed one in ten. Lastly, I can't realize the pettiness behind the linguistic controversy and the obscurantist struggle for the enthronement of a language at school as a cementing force against the Soviet contrast of a federation of Republics with no linguistic warfare. I believe India is in a tremendously advantageous position in Asia; that English is not a foreign tongue; that the search for an indigenous language on the test of its being the speech of the single largest group is absurd; that a child learns what it is taught; and that with all the advantage of English I hold we must go all out for its adoption.

Against War

The supreme vice in life, as I conceive it, is laziness. I don't love peace for the sake of India wanting full time to develop five-year plans and to get abreast of advanced nations, because if an atomic war comes, we shall all be equally burned up and I think Man is not Nature's last word. Cold War which involves maximum-vexation for the Opposition party has been in my judgement the secret of non-co-operation and *satyagraha*, but it does not exclude physical force. War as Bernard Shaw said must die out not because of its violence but its vulgarity. Violence is vulgar excess; but the use of physical force necessary for the control of wrong-doers is perfectly right and if the English language had contained a simple word for minimum-force, say "Minforce", our sermons would have been different. I often felt that if instead of jail-sentences for A-Class detention, the British had instituted prodigious fines and forfeitures, the history of certain movements would have been different.

For the Englishman, jail is social obloquy, for us "sacrifice".

When monkeys pestered Ahmedabad, I remember Gandhiji saying it was best to get rid of them: and the whole warfare against parasites is based on the hope of their extirpation for the health of mankind. Negativism or sitting-on-the-fence could never be practised for long, unless all others were deadlocked into inertia. Much better than the Cold War would be a smash outright, because as St. Paul said, it is better to marry than to burn. I don't love virtue for fear of damnation in Hades nor regard some system of mythology indispensable for religion. I have been diligent

in my rites as a church-goer and it has helped me in getting over much of what may be called mountebankism, cleansing the bosom of much perilous stuff. I loathe Prohibition as a perversion of the right of freedom which, incidentally, makes innocent people bear burdens like the sales-tax in lieu of legitimate excise revenue from those who love a glass or two; and it is a hypocritical device of misanthropes and puritans at the cost of the law-abiding. And lastly, I am not mighty frightened about the mystery of the hereafter; because after all I, as a journalist, have the reporter's nose and I am ready to go over and see what exists on the other side of the river. And may there be no moaning of the Bar when I embark!

Personality Sketch

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

BY

KASHYAPA



If Lunik could not have known in 1958 that it was to reach the moon and achieve world fame in 1959, neither could Nikita Khrushchev have known in 1950 that within a decade he was to become the most important man on earth. Or, if he knew it, he was jolly careful to keep his ideas well sealed in his mind for a very glimmer of such ambitions would have been good reason to bump him off in the *Ancien Regime*. In the twenty-five years of the Stalin Era, very few names other than that of the great Josef himself were let known to the outside world—or even to the common citizen of Soviet land. Molotov and Voroshilov were known as remnants of the Old Guard, lieutenants of Lenin who stuck to his self-created successor Stalin. Beria and Mikoyan were thrown up in the forties. The War made the names of a few military heroes known to the Allied countries. But who knew Nikita?

* * * *

In spite of a fairly close observation of world events—as true a picture as one can glean from the press—I have been unable to understand whether Khrushchev had begun moving up the Communist hierarchy though quietly and without arousing suspicion even prior to Stalin's death, or if it was a purely post-Stalin development. Readers will agree that current biographies or accounts of Khrushchev cannot be solely relied on in this regard—as the tendency to 'play up' a hero and round off facts of the past are common in any country, and more so on the other side of the Curtain. At any rate official publications of the Foreign Languages Book House, Moscow did not disclose Nikita's name in the first ten leaders of the Communist world, nor did his head appear on the rostrum of the leaders viewing the May Day Parade at the Red Square. No, it is fairly certain, I think, that Khrushchev was a new star, an undreamt of star.

* * * *

What is the secret of the Soviet Premier's Success? Is it his disarming smile and buoyant sense of humour? Is it his very Un-Communist like expansiveness of mood and cheer of demeanour? Is it some uncanny political intuition or intelligence? Is it some deep hidden and sinister capacity for intrigue? Is it some invisible machinery at his disposal of which others are scared stiff? Is it a real popularity as the term is understood in democratic countries? The answer may be any of the above, or all, or a mixture of them. But I sincerely think it is Nikita's frank difference from the usual Communist boss that makes him a success. *He is different*—or at any rate to all outward semblances has made himself appear very different. The picture which the world had of a top Red was something else. It was the picture of Stalin—a ruthless, intellectual, fanatic, cold, calculating, suspicious, fearsome personality. Khrushchev found that both sides of the Iron Curtain had got tired of that sort of personality. They wanted something totally different. K. knew he alone could give that "different" personality. He boldly attempted the change. It was a tremendous risk. But he was equal to it. His success is the prize of his enterprise. Other top leaders must certainly have been sick of Stalin and his ways—but they were scared to say so. Nikita made bold to say it and like the little child in the Fable that was made bold to announce that the King had no clothes on—a fact which others knew but were afraid to say—was an immediate success.

Khrushchev has shown that a Communist can behave like anyone else—and reserve his political opinions to the proper forum. Unsociability as a creed of the Marxist has been given the go-by. Which other Communist boss would have visited the United States? Which other Soviet leader would have agreed to trot the globe and set his foot on capitalistic soil? But that does not mean that Khrushchev will compromise on his Marxism. He is

possibly more devoted to the original theories than his predecessors. He may not go to the extent of propounding a Khrushchevism superimposed on Marxism, as Stalin or Lenin did. But K. has realised one fact of life, which his predecessors did not. He knows that nothing is lost by a handshake or a smile. It makes life easier. Hate is a self-consuming passion. But Opposition is a life-giver. Khrushchev has shown that the Communist world may oppose the Capitalist world but do so without grinding teeth. He has understood that it is a good and pleasant agreement when two people 'agree to differ'. Khrushchev and Ike possibly agree to differ. But that makes life all over pleasanter, as we can be sure neither will get really nasty about it.

Khrushchev's pleasantries are by now well known. He can put on a tremendous act and say the most awful things when pretending to be in a jolly mood with vodka spilling all over. He is forthright, but he has not been misunderstood. Stalin tried to say things diplomatically but did so behind closed doors and with a frown. He was suspect. But Khrushchev swims out into the open air, and shouts with a laugh. He says very un-diplomatic things too. But his opponents laugh with him and all is well with the world. I do not say that Khrushchev is thereby to be discounted in his statements. Far from it. But his smile and his cheer make the world a safer place to live in. What we, the peace-loving souls on earth want is a better and quieter life. And this cannot be had with warring grunts from Big Powers sounding in our poor ears. At present, we hear laughs and a few pleasantly phrased epithets and we are not afraid. If Khrushchev has succeeded in making politics a pleasant game, even if a seriously fought game, and if this same spirit of differing with a smile pervades all over, the common folk have just a chance to live happily. Let there be Laughter.

SPORTS IN BRIEF

By our Sports Commentator

Like his illustrious uncle Ranji, Duleep-sinhji whose death occurred the other day at Bombay was the prince of a little kingdom but the king of a great game. His death is all the more tragic because it was only a few weeks back he was appointed Chairman of the All-India Council of Sports in the place of Dr. P. Subbaroyan after the latter's appointment as Union Minister for Transport and Communications.

Born in a family of cricketers, Duleep developed the game at Jamnagar but blossomed into a world celebrity in Great Britain. He made an outstanding impression at Cambridge where he got a Blue and became one of the most talked of young men of his day.

In 1924, when only 19, he scored 120 for the M.C.C. against the University he was subsequently to play for. Emulating his renowned uncle, Ranji, Duleep scored a century in the Test debut for England against Australia at Lord's in 1930. He hit up 173 and 48 on that occasion. His highest score was 333 for Sussex against Northamptonshire, the same year. Duleep scored a century in each innings on three occasions. In 1931, he hit up four consecutive hundreds.

He was an artist to his finger-tips. He could play any sort of bowling. Like his uncle's his most famous stroke was the leg glance.

I had the good fortune to interview him at Palace Hotel, Karachi, when he was back home from England owing to an attack of T.B. He told me in so many words that he was retiring owing to bad health.

It is a matter of pride for this country that Duleep scored as many as 49 centuries in first-class cricket.

India's Skipper

Sind, despite its barren soil was the nursery of great cricketers in the thirties and among

them the most outstanding were Naoomal and Gopaldas. Naoomal was included in the first Indian cricket team which visited England and made a great hit as the opening batsman. It is from the same soil that Ramchand, the chosen skipper of the Indian team of cricketers against Australia, has stemmed. He was the wonder boy of the school at which he cut his first cricketing tooth. Even before partition of the country, he went over to Bombay.

Owing to his consistent performances both with the bat and the ball he was chosen in almost every team which played for India. His selection has come as a surprise in some quarters, but there was nothing else for the Selection Committee to choose from. Gaekwad who piloted the Indian team had a series of reverses in Great Britain, with the result that there was agitation for a new skipper.

Whether Ramchand will rise to the occasion and rehabilitate Indian cricket from the doldrums into which it has fallen remains to be seen, but being a youngster, with a big future ahead, he will strain every nerve to deserve the honour which has come to him.

Athlete of the Year

The outstanding athlete of the year that is fading is America's William Parry O'Brien. He is the greatest of shot-putters and one of the most tenacious competitors ever seen in any of the eight field events. The only athlete that came within measurable distance of challenging him in shot putting was his compatriot Dallas Long. However, Parry twice beat his own and Long's world record of 63 feet 2 inches.

Pitched against the Russian, Parry was well behind his own team mate Dave Davis until the last round but remained unperturbed. Then the double Olympic champion strode out to 63 feet 2 inches from the circle, dropped a towel as a marker, returned for his final effort and rocketed another shot half an inch beyond his own signpost.

Woman Champion Athlete

The woman athlete of the year is Rumania's long-legged Iolanda Balas who was the first to leap six feet and then went one higher. She was never seriously challenged in international competition and has the distinction of being the first woman athlete to reach masculine standards.

Second to be ranked was the Russian runner, Maria Itkina. Britain's top woman athlete was Mary Denis Signal. She created records in long-jump and pentathlon and also shone as a hurdler and high jumper.

Champion Boxer

The heavyweight champion boxer of the year is Ingemar Johanson. He is an attractive sandy-haired man of 27, thick through the shoulders and the chest with a boyish face that is utterly unmarked although he has been fighting since he was 13. He is a shrewd businessman and only rarely do the toughness and drive that lie at his core show through the warmth and graciousness near the surface.

Since he became the champion he has completed a part in a movie, been photographed with dozens of pretty girls and has made his T.V. debut.

He is a Swede by nationality.

Fraser to Turn Professional

Ever since Neale Fraser, single-handed secured the Davis Cup for Australia from the United States, Tennis circles have been constantly engaged in a futile guessing game whether he would join the ranks of the professionals. Latest indications are to the effect that he may follow in the footsteps of Frank Sedgman and Rosewall but he has not as yet when he should sign on the dotted line. Although no official statement has yet been made, it is understood that Kraemer has offered him a minimum guarantee of 120,000 dollars for the first year of the professional contract. There are also persistent rumours that Kraemer has offered him an alternate inducement, namely, 15 per cent of the gross takings each

time he plays on tour. In the meantime Fraser is planning a private overseas tour with the consent of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia.

