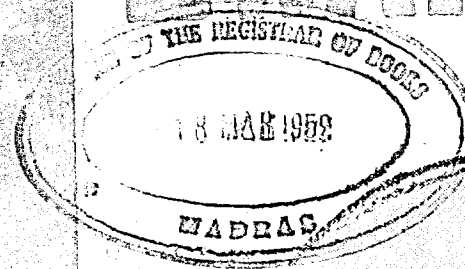


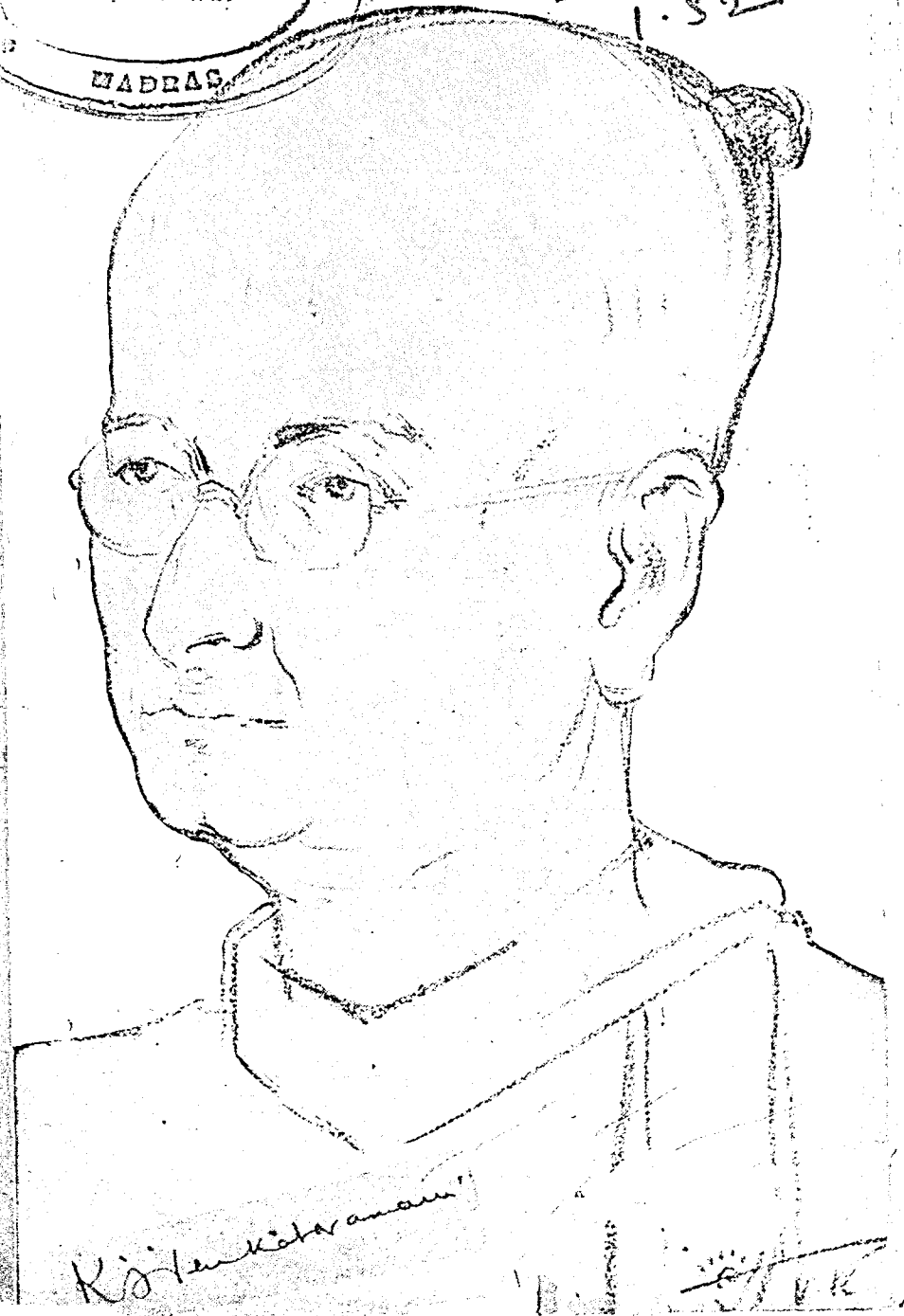
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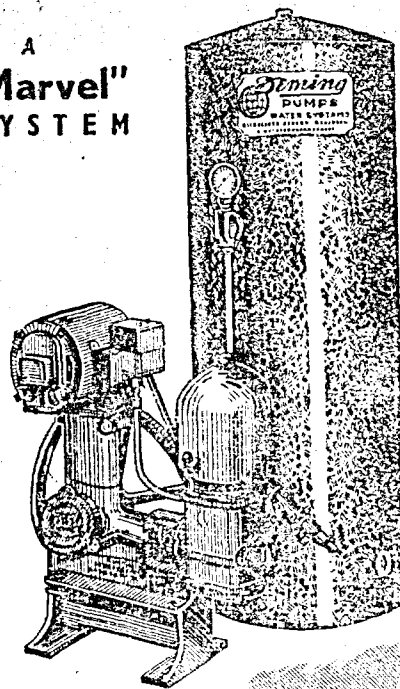
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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1952

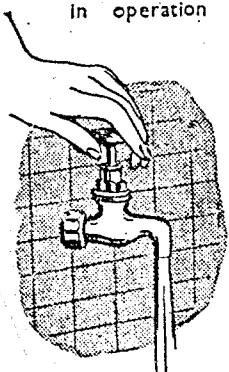
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VOL. VII
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SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

SOCIALIST PARTY'S POLICY

THE Socialist Party's policy statement pleads for the coming together of all parties, large and small, sharing a common vision that could "build up the vital leadership that the people need." So far as Madras State is concerned, what this policy will amount to in practice, it is not easy to envisage. The election results have left Madras with only two alternatives if Governor's rule is to be averted. The first is a Ministry dominated by the Congress party and supported by as many of the non-Communist parties as the Congress leaders are able to win over to their side. The other is a Communist-dominated Ministry with as much support from non-Congress elements as the Communist leaders are able to wangle. There has been talk lately of a non-Congress non-Communist Ministry, but such a Ministry would not command a majority of votes in the legislature. The protagonists of the idea hold however that a majority of votes in the legislature is not constitutionally indispensable for a Ministry to be formed. It could be formed with the support of even less than half the votes, provided the majority of legislators in opposition do not throw it out by combining against it on a major issue or a no-confidence motion. It is argued that if the Ministry is formed of non-Congress non-Communist elements, the Opposition would consist of Congressmen and Communists, and neither of them would care to pave the way for the possible emergence of the other into greater prominence, by combining to throw out the Minis-

try. All speculation about a Ministry of this type is however set at rest by the reported sanction of the High Command for Congress effort to form a Ministry in the State. It is only if the Congress refrains from responsibility that any other party less numerically strong can claim initiative for Ministry-formation.

Thus, in the present set-up, the main centres of influence in the legislature are the Congress and the Communist party, the former with a nearer chance of forming the Government than the latter. Under a Congress Government, the Communists would dominate the Opposition with a chance of forming an alternative administration if the Congress went out of power. If the Socialists keep away from both the Congress and the Communists, they will sink into insignificance in parliamentary activity with little chance of improving their electoral position. It is easy to put in print "parties sharing a common vision" for building up "vital leadership of the people", but where are they to be found in the legislature in the neutral region separate from Congress and Communists, acceptable to the Socialist party? The Socialists have no allies to look up to in the present legislature with whose help they can hope to build themselves into a powerful third force. With the Congress and the Communists ranged in opposition there is no salvation in isolation for the Socialists, and they have to decide which of the two is repugnant to it, and seek to vanquish it by joining the other. The Socialists have to streng-

then the Congress for the time being in order to turn it towards their objectives or take its place in the developing struggle of the future between democracy and totalitarian rule. If the Communists oust the Congress in advance of the Socialists, the cause of democracy in the country is doomed.

Andhra Satyagraha

SWAMI SITARAM is a lovable fanatic with a one-track mind. Having formed the opinion that the welfare of the Andhras hangs on the formation of the Andhra State, he will count no cost too great to force the authorities concerned to concede the demand for the State. The post-election set-up is not congenial however to the success of the Swami's mission. The Central Government will be in no hurry to carve out a new State for the Andhras so long as Communist preponderance in the area continues to be what it is. They will not of course confront Swami Sitaram with an outspoken denial,

but a continual shelving of the issue is more than likely. All those who dread a Communist regime—and their number is legion,—will be more inclined to throw in their weight in favour of official evasiveness, than back the Swamiji's demand with unequivocal support as they might have done before the elections. Chance has taken a hand to dilute the force of Swami Sitaram's Satyagraha cruelly, and it is to be feared there will be a mighty expenditure of energy to no purpose. To start with, the first step in Satyagraha can go on without anybody being the worse for it. There is no harm in any number of people asking any number to use Telugu only in speech and writing. But the time is past for any universal restriction of the tastes and habits of people. Culture has outstripped regional fashions. As humanity gets nearer together, the content of foreignness diminishes, and more and more people will find delight not only in their own language and culture but of others also, as they have need of each other's goodwill and understanding.

Sotto Voce

MAKING IT TICK

AS a small boy who had to draw water from the backyard well, where it lay deeper down than truth, for his morning ablutions I used to dream how nice it would be if one could make the pulley revolve for ever with one preliminary push. Later Newton and his laws did their best to

persuade me that perpetual motion was an impossibility, but I remained unconvinced at heart. Not that I had a mechanical turn of mind, as admiring parents used to say of their boys who demanded brand new meccano sets every time the Exhibition came round. I was cursed with too much



imagination and too little curiosity to make even a passable technologist.

I believe that in this respect at least I am fairly typical of my race. For a people with some millennia of history behind them we have remarkably little to show by way of mechanical invention. In a very interesting lecture just published Dr. V. Raghavan indeed makes a gallant attempt to disprove this thesis. He marshals impressive evidence from literature beginning with the Vedas to show that *yantras* engaged much of the ingenuity of our *silpins* and *stapathis* and that in the great ages of Hindu civilization machines of one sort or other figured largely in the work and play of the people.

I have been fascinated, particularly, by the *sookarika* mentioned by Kautilya, which was made in the likeness of the homely pig, of bamboo, rope and hide and stuffed with cotton. It was "closely suspended all along the walls (of a beleaguered fortress) to prevent the enemy-scaler from getting a foothold." He was foiled, I suppose, less by his religious prejudices than by that nimble elusiveness which is of the essence of piggery. That kind of war, alas, is outmoded, but there should be considerable demand still for the bedroom accessory mentioned by King Bhoja. It was a wooden bird with a hollow tube in its tummy from which a highly pleasing sound ensued when it oscillated, "reducing the anger of the ladies who are cross."

Unfortunately Bhoja, who is particularly fertile in these contrivances, rarely reveals the "know-how". "I have myself seen it work," he says, and the word of a king should be sufficient for you. He has his reasons, too, for not telling every Tom, Dick and Harry. Having given out "the constituent elements and basic principles" he expects you to exercise your wits to some purpose. And he is understandably averse to taking the bread out of the mouth of the hereditary craftsman. But I have a suspicion that Bhoja, like a true romantic, was given to fibbing.

No doubt in his *Samaraanganas*

Sutradhara and other works dealing with these mysteries Bhoja is circumstantial, almost meticulous. He lists, according to Dr. Raghavan, no less than twenty *yantra gunas*; among them not only functional efficiency and smooth and unhampered motion, but also "going into action when required"—which is more than what you can say of many modern autos—and "resumption of the still state when not required". That last, incidentally, is posited of contrivances intended for pastime. How often you are tempted to wish that the rule could be enforced on humans!

But Bhoja gives himself away when he lays down that "that machine is best whose principle of action is concealed, which achieves manifold purposes and which excites wonder." And he would hardly improve his standing with the scientists by his naive admiration for "the wonderful machine called the universe." In the eyes of the *biase* technologist multipurpose machines are suspect. And he hardly conceals his opinion of the bungling architect of the universe—"if indeed there was any such." With his penchant for stream-lined efficiency he does not care to camouflage "the principle of action." And he has only amused scorn for the wide-mouthed gaping of bucolics.

Rajyadhara in the *Kathasarit-Sagara* used his mechanical ingenuity to build a robot city, over which he ruled, the only living being in it. His one concern was to live "forgetting the world and by the world forgot." But very different was the ruling impulse of the *Yantras* of old, who excelled in mechanical skill. They held, as their modern descendants do, that machines are built to rule men. Having carefully abolished mind from the universe western materialism has found no difficulty in perfecting the robot. But though our Indian alchemists and aerial-machine builders toyed with copper and mercury we have in the main preferred to rely on soul-power. It is true that the descendants of Vasishta, threatened with the atom bomb, cannot summon the *Brahma-astra* to their aid. But *Brahma-astra* is *Brahma-astra* still.

VIGHNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

Your fat king, and your lean beggar,
is but variable service; two dishes, but
to one table; that is the end.

—SHAKESPEARE.

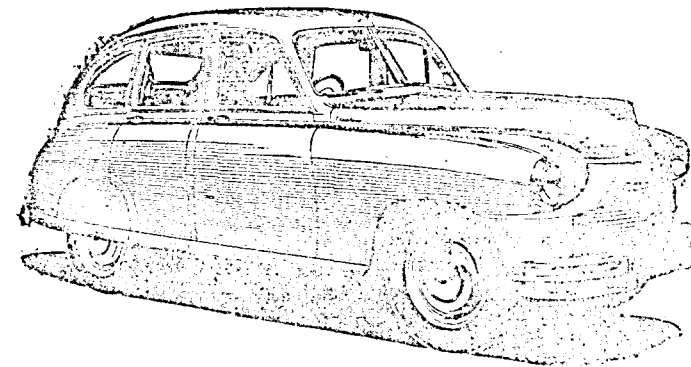
THE Madras Congress Legislature Party must first find a leader if its efforts to form a Ministry, tepidly sanctioned at last by the High Command, are to succeed. I understand there are as many as fourteen aspirants for the leadership from the Tamil section of the party alone. Messrs. Venkataswami Naidu, U. Krishna Rao, P. Varadarajulu Naidu, B. Parameswaran, Nadimuthu Pillai, R. V. Swaminathan and C. Subrahmaniam are some of the candidates in the running. Some of these are politically untried, and others do not have force of personality enough to stand up to the strong opposition that will be pitted against them in the Assembly. The sum-total of the intelligence of the Congress legislators seems so far to amount merely to a pathetic angling for the support of some of the Independents to make up the 36 additions to the voting strength of the Congress party to enable it to command an absolute majority. Among the Independents there are about ten who are only Communists in disguise who refrained from declaring themselves as such for the simple reason that they were not sure at the time that the Communist label would promote their electoral chances. The non-Communist Independents had no party to cling to, and they took their stand before their electors on the footing that they were different in temper and outlook from any of the other parties contesting the election. If the Independents forego their independence at the first opportunity to merge in a party out to form the Ministry they would carry with them to their allies no prestige, but a type of opportunism destructive of credit and influence. The blight of collaboration with Independents for the purpose of Ministry-making is a thing to avoid for any party that hopes to keep its reputation unsullied and does not want, at the very start, to be accused of buying votes in order to get into

office. There is no place in decency for the Independents in the legislature except in dissociation from any of the parties, as critics of any Government that may be formed, free to approve or disapprove its measures as they come up, but not to commit the apostasy of forswearing the attitude of independence to which they had pledged themselves on the eve of the elections.

By wooing the Independents the Congress would get branded as corrupt and opportunist. Even if erected into the required voting strength, it would not be able to maintain itself in position for long. The only natural allies of the Congress party, if it is to form a Ministry, are the members of the K. M. P. and the K. L. P. There is no difference between the K. L. P. and the K. M. P. except that, as Sri Prakasam and Professor Ranga could not get on together, they and their respective followers split into the two groups after they had split out of the Congress. The present K. M. P. and K. L. P. legislators are ex-Congressmen not hostile to Congress objectives but dissatisfied with the leadership of the Congress organization whom they charged with failing to implement those objectives faithfully. As the entire leadership of the Congress organisation in Andhra has been wiped out in the elections, there is no purpose gained in the preservation of the rift between the Congress on the one side and the K. M. P. and the K. L. P. on the other in Andhra politics. The K. M. P. and the K. L. P. are negligible in Tamil Nadu and are not worth considering seriously.

If the Congress leaders succeed in effecting rapprochement with the K. M. P. and the K. L. P., they will have a comfortable majority achieved with cohesive principles that stand the test of reason. All other expedients will amount to a patching up of incompatibles that cannot last. A coalition of the Congress, the K. M. P. and the K. L. P. will also make the problem of the leadership of the ruling party easier of solution.—SAKA.

STANDARD
VANGUARD

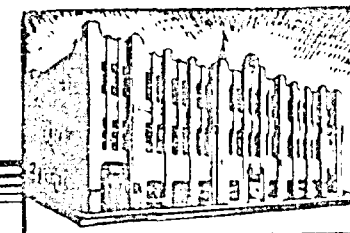


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CHEN PING—CHEAP AT £ 10,000

By ANDREW ROTH

WHEN *News Chronicle* correspondent Stephen Barber's story was headlined "HE IS TEMPLER'S ENEMY NO. 1" almost every newspaper reader in Britain could tell you that "Templer" was General Templer, recently appointed as Malaya's High Commissioner and commander of its military and police forces after much canvassing of candidates. But not one in a 100,000 could tell you the name of his chief opponent: slight, quiet-spoken 30-year-old Chen Ping (or Chin Peng), Malaya-born Secretary-General of the Malayan Communist Party and the brains behind the small Communist minority which has resisted almost four years of intense British efforts to mop them up.

The British have put a price of almost £10,000 on his head, but that would indeed be a bargain for them. The movement he leads has cost Britain about £50,000,000 and the drain of 42,000 troops and 110,000 police. Since it has in the past cost Britain an average of £15,000 for each of the 3,500 Communist guerillas killed they should value Chen Ping—the brains and organizing genius of the movement—much higher.

Chin Peng is little known, partly because the fact that he was leader of the Malayan Communists was not released until last summer. It is difficult to escape wondering whether this secrecy was due more to Communist concealment or to British embarrassment. From June 1948 a stereotype had been built of the Malayan Communist "bandit": a brutal thug who killed his own people and Britons out of a kind of blood-and-power-lust. This stereotype is difficult to maintain against a man awarded the "Order of the British Empire" and once described as "Britain's most trusted guerilla." This description is that of Lt. Col. F. Spencer Chapman, a British officer who served in the jungle with the Communist-led "Malayan People's Anti-Japanese Army" during World War II. In "The Jungle is Neutral," his account of his

experiences, Chen Ping is the only Communist leader who is praised unreservedly. Chen Ping was the first English-speaking guerilla Col. Chapman met and, on first encounter, he refers to him as "young and attractive." Chen, who never promised anything he could not do, was already very serious and responsible. In recounting three years of work with this "outstanding character," Col. Chapman continually pays tribute to his efficiency and hard work. "Chen Ping was a very much overworked man," Chapman wrote about their joint activities in 1944, despite the fact "he was a sick man and his activities were continually interrupted by attacks of fever." On more than one occasion Col. Chapman comments: "This was Chen Ping's advice and we did not feel we could go against it" "his advice was always worth taking...."

When Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton visited Malaya in December, he met in Ipoh Major Richard Broome, a Chinese-speaking member of Britain's wartime Force 136, who had been even closer than Chapman to Chen Ping during the war. Major Broome told Mr. Lyttelton that he had learned to admire and respect the Communist leader whom he considered a sincere man and a born leader because of his self-discipline and purpose.

When Chapman first met Chen in 1942, the latter, although only 20 years old, was one of the leaders of the Perak guerillas. He had been born in Sitiawan in Perak, a state where the Chinese came to mine tin long before the British. His father was—and is—a bicycle dealer, whose family came from China's Fukien province. Chen's political life appears to have started at the Nam Hua Chinese High School there, which has also produced another Malayan Communist leader Wu Tien Wang. Chen, it should be remembered, went to high school when all Malaysians of Chinese origin were inspired by

China's resistance to Japan and when the predominantly-Chinese Malayan Communist Party was scoring heavily, particularly among young Malaysians of Chinese origin, as the most active supporters of this anti-Japanese movement.

Starting out with the Perak guerillas, this efficient and serious young Malayan Chinese soon had other responsibilities thrust on him. He became liaison officer between Perak headquarters and the various units in the state and had special responsibilities for maintaining contact with British officers. He was later entrusted as contact man to top guerilla headquarters, located somewhere in Selangor State. He was one of the two Communists deputed to negotiate with Mountbatten's representatives in January 1944 and again in April 1945.

During this tough apprenticeship young Chen learned the skill which made him such an effective ally then and such a difficult enemy now. His clandestine voyage up and down the peninsula led him to know its hidden trails like the back of his hand. He learned how to lay down food supply lines and made thousands of contacts among friendly Chinese squatters and aboriginal Sakai tribesmen. And he developed an organizing genius which frustrated the best efforts of the Japanese—and now of the British—to uproot his tight band of Communist zealots.

British intelligence files are skimpy on his activities after Lord Mountbatten pinned on his jungle green uniform the medal of the "Order of the British Empire" for his wartime services. Chen was not a very senior Communist and the British C. I. D. was not even sure he was a member of the Central Committee of the 3,000 strong Malayan Communist Party. He probably would have been considered more of a danger had he been active in trade union organization, for it was through control of militant Communist-led trade unions that the Communists first hoped to capture power in Malaya. But Chen seemed to be absorbed in the comparatively harmless function of publishing a magazine for ex-guerillas and a Communist daily in Kuala Lumpur. He married a girl from Penang and had two children. And he told Major Broome in 1948 that he was thinking of

becoming a merchant like his father.

Youngest Secretary-General

Two developments pushed Chen Ping into becoming almost certainly the youngest Secretary-General of a Communist Party in the world. One was the sudden departure of Loi Tek, Moscow-trained Vietnamese and former Secretary-General of the Malayan Communist Party. This figure, who operated under the alias of 'Comrade Wright' was charged by the party in the fall of 1947 of "gradualism," "misappropriation of party funds" and "collaboration with the Japanese." The last charge arose from a curious coincidence. A Vietnamese Communist was sent to Singapore in 1947 on a liaison mission, partly because he had worked there as a waiter during the war. When he was introduced to Loi Tek, he recognized him as a man he had seen dining with Japanese officers several times in Raffles Hotel. The Malayan Communists knew that Loi Tek had been arrested by the Japanese and then released. This bit of information made them suspect that he had agreed to become an informer for the Japanese—thus explaining why the Japanese secured advance information of a wartime Central Committee meeting, with many resultant deaths. Loi Tek decamped before they could prove their suspicions, leaving the Malayan Communists leaderless just when they were moving rapidly toward insurrection.

It seems likely that Chen Ping was pushed up into the leadership of the M. C. P. after it had re-entered the jungle. Certainly the British had no information that he was a top leader in the earliest days of the insurrection. When they issued their first list of the dozen most wanted Communists—for whom they were willing to pay rewards—his name was not even included.

Although there is some doubt on this score, Chen apparently made a trip to China—presumably to the then Communist capital Yenan, then Mecca of all Asian Communist leaders—probably in 1947. "He boasted after he got back that he had finally gotten his thoughts aligned," subsequently reported Lam Swee, a leading Johore Communist who broke with the Malayan Communist leadership and surrendered to the British.

In June 1950. If Chen Ping secured the imprimatur of the Chinese Communists, this certainly strengthened his bid for leadership, despite his extreme youth.

Back To The Jungle

When Chen Ping returned to the jungle in 1948 he took his wife with him, to do propaganda work. They left behind their two children, one with his father in Perak, the other with his wife's mother in Penang. For the rest—except for the change of enemy—it was a return to his *metier*. In the last decade Chen has spent seven years in the dank and scarcely-penetrable jungle which covers three-quarters of Malaya.

The manner in which Chen Ping has deployed the scanty forces at his disposal demonstrates he has lost none of his organizing skill. Quite the contrary. The war-time Malayan Peoples Anti-Japanese Army (M.P.A.J.A.) has been reorganized as the 4,000-strong Malayan Races Liberation Army (M.R.L.A.). Much of the wartime Anti-Japanese Union of civilian supporters has been reactivated as the Peoples Movement (or Min Yuen) which comprises some 10-15,000 indoctrinated sympathizers. The losses of the M. R. L. A. regulars have been made up by drawing on young sympathizers in the Peoples Movement. The backbone of both the military and political organization is the 2,000-strong Malayan Communist Party. Although the movement is supposed to be national it is clear that the Communists think those of Chinese origin the most "reliable." Every single member of the central, state and district committees is apparently of Chinese origin, although most of them—like Chen Ping—are Malaya-born. Of the M. R. L. A. about 400 soldiers—or about 10%—are of Malay and Indian origin including one leading Malay commander.

British intelligence admits it does not know the whereabouts of Chen's headquarters. This is not surprising since the Communist guerrillas kept this a secret from the British even when they were working together against the Japanese. As in World War II Chen has great difficulty in keeping contact with his forces because all directives have to go by couriers travelling jungle trails on foot. Those orders captured show it

sometimes takes four months to get an order delivered. As a result the power has to be decentralized to district committees set up in each state.

The fate of "deviationist" Siew Lau shows, however, how strictly these district committees must carry out the "line" laid down by the 14-man Politburo headed by Chen Ping. 28-year old, Johore-born Siew Lau was, like Chen, a young veteran of the anti-Japanese war. Unlike him, however, he was an intellectual and theoretician rather than an organizer. After the insurrection broke out in 1948, he became general secretary of the party in Malacca and political commissar to a fighting company in Johore. Early in 1950 Siew Lau began a campaign to revise the party's strategy, maintaining in a pamphlet entitled "The Keynote of the Malayan Revolution," that it had been folly to resort to armed insurrection with so little support from any section of the population except those of Chinese origin. A long-term political campaign to win the support of the masses of the Malay cultivators and Indian rubber plantation labourers should have been a first necessity. Siew Lau insisted, in "A Discourse on the Principle of Equal Distribution of Rubber Estates," that this could have been done by promising to shareout the European-owned rubber estates among the peasants (mostly Malay) and the rubber tappers (which includes most Indians). This, he said, would involve a period of "democratic capitalism such as that presented by Mao Tse-tung's 'New Democracy.'" He recommended Malayan Communists go to China in organized batches to see how the victorious Chinese party handled such problems. He apparently also advocated the abandonment of the present armed struggle and reversion to intensive underground political agitation.

Chen Ping and the Politburo clearly considered this an attack on their authority as well as strategy because Siew Lau also criticised their "undemocratic behaviour," including the use of strong-arm methods to prevent local committees from debating their decisions. The Politburo challenged him on theory insisting the estates would have to be nationalized. But the main charge was that he was "splitting the party organization and policy." They said his criticisms of

lack of democracy were "absurd" and "unjust" since there could be no hope of democratic discussion in the middle of a guerilla war when the Communist forces were fighting for their survival.

In the summer of 1950 the Politburo passed a qualified death sentence. It told the Malacca Committee that if Siew Lau recanted his "errors" he should be transferred to another area and reduced to the status of a reserve party member for one year. If he attempted to desert he should be shot. Siew Lau refused to recant but agreed to be transferred and was expelled from the Party. But he continued to argue. He was subsequently charged with "asserting that the Singapore Moslem riots of December 1950 had been a spontaneous mass movement but the M. C. P.-led insurrection (of June-July 1948) had not been." This was accompanied by the charge that he had tried "to reach the perimeter" (i. e. to desert) like another leading "right deviationist" Communist, Lam Swee. He, his wife and his chief disciple were executed by shooting in May 1951.

In view of the ruthless discipline imposed on "deviationist" fellow Communists, it is not surprising that their attacks on those whom they consider to menace them or aid the "imperialist enemy" are at least as brutal. There is the psychology of any small resistance group fighting for survival against an enemy infinitely superior in strength. Take the position of a neutral Chinese squatter who knows that one of Chen's squads is camped in a nearby clearing. To the British police he is a "sullen sympathizer of the terrorists" if he does not report his knowledge and he can be imprisoned for two years. To Chen's forces this man is a "traitor" if he does inform and should be shot not only as punishment but as a warning. The resistance psychology which breeds such terror was a familiar part of all European resistance movements.

Chen Ping's most amazing exploit is keeping his band intact, up to strength and increasingly skillful, despite almost four years of the most gruelling sort of life. The jungle may offer protection but it also offers leeches, malaria, blackwater fever and typhoid—and worst of all, hunger—from all of which Chen Ping has suffered at one time or other. His

forces have suffered casualties totalling 4,000—in other words as many as they started out with. Of these some 700 have been desertions by men who could not stomach the dreary, hunted life. Yet all these casualties have been replaced. And the total force Chen has at his disposal is more effective than when he started in its intelligence, its tactics, and its marksmanship.

Of the hundreds of suggestions made to General Templer on assuming political and military command in Malaya, no one appears to have suggested that he study his "Enemy No. 1" and find out what made that "outstanding figure", as Col. Chapman described him, become the leader of an insurrection. Was it partly because he did not automatically become a Malayan citizen although born in Malaya? Was it because Malaya did not provide him with a free education and that he attended a Chinese-language secondary school? Was it partly because he was offered no opportunity to do a constructive job in co-operation with the British in the crucial post-war period that he and his comrades returned to the jungle?

Most British officials in Malaya will deny these suggestions have any validity whatever. But the fact is that the officials learn very little about the Chen Pings until it is too late. *The Times* Singapore correspondent came to this conclusion in an article on July 21, 1951 on three of Chen Ping's former comrades who had surrendered and were doing propaganda against his forces. He described them as "very ordinary-looking, quiet little men in crumpled cotton shirts and wearing narrow-brimmed English hats—the badge of the Asian lower middle class. Their like can be seen in tens of thousands in the cities of the Far East, where they work as shop assistants, clerks, school-mates, or minor officials. For the European they rarely have a separate identity because of the language problem, and the enormous gulf between them—between one group which has to live on \$100 (Straits) a month and the other keeping up appearances with great difficulty on \$1,500—until they explode in a nationalist movement or take to the jungle as Communist terrorists."

PERSPECTIVE

IT happened late one night.
 We sat beside the fire
 My husband and I
 And talked and talked
 And often sighed.
 What we said and thought
 Memory serves me well.
 We had said it all before
 Not once but a dozen times
 Till repetition marked the very words
 And dulled the sense of them.
 It was the same old harassed tale
 Of many a one like us
 The trouble, the nagging, the worry,
 Of too much to do and too little to spend
 The regret of the expense, the looking back
 With sorrow upon delicious moments
 Which that money had bought.
 And it all added up and up
 Until there was no margin left.
 And money became a sixth sense
 With which all experience was viewed.
 The moment lost its value,
 Memory lost its sweetness,
 And within us there grew and grew
 With deadly insidious movement
 The canker of discontent.
 But there was this thought,
 This realisation sometimes in our inner selves,
 That we were losing our sense
 Of place and proportion.
 So the struggle was two-pronged, like a tuning-fork:
 The struggle against material odds,
 And the other, the struggle within us,
 Against us, the growing disparity
 Between Fact and Impression;
 Till we did not know one from the other.
 I think I then feel asleep
 And dreamed a dream
 Of a day in an unknown time
 In a house I have never seen,
 A spacious, lighted, airy house
 Of the like my mother had lived in all her life
 And into which I had been born.
 The rain fell soft, a mild wind blew,
 And a fragrance rose from the earth
 Like fresh mown hay and milk
 Flowing thick and white from a sagging udder
 It was the smell of dead flowers,
 Of cow dung and freshly-lit fire,
 And it wafted through the window
 As I sat on a sofa with a friend beside me
 Turning over the pages of an old and tattered album
 In which the pictures fell off the pages

On which they were stuck.
 It was an odd assortment
 Of fading photographs
 Of dead relatives and friends
 And those that should have died
 And had not, of little babes in prams
 Now grown to adult stature,
 Of the dear belonged, and those
 That had merely passed through the pattern
 Of our allotted time
 Leaving less than a memory behind,
 Like a smudge on the consciousness
 All, all were there.....
 And as I looked at them
 There came to me a feeling of strength,
 Of an indomitable aloneness and aboveness
 Over things. And, oddest of all,
 By a strange filter inside me,
 I seemed to remember
 Only the joy, the pleasure,
 The poignancy of gladness past.
 Are these your children, asked my friend.
 I took the picture from her hand
 And looked at it.
 And oh, I could have laughed
 With pure delight at the memory.
 It was the photograph of the little ones
 Dressed up in coats and caps and scarves
 Beside a bearded Santa Claus
 In that shop off Bond Street.
 Khus stared at me, wide-eyed, incredulous,
 Her little magic-believing soul in her eyes.
 And Baby, not yet one, ready to cry.
 Afraid, dazed by all the colour.
 They sat in a sea of toys.
 I want this, Mother, and this and this.
 I want a doll with golden hair
 And woollen frock and coat
 And tiny boots on her feet
 And gloves in her tiny hands.
 Mother, she said again,
 I want a baby pram,
 Yes, that one in greenish-grey.
 Whoever heard, Mother, of a doll
 Without a pram?
 And this teddy bear for Baby
 Would just about be right.
 I think we bought them all.
 And Khus went mad with joy.
 My friend listened and I talked
 Of those distant, lovely days in London.
 The pop of the gas oven as it went out,
 The geyser which was ever getting stuck,
 And the first day I cleaned the grate
 And got the soot all over my face and arms.
 The first shampoo and Khus crying,
 My back is breaking, Mother,
 I cannot bend any more.
 The snow which fell at nights

Like whitened leaves, and you came home
 With flakes on your coat and hair.
 The hours we spent in old, old shops
 Choosing old, old books.
 And a dozen other memories
 Came crowding into my mind.
 And I said: Oh, we were happy then.
 You did not seem to think so,
 Said my friend. I remember a letter
 You wrote from London
 And said: I wish I hadn't come.
 The work never ends
 And we always seem to live
 From hand to purse.
 Did I? I said. Did I truly say all that?
 As if in reply, the air grew clamorous
 And there came the din of a hundred voices
 Raised in shrill protest and fury
 Outside the window. I looked up
 And saw staring at me from beyond
 The bars gluttonous, greedy, angry eyes
 In faces puffed and swollen,
 Gross, savage, ungodly, coarse,
 The lips jabbering an unintelligible tongue,
 Or teeth bared in unholy grin.
 And I trembled as I saw in the midst of them
 My own ugly, tortured face,
 Bloated and beastly as the rest.
 The skull I would carry to the ghat
 Upholstered with human flesh.
 I stammered: Is that I?
 It was, said the gentle voice, not *is*.
 Then as if a magic hand had wiped it clean again
 The ghastly scene vanished.
 A shudder shook my soul as I slowly turned
 To look at my quiet companion
 And saw looking at me my own face
 As I would have liked it be,
 Old and calm and gentle,
 Streaked with wrinkles which thought
 And smile had etched.
 I really don't want much, I stammered,
 Except it be comfort and good living.
 I don't think that is much, is it?
 Think! she said. God taught you to think
 And your profit on it
 You sealed your mind and let it rot
 You protracted your joys
 And prolonged your gladness
 And wept in pity when in want and pain.
 Why shouldn't I weep? I cried,
 Want is ugly, sordid, graceless.
 And pain—what a thing is this body
 But if you prick it with a pin
 Must rally, not a pin-point of resistance
 But every ounce from all of you
 And concentrate it at the back
 Of those few cells in skin.
 The human body is an unfinished job—

Something is wanting, I know not what.
 No, said she, it is even as a sum,
 Step by cogent step.
 If Nature ever erred on the side
 Of imperfection, the world would come to end.
 But being perfect, it absorbs within itself
 All other imperfection.
 I believe some call it Gravity,
 Others call it faith.
 Your moment of pain is your moment
 Of revelation; when the doors
 Between the body and mind and heart and soul
 Open and fear goes out, a shrinking shadow.
 But you did not think,
 Or rather you no sooner began to think
 But you overlaid the thought
 With a pile of fancy and wish;
 And your life, could you but see it,
 Became death in masquerade.
 No, I said, I did not see it so,
 But not because I refused to see
 But because, in spite of me, I could see
 And what I saw so destroyed me
 I turned my eyes away.
 I wanted a walled-in garden
 Not this miasma of evil and terror,
 Which we call by name of life.
 You talk of terror, said the woman, and evil.
 What must have been the terror of Mary
 Bearing God within her womb
 Unbeknown and will-less,
 And of Judas who betrayed
 Will-less and yet knowing?
 You deny experience and you deny life itself.
 The elements mix in us. *That* is experience.
 Bitter-sweet it is and you must pour it
 Through the sieve of your discretion
 And let the evil run.
 You will tell me next, I said,
 It is good to suffer.
 You have forgotten, she answered,
 I have already told you so.
 I will not suffer, I said,
 I will not die at every breath,
 I will run away.
 Where? said she. And when?
 From life and from time
 There is no escape.
 You are caught in the tapestry
 That is life, you cannot go.
 Your breath has flown into other breaths,
 Your blood has mingled with other bloods
 Till you cannot say where you end and others begin.
 Why should I be a pawn, I cried,
 In the hands of a winged thing
 Which thinks of me as a coloured thread
 In an endless tapestry? I am separate,
 Different, a thing by myself.
 Not separate from life, said she,

Not different, being a tiny part
 Of this relentless symmetry.
 So I am nothing, I said in bitterness.
 My grief is nothing but salt and water,
 My desire a quickening of the heart
 Among a million hearts.
 My thought a flutter of the brain
 Amidst a stretch of brains.
 All the impulse of heart and brain—
 The very best of me—and you call it nothing.
 You think of the moment,
 Said the phantom slowly.
 You let it overwhelm you.
 But do you not see, it is a moment
 In life which is itself a moment?
 All your grief and all your joy
 All your hope and all your fury
 The sum total of all that you are
 Is a pin-point of colour
 In this tapestry.
 And your moment of feeling
 Is a millionth part of even this.
 Look at it from near
 And it appears huge, monstrous
 But across the space of years,
 In retrospective vision,
 Where is it? You see it
 In its true perspective.
 And if you are wise
 You see it in its essence.
 You cannot shut out experience
 You can make it an echo and a light.
 There was something in all she said
 It made me feel like a child
 Who, while controlled, is secure.
 Fear seemed to thaw and melt away,
 And in its place there filled my heart
 A peace as deep as the sea.
 It was as if I had fought in an airless dungeon
 With just a door between me and heaven
 Which would open at a touch had I wanted.
 Oh! I could have mocked myself for a fool.

** ** ** **

What is the matter? said my husband smiling,
 You moaned and grunted in your sleep,
 And laughed and cried. Had you a dream?
 You looked funny. I died laughing.
 I looked at him. Did you laugh?
 Did you really laugh?
 You were so sad not long ago?
 Oh that, he said, I guess we are a pair of fools.
 I dozed, my dear, and dreamt a strange dream.
 Do you know I saw myself as an old, old man.....
 There was something, I thought,
 In that tapestry, after all.

HE WAS OF THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE SENSITIVE

By MANJERI S. ISVARAN

VENKATARAMANI is no more.

I don't know how long it will take me to realize this shocking fact. During the four months or so he was at Tambaram, I visited him occasionally; keeping his illness at bay he talked to me cheerfully and with the quicksilver humour so characteristic of him; he made plans for an intensive writing life. He came nearer home to Mylapore only to pass away. I was not destined to see him alive after I last went to Tambaram three weeks ago. Nor his dead body. God's will.

Recollections of two decades, of our first meeting and how we came close together through the years, crowd heavily upon my mind. My travels with him in the north and south of India were, to me, a great adventure of the spirit. He introduced me to many men of importance, in the literary, educational, and administrative spheres. He read every line of what I wrote; he watched my maturity as a creative artist, unwearyingly, with overflowing benevolence. A moment with him was an eternity of delight; he inspired and liberated the best in the imaginative literature of this country. He spoke and wrote like an angel. He lived gently, breathed gently. With the sun of vision ever effulgent on his brow—in the true line of the Upanishadic seers who never criticised life but accepted it as a fundamental for the understanding of values in existence that is purely material and temporal, he broadened our sympathies, brightened our awareness, and deepened our love for humankind at its various levels. And of his own love he gave without stint.

Venkataramani was a marvellous letter-writer. A few words hurriedly penned on a post card transfigured it into a luminous leaf of poetry. And many a post card, many a letter written at various dates and from various places through a stretch of twenty years, are my precious possession today, throwing a halo round the im-

mortality which his books have given him.

"Real creative art," (so runs a recent letter of his to me after he read a story of mine in *Swatantra*) "is *Yoga Sadhana*, leading to self-realization, to the footstool of God. So no wonder you feel and enjoy the inner harmony. The final *Ananda* is beyond words: for it reckons no reader, no cheque, no fame or name. You float in *Nadabrahmam* ascending the spiritual spiral, free from the smoke and dust of the world, but still with memory of life's aroma. I feel that for your rapid ascent on integral Hindu lives you require: (i) change of place, preferably a village, with no friends but humanity with its bare bones and rhythmic laughter; (ii) one hour of social work daily, where it *directly* feeds another—honorary, of course; (iii) work on a long novel in meditative, poetic reverie; (iv) no reading of newspapers but only our Gita, the Upanishads, the writings of Ramakrishna, Ramana, Kanchi Kanakoti, and Vivekananda. Indian view is that man is the thing and not his mental gifts or art achievements. That is why culture is the very flower of life and all art is mere leaves. Culture that leads to self-realization is like the flower that ripens into a fruit with seeds that perpetuate the cycle of life. I don't know why this preaching mood is on me just now!"

Then suddenly, with the tender concern of a parent, he asks me to take care of my health—he had heard from someone I was not doing well—"an advice from a chronic invalid!"—wishing, praying, urging me to outlive "my sorrows in one long ecstasy of life in prose and poem—all wrapped in a fragrance that only flowers know how to distil from even a dust storm." The hand that wrote these words will not write again to me similar words of sweet advice and encouragement; he has become a fragrance that Time can never make stale.

"I believe," writes E. M. Forster, "in an aristocracy.... Not an aristocracy

of power based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and

chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity, a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure...."

Venkataramani belonged to this aristocracy of the sensitive; his life was a triumph of endurance.

ERIC LEADBEATER

By N. S. R.

AN aspect of the Madras Test match has not attracted the attention it preeminently deserves. The appearances of Eric Leadbeater, the English team's twelfth man, were of necessity fugitive. As one who beheld him in all his glory at Bombay, I can testify to the loss which was thus imposed on Madras.

It is true that Leadbeater, an exemplary cricketer if ever there was one, brought distinction to his role. The endeavours of a twelfth man do not ordinarily include providing the players with little pellets, which one was free to identify with vitamin pills or chewing gums as one's fancy dictated. Leadbeater was splendidly impartial. Though it was the English spirits that mainly needed sustenance, he did not neglect the Indian players, whom he regaled with the mysterious pellets with admirable impartiality. His moral strength was evidenced by the fact that he consented to feed Sen after an elaborate but unseemly ceremony.

Leadbeater feeding Sen, very much in the manner of an overgrown infant feeding an elephant at the zoo, was a noble sight. But this was a small part of his infinite grandeur. This can be realised only when he was watched in action. Unfortunately the cruel selectors frowned on him, Leadbeater, the unrivalled but unconscious comedian.

When I first saw him, I cannot deny that it was under painfully humiliating conditions. The little man tripped to the wicket with a bat, which appeared too large and heavy for him, in hand. With ineffable nonchalance

he received the umpire's guidance, looked about him with withering contempt, and set himself to face the bowler. Alas, the first ball that he received totally defeated him. The centre stump was uprooted vehemently what time its unavailing defender had not yet agitatedly brought down his bat on an excruciating yorker. The little man looked reproachfully at the errant wicket, the offending bowler, and (cruel to say) the grinning fieldsmen and then disconsolately wended his way back to the pavilion. An unnatural darkness seemed to envelop the world with his departure.

But Leadbeater is truly and most himself when he bowls. It has been stated that he is the first leg-break bowler ever to find a place in a Yorkshire team. He did not wear this dignity lightly. But the unfortunate fact was that he presented little or no problems to the batsmen. This, though painful, is perhaps natural when, on a conservative estimate, one bowls two full tosses and two long hops in an over. There are some philosophic bowlers who recognise their vulnerability and speedily achieve stoicism.

The glittering fact about Leadbeater, however, is that so far from being so much as aware of his frailty he confidently expects every ball of his to fetch him a wicket. As soon as he delivered the ball, he firmly planted himself on the pitch, his hands raised to high heaven and his voice already formed to emit the shrill appeal with which he graced his bowling. When a full toss was despatched to the boundary with disdain he threw

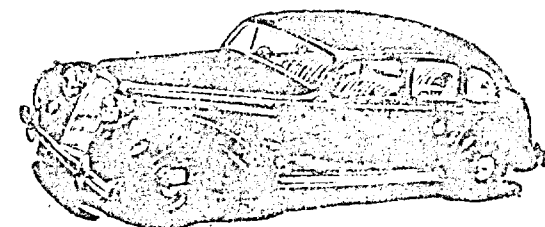
up his hands to heaven aghast at the gross impiety. When a long hop was hit into the stands, he was prepared to sink with shame at the injustice perpetrated at his expense.

His efforts, strenuous and vehement as they were, were unfortunately rewarded only poorly. But he positively transcended himself, when, by a violation of the laws of nature and probability, a wicket did accrue to him. Then was the full stature (in the moral, not physical, sense) of Eric Leadbeater achieved. The little man was transformed. He ran up to the wicket-keeper and with a wealth of motion he appeared to be expounding to him the manner of his immortal triumph. Then, with unwearied diligence, he put all the other fieldsmen in full possession of the vital facts. A wicket meant much to Leadbeater. This attitude was perhaps excusable in a bowler of his penury.

When he was not bowling, he was always talking. When the bowler was running up to deliver the ball, he was comforted by the thought that at his elbow there was the sturdy friend, philosopher and guide. The far distant wicket-keeper was secure in the knowledge that twenty yards away there was a man who could teach how to keep wicket. Unwearyingly, persistently and vehemently did Leadbeater proffer his advice to his colleagues.

This was the man in his full glory. What Chepauk saw was only a miserable attenuation. I am of the opinion that the principles of expediency were misplaced with regard to Leadbeater. It was true, following common canons, that he was totally unfitted for a place in the Test team. But, surely there are higher laws, laws of humanity and comedy. It was cruel to have deprived Madras of an extended vision of this unconscious, but great comedian.

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MADRAS

NEXT STEP IN TUNISIA

By MADAN GOPAL

WITH their possessions in Asia gone, or going, from their grip, the Western imperialist Powers are trying to consolidate their hold on, and to develop for economic exploitation, their colonies in the continent carved out during the last century's shameful "Scramble for Africa."

Whereas the British and the Dutch have been made to leave most of their possessions in Asia, the French, with the exception of their mandate in Syria and the Lebanon, have not lost a single inch of their territory and are tenaciously holding on, with foreign help, to their "Colonies" in Asia and Africa. The peoples of the two Protectorates of Morocco and Tunisia have challenged the French might. In the latter there has been martial law for the last thirteen years and political offences have been tried by military courts.

The strength of the nationalist movement is obvious from the fact that the French have sent to Tunisia General Garbay, who commanded French troops during the notorious killings in Mauritius a few years ago.

One of the complicating factors in Tunisia is the large number of Frenchmen who have settled down in that protectorate which France annexed in 1881 in order to protect her Empire in Algeria, which forms a part of Metropolitan France. There are some 150,000 Frenchmen in Tunisia, and they have acquired the bulk of fertile agricultural land. It has been estimated that some 6,000 Frenchmen own more than half the cultivable land in the country. On the other hand, there are some 1½ million Tunisians, nearly half the population, who have been forced to become seasonal migratory labourers.

The figures of unemployment are staggering. The French import European labour in preference to local Arabs. There are 80,000 Italians and Arabs. There are 80,000 Italians and acquired French citizenship and have now got a stake in the country.

France has been ruling Tunisia for

over 70 years and Algeria for over 85 years, but she believes in ruling them indirectly. There are Grand Councils on which the French settlers are given representation out of all proportion with their actual numbers. The 12,000 French officers control the administration in Tunisia, local as well as municipal.

Such a large foreign element can be a difficult problem for any administration. But the Tunisian Nationalists, represented by the Neo Dastour (New Constitution) movement, have not asked the French to quit Tunisia. Even "Le Monde" (the most influential French paper) agreed that not two per cent of the Tunisians want to "throw the French into the sea". The Neo Dastour has told them that they can stay on in Tunisia as citizens of Tunisia, with rights and responsibilities equal to those of the Arabs.

The Tunisians have the reputation of being the "softest" of all African peoples. Their Nationalist party, Neo Dastour, under the leadership of Bourguiba, is essentially a liberal organisation. A Tunisian speaks French fluently. Culturally and politically he is more a Frenchman than an Arab. The educated Tunisian nationalists are Europeanized to a degree not liked by the masses. They have not asked the French for complete independence; nor have they asked them for control over defence and foreign affairs. They want internal autonomy.

The Neo Dastour party, like the Congress in India during our struggle against the British, embraces all sections of the people, from the lowest to the Bey himself.

The Bey, who was appointed by the French in 1943, was, until late, treated as a quisling but he has bowed to the popular will and is now a supporter of the Neo Dastour. The party is particularly strong in the trade unions. It has been estimated that the Neo Dastour has a following of 400,000. Besides there are 20,000 volunteers. It controls the trade unions. Bourguiba has purged the

party of all leftists and taken out the trade unions from the World Federation of Trade Unions, the Communist-sponsored body.

After two long imprisonments (the Nazis released him from a French prison, but he refused to collaborate with them) and a struggle spread over a large number of years, Bourguiba was successful in getting his seven-point plan for internal autonomy accepted by the French Cabinet in July 1950. The Neo Dastour agreed to the inclusion of its representative in the Cabinet, which was to implement it.

But the French settlers and civil servants in Tunisia and Algeria raised a hue and cry at the French acceptance of the Bourguiba plan which incidentally was supported by the French Socialists and the French Foreign Minister, M. Schuman and they convinced the French Government at home that concessions to the Neo Dastour would pave the way for the disintegration of their empire in Algeria and Morocco also. In October, 1950, the French authorities tried to back out of their promise, and this they did by shifting the emphasis from political reforms to economic and social reforms. Serious trouble broke out, and the French troops suppressed it with an iron hand. A compromise was signed in February, 1951, whereby the French agreed to Tunisian French parity in the Cabinet and the appointment of a Tunisian Chief Minister. Tunisians were to have two-thirds of the posts in the Government and the veto was to be exercised by the French Resident-General only in extreme cases. Tunisian and French civil servants were to have equal powers. Although criticised for his appeasement policy Bourguiba advised acceptance of the compromise.

But this compromise was not implemented in the spirit in which it was arrived at. During 1951, the Tunisians were not given even 50 per cent of the posts promised them; the French, on the other hand, insisted that they be given equal representation in municipal administration. And although the Resident-General was given the veto to be exercised scantily, he froze nearly 200 decisions of the

Cabinet. In December last the Tunisians called upon the French to implement their promises. The Tunisian Prime Minister went to Paris to plead with the authorities but M. Schuman promised only a share in the administration. The Neo Dastour, on failure of their efforts, decided to hold demonstrations and strikes. A conference was to meet on January 10. This, however, was postponed to January 18.

In the meantime, on January 13 the new French Resident-General presented his credentials, but the Bey received him coldly, because in his credentials the Resident-General mentioned the sovereignty of the Bey, not that of the Tunisian.

On the following day people in large numbers collected outside the high court which was trying M. Masturi, president of the ex-servicemen's association, for holding a meeting without permission. Police opened fire, killing some. On the following day some women were tried on similar charges. The police again opened fire, killing three and wounding 150.

Quai d'Orsay, thereupon, instructed the Resident-General to ask the Bey to dismiss the Cabinet. But the Bey refused to do so. Thereupon his palace was besieged by French troops. Roundup of the Neo Dastour leaders started. By January 17, one day before the conference, the arrests were completed, and the important leaders flown to unknown destinations. Their whereabouts are not known. According to official figures over 70 have been killed, 300 wounded and thousands arrested. The people, angry over the arrests of their beloved leaders, have set fire to Government buildings and derailed trains..... echoes of August 1942 in India.

The Resident-General asked the Bey to issue an appeal to the Tunisians to maintain calm but the Bey refused to do so unless the nationalist leaders now in detention in unknown places were released. The Resident-General thereupon issued an appeal and declared that it had been endorsed by the Bey, but the Bey has publicly denied his support to the appeal.

Two Tunisian Ministers travelled to

Paris and lodged a complaint in the U. N. The Arab-Asian group has supported it. The French are furious that the matter should have been taken to the United Nations at all, because they consider it to be a domestic issue. France has declared that unless the issue were withdrawn from the United Nations there would be no negotiations.

But the French know they are facing heavy weather. They are sitting on a volcano. From a special article contributed by a famous French col-

umnist, M. Dessinger, to the *'Observer'*, (an influential weekly), it appears that the French Government is thinking of abolishing the protectorates in Morocco and Tunisia, absorbing them in metropolitan France, like Algeria or French India, giving them special representation in the French Parliament and bringing about amalgamation of the three North African colonies of France.

It may stop the rot for some time, but sooner or later the nationalists are going to push them out.

MADRAS AND WATER SCARCITY

By T. V. S.

THE water scarcity in Madras is becoming a subject of frequent and anxious mention in the newspapers, and the Corporation has called upon the citizens to fall back upon their own resources. It is tragic to notice that this situation has been brought about more by the fault of man than by act of God and has to be laid at the door of the State and Corporation.

These authorities have deliberately planned to create a "Greater Madras" and, for that purpose, they have included within the city's limits several villages and towns such as Saidapet, Guindy, Adyar, etc. They have, by a mere stroke of the pen, allowed the population to increase from about 7 lakhs to about 15 lakhs and the area of the city from about 15 to over 35 square miles.

What purpose was sought to be gained by this step? What demand was satisfied thereby? What principle, if any, was adopted in extending the boundaries? Was there any motive, avowed or implied, in the move, a set political purpose? Was it a measure of necessity or convenience or was it merely the fond dream of emulating and outdoing Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and such other cities? And were the natural limitations of the city properly considered?

Most of our cities—Calcutta, Bombay, Allahabad, Delhi, etc.—are located on the banks of perennial streams well insured against water scarcity

and assured of a good drainage system. Bombay has an excellent natural harbour and a steady monsoon. Even the construction of a new harbour at Khandla will not prejudicially affect Bombay, though it might check its exuberant growth. These cities may, therefore, naturally expand into "Greater Bombay", etc.

But the position of Madras is different. It has its location on the banks of the "notorious" Coovam which is no better than a big-sized sewage channel. The inclusion of the Adyar river does not mend the situation in any way. The monsoon is untrustworthy and has been disappointing for years on end. Food grains have to come from outside. During recent years, it has become increasingly manifest that, under the guise of procurement, the Andhra districts are denuded of the bulk of their produce for the benefit of Madras and are left to suffer in quality and quantity as regards their own requirements. Instead of supplying imported rice to Madras, the city is being supplied with the rice of Nellore and other Andhra districts. This involves unnecessary transshipment charges and results in avoidable high prices of both the imported and indigenous varieties of paddy. This is probably one of the main causes of Andhra discontent and the defeat almost amounting to a rout of the Congress Party in the Andhra districts in the recent elections.

To add insult to injury, as it were,

frantic efforts are being made to bring the waters of the Krishna river from a distance of about 400 miles and make it available for drinking purposes to the population of Madras City. Naturally, it is asked, "if Madras is to flourish on Andhra rice to eat and on Andhra river-water to drink, to whom should it belong?"

Whether Madras goes to Tamilnadu or to Telugunadu, being at an extreme end of either State, it would be extremely inconvenient as the headquarters for administrative purposes and therefore unsuitable for being the capital town. The High Court may be retained there as perhaps also the University of Madras which may function from there if it went to Tamilnadu. All other administrative offices will have to be shifted eventually to places more centrally situated. When the harbours of Cochin and Mahe are developed and transport facilities are provided therefrom to Bangalore across the State and to the southern districts, the trade and commerce at Madras would suffer. Bezwada, Cocanada and Vizagapatam must, sooner or later, have direct railway communication with Bombay through the Nizam's Dominions, and then the position of Madras as a trade-centre is likely to deteriorate. Poona is already connected with Bangalore by metre gauge and, if Bangalore is connected with Coimbatore, as is already being done, a through connection between Bombay and the southern districts for cheaper and quicker transport of goods and passenger traffic would have been established. These developments are sure to have their repercussions on the importance of Madras. These likely improvements and future developments of the country, the trend of public events and political forces are all pointers which the Government and the Corporation of Madras should have taken into account before deciding upon the formation of "Greater Madras."

Again, many substantial buildings are being raised in Madras at Government cost without regard to the future developments. These buildings would naturally become unnecessary, if the State is split into two provinces. So, ordinary prudence would have suggested postponement of these constructions till after the

final solution of this question. Even otherwise, there are many administrative offices now located at Madras, which can very well be sent out. Offices such as those of the Inspector-General of Registration, the Director of Public Instruction, the Registrar of Co-operative Societies and the Engineering Department, may as well be located outside Madras. The Transport Department may be decentralised and split up into various circles situated at more convenient centres. The expansion of the Law College may be abandoned in favour of opening separate Law Colleges at Anantapur, Madura or such like centres. These steps would considerably reduce overcrowding and alleviate the present difficulties in regard to providing tenements, drinking water, etc., for Government employees and the public.

Then, there are a number of Government servants with whom it has become a fashion to reside at Madras after their retirement. In the public interest, these gentlemen should be persuaded (without infringing upon their fundamental rights) to settle in their own native places rather than swell the crowd of Madras. Their experience and administrative capacity can be utilised to strengthen the hands of the Government to constitute an invaluable aid in the working of the district boards and panchayats, to increase rural literacy, to create in their surroundings an atmosphere of trustful confidence in the actions and activities of the Government. In any case, they would certainly be in their respective villages, living models of law-abiding and peaceful citizens, for the rural people to imitate and look up to for guidance and counsel. They would also check the spread of extremist political opinions and propaganda.

It is high time that the Government and the Corporation should cry a halt in their policy of developing a greater Madras, take proper stock of the situation in view of future possibilities and devise policies calculated to eliminate congestion and avoid incessant cry from Madras for food and water, with a corresponding outcry from the neighbouring districts against procurement and the evils suffered under its guise.

POST-ELECTION SET-UP IN MADRAS STATE

K. BHASHYAM, M. L. A., Advocate, writes:

Adult franchise has in more than one respect justified itself. In the first place, the voting on such a large scale has been orderly and with no serious incidents. This is due to the innate democratic sense of the masses and realisation of the importance of the franchise. It may be concluded that the people have not, in spite of 150 years' British rule, forgotten the tradition of panchayat rule—a rule by persons elected by the villagers in a body. Even the foreign press has been favourably impressed and commented on the election in appreciative terms.