While as an amateur Fraser is the top ranking tennis star of the world, as a professional he would be at the bottom of Kraemer's troupe. He is only 26 but has scaled the summit the hard way.

Banned Sport

Karate, a sport developed from a method of unarmed combat has been banned at the Daito Bunka University of Japan, following the death of Dr. Charles Elliot Perry, a Professor at St. Paul's University in Tokyo.

University officials said that Dr. Perry of New York was killed by Karate blows after an argument with two students who were under arrest. Hardened hands and feet are used to make axe-like blows in Karate, an oriental self-defence technique which is more than three hundred years old.

Knowledgeable West Indian crowds await the arrival of Peter May's M.C.C. team, which sailed from England in early December, for the winter's Test series; but like the game's officials, they are hoping that the Rubber will be free from the incidents which almost ruined the 1954 tour. The last M.C.C. visit was the most bitter in Anglo-Caribbean cricket history. When in the first Test, John Holt was given l.b.w., to Brian Statham for 94, the outcry stemmed from an unsportsman-like section of the crowd, many of whom had laid bets that Holt would complete a century.

No one doubted for a moment the overwhelming superiority of the visiting Australian cricket team but even then there was some fond hope that our boys would put up a good show. But the first match at Delhi proved to be disappointing, for the Aussies walked away with an innings victory. The other Tests may more or less be a repetition of the Delhi match. Post-mortem of matches would do nobody any good. Even then, our players

dropped many a catch which would have made such a difference in the final outcome. Another surprising factor was the dramatic collapse of our players after lunch on the final day of the contest. The visitors put in an inspired spell of bowling which demoralised our side.

As a contrast to our poor showing is the performance of Pakistan players. Though there too, the Aussies won the Test, it was a hard and arduous task. Hanif that wonder boy once again demonstrated to the world

that he has the making of a world player. It is a pity that talent scouting in India does not take place. Moreover, even available players of Test standard are kept out for Heaven knows what reason.

The next national and inter-State badminton championships will be held at Kerala and the venue is likely to be Trivandrum, the State capital. This was announced after the annual general meeting of the Badminton Association of India, held at Jamshedpur recently.

Book Reviews

KERALA, THE COMMUNIST STATE

By S. C. JOSEPH, M.A., M.Litt., B.Litt. (Oxon)

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
A DIG AT THE SOUTH : <i>Poohan Joseph</i>	3
ECONOMIC FORECASTING AND POLICY : <i>R. G. Opie</i>	5
ADDRESS BY DR. C. P. RAMASWAMI AYYAR : <i>F. V. Arul</i>	9
NON-ALIGNMENT, OUT OF DATE : <i>M. Ruthnaswamy</i>	11
MEN AND MATTERS : <i>C. H. V. Pathy</i>	15
THE WOMAN WHO LOVED CHEKHOV :	19
SMILE A WHILE :	24
PERSONALITY SKETCH-PRESIDENT de GAULLE <i>Kashyapa</i>	26
SPORTS IN BRIEF : <i>Our Sports Commentator</i>	29
BOOK REVIEW :	32

50 nP.

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Editorial

PRESTIGE DEGREES

After having acquired first degrees it has been a tendency for our students to go abroad mainly to United Kingdom and United States and study in their universities as a final touch to their educational career. This tendency to go for higher studies in foreign universities is now being checked due to restriction of foreign exchange by the Reserve Bank of India. Prime Minister Nehru in one of his characteristic moods of disapproval, deplores this tendency for Indian students to go abroad merely for getting some degree which according to them would have prestige value. There is no doubt that during the British rule in India, western degrees did carry a considerable amount of prestige. This is proved clearly by the fact that persons with foreign qualifications found it easier to fill in responsible Government posts or acquire "covenanted jobs" in comparison with those educated at home.

Even after Independence western degree-holders still stand better chances than our own university graduates. In the majority of cases Indian students going abroad do their first degrees in foreign universities and not post-graduate degrees even after their obtaining first degrees in India; this is because either our degree-holders are found not on a par with foreign students from schools prior to entering the university or only just equal to them. Otherwise the only possible reason for our graduates to do again first degrees is the non-recognition of Indian university degrees by their counterparts.

It is found that Indian university graduates are more theoretical in their knowledge in comparison with foreign university degree-holders whose knowledge is more practical. This is a very serious handicap for our students. There are basic faults in our university curriculum. The Indian student reads the same books as his counterpart abroad and the basic intelligence of the Indian is not proved to be inferior. It is true that many of our university syllabuses lack practical subjects like Applied Economics, for instance. The best way to make our students think on practical lines is by setting them question papers having a greater bearing on practice rather than on theory. Again the tendency of our students to cram quotations and reproduce them in answer papers must be discouraged. Another practice we find in our universities is the dictation of notes to students by lecturers and encouraging them to reproduce these notes in answer papers. This stereotyped treatment is most undesirable. In order to make the students think for themselves would it not be better if they prepare their own notes either by reading text books or listening to lectures. If our universities strictly follow the tutorial system whereby closer contact and discussion is facilitated between the teacher and the taught, that will be in the interest of a sounder

educational training. Very often we hear foreign university men decrying Indian degrees as hopelessly theoretical.

Unless we take remedial measures to make our degree-holder a more practical man in the eyes of the public, his university education is wasted. We have an out-of-date system of education. This is exactly the reason why foreign students are found only in small numbers in our universities; in short it is a one-way traffic—our students going abroad more often to do the first degree even though they are already Indian degree-holders. If we develop our standards in certain fields, say, for instance Eastern philosophy, Ayurvedic medicine, or Indian arts, we will also be attracting foreign students to our universities. If it is a more or less equal exchange of students we will not be facing a foreign exchange problem.

According to our Prime Minister it is only necessary to go abroad for practical training. Whether in medicine, engineering or economics the training abroad must be practical and not in universities. If our degree-holder has to undergo another foreign university degree, then his Indian degree becomes superfluous.

It is not enough that we turn out a greater number of graduates from our universities each year. The accent should necessarily be on quality and not on quantity. The university entrance test must be strict so that only "good" students are admitted for degree courses. If our degrees are to be recognised outside the country, they must be of a reasonably good standard and on a par with foreign university degrees.

As in foreign countries it is essential that we establish closer relationship between our academic institutions and practical fields. For example it is not rarely that you find in the United Kingdom, an economics Professor of a university serving on the H. M. Treasury for a period of time.

Thus if western degrees have greater prestige in our country than our own it is because the foreign university degree-holder is better trained in whatever practical field he has to work in. Instead of condemning students who have a tendency to go abroad for what is termed as prestige degrees, it would be to our own advantage to try and improve our own university degrees. Let us hope that in a few years our universities will be able to turn out "products" of quality as their counterparts outside. Foreign degrees are prestige degrees in the sense only deserving students acquire them. When we develop our basic degrees to a reasonably high standard, then there will not be this quest for prestige degrees and what the Prime Minister terms "the tendency to go abroad".

A DIG AT THE SOUTH

BY

POTHAN JOSEPH

In Mr. C. Rajagopalachari's first reaction to the views aired in the Congress *pandal* at Bangalore, there was a trenchant reference to the slightly supercilious manner in which the Prime Minister described the Swatantra movement as an aberration originating in the South. Before answering the main claims of success achieved by the Congress Ruling party, Rajaji hastened to remind Mr. Nehru that the very first Congress symposium had been held in the Mahajana Sabha Hall in Madras and that in the national drive towards freedom under the intelligentsia, the laggard-area did not lie south of the Vindhyas. It is, however, interesting that for some reason the dwellers in Northern climes, once awakened, work themselves into the belief that they have the upper-hand. Expressions like the Sudan and the Sudetanland which Hitler seized as part of the forgotten Fatherland stand for the southern region. Shakespeare wrote of the Sweet South and the gentle zephyr, but that availeth us nothing.

Likewise, with the surge of Hindi the prepossession of inhabitants north of the Vindhyas that they are at the head of the national movement as its steam-engine, has been gathering such importance that the very idea of a "Mad-rasi" being accepted to high office at the centre is regarded as a favour.

Beginning

Under British rule, Madras had an unlucky start in the sense it was known as the "Benighted Presidency" despite her parade of legal luminaries which was on a par with the erudition that glowed in the Calcutta High Court which had in the days of Sir Elijah Impey the distinction of being the Supreme Court under the East India Company. Nor should it be forgotten that Calcutta until 1911 had been the capital of India which gave politicians and careerists an enormous advantage; nevertheless, in citations before the Privy Council,

Madras had a high place. In those days Hindu Law had not been codified in simple form, and vast passages from the Vedas and kindred literature relating to the customs of antiquity had to be expounded before learned but neophyte judges from the English Bar. Knowledge of Sanskrit was at any rate an impressive advertisement in the eyes of the client. In the sum of political progress before the mobilisation of the North, the South had a record undeserving of anything that suggests of a dark origin.

The very tenets of Hinduism which overcame Buddhism had emanated from the South. Some hero-worshippers of the Communist leader from Kerala even go the length of saying that just as Shankaracharya had emerged from the West Coast for the renovation of religion, there is now in the secular sphere a second Shankara (E.M.S.) appearing from the same dark region to retrieve our *punya bhoomi* from the bog of bourgeois-capitalism, cloaked under fraudulent political institutions. That would be an exaggeration during what the Congressmen at Bangalore positively declared is nothing but the Nehru-Era.

The South, largely identified as Dravidistan in demography, retains the quality of an unbleached exterior. In spite of the additional fact that heroes like Shri Krishna were dark in complexion, the average tint possibly contributed to the taunt about the Benighted Presidency.

Enlightened

Actually when political commentators of the dawn of the present century who toured the South observed things in the scales of administrative efficiency, they rubbed their eyes at the epithet of reproach. Sir Valentine Chirol protested against the term, and dubbed it the Enlightened Presidency, creating jealousy in the sleepy hollows of undereducated regions up the latitudes. Praise from Sir Valentine

Chirol, the accuser and maligner of Tilak did not prove a great testimony. Furthermore there used to be a lot of meaningless twaddle when all the Princely States aspired to be known as the "Model State." As a commonplace I could recall the custom of Mysore, Travancore and Baroda, being described as model States at Viceregal banquets which, in reality, meant that the residents enjoyed paramountcy. And paramountcy must be paramount, according to the Butler Committee.

The City of Madras especially in the slumland, had been atrociously named "Black Town," but King George V during coronation year was so good as to lend his name in reparation and it is called George Town, an appellation that agrees with the title Fort St. George which is treasured almost as a superstition of security that comes in co-ordination with the etymology of Madras itself (citadel of the Madonna), a derivation which is not only happy but difficult to dispute in the vicinity of St. Thomas' traditional shrine of martyrdom at the site of the Mylapore Cathedral.

Recollection

Madras for the moment supplies immense dynamism to the Swatantra movement against the excesses of one-party rule. Whether the message itself has lasting vitality will be judged by the growth of the movement and its iconoclastic reaction on the personality-cult that now grips India. That Madras was not deemed a burden on the Congress-movement was clear from the days of Congress pioneers, and Rajaji was one who had attended the Surat Congress then at the cross-ways. Names of South Indian leaders were familiar to giants of the order of Sir Pherozeshah Mehta. Here I might as well pause to give a story. Sir Pherozeshah Mehta was holding an emergency meeting of Congress worthies after the Surat split. Though the late V. Krishnaswami Iyer was then rising as a brilliant lawyer, his name was not so well-known amongst patriots as in the case of South Indian stalwarts like Salem Vijayaraghavachariar and G. Subramania Iyer. V. Krishnaswami Iyer rose from the back-bench to say something. Sir Pherozeshah Mehta with his

towering personality leaned forward asking the youngman who he was. In his silver voice the youth said "representing Madras." Sir Pherozeshah involuntarily exclaimed "Madras? We know Salem Vijayaraghavachariar, we know G. Subramania Iyer. Who are you?" The young man had, so to speak, to produce his identity-card, but there was no question of Madras being regarded as a dark and barren corner of the South. Bengalis like Swami Vivekananda and Bepin Chandra Pal rejoiced in the intelligence of Madras audiences and the successor of Gokhale hailed from the despised South.

Sri Krishna Menon

I remember Gokhale's visit to Madras in 1910. He used to pronounce the name Madras, the "d" being given a sibilant sound as "th" in the "the" or "mother" and not as "d" in dog. There is, however, in Pandit Jawaharlal's reference to the South a touch of condescension slightly reminiscent of Pandit Motilal Nehru describing A. Rangaswami Iyengar as being a first-rate Secretary for the Swaraj Party with a twinkle of the eye, as Stalin's estimate of Molotov, the superb and infallible "filing clerk" who once put under direction could deliver the goods. Motilal in a debate once said that if the principle of self-government were conceded he would ask A. Rangaswami Iyengar to draft the Bill. And there was no question of his comprehensive knowledge as later illustrated in his son's time at the work of the Constituent Assembly under the initial sketch of its first draftsman, namely, B. N. Rau, a Madrasi.

South India has no reason to be sensitive about the taunt. And C.R. has no reason to take it to heart. After all, who is Krishna Menon, Jawaharlal Nehru's friend, guide and philosopher, utterly irreplaceable for him, despite all agitation against crypto-Communism? He is definitely a South Indian and unmistakably a Keralite—*mundu*, chappal, wobble stick and all! Who knows in the Encyclopaedia of National Biography fifty years hence, the entry in a Krushchevian World would be "Nehru, Pandit. See Krishna Menon."

ECONOMIC FORECASTING AND ECONOMIC POLICY

BY

R. G. OPIE

[The author is an Economic Advisor in H. M. Treasury, London, on temporary leave of absence from the London School of Economics. The views expressed in this article are of course his own and must not be attributed to any other officer in the Treasury or to the Treasury as a whole—Ed.]

1. The aim of economic policy is to divert the economy from the path it would otherwise have followed. It is therefore necessary to form some idea of what that path is going to be. Economic forecasts try to do this.

2. Forecasts are of course of many kinds. Some try to estimate what is attainable, say, the fastest rate of economic growth per annum, in the best possible circumstances. In other words, they set a limit to what we can reasonably expect. Others try to estimate what is most likely to happen. Again, some forecasts only look six to twelve months ahead, while others are concerned with a much longer period, say five, ten or fifteen years. Again, some forecasts are concerned with the whole economy, and try to map out the development of all the main sectors of demand. Others are concerned only with one sector of an economy, such as the demand for fuel, or the supply of scientific manpower. Such narrower forecasts must, of course, be based on some other broader forecasts, such as the growth of the national product, or the increase in the adult population.

3. But the difficulties I want to discuss affect to some extent all types of economic forecasting. The present is what it is because the past is what it was. Hence tomorrow will be what it will be because today is what it is. Hence the first stage in forecasting the future is to describe and analyse the present. If we are to know where the economy is heading, we must know not only in what direction it is moving, but also where it is starting from.

4. This is by no means easy, and it may be impossible. Two different problems immediately

emerge. One must first know what is happening, and secondly one must interpret these facts. It is well nigh certain that one will have no information about the present: all one's information will relate to dates of varying distance into the past. Hence one will have no complete or accurate picture of the present, the starting-point of one's predictions. The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, likened his position to that of a traveller compelled always to plan his journeys on the basis of last year's railway time-table. Thus one is forced to predict the present before one can even begin to predict the future.

5. But even if one were to know what are the present facts, they must still be interpreted. It is likely that all the quantities in which one is interested will be changing. What is more, their changing current values will contain within themselves the causes of other future changes in both themselves and other dependent variables. For example, it may be that the latest known value of imports is higher than in previous months. Is this fortuitous, or a seasonal movement, or the beginning of an upward trend? One must form a judgment about this before one can safely go forward to predicting imports in future months.

6. Let us assume that we have done our best and formed a judgment on the present situation. The next stage requires an estimate of the changes to be expected in the major independent or autonomous factors. An act of judgment may well be involved, of course, in deciding precisely which are the autonomous

variables in any given forecast. But usually it will be fairly clear what variables can safely be regarded as autonomous to any particular forecast. The size of imports of foodstuffs, for example, will partly depend on the level of home production of these, which in turn will depend partly on the weather. The state of the weather next year is certainly independent of all the other variables in the forecast.

7. This is likely to be true to some though a varying extent of all the non-economic variables in a forecast. It may also be true of a number of the economic variables. If one is trying to forecast, say, the national income of a small country, the level of foreign demand for its imports is likely to be given, independently of any changes in that national income itself.

8. In any case, even forecasters learn from experience, and the identity of the independent variables should not remain hidden for long. The next step then is to try to forecast the movement of these variables. It is difficult to generalise about this. Sometimes, the forecast can be little more than a guess; sometimes one can confidently foresee a turning-point in a trend, and sometimes one can, equally confidently extrapolate the trend further through the forecast period.

9. Usually, however, these are not the only variables one wants to forecast. One must also try to foresee the movement in the major *dependent* variables. To do this, one needs some idea of the nature and stability of the relationship of dependence itself. A great deal of economic theory is, of course, an exploration of various forms of dependence—of savings on income; of income on investment, on exports, on government expenditure; of investment on income, on rates of interest; of amounts demanded and supplied on price; of price on demand and supply, and so on. And a great deal of applied economics has been the establishment of the quantitative degree of dependence of these variables on each other.

10. In recent years, too, we have become much more aware of the frequency of two-way

dependence, of feed-back, as the engineers call it. A change in variable A causes a given change in variable B, which in turn reacts on A, which will affect B again, and so on. We also are beginning to know something about the sizes of these mutual inter-actions, but, as yet, our models are so crude as to rule out any very sophisticated treatment of such two-way relationships. And, often, of course, the forecasts are for periods too short for them to have much effect.

11. In these three stages, most forecasts are built up. But the most certain thing about the future is its uncertainty. Although events may cast their shadows before, those shadows are fleeting and difficult to identify. We must therefore expect that few forecasts will turn out to be correct in every detail.

12. Why then is forecasting so difficult? The first difficulty is that which we have already discussed—that of knowing enough about the present. But this difficulty is among the least of one's worries. A much greater difficulty arises from the general impossibility in the social sciences of conducting controlled experiments. Without a laboratory, it is very difficult to put one's theories to the test. Forecasts are essentially quantitative applications of a number of theoretical relationships. If one's forecasts turn out to be right, is it because one's theories were correct? Or was it a lucky accident? And if they turn out to be wrong? An unlucky accident? Often it is—some unforeseen and unforeseeable event can clearly throw a forecast very wide of the mark. Often again, the very forecast itself may have produced a policy designed to shift the economy from its predicted path. An "error" in the forecast—in the sense of a difference between the forecast results and the actual results—would then be nothing to worry about, and indeed would be the justification of the whole forecasting process.

13. But usually, errors in forecasts arise from a faulty estimate of the relationships between the independent variables and the dependent variables, including often the quanti-

ties to be forecast. About some of these relationships we have very little knowledge indeed, and getting more knowledge is a slow and difficult process. A frequent case is the forecasting of movements in stocks. In any advanced economy, these are likely to be large—in the United Kingdom the value of manufacturing stocks held at the end of 1958 was equal to just under one-half of the total output of manufacturing industry in 1958. Changes in such a level of stocks will clearly have a great impact on the levels of demand in and supply from that industry, and, since a great proportion of the raw materials of British industry is imported, on the level of imports too. It is thus very important to form a view of what is likely to happen to the level of stocks.

14. But what determines that level? Economic theory suggests a great many answers—the expected level of output, the expected level of prices, the availability and cost of finance being perhaps the most important. How are we to weight these different factors at any one time? How are we even to know what current expectations in the minds of hundreds upon hundreds of different businessmen are? Clearly forecasts about stocks must be based on hunches.

15. The example of stocks was only one of many where the relationships between the autonomous factors and the dependent one was very unstable. But the possibility of forecasting depends upon the existence of stable relationships in the past, a knowledge of their nature, and the possibility of projecting them into the future. If any of these three do not exist, then forecasting becomes guessing.

16. Given the existence of a number of such unstable relationships, economic forecasts are likely to contain errors. It is unfortunate therefore, that many of the quantities which are most important for economic policy, and which therefore need careful and accurate forecasting, are themselves the difference between two very large totals, both of which may be subject to error. An obvious example is the surplus or deficit on current account in a

country's balance of payments. In 1958, the current balance in the United Kingdom balance of payments was in surplus by £349 millions. Total credits amounted to £4,773 millions, and total debits to £4,424 millions. If credits had been one per cent greater, and debits one per cent less, the current surplus would have been no less than twenty-six per cent greater. On the other hand, had credits been only four per cent less and debits four per cent greater, the surplus would have become a small deficit. But to forecast total debits or total credits to an accuracy of four per cent, let alone one per cent, would be regarded as very good indeed.

17. Another problem arises with the need to forecast some distance ahead. Whatever one's forecast of the next month, or even six months, it is unlikely that policy can act quickly enough to influence the outcome. Hence forecasts, to be useful, must relate to a period some distance, probably six months is a minimum ahead. This makes the question of the timing of turning points crucial. If some variable is rising now, it is possible that it will continue to rise for some time, but it is certain that it will not continue to rise steadily for ever. A break, or at least a pause, is bound to come some time. But when? Economic theory tells us of the sort of turning points to look for—in consumption following a rise in income, in investment following a rise in consumption, and so on—but we know very little about the time-lags involved, and we have very little confidence indeed that time-lags which have been found to exist in the past will recur in the future.

18. Longer-term forecasts are also liable to greater error simply because there is greater time for unforeseen events to occur.

19. Finally, more forecasts are committee forecasts. The logic behind this is presumably that two heads are better than one, and ten or twenty are better even than two. This may be true—but it does mean that *average* views tend to prevail. Experts of equal standing

may well differ in their views of the future—and one is tempted to split the difference. There is little real justification for this, of course, and no guarantee that it will produce a better forecast.