The adult voters have also shown judgment and discrimination in exercising their franchise. They have thrown down people from the pedestal, thus giving vent to their real feelings against the present set-up of affairs, in the only way open to them. The defeat of the prominent members of the Madras Cabinet and some of the leaders of the Congress is an index of the general dissatisfaction with the Congress Government and the Congress leadership.

This is due, in the first instance, to the almost criminal neglect of this State by the prominent Congress leaders and by the High Command. They have been easily satisfied with the rosy picture presented to them by the leaders of the Congress organisation. They had not the necessary time or the perspicacity to see behind the facade and find for themselves the rot that has been eating into the vitals of the Congress organisation and the Congress rule of this part of the country.

Even after the shock administered to the High Command by the debacle of the Congress at the elections, they have contented themselves with merely calling for consultation the very persons responsible for the catastrophe—the persons responsible for the running of the Congress organisation whose choice of the Congress candidates for elections and whose conduct of the election in general was

the subject for investigation. In fairness, they should have called for the opinion of other prominent Congressmen not officially connected with the Congress.

One great blunder which has been committed by the High Command is the handling of the situation caused by the accusations made by Mr. Prakasam against the Congress Ministers. The High Command did not deal with this matter judicially or even judiciously. They had no time for it. They were also weighted with political considerations, considerations of prestige and the political reaction in other parts of the country consequent on any strong action they might take against the persons concerned have largely obscured the vision and judgment of the High Command in deciding this question. The Ministers may not be really guilty of misconduct; but even if any one of them is suspected of any misconduct, it is in his own interest and in the interest of the general administration and the good of the country that he should be made to resign and justify himself before some impartial tribunal. Since this was not done, the accusations against the Ministers remained and the rather dubious way in which it was sought to be dealt with, has left a bitter impression against their integrity in the minds of the people. I do not justify the action of those who made the charges against the Ministers nor their subsequent conduct in leaving the Congress and setting up rival organisations. Still, I think the situation created by such dissatisfaction had not been handled properly or in a statesmanlike manner by the High Command. They were too complacent and easily satisfied with the version presented by the local official leaders of the organisation and that was one reason for the debacle.

Of course, other reasons may be found; the failure at the elections may be due to the difficulties created by shortage in food and clothing; or it may be due to the troubles that the people are put to by petty officials,

the general corruption and the irresponsible manner in which the critical situation was tackled. All these things might have been easily explained and even got over by the leaders if only they had the imagination and foresight, to establish contact with the masses and explain to them the real situation.

The one party that was benefitted by the confusion thus caused is the Communist Party. The party has exploited the critical situation in the country as regards food and clothing and by various promises of "heaven on earth," the party has wormed itself into the good graces of the lower classes on whom by the adult franchise votes have been bestowed. In an electorate based on adult franchise, it cannot be expected that all will vote with an intelligent appreciation of the issues involved and the merits of the candidates. The Congress political leaders had neither the strength nor the courage to face the people and give proper direction to the political thought of the illiterate masses. No wonder the masses left to themselves fell an easy prey to the unscrupulous and opportunist propaganda of the Communists.

There is still another factor, a more potent factor, which had to be reckoned with. One of the main causes for this confusion in this part of the country is, that the present Government which has been in power these long years has been preaching casteism and has enshrined Non-Brahminism into a political creed and a governmental policy. This policy had a two fold effect. On the one hand, it fostered and encouraged the Dravida Kazhagam people who have always been protagonists of casteism though their profession may be one of non-caste. Their propaganda of Anti-Brahminism, their hatred of Northerners and their alliance with the Communist Party at the election had not a little influence with the masses. On the other hand, when the Non-Brahminism deepened and filtered down to the masses, it led to sub-casteism among them. So much so, we had the sorry spectacle in the recent elections where every voter voted for his own sub-caste or sub-sub-caste man to whatever party he belonged. This has led to the back-

ward Non-Brahmins and Scheduled Castes to pull together and gain some advantageous position at the polls. True, no caste was strong in itself to command a majority but the Backward Non-Brahmins and Scheduled Castes were strong enough to poll in sufficiently large number to queer the pitch for the Congress. In the circumstances, it is no wonder that in the recent election, the result of adult franchise had led to confusion and deadlock. The politics of the State is a jigsaw puzzle which baffles solution in any orthodox way.

In this heterogeneous body of elected members, attempts are being made to capture seats by one organisation or another by combining together. The Congress which is the largest single party is entitled, of course, to undertake the Government but it cannot do so when all the other organisations including the Independents combine together and vote against the Congress Government on all vital matters and issues. Can a Coalition Government undertake this task? The Communists have their own policies and they hold steadfast to it. They may temper their action for the occasion, but for how long? The K. M. P. P. and K. L. P. have no policies of their own except those of the Congress; the other parties like Independents have no settled politics or policies. Not one of them can be said to favour the Communists fully on account of their past deeds and the fear of what they may lead to. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine that all these elements will come together on a common platform to undertake a Government. It is an impossible task which requires Herculean effort and also a personality strong and powerful enough to weld together the various heterogeneous elements into one for the purpose of forming a steady and stable Government.

In my view, the Congress may still form a Government under some conditions. If the Congress chooses a strong leader who will be able to win to his side a fairly large number of persons in the Legislature from the Independents and also from the K.M.P. and K. L. P. parties it is possible to form a stable Congress Government in this part of the country. It is not impossible for the K. M. P. P.

and K. L. P. to coalesce with the Congress for their principles and policies are not different from those of the Congress. At this stage only prestige and anger which has been generated during the elections against the Congress stand in the way of their coming into the Congress.

The attitude of the Congress leaders is also not encouraging. Their pronouncement that they will not seek any coalition with other parties and if anybody wants any coalition, he must take the initiative and approach the Congress, is neither sound nor helpful. So far as Independents are concerned, since they have no policies or principles of their own, it is easy for them to fall in with the Congress rather than any other group like the Communists. Therefore, it is necessary that the Congress High Command should select a person among the Congressmen in the State who will command the confidence of all the sections of the people and be accessible to all persons. Such a leader may even go out of his way to open talks and

negotiations with persons who may be persuaded to accept the Congress programme and work with the Congress.

It cannot be said that such a person is not available in our State. The High Command must seek a person behind the phalanx of the Congress officialdom. I am sure such a person may easily be found. That is the only solution for this State. Otherwise, the other alternative of either no government or government after government succeeding each other in quick succession, such as we see in France, is too disastrous to think of. In the case of a State where there are no two clear cut parties like in any democratic country but there are a number of parties, it is inevitable that there must be some sort of coalition. If coalition there is to be, the party which has the largest following should make the necessary move and coalesce with the people who are able to work with them with sincerity and a spirit of co-operation.

RAISING FOOD PRODUCTION IN INDIA

SIR JOHN RUSSELL'S LONDON LECTURE

THE first of a series of lectures surveying the background to contemporary political and economic issues in South Asia has just been delivered by Sir John Russell at the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine in London.

Sir John, the eminent agricultural expert, was Director of Rothamsted Experimental Station from 1912 to 1943 and Chairman of the Agriculture Sub-Committee of U. N. R. R. A. from 1941 to 1945.

Sir John Russell detailed the present growth of population in South Asia and explained how the area of cultivable land was shrinking. Even if all the cultivable land were brought into use, he warned it would be difficult to maintain, let alone increase, the present poor dietary of the area.

The present dietary of India was unbalanced and therefore unsatisfactory. It was deficient in fats and proteins. In 1949-50 the diet per head of the population contained only 1,702 calories compared with 3,000 calories per head in the U. K.

In the same year the actual food available provided dietary per head of the population that showed a high unbalance between cereals and fats and meat compared with the model dietary prepared by the Food and Agriculture Organisation in 1944. In every case, except that of cereals, the actual amount per head of principal foods was below that of the F. A. O. model. Even with increased agricultural production, Sir John pointed out, the diet would still show an unbalance between cereals and meat and fish proteins.

Sir John went on to deal with methods of increasing food production. This could be done by increasing the output per acre, increasing the acreage under cultivation, and by reducing waste due to plant diseases and insects.

The problem of increased production was, however, bound up with the problem of irrigation. Eighty per cent of land in India, was unirrigated.

Rainfall was variable from year to year and from place to place. The most difficult region was the central plateau in the Deccan area. Rivers were not suitable for irrigation purposes. There was soil erosion largely due to lack of protective grass covering to keep the topsoil in place. The agricultural departments were, however, taking steps towards rehabilitating the area by contour bunding and by encouraging dry farming methods.

The real difficulty in the area, said Sir John, was the poverty of the peasants. "Their implements are clumsy and their bullocks, through lack of proper diet, are weak. It takes a peasant 10 days to prepare one acre for sowing and in that time he may miss a suitable sowing period and thus suffer a poor harvest. Much could be done by the use of better implements and with development of co-operative farming whereby these new and more effective instruments can be brought into use."

There are in India, Sir John continued, 70,000,000 acres of cultivable land not sown. Much of it is marginal land and much has not been brought into use because of bad communications or because it is in a disease prevalent region or is overgrown with weeds. Once again the use of tractors and new implements would help to bring this land into cultivation, and in fact much work is being done on those lines.

Summing up, Sir John said that India still had considerable possibilities of increasing food production but the deep-seated poverty of the people was a barrier to attaining it. Planned conversion of land tenure into the peasant ownership system would do much to offset this, but the main difficulty still remained—lack of social and agricultural leadership in villages. Sir John Russell said until that leadership developed, the "vicious circle" of poverty driving the best men away from the villages, with the consequent aggravation of poverty and the exodus of still more of the best men, could not be broken.

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LIFE AND DEATH

By Devidass B. Kapadiya

IF you have money as well as contentment you are a twice blessed man.

Then you can afford to deliver patriotic harangues and court A-class imprisonment; then you can have enough useless time to construct rhyming lines and call them verses, or to read voluminous books and sit staring at the ceiling in a philosophic mood.

Harin Pundit has both money and contentment. And he was a twice-blessed man.

Whenever a mighty wave of Freedom surged in the ocean of Indian politics, up he stood on its crest and suffered a few A-class months in Rajpur Jail for his country's cause. And when the ocean was calm again, quietly he retired to the "Shanti-Bhavan," drove in a beautiful Buick, courted the Muses, and lounged in his easy chair staring at the ceiling to include himself among thinkers and philosophers some day.

Once, as time hung heavily on him, he allowed a wandering, eely palmist to glide in "just for fun."

Harin Pundit could admit having understood very little of the palmist's eloquent oration—and that little interested him very much.

For instance, the palmist had spoken of him as a very generous, charitable man. Harin Pundit considered himself very wise when he thought that to be merely the palmist's trick to coax him into paying well. He smiled.

But then the palmist had said other noteworthy things.

One, that Harin would be a philosopher some day. God! A hundred per cent truth! For who else but one with philosophical propensities thought so deeply over life's numerous problems as he did?

Two, that he (Harin) would travel far and wide. Well, he did have a

strong inclination for that so far. And it was likely that the fact was still in the womb of Future.

And three, that he would have a few well-chosen friends. There again! The palmist was indeed a wonderful man. For Harin Pundit had only "a few" or rather, to be more correct, only one "well-chosen" trustworthy friend, Comrade Sudhir. The rest were just so many Toms, Dicks and Harrys at the most with whom one shakes hands and ends with a formal "How d'you do?"

Harin Pundit and Com. Sudhir were as different as two persons could be.

Harin was tall, stalwart, and had a big square face, dull brownish eyes, a pug nose, and bulging cheeks. Sudhir was of medium height, thin; he had a thin oval face, intelligent blue eyes, a sharp nose and sunken cheeks.

A good legacy had given Harin the magnificent "Shanti-Bhavan," brisk ever-ready servants, a beautiful Buick and a tender club-hopping butterfly as a wife.

Com. Sudhir, on the other hand, owed his father only his strong bony limbs and a high intellect that enabled him to work sixteen hours a day teaching in an aided school, cycling miles and miles for private tuitions and working in coarse shorts and a half-shirt for labourers and *kisans* in his spare time. A small two-room affair was his home; and within it was his sympathetic, hard-working healthy wife.

Thus, in short, each seemed what the other was not.

And yet these two young men were the greatest chums in Rajpur, chums that had been through the same school and college—the former always first in the list from the bottom, the latter from the top.

Well, having deprived Harin of his superfluous rupee, the wandering palmist had disappeared leaving Harin to ponder over his predictions. A loud,

crude music dinned on his ears from outside and with idle curiosity he walked to the window and stood gazing at a small funeral procession of the labour class. Men with a vermilion powder spread over their foreheads danced an intoxicated, wild dance around the dead-body that lay flat, well tied on a stretcher. Slowly the procession moved on and slowly Harin passed into a gloomy, thoughtful mood.

The staring, smiling dead man had hopes and desires, attachment and affection, only a little while ago. And in a few moments he would be one with the elements. And so would Harin himself be one day. What, after all, are these unknown entities, Life and Death? Sages and thinkers have written volumes on them but boil their vague phraseology down to clearcut reality, and the result is nil. And the so-called prophets and messiahs had handed down only myths and legends to groping humanity. Oh, this elusive problem of Life and Death! It required real thinking—philosophy! Small wonder, the palmist had said Harin Pundit would be a philosopher some day!

And thus as he sat pensive, a brisk shuffle of steps announced the arrival of his chum, Com. Sudhir.

"Good Lord!" said Harin looking at the clock. "I say I clean forgot that you'd promised to be here now. You comrades are a punctual lot. One thing I like about your set."

"Seem to have had your usual blues—what?" said Sudhir. "Confucius, Buddha, Luther and Mill all troubling you together, I s'pose!" he added looking at the books scattered on the table.

"Sometimes," rejoined Harin, "common things which usually pass away unnoticed appear to us entirely in a new light and set us thinking deeply. You wonder what I'm thinking about? Well, I'll tell you. You see I might have seen funeral processions a number of times before. But the one that just passed this way before you came had a peculiar effect on my mind. It has set me thinking about the whys and wherefores of Life and Death. I know, to you, that sort of thing is idle bunkum—spiritual humbug! Death, you might say, is merely a cessation of chemical reactions. But

that won't do! It means the negation of all that is fine, beautiful in life and makes life a dry, uninteresting thing, not worth living. And, moreover, that does not sufficiently explain a hundred and odd little things connected with life, either.

Com. Sudhir smiled. "I would happily brood over those things myself," he said, "if I had money to give me time. And I would have money only if everybody else had it too. So, good-bye for the present to such abstract problems which can afford to wait. Now I must try to get the hungry some food, the naked some clothes and the homeless a snug little home. That is the immediate task before us."

"Behold Karl Marx speaking, sir!" said Harin Pundit tauntingly.

"I say, Harin," said Sudhir after a little thought, as if he had suddenly remembered something, "I forgot to tell you one thing."

"What?"

"We've a three-day holiday at school, and I'm going to Ratangaon to settle up some dispute between the *kisans* and the zamindar. It seems he's not yet satisfied having sucked their blood already and is making fresh demands on the poor chaps who have had a frightfully hard, rainless year—and all that only to satisfy his whim of celebrating his sister's marriage with great pomp and splendour. And the interesting feature in this case is that I'll be pitched against an opponent (if he chooses to play that role) who is none but our old classmate Ratansing, the zamindar of Ratangaon. Remember him?"

"Of course, I do. Ages since we saw him! A nice, sporting fellow—isn't he?"

"I should say!" Sudhir smiled sarcastically. "But what I wanted to ask you is this: Like to accompany me to Ratangaon? We hav'nt been out so far—and that was your desire, you said so many times, didn't you? We'll have a jolly time with the villagers. What do you say?"

Harin Pundit thought for a while.

"Well, I'm sport," he answered.

"Travel! Travel!" mused Harin when his friend had gone. "Perhaps that's just the beginning of the pal-

mist's prediction. A wonderful man!—he, the palmist!"

During most of the 330-mile railway journey from Rajpur to Ratan-gaon, Sudhir found his friend inconvenienced by the scrambling third class crowd and looking sullenly at the sky. He knew that men with Buicks did feel out of gear in the third class. And he knew too that man troubled by Life and Death looked sullenly at the sky. He smiled.

The train arrived at Kamnagar. And Ratangaon was at least twelve miles from the town of Kamnagar.

The C. P. sun was shining fiercely and there was no prospect of getting even a bullock-cart. The only alternative, therefore, was a walk to the village through the radiating heat of the rocky Satpura land—beddings and bundles in hand. Hard luck, indeed, for Harin Pundit. But for Com. Sudhir it was nothing. He took the unavailability of conveyances as a blessing in disguise.

After half-a-dozen halts by the busy, dreary wayside, the panting and sweating Harin Pundit of "Shanti-Bhavan" found himself seated on a *charpoi* beside his friend in the humble hut of the headman of *kisans*, who was dying, so to say, to make his guests at home. Meanwhile the villagers had gathered for a *darshan* of their leader, of whose courage and sympathy with the poor they had heard before.

"I'm hungry, Sudhir," said Harin Pundit to his friend in English (so as not to be understood by others), looking mournfully at his aching feet.

"These villagers," returned Sudhir in English, "don't need to be told. The first thing they do for their guests is to feed them anyhow, no matter if they themselves have been starving for days. You don't know the headman's sons have already run to arrange for our meals."

Soon, Harin Pundit was doing full justice to the thick *Jawar-roties* and raw onions placed in a clay dish before him. How he relished them after the exhausting twelve miles! Sudhir observed his friend through the corner of his eye and smiled.

After the meal, Sudhir went out alone and conversed with the old

headman whose small eyes gradually dilated with wonder and lips spread out into a broad smile under a bushy, grayish moustache. Then Sudhir returned to his friend.

"Now," he said, "we'll jog along to the fields and do a bit of ploughing and drawing water from the wells and such other light exercise for a change. Come on!" And he rose.

"Say," returned Harin Pundit, "Now, what's the matter with you? I'd love nothing more than a nap. My feet are already beginning to swell after that blasted twelve-mile hike."

"Just the reason!" answered Sudhir with his cheering smile. "Just why I'm suggesting a cure for the feet without medicine or massage, Harin, old boy!" And before Harin could decline the treatment, Sudhir dragged him out.

They spent a toilsome day in the fields—Harin always wiping perspiration from his forehead and searching in vain for a shady tree and Sudhir always dragging him and goading him to get busy and not to let some valuable moments of healthy, 'light exercise' slip by.

"God! The blasted palmist never told me this was the sort of travel in my palm. The rogue!" With these words Harin Pundit concluded the day's 'light exercise' with his friend and plodded back to the headman's hut advising his friend to straighten up the *kisan-zamindar* affair as soon as possible to enable him to return home. His friend smiled.

They reached the hut and Harin devoured half-a-dozen *jawar-roties*, wondering how he managed to gulp down double the number he had in the morning and six times the number of wheat *chapaties* and *poories* he could have sent down his gullet at home. And then he slept like one dead on a coarse mattress on the *charpoi* entirely forgetting the double-spring cot and soft velvet-cushion bed of his green bed room of "Shanti-Bhavan."

Hardly an hour had elapsed after they had left their beds when a man was announced as the servant of zamindar Ratansing. Respectfully, the hefty servant delivered a note which Sudhir read, and smiled.

When the servant had gone, Harin Pundit asked eagerly, "What's it, Sudhir?"

"Zamindar Ratansing invites us to be his guests."

"Good Lord!" said Harin brightening. "Let's run. Enough of this rigorous imprisonment!"

"Want a change to A-class?" taunted Sudhir, smiling. "Well, we'll go. Let's see if we can make him see sense by milder means."

An hour later they entered Ratan-Bagh and noticed at a distance in the verandah of a majestic building a human form awaiting them.

"If that is Ratan," said Harin Pundit, "he has bloated up into a regular balloon!"

"By reducing his *kisans* to skeletons!" returned Sudhir.

And soon there were greetings and hand-shakings and then once-upon-a time when we were playing football and such like past references.

Then followed a sight-seeing round of Ratan-Bagh.

"Say, old Ratan," said Harin Pundit, "I can see you have made real use of the sense of art you had."

"Pity the poor villagers who paid for it!" added Com. Sudhir.

"Ah ha! Long live the comrades who are going to bring the Russian millenium to them!" returned plump Ratansing, with a good-natured guffaw.

Comrade Sudhir was ready with his rebuff when Harin Pundit interposed. "I say, Ratan," he said, "you seem to be fond of swimming. It's a lovely pool, that. Rare even in the city villas."

Well, later, a grand guest room was placed at the disposal of the two friends and Harin Pundit had some comfortable tossings on a soft bed after a sumptuous sweets-and-pudding meal, while Sudhir sat in a chair jotting down some facts and figures. And they passed a quiet day.

An interview between the zamindar and the Comrade was fixed up for the next day.

The next day, at about 11 a.m. Sudhir called a servant and asked to see the Zamindar Sahib.

"Raja Saheb is asleep, sir!" said the

servant respectfully. Sudhir was not in the least surprised. It was Harin Pundit who seemed amazed.

"Say, strange!" he said to Sudhir, "Still asleep! The sun will be at the zenith in an hour!"

Sudhir smiled. "That's the way with these Rajas!" he said. "And probably you have much more to see and learn!"

"How's Ratangaon with you, gentlemen?" said the plump Ratansing, an hour later, as he walked into the guest-room in his maroon silk kimono, yawning and peering at the friends through his gold-rimmed eye glasses. "I'm sorry I'm a little late from the bed. And my friend there," he said pointing to Sudhir, "must be thinking of the villagers who enable me to lie in the cushions so long! Well, we'll have our tea in half-an-hour."

"And when do you lunch?" enquired Harin who had learnt to have real appetite after the first night's six *jawar-roties*.

"At about 3," returned Ratansing.

Harin smiled and looked at the unsurprised Sudhir.

After tea at twelve and lunch at three, Ratansing wished his friends a happy nap.

"Nap!" Harin wondered to himself as he saw Ratansing retire to his "nap-room."

At 5, Harin and Sudhir were told that the Raja Sahib had just got up after his two-hour nap and would be with them after giving an audience to his tax-collector.

At 6, Ratansing was with them, this time in a jet black kimono which made him look fairer by contrast. And the interview between him and Com. Sudhir took place.

"If that be your decision," concluded Sudhir after half an hour's ardent but vain efforts to arrive at a compromise without friction, "I'm sorry we'll be forced to choose a line of action that will end in regrettable consequences—a dreadful time to the poor peasants and not a little inconvenience to you perhaps. And for all that you'll be responsible, Zamindar Sahib, you!"

"Ah, ha! Old boy," said Ratansing patting Sudhir's back. "You can't

frighten me into conceding the impossible demands of the *kisans*. You don't know these pretenders, thickskins yet. If you had been in my place, on the spot, you'd probably have been a hundred times worse than what I seem to you. Anyhow, if you are out to harass me and strike at my very roots, I know my way too! Well let time take its own course and things the turn they will. But now, let's enjoy like good friends over a glass of port, for we don't know in what roles we may meet each other when we meet next."

Harin Pundit excused himself. Sudhir refused flatly while Ratan emptied a glass of port almost in one gulp.

"You may be sure," he said smacking his lips, "I'm not a drunkard. But I'm no teetotaler either. And, well, if you would stay for two days more, I'd send for a dancing girl from Kamnagar and invite some of my friends and officers from Kamnagar, and we'll have a jolly revelling time with music, songs and *nautch*."

"No thanks," returned Sudhir. "We must leave tomorrow."

Next morning they were driving to Kamnagar railway station in one of Ratan's half-a-dozen magnificent spare cars.

"Ratan's the same old sport isn't he?" observed Harin. "To me it sounds a bit uncivil to be hard with such a nice fellow."

Sudhir knew what he meant and answered coolly, "Personal ties or conduct don't count in major impersonal issues."

"Remember the lesson of the Gordian Knot we read as kids?"

Sudhir returned a questioning look.

"What I'm driving at, is this," explained Harin. "The affair of the haves and have-nots is a regular Gordian Knot. I don't know if anybody can ever succeed in untying it."

Communism has taken economic power out of private hands, but by concentrating political power in the grasp of a small group not subject to the controls which political democracy provides has, at the same time, concentrated both political and economic power into the hands of an oligarchy more powerful than any in history. This oligarchy grants some freedom as a favour to those who support it, but it is freedom held on a lease subject to cancellation if it is not exercised in ways of which the oligarchy approves.—FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

"But the have-nots can cut the knot," returned Sudhir grimly, "and wrest the empire of happiness from the hands of a self-centred few!"

The next day Harin and Sudhir were in Rajpur driving home in *jutka* and hardly had they entered a quieter road when they drove past a crude music-and-wild-dance funeral procession.

Sudhir perceived the gloom return to his friend's face.

"Life and Death: what really are they?" Harin mumbled abstractly.

"Why," said Sudhir, "haven't you got it yet? These three days that's exactly what I have been trying to show you besides doing a bit of work for the *kisans*."

"What do you mean?" asked Harin puzzled.

"The glorious active life we lived in the hut and the fields is Life. The indolent blood-sucking life of Ratan-sing is Death. That is my concrete solution of the problem! See?"

"You inveterate Materialist! Marxist!" said Harin. "That's why you gave me a day's rigorous imprisonment, eh?"

"The day you told me you were trickled by Life and Death," returned Sudhir, "I had read a bit of Tagore's *Leave This Chanting* and Carlyle's dissertation on 'Work.' I merely adopted them to my way of thinking and then followed translation of thoughts into action. That's all! So sir, you know now? Work is Life; Indolence is Death!"

"Say," said Harin Pundit, "I thought you fellows shunned Tagores and Carlyles as mystics, and brow-beating metaphysicians."

"A deplorable misconception!" returned Com. Sudhir. "We imbibe sense no matter where we find it."
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KUMARI NIRMALA'S ART IN BHARATA NATYA

By E. KRISHNA IYER

WITH the coming in of international recognition and esteem for Bharata Natya as the most classical and refined among Indian dance systems, there has developed of late something like a craze for it all over India and abroad. In turn it has led to feverish cultivation of the art by all sorts of people, without much reference to requisite qualifications of the artistes or to correct conceptions of the great art as it has been and should be. Though somehow the stock value of spurious and hybrid art has gone down even in the West, which demands nowadays more and more of genuine classical Bharata Natya, it is rather an irony that many of the artistes and art lovers in our own country have not yet freed themselves from the cheap attraction of the so-called 'Oriental dances.'

This undesirable phenomenon is due partly to the paucity of good teachers with genuine art traditions and partly to the ununderstandable prejudice of one school against another, even among the few existing classical ones. Even the few available masters of good traditions are unwilling to realise that classical art itself has many aspects, features and styles, that each school specialises in one or two of them only and that such specialisation to the neglect of others cannot give a complete picture of the fulsome art. On top of all these is the undue hurry of most artistes to make their debut on the stage with insufficient training or with their crude technique unpolished by necessary and pertinent grace, thereby giving the false impression that classical art must necessarily be crude, jerky or heavy thumping. Really classical Bharata Natya, with all its high technique, is the most graceful, elegant and dignified *lasya* type of art; and adjectives like 'powerful,' 'vigorous,' 'virile' and 'sinewous,' used indiscriminately by many modern writers to describe it are but misconceptions born of crude misrepresentations of the art.

When in such a state of affairs, a duly qualified artiste, with gifted personality, intelligent art-sense and understanding enough to combine



Kumari Nirmala

some of the best features of more than one traditional style, comes up, she and her art make themselves felt as unique by knowing connoisseurs as well as by the lay public. Such is the case with Kumari Nirmala of Egmore. She is the daughter of Mr. M. H. Viswanathan, and is now completing her School Final studies. She has had her training in dance in the famous Pandanallur style, noted for its austere classicism in choreography, under the reputed teacher Chokkalingam Pillai of Pandanallur in the Indian Institute of Fine Arts at Egmore. Having graduated as *Natyakalabhushani*, after three years of intensive training characteristic of that school, she made her debut as a duly qualified artiste on the stage five years ago, while yet too young under 12 years of age. Even then she created expectations in the minds of dance lovers, that with her coming into proper age and the physical deve-



Kumari Nirmala in a dance pose

lopment requisite for Bharata Natya, she would outshine all other trained artistes of that institute.

Nirmala has now grown into a maiden of sixteen and her figure and facial cut are strikingly prepossessing. With this natural endowment and five years of stage experience, certain other favourable circumstances also have contributed to a highly desirable development of her art. Her taking an important part in the 'Sarafoji Kuravanji' ballets in the last two art festivals of the Tamil Isai Sangam brought her into close contact with the renowned Balasaraswathi, whose art represents another superior style in classical tradition. Shrewd Nirmala took full advantage of it to enrich and improve her art by imbibing some of the superior abhinaya, grace and refinement of that illustrious artiste.

On account of another vicissitude, she had to forego her former orchestra and form a new one of her own. It proved to be a blessing in disguise. The leader of the new orchestra is no less than Mr. Ganesa Pillai, the talented son of the late Kandappa Nattuvanar, who was Balasaraswathi's teacher. He succeeded in mastering the difficult Pandanallur style in dance patterns and proved that a nattuvanar though accustomed to one style could—if he chose—manage another as well. Over and above all these, Nirmala's own mother and her aunt—a well trained musician with sweet voice—have come in boldly as members of her orchestra to provide melo-

dious background music for her abhinaya portion.

No wonder, with such favourable circumstances, Kumari Nirmala's art has now reached a high water mark in unalloyed classical Bharata Natya. Such a unique development was first noticed when she gave a performance at the Mylapore Rasika Ranjani Sabha about a year ago and when Balasaraswathi and her mother Jayammal themselves helped her by supplying background music for her. The superb impression created by that show was more and more confirmed by her subsequent performances and particularly by a very recent one at the Fine Arts Society at Gokhale Hall. In the latter, her art was found remarkable for a fine combination of kaleidoscopically brilliant *Nritya* (dance) displays with unfailing *angasuddha* and exhilarating rhythmic precision characteristic of the Pandanallur style. Both her dance and abhinaya were marked by gliding softness and smoothness—ordinarily alien to the Pandanallur style—without at the same time sacrificing the necessary clearness and crispness of dance designs or expression. The mellifluous background music of her present orchestra greatly embellished her art.

Such a happy blending of many essential and desirable features of more than one great classical style could not but strike knowing connoisseurs as something rare and unique in present day growth of Bharata Natya and make them revise their former notions about the comparative values of different styles on the one hand and artistes of the same style on the other. Till recently, one other exponent of the Pandanallur style who came into prominence about five years ago, was being considered as the foremost in the field. The recent Natyakala Conference revealed that two or three more among the galaxy of well trained artistes of the same Egmore school had come up with qualifications enough to deserve equal prominence. With all that, these talented dancers have been at their best mostly in virtuoso technique of rhythmic displays without much of other essential and higher requirements of the great art. If Kumari Nirmala has now outstripped them all, including the seniormost artiste of the Pandanallur style, it is because of her striking

superiority over them in personality, high technique enlivened by transcending art, with grace, elegance and charm in both dance and abhinaya and in orchestral effect too. It is an interesting study to note, that while all deserving artistes may continue to evoke respect, no one can hope nowadays to keep up her pre-eminence for any length of time, since any moment an younger artiste with broader outlook, higher idealism and better understanding of the essentials of the great and graceful art may come up to challenge it.

In short, among the present day younger generation of dancers,

Kumari Nirmala has bloomed as the foremost exponent of pure classical Bharata Natya with the richest and most variegated choreography in dance and winsome expression in abhinaya, both highly embellished by charming personality and arresting grace and tidiness in execution and delectably synchronised with sweet flowing background music. If Kumari Kamala happens to be the star-artist of the lovely Vazhuvur style, Kumari Nirmala is undoubtedly the leading light of the grand Pandanallur style with polish and refinement super-added, in Bharata Natya for the present.

NEHRU BAITING

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

LORD DARLING, the great common law judge, once defined democracy as a state where we can rail at our rulers without reason and hang them without treason. This feature of democracy, it must be confessed, appears to have taken deep root in our country, and no one who has been listening to the badgering of some of our upright men since 1946, can fail to be unaware of this. This is not, however, to suggest that public criticism should be stifled; we in Madras are painfully aware of the thick veil of secrecy which flew over many acts of the Congress members, M. L. As and ministers, eventually resulting in bringing down the organization itself into disrepute and paving the way too for its liquidation.

Pandit Nehru has in recent times become the cynosure of all eyes—recently the Pope looked up to him as the harbinger of peace and goodwill in this world; and it is perhaps natural that in common with the high and the mighty in any country and in any age, he should evoke the highest adulation as well as the vilest abuse. In the war years a bishop in South India openly castigated him as Public Enemy No. 1, but those of us who felt piqued at it then, could hardly have imagined that within a few years, he would be characterised even in worse terms by his own

countrymen, in fact by his own comrades and colleagues in the cabinet. Opposition to his views, and in fact, to his very eminence in India and in the comity of world nations, emanating from his past political enemies and from those who were the henchmen of British Imperialism, is understandable. Even the seismic outbursts of ill will in the American and British press born of frustration at his refusal to toe the line of the aggressor can be explained away. But what are we to say of the hosts of persons in our country, scholars, statesmen and "writers of scintillating wit and elegant prose," who are prepared to damn him unreasonably and unjustifiably and who would even demur to his using the I. A. F. plane (albeit at his own cost) for traversing this vast peninsula, when even as a prisoner the foreign nations had allowed him the amenity?

On 14th June 1945 Lord Wavell prepared for the transfer of British sovereignty to India and constituted an Executive Council with both the Congress and the Muslim League. The League however was in no mood, to cooperate but ultimately an Interim Government was formed on 16th June 1946 with 12 members leaving the way open for the League to join later. This Government worked as a team till 26th October 1946 and had it been left

undisturbed, the history of our country would have taken a different shape. But in the interval grave things had happened. On 29th July 1946, the League rejected the Cabinet Plan and resolved upon "direct action," its leader significantly enough proclaiming that "that day they had forged a pistol and were in a position to use it." Used it actually was by his compatriots within a few weeks thereafter in Calcutta and afterwards in Nakhali and Amritsar; even a member of the Interim government, Sir S. A. Khan, was not spared. The Muslim League felt frightened and weakened when it saw the administration running smoothly, and very soon with the good offices of the Viceroy, somehow managed to smuggle itself into the Cabinet. And on the very day of its entry, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan proclaimed that there would be no joint responsibility and that Pandit Nehru, the Vice President, was the leader of only the Congress block. This entailed disastrous consequences in the administration, and in less than a month, Pandit Nehru publicly complained at the Meerut Congress that all conventions were being thrown into the winds by the League members who were working in concert with the British Viceroy and the permanent services, sabotaging the normal governance of the country. In the Muslim League-governed departments in the Centre as well as in its provincial satellites, Bengal and Punjab, there was Pakistan in action. If the Congress had nominated an ambassador, out went a trade commissioner to neutralise his work; and Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan's budget from the effects of which the country is still suffering was a product of those times. In Bengal and in the Punjab, open violence was both preached and practised. Sardar Patel revealed that in Delhi, Muslim officials right from the top down to the chaprasi worked for the Muslim League. The country was actually heading towards anarchy and the choice before the nation as the Sardar pointed out, was whether there was to be one Pakistan or whether the whole of India was to be Pakistanized. Nor were the subsequent happenings calculated to lessen the risks. The League stood out of the Constituent Assembly and insisted on the compulsory grouping by majority

vote of the Muslim majority provinces, and had succeeded even in inducing the British Government to alter its original plan. And both before and upon the partition, horrible massacres and rapine were the order of the day. Congress-governed provinces like Bihar nipped all savagery in the bud, not so Bengal and Punjab: even the public enquiry in the former was tabooed. The Congress could not shut its eyes to what had been happening all round, and found at any rate in the Punjab that division was far better than total annihilation. And in regard to Bengal, both the people and the P. C. C. had actually agitated for it. If paying homage to the abstract ideals, the Congress had remained adamant, the whole country would have become the aggressor's with Hyderabad, Bhopal and Junagadh providing the sinews. Hence it is not as if "half a dozen bewildered men" were willing parties to it or that Lord Mountbatten had exorcised Pandit Nehru "with his charms" into agreeing for it. As for the post-partition problems, about which so many harsh things are still bandied about, the stunning defeat of the Jan Sangh and the Hindu Mahasabha in their homesteads is a pointer to the wisdom of the Congress administration in that regard.

As regards N. W. F. P. certain facts have to be stated. The area is contiguous to West Punjab, the Hindus form only 5% and the Sikhs are but a few thousands. The Congress could not but concede the right of self-determination in the same way as had been done in regard to Sylhet. It is really difficult to see, after all that had happened, how a referendum could have been avoided: after all, the Congress was only one party in the bargain. Vigneswara's reference to the "dishonest" referendum lacks justification; equally so his allusion to the Consamby as a "rump"—by the way it represented not merely the Congress but practically every man of note and every interest in the country.

As for Pandit Nehru's foreign policy there is little that could be reasonably said by way of criticism. The world has given him credit for preserving peace and stemming aggression. He has not succumbed to the blandishments of London, Moscow, New York or even Peking; and this is no mean achieve-

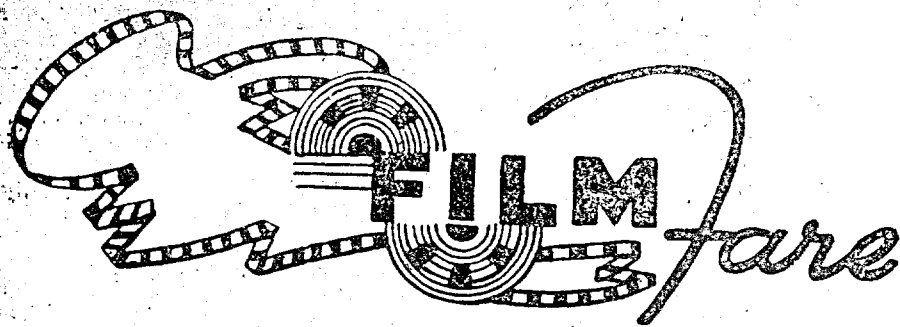
ment. As for Kashmir the problem "baffles solution" because certain nations are interested in keeping it unsolved but it is a tribute to Pandit Nehru's handling of the issue that Russia has recently called the bluff of the Western Powers. In fact whatever some of the carping critics at home may say, foreigners including those affected by it, have applauded his foreign policy.

In the early half of 1951, feelings between India and Pakistan had become strained to the utmost limit, owing principally to the fierce outbursts in the Pak press and platform and the "clenched fists" campaign. The people most affected were our nationals in West Punjab and Bengal and in the contiguous areas, some hundreds of whom had been butchered previously owing to a mischievous headline in a Pak paper. Just at this time an astrologer took it into his head to broadcast that war would break out on 9th September between the two dominions. In advanced countries, nobody would have taken serious notice of it, but circumstanced as we are in India with over 80% illiterates sunk deep in sentiment and superstition—in regard to astrology, even our educated folk are no better—news like that causes panic and alarm and untold suffering. In fact in the British Raj if any one had ventured on a prediction like that, prison and worse would have been his lot, although of course our astrologers were always careful enough to predict victory for the British arms. Thereupon Pandit Nehru promptly repudiated it and called the bluff. He asserted, and quite rightly too, that if war did not break out as predicted, people should take a firm resolve not to rely on astrologers anymore. In the twenties and the thirties, he proceeded,—(and we may add in the Vedic and Puranic ages)—people did not go about talking of astrology as we do now; we were not then a decadent people waiting on the stars. And he certainly could not conceive of votaries of a divine science, stretching out their hands for a dime before a gullible public. Now there is nothing in these statements that any one can take exception to. Yet the very next day, the Editor of the *Astrological Magazine* came out with a declaration

that Pandit Nehru's remarks were "stupid;" and not long afterwards a highly inflammatory article came to be published in that journal.

Astrology, especially Hindu astrology, cannot be dismissed as superstition, but still, unlike astronomy, it is not an exact science but an art only. Scientific phenomena are positive and certain. For instance, an eclipse can be predicted to the very second, but not a man's future, much less a nation's future. Our Vedas and Sastras set much store by 'Jyotisha' that is, astronomy, but little by astrology. In fact our Smritis and Grihya Sutras do not countenance the sort of pathetic faith which distracted parents now place upon it for choosing a bride or bridegroom. Most certainly our Rishis, if alive would have abhorred its application to mundane affairs, public events, races and market trends, and above all as a means of livelihood or luxurious living: That would be going against the Lord's dictum in the Gita (Chapter 18, sloka 15.) Pandit Nehru's castigation of astrology had a Sastraic basis. Even the Tamil poet Subrahmanya Bharatiyar has asked us to "cultivate astronomy, but cast away astrology." But Dr. Nagaraja Sarma has in his 10 page article, literally covered him up with abuse and ridicule. He regards his (Mr. Nehru's criticism, as arrogant, ill-informed, undignified, unfair, hasty, unbalanced, ill-mannered, losing mental equilibrium, product of a brain wave." He is then compared to Miss Mayo and Lord Curzon.

Pandit Nehru can never let himself be worried by such intemperate outbursts; perhaps he has not even read them. But a grave responsibility rests upon his countrymen not to take unfair advantage of his reticence and submission to abuse. After all that is said and done, Pandit Nehru still remains the idol of millions at home and abroad, and his name, no less than his achievements, will remain in history long after those of his detractors are forgotten. Let us all strive towards attaining his ideals and perfection, and be worthy of him. And let us not, arguing and abusing, lay waste our powers; and what is perhaps most important, let not India by unrestrained criticism lose Nehru even as South India lost Rajaji.



By V. P. SATHE

STARS continue to be the greatest headache of producers. It is difficult to make pictures with stars; but it is impossible to make them without stars. For, barring the pictures made by a few producers like Shantaram, Mehboob and Kardar, the picturegoers would not come to see the picture unless it was studded with stars. Even at a theatre like Liberty in Bombay the first week collections are not up to the mark for second rate cast pictures.

And yet the real problem is the dearth of sufficient number of stars. Any artiste who can be labelled star is unable today to cope with the contracts. Take the new-comers Nutan and Shyama; two years ago they did not exist. Today, each one of them has at least a dozen pictures on hand. Kamini Kaushal had gone into voluntary retirement two years ago; but ever since she decided to stage a come-back she has been busy signing one contract after another. Apart from *Poonam* she has already been signed for *Ansoo*; *Jagir*, *Aas*, *Atma*, *Jhanzar* and *Thumri*. And, I will not be surprised if she signs half-a-dozen more pictures within another month.

Dilip Kumar has always prided himself on the fact that he has never been acting in more than two pictures at a time. Well, today he finds that he has about seven contracts to fulfil including *Shikwa*, *Daag*, *Sangdil*, Mehboob's next picture, Kardar's *Dil-e-Nadan*, Ranjit's *Footpath* and Sunny's *Udan Khatola*. He is also scheduled to appear in Asif's next picture.

The shortage of stars can only be met with the discovery of new stars. Of course it has been found almost

impossible to give trial to absolute newcomers. The latest policy adapted by the producers therefore is to give a break to junior artistes. Thus we find Shahid Lateef has selected Shakuntala, who has been playing lead in Marathi pictures and side roles in Hindi pictures and Kishore Kumar, Ashok's younger brother who appeared in *Andolan* for the principal roles in his new picture *Fareb* which he is producing under the banner of Filmiana. Then, Din Dayal, a Hockey player from Calcutta who has been playing 'bit' roles in New Theatres pictures has been imported to Bombay to play the lead opposite Suraiya in *Resham*, Jubilee Pictures' second production. Pradeep Kumar and Deepak are the two Bengalee artistes imported by Filmistan. While Pradeep is playing the lead in *Anandmath* and *Anarkali*, Deepak will play opposite newcomer Sheela Ramani, a Sindhi girl brought up in Delhi in Bibhuti Mitra's new thriller. Filmkar has elevated Chitra, whose real name is Afsar Banu from a feature player to star in their new costume picture *Maan*.

With all these efforts it is felt that the problem of stars cannot be solved unless and until the film world discovers at least a dozen new heroes like Dilip and Raj and dozen new heroines like Nargis and Madhubala. The only problem which is even more difficult to tackle than that of stars is that of play-back singers. Today Lata enjoys a monopoly and if she goes out of Bombay or her voice fails, the entire production schedule is upset. The music directors refuse to have any other singer, and no wonder, for there is no singer who has such a beautiful voice and who is so versatile as Lata.

However great she may be, it is bad for the industry to be entirely dependent on one voice. The industry needs at least half-a-dozen Latas, to cope with the work and also to lend variety and freshness to songs.

In other words, the greatest need of the day is talent. Either there is not sufficient talent in this country (this talent before partition, mind you, was mainly supplied by Lahore and West Punjab) or our producers do not know where to find it.

Star Of The Week

Thanks to growing age, the film industry has lost one more star, Jairaj. Hereafter he will be playing character roles. Jairaj is a very old trouser. He began his career when pictures had not started talking. One of the first educated youths to join the film industry, Jairaj hails from Hyderabad and is related to Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, a fact which he never proclaims.

With a suit-case and a few rupees he left his house on 6th April—a date, which, according to Jai, has played an important part in his life—and he came to Bombay. In the beginning he was called upon to play 'double' to Nandram, the popular hero of silent days. Jai's job was to perform all the 'stunts' for the hero. Later he became a hero himself. In the talkie era Jairaj continued to play hero and his good command over the Hindi language and diction helped him well. But though he appeared in many pictures, he never made a great name for himself.

It was only in the forties, during the war time boom, Jairaj got his real break. Considered for a long time as an 'unlucky' star for no fault of his, Jairaj's success in *Panna* brought him luck and money. Though some of his earlier pictures like *Swaminath Bhabi* and *Nai Duniya* had proved a great success, Jairaj had always been considered an 'unlucky' star. In a sense it is true. For, apart from box-office success or failure, in spite of all his earnestness and sincerity Jairaj has never been able to rise to great histrionic heights.

It was only in *Nai Kahani* that Jai as a simple villager gave a sterling performance though Jai himself likes his portrayal of Shirazi in *Shahjehan* better. Apart from acting, Jai has

always been toying with the idea of direction. He got his first chance years ago when he was co-director of Prakash Pictures' *Mala*, the picture which incidentally marked the debut of Naushad as music director. Later Jairaj directed Bombay Talkies' *Pratima* starring Swarnalata and Dilip Kumar. Both the pictures did not succeed; and even Jairaj's independent effort *Sagar* has not met with success. Yet he has not given up hope and is making a determined effort to win the honours in his next production.

Though luck has not been so kind to Jairaj, he has made good in life. Happily married to a daughter of journalist Kriparam he is the father of five children and now he has his home in Khar. A voracious reader, he has one of the best collections of books in Bombay. Progressive in his outlook like his famous aunt, Jai has been a puritan; and yet he has never lost his balance like other stars. That is in fact the key to the success of his film career for the last two decades.

Now that he has become a character actor—acting the role of Suraiya's father in *Resham* and playing a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in S. V. Mungre's *Lal Kunwar*, Jairaj, I have no doubt, will rise to the great histrionic heights he has always aspired for. Fortune must smile on this devoted and sincere artiste at least now.

Picture Of The Week

The double-role stories are the latest vogue on our screen. This vogue was started by Gemini's *Nishan* and Chopra's *Afsana*. Apparently the picturegoers even today seem to enjoy the 'double-role' trick which affords plenty of scope for humour as well as dramatic irony.

J. K. Nanda's new picture *Chamke* which he made for producers Maganlal, Chhaganlal Desai and Chimanlal Popatlal the three partners of National Film Circuit, also revolves round a double-role and creates drama out of mistaken identity.

In Lucknow, Kailashnath's son is lost due to negligence of his friend Nigam; while the real son is found in the care of Eadell Kanpuri. Nigam finds a substitute by chance who looks exactly like the lost son and brings

him to Kailashnath's home. The substitute thus is brought up as the real son, while the real son is brought by Badel in Kanpur.

Twenty years pass. The fake son grows up into a vagabond. He does not care for studies and wastes his father's money in wine, women and cards; he is betrothed to Shashi the daughter of Nigam, the family friend. Shashi naturally dislikes him.

At this juncture the real son who has been very studious and intelligent arrives in town with his adopted father. At a theatre he meets Shashi, the girl who is betrothed to Kailashnath's son Mukesh; since his name is also Mukesh, Shashi takes him for his fiancée and for the first time is impressed by his conduct. Thanks to mistaken identity which provides a series of interesting and amusing situations, Shashi and Mukesh, the real son, fall in love with each other and even when she comes to know that there are two persons looking alike her affections for the newly found Mukesh remain unchanged.

Meanwhile Mukesh, the 'substitute' son resorts to other tricks to save the situation; but as ill-luck would have it, his true identity is revealed and he finds that he has lost not only the girl but the right of Kailashnath's property. In desperation he tries to blackmail Kailashnath and in the scuffle kills him and puts the blame on the real son. After a long chase and fight the real culprit is brought to book.

The story by Nasir Hussain as presented on the screen is interesting, though it is not always plausible. It has many loose ends; and it gives no justification as to why the substitute son turns out to be bad. Is it because he is born in humble surroundings? Or is it because he is spoiled by the riches? The 'motivation' in any case is conspicuous by its absence; unless the author took it for granted that a humble boy is bound to be a misfit in a rich family and must turn out to be a 'bad' boy. If that has been the approach, it is certainly reactionary and feudal.

But in a story like *Chamkee* which is just a conglomeration of events strung together in an engrossing pattern, it is futile to analyse the psychological or sociological motivations of the characters. Significantly, how-

ever, the character of *Chamkee* is the least important in a picture named after it. She appears twice in the picture; once she falls in love with the villain, the second time she gives a refuge to the hero mistaking him for her lover. But on both the occasions she sings and dances—and dances rather well. Yet, it must be pointed out that Prem Dhawan has utterly failed to exploit the seven dance situations inspite of the well-tuned and cleverly written song numbers at his disposal. With Cuckoo and Roopmala to dance, he has not been able to give one sizzling dance number and he himself cuts a very ridiculous figure in one of the dances. Indeed, the dances lack the fire and vigour that is evident in the lyrics of Pradeep and the music of Manna Dey, who is bound to rise to the top-class music director very soon.

Among the artistes, Jeevan, more restrained than usual, obviously gives the best performance. As the rich poet in queer costumes who likes to hear his own voice, Jeevan is delightful. Unlike him Ullhas shouts too much and so does Murad. Ragini is good but unimpressive; and Meera Misra just appears in a couple of screens. Shekhar has the most important role; but he fails to do full justice to it. One has only to compare him with Ashok Kumar in *Afsana* or Ranjan in *Nishan* to realise the poverty of his expressions and the mediocrity of his performance.

Nanda's direction is competent as usual; but this time he seems to have submerged his personality and donned the mantle of a straight forward narrator without any frills and embellishments to show off his skill as an expert craftsman. To that extent, one does miss the 'Nanda touch' in *Chamkee*.

News Of The Week

—The star-parade which was cancelled in Bombay was held in Delhi on Saturday 23rd February at National Sports Stadium. The Indian stars who participated in the parade included Nargis, Raj Kapoor, Premnath, Yakub, Suraiya, Naseem, Motilal, Nigar, Veena, Vyjayanthimala, Surya Kumari, Durga Khote, Ranjan and Geeta Roy.

—The muhurat of Goel Cine Corporation's *Aas* was performed on Saturday 23rd at Famous Cine Laboratory

& Studio, Mahalaxmi, Bombay. Kamini Kaushal, Shekhar and Om Prakash lead the cast. The music is entrusted to Shankar and Jaikishen while Hasrat and Shailendra are composing lyrics.

—Producer-Director S. Shrivastav launched Co-operative Pictures' maiden production *Chingaree* starring Nalini Jaywant and Shekhar and based on a screenplay by Madhusudan on Friday 22nd February.

—Dilip Kumar, Nimmi and Suraiya will lead the cast of Mehboob's next

picture based on a screenplay by Ali Raza. In the absence of Mehboob, Dilip is expected to direct part of the picture.

—Bimal Roy is now directing National Films' maiden production, the title of which has been changed from *Saya* to *Jagir*.

—Asha Mathur is playing the lead in Kishore Sahu's new production *Hamari Duniya* which will be directed by his brother Sushil Sahu. Others in the cast are Om Prakash, Rani Chanda.

EXHIBITION TENNIS IN MADRAS

By P. N. S.

THE Madras Lawn Tennis Association could not have done better to augment the fund for their coaching scheme than they did in arranging exhibition tennis matches, with champions like Frank Sedgman. Miss Doris Hart and Miss Shirley Fry participating. For the appearance of these famous figures at the Madras court did more than bring much needed money; it provided valuable lessons in tennis, and, if only the scores of youngsters who had gathered to watch Sedgman and company had taken the cue, the efforts of the Association would have been amply rewarded.

It would be superfluous to put in print the inestimable qualities of the Australian Davis Cup star; he is the talk of the tennis world at present, and it is not for nothing that thousands packed the Stadium at Egmore to see him in action. Sedgman made his appearance in the middle of the Hermann-Naresh Kumar encounter and loud cheers greeted him. And as the first match dragged on, so it seemed to all of us impatient to see Sedgman in action, all eyes rested on the tall, athletic figure that sat on a chair with a smile lighting his face.

After Naresh Kumar beat Hermann, Sedgman and the Polish star Skoneski took the court amidst applause, and delighted the galleries for nearly an hour. As anticipated, the Australian was the victor, but less weight was attached to the victory itself than to the manner in which Sedgman took the road to it. Sedgman possesses

the ideal figure for tennis—or, for that matter, for any game. His tall loose-limbed figure immediately suggests a power capable of dominating the scene at any time. And Sedgman that day did dominate the game at his sweet pleasure. He might have been disturbed by the dazzling manner in which Skoneski began, but there was little evidence of it in his face. He went about his task unperturbed and to a set plan. As he slowly got accustomed to the pace of the court, he began unleashing strokes that swept the court with power and style. He conceded a set to his opponent, but one felt that if he had only desired he could have won it, well as Skoneski played.

Sedgman's victory was greeted with big applause, but it left a feeling that we did not see the best of the Australian. True, indeed, there were a few gems of drives both on the forehand and backhand to which Skoneski did not even attempt to produce answers, but merely stood watching their course in rapt admiration. And there was always the style—easy and nonchalant—that never became tiresome to the eyes. Perhaps, like all great players, Sedgman knows how to conserve energy, and, on this day he produced tennis just enough to overcome Skoneski.

It was not only Sedgman with all the aura around him that was the cynosure of the packed galleries, during this match. Skoneski occupied the stage with an equal, if not greater,

prominence. As the photographers snapped at them just before the match, Skoneski, standing by the side of Sedgman, appeared diminutive, albeit goodlooking and beaming with confidence. But once the match began he suddenly grew tall; for a good number of minutes he was the only one in the picture, capturing points and the hearts of the crowd by brilliant drives, all of them clothed in the dress of style; in fact, there was a beautiful Oriental touch in Skoneski's strokes. Slowly and surely Sedgman established his ascendancy over him, but the Pole was never to be disturbed in his elegant approach to stroke-play; the game, and not the scores, seemed to be the aim of Skoneski's tennis. And how he enjoyed his strokes! When a dazzling stroke—drive, service, volley or half-volley—swept his opponent off his feet, he threw back his head and smiled—one almost heard him say "Well, what do you think of that?"

On the second day, Sedgman not being there, the galleries, though full, were not jam-packed as on the previous day. But the many who failed to turn up, missed indeed, a veritable feast of tennis. For more than an hour Miss Doris Hart and Miss Shirley Fry kept them spellbound with the magnificence of their skill. "Never before have we witnessed at Madras such a splendour from competitors of the fair sex," said many a veteran.

The two ladies afforded a striking contrast as they moved over to play. Miss Hart, tall and sparse, walking with a seeming uneasiness and Miss Fry, a little shorter, with a pleasant face, bubbling with youth and confidence. Looking at Miss Hart the question arose in the mind 'Can this be the world Champion?' But it took very little time for the answer to come. Once the umpire called 'play' Miss Hart was the picture of perfection. She seemed to fly the court with winged feet; she was always placed exquisitely for the strokes. And what a galaxy of strokes! She drove with power, with more power on the back-hand than on the forehand. Just a flick of the wrist, the bat caressed the ball, to speed it on skimming inches above the net and clearing the maximum length possible. It was this length, ball after ball, that kept Miss Fry on the run from corner to corner,



Dr. P. T. Raju, University Professor of Philosophy and Psychology, and Dalmia Professor of Philosophy, who has been appointed as Visiting Professor of Comparative Philosophy at the University of Illinois, U. S. A. Dr. Raju is one of the foremost Vedantins, and is well-known as a creative thinker and as an authority in Comparative Philosophy.

knocking the breath out of her time and again. But Miss Hart was not a champion of the drives alone. She produced the volleys, low and again at length, in exquisite manner; she served hard and with power; and all this she did with such ease and fluency that she looked as fresh at the end as at the start of the match. Miss Hart indeed looked the complete player, with no more worlds to conquer in the realm of technique.

In contrast to the composure of Miss Hart, Miss Fry approached her tennis with vehemence. To her the ball seemed an object that must be whipped to answer her call. Her services and smashes had in them a power worthy of a man; even Miss Hart stood transfixed as many of her drives sped off the court in a flash. In the second set which she took at 9-7 she was masterful and many of the running drives on both flanks were real gems. And all the while she enjoyed her tennis; her manners were always pleasant, with a smile acknowledging the applause of the galleries as well as the skill of Miss Hart.

NEW SET-UP IN HYDERABAD

From A Correspondent

SRI B. Ramakrishna Rao, leader of the Hyderabad Congress Legislature Party has not yet announced his team of Ministers. Delhi would have greatly influenced the composition of the new Government; for Mr. Nehru has taken upon himself the responsibility of the administration of Part B States. He is elated by the good results in the Punjab due to the personal attention he has devoted to that State. He is sorry why he did not attend to Hyderabad earlier. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why one could not know either the strength or the personnel of the Ministry while the leader of the party was in the State. In this context, the first popular Government will be more or less composed of the nominees of the Central Government out of the 93 Congress legislators. If necessary, a non-elected member may also be nominated.

The task ahead of the new Government is indeed formidable. More than the personnel of the Cabinet, it is on the policy of the Government as a whole that the solution of the "Communist problem" in the State depends. Should they choose to follow a mild and ineffective programme with regard to land, the Communists are bound to make a capital out of it. A solution of the land problem and a gearing up of the Governmental machinery in the "disturbed districts", with a view to making the administration more effective, may improve the situation. As Sri B. Ramakrishna Rao told a press conference at Delhi on Monday last, it is not the question of land alone that had created difficulties. There is a feeling that the Governments after the Police Action have been rather "soft" towards the inefficient in the Government services, particularly the Muslims. A sort of resignation reigns over the Muslim officials. Except a few, most of them behave as though they are just biding time. Unless a spirit of enthusiasm

and a need for whole-hearted work is infused in the executive machinery, no reforms, however good, and no laws however strict, would bear fruit. It is to this aspect of the administration that Sri Ramakrishna Rao should be alive to.