20. It might be thought that the moral of this dismal story is that we should abandon all attempts at forecasting. This would be

wrong. The economy will develop, and Governments must take a view, whether to act or to refrain and it seems probable therefore that even not-good forecasts are better than no forecasts at all. What we must do is not to abandon forecasting—for that would mean the abandonment of economic policy too—but rather try to improve our forecasts. But that is another, and longer, story.

A Talk by Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar to the Honorary Presidency Magistrates of Madras City

REPRODUCED BY

F. V. ARUL

“I am indeed happy to be in the midst of honorary presidency magistrates who are performing praiseworthy functions. The presence of a lady magistrate here (Mrs. Mona Hensman) reminds me of the fact that when I was the Law member of the Government of Madras I appointed the first lady honorary presidency magistrate in India. She was Mrs. Muthulakshmi Reddi. Later, I appointed other lady magistrates also. These lady magistrates soon made a mark of not showing any sympathy at all with the prisoner in the dock (laughter). They were even more severe with women accused (more laughter). I would appeal to the lady magistrates of today to have more compassion because the purpose of the law is intrinsically reformation and not retribution.

Now coming to the office of honorary magistrates I would like to tell you that there is a hoary tradition about it. The ancient Greeks were a small community governed by the principles of democracy. Every Greek had to undertake legislative, magisterial and martial duties by turn. You will remember that Socrates was tried for sedition not by a small bench of judges, but by a judicial body of over 800. This was due to the practice of training every citizen in the law. You will thus appreciate that the office of honorary magistrate is of considerable antiquity.

This institution has been adopted extensively in Britain from the earliest times. Trial by jury is the rule rather than the exception. Even in this country panchayat rule was much in vogue prior to the British connection. Actually it goes as far back as Vedic times. Every village had its panchayat and the members thereof had to settle all disputes and grievances

arising in the community. This was achieved more by argument, discussion, persuasion and conciliation. They even had to indemnify the victims of dacoity and robbery. The value of this system has been recognised by our present rulers who have recently enacted the Panchayat Act.

Law has to be considered in three of its aspects. The first is that it is the experience of ages. Apart from this social aspect, it is retributive in character because it seeks to punish the wrong doer as well as to protect the innocent. The attempt to reform and rehabilitate is its third aspect. It is this which I would like to stress this evening. There is no use in giving short prison sentences. They have no reformatory effect but merely serve to increase the expenditure of the State. The practice in England is to give long suspended sentences and no bar is placed against the employment of the accused either in Government service or industrial establishments or commercial houses. Thus a full opportunity is given to the culprit to rehabilitate himself. If he fails to avail himself of this opportunity he is sent back to prison for a longer term. I would commend to all of you this example. A very much greater use should be made of probation. Doubtless a few legislative amendments may be necessary.

I must say that the administration of law is getting very much more simple as year succeeds year. Time was, when a lawyer steeped in the intricacies of ancient law claimed very high fees for his services. All this is changing with modern codification. Take, for instance, the laws relating to land tenure and ownership. This Gordian knot has been cut by the simple socialistic scheme of getting rid of the landlord

altogether (laughter). I see an eminent income-tax lawyer in your midst. His labours too are being diminished progressively by the phenomenon of mounting taxes so much so ere long there will be hardly any income to be taxed (laughter).

And so I reiterate that the administration of law is getting simpler in modern times and therefore it is not necessary for you honorary

magistrates to be steeped in case law or to be able to quote a score of precedents. What is needed is sound common sense, integrity and human compassion.

In closing, I would like to congratulate you all on the fine service you are rendering to the State and to the public. I thank you all for the spontaneity and cordiality of your welcome."

NON-ALIGNMENT, OUT OF DATE

BY

M. RUTHNASWAMY

The hope that the policy of non-alignment in international affairs would be modified in the disturbing light of the Chinese aggression (*pace* Mr. Krishna Menon, that is the correct description of China's breach of the northern frontier of India) was dashed to the ground when the Prime Minister as leader of the Congress party asserted in the plenary session of the Congress at Bangalore last month that there would be no change in the foreign policy of the Government of India. He supported the resolution which he must have drafted himself that the policy of non-alignment "was the very basis of our existence to-day." In fact earlier in the Subjects Committee of the Congress he fell foul of three members of the Congress who had mildly suggested an amendment "that India should in view of recent developments on the northern frontiers keep the door open for military alliances." He poured ridicule upon these "three gallant musketeers" as he called them for the casual way in which they sought to upset and reverse the entire policy that had been followed even decades before by the Congress. He even went so far as to say that he would rather see Congress dead and gone than this policy should be given up. It was in no casual way that the change was proposed but by a formal amendment (we suppose that amendments to official resolutions are still in order under the Congress rules of procedure at its meetings), and, as for his insistence that this policy must be maintained even if it means a threat to the life of the Congress, one is left with the uncomfortable impression that in the Prime Minister's view his theories are more precious to him than the life of any body to which he belongs. We trust that he will not imperil the safety of his country for attachment to an idea. There have been idealists like him who

have gone dangerously near this extent. There was Robespierre, for instance, who once exclaimed during the debates of the French Revolution, *Perissent nos colonies plutot que mon principe*. Mr. Nehru has no colonies to lose, but he has a country to keep safe and secure.

The Prime Minister's argument for sticking to his policy are as much open to doubt and question as the policy itself. He said that bitterness and fear were the two causes of the policy of alliances to which other countries were addicted. It is a pretty looking tabloid (to use a description he used himself in dealing with the policy of other countries) summary of the history of international policy through the ages. It may be that some alliances are the result of bitterness engendered during a war—though we wonder why Mr. Nehru should not credit other States and other statesmen with the reason and foresight that he accords to himself as the motive causes of policy. And as for fear when did it cease to be the origin of memorable action in nations as in individuals. Fear of evil, of danger, of force, of temptation, of fall is the beginning of wisdom for nations as for individuals. Fear of famine or food scarcity is what arms Governments to embark upon sound agricultural policies. Fear of powerful neighbours has led small nations to seek military alliances. Mr. Nehru wants India to defend itself with its own defence forces. We have gallant men and officers in our defence forces. They can be trusted to give a good account of themselves in any action to which their strength is equal. But it is a small force not fully equipped with the armour and fire that a contest, even a defence contest, with a large modernised army like that of Communist

China will require. Is it fair either to the army or the country to depend solely on our brave little army and air force for the defence of the country? It is magnificent but not war. It is fine to say we are free from fear. But it is not politics.

Whether fear or other causes operated, alliances are as old as history. They are as old as the treaty between Rameses II of Egypt and the prince of Cheta in the 13th century B.C. The Greek Amphictyonies, the Etruscan Leagues were other specimens of treaties of alliance in antiquity. European history mediæval and modern, as indeed the history of most peoples is full of them. Surely Mr. Nehru knows that alliances are in the Indian tradition. The *Arthashastra* of Kautilya devotes a whole section to the policy of alliances based on the "mandala" theory. The Mahabharata, the Ramayana are full of accounts of alliances between rulers to achieve common purposes. How else was Sita rescued from captivity in Ravana's kingdom except with an alliance of Rama with Sugriva and his tribe. Modern rulers of India, Muslim, Mahratha resorted to alliances with all and sundry. There is nothing Indian about the policy of non-alignment. It is a child of recent birth. It is one of the many hang-overs of British rule which have bedevilled Congress policy even after its disappearance. In reaction against the habit of the British rulers of India in affairs of foreign policy of not consulting or deferring to public opinion, to the Congress in particular, on the occasion of the last two world-wars Congress developed the attitude of denouncing either party in a war as being tainted with the vice of imperialism. A plague on both of you, Congress seemed to say to either party in the struggle. Against all the evidence of Nazi and Fascist thought and action the Congress under the leadership of Mr. Nehru disposed of the last war, as a war of two imperialisms. But British rule is dead and gone. Why should the reaction to it when it was alive and kicking continue to influence our policies? India is now on its own. It must shape its policies

according to its reading of the present international situation—the avowed intentions of Governments especially those near to us, their ideas and ideals of government, their history, their record of international behaviour, their strength, economic and military. It is time Indian foreign policy was influenced by facts not by ideology.

And non-alignment is all out of date. And before I proceed further may I be allowed to protest against the fashion of using negative words for connoting positive ideas—non-violence for peace, humility, non-involvement for isolation—and now non-alignment for neutrality. It is against the genius of the English language which prefers the direct to the indirect, the concrete to the abstract, the positive to the negative. It is surprising that a master of English prose like Mr. Nehru should have succumbed to this un-English habit of speech. I shall therefore call non-alignment, neutrality which it is. To give it the nuance that Mr. Nehru gives it, I shall call it dynamic neutrality. Now, this neutrality, dynamic or static is completely out-of-date—that is, it is not relevant to the facts and circumstances of our times. The decline and fall of neutrality is one of the outstanding events in the history of International Law. A whole book has been written on this subject by a Norwegian scholar, Nils Orvik *The Decline of Neutrality 1914–1941*. It began with the failure of impartial neutrality in the first World War of 1914–1918. In reply to the German protest of February, 1915 that the British had violated international law by putting new commodities on the contraband list and the old distinction between absolute and conditional contraband would no longer hold, the British in March announced that in order to stop all export and import from and to Germany they would take into port any ship suspected of carrying goods "of enemy destination, ownership or origin." Most of the neutrals protested against this violation of an old right of neutrals but they made no impression on the British. The development of the attitude of the belli-

gerents to rights of neutrals on blockade and contraband during the war of 1914–1918 showed that these rights were no longer applicable. Especially the small neutral countries were not given much of a choice as to the maintenance of their neutrality. Not only small powers but U.S.A. as the greatest neutral state before this war, little by little was forced by the course of events to abandon neutrality. Step by step in the early years of the war it came to feel an unnatural neutral. And President Wilson was forced in his war message of 1917 to declare that "neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force which is controlled by their will, not the will of the people." And he concluded this historic message with these words, "We have seen the last of neutrality under such circumstances." Have such circumstances ceased to exist in the world to-day?

In the uneasy interval between the first World War and the next, Neutrality received blows from which it has not recovered. It was because neutrality was left in sad shape at the end of the war which challenged its continuance that President Wilson declared "let us get together and see that nobody disturbs the peace any more" and the League of Nations was formed. The failure of the League of Nations to preserve the peace of the world in the period 1918–1939 is an oft-told tale. The Covenant of the League of Nations did not mention neutrality because the underlying idea of the Covenant was that those who were not for war should be against those who were for it, and there was no room for anybody in between. When in February 1920 the question of admitting Switzerland whose perpetual neutrality had been recognized by the public law of Europe was debated, the Council of the League carried a resolution that "while affirming that the conception of neutrality of the members of the League is incompatible with the principle that the members will be obliged to co-operate

in enforcing respect for their engagements," it was recognized that Switzerland's perpetual neutrality was compatible with the Covenant. But despite this attitude of the League, neutrality lived on. It lived on as a new and qualified neutrality, its fundamental principle being that instead of being passive and impartial neutrality should be active and partial and work through co-operation of neutral states. This new kind of neutrality found expression in the Argentine Anti-War Pact of 1933 whose primary aim was to co-ordinate the system of neutrality with the sanctions system. The idea was to establish a neutral league whose objective would be not only to keep out of war but also to use its influence to prevent or restrict wars. If a sufficient number of States joined such a league there would be no war or at least the occasions of war would be reduced. As this neo-neutrality resembles Mr. Nehru's theory of dynamic neutrality let us see how it fared. First of all the success of this League of Neutrals depended on the greater powers joining it. They did not. It is the judgment of an international lawyer Quincy Wright writing in 1940 that "far from discouraging war neutrality has tended to encourage the aggression of the strong against the weak and neutral rights have themselves provided the basis for disputes which have driven non-participants into war."

On the eve of the Second World War small States set out on their search for security against involvement in the war that was threatening. Switzerland reasserted her traditional neutrality. Belgium pursued a course of "realistic neutrality" according to which Belgium did not expect to get her neutral position guaranteed by an international agreement but by fortifying her borders, maintaining a comparatively large and mobile military force and relying on the pledges of England and France to give assistance in case of attack. The Scandinavian powers by the Declaration of Copenhagen (July 23, 1938) decided to help each other to maintain their neutrality but without a defence alliance. At about the

same time the U.S.A. under the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt started on her progress from neutrality, reasserted by the Republican administrations that succeeded Wilson through all help short of war (cash and carry, lend-lease) and after Pearl Harbour to thorough-paced belligerency. The first years of the war also brought the neo-neutrality of Belgium and the Scandanavian States toppling about their ears.

Where and how does neutrality stand now after and under the United Nations. The United Nations is superior to the League of Nations as an instrument and institution of peace as it provides for the employment of force to resist aggression. As the ideas and institutions of the United Nations involve a limitation of the sovereignty of the member States it precludes neutrality. From articles 41 and 42 it seems clear that when an authorized and therefore lawful force is being used against an aggressor State, the performance of the duties of a neutral to that State would be a violation of the positive obligations assumed by members under the Charter. Can one be neutral at least during peace? The member States of the U.N.O. having given the Security Council the right to go to war, the obligations which neutrality involved and the rights which neutrality conceded to them are wholly inconsistent with the positive obligations assumed by members under the Charter. Article 45 which provides that the Security Council may undertake to hold national air-force contingent readily available for combined international action still further prevents the neutral attitude. The area and time for neutrality is therefore reduced to the vanishing point. It is possible only during the time when it matters to nobody whether the State in question is neutral or not. Neutrality in the present circumstances is a fair-weather policy. It is

bound to break down under the weight of the first steps towards war. What is the point of occupying a position which does not matter when there is no possibility of war and which one would have to abandon as soon as it comes on, unless one is willing to have one's country attacked by both sides on the outbreak of war. Mr. Nehru cannot bear the thought of foreign armies marching across India. But is it not better to have them marching with our consent to our aid rather than without leave asked as soon as the next war is on.

Against all this argument of facts what has the Prime Minister to advance for his policy except that Congress invented it when there was no prospect of its assuming the Government of India and that today foreign visitors applaud it. The historical reason for the Congress view no longer holds because it belongs to history and is not related to present day needs. As for the certificates of foreign statesmen to which the Prime Minister made touching references in his Congress sessions speech they probably welcomed his present policy in place of a worse. To them it is better to have India neutral than go over to the other side lock, stock and barrel. But it is not the good opinion of foreigners or the consequent prestige gained for the Government of India that should determine our foreign policy. It is the needs of India, the interests of India that must be paramount in the making of India's foreign policy. Against the aggression of China which has not yet been vacated neutrality or Panchashila lies buried in the ruins of Indo-China friendship. The world of ideas and of fact is against a continuance of any belief in the efficacy of neutrality. Only Mr. Nehru's academic theory is for it. How long will it hold out against the attack of reality.

MEN AND MATTERS

BY

C. H. V. PATHY

Congress Session at Bangalore

The captains and the kings of the Congress who had come down south to attend the Bangalore session of the Congress have departed and the 150-year-old beauty spot of India is wearing its accustomed serene look. From the spectacular point of view, the session was a success. A sprawling expanse of over 200 acres, nestling by the side of a lake had been converted overnight into a miniature township which on the peak day had the appearance of *Epsom Downs on Derby eve*. Roads had been laid in a bracing upland, water connections put up, electricity imported. The whole area was criss-crossed with miles of corrugated iron sheets with the imprint of TISCO.

But from the political point of view, the Bangalore Congress was a flop. Those who had assembled expecting Nehru to be bowled over on the Indo-Chinese issue were deeply disappointed. As a matter of fact, Panditji's domination was complete and irrevocable. He steam-rollered opposition, sometimes using the Nasmyth hammer to crush Congress flies. Even on the controversial planning issue, he carried the day.

As was expected Sanjeeva Reddi, the President proved to be the blue-eyed boy trimming his sails to the wing of the Old Brigade. Old familiar faces such as those of Pandit Pant and Dr. B. C. Roy were missing. The young hopefuls who tried to steal the limelight spouted school boyish oratory on the tabled resolutions.

The only operative part of the proceedings related to our foreign policy, and here, the stand on non-alignment taken by Nehru was endorsed. The gravity of the situation that stared the country was indicated in the face of Nehru who sat aloof and sad on the dais at

the A.I.C.C. meeting. When he spoke, there was a mixture of grave with gay but he hit out at his critics who talked loosely of defence pacts.

Mr. C. Subramaniam, our able Finance Minister, possibly the ablest among the younger leaders piloted the resolution on land reforms in the Subjects Committee. He spoke like a lawyer from his brief.

The shadow of Kerala elections fell to thwart the proceedings and the Congress leaders are of the view that the Communist party will be beaten neck and crop and the United Front, dominated by the Congress, asked to take over the reins of office.

Coverage of the session was heavy and scores of newsmen had converged on Bangalore to report the proceedings. Hundreds of flash bulbs exploded. There were side attractions like dancing and Nehru spent a delightful hundred minutes, witnessing the dances of Shanta Rao at the Town Hall.

To Bangalore, the boom town, the profits were immense. Enterprising Krishna Rao, chief of the Woodlands had put up two more blocs where every room was gobbled up. He also catered to thousands of delegates and visitors.

Kerala Elections

February 1 would be a Red Letter Day in the annals of free India. On that day, elections would be held for the problem State, Kerala. Straight contests between the Congress-P.S.P.-Muslim League alliance, known as the United Front and the Communists are indicated for about 70 out of the 126 seats in the Kerala Assembly. It will be recalled that in the last general elections in 1957, there were straight contests only in about 21 constituencies.

Several splinter parties are also in the fray and among them mention may be made of the Revolutionary Socialist party, the Jan Sangh, Kerala Socialist Party and the Lohia group. Besides these there are 38 unattached independents and four candidates of the Karnatak Peranthikaran Samiti who stand for the merger of the Kannada-Speaking areas in the north of Kerala with Mysore. They are seeking elections from Kasergode and Manjeshwar.

The Congress party has filed nominations for 80 seats, the P.S.P. for 33, the Muslim League for 12, the Jan Sangh for four, the R.S.P. for seventeen, the K.S.P. for fourteen and the Lohia Socialists for three. Mr. R. Sanker, chief of the Kerala Pradesh Congress Committee is being opposed at Cannanore by Mr. C. Kannan, who had won the seat in the last elections by a narrow majority over his nearest Congress rival. Mr. P. T. Chacko, leader of the Congress party opposition in the dissolved assembly is now contesting from a new constituency, Meenachil. He is being opposed by a Communist candidate.

Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai, the shadow Chief Minister, is being opposed by Mr. K. Aniruddin, who was defeated by Mr. Pillai in the last elections by over 4,000 votes. Mr. Seethi Saheb, General Secretary of the Muslim League, is facing a Communist candidate at Kuttipuram which had returned a Leaguer in the last elections.

Mr. E. M. S. Nambudiripad, the dethroned Chief Minister, faces a four-cornered contest with Congress, Jan Sangh and independent candidates. This time he is standing from Pattambi, very near his home town. Pattambi returned a Communist candidate in the last elections.

Excepting Mr. K. C. George and Dr. A. R. Menon, other Ministers are seeking election from the same constituencies. There are about a dozen women candidates in the field.

It will be hazardous to forecast the shape of things to come in Kerala, but at the moment, all the top-ranking leaders of various parties

are engaged in hectic electioneering campaign. Prime Minister Nehru would pay a visit to Cochin for a day. Mr. N. Sanjeeva Reddi, the new Congress President may also have a lightning tour before Election Day. If the United Party is called upon to constitute the next Ministry, it is almost certain that Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai, the veteran leader would be the Chief Minister. If the Communists win, they would unanimously plum for Nambudiripad.

Ike back in the States

President Eisenhower is back in the United States after a fate-studded tour of 22,370 miles, in the course of which he sampled eleven nations in nineteen days. He has been an ambassador of peace and has succeeded in a remarkable manner in bringing to the surface the latent goodwill towards the United States which had long remained untapped. Ike has reiterated hopes for an end to hunger everywhere. In all capitals of the countries which he visited except Rome and Paris, Eisenhower was asked for more American aid and hailed as a benefactor. He saw the word "Peace" in every language from French to Sanskrit on thousands of posters in every place he visited. The President of the United States is determined to devote a large part of his term at White House as chief executive to helping humble people.

1960 campaign for every office from White House to town hall will be dominated by the issue of peace. And the first time in history, the President of U.S. will stump for his party, not just around the domestic parish, but around the wide world. The peace issue has made the Republican party a going concern once again, and unless there is an outbreak of war somewhere, it looks as though this party will have another spell of power.

Some of his critics in the Democratic camp feel and say in private that Eisenhower's peace move is brittle, but they are afraid to denounce him publicly, because he is just as much a popular hero now as he was at the end of the second world war.

Anna Kashfi a daughter of India?

For three troubled years ever since she married movie actor Marlon Brando, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Callaghan of the mining town of Cardiff, Wales, have been saying that the beautiful, olive-skinned, Hollywood actress Anna Kashfi was their own Joanie, and not a daughter of India, as she claimed. So, when Anna arrived in London recently, with her 19-month-old son to talk over a movie contract, the O'Callaghans travelled 150 miles to town to see her, thinking that the time was propitious for a family re-union. But Anna did not think so.

"I do not wish to repudiate their claim for my parenthood," she said, but when it came to meeting them she refused. The disappointed O'Callaghans took the train back to Cardiff and Anna and her son flew back to Hollywood after a 12-day stay in London. It is understood that she would return to England sometime in January to resume the uncompleted contract negotiations.

Awakening in Africa

1960 is the year of decision for Africa, Independence movement is sweeping the country and no part is immune from the upheavals of post-Colonialism, the disintegration and reconstruction that follow the withdrawal of Imperial rule.

The Camerons Republic became Africa's seventh independent state on January 1, 1960.

The absence of an effective national Government at the start of independence seems to invite chaos or dictatorship, since the Camerons belong to 140 different ethnic groups.

The first Prime Minister, M. Ahmadon Ahidjo belonged to the northern minority. Though he is a staunch Muslim, he does not stem from the traditional ruling classes of the Forilbes.