Apart from the merits or defects of the decision to convert the Osmania University into a Hindi University to be administered by the Centre, this step, on the eve of the formation of a Government of people's representatives, has been resented by the people in general. Mr. Nehru's idea to have a Hindi University south of the Vindhya to forge a cultural unity between Northern and Southern India may be laudable. But there was no need of such dreadful hurry to force this change from the top without any reference to public opinion, which has been so vehement against the work of the University for so many years. The intelligent public is rightly suspicious of any move on the part of those now in authority in the University and there is every reason to believe that Mr. Nehru's decision was actuated by their insistent proposals. The Vice-Chancellor's request for the transfer of the University to the Centre is part of his desire to continue the *status quo* in a different garb. The University has been a sealed book so far as the public is concerned, since its inception. In the cloak of autonomy power was concentrated in the hands of a few. Autonomy was practised in the University without changing its constitution on the lines of other autonomous universities. It is felt that huge funds at the disposal of the University have not been properly spent. All these matters call for an enquiry by an impartial committee. Till a report by such a committee is available to the Government of India, the present set-up should not be disturbed.

NEW DELHI DIARY



By V. V. PRASAD

OUR popular film stars have taken the place of our unpopular political leaders of the Congress Party in the hearts of our people. This was demonstrated at the so-called "Pageant" of film-stars, which was really a "Parade"—and not a "Pageant". I am assured by one of the foremost producer-cum-directors of the world that if such a terrific show was so badly organized in his country, the public would insist on their money back, and they would get it. I hope the organizers will expiate for their sins by building a good non-commercial theatre for cultural films with the one lakh of rupees collected. Out of evil cometh good.

None of the foreign or Indian delegations had seats reserved for them; but the Indian stars received wild and tumultuous cheers from an adoring public. When Pandit Nehru came in, nobody noticed him because everybody was lost in locating Nargis and Raj Kapoor, Suraiya and Naseem, Suryakumari and Vaijayantimala, and so on. Prem Nath, Motilal, Ranjan, Nigar, Durga Khote, Sunanda, Yashodhara Katju, were cheered like the members of the Congress Working Committee in the old days.

Many of the film-stars had come to Delhi with all kinds of costumes and so forth in order to participate in the "Pageant". But our organizers have no thought for such Pageants. They want the money; the public wants to have a good look at the stars; they therefore put a few people at each gate and collected the money. If the public could not see the stars, it served them right—according to the organizers—because the public were crazy, anyway! Although our President puts the Army and the Navy and the Air Force in the Republic Day Parade, our public has only a raised eyebrow for them all. We would have put our workers and our peasants, our artists and our intellectuals, in

our Parade. And the cheering would have been like the cheering at the film stars' "Pageant."

But we must remember that most of our artistes in the film world really do not deserve all this ballyhoo. Some of them are vulgar fellows, who have no talent for anything. They are there because of nepotism and favouritism which is as widely prevalent in the film-world as it is in the Nehru Government. They are top-notchers today because they have been built-up entirely by means of publicity. It is all a build-up. James Burke of *Life Magazine*, who took a large number of pictures of our film celebrities, told me that one of our male stars thinks that he is a god. I can very well believe that. Alexander thought so too. Those who meet with success prematurely, and without really deserving it—like Alexander and this here film star—can explain their success to themselves only by assuming that they are gods.

Our emphasis on our stars has resulted in our neglect of our stories. If you put Nargis or Suraiya in a picture, you will have a good box-office receipt. We sometimes pay as much as 50 per cent of our total expenditure on a picture to our stars. The pictures don't have any story worth mentioning. Even in Hollywood, they are beginning to pay some attention to the stories, of late. But even they had never paid more than twenty per cent of the cost of a picture to the stars. The Italian and French pictures have made Hollywood sit up. And the Japanese pictures are making even the Italians and the French sit up.

Nikolai Semenov (pronounced Semyonov), Deputy Minister for Cinematography in the U.S.S.R., was, in many ways, the outstanding personality of the Film Festival. He made several

interesting observations in the course of his Press Conference. M. Semenov asked why the Bombay Press gave greater space to the World Table-Tennis Tournament than to the Film Festival. He did not deny that sport had its own importance, but he thought that the Film Festival was more important. Semenov went on to say that the Madras Press—and especially *The Hindu* and some language newspapers—gave an extensive coverage for the Film Festival. He, however, thought that this wonderful coverage in Madras for the Festival was not due to there being no Table Tennis Tournament in Madras at the time!

I asked Ivor Montagu at the All-India Peace Council meeting what he thought of this. Montagu, who is President of the World Table Tennis Organization, is a strong force in the Peace Movement in England. He said that Russian newspapers did not give so much space to sports; and that may have been the reason why M. Semenov was surprised. But we have seen that *Pravda* and other Soviet newspapers devote considerable space to Chess Tournaments; and Moscow Radio gives move-by-move commentary on all important Chess games.

Semenov made a rather uncomfortable offer to the Government of India about the joint shooting of a film in India. We should have jumped at the offer, but we will not give them any reply. Our technicians have so much to learn from the Russians. And yet we say that we belong neither to this bloc nor to that bloc. We are having collaboration with Americans and with the British in film-making; but our Government are afraid to collaborate with the Russians!

As if this is not enough, we go and offer a jeep or two to the American film stars alone in the Film Festival. And we make no similar offer to any of the other foreign delegations. The so-called "Pageant" should have been wholly an Indian show, or it should have represented all the delegations that have attended the Festival. I do not know why, but the outstanding British producer, Herbert Marshall, was present in Delhi, but he was not invited to speak at the inaugural function at the National Physical Laboratory. I am afraid our organi-

zers have bungled all along the line. There were no Press shows, for instance, for the Press. They showed all the Festival films to the officers of various Ministries! But for Mr. Ganju, the live-wire P. R. O. of the Indian Films Division, the Press here would have been much more furious with the Film Festival.

During a conversation, a well-known film producer of the world asked me whether there were any Indian writers whose work may give a picture of Indian life as it is really lived. One of the writers I mentioned was K. S. Venkataramani—but I did not know at that time that he had died a few hours before. His *Murugan the Tiller* and *Kandan the Patriot* will both be ideal subjects for filmatisation. His work was directed towards protecting Rural India from the predatory urban civilisation. His last visit to Delhi was less than a year ago. I had the privilege of accompanying him when he visited some of his friends. Mr. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar asked him, "You look very thin and pulled down." K. S. V. replied, "Yes, because I am a better representative of Rural India than all of you." And then he gave one of his pet expositions, which were full of wisdom, of wit and humour. He lost his breath, and broke into a paroxysm of cough. He could not continue his conversation. "I will get better, and come again to continue this conversation in February next year." We were expecting him to visit us in Delhi and receive a purse as a token of our appreciation.

Venkataramani favoured me during the last few years of his life by keeping up a correspondence with me—which was irregular only because of my incorrigible irregularity in writing to him. Even the last letter of his remains unanswered. He was writing an Introduction to the collection of my "New Delhi Diary" articles during the past few years, to be brought out by a London publisher. I do not know whether he could complete it. He was a source of inspiration to me, and I had accepted him as my Guru. What is more—after much good-humoured banter—he accepted me as his sishya. His death is a personal and irreparable loss to many of us who were his fellow-, if inferior, practitioners in the art of writing.

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

The Mayuram Incident

I have read with consternation the Government's note published over the signature of the Secretary for Education, on the above subject in your issue dated 26th January. Is the cause of education and the welfare of posterity of such poor consequence to Government, that Government should seek to do such major white-washing as they have done in this note? Of what avail is this enquiry, if the party most intimately concerned in it—the headmaster that has quit—has not been asked to tender evidence or make a statement before the officer enquiring? What is this disingenuous effort by Government to discover motives in the resignation of a headmaster—ordinarily unworthy of an individual and wholly unworthy of a Government who have not hesitated to bring their prestige down by incorporating it in a communique? The very technique of enquiry excluding the person most concerned and aggrieved is intended to frustrate its main object and the world of parents and educationists are unlikely to be deceived by this insinuating and evasive note. The psychology behind it of escapism from inconvenient facts is sad to contemplate. No Government anxious about the future of our children's education can afford to drop the curtain on such sordid happenings as led to the resignation of Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy Aiyar.

The Government did not have only the "Swatantra" article of 24th August 1951 to go upon in conducting the enquiry though "Swatantra" with its characteristic flair for championing just causes was the first to publish the full story as retailed by Mr. T. V. Ramachandran. A comprehensive representation had also been made by the headmaster himself to the Local Self-Government Department. It is passing strange that the Education Secretary's note should make no mention of the charges levelled by the headmaster himself against the Commissioner. Would he (the Education Secretary) claim that there is an Iron Curtain between the Local Self-Government and Education Secretariats and that therefore he has no knowledge of this representation?

Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy Aiyar served the Municipal High School for seven years with credit and renown. Out of 184 pupils sent up for the S. S. L. C. examination, 181 were declared eligible

in 1951. When the present Commissioner transferred him to the Kornad School, there was a public meeting of leading citizens held on 27th June 1951 which adopted resolutions protesting against the transfer from the Mayuram School to the Kornad School. The resolutions which were incidentally communicated to the Chief Minister and Education Minister apart from the Director of Public Instruction and District Educational Officer, drew the attention of the authorities to the transfer being ascribable to Mr. Krishnamurthy Aiyar strictly enforcing admission rules. A deputation of leading citizens sought to wait on the D. P. I. who declined to receive such a deputation. The resolutions, the local agitation by persons of standing like Messrs. C. Marudavanam Pillai, G. Aravamuda Aiyangar and V. Swami Aiyangar, and the representation to Government by Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy Aiyar were available to Government apart from the "Swatantra" article; so that what is intriguing about the Government's note is its sublime unconsciousness of the other information available to it.

The Government owe a duty to the cause of children and education to get at the final truth on this matter. Claiming to be a people's Government, they cannot camouflage the incident and dismiss the matter after cheaply insinuating that the headmaster in question malingered (the reference to medical leave is interesting) and was all the time wangling a job elsewhere.

Towards this end a judicial enquiry is essential. The ex-headmaster of Mayuram School should be invited to give evidence. Here are a few questions on which elucidation should be sought: (1) Is it true that the son of the Commissioner who was a II Form pupil was punished by the drill master along with other delinquents for absenting themselves from the drill class and the drill master became the victim of the Commissioner's wrath—was asked to submit an explanation. Whether the headmaster was asked to take disciplinary action against the unfortunate drill master, which the headmaster declined as being against the school's interests? (2) Is it true that the Commissioner intervened to get a Nadar boy sponsored by the local Muslim sub-magistrate admitted into the IV Form after the boy had failed in October 1950 and the headmaster declined to admit the boy as being against the D. E.O's circular

instructions? (3) Is it true that when the headmaster called on the Commissioner on 16-6-1951 in regard to the appointment of a Tamil pandit, the Commissioner recalling the Nadar-boy case, spoke insultingly to the headmaster and said the official in question had to be obliged somehow? Did he not end up this lecture by threatening to sack the headmaster even as he had sacked one at Bellary? (4) Did not the Commissioner hold a special meeting of the Municipal Council to adopt a resolution to admit all boys from municipal elementary schools to the two high schools, though the Commissioner was aware this contravened the Madras Educational Rules? (5) Did not the Commissioner seek to admit the son of the Public Prosecutor who had failed thrice in the examination without further examination in violation of the Madras Educational Rules—which Mr. N. S. Krishnamurthy Aiyar refused to do? Is it not a fact that over the same Public Prosecutor's boy's undeserved promotion in a sister non-municipal school in Mayuram an unfortunate headmaster was disbarred for three years? Is it a fact that this Public Prosecutor is now the Legal Adviser to the Municipality?

The headmaster's petition to the Local Self-Government Department should be the starting point of an enquiry. This among other things reveals that officials who ought to promote respect for law and rules have not only countenanced their violation, but have brought about such violation as it were at the point of the bayonet—as in this case. The petition alleges that the Municipal Commissioner brandished the big stick in the cause of a Magistrate and a Public Prosecutor and called upon the headmaster to ignore rules. It would be good to know that these allegations are untrue. It is sad that the Government should seek to dismiss the whole enormity after a parthian shot at the aggrieved headmaster because he did what any man of self-respect and diligence would do—namely to seek a position elsewhere.

The whole question has been raised above the level of a personal grievance as the headmaster is no more anxious to be reinstated. It is a challenge to the world of education if men of self-respect and genuine capacity should quit their assignments in disgust—because the loss is that of the town and not that of the headmaster. Would the South Indian Teachers' Union and the Headmasters' Conference take up this matter and see that such affronts to the dignity of edu-

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cation and of those who impart it is not imperilled by the ukases of petty officials?

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Madras.

Sri V. V. Prasad's Comments

Sri V. V. Prasad's comments of late have been surprising. For instance, commenting on Ranga's defeat (Swatantra, 2nd February '52.) he says, it sounds the death-knell of communalism in the Andhra country. The definite issue on which Ranga and the K. L. P. contested the elections is the one relating to the removal of controls which has nothing to do with communalism. Communal considerations, in fact, played a conspicuous part in the politics of some parties of Tamilnad about which Sri Prasad is silent. This naturally gives the impression that Sri Prasad does not mind communalism among parties willing to join hands with Communists in forming a non-Congress Ministry in Madras and that his vehemence with regard to Ranga is due to the latter's refusal to join hands with Communists. Will Sri Prasad please throw more light?

To give another instance: while deprecating the talk about the Indian Communists being agents of Moscow (Swatantra, 16th February '52) he says, "The Communists in India are Indian first and Communist next—just as Chinese Communists are Chinese first and Communists next and Russian Communists are Russian first and Communist next." But, is it not because Jugoslavs chose to be Jugoslavian first and Communist next that they got into trouble with Russia? And, is it not a fact that Communists all over the world who were extolling Marshall Tito formerly, began denouncing him and Jugoslavia ever since the latter fell out with Russia?

Continuing, Sri Prasad laments the attitude towards the Communists of Western thinkers including Bertrand Russell. The fact that not only Western thinkers but the people, including the working classes, of the advanced Western democracies are equally averse to Fascist and Communist totalitarianism without, however, becoming averse to Socialism only shows that they are against totalitarian dictatorship and regimentation under whatever label—an attitude which ought to be welcomed by every democrat instead of being lightly brushed aside as a prejudiced one as Sri Prasad has attempted to do.

One expects from an intelligent and gifted journalist like Sri Prasad not merely clever but well reasoned comments.

D. V. RAMA RAO.

Berhampur (Orissa).

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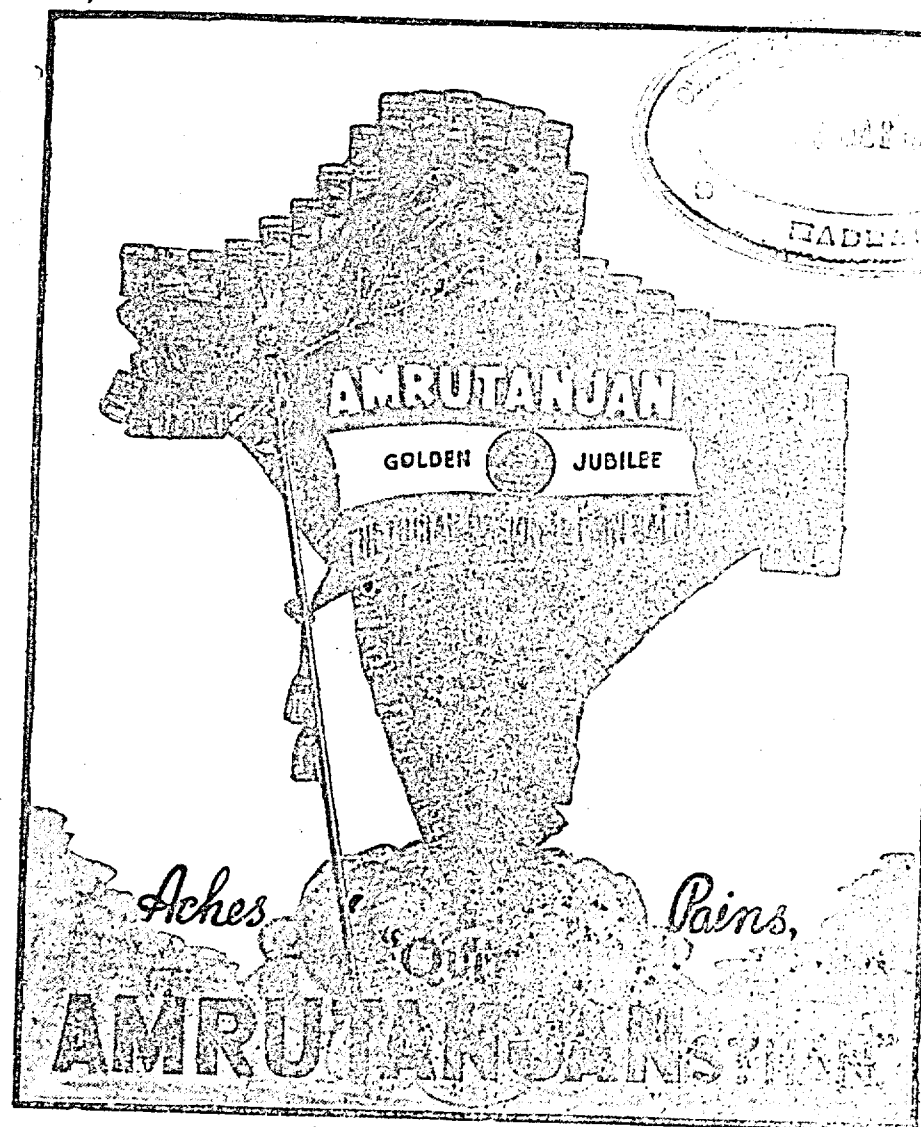
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WEEKLY

CIVIC ENTERPRISE

THE Commissioner's proposals for increased taxation seem to be inspired by the experience of his recent visit to England where he studied the working of many important municipalities. English municipal administration is much in advance of Indian standards. But the rate of municipal taxation is also higher there. Evidently the Commissioner thought that with more money to spend, better amenities could be provided, and the way to secure more money is by means of higher taxation. This logic may be flawless, but the atmosphere for translating it into policy is, at present, entirely lacking. In an era of diminishing comforts and increasing difficulties, people will not be in a mood to tolerate the idea of higher taxation. The ground for the heavy incidence of English taxes has been prepared through years of strenuous endeavour in service of civic welfare. Because they receive so much of benefit through the varied channels of municipal administration, the ratepayers of English municipalities are ready to put themselves to further strain, in perfect confidence that what they give will return to them greatly multiplied by the skill of experts and the careful and vigilant planning of administrators. In Indian municipalities, unfortunately, there is far too little to show by way of achievements conducive to healthy and comfortable living on the part of their resident populations. In a city like Madras, for example, the housing shortage has reached an appalling limit. The bulk of the poor live like cattle in over-crowded houses,

with barely human conveniences. Thousands have no houses at all and dwell on pavements. The transport problem would seem to have been abandoned in despair, to judge by the terrific packing witnessed day after day in the peak hours, on the trams and the buses. Many of the trams are fit only to be dismantled, and their noisiness is a nerve-racking experience for dwellers in the streets through which they pass. Sanitation still continues in a primitive state, and not a few of the streets are used as public latrines, often in broad daylight. On top of all, even water has become scarce. With the means even to the cleansing of dirt being denied, the city bids fair to become a hell-spot infested with diseases of all kinds, unless drastic measures are forthwith taken to check the rot.

Realising the gravity of the City's situation, the Chairman of the Standing Committee for Taxation and Finance has in his budget turned down the Commissioner's proposals for increased taxation. Mr. Dorai Raj holds that without recourse to additional taxation, it would be quite possible to reduce the deficit of Rs. 14.25 lakhs estimated by the Commissioner by some 6 lakhs. We do not know whether the Chairman's expedient of estimating the revenue at a higher figure than the Commissioner and the expenditure at a lower, will be justified by circumstances. Probably not, since the water shortage which is the most acute of the problems facing the city administration, is likely to hit the municipal finances both ways, by reducing its revenue and increasing its

expenditure. The Commissioner and the Mayor have been sparing no pains in the matter of sinking tube wells, constructing masonry storage tanks and the like, but it is to be feared that all these expedients together will not save the city when the water level in Red Hills tank sinks below the danger point. The water supply to the metropolis of the State is not a purely municipal responsibility, but should be dealt with as a task of the State Government. So far as the Madras Corporation is concerned the stage has been reached when avenues outside taxation should be sought for increasing income. One of the proposals made is to institute a raffle to finance the housing of the City's houseless poor. The Burma Government, it would appear, has been running a raffle of this kind for years, realising from it an annual revenue of Rs. 30 lakhs for employment on measures of social benefit. There is immense scope for the financing of social development through an extension of municipal enterprise into spheres like banking and transport. It is to be hoped that these new opportunities will be

promptly utilised for the benefit of the local population in displacement of the familiar policy of wringing the hands helplessly in a crisis pleading lack of means as an excuse.

Cheap Members

SRI Sanjiva Reddi, President of the Andhra Pradesh Congress Committee, has announced triumphantly that three Independents have offered to join the Congress Legislature Party. It will not redound to the credit of the Congress to admit the Independents into its fold. The Independents declared themselves as such before the elections for the reason that none of the existing parties could command their allegiance. Only by remaining aloof from other parties can the Independents lay claim to any vestige of integrity. What has the Congress done after the elections that Sri Sanjiva Reddi's three Independents should feel suddenly called upon to abandon their proclaimed independent status and merge themselves in the Congress organisation. Congress credit will become even cheaper than it is already if it seeks to bolster itself with these cheap members.

Sotto Voce

TRUTH IN ART



AN ingenious Marxist, a lecturer in English at Leeds, recently made out a list of "the six best novels" and gave reasons for his preferences. "Don Quixote" won the place of honour: it had "by its profound and merciless satire helped to destroy feudal society and to liberate mankind from feudal ideology." "Robinson Crusoe" came next: it had more than any single novel expressed "the

positive possibilities of life opened up by the bourgeois revolution." And "Wuthering Heights", while its astonishing poetic genius was conceded, impressed Dr. Kettle even more, apparently, as "the greatest emotional protest of the Victorian novel against the tyranny of class society."

It would not be difficult to discover in Shakespeare an excellent handbook

of swear-words or in Valmiki a treatise on omens if the researcher were of the "nothing like leather" school. Dr. Kettle is an honest man and the matter has caused him much heart-searching. If he had felt free to name his own particular favourites, he says, hardly one of the books already named might have figured among them. That will surprise you, but it will not, surprise you more than the favourites themselves. They include "Middlemarch" as well as "Tom Jones," "Lord Jim" as well as "The Brothers Karamazov". With some reluctance a place is found even for Proust, though a candid parenthesis confesses, "I might be hard put to it to defend it."

The critic's heart, it will be obvious, has been at war with his head and the head has won. By the "best novels" he understood those "which are now—and are likely to remain—the world's greatest." That kind of grading called for the highest objectivity. And objectivity was unattainable unless you "see each novel and yourself in a historical context." And so come out buzzing "feudalism," "bourgeois revolution," "class society" and all the other bees in the Marxist bonnet. The bland assumption that the materialist view of history has been carefully purged of all subjective elements is contradicted by the whole course of Soviet cultural propaganda and control over literature.

When Soviet critics speak of realism you are to understand by it realism stood on its head. "The writer who, in depicting the vestiges of the past in the minds of the people, merely records events, without 'interfering' in their course, without taking sides as a champion of the new.... such a writer is not a socialist realist, his position is that of an adherent of trends hostile to realism...."—thus pontificates Anatoly Tarsenkov. He instances, as "gross violations of the truth of life", a Soviet novel in which the cowardice of one man, an army officer, is represented as leading to the destruction of a whole division, and another fiction in which a soldier is shown as "displaying weakness." These attributes, it seems, "are a slander against reality."

The English writer who quotes this effusion in the *Political Quarterly* justly enough concludes, "Thus present day socialist realism seems to have been transformed into the unreality of the conventional fairytale." But the aesthetic school which is shocked by the critical aberrations of the Marxists is blissfully unaware of the beam in its own eye. Outside the narrow bounds of the post-Renaissance West European tradition, the aesthetes and the impressionists are wholly at sea when it comes to forming critical judgments. Thus the Orientalists of the eighteenth century set the fashion, still going strong, of looking for interpolations in the great Indian epics—interpolations which were inspired by the wily Brahman's desire to exalt himself.

The more a creative artist of the East is authentically in tune with the ethos of his race, the less is he intelligible, let alone being acceptable, to the Westerner who is so sure that his own values are the only real ones. Those critical writers who are able to transcend this limitation often fall into an opposite error no less grievous. They admire alien arts, especially such as they have discovered for themselves, for the wrong reasons. It is the bloom of the exotic that appeals to them, not the core of universal truth that underlies the particularity of the cultural environment. The man who is bewildered and repelled by the many-headed and many-handed "monstrosities" of Indian sculpture readily falls in love with the cave-man's drawings of Altamira and the funerary urns of the Etruscans.

A merely personal taste in literature and the arts—what used to be exalted as the soul's adventure among masterpieces—is usually a matter of hit or miss. The student must have a view-point as well as sensibility. And a view-point goes with a philosophy of life. Such a philosophy is implicit in all creative work. The Marxists blunder in supposing that the philosophy is conscious. And on that Procrustean bed they would stretch genius. The wind bloweth where it listeth. But the sun and the moon have prepared the way and keep it company.

VIGNESWARA

INDONESIA AGAIN TURNS TOWARD NEHRU

By ANDREW ROTH

SOUTH Asia has recently witnessed a most significant but little noticed resurgence of the neutralist feeling best articulated by Pandit Nehru. It demonstrated that a pro-American foreign minister in a country with a professed independent policy cannot lean over too far to embrace American proposals without being unseated by popular feeling.

The Foreign Minister in question was Indonesia's Dr. Achmed Subardjo who was forced to resign on February 21—with the whole cabinet toppling two days later—as a result of Dr. Subardjo's secret acceptance of U. S. Mutual Security Administration Aid. The resignation of the most pro-American Government in Indonesia's 26-month history almost resulted in Washington recalling its Ambassador and policy-maker in Indonesia, burly Merle Cochran. Mr. Cochran, who has been Washington's skilful instrument in Indonesia since 1948, is said to describe himself as the "midwife of Indonesian independence." If so, he must now regard Indonesians as most ungrateful.

In Britain only the incisive conservative weekly *The Economist* fully comprehended the impact of the cabinet resignation, warning on March 1 that "the events of the past month should be a warning to Western statesman that they cannot afford to force the hands of those who are willing to associate with them in Asia." For the rest, British opinion tended to underestimate the significance of the Indonesian crisis. *The Times*, for example, buried the fallen cabinet in six lines. *The Manchester Guardian*, which is usually sensitive to South Asian developments, minimized its implications, devoting only half an editorial to it, clearly based on outdated information from a Foreign Office source.

The slight attention paid to Indonesian affairs here illustrates the continued Western tendency to ignore Asian developments until the final stages of an anti-Western crisis. When

an Indonesian complained here recently that scarcely any press space is given his country in the British press, the sarcastic answer came: "What Indonesia needs—to be news—is a good-sized Communist revolt!"

Indonesia, of course, includes half the population and territory of strategically vital Southeast Asia and more than half of its rich resources. It is the world's leading producer of natural rubber and is second only to Malaya as a tin producer. These resources are important not only to the U. S.—which consumes half of the world's rubber and tin output—but to Britain as well. British investments in Indonesia are second only to that of Holland. In 1951 Britain's most substantial increase in export volume came from manufactured fats and oils—largely from Indonesian palm oil and copra.

Indonesia's resurgence of neutralism has already benefitted Britain. Like Burma, which turned toward the Colombo plan because it thought that accepting M. S. A. aid would commit it too much in the "cold war," Indonesia too is turning to Britain as a "smaller devil." Although a substantial contract for training Indonesian civilian pilots, involving £1,000,000 a year, was originally intended for an American firm, it has just gone to a British company.

Merle Miscalculates

The possible recall of American Ambassador Merle Cochran was suggested by a State Department official to the *New York Times'* Felix Belair (February 26). Although his recall was officially denied Mr. Cochran clearly underestimated the strength of the Indonesian belief in the Nehru-influenced Arab-Asian school of 'non-alignment' with either the American or Soviet block.

The passage of the Mutual Security Act by the U. S. Congress compelled the State Department to exact from those countries receiving military aid pledges to "help fulfil military obli-

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gations" to "defend the free world." After running into trouble in Persia, Burma and other countries, as well as initial resistance in Indonesia, the State Department thought it would be wise to offer Indonesia simply an economic aid agreement which does not entail these pledges. This was thought to suffice since the contemplated \$8 million of aid to Indonesia would include a large proportion of economic and technical assistance and a relatively small proportion of arms to equip its constabulary. In a secret diplomatic dispatch Mr. Cochran is reported to have insisted that he could secure Indonesia's signature to a slightly-reworded pledge to support American policy. He insisted that dropping this pledge, after his prolonged secret negotiations with the Indonesian Foreign Minister, might lessen U. S. prestige in Indonesia.

Mr. Cochran, without being "dizzy with success," presumably felt he could mould Indonesian Foreign Minister Subardjo to his wishes in view of his previous successes with the recently-resigned Sukiman cabinet. This cabinet contained probably the most pro-American elements in Indonesian public life. Its Premier, Dr. Sukiman, and its Foreign Minister Achmed Subardjo come from the rightwing of the Masjumi (Islamic) Party, which is Indonesia's largest. This traditionalist wing tends to look outside Indonesia for support: strongly pro-Japanese during the war, it has become strongly pro-American in the postwar period. This policy has been opposed by the younger Natsir-Rum-Shafuruddin wing of the party which favours the Nehru-like neutralist policy long articulated by Indonesian Socialist leader Sutan Shahrir. The outgoing cabinet was primarily a partnership between the pro-American rightwing of the Masjumi Party and the almost equally pro-American Nationalist Party (P. N. I.) According to diplomatic sources, the cabinet's position has been buttressed by President Sukarno who sees American help as the easiest way to modernize Indonesia and prove wrong the predictions of his Socialist critic and rival, ex-Premier Shahrir.

Working with the Sukarno-Sukiman-Subardjo group, Ambassador Cochran has chalked up an amazing series of successes, particularly in view

of Indonesia's continued insistence that it refuses to align itself with either power bloc. Last May Mr. Cochran persuaded Indonesia to embargo shipments of rubber to Communist China although Dr. Subardjo has insisted that Indonesia would "sell to the devil" to secure a good price for its rubber—42% of the world's natural rubber production. (Ceylon, which is not yet a member of the UN, has continued to sell to China).

Mr. Cochran also chalked up an important success in persuading Indonesia to attend the Japanese Peace Conference and, later, to sign the Japanese Peace Treaty. This broke the semi-neutralist "Asian front" which Indonesia had previously maintained with India and Burma in resisting alignment with American policy.

The Sukiman cabinet again endeared itself to the American Ambassador last August when it arrested an officially announced total of fifteen thousand "trouble-makers", mostly Communists, including 16 M. Ps. This dealt a serious blow to the strongest labour federation, the Communist-controlled S. O. B. S. I. It also evoked the admiration of the British Embassy because it resulted in an almost immediate decrease in strikes on British owned estates. The most hostile to this action was the Embassy of the People's Republic of China, which has scarcely attempted to conceal its disdain for the Indonesian Government and its proprietary interest in Indonesia's Communists who now look to Peking for leadership. Chinese diplomats have been throwing their weight around in Indonesia in a manner which would not be conceivable, say, in India.

Obsessed perhaps by this struggle with the Chinese Embassy for predominant influence and encouraged by the obvious admiration with which he was viewed in top Government circles, Mr. Cochran apparently underestimated the growth of resistance to the Government's continuing pro-American policy. Thus, although the Masjumi party voted by a small majority to support the signature of the Japanese Peace Treaty, the opposing minority included both ex-Premier Mohammed Natsir and ex-

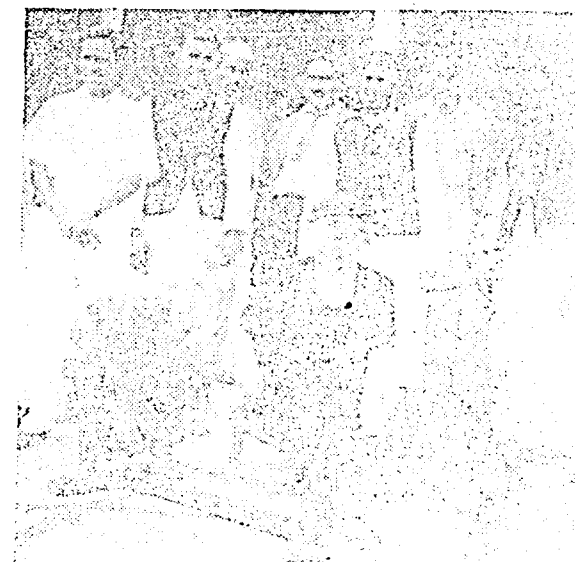
Foreign Minister Mohammed Rum. The Nationalist Party, Majumi's cabinet partner, voted against it, as well as the left opposition, making it inadvisable to submit the treaty to Parliament. Foreign Minister Subardjo was able to ride out the opposition by promising great results from his policy in the form of Japanese reparations. But, after prolonged negotiations, Japan has recently offered to satisfy only about 1% of Indonesia's claims.

Last November *New York Times* correspondent Tillman Durdin found that although "Indonesia's relations are far more extensive and friendly with the United States and other democracies than with the Communist nations," Indonesians still felt that "capitalist America is linked with Western imperialism" because of U. S. support for the French in Indochina and the British in the Middle East. "Indonesians are afraid the United States, with its expanding influence in Asia, may represent a new manifestation of imperialism and that close Indonesian association with the United States might mean undue American control over Indonesian affairs."

Among the most hard-headed section of Indonesian officials an influential segment also resents Washington's attempt to "buy" Indonesian support at cut rates. Indonesia resents being considered only a fraction as important as Formosa. Typically, in the M. S. A.'s January 25 release of \$3 millions for 5 Asian countries, Indonesia received \$72,000 against Formosa's \$1,612,000. Furthermore, Indonesia's dollar-producing exports of rubber and tin dwarf the \$8 millions in annual aid offered by the U. S. Indonesia's officials would prefer to be able to buy the important materials it needs. One Foreign Office official, for example, is furious that, after two years of trying, Indonesia has not been able to buy enough telephone equipment to conduct business efficiently in Djakarta.

The Clash

The forces of pro-Americanism and neutralism came to a head-on clash in February. Both U. S. Ambassador Cochran and Foreign Minister Subardjo attempted to avoid public controversy. Dr. Subardjo negotiated



Mrs. Roosevelt recently visited the Bharatiya Adimjati Sevak Sangh, Delhi. She is seen trying to spin at the wheel in the kufir once occupied by Gandhiji.

with Mr. Cochran in secret without informing anyone in the cabinet, except equally pro-American Premier Sukiman. Neither the Vice Premier nor the Defense Minister was consulted. On his side, Ambassador Cochran also played a lone hand, refusing for three weeks to see the representative of America's Mutual Security Agency who was cooling his heels in Djakarta.

One of the things which subsequently infuriated Indonesian political opinion was the manner in which these negotiations were concluded. On January 5—three days before the January 8 deadline—the Foreign Minister accepted M. S. A. aid. Although he apparently secured some important modifications of the required pledges, he kept even his acceptance a secret. Almost four weeks later a cabinet spokesman even denied Indonesia had accepted M. S. A. aid. It was not until the Masjumi newspaper *Abadi* "broke" the story on February 5 that it became general knowledge, and even then it was denied on the following day by the Foreign Ministry spokesman.

For a fortnight the cabinet attempted to remain aloof despite the waves

of public disapproval which broke about its head, both for the acceptance of M. S. A. aid and the surreptitious manner in which it was accepted. Describing the situation as "serious" energetic ex-Premier Natsir convened a meeting of the Masjumi Executive Board. After two days of intensive discussion the Foreign Minister's party voted against accepting M. S. A. aid, accusing him of having abandoned Indonesia's "independent foreign policy" and its "neutral" stand in the East-West conflict. The Greater Indonesia Party (PIR), annoyed that the cabinet of which it was a part had not been allowed to debate the decision, demanded Dr. Subardjo's resignation. The Nationalist Party reluctantly decided the whole cabinet must resign. The heated cabinet discussion of February 19 ended with the issue still "in dispute" with Dr. Subardjo apparently claiming that India, Burma and Ceylon had also accepted M. S. A. aid. Actually they had accepted only technical aid under Point Four.

An attempt was made, with President Sukarno's blessing, to find a formula to save the cabinet and its policy. It was decided, in the words

of Pedoman, to "throw the culprit to the lions." On February 21 Foreign Minister Subardjo's resignation was accepted. The controversy did not end there because other Masjumi ministers insisted on a full-fledged cabinet debate on American aid, with the decision being reported to Indonesia's appointed Parliament. Instead, Premier Sukiman decided to submit his cabinet's resignation, leaving its acceptance of M. S. A. aid in tact.

In the midst of these frenzied manoeuvres the Indonesian Army's brilliant young Chief of Staff, Major General T. B. Simatupang, asked in a newspaper article that Indonesia decide whether it should continue to observe its "neutral" policy in a "negative" manner or attempt a "positive" policy which not only avoids alignments with major blocs but also helps to lessen world tensions. But even the friendliest observers doubt whether Indonesia can make a consistent contribution to world affairs without a responsible government firmly based on an elected Parliament. It would then be impossible to commit Indonesia through secret agreements contrary to cabinet, parliamentary and public opinion.

COMMUNISM IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By C. N. RAMASWAMI

IT is a common fallacy to identify ideological Socialism as it is understood in democratic countries with Communism as it exists in Russia and to look upon that country as the spiritual home of Socialism. There is as much difference between Socialism as it is understood and Communism as it exists, as between chalk and cheese. Socialism believes in parliamentary democracy, Communism in totalitarian dictatorship. Socialism believes in the rule of the majority through representative institutions, Communism believes in the rule of the party through an official hierarchy. Both of them profess the same objective, that of controlling the means of production for enriching the community, but while Socialism seeks legislative sanction to gain its objective, Communism invokes the authority of the State to gain its end. Socialism believes in the freedom of the individual, Communism totally denies it. Socialism aims at destroying vested interests and concentration of power in the hands of a class or group, Communism, while professing the same aim, has created concentration of power in the hands of a party. Socialism believes in the efficiency of the ballot for effecting social reforms, Communism believes in the effectiveness of the bullet for introducing revolutionary changes. Socialism believes in freedom consistent with order, Communism in discipline under the controlling eye of authority. To one, the majesty of law is sacred and supreme, to the other the authority of the State is absolute and paramount. Socialism is possible in democratic States where people enjoy a high sense of personal freedom and responsibility. Communism is possible only in countries where the people are ground down by tyranny and lead a life of slavish subservience. In a Socialist State, the bureaucracy is responsible to the people, in a Communist State it is answerable to the party. Socialism uses taxation as a lever to reduce the iniquities and in-

equalities of wealth. Communism uses simple expropriation for gaining its objective.

Let us compare Capitalism with Communism. A capitalist economy is governed by the laws of the market where demand and supply determine the character, quality and price of goods. Where the demand is not adjusted to supply, there will be either over-production or under-consumption, and the economy of the free market can reach a state of equilibrium only after a period of trial and error. But the mistakes inherent in a capitalist economy will not be so acutely felt by the entire community as by a section of it. The evils of Capitalism are not after all, unmixed evils, for competition which is the very essence of Capitalism, will soften the asperities of its character. In the final reckoning, when the balance sheet is drawn, we will find that Capitalism has some virtues to boast of, though of course, there are some vices to conceal.

In Communist economy, which is nothing but State Capitalism, there are very few virtues to boast of, and a good deal of vices to be ashamed of. The stifling atmosphere of Communism is inimical to the spirit of originality, initiative or enterprise. In eliminating the autonomy of economic laws, it has killed all creative effort. The central power ruling over State economy is the bureaucracy which has no independent existence of its own, but is an instrument in the hands of the party and its dictator. In the name of a pseudo-economic self-sufficiency, it has created conditions strong enough to kill freedom and stifle originality. In Communist Russia, policies, both political and economic, are laid down by a small circle of those in power and it is their interests that dictate what the public shall produce or how much they are to consume. It is capitalist economy of a different order, State Capitalism, in short. This State Capitalism cannot in any sense be

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called Socialistic, for Socialism is indissolubly linked with freedom and democracy. Socialism means economic freedom from the rule of one class and it means the vesting of production in society as a whole, a society which is democratically self-governed. But the State Capitalism of the Communist is a "managed economy" to use a familiar phrase, replacing the free market with controls everywhere, and freedom nowhere. It is unrestricted absolutism ruling over the entire community. While Socialism represents the highest realisation of democracy assuring the good of each, through the corporate freedom of all, Communism represents the subjection of the community to the autocracy of a party in the supposed interests of the State. The community suffers, and the individual withers under the iron grip of such a system.

In a sense, Capitalism is a wrong name to signify the Communism that prevails in Russia. It is neither Capitalism nor Socialism, but something which has their vices in abundance without any of their virtues. Capitalism represents free enterprise and unfettered competition, and Socialism implies cooperative effort and community spirit. But Communism in Russia shies at cooperation and scorns competition. To it nothing is so suspect as free enterprise. The State is the employer and all are employees and the State decides what goods, industry and agriculture are to produce, and how much they shall consume.

In the urban and industrialised sector of the Soviet State about 56 million workers and 30 million employees amounting in all about 56 per cent of the population are either employees of the State or of institutions controlled by it. As regards agriculture, the land is the property of the State and 96.6 per cent of the lands are collective farms. The State dictates what these farms are to produce and at what price they are to deliver their goods. Not only the administration but even the character and composition of these farms are determined by the State and the State likewise controls all exchange of goods both within and outside the country.

The true state of things in Russia

is shrouded in mystery. Official statistics dealing with prices of commodities, currency, housing, cost of living, and a number of other phenomena are either incorrect or misleading. Soviet Russia has always fought shy of giving publicity to the political and economic condition of its people. The statistical bureaus that existed before 1930 were completely purged and were replaced by those more amenable to the authority of the State. Statisticians were used to bolster up public morale and to keep their standard of living a secret. But in spite of official censorship and distortion, certain figures are still available and we are led to arrive at certain conclusions.

Under Czars Under Stalin

(1913) (1937)
(roubles) (roubles)

Cost of one week's food	3.4	49.6
Index of food prices	100	1449
Average monthly wages	25	245
Index of real wages 100		68

In 1940, the condition of the people was much worse as the price of food under Stalin was eighteen times as great as in the days of the Czars and the standard of living of an average worker was not even half of what it was under the Czars. The index of prices will show that in 1940 under Stalin's regime, the price of commodities has increased to 2250 per cent of what it was under the Czars while the money wages have increased to 1380 per cent, that is 22-1/2 times against 13-1/2 times. In terms of real wages, the worker gets only less than 2/3 of what he was getting under the Czars.

Let us consider the tax structure in Soviet Russia. The sales tax on necessities is very much higher than on luxuries; 100 per cent on cotton goods, 300 per cent on bread and only 50 per cent on silk. As is well known, Soviet statistics are death-like in their silence when they deal with wages and wage-differentials. It is presumed that nearly 12-1/2 million people have either died of starvation, or worse still, are rotting in prisons or working in slave labour camps.

GEMINI'S Next

THE THREE SONS

— Yet three different ways of Life and Living —
— Striking on the noble reed of a mother's love —

COMING SHORTLY

Is there economic equality in Soviet Russia to compensate for the loss of political liberty?

According to Yvon, a French writer who had extensive knowledge of conditions prevailing in Russia, a housemaid received 60 roubles a month plus free boarding and lodging, a worker between 110 to 400 roubles, menials in State service 110 to 300 roubles, middling officials 300 to 1000 roubles, the higher officials 5000 to 10,000 roubles, and those at the top as much as 20,000 to 30,000 roubles monthly.

He gives an example of the conditions in the mining industry in the year 1935. Of the total number of 1525 mine workers in a particular mine, sixty received 1000 to 2500 roubles, while the majority received not more than 125 roubles a month.

The privileged layers of working class drew twenty times as much salary as the poor paid ones, and the specially qualified men such as engineers, technicians and scientists often earned more than 8000 roubles a month. The disparity in income between the higher and lower income levels is about 80 to 100 times, and this fact should be borne in mind when people talk about Marxism and economic equality. "In scope of inequality in the payment of labour, the Soviet Union has not only caught up to but far surpassed capitalistic countries." (Trotsky)

In America, it is not uncommon to see persons receiving very high salaries, though such a thing is impossible in England with its high level of taxation. But in terms of real wages, the condition of the workers in a democratic State like England or America is several times better than that of their comrades in Communist Russia. The works of Hubbard, Yvon, Cilliga, Manya Gordon and Trotsky give us a true picture of the condition of the workers in Soviet Russia which even the iron curtain has not been able to hide or obscure. In a country which professes to have abolished both property and poverty, we find that salaries are drawn by a few people at the top which are 100 times higher than the average and 300 times the minimum wage. Nor is this all. The directors of industrial concerns receive several kinds of remunerations beside their fixed salaries. "Since the decree

of April 19, 1936, a directors' fund existed in every Soviet concern, into which 4 per cent of the earnings provided for by the plan, and 50 per cent of the earnings in excess of the plan, are paid." (Reference Decree of April 19, 1936 Supreme Soviet) Yvon cites an example of a factory in Kharkov which paid 2200 roubles to the director out of a total 60,000 in the directors' fund, and only 5000 roubles to all the members of the lower income groups.

There are also other advantages which the privileged classes enjoy in Russia. They get the best apartments with free furniture. They travel in first class compartments and have unlimited use of cars and other vehicles. In sickness they receive the best medical attention and command at all times amenities which the poorer classes cannot even dream of. The secret funds of the State are at their disposal and if they lack anything at all, it is the only opportunity for banking their savings. But are not their jobs better guarantees of a higher standard of living than a mere bank account?

Let us have a look at the collective farms, which are supposed to be the peasants' paradise. Here wages are paid as per working days, and a full working day of a helper is reckoned as a half day, while that of a tractor driver is reckoned as five days. 25 per cent of the farm workers earned more than 300 working days in a year, while 75 per cent earned only about 100 days. The value of a working day is also differently assessed between the various classes of farm workers. "The value differs as much as 1 to 3 in products and 1 to 10 in money."

In June 1931, Stalin made his famous speech against equality of pay. It would not be wrong to suppose that in present day Russia 15 to 20 per cent of the population enjoy as much wealth as the remaining 80 to 85 per cent. The poverty of the masses stands in sharp contrast to the luxury of the privileged upper class and economic equality is one of the exploded myths of Marxism, neither believed in nor acted upon in Stalinist Russia.

Is Russia really a workers' paradise? "Every Russian worker has to have a work-book. During his entire time of

employment it is kept by the management. No one is allowed to accept employment without a work-book or employ a worker without one. All work offences and punishments are entered in the book. One day's absence from work without an excuse or a lateness of more than 20 minutes was until 1940 legal ground for dismissal, and dismissal brought with it the loss of one's ration card, and the forfeiture of the right to dwelling place." Such was the condition of the worker in Soviet industry before 1940. Since 1940 his condition has become worse. He cannot leave his work without special permission from his manager and even then only on production of a medical certificate pronouncing him unfit for work. If he leaves his job, he will have to spend two months in prison. For temporary absence or lateness of attendance he will be obliged to do forced labour for six months on reduced wages. All disciplinary cases will be decided by the judges as per instructions from the management without any opportunity for the accused to explain his position or represent his case. The judges are but tools of the State and are expected to carry out the instructions of the authorities.

Freedom of movement and choice of vocation are fundamental rights guaranteed to every citizen in all civilised countries. But in Soviet Russia employees can be assigned to any establishment in any part of the USSR. About one million young men are conscripts every year for labour service. For four years they must work in places assigned to them, and even after four years, they cannot leave their work without special permission. (Labour Service Law in USSR—Decree of May 27, 1940). They are expected to work eight hours a day for a week of six days with about five days as holidays in a year. Most of the work in an industry are carried under the system of norms or quotas, and deductions in wages are made for failure to fill the quotas and about 30 per cent of the workers are not able to fulfil the norms. The foreman in an industrial establishment is responsible for extracting the quantum of work fixed for the labourer. The foreman has got the right to hire, to punish, and to assign work and grant rewards. The workers can

exert no influence on their rates of pay and conditions of work. "The wage scale must be left entirely in the hands of industry. They must establish the norm. The workers must not defend themselves against their Government."

Soviet Bill Of Rights

The way in which punishments are meted out gives us a clear insight into the condition of the people living in the USSR. Theft of a small quantity of grain from the collective farm is visited with very heavy punishment, which may be anything between five to ten years' imprisonment. The French writer Yvon cites an example of two peasants being sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for stealing four kilograms of grain from their collective farm, and of others being sentenced to death for stealing a horse belonging to the farm. Since 1932 every Soviet citizen must have a domestic pass. He cannot leave his place of residence for more than 24 hours without having his pass inspected by the police. The forfeiture of the pass means Siberia. Travel abroad is forbidden except to State servants on official missions. To ask for permission to travel abroad is equivalent to treason. Illegal attempts to go abroad are punishable by ten years' imprisonment or death. If anyone escapes from the iron curtain, the members of his family are sent either to prison or Siberia. Any expression of opinion even of the mildest against the head of the State or of opposition to its authority is punished by death, or worse still, by torture in prison cells. Even if a citizen abstains from voting in favour of an official policy, he will be punished. Nor is this all. He is expected to spy on others, and the Soviet Union expects even wives to spy on their husbands and children to spy on their parents, and to denounce them if they are opposed to the State.

Communism holds power only through control of the army and the secret police. Nearly one-tenth of the population is in political prisons working on slave labour basis. Mass massacres otherwise called periodic purges have struck terror in the hearts of the people and they are not able to rise up in revolt against the authorities, because the country be-

ing vast, the languages many, their interests varied, there is no common bond to unite them in a common endeavour. Nowhere in the world has slavish subservience to the State been carried to such pernicious extremes as in Soviet Russia. Within the last twenty years, no one has criticised the Stalin regime without being punished. "On August 21, 1939, nearly 180 million Soviet citizens unanimously and enthusiastically voted in favour of the popular front and a democratic war against Germany, and two days later, they voted as enthusiastically for the Hitler-Stalin Pact and against the French-English Imperialist War." It was but three months ago that Rudolph Slansky was all powerful in Czechoslovakia. He was Stalin's trusted follower, holding the highest position in the Communist organisation in his country. The author of a two volume work on Communism, he was responsible for inculcating Communism in the minds of the Czechoslovakian youth. Such a man is accused today as a betrayer of Communism. He is denounced as a traitor and made to share the fate of those whom he had formerly betrayed and denounced. He has joined the ranks of Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev and Kamenev in Russia, Rajk in Hungary, Gomulka in Poland, Clementis in Czechoslovakia and a host of others who have fallen into disfavour with Stalin.

There are two main classes in Soviet society, the workers who produce goods and the bureaucracy which commands them to it. Thus almost 3½ per cent of the population command the services of 96½ per cent of the population and all of them are subject to the iron will of the dictator. The peasant has no rights and nothing to call his own except perhaps a small plot of land, a cow and a few fowls. The crops to be planted in the farm which was once his, and is now collectivised, the livestock to be raised, and the remuneration for his services, are all determined by the bureaucracy. In the distribution of national income, the lion's share is taken by the party secretaries, and the Red executives while he gets only

subsistence wages. To the poor peasant in Russia, Communism is another name for exploitation and expropriation.

Capitalism in America and Communism in Russia are the two things that attract the attention of the world. The fierce glare of publicity is beating on the one, and the darkness of mystery is shrouding the other. Both are equally boastful of their achievements, and there is an air of vulgarity about the way they flaunt their success. America points out to her enormous wealth and increased prosperity as due to her capitalist economy which encourages the spirit of competition among her citizens. Russia points out to her vast military machine, and increased prestige among nations as due to her Communist economy and State control. The capitalist in America as elsewhere controls the means of production by means of private property, the Russian Communist bureaucracy by means of social administration. In a capitalist State, the worker can choose his own market to sell his labour power and "on the social average is paid its value while the capitalist appropriates the surplus value." In a capitalist society where free and unfettered competition exists, where the profits earned are in some measure proportionate to the risk taken, labour is exposed to all the risks, hazards and uncertainties of business enterprise. But it has at least the satisfaction of being governed by effective economic laws. But in a Communist State, labour power belongs to the State without being purchased by it. The State can increase the working hours and dictate the prices at which goods can be purchased and sold. While price control of goods is necessary in the interest of sound economy, conscription of labour in the interests of the State looks very much like slavery.

Communism is the very negation of Socialism. Socialism is impossible without Democracy, and cannot be conceived without a democratic structure and framework. Hence Socialism is the very life and essence of democracy.

KU KLUX KLAN RIDES AGAIN!

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: The national spotlight has again been turned on the Ku Klux Klan and its theme of hate for anything it regards as alien in the way of colour, creed or conduct.

A week ago ten members of a recently disbanded nightriders' "klavern" in North Carolina were arrested by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents. They were charged with violating the Federal (Lindbergh) kidnapping act by taking a white man and white woman across the state line into South Carolina before flogging them with a leather machine belt on a lonely rural road.

A spokesman for the F. B. I. said that this incident was just one of a series of kidnappings and floggings in the area in the last year.

Klan efforts to put together a regional "empire" similar to the one which functioned in the Nineteen Twenties have collapsed on three separate occasions since 1947, and throughout much of the South the masked-and-robed bands have been objects of ridicule as well as denunciation from the press, pulpit and public officials.

In 1947 there was a resurgence of Klan activities led by the late Dr. Samul Green, an Atlanta physician and "Grand Dragon" of the affiliated "klaverns" of Georgia. His efforts to weld a new "empire" in the South, however, fell through in short order in the face of an aroused press and mounting public indignation.

Dr. Green died a little over two years ago and his "Grand Dragon" regalia, a rich green in colour, passed on to Seme Roper, a former Georgia law-enforcement officer. But the spirit of the Klan had faded.

Dr. Green's insistence that the "new Klan" was primarily interested in playing the role of defender of "Christian morals" and the racial doctrine of "white supremacy" touched on the two items that best explain the post-war struggles of the Klan and its isolated and temporary successes.

The "white supremacy" aspect unquestionably was tied to reaction to a series of Federal court decisions at that time, which held that Negroes were entitled to vote in the hitherto exclusively white primary elections that are the sole avenue to public office in the one-party South. During Dr. Green's regime the Klan frequently burned crosses and paraded through the streets on election eve in communities where Negroes were beginning to register for primary balloting privileges.

In the past few years Negro voting in primary elections has advanced rapidly in the South, and in several states and cities it has already reached the balance-of-power stage. Consequently, the Klan has turned more and more to floggings and acts of intimidation as "disciplinary" measures for what it regards as "misconduct."

This became apparent in 1948, when an outbreak of Klan activities took place in Birmingham, Ala. area. These concerned a score of flogging and cross-burning incidents, all involving white men and women, and each case had a background of Klan-spread rumours that the victim had either been drinking too much, failing to work regularly at a job or "running around in loose company."

About two years ago the Klan became active around Tallahassee, Fla., with public parades and cross-burnings that seemed principally to be aimed at the Negro's "double burden" involving his "conduct" and also efforts to improve his community status in line with Federal Court decisions upholding voting privileges and broader educational opportunities.

This week's disclosure of Klan activities in North Carolina emphasized overwhelmingly the night-riders' obsession with "moral conduct." In sixteen flogging cases all but two of the victims were white people, and for both races alike the beatings were administered because Klansmen had decided there was drinking, profanity, shiftlessness and one instance of

interracial "familiarity." In the neighbouring South Carolina area, meanwhile, there had been reports of Klan threats against Negro voting practices.

Most observers feel that the Klan and its ugly practices will crop out somewhat spottily from time to time in a South that is largely rural and race-conscious, and which responds sharply to changes that involve the Negro's status and also the introduction of urban "sins" to a countryside undergoing swift industrial expansion.

They agree, however, that the immediate answer to Klan outrages is a punitive active by law-enforcement officials. Anti-Klan forces in the South have had the support of most of the Governors and legislators, resulting lately in the adoption of numerous anti-mask laws and local ordinances forbidding public cross-burnings. Hard-hitting prosecution similar to the Federal Government's action in North Carolina is sure to have a salutary effect. As one Klan-fighting Sheriff put it: "Every time they raise their ugly heads, slap 'em down. They'll learn fast enough that way."

Case of The Sing Shengs Has Aroused U. S. A.

There is no justification for any conclusion that the Sing Sheng housing incident in South San Francisco, which brought repercussions this week from around the world, is indicative of a marked resurgence of anti-Oriental feeling on the West Coast.

Spokesmen for Chinese and Japanese groups and Caucasian authorities on race relations agree that the millenium is still distant but that the Coast states in ten years have made great strides toward tolerance for, and even cordiality toward, racial minorities.

What, then, is the significance of the South San Francisco case? Residents of a white-collar subdivision in that industrial suburb, by a vote of 174 to 28, opposed having the Sheng family move into a \$12,300 house on which Mr. Sheng, a World War II intelligence officer in Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Army, had made a down payment.

Mr. Sheng himself had asked for

the balloting, with a promise to abide by its results, when he found there was opposition to his occupancy of the house. The opposition was based on the ground that his occupancy would depreciate property values in the neighbourhood. His wife is a United States citizen.

Serious students of the case find greater significance in the enormous indignation aroused all along the West Coast by the neighbours' rejection of the Shengs than in the vote itself.

The denunciations came from individuals, from newspapers, from civic unity and fairplay groups, from officials including Gov. Earl Warren of California.

The City Council of South San Francisco hastily repudiated the action of the Southwood subdivision residents, "deploring and disavowing" results of the vote.

This does not mean that the Sheng incident stands alone as an indictment of racial prejudice on the Coast. What makes it unique is the neighbourhood vote, proposed by Mr. Sheng himself, even though under a Supreme Court decision of 1948 "race restrictive covenants" in housing are unenforceable.

Several otherwise similar cases involving Chinese-Americans have been reported during the last year. In some of these, intermediaries have purchased the homes and transferred them to the Chinese-American buyers without any unfortunate aftermath.

According to Edward Howden, Executive Director of the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity, the incidence of housing discrimination against Chinese has increased somewhat during the year, but he, too, notes that this city's own big Chinatown, once confined to a relatively small area, now has spread, in a sense, over the sides of Nob and Russian hills and into North Beach.

And a typical reaction from Oakland to the South San Francisco incident was in this remark: "Why all the furor among those subdivision residents over there? Why, here in Oakland, the Chinese have been living in all areas for years."

In contrast to the situation after the outbreak of World War II, per-

sons of Japanese ancestry enjoy a somewhat more favoured position on the West Coast now than those of Chinese descent, according to race-relations experts.

The Nisei went through their blood bath in the war years. The great record of the 442d Battalion of Japanese-Americans in the Italian campaign and the fine intelligence work of Nisei in the South Pacific gave them an improved position when they and their relatives came back to the Coast.

Spokesmen such as Haruo Ishimaru, representative here of the Japanese-American Citizen League, say that the Nisei now are accepted in every area, that their employment status is very good, helped along by the tightness of the labour market.

The vastly improved climate of the Coast's race relations in the last decade has not come about merely through chance. Much credit is given to hard work by community volunteers. Many California cities now have civic unity or fair play councils, most of which are joined in the California Federation for Civic Unity.