Ahidjo played no part in the freedom struggle. He came into the picture only after the suppression of the U.P.C. when the French administration itself decided to take over the leadership of

the independence movement in alliance with the faces of moderation. Even then, Ahidjo was not a prominent member of the Government set up in 1957 by M. Andre Mbida, a Roman Catholic and a southerner.

Ahidjo had been one of the Cameronian representatives in the French National Assembly. This sad-looking quiet, relaxed competitive little figure who had been a telegraphist with a high school education up to the time of his election as the spokesman of the more progressive commoners in his society, had made hardly any impression as the host of African deputation in Paris.

Though he seldom talks, he is a keen student.

Ahidjo wants to maintain close relationship with France. He hopes to continue to receive French economic and technical aid, especially to train the Cameronians for administration which still relies heavily on French civil service.

Towards his African neighbours, he maintains a policy of friendship. He is interested in the idea of a United States of West Africa.

Monty on tour

That talky, old Gadfly Field Marshal Montgomery was recently in Delhi. He had a series of talks with the Prime Minister and others who count.

"Monty," unorthodox but brilliant is one of the heroes who won the war. At 71, he still retains all his old-time enthusiasm. A few months back, he caused a big stir by declaring that Eisenhower started all latter-day bickering in Europe by publishing "Crusade in Europe."

Monty, whose own memoirs plopped dunce's caps on many of his fellow generals including Ike, then traced the continuing war about the war to General Omar N. Bradley. Monty also wrote that he bore no ill-will against Eisenhower, whatever he wrote.

Monty is belled to go to China in May. May be he would tell Chou-en-lai not to set up offensive against unoffending peaceful India.

President de Gaulle's Victory

After nineteen months of virtually one-man rule, France's strong man De Gaulle is facing difficulties. The issue of Church versus the State has flared up.

The climax of the simmering trouble came when De Gaulle's Government laid a bill before Parliament, increasing State aid to Church schools from 12.3 millions francs to 41 millions per year. The bill had already caused bitter arguments in this Cabinet, where Education Minister Andre' Boulloche opposed giving Catholic schools more and unless they accepted his ministry's control of their curriculum. From several persons in the Assembly came opposition. Outside in villages and towns, Frenchmen joined in a nationwide debate that has gone on ever since the stormy French Revolution.

However, De Gaulle, enjoying unlimited power is so set on the passage of the bill that he threatened to reform the constitution, if the bill is to be voted down.

The bill was however passed overwhelmingly 427 to 71. It was a notable victory for French Catholic schools.

Khrushchev's Visit

While Indo-Chinese relations show no signs of improvement, considerable significance must be attached to the forthcoming visit of Khrushchev to Delhi, on his way down from Russia to Indonesia. Mr. K. P. S. Menon, our envoy has already extended an official invitation to him. Like Eisenhower, Russia's virtual ruler too wants peace. He recently met the Chinese Prime Minister but one does not know what happened. From Moscow he issued a state-

ment that all problems could be solved in a peaceful manner. China and Russia are two great powers to be reckoned with in the east and if both bid farewell to expansionist designs and work youthfully to ensure peace for all time, then a troubled India can heave a sign of relief. If, on the other hand, there is a race between these two great nations for the hegemony of the east, then the present cold war would continue for a long time.

Khrushchev can speak with the voice of authority. His visits to Great Britain and the United States were productive of good results. He has also proclaimed several times that he is a friend of this country. As such, he is in a unique position to cajole or even threaten China.

Of course Khrushchev would receive a great welcome. An invitation has also been extended to his wife to come and stay for a while in a hill station in our country.

Roving ambassador

Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, our philosopher statesman has been one of our best un-official ambassadors. Wherever he has gone and spoken, he has created an outstanding impression.

Now he is out of the country on another round of tours. Delhi is full of rumours that this time, he is on a delicate diplomatic mission.

Besides, he will have a medical check up. For some time past, the Vice President is having abdominal pains. It will be recalled that he was successfully operated on for appendicitis in 1952.

The doctor hopes to be back in Delhi by the time Soviet Premier Khrushchev arrives there.

Reminiscences of Maria Chekhova, Chekhov's sister.

THE WOMAN WHO LOVED CHEKHOV

[Anton Chekhov, the great master of Russian letters and one of the luminaries of world literature was born in the small port town of Taaug in South Russia a hundred years back on January 29, 1860, and died at the age of Forty-five in July, 1904—Ed.]

Maria Chekhova, sister of the celebrated Russian writer Anton Chekhov, died in Yalta in 1956 at the age of ninety-three. She was extremely devoted to her famous brother. She lived with him and looked after him, and when he died she dedicated herself to perpetuating his memory.

Her first concern during Chekhov's lifetime was to create conditions in which he would be able to write. She was familiar with the details of his daily life and his business affairs.

In one of his letters Chekhov says : " Maria is the head of our family. Nothing is done without her. I depend entirely on her."

These notes, written by Maria Chekhova, throw light on Chekhov's relations with Lydia Mizinova, or Lieka. Her unfortunate love affair with the writer Potapenko is reproduced in Chekhov's play *The Sea-gull*.

The story of Nina Zarechnaya in the *Sea-gull* is the story of Lieka.

Lydia Mizinova had the courage to attend the first night of *The Sea-gull* and see on the stage a dramatic situation that duplicated a grievous episode from her own life.

I was beginning my lesson with my class at the Rzhnevskaya Girls' School where I then taught, when I heard an unfamiliar voice next door saying : " Mesdames, sh-h, mesdames, sh-h !"

The use of the phrase " mesdames, sh-h " to bring a class to order immediately told me that the speaker had attended the Institute for Girls of the Nobility !

One had to pass through my room in leaving the neighbouring room, and so after the lesson I stayed behind for a glimpse of the new teacher.

She was a young and very pretty girl. Her name was Lydia Mizinova, or Lieka, as she later came to be known in our family.

We soon became good friends, and usually, left school together after classes were over.

Lydia was remarkably beautiful. She had regular features, lovely grey eyes, fluffy ash-blonde hair, and dark eyebrows.

People often turned round to stare at her. My friends frequently asked who the beauty was they had seen me with.

I took Lydia home and introduced her to my brothers. Something amusing happened the first time she came to our house.

We were living in Moscow then, in the Korneyev house in Sadovaya Kudrinskaya Street.

When Lydia and I came in together, I left her in the hall while I went upstairs to my room. At that movement our younger brother Mikhail descended the stairs, headed for Anton's study on the first floor, and caught sight of Lydia.

Lydia was very shy. She pressed herself against the hall-stand with her nose buried in her fur collar. But Mikhail managed to see that she was pretty.

" You should see the beauty Maria's brought home with her !" he said to Anton when he entered the study. " She's out there in the hall."

" Hh-m.....Really?" Anton remarked but he immediately left his study, crossed the hall and went up the stairs.

* *

Mikhail followed him. After waiting a moment or two upstairs, Anton came down again. So did Mikhail.

Both brothers repeated the procedure several times, trying to get a closer look at Lydia.

Later Lydia told me she had the impression our family consisted of a large number of men who kept going up and down the stairs !

Lovely, gay Lydia soon came to be a frequent visitor to our house, the friend and favourite of all of us including our parents.

My brothers and their friends all courted her. When I introduced her to someone I usually said : "This is my friend and a friend of my brothers."

Anton really did become friends with Lydia, or Lieka and, as was his custom, gave her all sorts of playful names like Jamais, Melita, Cantalupochka or Mizukova. He was always in good spirits in Lieka's company. To his jokes she always had a quick reply.

In the summer of 1891, when we had a summer house near the town of Alexin, Lieka came to stay with us. She joined us on our walks through the forest and across the fields. Anton was very fond of such outings.

Anton corresponded with Lieka. His letters were witty and full of jokes. He often teased her about a mythical admirer named Trofim, which he accented in the French manner.

He kept up the teasing in his letters, too, writing : "Give up smoking and drinking and don't talk in the street. If you should die Trofim will shoot himself and Pryshchikov will have convulsions."

Sometimes Lieka would reply in the same vein, formally announcing to him that she had accepted the proposal of a certain brewery owner who was 72 years old.

When we lived at Melikhovo, Lieka came to see us all the time. We grew so used to her presence that even our parents felt lonesome, when she was away.

In summer Lieka lived with us at Melikhovo for long periods. Then we had wonderful evenings of music. She had a good voice, and even contemplated the opera as a career at one time.

Gradually it became obvious there was something going on between Lieka and Anton. They were very great friends and it even looked as though they were in love with each other. True, at that time and for many years afterwards I thought it was my brother who was the most interested. Lieka did not confide in me. What their relations were became clear only much later, when I saw her letters to Anton.

One of them said, "Ours are strange relations. I simply want to see you, and I am always the one to arrange it."

"You want things to be nice and peaceful, have people with you and have people come to see you, but you do not take a single step for anyone."

"I am certain that if for some reason I did not come to see you for a whole year you would not lift a finger to get in touch with me..... I shall be infinitely glad when I am at last completely indifferent to that and to you."

Other letters from Lieka show that she was deeply in love with Anton. They speak of the suffering he caused her, voluntarily or not, by his indifference.

"You know very well how I feel about you and so I shall not be ashamed and shall write you about it. Your attitude towards me is either condescending or else you completely ignore me."

"My most ardent wish is to find a cure for this frightful state that I am in, but that is very hard to do by myself."

"Help me. I beg you. Do not invite me to your home and do not try to see me."

"That will not be hard for you to do, and it may help me to forget you."

But Anton turned it all into a joke, and Lieka continued to visit us as usual. I do not know what my brother felt, but it seems to me he tried to conquer his feeling for Lieka, evidently considering that to marry her was out of the question.

He did not like Lieka's lack of character, her familiarity, and her fondness for the Bohemian life. Perhaps what he once wrote her as a joke later proved to have been said in all seriousness.

He wrote : "You have a big crocodile inside you, Lieka, and I am essentially right in heeding commonsense and not the heart you have bitten."

In those years one of our frequent guests at Melikhovo was the writer, Ignati Potapenko. He had made Anton's acquaintance in Odessa in 1889 when my brother was passing through on his way to the Crimea. It is curious that then Potapenko struck him as very dull ; he even nick-named him "the god of dullness."

They did not meet again for several years, but their acquaintance was renewed in 1893. Potapenko came to stay with us at Melkhovo in the summer of that year, and made quite a different impression on Anton. Later they came into contact with each other in Moscow, and from then on were close friends.

"The Odessa Potapenko and the Moscow Potapenko are as different as a crow and an eagle. The difference is terrific. I like him better and better," Anton wrote in one of his letters.

Soon they were fast friends and on familiar terms with each other. Potapenko called my brother "Antonio" and he called him "Ignatius."

Potapenko was a handsome man, besides being good-natured and sociable. He knew how to enjoy himself in a crowd of people and how to make others enjoy themselves. He was very musical, having studied at the Conservatoire,

and played the violin. We were always glad to have him at Melikhovo.

Many a time Potapenko and Lieka visited us at the same time. Then it was very gay, with music, singing and dancing.

Lieka and I became very friendly with Potapenko. He called us his "sisters" and we used the more intimate "thou" among ourselves.

He was very sincere and very touching in his attitude towards us. But then, as so frequently happens, one of the "sisters," Lieka, developed a heightened interest in him.

It well may be that at first she was simply using him as a way of forgetting Anton and freeing herself from a love that was anguish because it was unreturned. But Potapenko had a wife and two daughters.

Lieka and Potapenko began to meet in Moscow too. This was the beginning of the most dramatic period in Lieka's life, her love affair with Potapenko.

* *

The whole thing took place before our eyes at Melikhovo and in Moscow during the winter of 1893-1894. Early in March they decided to go to Paris. Potapenko left first. A few days later I sorrowfully saw Lieka off.

Even while Lieka was abroad with the man she loved she did not forget Anton, and in the letter she sent to Yalta wrote that she had been "twice rejected" by him.

The tone of his letter in reply was again half-joking : "Although you threaten that you will soon die and tease me that I have rejected you.....I know very well that you will not die and that no one rejected you."

What happened next was both commonplace and tragic. Lieka found that she was going to have a baby, and Potapenko left her.

Then she went to Switzerland. She concealed both her condition and her break with Potapenko from me. But in a letter to Anton on September 20, 1894, she admitted part of the story :

"It is obviously my fate that the people I love should turn away from me. I am very very unhappy.

"Do not laugh. There is no trace left of the Lieka you know. And no matter how much I think about it I cannot help saying that you are to blame for "it all....."

"I trust you and am sure I shall hear from you, if only a few lines.

"You will probably scold me, as usual, and call me a fool, but that will be better than no answer."

My brother was in Nice at the time. In a letter to me from there he added a postscript : "Potapenko is a "....." and a swine."

Lieka concealed everything from me for a long time, until finally Potapenko told me the whole story himself and wrote Lieka that he had. After that, early in February, 1895, I received a long letter from Paris with a grievous confession.

Another time Lieka wrote me. "I have only one thing left and that is my little girl. She embodies everything that was good and pure in my life.

"Besides, there is the realisation that everything is over and that my happiness lasted only three months."

I was infinitely sorry for Lieka. Unfortunately, the comfort of her daughter did not last long. When she returned to Russia she went to live with her mother and devoted herself to her daughter. But, soon after, Christina, the little girl, fell ill and died.

I have told the full story of Lieka because, afterwards, Anton used it as material for his

The Sea-gull. It was written in the autumn of 1895, after Lieka had already returned to Russia.

When the play was read to our close friends they immediately saw the similarity between the plot and Lieka's drama. The comments could not help reaching Lieka's ears, and in a letter to Anton she asked : "Is it true that *The Sea-gull* is taken from my life and that you have given someone else a good dressing down too?"

The talk in society about the resemblance between the plot of *The Sea-gull* and the love affair of Lieka and Potapenko began to worry him.

In a letter he said that if the play "really looked as if Potapenko had been portrayed, it could not, of course, be published and staged."

But *The Sea-gull* was presented, and Lieka went to St. Petersburg with me for its first unsuccessful performance at the Alexander Theatre.

Later, after Lieka had recovered from the death of her child, she again became a regular visitor at Melikhovo. Again Lieka and Anton were on friendly, joking terms.

Six years after the affair with Potapenko I took her to the Art Theatre with me. Later I told my brother : "On your name-day I took Lieka to see *The Sea-gull*. She wept at the theatre. The play must have brought back a long train of memories."

Lieka's feeling for Anton did not change. When in 1898 she again went to Paris, this time as the wife of Alexander Shanberg-Sanin, a director at the Art Theatre she sent Anton a picture of herself with the inscription : "To dear Anton, in memory of our fine relations, Lieka."

She ended with : "If this inscription compromises you, I shall be glad. Paris, October 11, 1898. I could have written this eight years

ago but I am writing it now and shall be able to write the same thing ten years hence."

But Lieka could not have repeated it ten years later for by that time Anton was no longer alive.

I shall never forget the time, after Anton's funeral in Moscow, when Lieka, dressed all in black, came to our house and for two hours stood silently gazing out of the window.

After that Lieka and her husband lived in Paris. They returned to Russia just before the October Revolution. The last time I saw Lieka was in Moscow early in the 'twenties. Soon after, she and her husband went abroad again, this time for good, and I lost sight of her.

She died in France shortly before the Second World War at about the age of seventy. Potapenko died in Moscow in 1928,

SMILE - A - WHILE

Sign language : (in a pawnbroker's window)
"See me at your earliest inconvenience."

Henry and his friend Ted met on the street. "Say," said Henry, "you know that good-looking janitor in your building? I hear he's kissed every woman in the building, except one."

"What?" screamed Ted and went rushing home. He ran into his apartment, screaming. "Alice! Alice, come here."

"I'm here," she said. "What's wrong?"

"Alice, I've just heard that the janitor here has kissed every woman in the building but one!"

"Oh," said Alice. "That must be that snooty Mrs. Peck on the fourth floor."

My wife was conversing with W.C. Fields one afternoon and when I came over I heard her ask him, "Do you believe in clubs for women?"

"Yes, I do," Fields told her, "if every other form of persuasion fails."

A wolf lounging in a New York hotel perked up as Marie Wilson passed by. When his standard come-on brought no response, he said bitterly, "Pardon me. I thought you were my mother."

Marie smiled sweetly at him. "I couldn't be," she replied. "I'm married."

A paratrooper who had never jumped before was getting his last-minute instructions from the sergeant, who said, "Count ten and pull the first cord. If by some error that doesn't work, pull the second cord for your extra parachute. Now, when you land, remember there'll be a truck there to pick you up."

The paratrooper jumped, counted ten, and pulled the first rip cord. Nothing happened. He pulled the second—still no parachute. The jumper thought bitterly of the sergeant back in the plane, and mumbled to himself, as he fell, "And now I suppose that damn truck won't be there either."

A man met a friend of his on the street one morning and hailed him with, "Say, Sam, have you seen Melvin lately? I've been looking high and low for him."

"Well," said the friend, "those are the places to look. He died in January."

One day the doctor was sitting in his office when a middle-aged woman came in for consultation. She expounded all her ailments, real and imaginary, and wound up with the tale of a recurring dream she'd been having, in which she had been pursued by a young man whose intentions, it seemed, were far from honourable.

The doctor, properly sympathetic, gave her some sleeping pills and she went gratefully home. In a few days she returned, still woeful. "Don't tell me you're not sleeping any better," the doctor said.

"Oh, no, I'm sleeping fine now," said the woman. "But to tell you the truth, doctor, I certainly miss that young man."

A business man whose wife had been running around with many men decided to bring matters to a head, and a few days later Mr. Brown, one of the men concerned, received this letter:

"My dear sir, I am fully aware of your relations with my wife. Be at my office precisely at noon tomorrow. Yours truly, H. J. Smith."

Brown raised his eyebrows. Then he called his secretary. "Mary," he said, "take this

down: "My dear Smith, Your circular letter received. Will be at convention on time."

A clergyman and a Scotsman were watching a baseball game together, and the Scotsman kept lubricating his vocal cords with nips from a bottle. Finally the clergyman could stand it no longer, and exclaimed. "Sir, I am sixty-nine years old, and never in my life have I touched alcohol."

"Well, don't worry about it, said the Scotsman." "You're sure not going to start now."

An actress who once had a Japanese butler is still amused by the odd things he used to do to the English language. He'd served as a steward on a passenger ship before coming into her employ, and he insisted on calling all visitors "passengers." The doorbell would ring, the butler would answer it, climb the stairs, and announce, "Miss, you have three passengers."

She tried to break him of the habit. "Not passengers," she insisted; "callers, or visitors, or company." And that afternoon the doorbell rang. The butler went to answer it and discovered two male visitors. Proud of his new-found knowledge he trotted up the stairs, paused at the top and bellowed: "Miss, you have two customers."

A businessman once had an assistant whose intelligence he strongly suspected. Finally, he decided to put him to the test.

"Johnson," he called. The young assistant came over. "Yes, sir?"

"Johnson, how many pancakes can you eat on an empty stomach?"

The assistant pondered. "Oh, about six," he said finally, puzzled. "Wrong," bellowed the businessman. "You eat only one on an empty stomach. After that one, the stomach is no longer empty."

An English lady, one of those self-appointed morality commissioners, accused a workman of having become a drunkard because "With my own eyes I saw his wheelbarrow standing outside an inn." The workman made no direct defence. That same evening, he merely put his wheelbarrow outside her door, and left it there all night.

Louis XVI was really unlucky. He was the first man to wear high heels to make himself look taller. So the French chopped off his head and made him look shorter.

A certain movie actor who had been many times divorced proposed once more to a pretty young starlet.

"Jim," she said. "I like you, but I've heard so much about you."

"My dear," he interrupted, "don't believe those old wives' tales."

Personality Sketch

PRESIDENT de GAULLE

BY

KASHYAPA

I was a lad in my teens when the Second World War was on full swing. My knowledge of the War was derived largely from the masterly cartoons by David Low, that ace-wielder of the brush. One fascinating figure whose image made so deep an impression on my young mind, was of course Hitler with his small moustache and curious hair-do. But a close second to him, was a figure with a peak cap and a phenomenal proboscis jutting out almost as much as the outer edge of his cap's rim. That was Marshal De Gaulle. A face that was practically all nose plus a physique on the lines of Albert Hall was sufficient to impress any lad. The Marshal's memorable exploits on the battle field and his historic role in moulding Free France during those Years of Wrath were by themselves enough to ensure for him a lasting place in the history of Europe. But the happenings of recent times which drew the Marshal forth from his retirement and once again made him front page news in France and elsewhere have elevated him to the category of Bonaparte and Robespierre. He has become one of the Great Frenchmen.

It is as difficult to understand French public life as it is not to admire their private life. French politics has a strange elusiveness that escapes the grasp of the closest student. The laws or rules of politics (such as they are), the logic of history and the conventions of constitutional law have apparently no operation on French soil. The Frenchman is not surprised at over-night collapses of Government, at sudden resignations of Premiers, at unbelievable coalitions and associations in the houses of legislature. He takes it all in his



stride. Headlines that would rock the foundations of British politics or even Indian public life leave the Frenchman cold. He couldn't care less. One reason is that the administration goes on and the functions of the State are not paralysed by political storms. The life of the ordinary French citizen goes merrily on, despite cataclysms in his Constitution—a paradox that one trained in Anglo-American politics can never comprehend. The latest of these earthquakes it was, that resuscitated De Gaulle's political career, and made the old French soldier return to the helm of the State.

The finest rulers of France have always been her finest soldiers. The monarchs enjoyed themselves thoroughly till the people woke up; the democratic statesmen found themselves so constantly in hot water that the Republics had to break down and yield place unto newer Republics. Such stability that French politics has known, has been during the years when it was ruled by its Generals. In that great tradition of soldier-statesmen comes De Gaulle. Incidentally the number of soldier statesmen all over the world is increasing; some like Eisenhower getting elected through the democratic machinery; others like Nasser or Ayub by delicate coups. But De Gaulle's re-entry into the French political arena was infinitely more dignified. He had to be prevailed upon to accept office and steer his nation out of the awful muddle into which it had got itself entangled. De Gaulle and only he could have done so.