Speculation On Duke of Windsor

For some years now the Duke of Windsor has been a resident of New York City. The Duke and his American born spouse are familiar figures in all the activities of the metropolis. It is no wonder that his visit to England has been noticed by the American press with marked interest. This is how it is appraised.

The Duke of Windsor's stay in London has necessarily been a secluded and subdued one. He has been with his mother, the Dowager Queen Mary, since his arrival and, as her eldest son, undoubtedly has been a great source of strength to her during her bereavement.

But the presence of the Duke of Windsor in Britain has, ever since his abdication as Edward VIII in 1936, created a groundswell of comment privately and in the newspapers. His present visit has been no exception, despite the fact that it was occasioned by the death of his brother, King George VI.

The Duke's position in relation to British public opinion today is a curious one—in some ways a sad one.

Most people here regard the Duke with a sympathetic eye. They feel that if he and his wife, the Duchess of Windsor, would be happier living in Britain, the court should accept them, let them come ahead, let bygones be bygones.

But there is still a crusty minority which remains unforgiving. This group is made up principally of middle-aged and elderly, purposeful Royalists who believe the Duke placed the throne in jeopardy back in 1936 for his own personal reasons.

Two events, during the Duke's visit, have caused widespread comment here. First, he went to Buckingham Palace and met Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, for the first time in fifteen years. The Queen Mother has been the chief barrier to the return of the Windsors to Britain. It is said she has been particularly resentful of the Duchess, who remained in the United States, while her husband came home. The Duke's trip to the palace for tea with the new Queen and her mother has been described here as an "historic moment."

Why did the Queen Mother change her mind? Certainly because she believed the royal family should be reunited at a time of great sorrow and because she recognized that the Dowager Queen Mary would want it that way. It would be rash to conclude that the Queen Mother is ready to have tea with the Duchess of Windsor.

However, when considering the Duke's future status here, it is well to realize that Queen Elizabeth II now has become a potent force. The Duke always has been her favourite uncle and together the two young people—the Queen and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh—may decide the "exit" of the Windsors has gone on long enough. The influence of the Queen Mother on this point must decline from now on.

The other event which excited the most comment here was the visit of the Duke of Windsor to 10 Downing Street for conversations with Prime Minister Churchill. Was the Duke looking for money, or for a job, or for both? Or was he renewing an old friendship with a man who had helped him during the abdication

crisis, a man for whom the Duke has great respect?

It is no secret that the Duke would like a high state appointment—he would like a post that would keep him occupied, make him feel he was serving his country in a solid manner.

Some time after the war, the Duke was in search of worthwhile employment with the Foreign Office and approached Ernest Bevin, Foreign Secretary, but no post was offered. One job he sought in those days, it was reported, was the British Ambassadorship in Washington.

The Duke's opportunities for foreign service may have improved considerably because Mr. Churchill is now at the top—Mr. Churchill, his friend and the man who helped him polish up his famous tragic farewell broadcast at the time of his abdication.

There has been recent speculation here about the Duke's chances of landing on the civil list which makes financial provision for members of the royal family. This list must be altered

because of the death of George VI. A Parliamentary committee will take up any proposal that the Duke of Windsor should be included on the list.

Whether the late King made financial provision for his elder brother in his will is not known.

Reds, Not Inflation, No. 1 Threat

President Truman's chief economic advisers let their hair down and did some very significant talking at a private meeting on Capitol Hill.

The conference was between the President's Council of Economic Advisers and the Joint Committee on the Economic Report, of which Sen. Joe O'Mahoney (D. Wyo.) is chairman and Sen. Robert Taft is the ranking Republican. Purpose of the session was to survey the general economic situation.

Following are the principal opinions voiced by the President's advisers.

The threat of Russian aggression, and not inflation, continues to be the greatest menace facing the United States and the free world.

KALIMPONG—INDIAN GATEWAY TO TIBET

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

IF there is any town in India that looks completely Asian it is Kalimpong amidst the clouds of the Himalayas. I had my first Kazak meal served here in the famous Shanghai Restaurant overlooking the *Maidan*. Across the table sat Lepchas, Tibetans, Chinese, Mongolians and Burmese. After lunch when I came out in the fog and walked through the bazar, I stumbled against a Siberian who spoke to me in broken Hindi. "Namaste" was the word with which he greeted me smiling. Later we became friends and went shopping together where the Indian shopkeepers spoke beautiful and fluent Tibetan. A Tibetan friend, introduced to me by a Cantonese professor, told me later that some of these Indian shopkeepers spoke Tibetan grammatically correct and that their pronunciation was faultlessly chaste.

Situated at an altitude of 4,500 feet above the sea level Kalimpong is an ideal hill station in India. Never too

much crowded, a neat clean city, Kalimpong lies about 50 miles north of Siliguri, the main railhead to Lhasa.

Kalimpong today is a beehive of foreign correspondents, anthropologists, botanists and artists. The correspondents report from here the situation in Tibet. The anthropologists study the human race so peculiarly strange in these parts. The botanists find around these places, to their glee, strange fascinating plants. The artists paint the people—gay, lovely and beautiful that their women folks are. Kanchanjungha, that enigmatic prince amongst the Himalayan peaks standing in its majesty and unequalled grandeur, gives the artists, their eternal subject, never knowing where and when to put their pallets to rest.

The proximity of Tibet has added to Kalimpong another kind of men whose profession is spying. Men who ought to know, told me that their city of late has become virtually a

den of international spies, amongst whom are young and beautiful women masquerading as anthropologists, journalists, botanists, artists and tourists.

The world's shortest route to Lhasa is via Kalimpong. Some of the intimate members of the Dalai Lama's family have made this city their home. Until recently there was some secrecy about their movements but now they move about the bazar as common citizens of India. The Tibetan Holiness' mother, called the "Great Mother," her beautiful daughter, Yapshi Semo, and her husband (Semo's) are also residents here. Till recently the "Great Mother's" 30-year-old son, Taktser Rimpoche, taken for an incarnate Buddha, was also a resident of Kalimpong. These and others often make headlines in the world press.

Kalimpong is a city where the main business for scores of years has been that of importing wool from Tibet. Wool, tons of it, loaded on mules and yaks which trek through the rugged Lhasa-Kalimpong trade route, is deposited at Kalimpong where it is repacked, reloaded and exported to places far and beyond the high seas. Wool is one of the chief dollar earning commodities. Without wool Kalimpong's trade would be shattered. The report I heard currently at Kalimpong was to the effect that the wool trade almost stood at a standstill and many a famous and opulent Marwari wool trader is thinking in terms of closing his establishments at Kalimpong.

The city of Kalimpong has but one thoroughfare, the main street, which is lined with bright shops belonging to Indians, amongst whom are mostly Nepalese, Marwaris, Bengalis and Biharis. From this main road all ways lead to the lower bazar where the Sunday market is an unusually bright and gay affair. From villages nearby, Lepchas, Bhutias, Tibetans and Nepalese—colourful, gay and bright flock in and display their merchandise. Amongst other commodities they sell musk, yak's milk (dried) and the ubiquitous squash.

While the business goes on, the bazars buzz and hum with music and dance, some play while others look on. Their business day, the Sunday, is also their holiday. Here trade is mixed with fun.

While central Kalimpong is the bazar area, the western part of the city is the development area and the city's eastern wing is the area for homes. Amongst these homes Dr. Graham's Home for Anglo-Indian destitute children is most famous the world over. Situated on the topmost altitude of the city, with an area of 611 acres of land, Dr. Graham's Home is the biggest home of its kind and its children are schooled on most modern lines. Amongst the other educational institutions in Kalimpong the names of St. Joseph Convent, Jubilee High English School, Town High School and the China School are famous. In the last-named institution the medium of instruction, which may be news to many, is Chinese.

From the restaurant "Gompo," the rendezvous of the city's *elite*, a road runs down to the *Maidan* where there is a beautiful stadium. Across the stadium is the city's bus station from where jeeps, land-rovers and buses to Gantok, the capital of Sikkim, run. From Gantok to Lhasa the traveller has his mules and yaks, and if the luck is good, the journey is well worth undertaking. Up to Gantok a ticket for a seat in the land-rover costs Rs. 10 only. Buses and land-rovers from Kalimpong also leave for Siliguri and Darjeeling.

When the British took over Kalimpong from Sikkim in 1886 its population was 3,000. Today the figure has risen to 24,000. In 1904, when Lord Curzon sent his costly military expedition to Tibet, Kalimpong became the base for his army, and its strategy kept into prominence at once. Curzon's invasion into Tibet was as cruel and unimaginative as it could be and it frightened the peace-loving and basically honest and essentially religious-minded people of the Chumby Valley, the most coveted territory in the land of the Lamas. On my return journey from the Valley, I met a man very old in age, narrating recently to me in broken Hindustani the outrage of Curzon. They never forgave the British peer and his nation for the misery he brought unto them.

Today, after fifty years of progressive rising of the city, Kalimpong's importance in matters of strategy and trade has risen a thousandfold. It is the gateway to Tibet, the Himalayan Sangri La.

MANY A SLIP!

By Lalita Devi

MUNICIPAL Councillor, District Board Vice-President, President of the Baby Welfare Society and Patron of the Local Women's Club, Mr. I. O. U. Krishnadeva wielded considerable influence and prestige to his native town. Add to that a big moustache and a burly figure plus a young son who had taken a double first class M.A., and expected a Government job in Delhi itself, and Krishnadeva developed a stiff neck and was never known to bow his head to friends or neighbours. But he could not keep a stiff back for long, for lumbago was sitting upon it like a nightmare. So when illness choked the flow of that mysterious extra income that contributed generously to his position and prestige, Krishnadeva began to borrow.

But borrowing implied in his case returning the thing which he didn't have. And actually when one of the creditors threatened to file a suit against him he became panicky about his prestige and looked about for other means of rescue.

It was evening. Krishnadeva dressed himself elaborately. He dyed and twirled his moustache before the mirror three times, and carefully adjusted his laced silk cap. He took an empty bottle of perfume and rubbed the cork hard and long against the breast-pocket of his coat and on the silk kerchief that peeped out of it. Finally, he seized upon his walking stick standing in a corner, and sallied out of his house.

Somebody sneezed twice as he started. "That is fine," said the old man. "The deal will be finished and I am a happy man. May God bless me!"

Two miles off was Nagiah, a big cotton merchant in the town. It was only a year since he transferred his business centre to this place but he had built up a prestige equal to Krishnadeva's. Both were now more than casual acquaintances. Each was

eager to cultivate the other. The reason was not far to seek. Nagiah was worrying about his only daughter. Leeia also had taken her M. A. degree in literature and was doing nothing except reading, poetry and seeing Hollywood films. But an unmarried daughter of twenty-four is a source of constant worry to her parents, however indulgent they might be. It was no surprise, therefore, when the father of the educated son and the father of the educated daughter met, with a matrimonial alliance in view. The former wanted to bag a fortune; the latter wanted happiness for his daughter.

"I expected you even earlier, Mr. Krishnadeva," said Nagiah. "In fact, I am more anxious than yourself. My wife is always in tears."

Krishnadeva grunted in appreciation. "I have had the horoscopes examined. The omens also are favourable. Just, for instance, when I left my home, some fellow sneezed twice. Well, I haven't got much to say."

"It is all right for me, too," assented Nagiah. "But don't you think it strange that your son and my daughter haven't met each other? Should we not arrange their meeting here?"

"Not necessary. I think," observed Krishnadeva. "You saw my son and expressed your satisfaction. And I have seen your daughter twice. I shall be proud of that blooming girl as my daughter-in-law; she is so charming and so lively. But if you insist I shall wait till they meet."

"No, no, Mr. Krishnadeva," Nagiah hastened to assure him. "I feared the objection might come from your side. I believe in dispensing with all formality. What I want is my daughter must be happily married. Don't you agree?"

"But I believe in formality a bit, Mr. Nagiah," was the acid retort of Krishnadeva. "We aren't agreed upon the terms."

"Ah, the terms! I forgot almost. I apologise. Mr. Krishnadeva, would you please state them?"

"Mr. Nagiah, don't you know Ramadasa and his brother Narayanagopal. Both have eligible daughters and wanted my son to marry one of them. But they offered ten thousand rupees. The petty-minded misers! I turned down the offer. Listen, Mr. Nagiah. I have spent a fortune on that boy. But just think of that. What an asset he will be to your daughter. I have Rs. 75,000 hard cash in the bank. I am a widower and he is my only son. After me he gets all the money. And in a month at the most the fellow goes to Delhi as a Government officer on Rs. 750 per month. That is only a start, you know."

"Yes, Mr. Krishnadeva, I am anxious to have the marriage celebrated before your son leaves for Delhi. But you have forgotten to state your terms," hinted Nagiah.

"If by tomorrow evening you pay Rs. 15,000 by way of dowry I agree to this alliance. Otherwise these negotiations stand cancelled," threatened Krishnadeva.

"My lord!" exclaimed Nagiah in horror. "Does it come to that? A modern girl and a modern boy would be ashamed of such exorbitant terms. What will your own son say to that, I wonder?"

"Mr. Krishnadeva, I don't want posers. You agree to that figure or you don't. As for my son, he dare not step beyond the line I draw for him. He knows that not only will I disown him but also disinherit him. He has too great a love for his father even to dream of going against him."

"Do you want the cash tomorrow itself, Mr. Krishnadeva?"

"Only then I shall be wiring to my son to start by the next train for his wedding."

"H'm! These are rather hard days for me, Mr. Krishnadeva. I am not so well off as you. But I shall cheerfully sacrifice anything for the sake of my daughter. It is enough for me if she is happily married. But won't you be content with a simple ceremony or do you want this wedding to be an elaborate affair?"

"Simple ceremony?" shouted Krishnadeva. "Blast my soul, sir! Think of

my prestige and power. What will the public think? No; no, it must be a five-day wedding with a grand procession on the last day. I have already promised a chance to the local band leader. And don't forget, Mr. Nagiah, that my boy must get an extra thousand for clothes, an extra thousand for silver vessels, five hundred for brass vessels, five hundred for a special lunch which I am giving to all my friends. And by way of return I will present a silk sari and a gold chain to your daughter."

Nagiah groaned. "Mr. Krishnadeva, can't you show some sort of concession to a . . ."

Krishnadeva stiffened up and rose from his chair. "I think no purpose will be served in prolonging this visit. I am not given to higgling. I am ashamed of even using such a term. I am a gentleman, sir! And you may take it the negotiations have broken down. To-night itself I am giving my consent to another party."

Nagiah barred the way and was profuse with apologies. "Mr. Krishnadeva, I didn't mean to insult you at all. I agree to all your terms. I am only anxious your son and my daughter should be happy. I want to bind you by some sort of understanding through giving you an advance of Rs. 10,000 now. I have got that much of cash in my safe ready. Please take it with you."

Krishnadeva seemed mollified. "All right, Nagiah, I am glad you accept my proposals *in toto*. I shall sign an agreement forthwith. So we are in-laws! Ha, ha, ha! The fellow who sneezed twice has proved a prophet," saying that Krishnadeva himself sneezed twice, (forced or spontaneous, none can say) nodding merrily over the slip of paper on which Nagiah was drafting the agreement. In his anticipatory pleasure of receiving Rs. 10,000—a sum he had not seen for years—Krishnadeva smacked his lips.

Just then there was a loud knock on the door. Nagiah got annoyed. "Who the hell is it?" he shouted from his seat. "I can't see anyone now. Come after an hour."

But the knock turned into a bang and the door rattled. Nagiah called in his wife. "Go and see who it is. And ask the deuce to call again after some time."

The door was opened and in came a beautiful girl, rather tall, with doe-like eyes, a full, round face and diamond ear-drops, and gold bangles on her hands and diamond rings on her fingers, all adding to the sparkle and fascination of her smiling face and figure.

"Why, it is Leela!" shouted Nagiah's wife, embracing her beloved daughter. "Come in, Leela. You have come in time, dear. Come in and see your future father-in-law!" remarked Nagiah.

Krishnadeva jerked up in his seat, flung back his head and adjusted his cap so as to look more impressive and important. But the girl ignored the old man and rushed up to her father with extended arms. "Father, you are rid of a big bother now. I am already married!"

Both the men were stunned and speechless. It was a bolt from the blue. But the girl paid scant attention to their thoughts or feelings. "I have married a young cook, father! He waited upon me with kindness and devotion and ministered to all my needs. I picked him up in Madras. He cooks so divinely, so delightfully. He says he read up to sixth form in school. He is best fitted to run my household, father, in my absence. I have got a job as lecturer in English in the Girls' College I told you about, you know."

Then she paused and stared at the strained and agonised faces of her parents and the leering old man who got up to go. He could not, however, disguise his disappointment at the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. "Very glad, Nagiah, your daughter has married. I am glad she has stopped at marrying a cook!"

Nagiah frowned, "Well, Mr. Krishnadeva, my daughter's choice is my choice. My only aim is she should be happy. Leela, where is your husband?"

"That is him bringing my box and

bed. Come in, darling." So saying, she ran to his assistance.

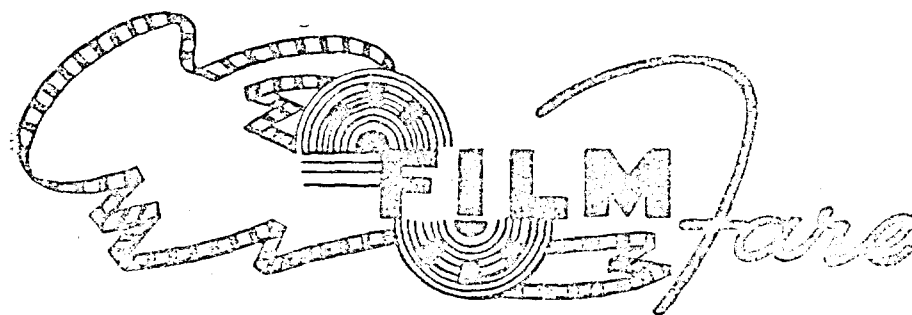
All the three craned their necks to have an idea of the bridegroom. "Ouch! My eye! My word! My lord! It is Narasu, my son!" cried Krishnadeva, flinging his cap in despair on the floor and throwing his walking stick against the wall.

All stood amazed except the bridegroom. He was a young handsome fellow with a winsome smile playing about his lips. "Look here, father!" he said. "I loved this girl, though she didn't know me. I knew you intended to bag a fortune over my marriage and liquidate your worries. This gentleman—my father-in-law, I mean—is also a broken man in spite of all the show he puts up. I am aware he has mortgaged his property and firm and is keeping some ready cash for his daughter. I hated the idea of marrying my girl on the ruins of his business.

"So I followed Leela to Madras, put on some rags and offered my services as a cook. I represented myself as a poor orphan with a smattering of education. She engaged me unsuspectingly and praised my ways and my cooking. I understood she also loved me since I knew not the A.B.C. of cooking and she described my preparations as nothing short of manna! Then one night she got up and said there would be a void in her life without me and to ensure my permanent service she would rather marry me! I said 'O. K.' And so here we are!"

Narasu looked apprehensively at his wife but she laughed merrily at the discovery and forgave him his deception. Nagiah and his wife danced with joy though they regretted intensely they couldn't attend their daughter's secret wedding. They were so absorbed in looking at the happy couple that they didn't observe the haughty old father of Narasu suddenly dash through the backdoor and make his exit.

Newsprint prices rose during 1951 alone by 100 per cent and stood at the end of the year at six times the pre-war price. The reported break in newsprint prices should be as welcome to Indian publishers as to the British papers. Many Indian papers have been fighting an unequal struggle for survival in the face of rising newsprint costs and the substantial fall now reported should be a great relief to all of them.—*The South Indian Journalist*.



By V. P. SATHE

ONE of the commendable results of the Festival has been that the Indian producers are feeling ashamed of copying foreign pictures indiscriminately. All the foreign delegates, especially Frank Capra, have stressed the point that the Indian pictures can win international reputation and market, if they are truly Indian in theme, in treatment and presentation.

Asked to give advice to Indian producers Capra said "Remain Indian. Do not copy American or any other non-Indian forms. True art springs from the native blood and soil." This advice, it appears, has gone home and the producers who were so far thinking in terms of imitations of foreign films have turned their attention to indigenous soil.

As it is, the truly Indian pictures made on the lines advised by Capra are still made in this country not in Hindi perhaps but in provincial languages—especially in Bengalee and Marathi. The cost of a Bengalee or a Marathi picture today varies from 80,000 rupees to 1,25,000 rupees. The producers cannot afford to make costlier pictures, as a result instead of selling 'glamour' they sell 'realism' and instead of depending on stars they hitch their wagon to the stories—good stories.

Fortunately, the literary standard in Bengal and Maharashtra is very high. The novels and short stories based on the life of common people have enough vitality, strength and rich and varied human interest. These stories transcribed to screen in an indigenous simple manner have a great appeal. In fact, the pictures produced in Marathi and Bengalee

form the true representative works of our film art.

And formerly when Prabhat and New Theatres were in peak form, they produced Hindi versions of their Bengalee and Marathi pictures and gave a tone and colour to the Hindi pictures as well. In the pre-war days though technically the Indian film had not attained the present standard in the matter of themes and Indian atmosphere, the pictures were more rich and colourful than today. Unfortunately when Prabhat and New Theatres went into the background there was no one to keep up their tradition. The result was the non-Indian types of pictures are today dominating the Hindustani screen.

The pictures that came from South also failed to save the Indian tradition. Vasan also believes in importing foreign ideas, costumes and atmosphere and that is why his *Sansar* which, with all its faults, is a typically Indian story, came as a welcome relief from the Dumasian swashbuckling romances with European flavour.

But now thanks to the Festival, the producers have again started thinking in terms of Indian literature and life. The pity is that most of the Indian producers are not acquainted with the Bengalee or Marathi literature; hence they will have to draw inspiration not from books but from films made in these two languages. Besides, thanks to the success of *Sansar*, the other producers also feel that commercially it would be a wise move to emulate Vasan and transcribe the popular and successful provincial pictures in Hindustani.

Thus we find that the successful

Bengalee picture *Ratnadeep* is being reproduced in Hindi by Debaki Bose; now it is learnt that two other Bengalee pictures *Mejidi* and *Babla* are being re-made in Hindi with probably a cast better known in Hindustani films. Similarly, Mahesh Kaul and Kardar are setting a new precedent by transcribing two most talked of Marathi pictures into Hindustani. They have secured the rights of *Bala Jo Jo Re* and *Pedgaonche Shahane*, the screenplay of both of which is written by G. D. Madgulkar. While the former is a domestic story of a middle-class family with special appeal for women, the latter is a typical robust Marathi satire which tries to reveal how the so-called wise men are mad while the inmates of the mental asylum are really wise!

One welcomes this step taken by Kardar and one has no doubt that other producers will also emulate his example. For, far from enriching the Hindustani films with true Indian content, such a move will give a new impetus to Marathi writers and producers for making even better pictures in future. If they can take advantage of this opportunity the Bengalee and Marathi producers will be able to regain the All India leadership which was once claimed by New Theatres and Prabhat.

Leadership apart, it is better to copy a Bengalee, Telugu or Marathi picture than copy a Hollywood picture. For such imitations will give the Indian thought, atmosphere and colour to our non-Indian Hindustani pictures. Here one would like to warn the Hindi producers that in transcribing a Marathi or Bengalee story to Hindi screen, they should avoid the temptation of over-glamouring and westernising them. If they don't, they would be ruining the beauty of the original and 'murdering' its contents. Even in copying, let them not forget the real reasons of their success and artistic triumph!

Picture Of The Week

The latest vogue in the films is the Arabian Nights fantasies. About a dozen pictures based on one or the other legend of Arabian Nights is now in the making. But producer Talwar has stolen a march over all of them by being the first to produce a fantasy

entitled *Saqi* which has now been released in Bombay.

Directed by H. S. Rawail, *Saqi* is a hotch-potch combination of several Hollywood pictures with Arabian Nights background. It makes no effort whatsoever even to capture the traditional Arabic atmosphere. It follows in this respect the pattern set by Hollywood. No wonder, the censors have forced the producers to declare at the very outset that *Saqi* is a pure fantasy and has no relation whatsoever to the history or culture of Bagdad and Iraq; though the locale of the picture is said to be Baghdad.

Indeed, any critic who tries to find logic, psychology and realism in this picture would betray his lack of sense of humour. For *Saqi* is produced for fun, and its success or failure is to be judged by only one criterion—the criterion of entertainment.

And entertain it certainly does. The pattern of the story is more or less the same as that of *Badal* with almost the same cast. Madhubala is again the princess, Randhir is her doting father and King, Premnath is again the common man aspiring for her love. The only difference is that instead of playing the Robin Hood who fights for justice, here is an adventurer who tries to save the King and the princess from the clutches of the wicked Wazir. Moreover, instead of the band of loyal followers, here is a Genii to help him in his mission.

To the credit of the scenarist Anjana Rawail, it must be however said that she has succeeded in sustaining interest through clever twists, gags and suspense. In fact, the real success of *Saqi* lies in the clever manner in which each sequence is worked out in detail with interest mounting every twist. If *Saqi* proves popular, and there is little doubt about that, it will be mainly because of its well-planned screenplay and Gope.

Yes, Gope as Genii is not the awe-inspiring Rex Ingram of *Thief of Bagdad*. He is a kind of genial person who is happy to help the hero but reluctant to work for the villain who through clever manoeuvre acquires the lamp and Genii. His romance with Mohna, who takes him for a ghost is also delightful. When the lamp falls in water, Genii becomes a human being and he rushes to the help of the hero; thus revealing his

essentially good nature. For once, Gope has played his role very well.

Madhubala looks captivating and Premnath is dashing as ever. Bipin Gupta is the usual villain.

Spectacular and rich, the picture would improve with crisp editing. As it is, it is too long. The direction is competent, the dagger dance by Miss Mirabai and Sweryn thrilling, the music, barring a couple of songs, repetitious. Indeed in a fantasy of lighter tone like this, it would have been better to delete all sad songs; such songs do nothing but bore the audience. Cuckoo's dances also are boring as usual.

But for the occasional dull moments *Saqi* is a good entertainment.

Stars Of The Week

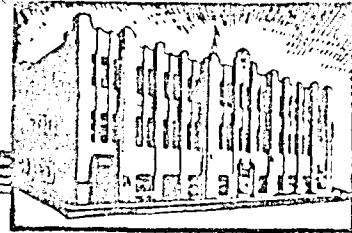
The two stars who made front-page news last week were Dev Anand and Geeta Bali. The news of the accident came as a shock to their friends and claiming myself to be one of the friends of Dev as I do, I thought it my duty to call on him at the Sasoon Hospital, Poona.

When I met Dev on Saturday morn-

ing at the hospital he was looking so pale, so overcome with emotion, that I could immediately guess through what nervous tension he must have passed the previous two days. He met with an accident on Thursday and though rather weak, he told me the whole story as it happened.

He had been to Malwan for the outdoor shooting of *Jaal*. While the entire unit had gone by steamer, Dev went by his car. The road was bad, but nothing happened. While returning, Dev was to come alone but Geeta whose seat was booked on the steamer changed her plan at the last minute and decided to go with Dev in the hope of reaching Bombay soon.

Most of the way, the driver was on the wheel and Dev and Geeta were seated on the back seats. The other passengers were Dev's friend and artiste Prabhu Dayal and Geeta's sister. A few miles before the accident took place, the driver complained that he was feeling very sleepy; so to relieve him Dev took the wheel. Geeta also offered to drive; but Dev did not allow her thinking that she would drive too fast. About forty



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miles from Poona, his car skidded and his efforts to control it failed, it dashed against a tree, Dev was pinned in his own seat and the steering wheel which struck his heart. Had not the bolts of his seat got loose the wheel would have struck more closely and probably it would have been fatal. All the same, Dev thought, his ribs were broken and he was collapsing. For about 75 minutes he felt as if he was steadily sinking.

Geeta whose face dashed against the wind screen of the car sustained cuts and bruises on her face. But she took it very bravely and in fact got herself photographed in that condition with blood oozing from different cuts on her face. A station wagon which was coming on the same road picked them up and took them to Poona. While Dev had almost a nervous collapse, Geeta kept him cheered up and even after the arrival in Poona, she insisted that the doctor should attend to Dev first.

The doctor sent them to the hospital and in the hospital instead of admitting them immediately they were subjected to several queries which so exasperated Geeta that she refused to have any treatment. Once Dev was admitted, however, he was given good treatment; but it is really strange that instead of first giving medical aid to a serious patient the hospital authorities should lose valuable time in going through legal formalities.

Geeta went to the hotel, applied iodine and mercury chrome, removed a piece of glass which had got stuck in her lip with her own hand and left for Bombay early on Friday morning. By the time she reached Bombay her

whole face was swollen; and yet she first called on Dev's family and told them that Dev was out of danger before going to her house.

Meanwhile, Dev's heart was screened and X-rayed and it was found that no ribs were broken and that everything was intact. Yet, Chetan his brother who rushed to Poona and the doctors found it difficult to convince Dev. Slowly he is recovering from the shock, but he will have to take complete rest for some weeks before he can be on his feet again. His escape was really providential and even Dev feels that he got a second life.

Talking to Dev, who is not supposed to talk much, I was reminded of Shyam who died in an accident—just a year ago. Shyam was unfortunate; but at least Dev was fortunate—and he has every reason to thank God for it. As to Geeta's bravery, as Chetan said, one in a million could face the accident with such bravery and courage. The way she kept up the spirit of Dev is really amazing. All kudos to her.

News Of The Week

—Mr. W. Cohen, the Chief of Warner Brothers, performed the muhurat of Prabhat's *Lokmanya Tilak* at Famous Studios, Cadell Road, Bombay. The muhurat was attended by many film celebrities including Shantaram, Prithviraj and Kardar. Jagirdar dressed as a prisoner, Tilak, faced the camera and uttered a famous couplet from Bhagwad Gita which formed the basis of Tilak's philosophy of life. Cohen was happy to associate with a picture which was being produced in Warner's tradition of biographies like *Emile Zola*, *Juarez* and *Louis Pasteur*.

AMERICAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF INDIAN STUDENTS

By RUTH HAINES

OF the 30,800 students from other countries studying in the United States, none have higher prestige among college and university officials than the 1400 Indian students. Predominantly graduate students, they usually combine good academic preparation and superior mental ability. Whether they have come under governmental sponsorship or through private auspices, the vast majority have won friends not only for themselves as individuals, but for their country as well.

The adjustments to American life are naturally easier for some of the students from India than for others. Those who are accustomed to large interdependent families find life in America lonely, and often assume erroneously at first that, because families here do not share the same roof and board, there are no family ties and little family love and loyalty. This may produce a feeling of aloofness and condescension on the part of the Indian student, which is not dispelled until he shares in an American family Thanksgiving, or spends a vacation with a large family group at the shore or in the mountains. Then he begins to feel really at home, for he discovers that the values of highest importance to him are also appreciated by his American fellow-students.

A student who has learned to be independent at home and to be self-sufficient in taking care of himself is much happier here than the one who has always relied upon his mother, family, and servants to look after his every need. The dietary differences between the two countries also necessitated adjustments that are not easy. Many are the Indian boys who have learned to prepare Indian dishes, motivated by a gnawing hunger for satisfying food and nostalgia for the aroma of simmering spices.

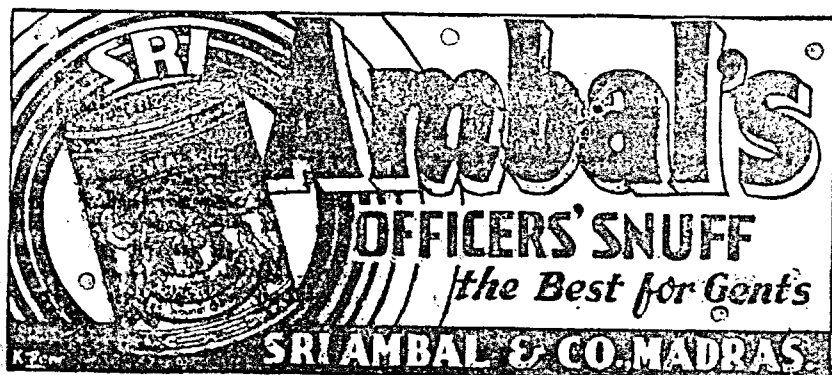
Yet the adjustments are made, and

few are the Indian students who do not come to identify themselves with their new university. With typical thoroughness, when they begin to purchase American gadgets and equipment they become experts, knowing more about the comparative merits of various products than do their American fellows.

The stereotypes which Indian students have formed of Americans, and *vice versa*, gradually break down. Perhaps the Indian student is more articulate about "spiritual values," but he discovers that he and his American friends respond quite similarly before a beautiful sunset, when confronted with human suffering and tragedy, or in personal human relationships. The discipline of circumstances may control what individuals do, but the desires and reactions are the same.

Similarly, the "materialistic" American discovers that the student from India has more ingenuity than he has in getting a job to earn enough money, to buy a car and to keep it operating while he completes his grand tour of sightseeing from coast to coast.

It is always difficult for people without experience beyond their own community to understand the point of view of these from very different situations... whether they be Indian villagers or American merchants. Hence there are always a few unfortunate incidents of Americans who misunderstand the attitudes and view points of some of the students from abroad—including those from India. But these cases are notable only because they are the exception. Those who have the privilege of knowing and working with students from abroad hope that more and more students from India will continue to come, and that the number of Americans going to India to study may soon be greatly increased.—*New India* (Published by the Indian Students' Association of America).



EAMON DE VALERA: IRISH PRIME MINISTER

By **BRENDAN MALIN**

EAMON De Valera, Irish Prime Minister, faces his 70th year and, even more immediately, the threat of an economic crisis with a philosophical calm which represents the secret of his remarkable grip on the Irish people.

And if these people go cold and hungry, they will find some solace in the realization that "Dev" prophesied this when, three years ago, he went into opposition against the experiment of a coalition Government. They would probably support him if he were to impose measures of control which no other Irish administration would get away with.

There is, of course, a historical background to this remarkable impact of mathematical logic on the minds of the most sentimental and unpredictable people in Europe. The Irish tell many stories about "The Long Fellow" as they affectionately call their six foot taoiseach (Gaelic equivalent of Prime Minister). Perhaps the most characteristic is of De Valera sitting silently in a jail cell awaiting execution for his part as a green-uniformed Republican army commandant in the 1916 insurrection. A warder comes in to tell him his death sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment. "Dev" looks up from his copy of "The Confessions of St. Augustine," nods and goes on reading.

This icy composure in the face of apparent disaster and an unquenchable desire to try every avenue of approach to the solution of national and international crises, have never deserted De Valera. Last June, he came back to office after three years of opposition to a coalition Government which, he warned at the time, would bring "doom and destruction" on the country.

In the period from 1948 to 1951 he was often taunted because his prophecy appeared an empty one. But since their return to power, his ministers have been impressing upon

the people a picture of economic and financial disequilibrium equally frightening to bankers, traders and wage-earners. They have spoken gloomily of the vastly unbalanced trading account, the greatly increased state indebtedness, the emphasis on spending rather than on thrift in the domestic sphere which they have inherited.

To the people who are now asking what "The Long Fellow" is going to do about this depressing situation, De Valera offers no ready solution and makes no glib promises. "Work harder," he advises. "Cut down on the consumption of luxuries; we cannot afford to import them."

De Valera's uncompromising resistance to suggestions that there are easy ways out of the crisis he envisages—such as "breaking the link with sterling" and his adherence to conservative orthodoxy in financial affairs have surprised those who watch the uncertainty of his present position in Parliament.

He failed to achieve an over-all majority for his Fianna Fail (Soldiers of Destiny) party in the May, 1951 election. He is dependent on the votes of five Independent deputies for the maintenance of his administration, and the rallying point which lined the five up behind him was not admiration of his leadership as much as disagreement with the coalition administration.

If he were defeated on a proposal to buy a new carpet for the Dail (parliament) building, he would go to the electorate with the same verve as if the House had refused his budget. Many of his political opponents, knowing to their grief his bent for "appealing to the people," are not over-inclined to wear out the present carpet; De Valera's majorities in lobby divisions since the advent of his Government have been, on the average, around 15.

Men who have worked with and against De Valera over the past 30

years can detect but little change in his appearance, demeanour or his attitude towards political problems. He has grown slightly stout, his hair is a little thinner though still resisting in colour the impact of his 69 years. Weak eyesight has been his lifelong affliction. Recent treatment in Zurich produced an improvement, but a week later De Valera was asking the permission of the Dail to have written replies to parliamentary queries addressed to him, read by a deputy. He guards his eyes by reading the minimum, but uses his civil service staff as "eyes" so effectively that there has been no weakening of the grip he had held on national affairs for 20 of the past 30 years.

De Valera's accent is still the rich burr of County Limerick where he spent his childhood. Brought there from New York by his Irish mother after the death of his Spanish father, the boy did every agricultural chore on his uncle's holding before he became first a college student, then a professor of mathematics.

De Valera likes to tell the people, in relation to economic and political theories, that they "cannot eat their loaf and have it." Yet, as a boy, he almost achieved this feat.

Opponents trace his genius for compromise to the day when, as a boy bringing home his uncle's weekly rations, he exchanged with a school-mate the loaves both had been nibbling, so that: "When we get home we can truthfully say that neither of us ate the bread we were sent to buy."

Some of his civil war opponents say that herein lies De Valera's weakness; that he often fights more strenuously for the shadow than the substance. Negotiating with him, said Llyod George, is like "trying to lift mercury with a fork."

"Tell him to try a spoon," retorted De Valera.

The only occasion De Valera has shown emotion in public was in December 1921, when the Dail ratified the treaty with Great Britain against his advice. Then the austere ex-professor buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child.

Yet, in the civil war reflex of the Dail division on the treaty issue, he was the stern and tireless leader of the Republican "irregulars" who

fought the new Free State Government. The Republican forces were crushed and broken and De Valera himself, his face more deeply lined than ever, was flung into jail.

Two years later he established what was to develop as the strongest political party in Ireland's history, and before it was six years old was head of the Government. This was the "other avenue" he would explore to gain his objectives. By constitutional means he abolished the oath of allegiance to the British Crown, and slashed away most of the visible instruments which linked the Irish state with Britain.

De Valera was in power with single-party backings in the Dail for 16 years until in February, 1948, a combination of six parties and groups ousted him. Last June he came back to office offering no immediate cure for any of Ireland's ailments—from the partition of her territory to her lopsided international payments account—but offering "a policy that you all know, one that does not change."

He has told the Dail frankly that he does not know when or how partition will end, but that anything he can do to speed the day will be done.

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GOPALAN JUBILEE CRICKET MATCH

By P. N. S.

1042 runs in 690 minutes! That was the tribute that cricketers from Ceylon, Pakistan and distant corners of India paid to M. J. Gopalan for his 25 years of glorious service to Madras sport, and to the game of cricket in particular. It was as it should be, for Gopalan has always played bright cricket and has wielded the bat only as a weapon of offence. Bowlers from England, Australia, West Indies and from Ceylon had wilted under this powerful onslaught while from outside we cried ourselves hoarse at his brilliance.

It was in the fitness of things that the finest tribute to Gopalan should come from his contemporary of Ceylon, F. C. de Saram. de Saram is not new to Madras and we have been delighted in the past by his polished batting. But in this match he played inspired cricket in both innings. "This may be the last time that I appear at Chempauk and this is a great occasion. I am determined to do my bit" he seemed to have told a friend of his. In the fulfilment of his cherished desire de Saram enthralled the spectators by batsmanship of the highest order. All manner of strokes, from the sweet late cut to the most delicate leg-glance, from the flowing drive to the powerful hook, lulled the spectator into pleasantness. And it was a thrilling sight to see him again and again beat the well-arranged field with exquisite placements, and lofted shots. Indeed, de Saram's display was an object lesson in the art of getting runs with the minimum expenditure of energy, and there is little doubt that the many youngsters, who are either knocking at the doors of test cricket or to whom the doors have opened just now, would have benefited by the ageless art of de Saram.

Two more contemporaries of Gopalan—P. E. Paliya and S. S. Jayawickreme—also revealed their matchless skill. Paliya batted with a little more effort than usual, but produced beautiful strokes all round. He also showed that he is still the master of

the pull that crashes the ball to the square-leg boundary. Bowling as is his wont, Paliya revealed his mastery with the ball; as he had done so many times before he pitched it up on a relentless length; and the castle of two test cricketers of the present day tumbled down to his guile. Gopinath went forward to a seemingly simple ball for a big drive, but at the last moment it dipped in and beat him to the stumps; on the second day Imtiaz Ahmed suffered a similar fate.

It was a pity that Jayawickreme had to come in on both the days at a time when he had to go all out for the runs. However, on the second day, in spite of the negative bowling of Adishes, he brought a few drives for which he is famous.

There were many fine performances by the youngsters also. Pankaj Roy swept everything before him in a tornado of drives, cuts and pulls. His century in 82 minutes seemed to mock at his innings in the test match a few days ago. He scored 126 in 106 minutes, hit 16 fours and two sixes! Imtiaz Ahmed of Pakistan played brilliant cricket for his fifty and odd runs and made people remark what a fine cricketer we had lost by virtue of our political division. To end it all in true style Gopinath played with determination and skill and with de Saram nursing high with parental care reached 137 runs, and held the proud record of earning for the Jubilee fund the biggest amount through a player.

Apart from grand cricket the match was full of gestures to Gopalan. As Gopalan went in to bat on the first day and just as he reached the pitch, Paliya hailed all his men to the middle and called for three cheers for the hero. Need one say that there was a hearty response? Another noble gesture came from de Saram at five o'clock on the second day. Batting and scoring as he wished, de Saram was 70 and had fifteen minutes more in which to hit up his second hundred

of the match. And in the mood he was in at the time the century seemed a certainty. Barely had the cheers following a magnificent lofted pull to the boundary died down when he deliberately threw away his wicket so that Gopalan, next man in, can occupy the stage at the time of the curtain. It was indeed a grand gesture that added to his stature and to the volume

of applause that followed him to the pavilion.

But there was a sad note to this feast of cricket. The crowds that had yelled at Gopalan all these years, the admirers that had followed him and his club, T. C. C., from ground to ground, from Triplicane to Perambur, failed him at his greatest hour.

SNAP LEGISLATION—INDIAN CINEMATOGRAPH BILL, 1951

By R. M. SESHADRI, I. C. S. (Rd)

ON 1st March, the Parliament of India passed the Cinematograph Bill of 1951. In due course, with the President's assent, it will become a law of the land.

I do not propose to examine its merits. I deal only with the principle of its passage. Wedged in with a number of other bills, this came up for consideration. It was passed in a matter of minutes.

The Parliament which passed it was in its swang-song session. It had a packed majority. Many of them had come only to go 'for good', having been trounced at the polls.

The cinematograph industry in India is a major industry. In size, it is second only to that of the United States. Its stature and strength grow with each day. In its actions and reactions, it covers the country, if not beyond. Most of all—let there be some gratitude left—it is the backbone of State finances today. Madras grossed Rs. 1,02,91,248 in one year, 1949-50, by way of entertainment tax, from a part of the exhibition side of the industry alone. Besides, there are the duties and customs, taxes and fees relating to import, export, censoring and licensing.

But neither the character of the industry nor the valedictory nature of the present session stood in the way of the Bill being passed.

A special anomaly inheres. The Government of India are in possession

of the report of the Film Enquiry Committee set up by them. This report is under their consideration. Whatever the view of the industry on the report may be, there is no doubt about the Government's view. They intend that the report should form the corner-stone of cinematograph legislation. One of the important recommendations of the Committee is that the Government should not tamper with the initiative of the industry and its freedom to make pictures, as long or as short as it wishes. The Committee felt that it should be open to a producer to make a picture to his liking, be it long or short.

The present Bill deals with this point. Under Section 8, Clause (d), the Central Government take to themselves power to control the length of films. This is not a matter of merely not abiding by the Committee's recommendation but one of flouting it. Is the report of the Committee on the table of the Secretariat or on its shelf? Was the tax-payer's money in running the Committee spent on a joke or for a purpose?

The length of a picture is the heart of the cinematograph business. If you tamper with it, you tamper with its life. This, I suppose, is nationalisation with a vengeance. The State wishes to manage a complicated industry without being in it or of it!

What is the reason that an industry so vast and vital—vital for the State's

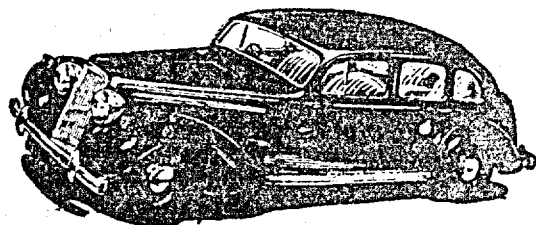
welfare and people's wellbeing—is clamped down with snap legislation, regardless of its interests? The fault perhaps is not with the Government who have much to do and little time—and less ability—to do it in. The fault is with the industry. It has failed to put sufficient pressure upon the Government to make it realise their responsibilities towards it.

Is there a solution? I think there is. An eager and able legislator, familiar with the industry's problems, competent and well-equipped. That is the answer. A better answer is—two or more of them. No doubt it is not all who have the flaming eloquence of a Sathyamurthi but one sound, knowledgeable man can do a great deal. If nothing more, he can

at least prevent the Government from rushing in where angels fear to tread. Neither in the Parliament that is dying nor in the Assembly that is being born is there such as one, one qualified to speak with authority on the industry, understanding of its difficulties, alert in its interests. It is time that the industry realises it has a part to play in the shaping of its legislation—not by sectional or special pleading, but educating the unknowing into a correct appreciation of its particular character and peculiar problems. The industry is now paying for its default.

It is not too late even now. If the cinematograph industry lets this opportunity slip by, it will have no one to thank but itself for what the future brings.

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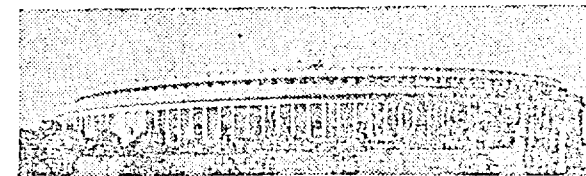


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NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



MANY Correspondents at Pandit Nehru's Press Conference commented that the Prime Minister was speaking the language of Mr. L. S. Amery in the pre-independence days. The old gag was that the Hindus and the Muslims should agree among themselves before independence was granted. The new gag is that the Andhras and the Tamils and the Kannadigas and the Oriyas should agree in order that the Andhra State may be created. There should also be agreement, it seems, between the Sircar Andhras and the Rayalaseema Andhras, and so on and so forth. There was no reason why the Prime Minister should bother about all these agreements, and so I asked him what his objection was to creating an Andhra State with the boundaries which he thought were just. Oh no, he would not think of it; that would mean, he said, that even though an Andhra State was created the question would remain unsolved, and agitation would continue for further additional territory.

So far the answer seemed to be at an even pace. But suddenly the Prime Minister burst out: "As a matter of fact, if Mr. Prakasam had accepted that (giving up their claim to Madras City), the Andhra State would have come into existence by now. It is Mr. Prakasam, and some of his friends, who come in the way of Andhra coming into existence." Obviously Panditji was upset about the landslide in Andhra; and he could not but give vent to his grievance against the Lion of Andhra. What Pandit Nehru said about Mr. Prakasam is just like what the British could have said, but did not say: that it was Pandit Nehru and his friends who stood in the way of the achievement of Indian independence.

The Diarist: If a non-Congress Government is formed in Madras, will you, as Prime Minister, extend to it the

same kind of co-operation as you will give to Governments in other States where the Congress Party may be running the administration?

Pandit Nehru: What do you expect? Do you think that I will consider that one part of India has gone out of the Union?

Some Correspondents: Since this question deals with the Congress, it may be taken up later.

Pandit Nehru: He asked me about my attitude as Prime Minister. My attitude as Prime Minister is that I shall treat it exactly on the same level as any other Government. My attitude as Congress President may not be the same.

A Correspondent: What is your opinion of the programme of the United Democratic Front?

Pandit Nehru: All these programmes smack of school debating societies.

Question: Is that the reason why the Congress Party has no programme?

Pandit Nehru: (No answer).

That is how the Press Conference went on. But the Agencies naturally do not give the correct picture. Only a few questions are reported by them. They cannot be blamed for this altogether. Some of those who put questions are not audible even to themselves. How can we expect others to hear?

Mrs. Roosevelt asked us to put our questions loudly because she was still deaf on account of the ride in the plane. British observers were surprised that there were so many people to receive her at the air-port. One of them asked me why there was so much enthusiasm for her in India. I told him that we did not judge her on the strength (or weakness) of her Column, "My Day." We like her because she is one of the progressives in the U. S.; she had done a great deal



Press Conference addressed by Miss Suryakumari.

of social work, and she has done more for the American Negro than any other living American.

At the lunch we gave in her honour, Mrs. Roosevelt told a story which illustrated how much the position of the Negro had become better. At the last inauguration of President Roosevelt, a Correspondent came up to Mrs. Roosevelt and asked whether she would like to have her (the Correspondent's) impression of the inauguration. Mrs. Roosevelt said she would very much like to. The Correspondent pointed out that in those halls there were many coloured people quietly having their meals. But nobody seemed even to notice it. Twelve years ago, she said, that story would have hit the headlines. But now, it was not even worth mentioning. It is indeed a remarkable achievement for Mrs. Roosevelt. But it is well worth asking whether the position of the Negro is very much better outside the White House. Mr. Ralph Eunche declined the post of Assistant Secretary of State only because the position of the Negro in the U. S. was such that his taking up the office would create a completely

wrong picture of the status of the Negro in the U. S.

Another lady who created a profound impression on the Delhi Press last week was the South Indian film-star and producer, Shrimati T. Surya Kumari. Hers was the first—and the only—Press Conference to be addressed by any Indian film personality on the occasion of the Film Festival. In her answers to Correspondents' questions, Surya Kumari spoke with a wit akin to Rajaji's and combined it with an effortless ease of manner in speaking the English language.

The most difficult question put to Surya Kumari sought to know what the position of the artist would be in Madras if there was a Communist Government in that State tomorrow. She replied with a disarming smile: "Those in authority give us a particular picture of Communism. The Communists themselves give us a completely different picture. We all have different ideas of Communism. Unless there is actually such a Government, you know, it is not possible to say what the position of the artiste will be."

Surya Kumari was asked a large number of questions on the star system. She agreed that the emphasis on stars resulted in the negligence of stories. But, she pointed out, there was no way of doing away with the star system altogether. Once you brought new people to the screen, some of them would become stars in the next picture. To the suggestion that there should always be new people acting in pictures, and that nobody need act in more than one picture, Surya Kumari replied: "That will mean that there can be no profession of actors and actresses for the screen. Can we say that every daily newspaper or weekly or monthly should come out with a new Editor and new contributors every month?" The analogy drove the point home.

It is not desirable to do away with the star system altogether. But what is desirable is to do away with some of the abuses of the star system. For instance, enormous sums of money are spent on advertisement campaigns to "build up" stars. Many of these "stars"—and especially some of the "stars" of the Bombay brand—have no talent, no culture, not even interesting faces or (as P. G. Wodehouse

would put it) maps that photograph well. What is spent on such advertisement campaigns can be profitably spent on securing a first-class story. That will improve the quality of the picture as no amount of advertising can. It is the really good artists that should come to the top—not those who can buy the largest amount of advertisement space and radio-time.

"How is Mao?" I heard these words behind me from a Chinese voice at the Chinese Ambassador's Reception to the Chinese Film Delegation for the Festival. An Indian lady answered, "He is quite well; thank you." I turned round, because I recognized the voice. Mao Tse-tung is the three-year old son of Satya Priya and Sham Lal Gupta—two of our progressives in the Capital. She is a school-teacher, and he is a newspaper-man.

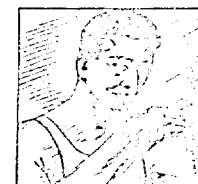
Mao is one of the most spirited children I know in Delhi. He is extremely intelligent, and can recognize the photographs and pictures of Mao and Stalin wherever they may be. He can recognize also the picture of some Indian politicians. I am trying to teach him two or three Chinese words—that being my total vocabulary in that language!

See how quickly

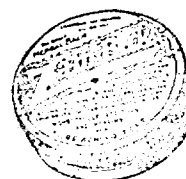
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INDO-AMERICAN UNDERSTANDING

"INDO-AMERICAN" understanding was the subject of recent speech at Iowa by Dr. Amiya Chakravarty,



Dr. A. Chakravarty.

Indian scholar, author, educator and traveller.

Doctor Chakravarty was the advisor to the Indian delegation to the United Nations general assembly during 1950. At present, he is a member of the faculty of the University of Kansas. This was the third annual memorial lecture to be given in memory of Prof. Sudhindra Bose, a former instructor at the University of Iowa.

Doctor Chakravarty began his lecture by stressing the need of eastern and western democracies coming closer together in order to resist the decisive forces which are threatening to tear us apart.

"Apart from the need of political and economic understanding, there is a deeper necessity of building up cultural reciprocities which would allow us to view each other's cultures in a sympathetic way and bring the peoples together on the level of deeper understanding," he said.

He went on to say, "Fundamentally, ties that bind peoples together stem from a deep human awareness rather than political necessities. America and Asia have to know each other as human units with cultural values that transcend mere expedience."

Doctor Chakravarty also stressed the fact that both India and America have a trans-continental background and that they are better able to serve a global world because of their experience of dealing with many cultures, languages and religions in their own lands.

"From ancient times India has been a land and sea link between two great hemispheric blocks of humanity and has shaped a way of life which is both chromatic and individual. America, too, draws its culture from a variety of backgrounds which have been molded into the American way of life by slow absorption and assertion of vital democratic principles."

"These two democracies therefore from east and west can meet and contribute to the preservation of



Sudhindra Bose.

peace in a critical world. Objective study of each other's problems shows a need of freedom to be critical without being destructive and an absolute determination to follow the unwavering principles of freedom and justice."

"To unite the two countries would surely be a steady influence in a war tormented age," he stressed.

Doctor Chakravarty said that he was very deeply impressed by the middle west where life runs deep and unsophisticated and is friendly to many cultures and influences of the modern age.

Doctor Chakravarty concluded by

inviting students and scholars from the United States to visit India not only as Americans but as artists, scholars and thinkers so that the great civilization of America could be humanly and adequately represented to the east.

He believes that "America should not be allowed to appear only in the concept of gigantism with tremendous technological and military powers, but as a home of humane culture and a land of gracious and diverse creative activity."

This, he believed, is going to be the next phase in the building up of Asia-American understanding.

THE CONGRESS IN MADRAS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

SWEET are the uses of adversity and out of even so evil a thing as the liquidation of Congress supremacy in Madras, there is a soul of goodness for those in charge of it to distil out. In truth, however, the defeat of the Congress is not the defeat of the Congress organisation as such but of people who had swerved from Congress ideals and principles. And as a corollary the victory of the dissidents is not the victory of the particular party labels but in essence of the Congress over Congressmen of Congress tenets over Congress administration and of the masses over the classes and also as a just recompense for a State which thrived on communalism, of sub-communalism over communalism. Even amongst the candidates elected, not all of them are true Congressmen nor all those known as independents, K. M. Ps. or even Communists, opponents of the Congress constructive programme. Only the other day, at one of those interminable tea parties a Congress member declaimed against Prohibition and Sri Prakasam's charges against the Ministers. And for an organisation associated with Mahatmaj, the craze or race for leadership is something un-understandable. In 1937 and in 1946, the Congress in Madras swept the polls and led the country and few

could then have dreamt that within five years, its decline and fall would set in, but the glories of our blood and state are not substantial things.

Election results in Madras have doubtless come as a surprise to many, but not to those acquainted with the history of the Province for well over two decades. History has repeated itself. The Congress today is in very much the same predicament as the Justice Party had been in 1937 when it went down lock, stock and barrel. Its name was magic and as each Justicite Minister or member went down, the Congress scored up success upon success. Its very label made up for propaganda, and candidates were elected in absentia in many cases. The identical process has now also happened but it is the turn of the Communists and of the Tamil Nad Toilers' Party. If the voters of Bobbili constituency were not frightened by threats in 1937, those in Ponneri and Udayagiri have not been moved by cajolery in 1952. Lord Erskine, it was said, put too much faith in the Rajah of Bobbili and got disillusioned. The Congress High Command took the *ippissima verba* of the Pradesh Committee satraps and perhaps got the shock of its life. Altogether a consistent enough sequence for a Government which

had carried out the Justicite policies in office.

Certain significant trends in the elections have to be adverted to. The Congress has secured an over-all percentage of 41% of the seats it had contested and a little higher in the parliamentary seats. It has secured 80% in South Kanara, 50% in Tamil Nad, 31% in Andhra and 14% in Malabar. The Tamil Nad Tollers' Party and the Commonweal Party have scored 55%, the Communists 46%, the K. M. P. 41%, the Independents 22% and the Socialists 8%. The largest single block next to the Congress is that of the Independents who are a heterogeneous group of ex-Congressmen, ex-Justicites and ex-organisers of National War Front. The Communists have drawn blank in South Kanara, but have got 65% in Andhra, 50% in Malabar and 25% in Tamil Nad. In the districts their influence has been marked in Kistna, Guntur, Tanjore and Malabar. The theory bruited even abroad (by *The New York Times*, for instance) that they have been successful on account of maladjustment of agrarian conditions is erroneous when it is noticed that they are nowhere in the other agricultural districts like Trichy or Tirunelveli. In fact, in Trichy, the landholders have been returned en bloc. The Communists have also not made headway at all in Coimbatore. Their concentration in Tanjore can be accounted for by the acute rivalry between agricultural labour and certain leading land-owners, in regard to which neither the Government nor the Congress organisation chose to observe neutrality and in Kistna by the police reprisals which the Government did little to checkmate. The Scheduled Castes Federation has practically been washed out in Madras and the Harijans have decided to throw in their lot with the Communists having derived little from Congressmen and less from their own educated folk who have used their very disabilities to obtain fat jobs and privileges. The Muslim League appears to have been revived in Malabar but it is owing to the selecting committee who, contrary to Pandit

Nehru's directives, have been parsimonious in selecting Muslim candidates especially in the period of transition from separate electorate and its abolition. Finally, the Dravida Kazhagamites who were here, there and everywhere, could not get a single man of theirs to get in and in the home town of their founder, a Congressman and a North Indian polled over a lakh of votes.

Congress reverses have been due to the wrong policies and actions of the High Command, the Pradesh Committees and the Congress Government in Madras. The Congress High Command whose authority was flouted at the very start in 1946 should have kept aloof altogether and dealt with the successive ministries in the same manner as it did to the British Government and more recently East Punjab. It would have enlisted popular sympathy and as the elections in East Punjab have shown, even its support. Having interceded in 1947 to instal the Omandur Ministry, it could not be effective and proceeded from blunder to blunder, a classic instance being its treatment of Sri Prakasam and his charges. Furthermore, it chose to keep mum when that Ministry was heading towards Dravidasthan, for instance, when the Tamil Ministers began to evolve a separate national anthem and fought shy of Hindi, both of which bore remarkable affinity to Jinnah's declaration on 22-12-1949 against Bande-mataram and the supplanting of Urdu by Hindi and when the Tamil Nad Congress overlords sabotaged Mr. Madhava Menon's well-meant efforts to revive Hindi and Sanskrit. Nor did it support by appropriate action, Sardar Patel's criticism about the Government's inaction against the scurrilous writings in the Dravidasthan Press, branding a whole peaceful community as murderers—Mr. S. Guruswami says that the movement stands for "equality and progress" much in the fashion of the surgeon in the Pickwick Papers who sought to assist nature by bleeding a patient to death. In all cases, disciplinary action was not used but abused.

The Pradesh Committees have been

the most culpable in any reckoning. In Andhra, the rivalry amongst the opposing groups was more bitter than that between the Congress and the League of old; and conditions in Malabar too were identical. No doubt in Tamil Nad, a sort of unity was forged but some of the worst selections which emanated from that quarter were the most ununderstandable in the wake of the District Board elections which were a pointer to the loss of the hold of the Congress on the masses. Not only were proper candidates not selected, but even constituencies were tampered with. There was no justification to drive out Mr. K. Subri from Coimbatore and Mr. N. S. Varadachari from Triplicane. There was even less justification for putting Mr. Goenka in a predominantly Tamil constituency like Tindivanam with its majority of Vannia Kula Kshatriyas. As for the propaganda machinery, there were none to take the place of the late Sriman S. Satyamurti and of Vellore Kuppuswamy Mudaliar.

The Congress administration has had doubtless lasting achievements to its credit, but nearly everyone of them had been overshadowed by its communalism, which was most prominent in the Omandur-Avanashi regime—certain favoured communities who had befriended the British even against their country and been ruthless in war fund exactions had also their innings in the "Congress regime" and in some cases even after retirement war service men and national war front personnel found no impediment in their progress, but people who had spent their all for the country were left in the lurch and cold-shouldered. Indeed some of the Congress Ministers could hardly conceal their ideological affinity with the Justice Party. Mr. Gopala Reddi once acclaimed as a hero, the leader of a party who had openly declared in 1924 that "political prisoners were worse than criminals". The Constitution itself had been a read rag to the Ministry and the way it had

circumvented its provisions in regard to communal discrimination bore striking resemblance to the attitude of certain European powers to solemn treaties. In the teeth of public opinion and even in defiance of legal pronouncements the Ministry proceeded to enact the Hindu Mutts Bill, whose provisions have now been declared *ultra vires* of the Constitution. With all that, the Ministry could not command the allegiance of the Communists. The Kazhagamites actually worked against it, and amongst those who addressed meetings opposing the Government and its policies was Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.

In the confused tangle of the election results, it is scarcely possible to say what sort of government may or can be formed. One thing at least is clear: that whatever party holds up the reins, its leader should be a man of outstanding ability and integrity and of excellent debating gifts, commanding the respect and allegiance of the four watertight linguistic groups in the State. In this respect, Madras differs from Bombay or U. P. where a single leader could be pitched upon comparatively easily. But here in Madras, the differences between the Tamils, Telugus and other linguistic units are likely to be more fundamental than hitherto and no amount of political bargaining will prevent each of the areas from emphasising its own needs, and working for it. If the Congress is to come back to power which can only be by a rapprochement with the K. M. Ps. and Independents, seeing that it has lost the confidence of the electorates in Andhra and Malabar, then much greater emphasis on integrity and ability will be called for, especially in view of the phenomenal strength of the Communists and their equally phenomenal abilities. And any Government that comes into being can hardly afford to forget the lessons of the present elections, the most notable of which is the disastrous effects of communalism which had been an ill wind blowing good to none.

MODERN TENDENCIES IN INDIAN AGRICULTURE

By T. V. SUBRAMANIAM

SOME of the chemical insecticides that have found favour in India are DDT, 666, Gammexane, DNP, DNOC, Parathion, TEPP, HEPP, carbon-di, sulphide, carbon tetrachloride, calcium cyanide, methyl bromide, methyl chloride and zinc phosphate. These have been used against a variety of insects and there are glowing reports about their efficacy. Grasshoppers on paddy and cholam, thrips on chillies, onions, garlic and cardamom, jassid bugs on paddy, cotton, bhindi and mango, stemborer and other caterpillars on paddy, ear-head bugs on paddy and cholam, hispa and leptispa on paddy and betel are said to have been successfully controlled. Disinfection of grain godowns and fumigation of grains in store have been reported to be very successful. In almost all these cases there is no remark on the effect of these chemicals on the plants on which they were used, except one or two cases of scorching of the plants. It is not known whether any elaborate study has been made to find out their effect on the crops or crop products, on the animals and human beings that consume these sprayed materials or on the workers handling these substances. There is no doubt about the toxic effect of these on insects. The British medical authorities have recognised the dangers of these chemicals on man and many have expressed their views against them. Most of these are organic compounds of phosphorus and are highly poisonous to man, capable of being readily absorbed through the skin, respiratory tract or alimentary canal. Their use increases as the technique of agriculture advances hand in hand with development in economic entomology. The British Ministry of Health have issued strict regulations about the protection of workers during the manufacture of these chemicals and their use in the fields. The Association of British Insecticide Manufacturers have controlled these types of preparations by avoiding any powdered composition

of these new organo-phosphorus compounds and refusing to make preparations containing parathion available to retail trade. Our medical and health authorities do not seem to evince any interest in this matter.

The following remarks about these dangerous chemical insecticides from eminent medical men published in several issues of the British Medical Journal will, it is hoped, open the eyes of our enthusiasts and make them pause, pick and choose, and test and use these chemicals.

DNOC and parathion are deadly poisonous on man and strict precautions are necessary to prevent harm to those that handle them. There are at least five deaths reported from Britain from DNOC poisoning and death and severe intoxications have occurred in industrial and agricultural workers in other countries in the West and in India. DNOC is a cumulative poison. Three deaths have occurred in men handling parathion in manufacture and compounding. The effects of parathion are deadly, especially if exposure is repeated day by day. More than 100 cases of poisoning and at least 5 cases of death have been reported among persons handling parathion during one season among agricultural workers. Parathion is lipid-soluble and readily penetrates the skin. It causes no local symptoms or signs in the skin so that the absorbing by this route may pass unrecognised till the characteristic symptoms begin. TEPP and HEPP are five times as toxic as nicotine and penetrate through the skin; death may occur in as short time as an hour. As small a dose as 0.3 grams daily is dangerous to man in the case of all these. Methyl chloride has a record of 35% mortality. Three cases of poisoning with one fatality have been recorded with carbon tetrachloride. It is stated in the biennial report of the Utah Experimental Station for 1948-50 that the use of DDT at 200 parts per million on lucerne caused the death of turkeys fed on the hay from the treat-

ed material; no poisonous effect was noticed in the case of chicken, pigs and lambs; but poultrymen were warned that turkeys should not be allowed to graze ranges where DDT had been applied for insect control. A note in the Australian Newsletter says that the Australian tobacco growers hailed the appearance of DDT as the final solution of many of their problems. It afforded tobacco plants more complete protection than any other insecticide in general use and was easy and reasonably inexpensive to use. It has been disappointing to discover from the reports of the Government field workers that DDT has a harmful effect on the tobacco as the leaves that have been treated with the insecticide remain too damp for manufacture into cigarettes. According to one report cigarettes made with such leaves did not even smoke.

Experience in our country on a few informal trials with DDT and gammexane in 1945 to test their toxic effect on higher animals when mixed with food grains used for food at Coimbatore gave rather dangerous results; white rats fed on grains mixed with the chemicals at the rate recommended by the manufacturers died in the course of three or four days, developing allergy and falling off of hairs on the second day. Trials with DDT spraying in an experiment against the sugar cane borer showed very bad scorching effect on the developing shoots. Trials with DDT emulsion seem to have shown that the substance has scorching effects on paddy when used against the jassids, especially at higher concentrations.

It will be interesting to read the note published in one of the issues of "Current Science" by Donteche Kostoff regarding the cytogenetic effect of some of these insecticides and fungicides. It is said that ethyl

mercuric chloride, which is the active substance of the fungicide "Granosan" induces a typical growth, abnormal mitosis and polyploidy. Almost similar effects have been seen in the case of 666; it stimulates the germination of certain cruciferae initially, but the growth of such treated seedlings becomes strikingly suppressed later on.

Cytological studies of roots of plants treated with 666 revealed disturbances in the mitotic processes by acting on the cytoplasm interfering with the formation of achromatic bodies and inducing certain changes in the nuclear elements. Mr. Donteche Kostoff concludes that insecticides and fungicides like these, when applied, may increase the hereditary change in the cultivated pure lines leading to more rapid degeneration of the highly bred uniform varieties.

It will thus be seen that the introduction of these dangerous chemicals, however effective they may be in controlling pests and diseases is attended by potential danger and should be done with great caution if their introduction is absolutely necessary, after sufficient study of their effects on the crop on which they are used, on the workers during their manufacture and distribution, and on the animals and human beings using their products.

Let us not be guided by glamour of the West. Let us by all means take whatever is good and adopt the same if after careful scrutiny it is suitable to our conditions. Let entomologists and medical men put their heads together and decide what is good for the crop without any risk to human and animal life.

No tirade is meant in this article against the West. It is intended only as a warning against indiscreet imitation where there are possibilities of risk to life in an attempt to better it.

FRESH WATER FROM THE SEA

The world's largest existing water distillation plant is the Kuwait Oil Company's plant at its loading port, Mena-el-Ahmadi. From this plant, which uses the spent steam from the power generators to distil 600,000 gallons of fresh water a day from the sea, 200,000 gallons are piped daily to the town. The remainder serves the oil company's establishments, which are in effect a self-contained town separated from Kuwait town by more than 20 miles of clean hard sand. Outside the old city a new and still larger plant, designed to give one million gallons of water a day, is being built at State expense, and the design provides for future expansion to five times this size. It will be fired by oilfield gas. In the past the average Kuwaiti has used one and a half gallons of water daily, a quantity far too small to make sewerage possible; this has already been doubled, and next year it may rise to eight or nine gallons a head a day.—The Times, London.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—JOHNSON.

THERE is no meaning in the reports that are being published that the Congress Party is forging ahead with attempts to form the Ministry in Madras State. Only the leader of the party is entitled to make these attempts. Others can, if they choose, but they will be acting without authority. Until the leadership of the Congress Legislature Party is first settled, no effective step can be taken towards the formation of a Congress-sponsored Ministry. One suggestion that is lately much bruited is to the effect that C. R. should be requested to come back. C. R. of course loves nothing better than to be the Chief Minister of Madras, but he is shrewd enough to know that the chance for it was missed and cannot be recovered. The Home portfolio of Delhi is not less taxing than the direction of Madras administration. It will not conduce much to one's credit after having relinquished a Union Ministership on the ground of ill health, if one were to falsify that ground almost immediately by undertaking the more strenuous responsibility of Chief Ministership in Madras State.

C. R.'s close associates in Andhra are the defeated Congress Ministers. Association with them has cost the Congress pride of place among the political parties of Andhra. It will do nothing less to C. R. himself if he should accede to the defeated Andhra Ministers' importunities and make a move towards accepting or securing the Premiership. C. R. as Premier will give a prodigious fillip to the Andhra State demand which, despite Swami Sitaram's Satyagraha, has fallen steeply into disrepute, after the recent sensational Communist victories in the Andhra districts. The Communists hunger now with renewed appetite for an Andhra State as they hope to run in it the first Red Government in India. On the other hand, none but the Communists want a Red Government, and many who for years have been dreaming of an Andhra State, prefer now not to have it, rather

than have it with the chance of falling under Communist rule.

The Congress blundered when it announced its policy of linguistic States. It must repair the blunder boldly if the country is not to crash and disintegrate. The tendency for each State to regard itself as a separate independent unit has to be checked if our national consciousness is to be preserved. I know it to be a fact that many who shout in public for linguistic States are at heart skeptical and lukewarm. But they dare not avow the truth for fear of a public opinion which is more an illusion than a reality. We are a multi-lingual people, and if we are to flourish and get on, we must have Governments formed solely for administrative convenience and no other consideration whatsoever. I am all for a redistribution of territory so as to create the largest possible number of multi-lingual States. Only thus will administrators be disciplined to realise what they owe to citizens of languages and denominations other than their own.

But multi-lingual States cannot hold on together unless the majority element gets schooled in the first lesson of democracy, by paying extra consideration to others less numerically strong. If Madras State is not to be split up into its component linguistic units, the Chief Ministership should not be a Tamil monopoly but should also rotate among Andhras, Kannadigas, Malayalees, Muslims and Scheduled Castes.

Sir Archibald Nye declared at a party this week that, if he had the choice, he would choose Madras in all India for his residence. He said he would have loved to stay in India for all time but domestic reasons connected with the education of a child, compelled a change. Sir Archibald made a speciality of meeting humanity at all levels. That is why he leaves behind so many friends who regret his leaving. He is a shrewd judge of men. He told me once that every time he met Sri Prakasam he was reminded somehow of Mr. Churchill.—SAKA.

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

By-passing The Communists

Sri V. V. Prasad's suggestion that Nehru should form a coalition Government along with the Communists seems to have been born out of panic. As long as the Communists put their faith in violence, it is no use expecting them to show any change of heart. If they pay lip-sympathy to law and order now, on the eve of ministry-making, their protestations must be accepted with the greatest caution.

The future political prospects of the Congress party are not as bleak as Sri Prasad wants us to believe. The Congress organization has only received a rude shock in the general elections and it has been made to realise that if it is to survive at all, it must set its house in order without the least delay. For this purpose, the first requisite is that Congress leaders should shed, once for all, their air of superiority and search for talent from outside the Congress fold. For there is no denying the fact that there are more talented men outside the Congress than inside. The Congress must therefore solicit the co-operation of men outside its ranks without insisting on their merging their identity with the Congress. Secondly, the Congress party must set its face sternly against corruption and not wink at it, trotting out excuses or apologies. Thirdly, it must act in the present and that in the immediate present. The rich black-marketeers in rice and the avaricious capitalists engaged in cloth and sugar manufacture have to be tackled with firmness. The Government has to show extra solicitude towards the poor, especially those engaged in agriculture, so that our food position might improve immediately. For this purpose it is not necessary to take such drastic measures as confiscating the land of the rich and distributing it to the poor. It would be enough if convenient parcels of land are allotted to the agricultural labourer with liability to pay an annual rent which will represent 4 per cent on the value of the land allotted to him. This rent ought to be guaranteed by the Government and the landlord must not be asked to shift for himself in recovering it. The Agricultural department should hire agricultural implements, plough-bulls, etc., to the agriculturists in need of such help. It should also dig wells in collaboration with the P. W. D. and collect water-tax which will represent 3 per cent interest on their cost of digging. If all this is done, the

ghost of Communism could be exorcised in a very short time.

The problem now is, how to take the wind out of the sails of the Communist propaganda. If the Congress party so desires, it can co-operate with the other parties and immediately embark upon a common programme of far reaching reform, especially in the production and establishment of the essential consumer goods like food, cloth, etc. If the Congress party is unwilling to form a coalition with other parties, it can at least allow other non-Communist parties to form a coalition and run the Government. Such a coalition cannot but govern well, unless the Communists keep it in power even if it should misgovern simply to spite the Congress, in which case the political stock of the Communists is bound to go down. In practice, such a Government would be run with the full co-operation of the Opposition. We can recall the functioning of such a Ministry in the thirties during the interval between the fall of the Justice party and the coming into power of the Congress party. Such a Ministry could now be formed by Sri Prakasam without having anything to do with the Communists. If such a Ministry is allowed to function, the Congress opposition would rise in the estimation of the people so that before the next general election, the Ministry in power will join the ranks of the Congress and the Communist party would have been effectively thrown into the shade.

But all this is wishful thinking. The Congress leaders in Madras are the last persons to be willing to part with power. Even now they are making, behind the scenes, attempts to rope in individual members into the Congress fold to make up the requisite majority. And in this they might well succeed.

M. S. V. CHARI.

Tindivanam.

Dravidian Federation Politics

An impartial but critical magazine like *Swatantra* (as far as its editorials go) is made a target of attack by Mr. Guruswamy, Secretary of the Dravidian Federation. (*Swatantra* dated 9th Feb. 1952).

I am not going to give a point-by-point reply to the many lies and false ideas he wishes to convey to readers. Having come to know about these organisations in their true colours, about their reactionary

politics etc., in recent times, I hope there will be sufficient true blood and fire in this land to raze to the ground these citadels of reaction, malice and hypocrisy in due season.

I will only say, as one with a close knowledge of the politics of these parts, that these two parties, Dravidian Federation and Progressive Dravidian Federation are cent per cent communal. They have intensified the fast-disappearing communal differences; whether admission to colleges or recruitment to services or ministerships—they have made them all tools for perpetuating communalism and class-conscientiousness. They have brought about disruption, disunity and confusion. The ruling party has been doing what is wanted to bring forward all backward people by every conceivable way and no organisation having as its aim a classless and casteless society can do anything more.

Will our brethren awake from their long slumber?

A TRUE TAMILIAN.

Coimbatore.

Appeal To Tamilnad Congressmen

The dreadful disease that has caught the Congress in the South alone, requires thorough examination and immediate drastic treatment before it is too late. In the first place we have fallen from the high ideals taught us by Mahatmaji. We failed to assign the proper place to ideals and principles which alone can sustain mass enthusiasm. Our usual unselfish service rendered with utmost humility was found to be missing and political manoeuvring and opportunism was becoming more and more evident. Hence a swing round to idealism is imperative.

Secondly, fight within the party had been sickening and the public got disgusted with us. Instead of the purging of undesirable elements, there had been a systematic elimination of most of our top leaders and genuine workers. Personal and group aggrandisements held sway, fomenting bitter hatred and jealousy. Steps must be taken to bring back dissident groups and persons and proper atmosphere must be created to enthuse those who stand aside and bring them in, for active political work.

Thirdly, proper leadership is essential. None can deny the fact that after 1942 we have been functioning under very mediocre leadership devoid of high idealism or proper talents—both in the organisation and the legislatures—unfortunately for too long a time. They may be good and great in some respects and have been discharging their difficult tasks to the best of their abilities but that is not enough. The time has come—perhaps it is too late already—when they

themselves should introspect in the greater interests of the country and take the lead in vesting the leadership in proper deserving hands who can rally together all our forces in an admirable manner.

The situation is too grave. We must be agile enough to get out of the rut. No useful purpose will be served by thinking about formation of ministries, alignment of parties, or intensification of the work on the usual routine lines hitherto followed by us. Nothing short of a moral upheaval can save the situation. A band of devoted selfless workers must emerge sacrificing their all and work with a missionary zeal under an able and inspiring leadership. Who is there except Rajaji to guide us and he will not dare refuse the call of united Tamilnad Congress.

M. C. VEERABAHU.

Tuticorin.

Negative Programme Would Lead To Ruin

Though I served the cause of the Congress for over 25 years yet I stood as an independent candidate for a seat in the Madras State Assembly and I was defeated by a wealthy Congressman.

Since the advent of political freedom I am constantly worrying the Congressmen in power to categorically state whether it is a fact or not that they prefer collaboration with the reactionary landlords and rich capitalists in preference to cooperation with people of my view and whether they are guilty or not of forsaking the original ideal of the Congress, namely, selfless service to the toiling poor. Instead of answering these questions in a straight way they are trying to make a scapegoat of the Communists and refuse to listen to my appeal by dubbing me as a fellow traveller.

My complaint is that the Congressmen had made it a fine art to speak with two voices. It is obvious that the progressive in them is in conflict with the reactionary. They had alienated the allegiance of the honest elements, which never faltered in fighting against all forms of corruption and nepotism. Honest men had no option but to strive hard to expose the vagaries of Congressmen in office.

The defeat of 219 (out of 375) Congress candidates, including six Ministers, in the State of Madras, was due to the negative policy of anti-Communism followed by the Congress Ministry. I am of opinion that this negative policy, if pursued to its logical end, would lead the country to bankruptcy and ruin. For, the negative programmes have the potentiality of breeding incompetency, encouraging nepotism and all forms of corruption in the administration.

The services as well as the rank and file of the Congress are not taking

seriously Nehru's emphasis on integrity. They ungrudgingly pay their homage to their national hero and stop at that. Our Prime Minister, in my opinion, is a type of a leader who values personal loyalty more than loyalty to the ideals of democracy. In 1936 he was the President of the All India Civil Liberties Union. Then he swore by civil liberties as the foundation of democracy. Now he is the Prime Minister of Free India. He unhesitatingly puts his seal of approval to all enactments which are aimed to crush the civil liberties of the people.

Prime Minister Nehru is not in favour of appointing a judicial committee to enquire into the allegations made against the Congress Ministers and legislators. He believes that he can satisfy the public by asking the Congressmen to perform a purification ceremony to wipe out their sin.

C. V. RAJAGOPALACHARI.

Madras.

Electorate's Verdict In Madras State

The one problem that is engaging the attention of the Madras public to-day is the determination of the kind of rule that it should have. Some swear that it shall be rule of the Ministry of the non-Congressmen; others assert that it should be the rule of the Congress; yet others think that Governor's rule is inevitable. But the following facts indicate unmistakably that the Madras electorate is more Congress-minded than otherwise. The first and foremost fact is that their first preferences were for Congressmen in 152 constituencies and their second preferences for the same in as many as 180 other constituencies. If the principle underlying proportional representation by single transferable vote is applied mutatis mutandis to this case, it will lead to an absolute majority for the party. This is just to indicate the strong support which the Congress has received from the electorate and also the need for evolving and legalising a technique for assessing the second preferences and creating reserve votes to meet similar situations in the future. The second fact is the highest per capita vote secured by the Congress party, namely 19,000 as against 17,000 secured by the Communist party, 12,000 by the K. M. P. and so on. The third fact is supplied by the results in the city of Madras, where the Congress, besides annexing all the 3 parliamentary seats, won 5 out of the 8 Assembly seats. The fourth fact is the 34 first preferences and 32 second preferences for the Congress in the 75 parliamentary constituencies in the State.

To say that the Congress should not form the Ministry because they have

secured only 35% of the total votes is erroneous. In multi-party contests there cannot be a direct relationship between the percentage of votes polled and that of the seats gained. For example, in the Punjab, the Congress party has gained 78% of the seats with only 38% of the votes, nearly the same as in Madras, and in Bihar 73% of the seats with 42% of the votes, while in Greater Bombay the Congress won 20 out of the 24 contested Assembly seats with barely 40% of the votes as against the 3 seats alone won by the Socialist party with 30% of the votes.

It is also argued that because more votes have gone to non-Congressmen than to Congressmen the latter should not form the Ministry. Such people should also protest against the election of an individual candidate who secures in any constituency less votes than those of his opponents put together. More than 200 of the elected members in the Madras Assembly and more than 2,500 in the whole of India come under this category.

The fear that non-Congressmen may combine and defeat the Congress Ministry on vital issues need not stand in the way of the formation of a Congress Ministry. Such a combination is unlikely so long as the Socialists and K. L. P. are against the Communists and their allies. Many of the Independents may be expected to co-operate with the Ministry. Obstructionist tactics, if any, will only expose those indulging in them.

S. MUTHUKRISHNAN, M.A.
T.Nagar.

Caretaker Cabinet For Madras

People at the helm of affairs in Madras seem to be fond of forcing events and making history. But history has the fatal knack of growing out of one's control. The formation of a caretaker regime with the defeated Chief Minister at the head immediately after the resignation of the Ministry has come to the thinking public as a painful surprise. Why should an invidious distinction be made between a defeated Chief Minister and others? Till the other day all of them worked as a team. So far as I know the Chief Minister never disowned or disapproved of any of the policies or acts of his defeated colleagues.

One fails to see the logic of his leadership in the light of the election results. Out of the total votes polled in the State of Madras, Congress got about 70 lakhs. All other parties put together polled more than 140 lakhs of votes. As to the present colleagues of the Chief Minister only three of them were elected to the State Assembly. They never wielded power. Much less did they count in the counsels of the party. The fourth one was elected to the House of the People.

The fifth member did not face the electorate. It cannot also be said that their presence is indispensable. They are not in any way specifically noted for their administration abilities. Democracy knows no indispensability. If the Congress has no leader except a defeated Chief Minister it means that it has ceased to be an organic body and can have no claim on democracy.

By accepting adult suffrage as the basis of the franchise, we have demonstrated our faith in the common man and in a broad-based democracy. The success of this experiment will depend on the realisation by the leaders at the helm of affairs, of their obligations to the electorate. The elections to the State Assembly are over. Since the Council of Ministers has to be collectively responsible to the Legislative Assembly as provided in Article 164 (3) of the Constitution, the Governor should send for the leaders of the various parties and find out whether a stable Ministry could be formed. If he does not succeed in his attempts, there is Article 356 of the Constitution to meet the resulting situation. In these circumstances, the formation of a caretaker regime with the defeated Chief Minister as its head is uncalled for and undesirable. The Governor of Madras is ill-advised in resorting to this course of action. The members of the caretaker Cabinet do not seem to have realised the far-reaching implications of this step. They have done little justice to democracy and less than justice to constitutionalism. In a way it amounts to adding insult to injury. It is virtually a caricature of our Constitution. So far as I am aware there is no precedent for it. The Madras Ministry is gone. But we are still haunted by its ghost. An intelligent critic will probably be justified in remarking that the remedy is worse than the disease.

P. RAJESWARA RAO.

Eluru.

Training Colleges And Appointments

Which is the superior body—the Government of Madras or the Public Services Commission, Madras? Has the Public Services Commission got the right and privilege of over-riding Government Orders?

On September 2, 1948, the Government of Madras, Education and Public Health Department, issued an order relating to the appointment of posts in the Teachers' Training Colleges.

I give below important extracts from the G. O.

"No person whose mother-tongue is not the regional language or who has not studied that language as part of his or her

University course, shall be eligible for the appointment of any post in the service in the Teachers' Training College."

"For the purpose of sub-rule (b) Telugu shall be the regional language for appointment to the post in the Government Training College, Rajahmundry and Tamil shall be regional language for appointment to the post in the Lady Willingdon Training College for Women, Madras, and the Teachers' Training College, Saidapet."

Quite at variance with the orders issued by the Government of Madras, the Madras Public Services Commission in its information to candidates, issued recently, stated that candidates seeking appointment to the posts of Principal and Senior Lecturer, Government Training College, Rajahmundry, have to pass the special language test prescribed for officers—Lower Standard in Telugu, within the probation period. Perhaps in the view of the Madras Public Services Commission, there is no difference between the University course and the Lower Standard test in Telugu prescribed for officers. The Public Services Commission ought not have taken the law into its own hands and scrapped the Government order.

There is a difference between Teachers' Training Colleges and Arts Colleges. Regional language does not play an important part in Arts Colleges, Engineering Colleges, Medical Colleges or Agricultural Colleges. In a Teachers' Training College lecturers have to handle model school classes. In model schools attached to Teachers' Training Colleges, the medium of instruction is the regional language. In the model school attached to the Government Training College, Rajahmundry, instruction is imparted through the medium of Telugu. The major part of the work given to lecturers of Government Training College, Rajahmundry, relates to the model school.

To appoint lecturers whose mother-tongue is not Telugu or who have not studied that language as part of the University course is tantamount to scrapping the G. O. issued in September 1948. Such appointments will not be in the interest of the young pupils studying in model schools.

The Andhra University Standing Orders are in conformity with the G. O. passed in September, 1948.

It is not fair on the part of the Madras Public Services Commission to ignore the orders of the Government and the Standing Orders of the Andhra University.

I hope that the Public Services Commission will rectify its mistake and issue fresh instructions to candidates.

PALAKODETY SURYA

PRAKASARAO.

Rajahmundry.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII
No. 6

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

COALITION EFFORTS

MADRAS Congress leaders have quietly resiled from their initial stiff attitude of standing aloof from other parties making no effort to form the Ministry. They now desire to form the Ministry. They have also realised that they cannot form it without the co-operation of other parties. But they have not decided what parties they should combine with to form their majority in the State Assembly. To start with, they angled for the support of the Independents. Only three Independents seem to have been settled so far. Having failed to work up a majority with the support of Independents, the Congress leaders turned their attention next to the members of the Krishak Lok Party of Professor Ranga. The Professor has lately been in a dilemma. He parted from the Congress in the company of Sri Prakasam, but he did not stay in Sri Prakasam's company for long. He is not a favourite with the Socialists. He is bitterly hated by the Communists. He found himself, within a few weeks of secession from the Congress, a completely isolated political figure. He would have continued as such, and become still more isolated had the Congress secured a working majority as a result of the elections. The need of the Congress for votes to make up a majority in the State Assembly rescued Professor Ranga from his isolation and conferred on him unexpected political value. It is not likely that he will miss this chance to resuscitate himself politically, but unfortunately for Professor Ranga, the full strength of his party in the Assembly is not sufficient to bring up the Congress to the level of a major-

ity. With all the help that Professor Ranga can give, the Congress will still be forced to seek aid in other quarters if a Congress-sponsored Ministry is to be formed at all in the State.

Force of circumstances is impelling the Congress to a course which they should have resorted to in the very first instance, namely, turning to the K. M. P. Party for support. The Congress approach to the K. M. P. Party is not however a straight one. They want the K. M. P. votes, but they want them unencumbered by Sri Prakasam's leadership. The Congress objection to Sri Prakasam is the historical one reflected in the dread of the strong by the second-rate. Secondary Congress leaders who are numerically strong do not want Sri Prakasam lest his presence and stature should throw them into comparative insignificance in common councils. They would like to have Sri Tennesi Viswanadham, if they can, but Viswanadham's steadfast loyalty to his leader has been proof against all temptations and importunities. Baffled and thwarted, Congress leaders seem of late to have fallen on the expedient of angling for dissidents from the K. M. P. ranks to improve their own electoral position in the legislature.

We do not know what success will eventually attend on the Congress effort to gather votes. But the whole procedure has gone on wrong lines. The sort of Ministry that will be formed with piecemeal wangling of votes will not be worth a day's purchase, and it will crumble before the first onslaught of the Opposition, which is quite a different Opposition from the one to which the Congress

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has been accustomed to in the past. The advent of the Communists in large numbers in the Assembly has given the Congress an artificial advantage, as many that criticised the Congress bitterly before the elections, are now willing to give it one more trial rather than face the consequences of Communist rule which otherwise might devolve on the State. But this artificial advantage will not last if abused. Only a better Government with nobler standards of public service, under the inspiration of a competent and trusted leader, can maintain any Ministry in office against the forces thrown up by the election. But there is no sign as yet that the Congress leaders have assimilated this lesson of the recent Congress defeats. They are still clinging on to techniques of intrigue which can only have the effect of further strengthening the Communists.

Rayalaseema

THE new Governor, Sri Prakasa, has programmed to visit Rayalaseema immediately. The concern of the august is an aid to publicity and there cannot be too much publicity in the cause of the famine-stricken. But publicity by itself gives no relief and other swifter means of relieving dis-

stress are also called for in the famine-devastated districts. Their plight is not in the least relieved if visitor after visitor is thrown at them "to study the situation". From all quarters there has been a rush of leaders to study the situation. It must have been studied most thoroughly by now, judging by the succession of leaders, men and women, that applied themselves to the task in between the visits of Mrs. Ranga and Srimati Durga Bai. We have at last reached the stage when an ounce of succour is worth more than a ton of investigation. Human misery through starvation has reached such appalling limits in Rayalaseema that top priority ought to be given to the relief campaign and the whole administrative machinery of the Government requires to be geared up for providing employment and food. The soporific drift of a Care-taker Ministry is scarcely fit to meet the urgency of the daily worsening situation. We must have a Government that will stand or fall on its capacity to rescue people dying of hunger, instead of the present backwash arrangement divested of initiative and responsibility. The Governor should realise that the shortest cut to famine relief is the institution of a responsible Ministry.

Sotto Voce

MR. MUNSHI HAS YET ANOTHER IDEA

THE problem of ways and means has always fascinated me in an impersonal way. I remember how at school I spent many hours of magical felicity working upon an inspiration—or was it merely a reminiscence, an

eidolon from another's brain? Those were the days of Gokhale's Primary Education Bill. "Where was the money to come from?" asked the heartless bureaucrat. "From the beggar's sheaf," I answered triumphantly. For those



who are strangers to village ways, let me explain that this was the sheaf of corn that every pious farmer set apart on the threshing floor for the needy.

Likewise, in those spacious days it seemed the simplest thing in the world to finance every conceivable project for the country's uplift by asking one rupee—not more—of every one of our three hundred millions. Alas, one man one rupee has, unlike one man one vote, remained an unrealised dream. And the cynicism that has come with disillusion suggests that it is perhaps just as well, seeing what a genius our popular Governments have for squandering money. But Mr. Munshi—it is the secret of his success—keeps his virginal enthusiasms intact; and a land army is his latest brain-wave.

Faced with the parched countryside of Rayalaseema and the starving crowds, the Food Minister declared that the Government would look after the landless and the famished. "That is my job," he said grandly; and when has Mr. Munshi been known to fall down on his job? But statesmen cannot afford to lose themselves in the distractions of the moment: they must look far ahead. And so Mr. Munshi comforted the famished by talking to them of a great campaign for minor irrigation works. He preached self-help to those who were so weak that they could not lift a shovel.

With a fine spirit of impartiality he addressed himself to the "silk-shirted" class too. "Keep your cash, I don't want it; only give me a day's free labour once a week." It was not very clear whether he wanted them to give their own personal labour or whether he would accept a hired substitute. The Congress tradition, as everybody knows, frowns on substitutes. So the silk-shirted blenched for a moment—for the silk shirt is hardly ideal wear for the wielder of the pickaxe—but only for a moment. Then they rallied and said they were game: they had no doubt remembered the khaddar franchise.

Our Constitution, let alone our humanitarian conscience, will not permit forced labour. In the dark

ages the rulers had no such scruples, nor had the ruled so lively a sense of their democratic rights. When the Vaigai overflowed its banks, the Pandya ordered that every household should send a man to stop the breaches. And Vandi too, the lone widow who made a living by selling *pittu* sweetened by her love for the poor, had to furnish her quota. How He Who befriends the friendless came to her rescue and played while others worked and bore on His broad back the stroke of the irate Pandya's cane—of these things they still talk and sing in Madura today.

Varaguna Pandya was a just king and the Lord loved him because his people loved him. They knew he laid equal burdens on them for their own good. But when Rahugana, the Lord of the Sindhu-souveeras, flared up on finding that his palanquin was not being smoothly borne and the poor bearers trembled and abased themselves in the Presence, Jada Bharata, the Enlightened One, broke silence for the first time in his life to rebuke this unkindness. "Thou art merciless in exacting forced labour from these woe-begone pitiable creatures to pamper thy self-love, and yet thou callest thyself the protector of the people!"

The old-time administrator spoke less about justice than our egalitarians do but respected it more. When Pudukottah was dying of water-famine, Sri A. Seshiah Sastri asked three days' labour of every man in the State to clear the silt and deepen the tanks. Some hedge-lawyer saw in this an affront to freedom and human dignity and ran up to the Regent in Trichy complaining of the Dewan's autocracy. The worthy Briton bred on Magna Carta forthwith started for Pudukottah to put an end to such irregular proceedings. But he took three days to cover thirty miles and Seshiah saw to it that the job was done before His Excellency arrived to prevent it. Hundreds of thousands had worked with a will twenty-four hours a day and unborn generations were to bless the name of Seshiah. That is the way to get things done in India, Mr. Munshi!

VIGNESWARA.

WORSE IN COLD WARS

By POTHAN JOSEPH

TRUTH is the first casualty in war, wrote Lord Ponsonby, a dictum that applies to the cold war where, in addition to the suppression of the truth, there is the creation of fiction in a high degree. When the whole globe is in the grip of what is called the East-West tension, there is the singular danger that independent eyewitnesses get no hearing, and people despair of finding an impartial version of events. When the Jhallianwalla massacre along with other atrocities were perpetrated in the Punjab, the world had, in comparison, a free press which could, by reports from many non-British angles, overcome hush-hush tactics and publicise the extent of ruthless despotism then prevailing. On the other hand, an outstanding result of the world-cleavage between Communism and Democracy (which in substance are to a great degree indivisible), is that the occurrence of another Jhallianwalla today is necessarily denied equal exposure, since parallel happenings must be allotted to one side or the other in the cold war. During our non-cooperation movements, the American press-correspondents were by no means biased in favour of British repression, and savage episodes were freely described in world-telegrams giving India the advantage of indirect propaganda against misrule. But at the present time Britain and America follow a hand-in-glove policy either shutting out ugly incidents or praising them by faint damns. In spite of pious resolutions on the freedom of the press under U. N. O. auspices, the tendency to doctor news is getting ahead of the task of objective reporting. A conspicuous instance is the story of a minor Jhallianwalla carnage at Ismailia on January 25, 1952, Dyerism being in full blast.

The fierce glare of publicity could not fall on the scene except for the initial message of *Reuter's* containing the nature of the "ruthless action" by the British. Let us quote:

"Giant 52-ton Centurion tanks crashed through the walls...."

Twenty pounder shells from tanks supported by the hail of fire from armoured cars ripped into the building at POINT BLANK RANGE. Bodies toppled from roof tops. Sandbags were blown high in the air. Jagged open holes were torn in the cream coloured four-storey building. Fusiliers took the building in bloody room to room combat MORE BLOODY THAN THE CANAL ZONE HAS YET SEEN...."

It was a ghastly incident, but it was attended by a conspiracy of kindred interests leading to a hush-up of news against Soviet indictment. American correspondents were mild in their reproach possibly for the reason that the new psychological alliance put the interests of friendly co-operation to preserve a good name far above the obligation to publish stark facts. Although the North Korean army in the Far East supported by Chinese volunteers make gross allegations about the indiscipline of American airmen and charge the Allies with attempts at bacteriological warfare, there is no investigatory follow-up of the kind possible only when publicity is disinterested and free from mutual connivance. On the outbreak of the Rowlatt Act riots in the Punjab, a missionary lady, Miss Sherwood, riding on a bicycle had to get down before the mob and it was the indignity she suffered that led to the shame of the "Crawling Lane" imposed by General Dyer. The facts were openly reported without any mystification and world-opinion disturbed tyrants. Compare, on the other hand, the incident of a Convent sister losing her life during the Ismailia tragedy.

It was admitted that she was shot dead, but the British blame the Egyptians whilst the Egyptians asserted that British bullets had killed the nun. Since it came under the veil of general hush-hush, there was no regular finding disclosed after investigation; and when the question was raised in the British Parliament, the Gov-

ernment spokesman gave out the lame excuse that findings on such occasions are not let out for free publicity. The drive of bull-dozers through villages was not allowed to cause much sensation. The underlying idea is that in the psychological warfare between the East and the West, ugly truths should not be made imprudently available to the opposite side, in an era of quick transmission and mutual vilification by radio. Truth suffers in such tactics, and all who belong to one camp slur over inconvenient happenings in contrast with the custom of earlier days when, in the absence of chronic antagonism, light was allowed to fall on the dark corners of crime and evil. Had Britain been prosecuting the war in Korea with America as a spectator, military correspondents would have splashed stories of horror as in the days of the Boer War, but now the English-speaking world has been driven into a conspiracy of comparative silence. The origin of the expression "concentration camp" is associated with the South African campaign. Accusations are made by North Koreans about violations of civilised warfare, and Dean Acheson haughtily replies that the whole chargesheet is a mendacious invention "characteristic of Communism" and he flaunts his readiness to face investigation at the hands of an "impartial body," but because of common lack of bona fides, no "impartial body" can be empanelled except in terms of the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and other philanthropic agencies which are distrusted by the Reds in their spy-scare against the West. Nevertheless, truth is either suppressed or killed in the process, largely on account of the hostile alignments of two groups and the insignificance of neutral testimony. It may again be illustrated by the practice of secrecy on developments in non-belligerent territory where it is to the interest of a group of nations to screen the actual truth. It is well-known that all is not well on Burma's north-eastern frontier, but the drive against Communism has resulted in the *London Times* and the *New York Times* shutting out light from the scene of nefarious intervention. The grievance of China is that Americans are

actually supporting the K. M. T. forces who under General Li Mi are committing havoc in that region, imperilling international relations; it is also a complaint that Americans are lending support to the irregulars. The indictment was made on January 29, in the General Assembly of the U. N. O. at Paris, but there was no positive denial by the American spokesman in the volley of virulent scorn about the "big lie" which one side wants to foist on the other. Mutual complicity in one camp tends to hush-up scandals at both ends, and it is a pernicious feature of the cold war that truth is mauled and mutilated into a condition of agony which is worse than the murderous canards that adorn shooting wars. Partisanship soars above the claims of truth, and the vice becomes second nature to combatants in the cold war. Mendacity as a fine art is more obvious in cold war than in straight shooting wars, the plain mirror of truth being replaced by a pair of reflectors, one convex and the other concave, which two sides hold against each other.



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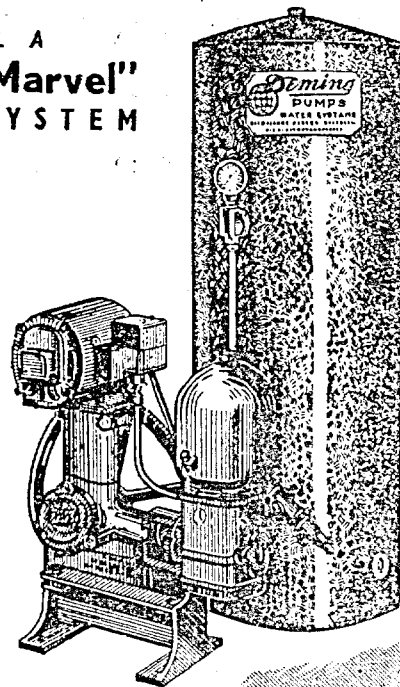
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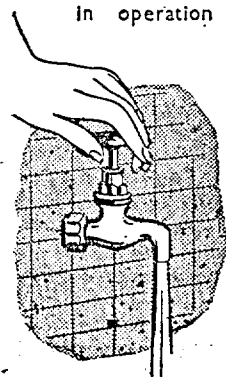
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THE RAILWAY BUDGET I

By H. RANGACHAR

"MAY you have, throughout the New Year the great embarrassment—of increasing wealth and of an abundance of the good things of life"—was the legend on a Christmas and New Year card of a friend. How forcefully is one reminded of this wish,—as far as wealth is concerned,—by the Railway Budget for the New Financial Year presented to the "lame duck session" of the Parliament last month. The spiral of railway prosperity has been shooting up at an ever increasing pace, since the attainment of independence. During this period,

the railways have been consistently achieving each year one thing—setting up a record in earnings and in expenditure, only to break it and set up still higher records in the following year. Thus it has been reported that in 1950-51 the Indian railways "broke all past records under many items, such as gross earnings under passengers and goods,..." and it may be added working expenses also. This record making and breaking is also very much in evidence in the Revised Estimates for the current year and the Budget for the coming year.

BUDGET AT A GLANCE

(In crores of rupees)

	Actuals 1950-51	Budget 1951-52	Revised Estimate 1951-52	Budget 1952-53
Gross Traffic receipts	263	279	288	299
Total revenue expenditure, including Rs. 30 crores each year for Depreciation Fund	215	224	233	240
Net railway revenues	48	55	55	59

Out of the net revenues, Rs. 33 crores have been contributed to the general revenues as annual dividends during the current and the previous year; the amount to be contributed in the Budget Year is Rs. 34 crores.

Budget Estimates And Actuals:

A noticeable feature of this period has been that actuals every year have been markedly above the Budget estimates both in revenue and expenses. Thus for the year 1950-51 the gross traffic receipts were Rs. 263 crores or Rs. 31 crores in excess of the Budget estimate; the working expenses were Rs. 180 crores against the budgetted estimate of Rs. 166 crores, or about Rs. 14 crores in excess. According to the revised estimates for the current year ending with 31st March 1952, the gross traffic receipts and working expenses are anticipated to be about Rs. 7.5 crores and Rs. 9 crores respectively above the Budget estimates. So great has been the increase in earnings that, despite the mounting working expenses, there have been sub-

stantial increases in the net surplus or profit, as the budget at a glance given above shows.

Comparison With Pre-war Period

A correct idea of the extent of increase in revenue and expenses may be gained from a comparison of the corresponding figures of the pre-war years. Gross traffic receipts in 1938-39 were Rs. 99.62 crores against Rs. 288 crores for the current year and Rs. 299 crores budgetted for 1952-53. The ordinary working expenses for 1938-39 were Rs. 54 crores against Rs. 196 and 203 crores for the current and budget years respectively. Thus, the revenue for the current year is expected to be about 2.9 times and the working expenses over 3.6 times that of the pre-war year. In the budget year, these are estimated to be over 3 and 3.7 times respectively. It should be stated that the figures for the pre-war year include earnings and expenses of the railways transferred to Pakistan during the vivisection of the country. On the other hand, the figures for the current and budget

years include also those of the integrated railways of the former Princely States. As the earnings and expenses of the latter are much less than those of the former, the actual increase in revenue and expenses is much greater than that indicated by the proportions given above.

The net revenue receipts of 1938-39 were Rs. 30.67 crores against 55 and 59 crores for the current and budget years. The contribution to the Depreciation Fund during the current and budget years is a higher rate, viz. Rs. 30 crores per annum against the average of three pre-war years. If the depreciation charges for 1951-52 and 1952-53 were approximately similar to those of the three pre-war years the net receipts would have been of the order of 72 to 75 crores of rupees.

After meeting the increased working expenses, the depreciation charges at much higher rates and the contribution to general revenues of 33 and 34 crores, the railways have realised a net surplus or profit of Rs. 15 crores and 22 crores in 1950-51 and 1951-52 respectively, while next year it is expected to be no less than 25 crores of rupees. The net return on capital will be of the order of 6.7 to 7% inclusive of interest charges or 3.7 to 4 per cent exclusive of the same calculated at 3% per annum.

How strong the financial position of our railways is will be evident if we compare it with the results of the W. S. A. railways. The net railway operating income of the latter in 1949 and 1950 equalled a return of the order of 2.75% on the net capital investment. Out of this net income, the American railways had to meet interest and other fixed charges. As claimed by the Minister for Railways, our financial position was very strong compared with "any similar undertaking anywhere in the world." Not only this, judged by financial criteria, the railways in India are amongst the

few most prosperous industrial undertakings in the country.

In view of all this, it should have been very reasonable to expect that railways would give the much needed relief to the public by a reduction in fares and freight. But, on the contrary, freight rates are being increased substantially on coal and to a less extent on sugar grains, and iron and steel. The increase has been justified on the grounds of rationalization of the structure of rates and the necessity to ensure that each item of traffic bears its legitimate share of the cost of transport.

Financial Policies Of Railways

The trend of railway finances since the attainment of independence, and the increase, year after year, in fares and freight under some ground or other against the background of ever-increasing revenues, expenses and surpluses, raise many major questions of principle, none of which has received, at the hands of the Parliament, the consideration its importance requires. Is it consistent with sound financial policy and with public interest that railways, a public utility undertaking, enjoying a virtual monopoly of transport, should be allowed to charge high rates and fares and reap unduly high dividends? Is the economy of the country not adversely affected by such action, especially at a time like the present of high prices and increased cost of living? Are the grounds advanced for increase in rates well-founded and valid? Can the railways claim that the service they are rendering is, either in quantity or quality, an adequate return for the price extracted from the public? Is the extra revenue that is being realised absolutely essential and is it the only means of improving the railway plant, equipment and the efficiency of its service? These and other connected questions will be considered in the course of the succeeding articles.

The way in which canvassing in the graduates' constituency is going on is amazing and very unbecoming too. When the voters are said to be the intelligentsia of the State there is no reason for the ballot papers being snatched away by the candidates. Some agents, hover round the voters. They do not give time to the voters even to think and use their discretion and may snatch away the ballot paper with only one preference marked. Many in power and position use their influence to snatch away ballot papers though indirectly through their agents. The collection of votes ought to have been forbidden by the authorities.—Educationist.

SHANKAR THE CARTOONIST

By T. D. J. ESAN

THE political cartoonist of Delhi's *Hindustan Times*, a well-built man named Shankar, one fine morning stepped out to the desk of the chief leader-writer and said, "I am going out to find the ideal donkey. Why don't you come along." M. C. Rao, the leader-writer, slung the papers into a drawer and the pair proceeded to the section of Delhi where the washermen keep their donkeys to carry the laundry for them.

This was a thorough study tour. Cartoonist and the editorialist examined donkeys by the dozen. They stared into their eyes. They looked closely into their teeth. Critically they examined their profile. Finally they found one "quite human" and Shankar took photographs of it from all angles while Rao and the donkey took turns in laughing at him.

But Shankar knew what he was doing. He had given much thought to the manners and mannerisms of a group, extremely modernized, which fills the large cities of India with self-important and empty chatter. "They are donkeys, nothing but donkeys," Shankar exclaimed to himself one day and proceeded straight to immortalise his discovery in black and white in the pages of his now famous *Weekly*.

This was in 1948. Since then the donkey man and his donkey spouse together with various friends have brayed their way into Indian life through the columns of the *Shankar's Weekly*, a three-year old, self-conceived, self-financed, and self-run weekly emanating from Delhi and reaching the far corners of the world.

As a political cartoonist Shankar is by far India's greatest. He ranks, in fact, beside the world's best. What is more, most of India's top-political writers concede that Shankar the journalist is more widely read and more easily understood and has much more influence than any of them. He is a star-reporter, they agree, though he never writes more than a caption. Shankar is an acid critic of what goes on in India. Everyone he lambasts from Nehru down to the tiniest Party

cog. Yet he is probably the most universally liked person among all those who peer from the Press Gallery in India's Parliament.

He plays no favourites; he has no party line. The often-domineering Congress, the noisy Socialists, the militant Communist, the new loquacious splinter groups including KMPP, KLP, TNT (not to be confused with the explosive) all hardly escape Shankar's ruthless brush, and what is perhaps more true, none enjoy his work better than the targets themselves. This is nothing if it is not a tribute to the man with the ink mask.

At his drawing board, Shankar thinks the world is a mess and the people are fools. The 18-year old daughter of Shankar, Shantha, says that he makes terrible faces when he is drawing. Sometimes he looks very angry and sometimes he laughs out loud. You can almost tell what he is drawing by watching his face. For most of the fourteen years he worked for Delhi's *Hindustan Times* Shankar scorched the British, Willingdon, Linlithgow, Wavell, Mountbatten. The uglyfaced imperialism and the weight of bureaucracy were his main targets then. Their pomp, their pettiness, their greed and their ineptitudes filled his drawings.

Yet by the time the British left India, each of the British dignitaries who had lived in Delhi during the Shankar era had among his souvenirs a collection of Shankar's originals in which he had played the villain. Sir Stafford Cripps so enjoyed Shankar's blows at him that he asked Shankar for the originals of some of the most devastating ones. Shankar presented him with a carefully bound volume of 14 Cripps cartoons. Wavell received close to 100.

The British never jailed him, although he was constantly anti-British throughout the Independence movement. "It is psychology," says he, "that when you make fun of them in cartoons they try to make friends with you. They don't throw you in jail." He also remembers the question

U. S. DILEMMA IN ASIA

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

Lord Linlithgow once asked him, "If we should leave India, would you, Shankar, be able to make as much fun of your own people as you have made of us?" Shankar thought about the pregnant question and decided that as a cartoonist his job was to go on making fun of the stupidities of those in power, no matter who they were.

"I look at it this way" he says. "There is the stage. I am sitting in front of it. Whoever is on the stage I watch and then I make fun of the foolish things he does." To shift from one era to the next so suddenly, however, was no easy matter even for the Shankar brush. He had to analyse the characters of the new regime and discover "new sets of values." Shankar solved his problem so thoroughly that by going through the back-numbers of his *Weekly* one comes face to face with the current history of India.

As for Nehru, Shankar finds him hard to draw because he admires him. He seems almost to identify himself with Nehru. Once he said, "As a cartoonist, I am a negative person. I can tell what is wrong. But I can't tell what would be right. Sometimes Nehru seems to be in the same way. He is really an artist at heart. So he should be excused for some of it. But he is also an administrator and so he should know what is right."

Shankar's Nehru is a small childish figure, often looking rather lost in the jungle around him. Shankar ridicules him for his indecision and his lack of direction, for his split personality. One cartoon shows over 30 Nehrus each acting against the other. The original of it hangs in Nehru's verandha in his Delhi mansion.

Shankar thinks his creed is essentially good to any political cartoonist. "You can call it a left bias, if you want. But a political cartoonist must have it. You can't be a good cartoonist if you look at things from the point of view of a capitalist." He personally thinks the best political cartooning in America has come from the Left—though on the whole he considers Americans mere children in the field. According to him, France and Germany have done better work

and deserve more recognition and appreciation in India. Now China is not doing so badly, especially in her cartoons against the US.

The mere mention of the British *Punch* throws him into a near rage. "Their cartoons are a 100 years old. They have as such no meaning today." This, of course, is true to a great extent.

People and leaders in India are constantly reminding him that cartoons should not offend and offering the *Punch* example, they wax eloquent. "This is mere snobbish hypocrisy on their part," Shankar counters. "Every cartoon must offend, it is just a matter of degree." Gandhiji was one of those who warned Shankar in this respect, but he saved himself in the eyes of the ace-cartoonist by not quoting *Punch*. He also gave Shankar a chance to explain himself, and in the end, Gandhiji understood his theory and his notions and approved.

When Shankar launched his *Weekly*, he had no backers, no organization and no money. But he had friends, faithful, sympathetic and willing to come round and work. About a dozen of them donated a couple of days a week to work on his magazine with him. He drew the cover and a cartoon for about every page. His friends wrote enough to fill the rest of the space. One took over the business side and another getting ads, etc.

Shankar has one great extravagance every year—his annual Children Number. Shankar thinks children can write and drew better stuff for themselves than the adults. So in 1949, he invited children all over India to contribute, and he got nearly 1400 entries. Next year, he decided to make the issue international and through individuals and schools abroad he received about 7000 from 14 different countries.

Political cartooning is what absorbs him most days of the week, from about 7 in the morning until 10 o'clock at night when he sits down to his South Indian dinner without meat. But Shankar likes to overwork because he loves his profession.—(R.N.F.)

NEW YORK CITY: On June 17, 1950, Gen. Omar Bradley, Secretary of Defence Johnson and John Foster Dulles arrived in Tokyo to confer with MacArthur, and on the 19th *Barron's*, the financial weekly, came out with an editorial titled "Showdown in the Pacific" which said:

"As the conference in Tokyo progresses, one can only hope that ways and means are found to implement a new policy.... And here history, if we will let it, may be given guidance. Speaking of the Open Door, John Hay said in effect: 'The moment the United States declared itself the rest of the world paused and finally came over to our ground.'"

Six days later history was indeed given guidance. The evidence suggests that the Korean war was provoked, though even if so the Communists obviously made a calculated or rather miscalculated, decision to unite the peninsula by armed force.

In any case, *Barron's* relaxed. "The fever is broken," it declared on July 3.

But it was still not wholly satisfied. The "question of restoring a free China" had not been settled, it pointed out, and it indicated what the solution should be:

"...the U. S. must reconsider now, not later, its palpably disastrous yet popular line of leaving Asia for the Asiatics.... Born out of revolt against an Empire, the US has inherited an Imperial mantle as order-keeper for the world."

What makes all this a matter of the moment is that a situation like that which made *Barron's* feverish in June, 1950, is being recreated.

The historical guide faltered when it took MacArthur's forces toward the banks of the Yalu; a hordelet of 150,000 Chinese drove back some 300,000 ill-deployed U. N. troops and the conditions, of stalemate were shaped which eventually led to truce negotiations. If a truce is achieved at last, as seems likely it will largely restore the prewar status quo, again setting in motion the trend of events which led *Barron's* to call imperatively for a "new policy."

In June, 1950, the days of the ultra-rightist Syngman Rhee regime were numbered. U. S. "efforts to reform Syngman Rhee's Government and build a satisfactory anti-Communist bulwark have been a dismal flop," *Newsweek* had reported in April. Rhee won only 48 out of 210 seats in the May 30 elections, and a fortnight later, according to the *New York Herald Tribune* of June 14, his ambassador to Washington told U. S. officials that the Government would collapse without immediate American aid.

A truce would restore a dividing line across Korea, but it would not halt the operation of the factors that have shaped the past. Already some U. S. observers are alarmed. "We are in real danger of a political debacle in Korea," Owen Lattimore wrote in *The Nation* on Feb. 9.

In June, 1950, the odds seemed to be that Chiang Kai-shek's refuge of Formosa would not last the year. In the fall the Pentagon had decided that the Generalissimo could not defend himself, and on Jan. 5 Truman and Acheson had announced that the U. S. would not intervene in his behalf.

The Korean war was the reason which Truman gave for reversing himself on June 27, and if a truce is reached, that reason will steadily lose force and the pressures that required the Jan. 5 decision will be revived—including the general pressure from the "popular line of Asia for the Asiatics" and the particular pressure from the Governments of Western Europe and non-Communist Asia.

And in June, 1950, the indications were that, despite the power of the China Lobby, the U. S. would eventually have to recognize the "situation of fact" and the Chinese revolution. Britain, India and other States had done so, others were prepared to do so, and, unless history were redirected, the future promised only a U. S. yielding or a U. S. isolation.

As in the case of Formosa, an armistice would weaken the special reason for refusing to recognize Peking that took shape on June 25, 1950, and in the peace conference to be held within 90 days of a truce, the issue would

be put in blunt and immediate terms—with the forces that have preserved Anglo-Chinese ties, in spite of everything, heavily at work.

The U. S. is approaching the ultimate choice in Asia; the choice between retreat and World War III. In June 1950 a localized war was a possible means of guiding history, but now the one thing that American strategists are agreed upon is that the U. S. cannot fight another because of the existence of the Soviet-Chinese rear sanctuary and because U. S. forces are thus scattered and expended while the main Soviet power remains uncommitted.

Yet if the U. S. had not intervened in behalf of Rhee, his regime would have collapsed, and if it does not continue to intervene in Asia—in Indo-China, for example, the forces of revolution eventually will triumph. Sooner or later, then, the U. S. will have to decide between striking at the Soviet-Chinese alliance and contracting what Walter Lippmann once called its "inflated globalism."

But *Barron's* reference to the Open Door and John Hay was not fortuitous. It helps to explain why even the shortest conceivable retreat in Asia—recognition that the Chinese revolution is permanent after all—would be extraordinarily painful for power forces in the U. S.

Sixty years ago, with the expansion of American industry, and with the first indications that the domestic market would not be enough, the interests for which *Barron's* is a voice cast their eyes on Asia and dreamed the great dream which such men as Sen. Beveridge and Brooks Adams put into eloquent words—words which impressed, among others, the young MacArthur.

"Probably, within two generations, the U. S. will have faced about and its great interests will cover the Pacific, which it will hold like an inland sea." Brooks Adams wrote in 1900 in his "America's Economic Supremacy" (republished in 1947 by *Harper's*.)

"Our geographical position, our wealth, and our energy pre-eminently fit us to enter upon the development of eastern Asia and to reduce it to a part of our economic system.... The Chinese question must, therefore, be accepted as the great problem of the future, as a problem from which there

can be no escape...."