De Gaulle is an old man. Quite an old man. It used to be said half jokingly about the line of succession to a native Indian State, that each successor was ten years older than his predecessor, and soon there will be none older than the last incumbent. When a nation's leadership devolves on old people—rather on older people—it augurs pretty

ill for the future, in my opinion. It shows some bankruptcy of talent, to say the least. The more fascinating the old leader, the more difficult it will be to find a successor. De Gaulle is undoubtedly doing his best for France. But he may well create a situation by which, France will flounder for lack of someone to succeed him. The greatest service De Gaulle can now do is to groom an heir. No politician likes to groom an heir, for he is always scared that the heir may not wait for his turn and do something hasty to overturn his master and take his place before his legitimate time. The story of the sons of Shah Jehan is only illustrative of this disease amongst politicians. De Gaulle should overcome that feeling and start to find a good successor. Or else, all the good that he does for France now will be wasted.

De Gaulle's stand on Algiers, I refuse to comment on. De Gaulle is acting like a Frenchman. He may be quelling a national uprising and acting like an imperialist. But as I said in my sketch of Winston Churchill, an imperialist is ultimately the most patriotic nationalist of his own country. From the point of view of the Algerian nationalists, De Gaulle is a ruthless imperialist; from the point of view of the French people, he is a glorious defender of the French empire. Which is the right angle? As a Frenchman, De Gaulle is right. As an abstract individual De Gaulle, being anti-nationalist, is wrong. Who is to judge?

De Gaulle is a strong man. A few sentences taken from his call to the French people in a broadcast on the night of 29th January illustrates my point. This is what he said: "I give the order to the Army to obey. I will never give up. I am the Supreme Chief. I have incarnated legality for twenty years. Whatever happens, follow me..." Those short crisp sentences show the man to be what he is. There is no shilly-shallying about

him. He is cock-sure of himself. A soldier can never hesitate. De Gaulle is unrelenting but to one in his position today, to relent is to capitulate. He is trying to illustrate to the world that a nation can be governed against herself by the force of arms. Upon his success or failure, nothing much turns, except to the

people of Algeria. But he would have established one way or another, the truth behind the axiom that Might is Right. I do not think Might can ever be Right *per se*, though the lack of Might cannot equally be equated to the existence of Right. Who can find out? De Gaulle might!

SPORTS IN BRIEF

BY

Our Sports Commentator

The Madras Test

India has suffered another debacle in the Madras Test having been defeated by an innings and 55 runs. Favel and Benaud were mainly responsible for the superb victory of the visitors. On the Indian side Kunderam did splendidly well. The young Madras cricketer Milka Singh fared much better than some of our veterans. In this series it looks as though we have to rest on the laurels of Kaunpur.

The Calcutta Test

That Australia is on the top of the cricket world was again convincingly demonstrated at the Calcutta Test where, in spite of the fact that Ramchand, our skipper won the toss, the Indian side was skittled out in the first innings for a paltry 194.

Australia going in to bat collected...331 runs. In the Second innings Indians put up an excellent defence forcing the match to a draw. Australia won the rubber in this series.

R. Krishnan

Ramanathan Krishnan, fresh from his triumphal tours in the West has done it. He has lowered the colours of Barry Mackay who has beaten him in many a tourney in the west.

Krishnan today is the Asian champion. He coasted to victory at Calcutta in an easy and convincing manner. He is a vastly improved player, with services which have a lot of sting in them. His stroke play has also matured. If he perfects his power tennis, then the Wimbledon Crown is within his grasp this year.

Ramanathan Krishnan who was surprisingly vanquished by Australia's Woodcock at Indore had his revenge at Trivandrum where he easily

overcame his whilom victor. This is a convincing testimony to the fact that Krishnan is the best tennis player in Asia.

Close on the heels of his victory at Calcutta came the happy news that he has been offered a billet with Birlas. This means he would stay as an amateur, with plenty of opportunities to travel abroad. Jack Kraemer's tempting offer is still open to him, but it looks as though he would have to turn it down, in view of his acceptance of a job which must entail his stay in the country.

Coaching camps for athletes

Inaugurating the 25-day winter athletic camp organised by the Amateur Athletic Federation at the Y.M.C.A. College, Madras. Dr. P. Subbaroyan, Union Minister of Transport and Communications said that the Government of India were doing their best to improve the standard of games and sports in India and it was by organised coaching camps, where technical knowledge was imparted that any country could aspire to improve its standard.

Dr. Subbaroyan paid a tribute to Soviet Russia, who within a short period of entering the Olympics were now on a par with the U.S.A. He said he was glad to witness the rising standard of our athletes and sportsmen and referred to Milka Singh's achievement in the international field.

Jockey's Club

53-year-old Charlie Smirke, who recently retired from racing has been approached by a number of fellow jockeys to pioneer a Jockeys' Guild.

Smirke who rode successfully for 39 years, never made any secret of his belief that such an organisation should be formed. He sees it as meeting two main aims; firstly, to supple-

ment the benevolent funds of the Jockey Club for riders who have fallen on hard times ; and secondly to ensure that a member of the Guild is represented in proceedings which are likely to result in disciplinary action.

Motor Cycling Ace

This year will be the last serious motor cycle racing season for 25-year-old John Surtees, three times world champion.

Surtees would like to take up car racing. Recently, he tried a works Aston Martin sports car at Goodwood in Great Britain with motor cycle team mate John Hartle. It is reported that he was extremely good despite his lack of car experience, and made lap times bettered only by Moss and Salvadori.

Jasu Patel

The hero of the Kaunpur Test Cricket match which India won was Jasu Patel, a 35-year-old off-spinner from Gujarat. Prior to his breath-taking 14 wickets for 124 runs which ruined Australia's three-year unbeaten record on the newly laid turf wicket at Kaunpur on Christmas eve, Patel was just another off break bowler in Indian cricket. His debut in first class cricket occurred in 1943 at a time when Merchant, Mushtaq Ali, Amarnath and Mankad were household names in the game. His accomplishments before the arrival of the Aussies were an unimpressive ten wickets for an average of 30.90 in four tests—two against Ian Johnson's Australian squad in 1956, one against New Zealand and one against Pakistan. His best effort was three for 63 against the Kiwis.

He was unable to participate in the Bombay Test because of indisposition due to food poisoning.

Holding a Golf Ball

Holding a golf ball in one devastating stroke is generally looked upon as nothing more than an outside fluke. That is until you do it yourself. Then it suddenly becomes a fine shot and an occasion for everybody to have

a double whisky at your expense. Holding-in competitions are popular in many courses in the United States. Often, 2,000 players take part in a single event. In order to cope with the entry, two or three tees are used, each the same distance from the hole, and, to avoid confusion, different coloured balls are provided if, as is frequently the case, the hole is not done in one, the prize goes to the player who is nearest. Aces are rare, and a competition may run several years without producing a successful shot.

Some of the most famous professionals have holed in one remarkable number of times. Sandy Herd registered no fewer than nineteen. On the other hand, equally famous professionals barely got started. For example, the great Harry Vardon achieved only one ace.

Nari Contractor

Hero of the Bombay Test Cricket Match was 25-year-old Nari Contractor, the opening batsman for the Indian side.

Hailing from Gujarat, he had already made his mark as a dependable player. Making his debut in first class cricket when playing for Gujarat in 1952-53 against Baroda, he made a century in each innings.

Contractor went to England with the Indian team with a technical defect which rendered him vulnerable against pace attack. He gripped the handle of the bat with the lower hand and his backlift suffered in consequence. Happily for us, he has corrected this defect.

He is the skipper of the Western Railway. He has developed the pull shot and the hook, strokes that come naturally to left handers.

Against the West Indies team in 1959, in a match played at Delhi, he reached the nineties but fell before he could collect a century. At Lords, his injured ribs cramped his style and made his quest for the century abortive. Contractor is also a right-hand medium paced bowler and a good fielder.

New World Diving record

The United States Navy bathyscape, *Trieste*, has established a new world record of more than four and a half miles near Gnam.

Navy headquarters announcing the bathyscape had reached 24,000 feet said that the dive took place in the Marianas trench near the south end of Gnam on January 7.

It broke the previous record of 18,600 feet by the Navy bathyscape in the same area.

Mr. Jacques Piccard, the noted Swiss scientist and Lt. Donald Walsh, a U.S. Submarine Officer were inside the 70-ton under water craft when it penetrated what Navy scientists called "per space."

Max Baer dead

Max Baer, former world heavy weight champion died in Hollywood a few days back of heart attack. He was 50.

He was known as the Crown Prince of boxing. The heart attack occurred while he was shaving in his room at a hotel.

The girl there summoned a doctor who went to Baer's room at 8-15 p.m. Baer was sitting on the bed. He told the doctor he had several previous attacks—all minor.

The doctor discussed getting him to a hospital. Baer suddenly remarked : " Oh God, here I go....." and slumped over on his side.

Baer won the heavy weight championship from Primo Carnera on June 14, 1934. (He was seen on American television recently).

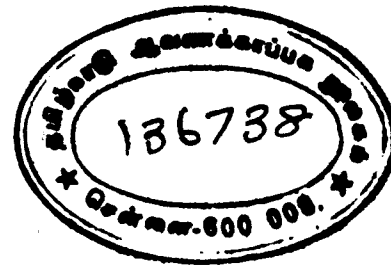
Book Review

A MONTH IN POLAND

BY

J. VIJAYATUNGA

Published by the Madras Premier Co., 33, Broadway, Madras-1. (Price Re. 1-50)



This book gives a first hand account of the Polish people and their institutions in the post-war era. The author has been fortunate to be in Poland on the invitation of the Polish Government which particularly helped him to visit places and persons of importance otherwise difficult had he been a casual visitor.

Warsaw, Cracow and Katowice, the important Polish cities have been rebuilt magnificently, restoring them to their pre-war splendour by the hard working Poles after their cities were ransacked by the brute Nazi hordes. In this book the writer describes his visits to well known museums, libraries, opera houses, public offices and the like. He narrates several personal talks he had with various Polish citizens, thus probing a little into their character. "No other nation loves music as the Polish. They can live without bread for long periods—they did between 1939—45, but they cannot live without music." In this land of Chopin, is it surprising that the people are so musically inclined? The author describes the importance of Polish Painters, Musicians and Dramatists in an international

context. Mr. Vijayatunga who is well-known as an art critic, explains the artistic and cultural leanings of the Poles.

In impeccable English this book narrates the sad story of the people of Poland under the Nazi regime and tells you how the enterprising Poles effected remarkable recovery, politically and economically. Against the most ruthless oppression and persecution the Polish people developed their arts-music, literature, painting, sculpture and a national consciousness that arouses the world's admiration by its strength and solidarity. The Pole is quite aware of the tremendous importance of economic security. As the author says on page 10 of the book "culture can flourish only when there is economic security to all and this cannot be secured unless a greater part of the population devote themselves to increasing the prosperity of a country by utilizing all available natural resources."

Thus "A Month In Poland" gives you the story of the grim days of Poland under Nazi oppression and tells you how the enterprising Poles restored their annihilated Fatherland.

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