The vision called for action, and a business-organized Committee on American Interests in China, an ancestor of the China Lobby, put the heat on the Government which led to Secretary of State Hay's notes on the Open Door—launching the American struggle for what Beveridge called "China's illimitable markets."

U. S. recognition of Peking of any sort would mean the final triumph of the Chinese revolution and kill forever the dream which is still in the heads of *Barron's* editorial writers. But that would not be the end of it, and J. F. Dulles, who is one of *Barron's* favourite people, has shown that he knows it.

He said on Feb. 10: "I think that in the long run you cannot keep an absolute barrier between Japan and the mainland, and the solution which we sought to seek and which the Japanese would like to join us in seeking is to change the character of the mainland."

If the effort to change the character of the mainland has to be abandoned, then its linking with the offshore Japanese islands on another basis sooner or later becomes inevitable.

But unpalatable though a retreat would be for the *Barron's* outlook, what is the alternative?

On July 3, 1950, *Barron's* regarded the possibility of a World War III with confidence. If a great war comes, it said: "there is little doubt of the outcome, terrible as the ordeal would be."

Barron's then could believe that a "galaxy of States" would fight for the U. S. "The U. S. has an ally in every nation that counts: The British Commonwealth; what is left of free Europe; South America and Africa."

Can it be so sure now, after the demonstration of foreign unenthusiasm for the Korean war, after MacArthur had to be recalled partly for fear the U. S. would have to "go it alone"? Can it be certain that now, as in Hay's day, the world will pause and come over to our ground if the U. S. declares itself?

Two years ago *Barron's* was sure of the soundness of U. S. military doctrine and of U. S. military power. Today it can find cause for concern simply by reading itself.

DEMOCRATIC MATURITY IN INDIA

By FRANCIS WATSON

THERE is a tradition among friendly nations of exercising particular care in their comments on each other's political life during an important election. During his last visit to the United States Mr. Churchill, waylaid by reporters with a demand for his views on General Eisenhower's Presidential candidature, replied: "You mean in connection with the election? Oh, yes, we had one of those not long ago." With that, a smile and a wave of the hand, he passed on.

But that was before the Presidential campaign had opened in the U. S. A. Now that the results of India's elections for the Central and States Legislatures are known, I may be allowed to offer, perhaps, some personal comments from London.

I have followed the Indian elections as well as I could since the end of October, when we had the first news of the hill-people in Himachal Pradesh making their way to the polling stations before the heavy weather set in in those parts.

I have followed reports in the British Press and from the B. B. C., and I have been fully and regularly supplied with information from India House, headquarters of the Indian High Commissioner in London.

And let me say at once how studiously impartial this official information has been. The Constitution has been explained. The work of the Election Commission has been shown step by step and plenty of facts have been given about the enormous organisation involved. Brief reports from all the constituencies have been available, with the results as they came in.

But as to the different parties in the field we were enlightened—officially—by little more than a chart of the adopted symbols. Nothing that could in any way be construed as canvassing matter has emanated from India House: no party manifestoes or programmes, no speeches by any

leaders, except the preliminary address by the Prime Minister which dwelt solely upon the democratic obligation to conduct the elections fairly and intelligently.

A Triumph

I mention this because the first and most striking impression that we have had at this distance has been of the tranquillity, the smoothness and the fairness with which this gigantic electoral operation has been carried out. If that impression is correct it is a triumph not only for the high standards set by the Election Commission and the care and thoroughness of the arrangements everywhere, but also for the ordinary decency and democratic sense of the voters at large. From an electorate numbering, as we have been told, one-twelfth of the human race that is a gesture for which a bewildered world should be grateful on its knees.

If the full story could be told I have little doubt that gratitude and admiration would follow. But it cannot be an easy story to tell. A leading article in the *Manchester Guardian* which has followed the elections closely, has pleaded for a wide distribution of films to tell it.

British political thought is so well accustomed to the two-party system of government that most people here who took any close interest in the Indian elections were thinking along the lines of an over-all Congress victory with the healthy emergence at the same time of a working opposition at the Centre and in the States.

I remember that when I had the privilege of a talk with Mr. Nehru in Allahabad at the time of the 1946 elections he said to me that Congress had hitherto been not so much a party as a platform—a platform from which different political opinions could be expressed, all of them inspired by a national movement.

The purpose of that movement having been fulfilled, it seemed likely

that Congress would eventually split into two or more well-defined parties. What has actually happened—or so it looks from here—is not a split but a crumbling at one edge. And while we try to interpret the significance of that crumbling on the political-Left, it has not escaped notice that Right-Wing movements of militant religious opinion have found little favour with the new electorate.

The failure both of specifically Hindu parties and of the party representatives of the Scheduled Castes tends to be combined by British commentators as showing an impulse towards national cohesion and a general acceptance of the idea of a secular State.

Chief Curiosity

I may not be accurate in using those curious but useful words "Left" and "Right" in this way. Our interests and sympathies in the matter do not, in any case, run on party lines. Our own party divisions are not obviously reproduced in the present pattern in India, and some of the issues at stake there—for instance the various questions of the reform of land tenure—are not features of debate in Britain and can, therefore, one hopes, be viewed impartially. Undoubtedly the chief curiosity aroused among us by the results of the voting centres upon the significance of the Communist success.

In Western Europe the present statements and activities of Communist parties point to an increasing endeavour to conceal the original revolutionary purposes of Communism for the time being, and to rely instead on opportunist alliances with any cause that seems popular and invites exploitation.

The substitution of technique for conviction under the influence of the Stalinist conception of Russian national power seems to be reaching its climax. A faith has been distorted into a crude plot, moving blindly from one intrigue to another and devoted to nothing more idealistic than the furtherance of Soviet policy.

Jaya Prakash Narain and other Indian Socialist leaders whose names, at least, are known in Britain, are evidently perfectly well aware of this conspiracy, and have declined to follow the Social Democrats of Central



Madhubala in "Veera Bhaskar".

Europe into extinction by accepting alliance with the Communists.

Illusion

But the Communist Party of India's offer of a temporary electoral bargain—on the exact Moscow pattern that we have seen at work in the West—has tempted some other Indian parties to snatch at the illusion of political power in opposition coalitions under Communist direction.

Nobody in Europe can forget the process that has robbed once independent nations of their freedom and chained them to the Soviet system. Nobody wants to see it happening again in any other free country, for the old Communist technique of forming "Popular Front" coalitions of different progressive parties is designed to destroy them from within in preparation for the blow that is intended to finish parliamentary government for ever.

The danger in India seems small and is no doubt localised, but just big enough to be detected by an awakened electorate. If there is an answer to it, I hope it is the one that I have been giving to my London friends whenever the question has come up. That answer I find in the display of democratic maturity provided by the Indian elections themselves. A people so attached to free institutions will surely be slow to sacrifice them to any minority stratagem.

ASIA'S REVOLUTION AND THE LABOUR PARTY

By ANDREW ROTH

ANURIN BEVAN, British Labor's most effective political heavy-weight, now confronts the most difficult bout in his patient bid for the top title. In addition to punching heavily at the well-matched Conservative champion and discreetly elbowing rightwing Labour contenders to one side, he now has to make sure that he is not knocked over from behind by a series of Communist-encouraged political strikes. Communist trade union leaders are exploiting growing irritation in the factories and mines over soaring prices, growing short-time (partial unemployment) and the Conservative Government's unpopular cuts to precipitate strikes and refusal of overtime work. Since militant non-Communist unionists support these strikes Nye Bevan and his supporters have been put on the spot. If they support essentially political strikes they risk isolating themselves from the bulk of the Labor movement and particularly its orthodox leaders who oppose the striker. If they oppose these strikes, it may mean abandoning to Communist leadership the very Labor militants upon whom Bevan is depending to propel him into power.

"Bet on Bevan to come out on top!" is the advice of those who have followed British political form most knowingly. Even *The Times*, which has no love for his politics, recently wrote of his "displaying a mastery... which would be surprising if one had not grown to expect it of him." The pugnacious Welshman is already slugging it out on a toe-to-toe basis with the equally contentious Churchill. The unparalleled style of the Prime Minister's lunge and Bevan's equally matchless counterattack have obscured the fact that it has been Mr. Churchill who has given ground. He has already lopped £300 millions off the rearmament budget which Bevan criticized as too heavy. Mr. Churchill has also felt it necessary to deny in the strongest terms, that Britain is committed to all-out war against

China. And he has disowned Mr. Dulles' plans to sponsor counter-revolution on the Asian mainland. Cunnning Mr. Churchill apparently prefers giving ground to Bevan, in the belief that Labor supporters will be split if Bevan becomes the chief contender. But Bevan is equally clever a strategist and tactician.

Even today, leaders of the rightwing of the Labor Party are still showing the effects of being caught between the two giants in the now historic foreign affairs debate of February 26. Mr. Morrison appears to have been shrunk in size. Everyone laughed when Mr. Churchill twitted Mr. Morrison on March 5: "We are glad to see (Mr. Morrison) on his feet again." Even the widely-respected Mr. Attlee appears to have been a bit discolored.

In the momentous foreign affairs debate ex-Foreign Minister Herbert Morrison showed by his previous silence on Korea commitments, as well as the style of his attack on Mr. Churchill the inroads that 'Bevanism' has made in the Parliamentary Labor Party. He swung at Mr. Churchill for his recent Washington trip, saying it was "a doubtful mission, undertaken by the wrong man at the wrong time" and producing "very small results for our country" but involving "vaguely expressed and possibly grave commitments." He jabbed: "We must resist aggression, but our business is not to build up a Chinese wall against us. It is not to do in China what the Prime Minister helped to do in the Soviet Union 30 years ago at the early part of the Soviet Revolution." Then, squaring his chest, he bellowed mildly: "I do not want to see us drift into an attitude of subservience (to America) which is bound to do harm to our good relationships in due course."

Mr. Churchill brushed off these blows as "weak, vague, (and) wandering." He flaunted the fact that the official trunks he was wearing, and had been doffed in October by his Labor opponent, had been cut to his

pattern: "...the policy which I outlined at Fulton (Missouri) five years ago has since been effectively adopted both by the United States and by the (British Labor) Party. Two years later, by the Brussels Pact, and in the following year by the North Atlantic Treaty, the whole substance and purpose of what I said was adopted and enforced by the (Labour) Government" He had not departed from the policy "long pursued by our predecessors" but had simply tried "to establish an intimacy and an atmosphere of goodwill in the high circles that rule in Washington which would make it much easier in the future" to keep America in Britain's corner.

He then belabored Mr. Morrison with pretending to want peace with China after the Labor Government had been "responsible, in conjunction with other nations, for using deadly modern weapons to share in the slaughter of a million or more Chinese and North Koreans." He jeered that Labor was sufficiently "Machiavellian" to build atom bombs while "accusing their opponents of being war-mongers." Then he shook Mr. Morrison by baring that the latter had agreed, the previous May, to the bombing of airfields in China if these airfields were used for the launching of heavy raids against the UN forces in Korea.

It was while Mr. Morrison was still limp from this attack that Mr. Bevan charged to the rescue, yelling 'Foul!' He alleged that Mr. Churchill was hitting below the belt in citing the previous government's decision without "laying the document" before Parliament according to the rules of the game. To onlookers it was difficult to tell whether Mr. Morrison was more bruised by being hit where it hurt by Mr. Churchill or by being rescued by Mr. Bevan. But it was Mr. Bevan's masterful and varied style that absorbed all attention. One moment he was conservatively defending British constitutional practice, the next showering invective upon his antagonist. He feinted with compliments, saying that Prime Minister Churchill "is the most articulate Englishman that has ever lived," only to show that the Americans could not have misunderstood when they deduced from his congressional speech that "a change had taken place in British foreign policy towards the Far East."

Bevan pressed Churchill into answering whether he accepted the proposals of John Foster Dulles that the Peking Government be overthrown. Even when Mr. Churchill answered emphatically: "No, Sir, certainly not," Bevan added: "We must warn our American friends that not one British soldier will risk his life behind a policy" of "waging an ideological war with weapons against the Soviet Union....It would be a great mistake to leave American public opinion under any delusion about that."

The impact of this parliamentary battle on Labor M.P.s was staggering, particularly after they sampled opinions in their constituencies on the weekend of March 1-2. The most knowledgeable Laborites could not have avoided knowing that last summer the Labor Government went almost all the way with President Truman's administration on Korea, because the Foreign-Office-inspired diplomatic correspondents and editorial-writers of the leading papers made it quite clear. But it came as a shocking disclosure to many of the stalwarts who took foreign policy on faith as long as it was handled by "Herbert" and "Good old Clem." There was also the betrayed feeling that these leaders had "let down the side" in leading Labor into such a battle with Churchill when they themselves were so vulnerable. Even right-wing Laborites have to admit that without Bevan, instead of securing a draw, Labor would have suffered a knockout.

The *Manchester Guardian* expressed the views of the Foreign Office when it warned recently that Bevan's views and even Mr. Attlee's milder echo of them will "make Senator Taft whoop with joy" and make Washington "less willing to listen to our views" out of doubt that Britain will be loyal to the alliance. Answering a similar charge in Commons, Bevan asked Selwyn Lloyd sarcastically whether "the House of Commons should be in Recess during American election year?"

However unpopular in Washington —although he says "I have more friends in America than I have on the other (Conservative) side of the House"—Mr. Bevan undoubtedly knows that he is becoming increas-

ingly the voice of Labor Britain in a period of deepening crisis. Thus, on March 2, the Bishop of Birmingham, who is no Communist, attacked U. S. napalm bombing in Korea as "an even greater disgrace to mankind" than the atom bomb. He also voiced the belief, quite widespread among Labor intellectuals, that Chinese Communists should not be regarded as "aggressive" but might "be regarded as the beginning of a new social development, a transformation which in the end will give to China, with its great and ancient civilization the leadership of human progress."

Bevan at least partly shares the view that under Asian conditions most European socialists would be Communists. He said, during the debate that in Britain "every miner, railwayman and agricultural worker knows very well that if he were in China he would be a Communist peasant. He would not be a Chiang-Kai-shek, he would be a Communist." He had intended, his intimates disclose, to devote quite a bit of time to the need for capturing the leadership, or at least the friendship, of the Asian revolution, but had to change his plans to "contain" Churchill's attack. In particular he had intended to attack Anglo-American policy toward Indochina. He did find time to ridicule the Conservative (and American) idea that all Communist-led Asian revolts are "the result of a Kremlin plot. It is no such thing....it is true that the Soviet Union seeks to take local advantage of social disturbances. However it is also true to say that (these nationalist revolts) are entirely indigenous. If, in fact, the Soviet Union is so powerful and so omniscient as to be able to stir up and manage and direct all these social forces all over the world, we ought to send a postcard to Stalin and give in what is happening in the Far East and the Middle East is in consequence of all-pervasive poverty. It is the consequence of a revolution that will go on for the rest of this century and will not be contained by the military arms of the United States of America, Great Britain or Western Europe all together....The war that we went fought is a war against those despairing social conditions that give rise to war."

The increasing hold of what Bevanites call a "really Socialist foreign policy" is illustrated by the recent vote of the Labor Party's National Executive to readmit to party membership ex-M.P. Konni Zilliacus. This ex-League of Nations official was a leading foreign affairs spokesman for Labor's leftwing until his expulsion three years ago together with three crypto-Communists. The others have continued to echo Soviet policy but Zilliacus has shown a deep sympathy for Titoism—he speaks Serbo-Croat and had just finished a semi-official biography of Marshal Tito—while maintaining a consistent attitude that America is as great a menace to world peace as Russia. The changing balance of forces within the party was illustrated by the fact that a portion of the non-Bevanites on the National Executive voted to readmit him although they knew full well he will side with the Bevanites.

The increase in the Bevanites' strength was shown most dramatically in the March 5 Commons debate on defence. Despite Mr. Attlee's urgent request that they limit their disagreement at most to abstention, fully fifty-seven Labour M.P.s voted against the Defence programme. Some were undoubtedly moved by the brilliant speech of R. H. S. Crossman, who said that the arms programme was "fantastically small if there is a genuine danger of imminent war," but, as Prime Minister Churchill had assured the House there seems to be no imminent threat, "the arms programme is fantastically too large to sustain in face of a yawning trade gap." Mr. Crossman strengthened his bid to become Foreign Minister when Mr. Bevan becomes Prime Minister.

Whether Bevan's leadership of the Labour party will mature quickly or take three or four years is now being decided in the mines, factories and union halls. Although Bevan voices the sentiments of many working class Labour supporters, he has very little support among the trade union bosses, despite the fact that he himself came up through the trade union movement. The present upsurge of political strikes is being blamed by such bosses as Arthur Deakin on the Bevanite criticism of rearmament. At the same time the Communists, who have

inspired many of these strikes, also dislike Bevan because while strongly anti-Communist he is at the same time able to evoke working class militance.

Bevan knows the present rush of strikes offers him the unpleasant alternatives of siding either with the rightwing trade union bosses *against* the strikes or with the Communists in favour of them. He demonstrated his effort to straddle in the recent Iron and Steel debate. "I believe it would be a profound mistake for the trade union masses of this country by direct industrial action to try to influence the course of Parliamentary legislation," he said cautiously. But he then asked how he could restrain them if Conservatives used naked "class warfare" to secure their

ends, citing the admission of a Conservative M. P. that he had accepted a post as director of a nationalized steel concern which his family had owned "in the belief" this Tory M. P. said, "that there is still time to right the wrong" of nationalization. Apart from verbal fire-works, Bevan and his associates are trying to divert growing Labour fury into political channels. By defeating Conservatives in this spring's local elections they hope to show Mr. Churchill has lost the country's confidence, as a first step toward a new election which, Bevan insists, would return a Labour majority to the House. If Labour comes back soon, Mr. Attlee will again be the Premier. But, after a year or two, it would be wise to "bet on Bevan".

AMERICAN AID TO INDIA

By BAROO

IT must be said to the credit of Mr. Chester Bowles that he is disarmingly frank about the motives of American aid to India. On more than one occasion he has stressed that this aid is being given out of "enlightened self-interest." America wishes to "contain" Communism and one of the ways of doing so is to prevent backward Asian countries from becoming so poor that Communism will offer the only way out to them. While, therefore, no strings are attached to the aid that is being given to us, even the American Ambassador does not deny that it is motivated by considerations of safeguarding what are supposed to be America's national interests.

It is important to grasp this point because, Chester Bowles notwithstanding, one hears a lot of cant about philanthropy and altruism playing a part in the formation of foreign policy. The truth is that the foreign policy of every country—whether it is America, Russia or India—is based on nothing else but what it considers to be its own vital interests, and is concerned only with the pursuit of these interests. "Sacro Egoismo" remains and indeed must remain the guiding principle of all foreign poli-

cies. There is absolutely nothing low-down or contemptible in this state of affairs. For, after all, if a nation is not to look after its own interests whose interests is it going to look after?

It follows from the above that the true test of a country's foreign policy is the degree to which it can achieve the highest interests of that country. "Highest interests," mind you, and not merely any interests that a dishonest or unintelligent Government might choose to follow in the name of patriotism. And it is by this criterion and this alone that we must judge our acceptance of American aid.

There can be no doubt that our depleted economy and resources are urgently in need of succour. If foreign help can be forthcoming at this stage it should be welcomed so long as it does not constitute any interference whatsoever in our affairs. Mr. Chester Bowles has assured us that the fifty million dollars gifted to us by the American Government have no strings attached to them, and the Prime Minister has confirmed that this is so and that our foreign policy of neutrality remains unchanged. So far so good. It can be reasonably presumed that the million dollars

more that are being promised to us will also not entail any change of policy on our part.

There would thus appear to be no reason to be chary of receiving American aid in these circumstances. But unfortunately it is not so simple as all that. There is a very real danger that while we may remain under the sincere impression that our policy of non-alignment continues to remain unchanged, the Americans might with equal sincerity take it for granted that in the showdown that they are preparing for, India will at least remain neutral, if not actually fight on their side. My submission is that such an assumption on the part of America would have catastrophic results for India. Let us see how.

Nobody will deny that it is in our highest self-interest that a billion dollars or no billion dollars, the world should remain at peace. Should another world war break out, all our plans for self-sufficiency and development will be dashed to the ground. Whether India remains neutral or becomes a belligerent in the next war will not matter very much—we shall be subjected to the same destruction as the rest of the civilized world. It is therefore vitally important for us from our own selfish point of view if from no other, that we should do everything possible to preserve peace.

It is precisely because the acceptance of American aid is likely to militate against the preservation of peace that I feel it is necessary to sound a note of caution. For it must be plainly understood that with America in her present mood, the dividing line between peace and war is extremely thin. Responsible American leaders and framers of policy like John Foster Dulles are openly proclaiming that America will not tolerate the existence of People's China and will encourage Chiang to invade the mainland. If anything is holding the Americans back it is the feeling that they are not yet fully prepared for the showdown. The American threat to peace will grow in proportion to their feeling that they are prepared for a trial of strength. We, as a

nation must see to it that India at

least does not contribute to this feeling of readiness for war in any way whatsoever. In practice this can be done by ensuring that America is made to understand that we will not tolerate any of her war-mongering activities.

All this might sound very undiplomatic and rude but the issues at stake are so high that a bit of plain speaking is clearly indicated. There is a very real danger that our natural feeling of gratitude for fifty million dollars, coupled with a regard for diplomatic good manners are preventing our Government from speaking out their real mind about things like the Dulles statements. But acts of omission apart, we are, by the repeated near-apologies that Ambassador Sen has started rendering in Washington, helping to create the impression that for all practical purposes we are with the West. That can be the only reason why Mrs. Roosevelt can tell a Bombay audience, "I have come to feel that if India wants to remain neutral, she can, *but not neutral in spirit*" (italics mine). And who, may I ask, is Mrs. Roosevelt to say so?

It is clear that the danger of our slipping into a position where we will indeed be no longer neutral in spirit or action is very great. Many and insidious are the ways in which the recipient of aid can lose his freedom. At other times and in other circumstances the loss of a light degree of national freedom in exchange for hard cash might perhaps be overlooked. To ignore such a fall from ideals in the conditions of the cold war today would be calamitous, because it might cause America to touch off a real blazing hot war. The principle of "sacro egoismo" demands that we should leave America in no doubt that we heartily dislike all her preparations and provocations for war and this despite her fifty million and promises of a thousand million more. We, for one, cannot afford to be penny wise, pound foolish by losing our sense of balance over all this talk of aid and encouraging America to unleash a war on mankind.

THE YOUNG REVELATION

By *SANTHA RUNGACHARY*

THE tall, grey-bearded man came out of the old, almost dilapidated brown-stone house wrapping his shawl more securely round him. He stood for a moment looking at the young man with the wan, pale face sitting on the stone pial under the cool and spreading neem tree drawing patterns on the ground with his toe and rubbing them out again. The toe went tirelessly zig-zagging through the sandy, dry mud, and a profound pity lightened the strong, weather-beaten face which rose above the brown shawl like a rough stump of wood. But the look of pity was short-lived. It was succeeded quickly by a resolution in the eye and a grimness round the lips, as if after great deliberation he had come to a decision and would unflinching carry it out.

As he stepped into the courtyard, three or four young peasants as brown and tough as he, their bodies glistening above the sparse loin cloths they wore, rose from where they were reclining against the pial and stood aside respectfully.

"Have you all eaten?" asked the old farmer.

"Yes, Master," one of them said.

"Where is Nanda?" asked the farmer looking about him.

Nanda came from inside the house, a short, stocky brown man with a cheerful, genial round face. When he smiled, as he did often, his wide, snub nose retreated bashfully behind the plump cushions into which his cheeks became transformed, and his big bright teeth stretched like a white ribbon across the lower part of his face. He had been in the family from the day he was born and very few people had seen Nanda sulky or glum. But this was evidently one of the occasions when his usual good humour had left him for as he came quickly but quietly out, his face was unusually solemn and troubled.

"Have you informed Kannappa Chetty as I told you?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," Nanda answered flashing a quick glance at the young man under

the neem tree. The toe was still tracing its patterns on the ground.

"Has he promised to be there?"

"Yes, this evening after night-fall. He said he would arrange for the paddy to be taken away and that he would make immediate payment."

The toe suddenly stopped in its erratic course. But the young man did not look up. A scowl, however, appeared on his face.

"Alright then," said the old man. "Hurry up, all of you. I want the paddy ready and sold by tonight." He moved briskly towards the street.

"Just one moment, grandfather," called out the young man without getting up. "What is this about Kannappa Chetty buying up the paddy?"

"Somebody has to buy up the paddy," said the old man a little aggressively. "And he is paying a good price for it."

"But it is against the law", said the young man. "You have to sell it to the government and not to a private dealer."

"Master, Master," laughed Nanda slyly. "who minds these rules these days? And look at the price the government pays. It won't cover half the expenses which have gone into the growing of the paddy."

"That is not true," said the young man hotly, though a little uncertainly. "And a rule is a rule. The country is starving. I didn't expect you would do this, grandfather."

On the grandfather's face a muscle twitched as if he was in pain, but he broke into a hollow laugh which made the young man wince.

"Why, I have been doing it for the past five years," he said carelessly, turning away. *Everybody* does these things these days."

"I can't let you do it," said the young man in a low voice. "I won't permit it. I shall report against this breach of law."

The old man turned a stunned face towards his grandson.

"You dare not" he said.

"Yes, I do," said the younger calmly. "I advise you not to go through with this underhanded dealing."

"Will you expose your own grandfather?" exclaimed Nanda stupefied disbelief smoothing all the wrinkles on his face.

"I would expose my own brother."

"Listen, Venkat," said the old farmer after a pause during which he appeared to have thought the matter over, "you don't understand the situation, I am afraid. How do you think we will be able to live if we sold the paddy to the government? These peasants will starve. They will refuse to work for us. You say people all over the country are starving. We can't help them all. But we can see that our own labour doesn't starve."

Nanda looked at him with a calm face.

"That is a circumscribed view," he said, "and you know it, grandfather. If all farmers argued as you are doing, we will have famine rioting in the streets of every city."

"I didn't expect rebellion from my own flesh and blood," said the grandfather incredulously, seating himself on the pial under the tree. "You learnt wisdom in a school and your profit on it is you know how to criticise."

"I thought you were a law-abiding citizen," said the younger bitterly.

"And a just man and a generous landlord and an unselfish benefactor and a God-fearing human being. I was all that and I was able to see you through college. Did they not teach you honesty now is an obsolete virtue?"

A flush of shame spread over the young sharp features of Venkat.

"I am glad you told me that," he said. "This is one time I absolutely despise myself for insisting on a higher education. But I can tell you this. If I had known of the dubiously honest ways in which you seem to have been making your money I would rather have gone into an orphanage than have taken a pie of ill-gotten riches."

A significant and unhappy silence descended between grandfather and grandson.

"I am old and can't change my ways now," said the old man finally. "You are young and evidently you still retain all your ideals. Now that I know of your views on this matter, there is only one choice left. Either you manage the lands yourself or leave the responsibility entirely to me."

If the pial had dissolved under him, the young man could not have been more startled. He stared at the stoic face of his grandfather as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"But I can't do that," he said with panic in his voice. "It is impossible. You know it is impossible."

"I don't know any such thing," said the other coolly. "You know as much about the land and soil and seeds and harvest and sales as I do, perhaps much more, having been through college and acquired all the new-fangled notions. You know in addition, it seems, all the rules that the government has imposed on the 'back-bone' of the country. You give the orders. The peasants will do what you ask."

"You know I can't do it, grandfather," said the young fellow almost pleadingly. "Don't you understand?"

The old man shook his head, a look of callousness on his face. The look stung the young man to fury. Nanda turned away and hurried into the house.

"Alright," said Venkat speaking through his teeth, a dull red suffusing the pallor of his face. "I will do it, even if I become the laughing-stock of the whole countryside. If it will give you any pleasure to know that everybody is jeering at your grandson I shall let you savour the pleasure to its bitter dregs. I will do it." His young frame seemed to swell with pride and anger. He breathed heavily for a while and then slowly and deliberately rose, adjusted the crutches under his arms and his whole body shaking with self-consciousness, stumped into the house. The single step at the front door tripped him up and one of the crutches fell on the ground with a clatter. No one moved. Composing himself with a super-human effort, Venkat rested his weight on his one good leg and took

up the crutch and adjusting it under his arm, moved into the house.

That day was a nightmare to Venkat. For months he could not think about it, much less speak. His mind and body and soul were in a turmoil as he walked down the dusty, red, main road, his one game leg weak at the knees, the people turning to look at him with an odd expression on their faces. But no one laughed, not even the young teen-aged son of the blacksmith who was the terror of the neighbourhood. He took one look at Venkat and then tagged along beside him chattering happily. Could he come and pick some wild berries in the clumps of bushes which bordered his land? He liked the sweet ones. Venkat nodded his head looking suspiciously at the boy's bland face.

Late that evening, long after it had become dark, Venkat still sat besides the stream which meandered through the meadow outside the village laughing to itself all day. His nerves seemed to be in shreds inside him lashing at his soul, his mind was a whirl of thoughts and memories. He had bathed in this stream a thousand times while a boy and gone to the red-tiled, squat school which he could see scarcely half a mile away seeming like a neglected outhouse compared to the monstrous, magnificent, stone edifice in the city in which he had studied for four years and outside which in a mad moment of reckless gaiety... Venkat seemed to hear again the thundering of lorry wheels and the shouts of people, the screeching brake applied a trifle too late and the very memory seemed to turn the blue sky above him, and the soft grass under his outstretched body and the joyous calling of birds wending their way home into a hideously mocking chorus. His soul full of rancour he turned over and pressed his hot face against the cool grass. Was it his fault? Was it anybody's fault that such accidents happened? But why did it happen to him? In what way had he sinned? Yes, he had spent money, wasted his time, muddled his opportunities, but the punishment was out of all proportion to the innocence of the fun he had indulged in. Venkat suddenly thought of his brother Ratnam sweating away his life in an

insurance office in the city. He loved the land, he loved to work on the soil with his hands and, irony of fate, was condemned to work in the city which he hated to support himself and his family. The land had failed them all and here he himself was, a one-legged man with the city in his blood, forced to live a rustic life. Fate had shuffled the cards of destiny the wrong way, mused Venkat and left him high and dry, a wreck of what he once had been. His life was destined to be a huge, hideous, woeful failure and in the bleak, distant horizon that stretched interminably ahead, he saw only blunted possibilities, defeated aims and a will thwarted beyond endurance. He wished at least he believed in a God, but, no, spiritually also he was adrift in chaos. What else was left? The earth was his grandfather's God. Venkat pulled out some blades of soft grass viciously and looked under them. This brown moist clod of matter was his grandfather's god, his goal of quiet pilgrimage. He had believed so ardently in the old fool's hypocrisies; he had believed all his nonsense about trees and about the eloquent silence of the earth. He had loved and respected him, stood in reverent awe of what he considered the steadfastness of his calm, noble soul and was indeed coming to believe that unless he himself emulated his example and acquired a capacity for open-eyed endurance and made of these years of moral and spiritual crisis a period of probation, a furnace for the tempering of his body and mind, he would be a soul self-consumed. That had been his hope, the thought of the relaxation of passion which would come to him by and by, his only solace. And now even that last refuge had disappeared like a mirage and his hopes of rehabilitation lay in a ruin. His grandfather's halo was tinsel, the respect and awe he somehow seemed to inspire, the homage paid by the ignorant to their bread-giver. The glow he had often seen on the old face, of the serene heart and the lofty sanctified soul, were merely the gleam of the selfishness and cupidity of a man wholly without a conscience.

But I am no better, thought Venkat despairingly. I spent that money to get two letters attached to my name. But I didn't know, I didn't know. He had not known of the people whom

his grandfather had duped to enrich himself, of the families he had starved to guard against want his own decrepitude. Perhaps he had done worse things, thought Venkat wildly, and I lived on the proceeds of his vile transactions. But no more, no more. Not one day more. He would work hereafter, with his one foot, his lacerated soul, his blighted hope, he would work and eke out a living from this self-same, deluding earth.

Venkat lay on the grass for some more time aware of a coolness from the green blades seeping through into his very bones and calming the anguish inside him. The palm tree waved its fanlike leaves upward and seemed to fold itself up like a bud facing the heavens. It indicated rain, his grandfather had told him one day. "One day, Venkat," he had said, "when you begin to love the earth, every twig and leaf and blossom will speak to you and you will understand their language." He slowly and awkwardly raised himself up and looked down at the denuded patch of earth he had mutilated. It stared up at him like a brown raw wound on a fresh, green body. He leaned on one crutch and kicked at the wound with his good leg.

"You are not my God," he said calmly, "but I am going to squeeze gold from out of your vitals and live on it like a king!"

When Venkat reached home he found the old man seated on the pial under the neem tree with a darkened lantern beside him.

"Were you waiting for me?" he asked unable to bring himself to address him as grandfather. The old man, if he noted the omission, gave no indication of his notice.

"No. It was hot inside," he said quietly.

"Have you eaten?"

"No, I am not hungry."

"Nor am I," said Venkat. "I am going to sleep."

As he lay on the hard bench in the verandah, he wondered fleetingly why his grandfather had not eaten. But I don't care, he thought, giving himself up to the stillness of the night about him. And the last thing Venkat knew before he, tired for the first

time in months, fell into a deep sleep, was the patter of rain-drops.

In the months that followed, Venkat had no time to think of the dreary soul of his grandfather nor did his own physical deformity obtrude much into his work. As he went to and from the fields, his thoughts always raced ahead of him and he walked quickly, a frown of concentration on his face. Nobody stared. And nobody laughed. And to Venkat food was beginning to taste sweet again and water to quench his thirst. He spoke as little as he could to his grandfather, and the old man in turn seemed to withdraw more and more into himself. Their relationship was unnatural, painful, and strained. The yield from the harvest was poor and so had to be supplemented and Venkat's mind worked feverishly making plans to grow cereals, millets, vegetables, fruits, trying out experiments, writing for catalogues and information. His face lost its pallor and grew ruddy and healthy. His eyes were bright with youth again.

But his eyes were bright not with youth but with anger the day he hobbled over to the house of Mr. Jacob who owned the land next to his.

"Mr. Jacob," he said calmly, "I see you chose to disregard my advice."

"As I have already explained," said Mr. Jacob as calmly, "what I choose to do with my property is my own business."

"But your cement and brick kilns are weakening my crop."

"I can't help that," said Mr. Jacob stubbornly.

"I have instituted legal proceedings against you. I suppose you know that."

"Yes," said Mr. Jacob coolly. "And in anticipation of my winning the case I am arranging to have four more kilns built on my property."

"When you bought the land from me, good, cultivable land, you said you were intending to grow a superior kind of paddy in it."

"I changed my mind," said Mr. Jacob.

But long before the case was taken up fresh disaster descended on Venkat. A dark chic individual in city clothes

drove up to his house in a long, vulgar-looking car one evening.

"I am sure," he began after the polite preliminaries, "you will be happy to hear that we have discovered a vein of mica in your land."

"We?"

"Yes. You see my prospectors have been roaming around these villages trying to trace a vein of mica the source of which they found in the hills about ten miles from here. They thought they found it in Mr. Jacob's land but it was a false stretch. They think the trail runs through yours."

Venkat looked at him with smouldering eyes.

"And who gave you permission to prospect on my land?"

The man stuttered. "You don't look pleased," he said quickly.

"Of course I am not pleased," said Venkat. "It is my land and there is a law against trespassers."

"It will mean a lot of money."

"I can do without it," said Venkat calmly, terminating the conversation.

Without waiting for his smart visitor to slam himself into his car Venkat groped his crutches and raced down the courtyard towards the fields.

He flung himself down under the huge spreading mango tree feeling numbed with shock. If there was mica in his land, what did it mean? Would he be forced to sell? That was impossible. Nobody could force him to part with his land, the land he had so assiduously worked on and cared for like a mother guarding her child. The land was part of him. Working on the earth had been to him a kind of revelation, a revelation which never staled or palled, an eternally young revelation, suggesting some hidden truth and beauty. Perhaps this was what his grandfather had meant when he said the earth was his god. Peace, thought Venkat, is in the grave, because it is in the earth. The land is something unchanging, uncircumscribed, free, eternal, part of man's heritage. Why should I be forced to part with my inheritance, questioned Venkat grimly. This is mine, the vision I can count upon in my life, this earth, these trees, and the magic of the new birth from inside the earth.

Venkat laughed silently to himself. Somebody ought to write a book about me, he thought, I have become a farmer at heart. He had been unaware of the change in himself till the danger of having to part with the land had crystallised his emotions. Out of the makings of a wastrel, God had somehow fashioned a child of the earth.

His mind hovered round and round the subject for some time refusing to face the core of the problem. The very thought of the vein of mineral in the vitals of his land made him shudder. Did it mean his earth was a sick child? This canker in its heart how had it come there? It must be destroyed before it destroyed the land. As if inspired by a giant's strength, Venkat planned. I will dig deep, he resolved, I will dig right down and remove this poisonous growth.

His grandfather found him there two hours later sleeping like a child.

In the days that followed, the thought of the stream of mineral weighed heavily upon the mind of Venkat. If it was there it meant that the earth would be corroded by it, sucked of all its strength and power by this insidious snake in its belly. Even when, unexpectedly and surprisingly, the village Munsiff ordered Mr. Jacob's brick kilns to be pulled down and the land restored to cultivation again, Venkat seemed but vaguely pleased. He went about the house with an unhallowed look in his eyes, avoiding all conversation. His mind devised a hundred ways to thwart the disaster to his land and rejected them all. He cautiously consulted a lawyer and the knowledge that he would be entirely within his rights if he refused to sell his land only added to his gall. The thought of the vein of poison buried deep in the heart of the land gave him no peace. He opened his mouth once or twice to speak to his grandfather but the words stuck in his throat. The old intimacy was gone. I have lost both my land and my people, thought Venkat bitterly.

Was he going to retain the land, he asked himself times without number stretched hour after hour on the green banks of his stream. A land which could not speak to him could not give

him anything nor could he do it any service. The land will have to go, thought Venkat sadly. It is finished and I am finished with it. This decision, when he at last made it, though burdening him with a painful sense of impending loss, relieved him somewhat. What was going to happen to him did not occupy his thoughts. But his fantastic imagination conjured up visions of his earth bleeding out its heart as scores of men dug into it laying bare the strain of wealth in it, the mud would lie heaped in mounds and the men would talk and sing as they swung their pick-axes nobody would give a thought to the wonderful, magic life it had borne in its womb, nobody would listen to its bleeding, agonised silence.

Venkat stumbled to his feet. I will tell grandfather this evening, he decided. He walked home slowly, every step a burden which his knee could not bear. He had left the bazaar behind him when he felt a hand tap him on the shoulder and looked up to see Kannappa Chetty.

"Yes?"

"I stopped to ask you," said the man respectfully, "if your grandfather was at home. I have some business to discuss with him."

"I do the business in my house," said Venkat, "so you must deal with me. My grandfather is too old to attend to things now."

"I am afraid," said the Chetty apologetically, "it is something I can discuss only with your grandfather."

"I think I can guess what it is," said Venkat. "If you are trying to settle the terms for the next harvest, you will find there is nothing doing along that line. I don't intend to sell you any of my paddy."

A look of hurt astonishment came over the benign countenance of Kannappa Chetty.

"Who said anything about paddy?" he asked. "I merely want to return a loan I took from your grandfather three years ago. I never bought any paddy from your grandfather."

"Are you telling me," said Venkat trembling with anger, "you never had any illegal deals with my grandfather over the paddy from his land?"

"Of course not," said the Chetty indignantly. "He would have cut my throat if I had suggested it. He sold it to the government every time. Why, the Collector is a personal friend of his and has immense respect for him. Whoever has been telling you these lies?"

Venkat stared at him, stunned. A monstrous suspicion was forming itself in his mind. His grandfather had lied to him? Why? Why had he blackened his character and posed as a cheat and a profiteer? There could be only one explanation. He had done it to galvanise his self-despising grandson into taking an interest in life and living. He had condemned himself in everybody's eyes and made of himself an outcast to give his grandson a new lease in life. What a fool he had been, thought Venkat what a blind, credulous, self-deluding fool! He turned quickly to the puzzled Chetty.

"I am sorry there has been a mistake," he said. "You can come and see my grandfather this evening."

He raced home feeling high of foot, his heart jumping inside him. The shiny car at his house halted him a little but he hurried on. He could face it. He would face it with his grandfather beside him. As he turned into his compound he saw a violent wind blow the leaves of a palm tree upward.

"What is it now!" he asked briefly.

"I have news" said the smart prospector. "The vein in your land also has been proved to be a false trail. I am sure you will be happy to know this."

Venkat gave a mad cry of joy completely startling the individual. He went to the threshold and peeped in.

"Grandfather," he shouted, "I am home." And then turning to his astonished visitor he made a courteous gesture of dismissal.

"You had better go home now," he said. "I know it is going to rain."

RED VICTORIES IN INDIA'S GENERAL ELECTION

By SHYAMA CHARAN KALA

THE other day many Indian newspapers featured the story of a son defeating his father in an election to the Madras State Assembly. It was a good human story. It was more. It was a political story, for the son, Mr. P. Rama Rao, was a Communist and the father, Mr. Bapayya, a Congressman. This is typical of scores, if not hundreds, of middle-class families, of the changing face of political reality in India. A civil war has been raging in the country in the world of ideas, a civil war which occasionally flares up, as in Telangana, in the form of armed battles between the 'haves and the 'have-nots.'

The middle class, suffering from indecision, from the double-mindedness from which Nehru suffers, does not know whether to lean to the Left or the Right. But with the cost of living rising to a new high with every passing week, the middle class is undergoing pauperisation and is being driven to the Left.

What is more significant is that even the ruling class in India is split into two sections. The vast majority is, of course, conservative, if not reactionary, and would like to uphold the status quo. A minority, however, is leaning to the Left. Here are some examples which would support this generalisation. Mrs. Aruna Asaf Ali, the brilliant wife of Mr. Asaf Ali, Governor of Orissa (former Indian Ambassador to America), has, since 1947, the year of independence, undergone a political evolution which is most interesting. As one of the leaders of the Quit India movement of 1942 against British rule, she was nothing more than a radical Left Nationalist. Later, her vague sympathy with Socialist ideals expressed itself in ardent championship of the Socialist Party. Before long, she got disgusted with Third Force Socialism and broke away from the Jaya Prakash Narayan group to form a splinter party called the Left Socialists, who, it is well known, have been

working with Indian Communists all over the country.

Dr. Jaisooraya of Hyderabad, the prosperous leader of the People's Democratic Front, is a son of the late Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who was Congress President when the nation was in the thick of the struggle against British rule.

It often happens that the father, a Nationalist, has a son who is a pro-Red. Mohan Kumaramangalam, one of the important Communist leaders, is a son of Dr. P. Subbarayan, former Indian Ambassador in Indonesia and a congress-leader of Madras. It is most interesting that Mrs. Radhabai Subbarayan, mother of Mohan Kumaramangalam was defeated by a candidate who owed allegiance to the ideology dear to her son.

The power of the Communists, the election results have shown, has increased, is increasing and may not diminish if hunger is not banished from the land.

That the Communists should have emerged as the second most important party in Parliament and in several State Legislatures has taken many people by surprise. Few Indians, and naturally fewer foreigners, anticipated that the Communist Party would be able to score significant victories in several areas over the Congress, which had led the freedom struggle to victory and, therefore, enjoyed great prestige. But people who have been feeling the pulse of public opinion since the Congress came to power in 1947 do not find it difficult to explain the Congress reverses in Hyderabad, Andhra, Malabar and Travancore-Cochin.

When the country went to the polls on adult franchise it was for the first time in Indian history that the poor, the exploited majority, got a chance to express in political terms its opinion about the rich, the exploiting minority. No wonder in those States where the percentage of literary was high and the awareness of poverty

was acute, as in Malabar and Travancore-Cochin, the people voted Red. During the days of British rule the class antagonism between the Indian bourgeoisie and the Indian labourers and peasants was sublimated into class collaboration, into a great joint struggle against the British. It was rarely that the conflict between the exploiting bourgeoisie and the exploited poor found expression in sporadic strikes or anti-landlord movements.

It hardly needs to be emphasised that the sub-human poverty of the overwhelming majority of the Indian people and the discontent created by the awareness of the unequal distribution of the good things of life have helped the Communists to score electoral victories. The successes achieved by them are to be attributed as much to the existence of favourable objective conditions as to their sincerity, organising ability and zeal.

Take the case of Madras. The feudal character of the economy, the failure of the Congress Ministries to introduce agrarian reforms were, no doubt, the most important factors which explain the Communist successes. The Congress toyed with the idea of land reforms, but fought shy of doing justice to the tiller of the soil, because the landlord elements in the Congress are quite strongly entrenched. The changes introduced by the Congress in the land tenure system did not better the lot of the peasant, who is ruthlessly exploited. Archaic strip cultivation is the order of the day. Most peasants live on the hunger-line, eking out a miserable existence. Surplus and fallow land has not been redistributed to the landless who naturally swell the number of desperate revolutionaries. The Communists, who advocate root and branch abolition of landlordism, find enthusiastic allies in the landless.

The Andhra landless peasantry voted Red almost to a man, because they had heard stories of their landless kinsmen across the border in Telangana having received gifts of land from Communists.

The fact that the Communists have not fared well in Rajasthan, U. P. and Bihar, where landlordism is firmly entrenched, does not prove that agrarian reforms are not a guarantee against the spread of Communism.

Even in these three States objective conditions are ripe for a revolutionary upsurge but the Communist party organisation is weak. It has to be emphasised that the Communists have fared well only in those areas where, thanks to their propaganda and the struggle they launched against landlords, they succeeded in making the poor aware of injustice and want, in raising their level of political consciousness. In Travancore-Cochin and Hyderabad and Andhra the Communists were able to create a mental climate in which poverty bred, not despair, helplessness and dull indifference to the prospect of betterment, but rebellion against the existing order of things.

There is no doubt that maladministration by the Congress supplied grist to the Communist mill. "Not enough rice" was a complaint which was often heard in Madras. "No cloth" was another complaint. The fact that paddy was procured from poor peasants and that landlords were allowed to evade their obligations cost the Congress many votes.

The Communists, it has been said, exploited caste considerations. That is true, but we must not forget that caste consciousness in the case of Harijans (untouchables) and other depressed Non-Brahmins has an economic and social basis. The Communist alliance with the Dravida Khazhagam, the organisation of depressed Non-Brahmins, was cemented by ideological affinity. It was certainly not a case of adversity making strange bedfellows. Harijans, mostly landless labourers, were attracted to the extreme Left because it has promised land to each one of them. The land hunger of the Poor Christians, mostly Harijan converts, drove them to the Communist fold.

In Andhra the Communist Party was established as early as 1935. During the war years the ban on the party was lifted and it entrenched itself in the rural areas and grew in influence. Every other party, except the Communist Party, suffered from defections on election eve. The Congress split into the Krishikar Lok Party of Professor Ranga, the K.M.P.P. of Mr. Prakasam and the official Congress. The Socialist Party underwent disintegration, the rank and file



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having joined the Communist Party. During the last four years the successive Congress Governments in Madras let loose repression on the Communist Party which was driven underground. This did not, however, prevent rival groups in the Congress from using Communists as a stick to beat other groups with. Thus Mr. Kala Venkata Rao, former General Secretary of the Congress, fraternised with the Reds and induced them to create trouble for the Prakasam Ministry. The Communists cleverly made full use of whatever help they got. The repression endeared the Communists to the masses. Almost every village in Guntur, Kistna and West Godavari cherishes memories of brave Communists who, bearing the brunt of repressive measures, were either shot or tortured in jails.

The following are the other causes of the Communist success in Andhra. First, the middle classes were fed up with the Congress and its corrupt Ministers whom the Congress High Command always shielded. The Communists carried on a tirade against the unpopular Ministers and ex-Ministers. They concentrated on corruption and nepotism in the administration and other scandals and won the sympathy of the people.

Second, the Reds had clever alliances with all the parties except the Socialists and the Congress. In centres where they knew the K. M. P. was strong, they had either an alliance or an arrangement with that party. While Prof. Ranga, the K.L.P. leader, was being opposed by a Communist-supported Independent in Guntur, hardly 50 miles away in Tenali, the Communists had an alliance with the K.L.P. Party against a Socialist candidate.

The Congress was in a chaotic way, the K.M.P. had no organisation, the K.L.P. was caste-ridden and parochial. The Socialists, following a middle of the road policy, could not capture the imagination of the people. The Communists, therefore, had no match in Andhra.

The successes achieved by the Communists in Hyderabad are to be attributed mainly to the highly successful armed struggle they launched against landlords, and the redistribu-

tion of surplus land to millions of landless labourers.

The cool contempt the Communists had for law and order, for the coercive apparatus of the State, for constitutional methods of agitation helped them to espouse the cause of the landless.

Many people find it difficult to understand why the electorate should have turned down the suit from the Socialists or any of the local communal organisations and have preferred the Communists. The explanation is very simple. The Socialist Party, it is well known, has a number of brilliant intellectuals as its members. They are good theoreticians, well read in Marxist classics. They can propound new theories, but they are poor field workers. While they busied themselves, like philosophers, with interpreting the world, the Reds were changing it. The Socialism of the Socialist Party is ethereal rather than of the earthy. In theory some Socialists stand to the Left of the Indian Communists but in practice they are ineffectual angels beating in the void their luminous wings in vain. Their milk and water radicalism does not cut ice with the people.

Communists' superiority in the efficiency of day to day political work, in organisation, in publicity, was another factor that played an important part in their victory.

The Socialists sometimes are to the left of the Communists. For instance, in Assam they advocated, with considerable force and effect, the confiscation and nationalisation of the four major industries of the State—tea, oil, steam navigation and coal. The Communists drew the line at the nationalisation of foreign-owned industries. No wonder they sometimes are able to win the sympathy of even small capitalists.

It is only the Communists who presented a clear alternative to the people who were fed up with the failure of the Congress Governments at the Centre and in the States to better their lot. The Communist Party leaders and a large majority of the party rank and file work with typical American efficiency. They

take politics seriously, believe in quiet unostentatious and solid work. To them no task is too dull or humdrum to be performed without enthusiasm or ability. They bestow careful attention on the prosaic details of day to day Trade Union work. No wonder the best workers in the Indian Trade Union and peasant movements are Communists.

Man to man the Communist is superior as a political worker to the Socialist. The Communist Party lays great emphasis on the political education of its members. The reading of certain standard works on Marxism, besides party papers, is compulsory. Discussions in study circles are meant to develop the mental power of the members. So efficient is the system of training workers that the illiterate party members of today may blossom into leading theoreticians of the party tomorrow.

The Communist Party, by carrying out periodical purges to get rid of alien elements, had maintained its monolithic unity. Differences with the Party Line, deviations as the Communists called them, were eliminated ruthlessly. Communist insistence on unanimity of opinion, on iron discipline, was responsible for converting the party into a compact and highly efficient organisation.

Most Communist leaders and workers were able to win the admiration of the electorate. They live extremely plain and austere lives, thriving on their fanaticism. Living one track, intense lives, they work with a zeal which infects the poor. Compared to the Communist Party, the Congress was a collection of loose amorphous groups which pulled in different, sometimes opposite, directions.

In all States, Congressmen since independence had been fighting for the spoils of office. Squabbles for power and profit rather than the good of the people claimed their attention. Rival groups struggling for supremacy carried on propaganda against each other bringing the Congress into disrepute and damaging the structural integrity of the organisation and paving the way for Communist successes.

PROHIBITION, EXCISE AND REVENUE

By P. KODANDA RAO

PROHIBITION has been criticised on the ground among others, that the Excise revenue was lost, and new taxes like the sales-tax have been imposed. Most critics of Prohibition have demanded that Prohibition should be repealed and Excise restored, primarily for revenue considerations.

It is generally admitted that the great bulk of Excise revenue on intoxicants is paid by a very small minority of the population in India, and that the great majority of this minority is economically the poorest and politically the most helpless. Years ago Mr. Hall Cain, M.P. had said:

All these point to the melancholy conclusion that the customers of liquor and drug shops of the Indian Government are mostly drawn from the very poorest strata of Indian society.

This is true to this day.

The incidence of the Excise tax is perhaps the highest. For instance, in Madhya Pradesh, where nearly half the population is under Excise, the cost price to Government for a gallon of liquor in 1950 was Rs. 2 and the selling price to the customers ranged from Rs. 13-2-0 to Rs. 52-3-0. The cost price to Government of Opium was Rs. 40 per seer; the selling price to the customer was Rs. 450 to Rs. 1230. The cost price of Ganja was Rs. 3 per seer and the selling price was from Rs. 240 to Rs. 400. The cost price of Bhang was Rs. 2 per seer and the selling price was Rs. 90 to Rs. 160. The difference between the cost price to Government and the selling price to the customer was shared by the Government and the abkari contractors. Considering the economic status of the consumers, the incidence of taxation is unconscionably high. Dr. B. Das Gupta, now Finance Secretary to the West Bengal Government, in his book, *Provincial Taxation under Autonomy*, (Oxford University Press, 1948) said:

Leaving aside all questions of

morality, the taxes of this group, therefore, involve the utmost injustice. It is, in fact, taxation of extreme poverty at excessively high rates. (p. 170).

The bulk of the Excise revenue is collected when the consumers are inebriate, and not sober. Intoxicants are sold to consumers by contractors who bought the right to sell them at annual public auctions at competitive bids, and have an incentive to stimulate consumption and inebriation and often resort to questionable practices to make maximum profits in minimum time. The bulk of the Excise revenue is spent for the benefit of those who contributed least to it. Above all, it is a tax on the consumption of intoxicants, of which both the consumers and the Government are apologetic.

The profits of the Excise business, which is perhaps the first instance of State Socialism in India, are so large that the worst profiteer might well envy. Such high incidence of taxation is very unusual with taxes on consumption, levied for revenue purposes. It can be defended only on the ground that it was meant to discourage consumption rather than encourage revenue. Excise tax is more like Protective Duties designed to reduce imports, and unlike Customs Duties designed to encourage revenue. In its Resolution of 1905, the then British Government of India formulated the policy of raising prices of intoxicants by taxation solely for the purpose of reducing consumption, and enjoined that to this end all considerations of revenue should be absolutely subordinated.

In practice, however, revenue considerations prevailed over reduction in consumption. The Majority of the Madhya Pradesh Prohibition Enquiry Committee, which came to the finding that Prohibition in the Dry half of the State was a dismal failure, found that Excise in the Wet half was also heading for a collapse! They said that the present policy of Excise

taxation was not calculated to minimise consumption, and that revenue considerations had predominated. They also observed that the vicious element of speculation, which underlay the Excise auctions, was a prolific source of a variety of scandalous malpractices, and had largely been responsible for corrupting the Excise administration in the Wet districts.

They unhesitatingly declared that revenue considerations should not govern Excise policy, and recommended that Excise taxation should be levied solely for the purpose of controlling liquor and drug traffic, and not for producing revenue, and advocated that the auction system should be abolished forthwith in the Wet districts, and that the prices of illicit intoxicants should be scaled down to scotch illicit consumption. It is obvious that the reduction in consumption, the reduction in taxation and the abolition of the auction system would reduce revenue very considerably.

With these findings and recommendations concerning Excise the Minority was in full agreement, though in the appraisal of the Prohibition in the Dry half of the State there was disagreement. It may thus be stated that the whole Committee was unanimous in condemning Excise taxation for revenue purposes.

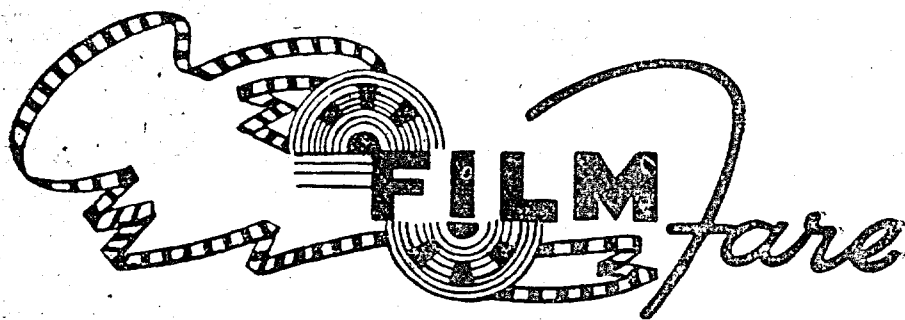
Compared with the Excise tax and revenue, the Sales tax and revenue are more equitable and satisfying and even honourable. In Madhya Pradesh Sales tax is paid by a majority of the community of all economic levels, and not by a small minority of the poorest. Its incidence is graded like Income tax, with some reference to the economic status of the tax-payers concerned. Articles like food and coarse cloth, consumed by the poor, are exempt from the Sales tax, while luxury articles are taxed at the rate of one anna in the rupee, while intermediate articles are taxed midway between. Unlike the Excise tax, which taxes the poorest at the highest rate of incidence, the Sales tax taxes the rich and exempts the poor, as it were. There is no speculative auctioning in the Sales tax as there is in the Excise tax. It is not collected when the tax-payers are inebriate. The increase in the Sales

tax revenue is a better and more satisfying index of the rising standard of living of the people than the rise in Excise revenue. Neither the consumers nor the Government are apologetic about increases in Sales tax revenue, as they are in the case of Excise revenue. Sales-tax is not degrading as the Excise tax is. Opinion of witnesses was unanimous that the Sales tax was more equitable than the Excise tax.

There can be little doubt that the Excise tax is inequitable, inequitable and anti-social while the Sales tax is the opposite. It is to the infinite credit of Prohibition that it abolished this inequitable Excise tax for revenue purposes, and replaced it by other taxes like the Sales-tax, which yield the same revenue and are capable of yielding more, as production and prosperity increase. There is no need to revert to the Excise tax for the sake of revenue.

If more revenue is needed than the Sales tax and other taxes still open to Governments can furnish, it is better to reimpose the Salt tax and the inheritance tax, for instance, and share the proceeds along with Income-tax revenue. Even a poll-tax would be better than Excise tax as at present levied, for it would be definite and not speculative; it would be collected from the tax-payers when they are sober and not inebriate; it would be collected by Government tax-collectors and not by speculators; and it will be paid by the whole community and not the poorest only.

It is somewhat surprising that anybody, and above all those who espouse the cause of the economically poor and politically weak, should ask for the restoration of Excise taxation for the sake of revenue, particularly when other and better taxes are available and in operation. It would be even more surprising that any Government in India, run by the Congress Party, which takes the name of Mahatma Gandhi, should continue the Excise system where it still exists, or revive it where it has already been abolished. It may be noted that the Madhya Pradesh Prohibition Enquiry Committee had, notwithstanding differences on other matters, unanimously condemned Excise taxation for revenue purposes.



By V. P. SATHE

THE film star cricket festival match held last year in Bombay and the various charity shows held during the same season in aid of one fund or the other gave the people some idea of the immense popularity and following enjoyed by the film stars. It may be that their appearance in a motion picture is no guarantee for its success; but their personal appearance on the stage or on the field has always been a tremendous success. This year, following the example of Bombay, there have been star festival cricket matches in Madras and Calcutta and a star pageant in Delhi. The star pageant in Delhi was such a great draw that the organisers are reported to have collected not less than a lakh of rupees.

In Bombay, on 21st March, Dewan Sharar is reported to have organised another star cricket festival match, and though due to the crisis in the markets and scarcity of money, the enthusiasm is perhaps not as great as last year, properly publicized the match is bound to be a great financial success. Indeed, if an account was made the stars must have helped to collect several lakhs of rupees for charity. Whether all these funds collected with their help have been properly used or not one does not know. But one feels that, if the services of our film stars were utilized to sell saving certificates the stars would be able to collect quite an amount for the Government.

It may be recalled that in U. S. A. the stars proved expert salesmen of war bonds during World War II. And, similarly, Indian film stars could be better salesman of any Governmental scheme in India than politicians.

Even the Prime Minister must have realized this fact by now. It is reported that he attended the star pageant held in Delhi, and in spite of poor organisation, he must have been impressed by the unprecedented public enthusiasm for the stars. This enthusiasm is perhaps nothing but a craze but can it not be properly canalised?

This is the question, one learns, that Raj Kapoor put to the Prime Minister. Luckily on their way to the stadium Raj found himself in the same car as Pandit Nehru, and he utilized this opportunity for asking the aforementioned question. Not only that, on behalf of film stars, he promised the Prime Minister that the stars would be willing to undertake any job entrusted to them by Panditji. All that he emphasized is "Make use of our popularity for a good cause."

Pandit Nehru has promised Raj that he will think over this matter. But he is a very busy man and may not have time to devote to this matter. At the same time, this question need not be put off. Let the Government utilize the services of the stars in selling saving certificates and thus combat inflation. Let the stars be mobilized in 'grow more food' or any other constructive campaign; they will be able to infuse more enthusiasm in the public than the politicians. Let us hope that the offer made by Raj is accepted in the right spirit.

Star Of The Week

Have you seen *Zeenat*? Well, it was such a popular picture six years ago that you could not have missed. The most popular highlight of the picture was a quavali sung by a group of girls viz *Aahe Na Bhare Shikwe Na*.

Kiye. Well, there are two girls in that group which attracted particular attention—one of them was Shashikala, who has already become a star in her own right and the other one was Shyama, who has only now become a full-fledged star.

It has taken six years for Shyama to rise to stardom from a mere extra. Shyama, whose real name is Khurshid (at one time there were five Khurshids in the film world, with the result that four of them, had to change their names) Akhtar, joined the movies when she was almost in her teens. In the beginning her parents were not agreeable but later they got reconciled and now perhaps they are proud of her.

In the beginning Shyama had to be content with merely dancing roles like Cuckoo. She is a good dancer, not in a classical sense but in a filmic sense. But unlike Cuckoo, she was generally called upon to act small side roles. She has appeared by now in so many pictures; it was in a stunt picture *Rooplekha* that she got her first big break. But it was in *Chhoti Bhabhi*, I think, that she could display her acting talent for the first time. Since then she has been called upon to portray many important roles in pictures like *Humlog*, *Tarana*, *Pyar*, *Sazaa*.

In *Humlog* she was only a second heroine; now, of course, she would not play any other role but that of heroine. And though in *Posti*, a Punjabi picture which is reported to have celebrated its silver jubilee in Lahore she played the lead, she emerges as a full-fledged star only in Filmistan's *Shrimatiji* in which she is playing the title role.

Filmistan has brought into lime-light many stars like Rehana, Kamini Kaushal, Nasir Khan, Veera and now under the aegis of Filmistan after a long and arduous struggle Shyama has earned the coveted star-dom in *Shrimatiji*.

Even the production of *Shrimatiji* did not run smooth for Shyama. She has quarrelled with Filmistan and the matter even went to the Court. Ultimately, Filmistan won and Shyama got reconciled to it. Similarly, Shyama had a squabble with Pancholi. Originally she had agreed to play the role of a dancer in *Aasmaan*,

but when she had been elevated to the status of romantic heroine, she refused to play it. Ultimately she was replaced by Arti and now she is playing the heroine, though the role is small in *Aasmaan*, opposite Nasir Khan.

Had she not succeeded in *Shrimatiji* her future would have been uncertain. But looking charming in the array of glamorous costumes provided by Filmistan, she is in excellent form in this picture; and whether the picture flops or succeeds, Shyama's career is now secure. In this picture, of course, Shyama has a flippant and frivolous role; but she says that she likes to act in a tragedy. Indeed, the day she succeeds in portraying a serious emotional role convincingly she will establish herself truly as a great artiste. Probably she will be put to test in Bombay Talkies' *Maa*.

Meanwhile, with her looks and figure, with her charming personality and free gestures, she has all the qualities necessary to become a popular romantic heroine. If she resembles any star, it is Nimmi and if only she can do tragic roles as well as Nimmi, she would attain even the same popularity.

At the moment she is playing lead in Pancholi's *Aasmaan*, Kashyap's *Badnam*, Bombay Talkies' *Maa*, Ranjit's *Bahadoor*, Jayant Desai's *Danka*. And if her couple of pictures succeed at the box office, she would have a dozen contracts and her price would shoot up to a lakh of rupees. Any way, it is fortunate that new stars like Nutan, Beena Rai and Shyama are coming up; they would help to solve the star shortage to some extent at least.

Picture Of The Week

Recently two purposeful pictures came from Hollywood. Both had a very poor response from the audience. Columbia's "Whistle At Eaton Halls" had a four-day's run while M. G. M.'s "Intruder In The Dust" was released for three days as a mid-week change at Metro.

Out of the two, Columbia's "Whistle At The Eaton Halls" dealt with the problem of labour and capital in a plastic factory in a typical capitalist manner. The problem arose when in order to curtail

the cost of production the management wanted to bring in new machines and sack half the employees. The trade union and its chief spokesman naturally objected to it, but the management made it clear that in the alternative the factory would have to be completely closed down.

This issue takes a new turn when the president of the company dies and the trade union leader is nominated to that post. He too is forced by circumstances to take the attitude of the former boss much to the annoyance of his erstwhile colleagues. He tries in vain to compete with other factories; but the high cost of production comes in his way. Ultimately he closes the factory and with the help of a few friends discovers a new machine which would save the cost. Then he calls half the employees back to work and though 'agent provocateurs' of another big concern try to sabotage his move, he succeeds in winning the confidence of his workers and ultimately, thanks to a big order, employs all of them again.

An interesting story it reveals how the 'free' trade and suicidal competition is carried in capitalist countries at the expense of workers. The problem of machinery versus man power is eternal and can be solved only by giving preference to men over machines, though in this particular picture, the reverse appears to be the case. Of course, as manifested in this picture no factory individually can face such issues. It is only when the entire industry collectively determines prices in terms of employment and welfare of labour that these problems can be overcome. Of course, presented in a typical individualistic and capitalist way of thinking, the picture lacks correct grasp of the social and national issues involved in the capital-labour relationship and becomes a rather dull, uninspiring, though realistic to a decree, and tame affair. It has no fire or imagination in it to arouse the people; it seems to be more concerned with justifying the capitalist rather than asserting the rights of labour. That is its great tragedy.

Unlike this picture, "Intruder In The Dust" has fire, life, suspense and vigour in it. And with proper publicity it should have been a success at the box office. For, it deals with a

Negro problem based as it is on the famous novel by Williams Faulkner, the Noble Prize winner and it is produced and directed by Clarence Brown, a name that spells distinction.

The picture is noteworthy for the characterization of a Negro old man around whom the whole story moves. Never, at least on the American screen, have I seen a Negro walking with such dignity, pride and ego as does the old man in this picture. Dressed correctly, he never misbehaves, faced with death for a murder he did not commit, he never loses his balance, his equilibrium. One is amazed at his pride, for even when he is brought to jail, he refuses to remove his hat and the crowd of white men who yell at him and want to lynch him look inferior and silly in his august presence.

When a white boy pays him money for saving his life, he does not accept it, but just throws it away. He is not servile, he behaves like a free man.

The white boy, however, is anxious to pay him back and gets an opportunity when he is arrested for a murder, and asks for his uncle—a lawyer—to take up his case. The white boy also goes in search of the body of the dead man, to find out the bullet that killed him. The trail gets interesting when the body is found missing from the grave and the suspense heightens till the real murderer who is the dead man's brother is discovered in the end.

Meanwhile, the white men and women gather in hundreds and thousands near the jail eager to break through and lynch the Negro prisoner. A white woman who sits at the gate prevents the crowd from mobbing in. But the moment the real murderer is brought to the jail, the crowd, apparently ashamed of its behaviour, goes away. Their hurry to run away is aptly emphasized by the director; and the white boy who helped the Negro asks his lawyer uncle: "They are running away from whom?" The lawyer replies "They are running away from themselves!"

The Negro comes to thank the boy and his uncle who asks him "Why didn't you tell me in the beginning that you were innocent? The Negro old man gives a significant reply, "Would you have believed me?"

Indeed, exciting as any mystery murder story, it is one of the best

picture about Negroes to come from Hollywood.

The other interesting picture from Hollywood worth commending is Billy Wilder's "The Big Carnival." It is the story of a journalist who instead of saving a caved-in man exploited the event to score 'sensational scoops' and drew thousands of people who came not to help the man but just watch the process in a spirit of big carnival. It is a stunning exposure of yellow journalism on the one hand and sensation-crazy people on the other; it is a typical story which could only happen in America, and it is brutal, but worth seeing.

News Of The Week

—Four new pictures went before the cameras last week. On Monday Agarwal's launched *Barish* starring Dev Anand and Geeta Bali. On Friday Virendra Desai launched *Caravan's Unchi Haveli* written by Pandit Shiv Kumar and directed by Pandit Anand Kumar. On the same day Devi Sharma performed the muhurat of *Kamna* starring Madhubala and Dev Anand and Mehboob's assistant Chimankant Gandhi performed the muhurat of Mehboob Productions Ltd.'s fourth production.

—Rajendra Jain is the latest addition to the ranks of director. He is directing a picture entitled *Sahir* for Filmkar. Hiren Bose is starting *Sohagan* next month for Filmkar while *Maan* and *Shikwa* are on the sets.

—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt will inaugurate Kenneth Macelowney's *River*

in Delhi on 13th March 1952 at Plaza Cinema. Suprova Mukherjee, the Bengalee artiste who has appeared in this picture, will attend the premiere.

—Sulochana, the rising star of Marathi films has been signed by Kardar to play the role she played in *Bala Jo Jo Re* in its Hindi version.

—Apart from Hindi and Marathi, an English version of *Lokmanya Tilak* is also being produced.

—Karan Dewan has been given the male lead in R. S. Chowdhary's *Jalianwalabaug*.

—Pankaj Mullick paid a brief visit to Bombay to discuss the music of Gyan Mukerjee's next picture *Kasturi*.

—The Film Festival came to a close on Thursday the 6th. The concluding address was also made by Sri R. R. Diwakar in Calcutta.

—The influence of films on children was stressed by all speakers at the annual conference of the Women's Council in Bombay. Mrs. Roosevelt said that it would be difficult to stop the production of harmful pictures but it was possible for parents to judge what films their children should see. Mrs. Munshi, on the other hand, said that something has to be done to prevent the unhealthy influence of some films produced in India or imported.

—The Government of India has lodged a protest with the Government of Pakistan against the levy of sales tax of 20 per cent and a duty of one rupee per foot on Indian films.

A Press advisory system is an anachronism in a free country and an intolerable incubus in normal times. The A.-I.N.E.C. has not told us in what way the freedom of the Press has suffered by the suspension of the system in the past seven or eight months.

There might have been some point in setting up these Committees at a time when much of the coercive powers of the Government could be and were habitually invoked at the discretion of the executive. The Press Act claims to have put an end to all this. The Government in fact have been asking the world to regard it as its supreme merit that no action can be taken except with the sanction of the judiciary. Why then continue a war-time makeshift which has lost its only justification such as it was?

The A.-I.N.E.C. might have made itself useful in other and less equivocal ways if it had tried. It could have sought to be an effective liaison between proprietors and working journalists; but it has ever shied at the task. It could have attempted to set up as a guardian of professional standards; but its solitary campaign for "decent" journalism produced rather laughable and wholly unexpected results. It is, as a guardian of proprietary interests, a fifth wheel in the coach. Why it should seek to perpetuate itself is a mystery. —The South Indian Journalist.

SECRET SOCIETIES BEHIND MOSLEM UNREST

By EDWARD J. BYNG

"A life crowded with adventure and personal contact with many of the great figures on the international stage," well describes Edward J. Byng. Born in Hungary, he was an officer in the Turkish artillery in World War I. He spent 20 years travelling in both the eastern and western hemispheres. He is particularly well versed on the Middle East, of whose many current trouble spots he writes in this article.

TO many Egyptians and millions of their fellow Moslems throughout the East, anything Western is anathema. The recent riots in Cairo were but one way of proving their hatred. If necessary, they will die to prove it.

Behind much of this anti-Western fanaticism are Islam's all-powerful, politico-religious secret societies, whose tentacles reach out to key government and army positions in most Moslem-inhabited states of Africa and Asia. There is much more than casual contact between these societies and the parliamentary leaders of the anti-Western parties.

In contrast to political conditions in the West, where secret political groups seldom have particular religious affiliations, the spirit of the powerful secret societies of Islam is deeply rooted in religious convictions. This is the main reason why most of these secret groups are equally opposed to Moscow and the Western powers. The typical Moslem of the old school has no use for Communism's atheistic materialism, nor does he favour what he considers the West's soulless materialism.

Nonetheless, strictly political considerations appear to cause a number of prominent Moslem leaders in Asia and Africa to seek an understanding with Moscow, in order to shake off even the last vestiges of Western influence over their countries' economies. In Morocco, for example, the highly influential Istiqlal ("Independence") party openly opposes France's control of the country and is clamouring for the latter's complete independence, involving the early abolition of Morocco's status as

a French protectorate. Besides including many Moroccan intellectuals and political leaders, the Istiqlal enjoys the deep sympathy of Mulay Mohammed, present Sultan of Morocco.

Embers Flame In Tunisia

Last October, the Istiqlal proclaimed a nation-wide boycott of elections to the so-called "Commerce and Agriculture Chambers," actually a political body with mere advisory powers, which the French set up and whose decisions are subject to the veto of General Henri Guilleaume, French Resident-General. The boycott proved largely effective. Moreover, in Casablanca, Morocco's super-modern port, the picketing of election booths by Istiqlal men led to riots and shooting, and the death of a number of French residents and natives.

Although these anti-French incidents were attributed solely to the political agitation of the Istiqlal party, they were also fomented by several Moroccan religious confraternities which ostensibly devote their entire interest to religious practices. Most prominent among these fanatical groups is the Aissaua Brotherhood. Its members, who number hundreds of thousands throughout Morocco and neighbouring Algeria and Tunisia, are particular devotees of Sidi Aissa, a Muslim saint whose tomb at Meknes, Morocco's holy city, is visited by hosts of pilgrims every year. The members of the sect regard each other as brothers, and are ready to lay down their lives for what their leaders might describe as the higher interests of their religion. While most

of the sect's members belong to the lower layers of the population many occupy influential position in the social, economic and political life of North Africa.

The religious exercises of the Aissauas are awe-inspiring. Forming a circle the men and women sway their bodies rhythmically from side to side, then throw their heads backward and forward in a more and more accelerated rhythm, until most of them reach a state of semi-hypnotic ecstasy. In this condition they press their faces against blazing logs of wood, kiss red-hot iron rods, or pierce their flesh with daggers, literally without ill-effect. While a few years ago both scientists and laymen doubted their genuineness these phenomena have been repeatedly examined in recent years and are now accepted by modern psychology and psychosomatic medicine as absolute fact.

The purpose of the exercises is to prove to onlookers and devotees alike that the spirit of God, and the baraka, or magic power, of the patron saint have descended upon them, giving them protection. Armed with such belief, it is not surprising that they will fight anyone whom their chiefs describe as an enemy of Islam, or as a dangerous partisan of French influence over North Africa.

In Algeria and Tunisia, the embers of anti-French sentiment are smouldering. They broke into flame in Tunisia in January, when open violence flared against the French. While Nigeria is administered as an integral and official part of France proper, Tunisia, nominally headed by a native ruler, Lamine Bey, is a full-fledged French protectorate.

In Algeria the widespread anti-Western feeling has not crystallized quite so clearly as it has in Tunisia. In the latter it has found a powerful official mouthpiece in the strongly nationalistic and anti-French Destour party, which numbers several hundred thousand adherents—according to some sources, over 1,000,000. Under its Western-trained dynamic leader, Habib Bourguiba, the Destour pursues the open and avowed aim of first completely eliminating French influ-

ence from the country, then ousting Tunisia's 2,000,000 French settlers.

In Egypt, of course, anti-Western feeling has reached fever heat with the masses and their leaders alike. Aside from the seething hatred for everything British or U. S. which now sweeps Egypt, that country is the operational base of the most powerful, most expertly organized and most dangerous politico-religious secret society of the entire Mohammedan world—the dreaded "Moslem Brotherhood". Its carefully restricted membership now totals about 30,000 men, who regard their leader, middle-aged Moslem priest Ahmed Ashmaoui, with reverence.

Ashmaoui's authority inside the organization is almost unlimited. The Moslem Brotherhood is directly responsible for the setting up of the "freedom battalions", actually terrorist "commandos" that engage in attacks on British troops in the Suez region. In addition, its activities extend far beyond the frontiers of Egypt. One will hardly go wrong in attributing to its "action squads" the assassination of King Abdullah of Jordan last July on the threshold of Jerusalem's famed Omar Mosque, one of Islam's most revered sanctuaries. Nor can there be much doubt that the assassination, last November, of Cyril Ousman, British Vice-Consul at Jidda, principal port of Saudi Arabia, was the work of the Moslem Brotherhood.

Allegiance Concealed

Initiation into this organization, and especially to its higher "inside" degree, is surrounded by the greatest secrecy. It is known only to a few that the ceremonies include the drinking of a cup of salt water, the taking of a blood-curdling oath on the Moslem sacred book, the Koran, and physical tests of valour. Initiates of the highest degrees are, moreover, subjected to a number of highly dangerous tests intended to ascertain their unswerving devotion to the cause of Moslem independence from the West, and their readiness to lay down their lives in the interest of this objective.

In recent years the Moslem Brotherhood has become particularly active throughout the Sudan, now a bone of

contention between Egypt and Britain. In this instance, too, the brotherhood prefers, to take cover behind the facade of a political party which it secretly controls—the Ashigga, whose name means “Blood Brothers.” While it includes only a minority among the Sudanese, the number of the Ashigga’s members and adherents, which has been estimated at about 2,000,000 or 25 per cent of the Sudan’s population, is undoubtedly growing from day to day.

Jordan, Iraq and the Hejaz—Saudi Arabia’s maritime region—teem with trusted agents of the Moslem Brotherhood. In Syria, it has extended its influence to hundreds of officers and thousands of men inside the army. As a matter of fact, one will hardly go wrong in tracing back last November’s seizure of power in that country by Colonel Adib Shisheky, the Syrian army’s chief of staff, to the machinations of Cairo’s dreaded secret society.

However, we must seek in Iran what is probably the most dramatic proof of the brotherhood’s dangerous dexterity on the international scene. Almost all its members, like all Egyptians and Sudanese, belong to the principal Mohammedan sect, the Sunna, and the people of Iran to the Shia, which is the former’s age-old enemy. Yet, in view of the common aim of both sects—the complete elimination of Western influence from the world of Islam—Cairo’s Moslem Brotherhood has succeeded in doing the impossible—bringing about close co-operation between the brotherhood and Iran’s equally fanatic and equally formidable politico-religious secret society, the Fidaian-i-Islam, or Martyrs of Islam. The latter’s head, the Nawab Safadi, a prominent Moslem priest in his 40’s, wields the power of life and death over his 25,000 followers.

Many of the latter, while carefully concealing their allegiance to the society, occupy important positions inside every one of Iran’s political parties, the police and the army. They

are particularly influential inside the Tudeh party, known to be sympathetic to Soviet Russia. The Tudeh, accused of being financed by Moscow, was outlawed in 1950, but has merely gone underground. Actually it has a membership of over 1,000,000, and is especially strong in the big cities.

To complete the complex structure of Iran’s public life, there exists a direct link between the Tudeh and the “Martyrs of Islam” on the one hand, and on the other ostensibly “anti-Tudeh” and “anti-Martyrs” government of Iranian Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, in the person of Ayatullah Kashani, an aged Moslem priest held in great veneration by the masses. Kashani is a close adviser of Premier Mossadegh, and while not officially a member of either the Tudeh or the Martyrs, is regularly consulted by both groups.

Characteristically, the word “martyr” is intended to convey the fact that the members of this group, which was directly responsible for the assassination of Iranian Premier Ali Rasmara, are always prepared for the eventuality that, when committing a political murder, they may be captured and executed. Nothing could be more illustrative of their fanatic determination than the cold courage with which General Rasmara’s assassin, handsome Khalil Tamasebi, model student at Tehran university, walked to the gallows. “I feel honoured to be permitted to die for Islam and Iran,” were his last words.

This type of mentality is by no means restricted to a few inside Islamic Asia and Africa. It is the main-spring of the fearless fanaticism and determination that dominate the minds of millions of Moslems today. Western statesmen must take this hard fact into account. They must combine firmness with utmost patience and self-control, lest Islam’s rumbling volcano erupt and set off a third world war.—Copyright—NNE.

The great problem of today is this: you cannot escape centralized authority, whether it is of the State, whether it is of the big corporation, whether it is of the trade union, or whether it is of any group. They all go on being centralized authorities. Now all centralization is a slight encroachment on the freedom of the individual. We want to preserve the freedom of the individual, and at the same time we cannot escape centralization in modern society. How to balance the two?—Nehru, quoted in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

AFTERMATH OF THE ELECTIONS

By V. VENKATANARAYANA

NO single party including the Congress Party has the requisite over-all majority to form a single party Ministry in Madras State and a coalition Ministry seems inevitable. The Congress Party is pronounced to be against forming a coalition Ministry. The various parties or the Independents do not appear to be willing, having fought and won the elections on a common anti-Congress platform, to sacrifice their individuality so as to enable the Congress to form a Ministry. In this contingency, the chances of a coalition between the non-Congress parties and individuals will have to be examined. Though such an eventuality is a very very doubtful practical proposition, we may try to visualise the chances of a survival of such a coalition even if it materialises. Such a coalition will at best be a conglomeration and mixture of all colours and shades of opinion, of different creeds and policies, of divergent programmes and views which in some cases are poles asunder, and it does not promise a healthy and stable Ministry.

Can the Praja Party or the Krishakar Lok Party or the Socialists whose policies and programmes are Gandhian, shake hands with Communists whose programme and policies are “STALINIAN?” To an onlooker they really make strange company and it is certain that the strange and uncommon relationship cannot last long. True to the strategy expounded by Lenin, the Father of Communism, the Communists will undoubtedly begin ere long to overreach and eliminate one by one, their colleagues and usurp the power unto themselves. Then will come the inevitable crash with the other parties.

Taking a broad and practical view, the future of the State is bleak unless some radical timely remedy is applied. The only person that could be thought of to use the appropriate remedy under the circumstances is Pandit Nehru. In 1946, the cancer of power politics made its first appear-

ance in the body politic of the Congress at any rate in this State and began to grow unchecked. The late Sardar Patel, to the misfortune of this State, applied the knife at the wrong end cutting off the healthy living cells, leaving the field open for a cancer to spread. Sri Prakasam, Ranga and men of their calibre had to leave the Congress and in consequence the Congress has become anaemic. After the demise of Sardar Patel, Pandit Nehru, in his natural exuberance of spirit and love for the right, rushed to the patient and took up its care but found it, to his consternation, a surgical case. Being only a physician and temperamentally unsuited to be a surgeon, he could and did nothing. He came to conquer and was himself conquered by the evil forces. What Pandit Nehru could not do, hesitated to do, and hoped to be able to do after the elections, the people took it upon themselves to do and did. They removed the cancerous growths one by one mercilessly.

Pandit Nehru can now restore the living cells so that the Congress may again flourish as the people’s organisation regaining its old glory and ardour. The Praja Party, the Krishak Lok Party, the Socialists and the Congress may work hand in hand and march to the prosperity of the State even if they are to keep their respective party labels intact. This is no time for standing on false notions of prestige. No doctor can afford to stand on false notions of prestige when it is a question of life and death to the patient. After all, who are Sri Prakasam, Ranga and others? They are Panditji’s valued and trusted comrades in the Freedom fight and they are as much the backbone and the very marrow of the Congress as the Pandit himself. Evil forces that could not be controlled in time separated the erstwhile comrades-in-arms and the havoc that was brought on account of this separation Panditji has seen. Let this separation hence be

done away with. Let Pandit Nehru embrace Sri Prakasam and Ranga as of old and place the fortunes of Madras in their hands and rest in comfort and ease. Let the cry that organisations are greater than individuals be buried in this instance. At times great individuals make and keep the organisations living. Such is the case here in Madras, especially in Andhra. Sri Prakasam was the Congress and the Congress was Prakasam—that has been demonstrated sufficiently in the recent elections. So let Pandit Nehru invite Prakasam and

Ranga and ask them to take charge of the State directing the Congress members to give them unflinching loyalty and support. That way lies the path for a stable and popular Ministry. The occasion demands it, statesmanship calls for it, and above all the interests and peace of the State and the nation require it.

Will Pandit Nehru rise above all petty prejudices and prove equal to the demands of the situation and save the State and the country? Or is Panditji going to throw the State to the wolves?

THE CRISIS AND THE COMMON MAN

By BINOD U. RAO

THE common man in India today is sufficiently enlightened to be aware of the changes that are going on around him. These changes are so sudden, so significant and so far-reaching as to amount to a revolution. He may not appreciate the precise nature of this revolution or its detailed implications, but he does recognise that it is going to affect, for good or ill, not only himself and his children, but his children's children, not to speak of succeeding generations.

Normally, the common man of India is a man of peace, guided by the simple philosophy that this is the best of all possible worlds, in which everything wrong is a necessary evil. This is not to say that he is so fatalistic or so hidebound as to be un-receptive to new ideas; but he must be convinced that they are sound, that is, that they will do him good. He is industrious and intelligent in his own sphere, and has a way of combining lightness of heart with seriousness of purpose. In times of trouble he can stick to it like a man.

The new forces at work in the country have left the common man a little bewildered, a little sad, but he has been told by his leaders—in whom, hitherto, he has reposed unquestioning faith—that change is the law of life; that every nation faces, and ought to face, periodic challenges; that this is nothing to complain about, for it is the way the world works.

For the most part the common man accepts this explanation, but he does not wholly accept it any longer without question. The doses of education that he has swallowed have taught him to worry about things, to inquire, like the little boy in the poem, "why this" and "why not." National freedom has not brought him that freedom from want, let alone that opportunity and happiness, which he thought would be his for the pressing of a button after the liberation. Far from the Utopia he expected to live in, he encounters a chilly world of forms and regulations, of "don'ts" and delays and unresponsiveness, a world in which, alas, honesty remains unrewarded and promises remain unfulfilled. He sees a few rich families trying to feel safe amidst a vast neighbourhood of poverty-ridden, sick and frustrated people. He has made the appalling discovery that even in free India the wicked flourish exceedingly while the meek and the virtuous often go to the wall.

All this is gradually tending to paralyse his impulse towards co-operative endeavour in the common cause and to replace it with the rather lower motive of individual or sectional gain. This is reflected in the increasing demands for more pay and less work, more rights and fewer responsibilities, more always of the nice and juicy things of life, less always of its toil and trouble. Persons are not wanting, of course, to capitalise this tendency

and make it the starting point of an organised movement for disruption and anarchy.

That a people should thus be allowed to "lay waste its powers" at a time of national emergency is nothing short of a tragedy. Indian leadership must take its share of blame for this situation. But there is more to it than that.

For one thing, our leaders have had to concentrate on the immediate problems arising from that great break-up of the Indian household, known as partition. We in India know by how much sorrow, how much heartbreak and dislocation, the break-up of a home is attended. When that home spreads over an area of 1,500,000 square miles and consists of 400,000,000 members, the dislocation caused by the separation can be imagined. There is no doubt that the communal killings that accompanied independence have hampered our recovery and darkened our future, after having at one time threatened our very existence as a State.

During the years of the struggle for freedom, the common man was fed on promises of great rivers of milk and honey flowing through the plains of free India. Unfortunately, for himself and the country, the ordinary man missed the true significance of the hyperbole and came to take it more or less literally and his leaders did little to disillusion him, evidently for fear of damping his enthusiasm for the cause. Well, freedom has come, but there is not the slightest sign of that milk and honey, and the common man feels he has been let down. He expresses his reaction in an apathy and inertia which are not a natural part of his character.

At the same time, Indian leadership after *Swaraj* has not taken any demonstrable positive steps to better the immediate lot of the common man. Rather it has laid itself open to the charge that it is favouring the "haves" as against the "have-nots" with the object of securing its own future. Take the case of controls. Both the central and provincial Governments, against the advice of their permanent advisers, and under pressure of Big Business, set in train a process of derationing and decontrol

of the necessities of life like food and clothing—with disastrous results to the man in the street. The consequences of decontrol were so serious that the Government was soon obliged to restore controls in some form. Prices of staple commodities are three or four times what they used to be, and the general cost of living has so increased that even a contortionist would have trouble making ends meet. The large and ambitious schemes of national development on which the Government is working do not make a particular appeal to the common man. They are too far away and too nebulous. He fears it is going to be the old story all over again—the rich becoming richer and the poor even poorer. Whatever the intentions of the Government, this is the impression that is gradually being created in the mind of the common man. It hardly provides the right atmosphere for extracting the best out of him.

The common man himself is not free from blame. In his recoil from an unpleasant surprise he has allowed himself too readily, against his innate stronger nature, to be doped with defeatism, which has impaired his will to progress. He has come to believe that in free India he is "entitled" to happiness as to fresh air. He has become inclined to reject the austere truth that every blessing has its price, that work and sorrow are of the world as are fruition and joy.

India's leaders must help the common man to get over this temporary phase of frustration and bring out his finer qualities. If they are to do real, substantial good to the country as a whole, leaders will have to have something more than inspiring personalities. They must have a policy which aims always at setting free the springs of creative energy in the people at large. They must find the key to this fountain, must discover a common and compelling incentive summoning all the great reserves of energy in the nation for a mighty and united creative effort. But they will not find this key, or discover this common incentive, until they shake themselves free of the influence of vested interests who now surround them. When this is done, that will be the signal for the common man to go back to work in real earnest.

SIDELIGHTS : :

THE Maharaja of Bhavanagar endeared himself enormously to the people of Madras. His very limitations stood him in good stead. He was by no means a brilliant man. But lack of brilliance established him in the confidence of people as one to be trusted. His words were taken at their face value, and nobody looked beneath the surface for under-currents and twists of meaning. He achieved, very early in his regime, popular good faith in his integrity. Even more striking was the impression made by the Maharani. The dignity of her mien was all-conquering. All hearts bowed to her in deep respect. There has never been in any quarter one whisper of harsh comment to her detriment. What she contributed, without effort, by just being herself, to the credit of Raj Bhawan, is beyond reckoning.

There was nothing profound or deeply disturbing in the Maharaja's utterances, but always there was the ring of sincerity. He was absolutely free from the tinsel of snobbery. His gift of keeping himself clear of squabbles and intrigues amounted to genius. His donations to public causes revealed a nature steeped in generous sympathy for the unfortunate and the unprivileged. Often he cast off the habiliments of high rank to take the dust with humility from the feet of saints and sages. He made himself lovable by a manner of his own which fixed him on a human level in all environments. He does not seem to have made a single enemy in all his five years of Governorship. A grand feat, this, which many a master in the art of governance might envy.

The Maharaja's successor, Sri Sri Prakasa, is a sturdy veteran with many political battles to his credit, and the passion of controversy runs in his blood. Before he set foot on the soil of Madras State he put his feet right into the centre of the stormy Andhra Province question. He was a journalist before he became a politician, and apparently the journalist's habit of stating problems without solving them, still clings to him. One

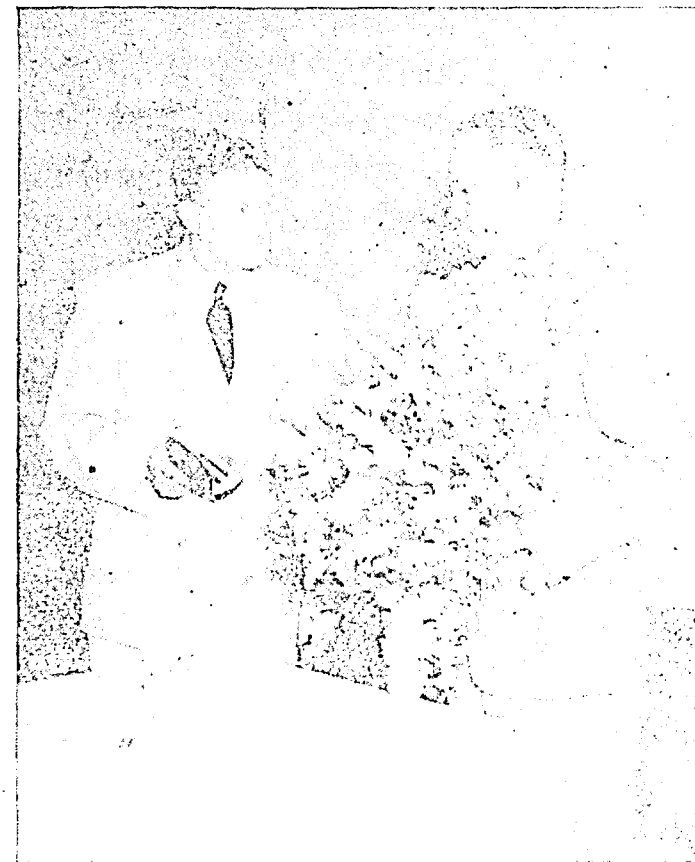
may not expect from him the scrupulous non-partism correctitude of the constitutionally perfect Governor: he is too full of flesh and blood for that, too much of a comrade of the top Congress bosses in supreme power at the Centre. Adventures galore cannot fail to come the way of Sri Prakasa in the electric atmosphere of the State, charged with so much competition between parties for the right to rule. But he will sail through them cheerfully, winning popularity through wit and good humour. He has the reputation of being an extremely kind hearted man, and it will carry him far.

Sri Prakasa's first task will be to decide who should be invited to be Chief Minister. His first choice must naturally go to the leader of the Congress Party, still the largest party in the legislature. Who will be set up as the leader of the Congress Party is anybody's guess. More names have come to the forefront as probables since last week. Sri T. T. Krishnamachari tops the list, but T. T. is all set on playing his part in national politics and he has outgrown the taste for provincial achievements. Sri Venkataswami Naidu, a favourite of C. R. since very long ago is, too, a prominent aspirant. C. R. boosted him as the magician who fashioned Gandhinagar, but the magic of the wizard has worn pretty thin since the costs and amenities of that much advertised heaven on earth have passed through the test of experience. If Gandhinagar had provided housing for the houseless poor instead of an opportunity for rack-renting to the overhoused rich, the architect of it might have been hailed as the fit leader of the hour. The urbane Dr. U. Krishna Rau is another widely canvassed nominee. He has all the social graces; youth, energy, tact and a clean record of public life. These certainly entitle him to recognition.

What about your own choice if you had the power, ask many correspondents. A question to nonplus even the most inventive. The ideal Chief Minister of my choice does not possess the gift of passing through

the hustings with flying colours. Half a decade ago a Ministry that included both C. R. and Sri Prakasa would have been a perfect combination. Age is now against them and it is meet also that younger leaders should emerge to the forefront to shoulder the burdens of democracy. At the time of the last Presidential tussle between C. R. and Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the idea was mooted in this column that both should give way to Dr. Ambedkar. A Harijan President of the Republic would have galvanised the world and made the untouchables of the country feel at home in Government Houses. If the Harijans are to be wooed from Communism to Congress, there is a good deal to

be said in favour of a Harijan Chief Minister for Madras State. With all his limitations Sri Sivashanmukham made an excellent Speaker, and he will make an equally good Chief Minister. He has taken honour in his stride by continuing to live in the same old poor humble residence, unlike most Ministers who rushed into a palace the moment they were sworn in, to signify their new status of remoteness from the commonalty. He has the rare virtue of conscientiousness. With honoured helpers of the stamp Sri Vaidyanatha Aiyar in the South and Sri Tenneti Viswanadham in Andhra, he could give just the democratic twist to Congress rule that it stands so sorely in need of, now.—SAKA.



Mr. P. G. Menon, Head of the Production Scheduling Department of Firestone's Bombay Factory, who left for London, where he will observe and study advanced production methods and techniques. Mr. Menon's trip is part of Firestone-India's programme of advancing their Indian staff to executive positions of responsibility as rapidly as possible.

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

By-passing The Communists

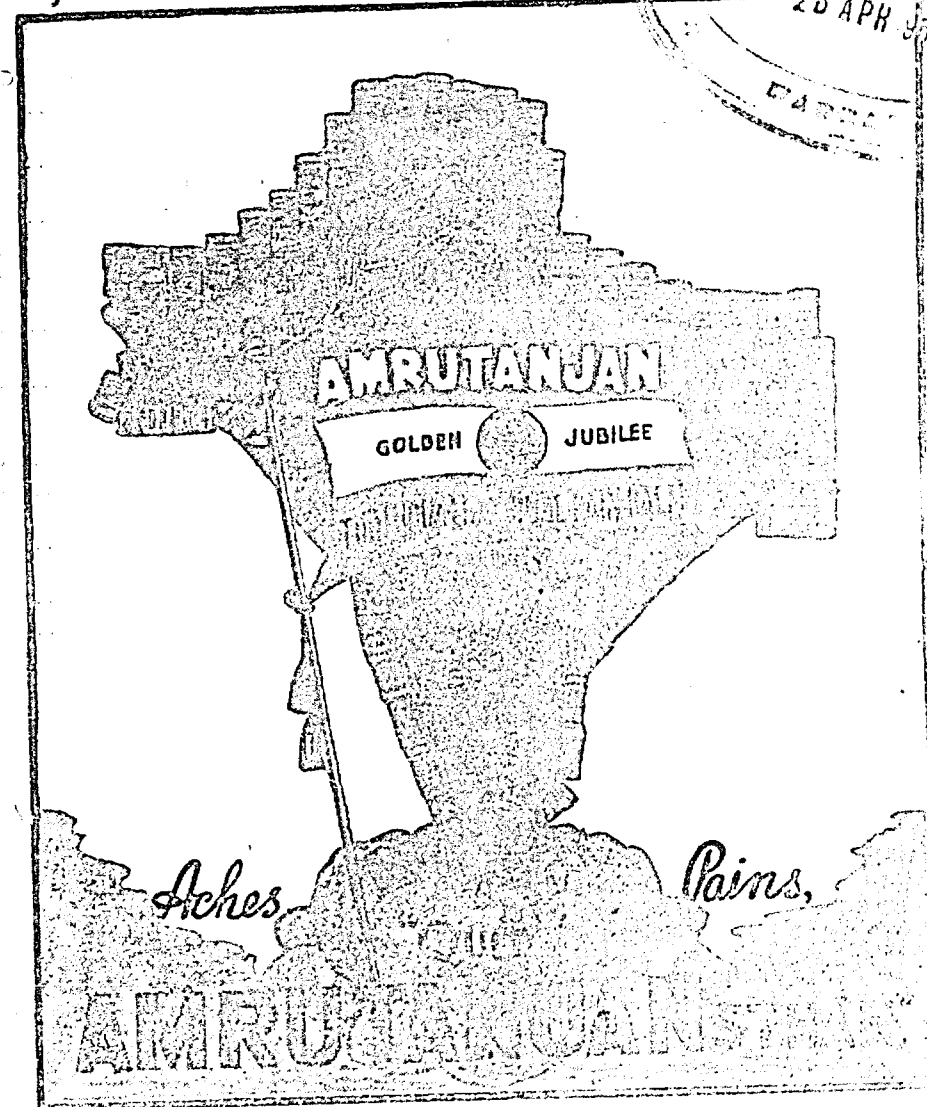
Mr. D. V. Rama Rao has subjected the comments in this Diary to a critical examination. His argument that the Yugoslav Communists were Yugoslav first and Communist next only proves that Indian Communists can be Indian first and Communist next; that Chinese Communists can be Chinese first and Communist next; and that Russian Communists can be Russian first and Communist next—as I said they are. I do not think that the Indian Communists and the Chinese Communists must be at loggerheads with Moscow in order to prove that they are Indian and Chinese. You do not have to quarrel with everybody else in order to prove that you are yourself. The fact that we are not fighting the British does not mean that we are the agents of the British. We should fight for peace—peace with all nations. This is not the language of the Communist: Mrs. Roosevelt used it when she discussed the problem of war and peace with us last week. Fighting for peace should not mean going to war with the Soviet Union. We should guard against propaganda, whatever quarter it may come from. We should also remember that we are more exposed to anti-Soviet propaganda than to pro-Soviet propaganda.

With regard to Bertrand Russell's criticism of Soviet Russia, we should see his latest contribution to the American "New Leader," in which Russell refers to the great decline in individual liberty in the U. S. A. in recent years. He speaks of it as an invasion. My own impression is that whereas individual liberty is becoming less and less in the U. S., it is becoming more and more in the U. S. S. R. We must take a historical view of the situation. A country with a history like the U. S. A. should not have any question of curtailment of individual liberty. That country started with the freedom-loving pioneers; and it has now come to a stage where a Secretary of State commits suicide shouting that the Russians have come. Tsarist Russia, on the other hand, never knew individual liberty. Thanks to Lenin and Stalin, the Soviet people enjoy today a hundred times more liberty than they enjoyed a hundred years ago. In America, it will be quite true to say that there is one-hundredth as much liberty today as there was a hundred years ago. It is the same Bertrand Russell who said that men of science like Einstein and others fled to America some years ago

because they were persecuted in Europe, and that he would not be surprised if they fled back to Europe now for the same reason. The moment Hamilton's victory over Jefferson was achieved, the fate of America was sealed. The problem of America consists in dethroning the spirit of Hamilton which not merely hovers over the Statue of Liberty but pervades the life of that country in every department-store.

I have never advocated the introduction of Communism in Western Europe—or anywhere else. Mr. Rama Rao seems to imply that I did. It is for the people of each country to decide for themselves the kind of Government that suits them best. If tomorrow Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru roots out the corruption, nepotism and favouritism that are rampant in the Central Government and the State Governments run by the Congress Party; if he gives the country a positive economic programme; if, moreover, he shows signs of implementing that programme instead of merely talking about it; then I do not see why power in India should pass into the hands of the Communists or any other party. What we want is merely a worthy instrument to serve the needs of our people. We had thought that Jawaharlal Nehru was such an instrument. We now know better. Pearl Buck said about Chiang that the Chinese people had tried Chiang for twenty years, and that when he failed, they began to look for someone better. We are doing the same.

Mr. Rama Rao has disputed my statement that the defeat of Prof. Ranga sounded the death-knell of communalism in Andhra. I do hope he is wrong. The overwhelming triumph of Harindranath Chattopadhyaya from Vijayawada should have been enough to demonstrate that the Andhra people voted not only on a non-communal basis, but on a non-linguistic basis. It was the Congress Party which put up candidates on a communal basis, and others had to follow them, perhaps, because communalism would have been deeply entrenched if the communal candidates of the Congress Party were successful. In the absence of a candidate of the same community, the Congress Party would have made a great deal of communalistic propaganda in the elections, which would have vitiated the political atmosphere of Andhra for several years to come. By putting up candidates of the same community, the opponents of the Congress Party were success-



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SWATANTRA

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SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1952

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WEEKLY

OUT OF TIME

SRI Madhava Menon complained in the Legislative Council on Wednesday that small producers were being harassed. In his own district of Malabar, he said, the karanam and the procurement staff were most hated. "No attempt was made to increase the food production." These remarks do not carry as much weight as they might have done for the simple reason that till a month ago he was himself a member of the Government which he now denounces. What attempts did he make while in office to remove the evils he now complains against? If he had made any such attempts but they failed for lack of support from his ministerial colleagues the right course for him was to leave office in protest, taking the public into his confidence. Had he done so, he most probably would not have been routed at the polls. The impression made by Sri Madhava Menon during his years of office was not one of dissatisfaction with fellow-Ministers for failing to come up to the level of his own conception of public duty in the matter of tackling grave defects of policy and administration. On the other hand he evinced supreme satisfaction with the record of the Ministry of which he was a member. His satisfaction with the achievements in office of himself and others in the Congress regime, reached its peak at the time of the discussion in the legislature when Sri Prakasam moved his charges against some of the Madras Ministers. At that time Sri Prakasam's indictment included some of the very things which Sri Madhava Menon now charges the Government with. But

Sri Madhava Menon did not spare Sri Prakasam for being his own fore-runner as a critic of the Ministry. He showered on the Andhra leader all the resources of his wrath, fury, ridicule and eloquence. It is not fair to the surviving Ministers that an ex-colleague should turn against them in viriolic censure of blemishes for which they are no more blameworthy than he. From the public point of view the implications of Sri Madhava Menon's present onslaught on Government in contrast with his spirited defence of it before he was defeated in the elections, are quite clear. If he is honest now in his estimate of the Government, he was not honest when he defended the accused Ministers against Sri Prakasam's charges. Those charges have now acquired a new validity. The suspicion that the Ministerial defence against Sri Prakasam was a stunt performance carried through with a brute majority, and represented no genuine conviction on the part of the Ministers themselves that participated in it, is deepened by Sri Madhava Menon's post-defeat somersault. The shadow of the charges will continue to dog the Congress regime until the ghost of it is laid to rest by the verdict of an authoritative tribunal of enquiry commanding public confidence. We suggest, in the interest of the rehabilitation of the Congress, that the Ministry to be formed should, as its first act, constitute such a tribunal and bring within the purview of its close examination the whole of the administrative record of the accused Ministers, including not only defeated Ministers like Sri Bhaktavatsalam and

Gopala Reddi, but also successful ones like Sri Sitarama Reddi and Shetty. If the tribunal finds the Ministers blameless, the defeated section of them will have their careers saved for the future. If they are condemned, the successful section will deserve to be cast out of office. The innocent, whether defeated or victorious, will have nothing to fear.

The time factor is of some importance in determining the value of comment. If wrongs done are denounced the moment they come to light, the denunciation will carry more force than when they are suddenly pounced upon after a long period of tolerant silence. In politics or journalism, applause or its reverse should be instantaneous to carry weight. If Sri Madhava Menon's strictures on maladministration had followed close on the heels of his discovery of it, he would have stood forth as a hero of reform. The time-lag between the two dilutes the virtue of his politics. In journalism, even more than in politics, timeliness is the essence of integrity. There is now a great furore made in one or two newspapers over grants of land by the Congress Government to the class of

patriots popularly known as August Tyagis. The proper time for the protest was immediately after the grants were announced or made and *Swatantra* lost no time in making such a protest in no uncertain terms. But none of the present crusading newspapers then cared to raise even a whisper of dissent from Government's policy in support of the *Swatantra* campaign. They have waited for a long period to discover and condemn a wrong that should have been dealt with forthwith. Is it that it is the policy of this section of the press now not to desist from embarrassing those in authority whom formerly it was its concern to protect so tenderly? Whether in politics or journalism, the great thing is the establishment of integrity. Points of view that shift and revolve round extraneous factors not relevant to the issues on hand will cut no ice with the public. Sri Madhava Menon may view the Congress Ministry through the eye-glass of his being a member of it or not, but common people who are the architects of public opinion will have nothing to do with such an eye-glass, nor will the press, if it aspires to guide public opinion and build a reputation for honesty.

Sotto Voce

SAFARI



IN a world that gets drabber every day one is always grateful for a touch of the picturesque. The announcement that the Government of Madras are prepared to grant advances to N. G. O's for the purchase of bullock-carts reminds me of a vanished generation which echoed familiarly with the sounds of *safari*.

In almost every household which boasted a sprig of authority in the early twentieth century there may still be found two capacious chests, one made of seasoned timber and weighing not far from half a ton and another of rattan much lighter but not less durable. They signified respectively 'transfer' and 'circuit'. But

the caravan-like double bullock-cart of the touring officer was long ago gathered to its fathers.

It was not driven out of fashion solely by the snobbery that equates the ox-wagon with the civilisation of the fifth century. The ubiquitous bus had something to do with the decline of its dignified predecessor. But in fact aristocracy in all its forms has become uneconomic. In the days when pants were a far less familiar sight and the bush-coat was happily still in the womb of time, a cousin preened himself not on his *chic* but on his cuteness in going in for European togs. "They are far more economic in the long run than your dhoti; stitch three suits and they will tide you over seven years." Checks were indeed a marvel of cheapness and dust never showed on that dun background.

Likewise the bullock-cart cost less than nothing to keep when Sircar was really Sircar and subordinates outdid Ariel in conjuring "supplies". That cornucopia, the rattan box, which was secured with stout ropes to the front part of the cart and was a sort of peripatetic oilman stores, returned after its outing of a week or fortnight rather fuller than when it started. The officer always travelled *en famille*: for the good lady of the house would not leave the queasy stomach of her dyspeptic lord to the tender mercies of mercenaries. And Revenue Inspectors and P. W. D. Supervisors were ready to fetch tiger's milk if she asked for it.

There were wags who said that certain camps were more favoured than others because they were more profitable. That was sheer libel; in all things the 'Dorai', and even more the Dorai's dame, were the soul of discretion. In camp they kept open house: the subordinate on duty invariably stayed to dinner and went into soulful raptures over "Amma's" cooking and the added fragrance her skilled touch seemed to impart to the very butter in the melting. And Amma would say simpering, "But, then, butter here is really good, and you know—unlike that dolt Venkatraman, our cook—the difference bet-

ween good and bad." The grateful "gumastha" saw to it that Amma did not return home empty-handed.

And so the bins in the store-room at headquarters were full to bursting, the sides of the draught-cattle sleek and shiny and their driver blessed the day on which master set out on *safari*. In camp he was no more Rangu but Ranga Pillai, a person of consequence, and he did a little foraging on his own account. But, as I said, they all gave cheerfully: for these "pastoral" visits were like the quality of mercy. Long before it was due the whole hierarchy from the village *talayari* had been making unofficial but systematic levies, and afterwards there remained a tidy bit of the loot to recompense all of them according to their standing.

The villager paid, not perhaps very cheerfully, but with no more active resentment than against an inconvenient "act of God", major or minor. After all life was easy and the instinct of hospitality in a people not yet subdued to a money economy could always be quickened by the artful cadger. When you had more vegetables than you could consume you gave away: and what was more natural or meritorious than to give to the visiting Sircar? "Who knows, if this Collector pleases, we may get that culvert we have been asking for these thirty years. He seems to be a God-fearing man. At least his wife worships at our Pillayar temple regularly whenever she comes."

And Providence seemed to listen. For the Dorai travelling by bullock-cart had plenty of time to look about. He knew every village by sight and many of its inhabitants by name. Over years of leisurely progress through dusty roads and leafy lanes the spirit of the place seeped into him. And without being consciously "good" he did what he could to help those who were live folk to him, not just numbers on a sheet of paper. I offer no apologia for the petty sins of the bullock-cart era. But has the age of plutocrats and permits any right to cast stones at it?

VIGNESWARA

SIDELIGHTS : :

Our bravest and best lessons are not learned through success, but through misadventure.—ALCOTT.

I asked the Chief Minister, Sri Kumaraswami Raja, in a casual encounter, if he was going to Calcutta. He replied, "What business have I there?" I said, "You have shown yourself to be a true philosopher by your manner of taking your election reverse. It has made you rise high in popular estimation." The defeated Ministers have reacted in different ways to their election ill-luck, and the differences in their ways of reacting to it illustrate the contrasts in their respective characters. Sri Bhaktavatsalam who was supposed to be the strong silent man of the Cabinet, collapsed the most. On receipt of the news of his defeat at the polls he fell into a dazed condition from which he has not yet, according to all accounts, completely recovered. Just at the culminating point of a lifetime of intrigue when the supreme prize for which he worked by day and about which he dreamed night and day, seemed to be within his grasp, it was snatched from him. He was stunned by the blow but he is not the man to allow Providence to interfere with his plans of ambition. So we find Sri Bhaktavatsalam, worsted in politics, turning to journalism, apparently seeking conquests and a mighty empire in the Fourth Estate.

Sri Bhaktavatsalam is not beloved of the Madras Press. As Publicity Minister he was a dispenser of advertisements and he dispensed them meanly with implacable discrimination against journals that dared to tell the public the truth about him. He was as hostile to the Press, a profession of indigents with nothing in their pockets, as he was generous to engineers, builders not only of mansions but of fortunes to contractors and favourites, what with their enormous spending and their hold on resources running into crores. The building of the Engineering Association rises on its fine site near the Marina with the magic swiftness of a mango tree out

of the sarceror's basket, but there was no end to the impediments placed in the way of similar enterprise by the Press Club. When Sri Bhaktavatsalam ran the Government, he even planned to change the course of Adams Road and take it right across the site of the Press Club building, forcing the Club into a harassed quest for another site. It was only when he ceased to be Minister that the continual obstacles that prevented the Press Club from starting its building, ceased also. At meetings of the S. I. J. F. Executive I always said that there would be no building for the Press Club until Sri Bhaktavatsalam is ousted from the Ministry. And so it has turned out to be.

After long cogitation in the discomfiture of defeat, Sri Bhaktavatsalam started a pincer movement. He started intensely cultivating Sri Kamaraj's company evidently as a first step towards displacing him in the Presidentship of the Tamil Nadu P. C. C. And he set about acquiring a Tamil daily newspaper. It will not do for a Public Works Minister to enter directly into a deal involving heavy cash immediately on relinquishment of office. Awkward questions might be asked as to where the money came from. A company of friends was therefore created, pledged to put in means and effort to launch Sri Bhaktavatsalam on his new journalistic career by placing a newspaper at his disposal. The price was fixed though not paid yet, and I am told even the first editorial "Ourselves" was written and got ready for publication, though not published yet. The hitch arose at the eleventh hour as the promised money was not forthcoming and the ardour of the devotees of the ex-Minister suffered a steep decline. Contractors evidently are not so accommodating to a Minister out of office as when his grace could be a thing of invaluable profit. The State is to wait a while for Sri Bhaktavatsalam's post-ministerial entry into the profession of journalism. I am informed Sri Chockalingam, doyen of Tamil journalism, who knows Sri Bhaktavatsalam inside

out, is waiting, pen in hand, to give him a warm reception.

As to the other defeated Ministers, I like best Sri Chandramowli's manner of adjustment to the wilderness. It is the very reverse of Sri Gopala Reddi's voluble vain glory seeking to stamp as "treachery" the verdict of the polls to his detriment. Sri Chandramowli has spoken not a single word of comment or analysis of the reasons of his

defeat, and relapsed into a golden silence from which I am sure he will one day emerge as a chastened leader with a regenerated soul. But for an initial outburst of wholly unnecessary re-dedication, much the same may be said of Sri Kala Venkat Rao. Of a different pattern is the behaviour of Sri Sanjiva Reddi. He refuses to treat defeat as defeat. His utterances these days are those of the victorious leader of a victorious party.—SAKA.

UNITED DEMOCRATIC FRONT

By T. VISWANADHAM, M. L. A.

THE present situation in Madras State is certainly intriguing. The Congress Party has been returned with a strength of 152 in a House of 375. The other parties are returned in smaller numbers. However, all the non-Congress parties put together, number 223. In the circumstances, the question is being argued both in the press and on the platform as also on the floor of the Legislature, whether the verdict of the electorate was in favour of the Congress continuing the administration once again, or whether the verdict has been against such a course, and if it was against such a course, in favour of which other party has the verdict been given.

During the elections the main target of attack was the Congress Party. Whether non-Congressmen stood as Independents or on a party ticket like that of the Communist, the K. M. P., the Socialist or the Commonweal, their criticism was generally against the Congress administration. I saw very little of Socialists attacking the K. M. P. or the K. M. P. attacking the Communists or the Communists attacking these parties or other parties. Even the Independents also generally took their stand as against the Congress.

In fact, the issue before the electorate was whether the Congress, with its record of discredit in the last five years, should again be returned to power or whether it should be displaced from its position. That was before the mind of the electorate and the electorate gave its verdict by reducing the strength of the Congress Party to less than half. It is there-

fore clear that the electorate does not want the continuance of the Congress rule in this State now.

The question asked by Congressmen however, is whether the electorate in displacing the Congress has given a verdict in favour of any other party; they argue that as no other party has such a large strength as that of the Congress Party, it alone can be said to have got the verdict of the electorate in its favour. But there is a fallacy in this kind of reasoning. When you concede that the electorate had decided to displace the Congress, it must be construed that the verdict has been given in favour of all non-Congress elements to singly or in combination with each other form a Government. And that is the rationale behind the move for the non-Congress Legislators' Convention.

This Convention has succeeded beyond the imagination of the Congressmen. It met in a three days' session. It agreed upon general principles, appointed a sub-committee to formulate the details and the Constitution and is going to meet again on the 27th or 28 of this month for finally adopting the same.

It is true that the delayed programme chalked out by the retiring Ministry is causing some amount of doubt in the minds of some persons who are asking themselves whether non-Congress elements in the Legislature will continue in their resolve to work as a united party and form a Government. I am asking why should they not continue to combine, why should not they form a Government and why can they not form a Government. The non-

Congress legislators represent, if you take the votes into consideration, a crore and twenty lakhs of voters while the Congress Party represents about sixty six lakhs voters only.

In view of this, public opinion is generally in favour of a United Non-Congress Party and a Government constituted by them. But the one thing that is worrying a few friends is the inclusion of the Communists in the Non-Congress United Front. Why should this worry anybody? The Communists have been returned by the same ballot box by which the rest of us have been returned and they in agreement with others have agreed to a common programme which is in the best interests of the masses. The programme is designed to give a pure administration free from nepotism and corruption. It is designed to pay emergent attention to the needs of the people. It is designed to wipe out the food deficit by launching useful and beneficent irrigation schemes capable of yielding quick results. In the circumstances, no one need doubt the value or the ethics of having the Communists as allies and colleagues in a United Front in the Legislature.

It is argued by some that a combination of parties like this is not what is contemplated when reference is made to a Party Government and that a Governor will not be obliged to call upon the leader of a United Party like our United Democratic Front to form a Government but that he will be obliged to call upon the leader of the Congress Party as it is the single largest party in the Legislature. But I have not understood the Constitution in this manner. As I understand it, the Governor is obliged to invite a person who can command a majority in the House to form a Government and when all the non-Congress parties combine into a United Democratic Front and elect a leader, naturally the Governor will have to call him to

form the Government. There is no other alternative for him.

The slogan has been raised that a stable Government is wanted and that the Congress alone, being the single largest party and having the support of the Centre, can form such a stable Government. I should think that this is a misnomer and the people are anxious for a better type of administration than what the Congress Party has been able to give during the past five years and when the non-Congress elements are able to combine into a single party, it is mere propaganda to say that a combination of parties cannot endure and cannot give a stable Government. There is an urge in the non-Congress elements to give a better type of administration, to enforce higher and better standards of public conduct, to ensure food, clothing and shelter to every man, woman and child in this State. There is an urge in them for making this State prosperous. No Government will be given scope for practising patronage, jobbery or nepotism. There is an urge in them to reduce to the minimum if not eradicate altogether corruption in official as well as non-official circles at every level. There is an urge in them to improve the condition not merely of the landless labourers, the poor agriculturists and the poor wage earners but also that of the middle classes including the low paid Government servants, teachers and others following liberal professions. And when this kind of urge is universal in the members of the Front, I do not see any reason why it should be thought that this party cannot endure together or form a stable Government.

In my opinion the interests of the public strongly require that the threads of Congress rule must be snapped, the traditions that have brought discredit and defeat to the Congress Party must be broken. A new life must be given to this State and this the United Democratic Front promises.

The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism.—Abraham Lincoln.

NEW DELHI DIARY

By V. V. PRASAD



THE Nizam did not lay the wreath of homage himself at Rajghat, where the Mahatma was cremated. He stood at a distance, and began ordering his servants about to place the flowers in a suitable place. A minor police official did the job while M. K. Vellodi and Mir Osman Ali Khan Bahadur (the Nizam) looked on. It was a most unedifying spectacle.

The People's Democratic Front of Hyderabad obviously has an excellent sense of timing. The Nizam and the news that the P. D. F. wants him deposed reached the Capital simultaneously. I had asked Pandit Nehru two years ago whether he was opposed to splitting up Hyderabad into the linguistic units of Andhra, Karnataka and Maharashtra. He replied that he was not opposed to it; he thought that ultimately that would happen. Immediately, of course (he said), there could be no question of splitting up. Even Swami Ramanand Tirth and other Congress leaders gave all-out support for the liquidation of the Hyderabad State. The first two resolutions which the Hyderabad State Assembly should pass are:

1. That the Nizam be deposed forthwith; and

2. That the State be divided into its three natural linguistic units of Andhra, Maharashtra and Karnataka.

The Special Correspondent of the *Hindustan Times*, referring to the P. D. F. resolution, says: "The Nizam, one of the shrewdest men alive, knows that his State is in no danger of disruption as long as Mr. Nehru is at the helm of affairs in India." It is for Pandit Nehru to say whether the Special Correspondent is right. If the Special Correspondent is right, that will put Nehru completely in the wrong.

It is a good thing to have the strength of a giant, but it will be wrong to use it like a giant. One must

learn not to use it like a giant. Rajen Babu referred to this old saying when he spoke as Chancellor of the Delhi University after conferring the degree of Doctor of Letters on Mrs. Roosevelt. After reading out the written speech, Rajen Babu added some impassioned words with great subtlety and delicacy. When he did so, he revealed a spark of divine fire. He did not mention any of the policies of either America or India; but he conveyed effectively the message that he was not very happy about the military aid which the U. S. Government was giving to many countries of the world. He pointed out that Mahatma Gandhi fought against one of the most powerful nations of the world. And then he corrected himself: Mahatma Gandhi did not fight; he won over a most powerful nation by his love and by his non-violence. Rajen Babu's was a great speech; but I do not find it reported in most newspapers. Rajen Babu declared: "Peace cannot be achieved by force—I almost said re-armament."

Mrs. Roosevelt listened to the President very carefully, and fully understood the implications. She must have realised that the criticisms of the policies of the U. S. Government were not always Communist-inspired. She has been a great success in India, because, I suppose, we do not look upon her as an American Imperialist. Her record of social service is as good as her file of "My Day" is bad. The main point about Mrs. Roosevelt's "My Day" is that it has a huge readership in America. The American people are interested in every little thing that she says or does. This is not because Mrs. Roosevelt is prominent by marriage, but because of her great services to her people. On issues like the Negro problem, she had greatly influenced her husband.

Mrs. Roosevelt has no great literary merit as a writer. Americans seem to

be as much interested in Mrs. Roosevelt as Indians were in Mahatma Gandhi. Many of them read about foreign countries and foreign peoples only because Mrs. Roosevelt writes about them. She is their eyes and ears. Her Column, "My Day", is of no interest to Indian readers. But proprietors of Indian newspapers are paying enormous sums of money to publish her Column every day—in these days of newsprint shortage! There are many brilliant young journalists in India; but these are denied opportunities of writing a Column by the newspaper magnates. As a Columnist in America, Mrs. Roosevelt played a salutary part in moulding public opinion in that country. So did other Columnists in America. In India the number of Columnists is very small. If independent opinion is to find expression in Indian newspapers, we should have a large number of Columnists in this country.

It is quite true that *The River* is not a picture to write home about. But I do not think that it is so bad as all that. Its superlative and sooper-doooper qualities have been so widely advertised that almost any performance is bound to be a disappointment. Mrs. Roosevelt inaugurated the premiere in New Delhi.

The running commentary which was provided throughout the film was a sad confession of failure on the part of the producer. It is just like a portrait of Gandhi that some artists may paint. They have to write "Gandhi" on the frame; or else nobody will recognize it as Gandhi. The River is certainly better than *The Rains Came*. But when we have said that we have said almost all. Radha Sri Ram's Bharata Natyam Number is about the only thing with which we cannot find fault—although perhaps she would have been more effective in some costume other than the plain white that she wore. The photography was rather good—especially in some parts.

Santha Rama Rau acted with a great deal of impersonality when McEldowney wanted to make a film out of her *Home To India*. She it was that suggested *The River* in preference to her own book. Her objection to her book being filmed is obvious: almost all the characters in the

book are living. But Miss Rama Rau's selection of *The River* was quite bad. The story does not deal with Indian life at all, except incidentally. It concerns itself with an Englishman, his half-Indian daughter, an American with one leg, some adolescent young English girls, and so forth. You should never choose extraordinary characters for your books—except when you want to lay bare the psychological processes of freaks or mad men or geniuses. All the philosophy of India is doled out in the commentary; a feeble attempt is made to convey the philosophy through Radha. There are, however, pieces of visual poetry in the picture—which, of course, do not come very frequently. I give no Oscar to McEldowney for his effort. Herbert Marshall could have produced a thousand times better picture at one-tenth of the cost.

Not much noise was made by the Soviets when they organised an Exhibition of Russian Art in co-operation with the Fine Arts and Crafts Society. Sailoz Mukherjea, one of our foremost artists in India, told me that Ambassador Novikov himself worked side by side with the artists and the Embassy officials from morn till night, arranging the exhibits. (Ambassador Novikov was originally a factory worker, then became an engineer, and then a diplomat.)

Until the Russians came along, the Hall of the Arts and Crafts Society had the appearance of a stable. The Russians came and transformed it. It now looks like a Museum of Fine Art. Now some people have started making a lot of hubub about Soviet art being realistic, as though it is the greatest crime in the world to be realistic in art. The Soviets are not the first to be realistic in art; there have been realistic schools of art in all countries and climes. We should remember also that the Russian genius had never produced great painters. It produced great music, great literature and great Ballet.

Soviet realism, examples of which we see in this Exhibition—which is to go to Bombay, Calcutta and Madras from here—has to be examined from the point of view that it is People's Art first. There are many highly cultured people all over the world

who say. "We don't understand this modern art. Give us something we can understand. Let there be people in the pictures that can be recognized as people; trees that can be recognized as trees; animals that can be recognized as animals; and so on." As sheer examples of "composition", we have much to learn from the huge Russian paintings. The working people of the Soviet Union too can appreciate such art. And the Soviet Government does not wish to encourage art which can be appreci-

ated only by a coterie of connoisseurs.

That requires a great sacrifice in outlook; and a great love of the people. If it is taking a step backward, it is taking a step backward in order to go two steps forward. Unless we have millions of people who can appreciate art, there will be no great art produced in any country. That is the reason why our Indian art—where there is supposed to be the utmost freedom for the artist, including the freedom to starve—is so poor today.

IS MARXISM REACTIONARY?

By P. N. SAMPATH

IN his public utterances, Pandit Nehru has been saying things which no one else in his position would or could say. At one time, he had set the Americans seriously thinking whether he belonged to the Communist bloc. Nehru is one of those people who is knowledgeable and honest according to his lights, but sometimes his lights are not very well focussed. In a recent press conference at Delhi, Nehru is reported to have denounced Marxism as out-of-date and reactionary, after first conceding that Marx's economic interpretation of history has interested him a good deal.

In a fast changing world, it is quite natural that some of the arguments put forth in support of either a theory or an ideal, prove to be somewhat out-of-date and feeble. The theory of one generation becomes the practice of the next. The Utopia of today is flesh and bone tomorrow. Today's heresy survives to be tomorrow's religion. Likewise, many theories of the past have been consigned to the lumber-room of disused ideas. For instance, even during Mahatma Gandhi's lifetime, many of his disciples had called him out-of-date in some respects, especially having in view his manifest dislike of industrialisation and machinery. But, Gandhiji's novel principle of non-violent resistance, and his example of selfless service have made him immortal in the pages of history and in the minds of men. These can never become out-of-date, as they have the property of growing by what other things die of. If fifty

years hence anybody were to say that Gandhism is out-of-date or antiquated simply because Gandhi had preached against mechanization, he would be guilty of injustice to Gandhiji and of deception to himself. When judging any eminent leader who had contributed to world thought and action, one should go by the fundamentals of his bequest, not by the superficial.

Karl Marx lived nearly one hundred years ago. The basic principles he propounded then, were far in advance of his times and were also of permanent value. Marx together with his disciple Engels, gave political coherence, a social analysis and a philosophy to the Socialist movement in Europe. Marx is the pioneer in applied sociology. His discoveries of the springs and modes of social action rank with Charles Darwin's discoveries in respect of biological evolution and the origin of the species and Freud's in the realm of psychology. He was the first sociologist to make a deep study of the social and economic condition of man in the body politic. He was the first to spot out the canker of Capitalism. His fundamental theories of economic determinism and class war still remain uncontroverted and incontrovertible. The spirit which he gave life to was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily but to accelerate itself more and more. It was a spark in the dark in Marx's day, but it is a radiance today.

Marx was a man of indomitable energy and infinite resource. Had he cared for ease, Marx could have become a political tub-thumper safely

ensconced in the seat of power. But he preferred to be the champion of "the benighted masses of mankind." Never was he after power or pelf. In his own words, he was "as poor as the proverbial church-mouse." On account of his researches in revolution, he experienced the searing fate of the social outcast. As a leaf whirled upon a winter torrent, Marx was exiled from the countries on the Continent, one after the other. He sought asylum in England, which has been to this day an international refugee centre for politically "displaced persons."

While keeping in touch with the working class movements on the other side of the Channel, Marx busied himself with a thorough study of economics, history and sociology. With the equipment thus acquired, he wrote that masterpiece *Das Kapital*. It has rightly been acclaimed as the Bible of the working classes. It contains many a powerful passage of deep insight and powerful import. It is written in an ordered, deliberate, unhurrying style which reaches its effect as by tessellation. Exaggeration and oversimple application of its main principles have done much to obscure its meaning; and many blunders, both of theory and practice, have been committed in its name. Nevertheless, its effect was, and continues to be, revolutionary.

Marxism expounded an economic process not necessarily dependent on the use of force. Marx did not advocate hide and seek methods of hideous violence. He was not for conspiratorial methods either. He was for open methods. The bomb-throwing anarchism of Bakunin, and the violent adventurism of Lassalle were condemned by him. He visualised a simultaneous uprising of a fully-awakened proletariat, the very enormity of which will overwhelm the reactionaries who may be in power and sweep them panickily off their feet. In this action, violence will not be the keynote. Thus it will be seen that the Chinese Communists are to a certain extent nearer Marx than Stalin and his counterparts in some of the other Communist countries.

Marxism is not reactionary, but a good number of reactionaries have come to lisp Marxism. To condemn

Marxism on that account is like pointing out to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. If a surgeon performs an atrocious operation and kills his patient in the process, it is a case of one bad surgeon but not a case against the science of surgery itself. Professed Marxists may be found really flouting Marxism, either through ignorance or indifference. These are bad Marxists, whose defections and distortions should not be visited on what constitutes Marxism.

Marx had a remarkable grasp of things. For example, we will quote a few of his observations on the state of Indian society and economy. He wrote of the caste system: "The Indian castes—those decisive impediments to Indian progress and Indian power." We see today how correctly Marx had read the situation. Again, Marx called the Permanent Settlement an abominable "caricature of the English landed property system on a large scale." Now we know of the persistent cry for the abolition of the Zamindaris. Marx characterised the Indian Princess as "the stronghold of the present British system and the greatest obstacle to Indian progress." Imagine what these Princess would have done if Sardar Patel had been less alert and less energetic. From these it should be apparent that Marx had an immense capacity for correct analysis.

Pandit Nehru is hovering between two ideologies. While applauding the ideals and ends of Communism, and its political practitioners like Soviet Russia and China, Nehru shows no quarter to the Communists at home. This attitude of howling with the wolves and bleating with the lambs has been condemned as "an unconvincing performance," by that apostle of Neo Humanism M. N. Roy, who had once hobnobbed with Lenin and Dr. Sun Yat Sun.

It was Mill who said that "the future of mankind will be greatly imperilled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change." The sooner persons of the intellectual calibre of Pandit Nehru act on this sage reflection, the better it would be for the welfare of mankind.

COUNSELLORS FOR PART B. STATES

By H. RANGACHAR

THE general elections, unprecedented in magnitude and scope, are now practically over and have been claimed rightly to be the "greatest experiment in democracy successfully conducted." An outstanding result is the extension of the machinery of representative democracy to all parts of the country. Thus every State will have legislatures elected on universal adult franchise and Governments responsible to them. This will be the first time when many of the Part B States will have popular legislatures and ministries. Any optimism aroused by this in Part B States has, to some extent, been tempered by the announcement made by the Centre that Counsellors nominated by them will be posted in all these States, except Mysore, to advise and guide the Governments there. The specific functions and responsibilities of these Counsellors have not yet been defined. As, however, these are being appointed in the context of powers conferred by Article 371 of the Indian Constitution, it may be assumed that the powers of general control vested for a temporary period in the Centre will be exercised with their advice or through them. The appointment of a Counsellor has already been made for Hyderabad, and is either made or about to be made for Travancore-Cochin.

There are many questions, not excluding those of legal and constitutional validity and propriety that arise and that require most careful consideration. The first question is why the present time has been chosen for introducing this measure. The right of "general control" and issue of "particular directions" has been conferred on the Centre ever since the Constitution came into force. No need for the appointment of Counsellors was felt till now and the first announcement was made when the elections were nearing completion and the position with regard to each State was known, more or less definitely. When, as a result of the general elections,

people have been looking forward to the establishment of popular Governments, the Centre has announced the launching of this measure. It can be certainly claimed to be psychologically an appropriate time. Why then has this time been chosen?

The two following suggest themselves as possible reasons for introduction of the measure now. The one is that the Centre may feel that the experience of the working of the existing arrangements has shown to them that their responsibilities under Article 371 cannot be effectively discharged without some such organisation as the one they have not introduced. The other is that in the new situation created by the elections, it is necessary for the Centre to exercise a more continuous and efficient control than has been the case hitherto.

These reasons may now be examined further. There have no doubt been many defects in the administration of Part B States; the standard of administration has not generally been high; there have been the usual factions, personal jealousies and rivalries, and manoeuvres for power in all these States; Governments have not been stable in many States and not much progress has been made in working to the ideal of the Welfare State. By and large, this has been the case also with most A States. The Centre has had no occasion to supersede the existing Governments and take over the administration of the States under the emergency provisions of the Constitution, as they had to do in East Punjab. They have even had no occasion to issue formal directives, except once in the case of Mysore. As however the direct and immediate consequence of the intransigence of the State Government and the issue of a formal directive was the exemption of Mysore from the operation of Article 371, it cannot be a case in point. The Central Government have never before referred to the existing provision as insufficient and it is a fair

inference that if they had felt so they would have let the public know and taken action considered necessary earlier. The reason for the present action cannot therefore be the inadequacy of the existing arrangement for the exercise of general control over Part B States.

The reason has to be sought perhaps in the other alternative. It may be that the Union Government feel that the elections in the States have brought into existence conditions in which it will not be possible for them to discharge the responsibilities cast on them by Article 371 without a machinery for a close and continuous watch—or liaison, if this word be preferred—by their officers on the spot. In reply to an interpellation in Parliament, the Minister for States denied that the decision to appoint Counsellors was due to the results of the elections. Its being the sole consideration should therefore be ruled out. The elections have shown that in some States, as in Travancore-Cochin, the party position is such as may not admit stable Ministries with sufficient backing in the legislature to enable them to implement the necessary measures and policies. The possibility of Governments of parties different from the Congress coming into power and of their not being amenable to the control of the Centre to the same extent must also have been factors taken into account. It would not therefore be unreasonable to presume that this has also been one of the important factors, though not the decisive one, for the decision of the Government to introduce this measure now.

The next important matter for consideration is whether the measure being now adopted is strictly within their legal competence and in conformity with the spirit of the Constitution. Article 371 of the Constitution lays down that every Part B State "shall be under the general control of, and comply with such particular directions—as may from time to time be given by the President." It is highly open to doubt if the control through fulltime Counsellors continuously on the spot does not go much beyond the scope of the "general control" contemplated in the Article. The posting of Counsellors to several

States necessarily involves their day-to-day watching of the actions of the Government of the State with a view to exercising control and issue of directives by the Centre, if and when necessary. It would be an unsustainable extension of the connotation of the phrase "general control" if it were to include this. Secondly, the Constitution nowhere gives specific powers to the Centre for the creation of such offices to regulate their relations with Part B States. If any such possibility was contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, it would be reasonable to assume that specific provision would have been made especially in our Constitution the shortcomings of which have not been conciseness or avoidance of detailed provisions. It may be contended that, according to the trend of judicial interpretations elsewhere, the conferring of the power of "general control" carries with it, by implication, the power to adopt such subsidiary measures as are necessary for the due and effective exercise of the power vested in them. But it is also recognised that the additional powers thus assumed should be the minimum absolutely essential for the purpose and should not be inconsistent with the general scheme and the spirit of the Constitution. It would be an indefensible stretch of language to maintain that the appointment of Counsellors is the absolute minimum necessary for the Centre to discharge its responsibility. There are similar provisions in the Constitution empowering the Centre to give directions to any component State, under certain emergencies. Article 360 authorising the executive of the Union to give directions to any State in financial matters in certain emergencies may be cited as an instance. It will not in such cases be open to the Centre to appoint Financial Counsellors to all States. The appointment of Counsellors to the B States would not therefore seem to be strictly within the legal competence of the Centre.

The next question for consideration is whether it is in conformity with the scheme of the Constitution and its spirit. This and other aspects of this question will be dealt with in the next article.

THE ART OF THE DIARIST

RIGHTANGLE (K. Iswara Dutt), and EGO (J. Vijayatunga) have both commented on the art of the Diarist last week in the *Hindustan Times Evening News* and the *Delhi Express*.

EGO of the *Delhi Express*, writing in his daily Column entitled "Roundabout," says:

Columnists, though not quite the vogue they are in America, are becoming a feature of Indian journalism, and it is a good thing that it is so. Indian columnists have not yet attained that prominence (or is it notoriety) of Walter Winchell, the Broadway Columnist, who calls himself the Man About a Keyhole and whom his life-long enemy, Westbrook Pegler, another columnist, calls the Gents' Room Reporter. . . .

Though lacking the glamour or the eminence of Walter Winchell, V. V. Prasad, the New Delhi Diarist, whose Column is syndicated in several newspapers, Indian and Ceylonese, holds court daily at a certain coffee house which is the clearing house for reporters' gossip.

Prasad, who gave a talk the other day to the Punjab University Journalists' Association on "How I Write My Diary," is a bland, unhurried man in his early thirties. Smoking cigar after cigar, he throws out a remark here or makes a comment there and the resulting counter-replies supply grist to his mill.

Apart from that he goes about ferreting out news with the trained nose of the journalist. The result is his popular column. Winchell has an estate among millionaires in Westchester, a suburb of New York, and his mansion is complete with swimming pools and what-not. V. V. Prasad should one of these days be able to afford a suite in Delhi's best hotel. That is, if Editors appreciate the hard work of Columnists as Editors in America do. An Andhra, Prasad is related to Mr. V. V. Giri.

RIGHTANGLE, in his daily Column entitled "Round the Metropolis," says:

Nothing makes any craftsman prouder of his craft—and of himself—than to be asked how he does his job. The implied recognition of his work at once—and perhaps naturally—gives

him an air of self-importance. If under the weight of such a recognition, one works oneself into an expansive mood and walks a little more defiantly, one need hardly be misunderstood. On Thursday I was for a little while wondering why a fellow-journalist of the writing tribe (Mr. V. V. Prasad), looked very happy and suddenly started asking about the price of a good pipe. I soon realized that there was real provocation. In the evening he was to address a School of Journalism on how he wrote his Diary!

Not all men who do a spot of work and rather well are asked to enlighten others on the psychological processes behind their performance. Let us take the case of Shakespeare. It was left to later ages to guess whether he wrote with a nib or a quill and into what kind of fluid he dipped his pen. Most of the world's celebrities did their work in comparative obscurity. Even Byron whose pictures adorned the mantle-piece of England's undergraduates, was not seen in the streets pursued by camera-men. They were all born in the wrong times. In the twentieth century things are different—and people do want to know how women make up their faces and men write their memoirs or keep their diaries while the practitioners of arts—to be fair to them—are only too willing, indeed ready, to oblige.

In some respects, it is as well that the experts take the people into their confidence—and give them a peep into their methods of work—and also tell them the secret of their inspiration. Years back Sir James Barrie was asked to tell the public how he wrote. He took up a crumpled sheet of tobacco wrapper and scribbled as follows:

2 pipes—1 hour
2 hours—1 idea
1 idea—3 paras
3 paras—1 leader.

The recipe may or may not work in the case of all leader-writers as some of them prefer not to be pipers and a few have even a horror of tobacco in any form, but it at least gives the public an idea of the individuality of the particular writer. Barrie without his pipe would no more have produced

ed his leaders, than Johnson would have talked like an oracle without liberal supplies of tea.

The diarists belong to a tribe peculiarly their own. It is interesting to note that the best English diaries have been written by bores, the bore having been defined as a person who mentions everything. If nothing is too serious for his acumen, nothing is too trivial for his gossip. "A good diary," it is said, "is not literature, for of its nature it must be free of most disciplines and tests of works of art to please himself (the writer)." In England parsons and political gossips have mostly turned into diarists. And now new tests have come to be applied for judging diarists more indulgently. For instance, *The Times* says:

The advantage of the diary-form is that it exempts its users from all the ordinary rules of the Press. You may spell as you like, abbreviate as you like, wander into side-tracks as and when it pleases you. Above all, you need preserve no sense of proportion or of responsibility. A new hat may oust a new Parliament; a new actress who amused

you or an old one who did not may, without anyone's complaining here or hereafter, sweep all the armies and potentates of Europe over your margin into nothingness and oblivion. No subject which was begun need be continued; no one who becomes a bore need be allowed to linger on the page; no feelings—not even the diarist's own—need be considered; no sense of critical audience need force gaiety from a mood of sadness or cast a shadow on the spirits of Puck.

After reading this, I am inclined to envy Diarists in the same way in which some are inclined to envy Columnists. More or less, their outlook and approach is the same. The Diarist has, however, this advantage over the Columnist that he can have a freer display of the ego. My friend who delighted his audience would be the first to concede that he is an egoist first and a Diarist next. And that is really what makes one an "ideal diarist," for nothing heartens one more than a high opinion of oneself. Triumph really lies in being self-conscious without being self-conceited.

CONCEPT OF A WELFARE STATE: ITS BASIC WEAKNESS

THOSE who find the world badly in need of changing, and have some definite ideas on how it should be done, are often susceptible to a peculiar sort of uneasiness. It might be called "reformer's neurosis" or even the "revolutionary itch." Nathaniel Hawthorne must have realized something of this sort about a century ago when he wrote of the time he spent in the Transcendentalist colony at Brook Farm: "I was beginning to lose the sense of what kind of a world it was, among innumerable schemes of what it might be, or ought to be." He added:

No sagacious man will long retain his sagacity if he lives exclusively among reformers and progressive people without periodically returning into the settled system of things to correct himself by a new observation from that old standpoint.

The point of this remark is particularly applicable to the reformers who are system-changers or system-builders, for these men are usually intolerant of existing conditions, almost to the point of bigotry. To system-fascinated reformers, the kindly, unselfish man who exhibits no interest in the reformer's complaints and programme often seems guilty of all the sins of his society, simply by association with them. One can agree that kindness and unselfishness, when they are merely personal qualities, are not enough to accomplish the great changes most reformers have in view; but it is also true that were kindness and unselfishness more widespread, many of the reforms envisioned would be practically unnecessary.

The study of the lives of radicals and reformers, as well as the personal experience that is more or less available to everyone, points to the wisdom of Plato's programme of education described in the *Republic*. The Guardians, it will be remembered, had to undergo the most strenuous of disciplines, and they could not become rulers until they gave evidence of having already become philosophers.

Philosophers, let us note, are not merely theorists; they have wisdom and love of wisdom. And if we follow the allegory of the Cave, a further qualification for rulers is that they must distrust and dislike power, accepting it only with reluctance. It is only when they return to live among men because of an inner compulsion of wanting to *teach*, instead of to rule, that they can be trusted as Guardians.

Some may say that Plato was just another system-builder, cleverer than most. We think that he was not a system-builder, but a moral philosopher, and that the *Republic* is a searching analysis of the problems and psychology of moral education. The idea of a Utopia easily lends itself to this sort of analysis, although other Utopians have been beguiled by the desire to design The Perfect System, with results that have been seriously misleading for millions of their followers. From Rousseau to Marx and Hitler, the system-builders have converted countless enthusiasts to their dream of Progress, and among the various prices paid in the process has been the loss of the "sagacity" of which Hawthorne speaks.

Plato's "Guardians" have the role of the reformers in the *Republic*, which describes the building of a new society, not the tearing down of an old one. This is in itself instructive, for building requires very different talents and capacities from those needed for tearing down. A man with a bomb can destroy; a Committee of Public Safety with a guillotine can purge and cleanse; but only men who inspire trust and co-operation are able to build a new society. There are some situations where the qualities of resistance and rebellion seem altogether admirable—in a conscript society, for example. Conscript labour, "natives" working under conditions of colonial peonage, men subjected to any sort of total control over their lives are inclined to waste away into moral refuse unless they revolt. But after the revolt has been successful—then what? It is then that we see the

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importance of Plato's programme for training the Guardians, and the reasons back of his manifest admiration for the Spartan mode of existence.

Too often, rebels are unable to understand the intangibles of the good life—are unable to see the good in men despite the evil systems under which they live. The wonder of our time is not the incalculable destructiveness of our most powerful institutions, or the cultural delusions to which we pay fabulous tribute daily—the wonder is that there is so much in life that is tolerable, even enjoyable, despite these things.

What we are speaking of, here, makes the novels of Ignazio Silone almost required reading. For Silone, in *Bread and Wine and Seed Beneath the Snow*, has written extraordinary studies of the sustaining and enduring qualities of human beings, as contrasted with the credos and programmes of the system-builders. True, in Italy under Fascism—and, we might add, in Italy after some fifteen hundred years of subjection to the Roman Church—these qualities seem to be all but lost. This is the horror and the tragedy which overtakes Spina, Silone's protagonist, and this, in the end, is what he sets himself against. Spina becomes a builder of simple trust. He tries to restore man's faith in man, in terms of personal kindness and unexpecting generosity.

This weakening of the very foundations of human relationships is not unique to Italy, of course, although Silone makes it appear more advanced in that country than in some other lands. In the United States, everyone has noticed the decrease of integrity at various levels of human intercourse. Shoddy workmanship in manufactured articles is much commoner since the war. The promises made by businessmen are not taken as seriously as they used to be, and, what is perhaps more unfortunate, those to whom the promises are made often do not expect them to be kept. A kind of loose, indifferent "tolerance" toward slackness in human relationships of every sort has become virtually a rule of life.

Here and there, however, one finds representatives of the old school of thoroughgoing responsibility. There are still craftsmen who think more of

their work than what they will be paid for it. There are still businessmen who would rather sell their cars and mortgage their homes than leave their debts unpaid. There are still millions of people who sense that life without basic honesty is no longer human life, but some kind of shadow existence in a world where only sub-human qualities and values are admired. There is still spontaneous kindness to be met with in countless accidental or casual relationships. The further away one gets from the elaborate system of dependence upon public services and institutions, the more one encounters helpfulness, sympathy, and reliability. Actually, the principal objection to the so-called "Welfare State", quite apart from the criticisms of orthodox economists, is its depersonalization of a multitude of co-operative human relationships. The institutionalization of those qualities which make men sympathetic to one another's needs is really a disaster to human society, for the statistical approach to "welfare" tends to destroy the sense of community and the feeling of respect for others as *people*—especially when they are people who have experienced misfortune of one sort or another. This is not to suggest that the abolition of public assistance and other governmental welfare services would be a good thing—our dependence on the State has already gone too far for any sudden reform in this direction—but to indicate the basic weakness in the social philosophy which proposes that human needs can be effectively dealt with by corporate agencies.

A recent moving picture, *Bright Victory*, affords a good illustration of the problem of the modern, institutionalized society, providing also, a just if somewhat idealized representation of the goodness of individuals. It is the story of a young American soldier who is blinded during an act of heroism while in combat in North Africa. He is brought home to an Army Hospital, the remainder of the film being devoted to his rehabilitation as a productive human being. The soldier's stay at the hospital, where most of the action takes place, is filled with those small kindnesses and evidences of personal consideration which tug at the heartstrings. The tragedy of the blind is something

that we can all understand—we have only to close our eyes to experience the helplessness and feeling of extraordinary loss which must come to every man who is blinded—and our sympathies flow easily to both those who cannot see and those who try to help them. No gadgets, however ingenious can take the place of the human sympathy and understanding needed by the blind man. The problem is not to "take care of" the blind man, or to give him "security", but to help him to make a new kind of self-discovery—a discovery of resources which he had not even realized that he possessed.

Great personal kindness is present in this picture, and the generosity of spirit that men need from one another is there, too. But these emerge against the background of a tragedy more stark than even blindness—the tragedy of war. It is this, or something like it, that the reformer sees; and because all these kindly and generous people seem to regard the war as some sort of impersonal inevitability—not something that they can do anything about—the reformer tends to become indifferent toward the kindness which, although admirable in its place, seems to him to gloss over the ugly reality of war.

On the subject of war, *Bright Victory* offers nothing but heavy hanging silence. The shot that blinded the soldier might have been an accidental explosion, or a bolt of lightning, for all the notice taken of it as the cause of the tragedy. Here was a hospital filled with blind men, and there were hundreds of other hospitals—still are hundreds of hospitals filled with the casualties of war. There may be such "bright victories" for individuals, but they are individual victories salvaged from one vast, collective defeat. War, like the Holy Trinity during the Middle Ages, is one of the unmentionables. We may say that war is evil, war is hell, that war illustrates the failure of human beings to learn the lessons of life; but we may not say that this particular war is a terrible folly for these specific reasons, and ought to be stopped without controversy or debate. It is the reformer who dares to say the things the rest of us refuse to say, or even to think about. It is the reformer who

is willing to go to prison for his utterance, as Bertrand Russell went to prison in England and Debs in the United States, during the first World War, and as many others went to prison for their convictions, both then, and later, during World War II.

It is the policeman who deals with the crimes of the individual, but only the reformer or the revolutionary attempts to deal with the crimes of society, and for his pains the reformer is often charged with individual offenses and overtaken by the policeman. The reformer is bound to notice that the cultural delusions which lead to war often affect equally both the kind man and the brute. There are "good men and true" on the jury which convicts him, and the judge who pronounces sentence may be a man of the highest probity.

Small wonder, then, that these virtues, from the practice of which we obtain our feeling of moral security, may become a source of irritation to the reformer or the revolutionary. He wants to shock us out of our security. He wants us to see that our virtues, or the use we make of them, if not the cause of our larger failure, is surely connected with it.

There ought to be some way to formulate this problem so that its elemental factors will become clearer. Perhaps we could say that the virtues constitute some sort of natural endowment which comes into expression as the result of our being born. The virtues may be weak in some men, strong in others, but everyone has them. The natural garden for their cultivation is family and community life. The virtues can be made to atrophy by the invasion of the integrity of the family life by authoritarian controls or by any influence which has the effect of encouraging irresponsibility. Then, too, they may be forced into distorted channels by environmental conditioning—in war, for example, practically all the virtues are turned upside down, so far as the enemy is concerned. The soldier is trained to kill, disable, rob, and deceive the men on the opposing side. The top-ranking virtue for the soldier is unquestioning obedience. This is in contrast to the top-ranking virtue of the mature civilian in a

democracy, which is to think for himself.

Perhaps we could say that there is one class of virtues which can be manipulated by conditioning, directed by propaganda, and even "aimed" by emotional stimulus; and that there is another class of virtues, representing qualities of mind, which remain devoted to universal ideals, regardless of national hysteria and changing opinions. A Buddha, a Christ, a Socrates, or a Gandhi possesses these virtues or qualities. It might be better not to call them "virtues" at all, yet the kind of men we have in mind were not lacking in the personal virtues which adorn the lives of so many others. Perhaps we could say that great men have the capacity to extend the scope of their personal virtues by the longer radius of *vision*, until they gain an impersonal dimension, and that when this happens, the virtues of some men can never be turned against the virtues of others, as always occurs in war.

If it were easy to explain how it is that some rare individuals seem to be born with this vision, we should probably be able to produce moral geniuses at will, or at least know how to set in motion educational processes in which we would have sufficient confidence to keep them going. But, as a matter of fact, any sort of genius is very difficult to explain. The Christians seem to think that a man like Jesus is not merely rare, but absolutely unique, and must have been, therefore, the veritable Son of God. This is one way out of the difficulty, but it gets us into others which are worse, for it rules out the possibility of other men achieving the same development. The Buddhists—those Buddhists who have not succumbed to the temptation to make the great Gautama into another personal God—offer a reasoned hypothesis to the effect that a Buddha

is the product of soul-evolution. This is a solution to which those who want a rational answer may incline. It involves, however, rather far-reaching metaphysical propositions concerning the nature of the soul and its metempsychoses. But if we turn to Socrates, that favorite of even the pragmatic moralists of the West, we find that Socrates, too, proposes the existence of the soul as a continuing thread of psycho-moral development. Plato, at any rate, sets forth this view in the Socratic dialogues—in the *Republic* and in the *Meno*—so that, quite possibly, we shall not be able to avoid at least some metaphysical entanglements in our search for an explanation of vision.

This discussion ought not to be concluded before noting the fact that it has been the reformers and revolutionaries *without* a profound conviction about soul-development whose systems, when put into practice, have turned into prisons of human hope and aspiration. The successful socialist communities—and there have been one or two—have been communities with a religious inspiration. Those built upon plans for a perfect "economy" seem always to fail, possibly because of the fact that man is not primarily an "economic" being. It has been the materialist reformers, too, who have been most impatient of the ordinary virtues. True, we cannot build a better world with only these virtues, but without them we cannot even preserve the world we have, to say nothing of building a better one, so that revolution which neglects the human qualities is really nothing more than a species of nihilism. Without vision, the people will perish, but they will perish as fast, or faster, if the "vision" we embrace is lacking in those qualities which enrich our day-to-day existence and give tangible evidence of man's love for man.

I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honour and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.—WILLIAM FAULKNER.

Short Story

BEGUM'S MOTHER

By E. Theodore King

IT was a little children's quarrel that brought things to a head. Begum was only five years old, precocious yet innocent. She was hardly three feet high but she had been a Glaxo baby in her babyhood days. She had a small compact figure that when you dolled her up, she looked like an oversized doll, or a miniature woman. She had small mystical eyes that stared about restlessly, and her lips moved incessantly talking nineteen to the dozen. She was a lovable creature by nature, but she had in her a half-crazed look as if she had lost something, a feeling she did not understand but felt unconsciously.

The other was Rashida, two years older, and six inches higher than Begum, with the foundations of a scandal-monger. She had in her a sense of humour, and she was always ready to pick a quarrel and go through with it.

They were good friends always, but as is the nature in children, quarrels were not unusual. They cried and sulked. They called names and made faces, and finally made up as if nothing had happened.

Rashida was in a mad mood, rather malicious and dangerous. Begum looked at her innocently.

"You are cheating," Rashida said. "You only skipped sixteen times."

"I skipped more. And don't call me a cheat."

"You are a cheat. I'm older and bigger than you and I ought to know."

Begum would have agreed to that but her sense of justice revolted. She made a wry face and said, "I'll do it again."

"All right" said Rashida.

Begum had skipped only twenty before, now she skipped twenty-five. Rashida lost her temper and her head.

"You are trying to get the better of me," she said. "You are a silly girl, and a cheat. I'm going home and I won't talk with you ever."

"Oh, don't," pleaded Begum. "Please don't go away. I'll have no one to play with me. All right, I only skipped sixteen. Its your turn."

"I'm not playing any more," Rashida said with her nose up in the air, and a biting sneer around her mouth. Begum winced at her friend's changed face.

"Please," she begged.

"If you had a mother, you'd know. But you haven't one, and that is why you are wayward."

"I have a mother," Begum said vehemently.

"Stupid! Your mother's dead and gone. You are only an orphan."

"That's a lie."

"You don't know. If you did, you wouldn't cheat."

"I didn't cheat, and my mother's not dead," with tears welling in her eyes, she ran into her house and brought her mother's photo. She showed it to Rashida.

"That's my mother. My father told me that she had gone to see her father and mother. She will come back very soon. You are a bad girl to say things to me."

Rashida's eyes widened for a moment, then she closed them like slits. "Bad, eh? You dirty cheat! I'll tell my mother and beat you. Just because you don't have a mother, you call me names."

Crying and stamping her feet, she ran home.

Begum stared after her for a while, then with a sad heart turned into her home.

Her father was sitting in the drawing-room, smoking a cigar, and scanning a newspaper. He was a big man, sturdy and well-built. He was handsome, and though forty, looked very young. His features were refined and polished, and good breeding had accentuated their importance. He was careful of his appearance. He was a man of importance—Dr. Mian Quadir, M.S., F.R.C.S.—and looked it.

He glanced up as Begum put her hand on him and stroked his hairy arm. He let the paper fall and folded the girl in his bosom. He stroked her hair gently and kissed the locks. She clung to his breast and suddenly sobbed hard. A perplexing look creep-

ed into the man's black eyes.

"What is it, darling? Is something wrong?"

"Oh, Abbajan, it is terrible. Is Ammijan dead?"

Dr. Mian Quadir felt uncomfortable. He didn't know if he should answer her. "Who told you that?" he said gruffly.

"Rashida. I told her that Ammi had gone to see her mother and father and will come back soon, but Rashida said that she won't come back. Is it true, Abba?"

"Your mother will come soon, darling. I will go and bring her one day. You just wait and teach Rashida a lesson."

She wriggled out of his bosom and faced him.

"You are a nice man, Abba. Please tell Ammi to come soon."

The father nodded. He sensed the urgency in her voice, and he trembled. He nodded again and again.

Rashida had told most of her classmates about this, and everyone began to persecute poor Begum about her dead mother. Begum could hardly understand. She tried to put on a brave affront but she was a sensitive child, and broke down. She went up to her teacher, crying, and told her tale. The teacher comforted her and took Rashida and others to task.

It was several days later, as Begum slept in her room, an eerie kind of loneliness crept over her. She felt she was in a chasm, and wanted comfort and aid. She stretched out her hand in empty air and called for mother several times, a cry of anguish and fear, like a lost animal seeking the warmth of a kind heart. Then she felt she had fallen into a deep abyss of dark oblivion, and gave a shriek. There she sat in her bed, shaking and convulsed with sobs.

Her father rushed to her and clasped her in his embrace. He held her tight to loosen the fear, and Begum, feeling the warmth of another's body, soon quietened. Then she slept, repeating 'Ammi.' The father stroked the child's hair and face and tears trickled down his eyes. Begum was a beautiful child, but a lonely child. He smiled softly. He would get her her mother.

Begum did not understand the rage of pomp and ceremony, of canopy and splendour. Everywhere there was

noise of blaring trumpets and bass drums, and everywhere there was a sign of festivity. The halls and corridors, and the whole house were decorated with a rich grandeur, and the raised pandals looked gorgeous and awe-inspiring. She was pleased with the new clothes she wore, and wondered why. She pestered her father, and he was not only very mysterious about it all but also very busy.

Many people came and left, all looking big and important. She recognised her many aunts and uncles, nephews, nieces and cousins. They all brought large presents and showered blessings on Dr. Mian Quadir and a beautiful woman. She tried to get near her father, but something held her back. Some strange fear, some tense realisation that something unusual would happen. She stood aloof and waited, wondering what she should do.

She was not conscious till a soft voice spoke to her, the voice of her father.

"Begum! I have brought home your mother."

The girl looked up, astonishingly, her eyes wide with a transport of joy. The innocent face was treckled with a thump in her heart. She looked up at the woman—a lovely woman whose chiselled features sent a thrill of joy through her frame.

"Are you Ammi?" she asked timidly.

The woman looked at the girl for a while, then clasped her to her breast. "Yes, darling, I am your Ammi."

Begum clung to her and cried "Why did you leave me and go away? I felt unhappy. You won't leave me, will you, Ammi? You won't go away, will you, Ammi?"

"No, my child. I will never leave you or go away. My Begum!" and kissed her so softly that it lulled the child into confidences.

Begum made up with Rashida with a bag of sweets.

"You must know that my mother has come back," she said.

Rashida, in spite of the sweets, still sniffed the air.

"It is not the same, mother in the photo."

"I don't know. But she has the same eyes."

"What eyes?"

"Kind eyes. Eyes that all mothers have."

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN PAKISTAN

By HOWARD FOX

THE *per capita* consumption of steel in any country can provide a reliable criterion of how far that country is industrialised and powerful. For example, the *per capita* consumption of the United States, and the United Kingdom is, respectively, 855 lb. and 594 lb. The figure for Pakistan is very low indeed and every effort is being made by the Government in co-operation with private enterprise to force it up.

No figures are available in this country concerning the amount of steel used in Pakistan. This may be surprising but it is true. However, no one in a position to give a considered opinion doubts that the consumption of steel per head of the population is but a fraction of one ton.

There seems to be no chance of Pakistan dispensing with industrial imports at any time for the basic raw materials for large-scale industrialisation are lacking. Iron ore deposits are not very large. The only accessible deposit of the ore is an earthy hematite in the Surban Hill area near Abbotabad. The calculated reserve of ore in this place has been put at a million tons. A useful quantity of iron ore has been found in Chitral but, at the moment, this is inaccessible. Here, the deposits consist of magnetite and are reckoned to hold some 60 million tons. The iron ore deposits which have been reported to exist in the Chagai district of Baluchistan need further survey before estimates can be made as to quality and quantity.

Coal is found in Baluchistan and the Pakistan sector of the Punjab but it is of an inferior quality; highly volatile, high in sulphur content, and therefore unsuitable for coking and use in iron ore smelting.

On the other hand, limestone is plentiful in almost every part of the country. Good quality chrome is available in Baluchistan, and about four million tons of manganese ore was discovered not long ago in Lasbela

State. Refractory clays of adequate quality for use in the making of steel furnace linings have, however, not been located.

Therefore, both the blast furnace work and electric smelting are unsuitable for Pakistan, at all events for the present and foreseeable future. Only the low-temperature process appears to offer Pakistan a way to a satisfactory level of self-based industrialisation.

In carrying through the development of this basic industry the Government is bearing in mind the recommendations made by the mission of experts from the U. S. A. which toured both sectors of Pakistan beginning in December 1949.

The country's engineering industry is mostly confined to West Pakistan; a few factories dealing with metals are in the Eastern sector: Lahore for steel rolling, oil engines, oil expellers, agricultural and machine tools; Gujranwala for water fittings, safes, electric fans and utensils; Sialkot for surgical instruments, guns and rubber articles; Wazirabad for cutlery; Gujrat for fans, Karachi for electric lamps, fans, steel structures, wire netting, rubber articles, and ship repairs.

It is worth remarking that there is a considerable sports goods industry at Sialkot although since the division of the sub-continent those involved have declined from 20,000 to about 10,000. This is mainly a cottage industry for only five factories are of any size. The products are of excellent quality and can be sold abroad also at competitive prices. The United Kingdom market is greatly valued.

In some form or other the machine tool industry has been functioning in the Punjab for more than a century but since the war and later, the founding of Pakistan, the demand for more and improved lathes has risen steeply.

The ability to cope with this expansion today mainly exists because of

the wartime installations and personnel training, a fact admitted by the very recent publication in Pakistan of an encyclopaedic study, *Industry In Pakistan*, which points out that "Pakistan was lucky in having a fairly good supply of skilled labour for its machine tool industry, the most vital key industry for the industrialisation of any country."

The position now is that one Lahore firm can produce lathes of a quality to compare favourably with any imported. This firm is in a position to make centre lathes of all types ranging from 6 ins. to 12 ins. centre height and 6 feet to 12 feet bed length; all-g geared stock-lathes are being manufactured for the first time in Pakistan by this undertaking.

Band and circular saw machines for the forestry industry are being turned out in excellent quality. Other machine tools made in Pakistan are admitted by Government authorities to lack at present the required quality, accuracy and performance standards although every help is being given to manufacturers to carry out improvements.

As to oil engines, vital to a country as lacking in developed coal resources as Pakistan, there are more than 50 small and medium sized factories in Lahore producing horizontal slow-speed oil engines. Total productivity of these firms is about 1,000 engines per year. The diesel engines produced range from six to 50 h.p. single cylinder. Some firms are also making 10 to 25 h.p. single-cylinder engines of the arch bulb type, and practically all the components are made by the firms themselves.

Standardisation in this branch of industry is essential if rapid and economical horse-power expansion is to be brought to the nation's industries as a whole. For this reason, the Department of Supply and Development has prepared a specification and manufacturers have taken steps to install production and testing equip-

ment in order fully to comply with the standards drawn up. In consequence there has lately been a definite improvement in performance and general quality of engines. According to the latest information on this point, a Test House is to be established in Lahore, in accordance with a Government-sanctioned scheme, for testing engine performance prior to sale.

The drive towards standardisation has also made itself felt in production of electric fans. Here again, a new specification has been introduced to enable the makers to turn out a capacitor type fan of the latest design. This has a low power consumption although yielding a high rate of air displacement. One firm in Lahore and another in Sukkur are producing table fans which will shortly be available on the market.

In the field of rubber goods manufacture, cycle tyres and tubes have attracted the especial attention of industrialists, several of whom have noted the huge potential demand. Two firms, one at Lahore, the other at Karachi, have established plants to produce four million tyres and 8,700,000 tubes a year. Another firm in Karachi has succeeded in manufacturing vacuum brake hose to the essential standard and has enough plant capacity to be able to export hose pipes after meeting all present local demands.

The possibility of Japanese firms setting up factories in the country, in conjunction with local capital, for the manufacture of diesel engines, electrical motors, transformers and refractories was, in fact, explored by the Pakistani mission which visited Japan not long ago. Visits were then paid to important industrial centres in Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, Kobe and Kyoto. Members also toured the various research institutes, technical training centres and industrial exhibitions run by the central and prefectural governments and by private bodies.—Copyright.

If we are intelligent, alert and undaunted, then life will be much better, more generous, more spontaneous, more vital, less basely materialistic. If we fall into a state of funk, impotence and persecution, then things may be very much worse than they are now. It is up to us. It is up to men to be men. While men are courageous and willing to change, nothing terribly bad can happen.—D. H. Lawrence.

COALITION MINISTRY IN MADRAS

By R. RAMACHANDRA REDDY, B.A., LL.B.

THE post-election moves of all political parties and persons in this State have a single aim, namely, Ministry-making. Who is to rule this State for the next five years? That is the question of questions now.

The irony of the situation is that the persons who are talking most about this are those who have been defeated at the polls. They do not seem to be inclined to stop for a moment to think that it is an insult to the electorate and an affront to democracy. Though rejected by the people, some of them are seeking backdoor entry through the State Legislative Councils and the Council of State to seats of power in the name and under the cover of the parties to which they profess to belong. The Congress High Command started this game in Bombay by pushing up Shri Morarji Desai into power through the backdoor of the State Legislative Council to rule over the destiny of the people who rejected him at the polls. The leaders of some of the parties in Madras State, who shared the same fate at the hands of the electorate, are busy at the same game. This cannot happen in any other country which professes democratic ideals.

With the present strength of the parties in the State Legislative Assembly, is a stable Government feasible in Madras? None of the parties was able to secure an absolute majority in the Legislature. Therefore, if a stable Government is feasible, it can only be on the basis of a coalition on agreed programmes and policies. To work a democratic constitution and carry on the administration harmoniously, the first and foremost requisite is that the parties that join in the coalition must be those that have complete faith in democracy and its ideals. Only the coalition of such parties can be effective and lasting.

Mr. T. Prakasam has been busy organizing what is now known as the United Democratic Front. In his anxiety to prevent the Congress from forming the Government, he has chosen strange bed-fellows.

Next to the Congress Party and the Independents, the Communist Party is the largest in the Madras State Legislature. Any non-Congress-Coalition Government must therefore depend for its stability entirely on the Communists. The moment the Communist Party withdraws its support, that Government falls to the ground like a pack of cards. Therefore, the dominating force in any such Government is bound to be the Communist Party.

Do the Communists accept the present Indian Constitution and do they want to work it honestly? Our Constitution is based on principles of democracy. The people have a right to choose their own Government and to change it at their will. They have freedom of speech, association, movement and worship, as also the right to own property and to trade, guaranteed to them. In fact, the liberty of the citizen is the life-breath of our Constitution. Do the Communists accept all these?

Is one-party dictatorship consistent with our Constitution? How is abolition of private property going to be worked out under the present Constitution? How is the elimination of God and religion going to be reconciled with freedom of worship? How can State Capitalism tolerate private enterprise and guarantee the right to trade to the citizen? How can one-party dictatorship guarantee to the people freedom of speech, association and movement and the right to choose and change the Government? Have the Communists ceased to believe in things which are inconsistent with our Constitution? If so, they have also ceased to be Communists and they must say so publicly. If they have not ceased to believe in them, then they will only work to realise what they believe in and that will be to wreck and not to work the Constitution.

In any non-Congress Coalition Government, the Communists will be in a position to dictate terms to the Ministers. We have seen that once

put into power, Ministers are reluctant to leave the cushioned ministerial chairs. The Communists therefore will exploit the situation unhampered and carry on their legal and illegal activities inside and outside the Government. Not only agricultural and industrial labour but also utility and State services can be easily tampered with and organised for political ends. Some Communists are already talking of organizing the police force on trade union lines. Can any Government run on this basis? Surely any day, the Government can be paralysed and anarchy created.

It is difficult to believe that Mr. Prakasam and his advisers do not realise these complications. But their anxiety to take the reins of power into their hands seems to have upset their judgment.

Can they form the Government even with the help of the Communists? They must take in a number of other parties based on different ideas and ideologies and some Independents. Even the Communal G. O. was accepted by Sri Prakasam to placate some of these parties though they relentlessly fought against it till yesterday. With all that, they are unable to get the requisite strength to form a stable Ministry.

What, then, is the next alternative? Leaving out the Communists and the Congress Party, it is impossible to form a Government, as all the other parties put together lack the required strength.

The only party in the Legislature that can think of forming a Government is the Congress Party. It is the largest single party. It cannot by itself form a stable Ministry, but it can form a Coalition Government with other parties.

Congress rule in the past has been another name for discontent, misery and suffering. If people voted for the Communists in certain areas in Madras State, it was not because of their love for Communism but because of their hatred for the Congress rule. It is true that splits in the Congress camp to some extent contributed to the success of others but the main factor was that the Congress ceased to be the party of the masses. It became a breeding ground for self-seekers and opportunists and a plague-spot for intrigue and selfish-

ness. The electorate therefore rightly and unerringly taught a splendid lesson at the polls to those who played at power politics and degraded public life.

The policies of Prohibition and State control over all walks of human life added to the misery of the people and the unimaginative handling of the food and cloth problems only helped to make them more acute. The past sacrifices of the Congressmen were brought to the market place and encashed without a blush in utter disregard of the feelings of the people. Corruption became rampant and interference by Congressmen in the administration was and continues to be a matter of daily occurrence. Is it a wonder, then that there was bitter discontent among the people against the Congress rule?

If the Congress Party wants to survive as a political entity in the South, it must come out of its past and begin afresh. It must demonstrate that its name is not a passport for opportunists, exploiters and political bandits who are the enemies of the people. It must atone for its past misdeeds and sins and remember that the good of the people, above all others, is the only consideration that pays and must prevail in a democracy. Policies and programmes that have proved failures and disagreeable to the people must be discarded and only such policies and programmes that will lead to the happiness and prosperity of the people must be pursued. With such changed attitude and heart, the Congress must seek coalition with other democratic parties. The Congress purohitis must stop talking of unconditional surrender by other parties and individuals and must join hands with them to further the ideals of democracy and promote the good of the people.

If such a Coalition Government is formed and in the next five years something substantial is done for the people, then the Congress can face the electorate with some confidence at the next elections. Otherwise, the fate of that party is sealed.

Some of the defeated Congress leaders may be anxious to force another election on the people in the hope that they may fare better this time at the polls. Any one with the proper understanding of the situation will hesitate to take that risk.

RURAL EDUCATION IN INDIA

By SIR ALFRED CHATTERTON

IT is not in India only but also in most of the densely populated regions of the tropics both in Asia and Africa that it is now generally recognised that there is a growing shortage of food, and that it is deficient in quality as well as quantity. The margin of cultivation is steadily extending to poorer classes of land which yield crops of inferior nutritional value. The spread of Communism is due to the fact that its advocates promise that if its doctrines are put into practice, there will be an increase in productive power resulting in a material rise in the standard of living. The dictators of the U. S. S. R. claim that by ruthless methods they have not only vastly increased the food supply but have improved the quality of the grain beyond all measure. This has been achieved by the establishment of collective farms of sufficient size to permit the introduction of mechanical methods of cultivation. Now no one is allowed to sow any but the standard Soviet grain from one end of the country to the other. These measures were very unpopular with the Kulaks or farmers and millions of them were wiped out by their labourers. This went on for four years and was fearful while it lasted, but it was absolutely necessary for Russia if periodic famines were to be avoided. Thus Stalin described what had happened in the U. S. S. R. to Mr. Churchill when he visited Moscow in 1942.

A comparison between the conditions which formerly existed within the territories of the U. S. S. R. and those which now prevail in India and are likely to be greatly accentuated in the future would not be in any way helpful in discussing how the standard of living is to be raised from its present low level, despite the fact that the number to be fed is increasing by nearly five millions a year. What should be done is tolerably well known, and to some extent attempts are being made to implement the measures that are necessary to meet the emerging problems which, year by year, will become more grave and more difficult.

It will be convenient first to state why an area of one and three-quarter million square miles is unable to support a population of four hundred millions and that the importation of millions of tons of grain are necessary to prevent the presence of real famine conditions over large areas. Statistics regarding the average yield of some of the staple crops when compared with those of other countries furnish the answer, which will be found in the following table:

Average Yield of Crops In Lbs.
Per Acre

	Rice	Wheat	Sugar	Cotton
India	1,300	605	2,400	90
Japan	3,000	1,525	3,340	180
Egypt	2,800	1,245	3,380	370
Canada		1,530		
Hawaii			18,800	
Java			12,000	
Gt. Britain		2,260		
U. S. A.				155

This furnishes convincing evidence that notwithstanding one-fifth of the cultivation in India is under irrigation and to that extent immune from failures due to the vagaries of the monsoons, the cultivation of the soil is carried on under conditions which do not prevail elsewhere, and it suggests that if suitable remedies could be applied a very large increase in productivity would be ensured and means found to sustain the present population on a very much higher plane.

Twenty-five years ago a Royal Agricultural Commission was appointed to review the conditions in rural India. The report was far from optimistic. Their final conclusion was "that no substantial improvement in agriculture can be effected unless the cultivator has the will to achieve a better standard of living and the capacity in terms of mental equipment and of physical health to take advantage of the opportunities which science, wise laws and good administration may place at his disposal. Of all the factors making for prosperous agriculture by far the most important is the outlook of the peasant himself." In the years that have intervened since

this report was issued valuable work has been done by strengthening the administration which controls the central and provincial departments of agriculture. On the other hand, only isolated attempts have been made to deal with the psychology of the man himself, to broaden his outlook and create in him a desire to participate in the more civilised conditions which he sees in a vague way are enjoyed by those who have left the land in the hope of gaining some share in the amenities of town life. In this connection outstanding work was done by Mr. F. L. Brayne when he was Deputy Commissioner of the Gurgaon District in the Punjab, but it is now more than probable that the political changes of the last few years have effaced all traces of a very valuable piece of social pioneer work. Obviously, any attempt to get the land holders and cultivators to realise the disadvantages under which they live and which are capable of great improvement can only be brought home to them by the intelligent leadership of men on the spot who are able and willing to devote their lives to overcoming the conservancy and suspicion which invariably attends any attempt to introduce new ideas or to advocate changes in habits and customs which have been handed down through the centuries. It should be their business to interpret to the people the changes going on in the world and the way in which they are affected thereby, and to explain to them how they would benefit by adopting approved results of experiments and the scientific study of agricultural methods. That is to say they should be liaison officers. Here certainly is a field open to the products of higher education and one which will tax their capacity, however great, to the utmost.

The lack of amenities in rural life and the altruistic character of the work should appeal to the higher type of Indian mind. There may be many men willing to take up this work who are qualified by local standing and influence but few are equipped by previous training and experience to do so with any hope of obtaining good results.

In India, which is under democratic forms of Government, it would be easy and urgently advisable when the central and provincial budgets are

under discussion, that debates on the steps necessary to combat the growing precarious state of the food supply should be initiated and possibly a powerful and expert commission appointed to report on the situation and in the end to make definite recommendations as to what should be done, giving due recognition to the very difficult conditions which prevail in various parts of the country. A full but concise statement of the work in hand and what is contemplated in the immediate future would undoubtedly excite public interest and facilitate the collection of information especially with regard to the psychological reactions to many of the proposals which have already been before the public, such as the consolidation into single plots of the minute fragmentation of holdings either by consent of the holders or by specific legislation, the prevention of the waste of water in irrigation and the modification of the Hindu laws of inheritance especially those pertaining to the family system and the disposition of property acquired by individual efforts, and finally the demonstration of the value of fertilizers to restore to the soil those elements which are not now available in sufficient quantity.

The Government of India are facing the grim situation which looms ahead with plans to remedy the agricultural deficiencies and to provide for a more rapid expansion of industries on modern lines. These include the construction of hydro-electric plants with reservoirs to secure a continuous flow of irrigation, the diversion of river water into canals for the same purpose and the utilisation of electric energy to bring subterranean water to the surface.

So far, in India at any rate, little thought has been given to the seasonal character of agriculture and to the consequent fact that for considerable periods of the year there is little or no work to be done and it seems important that schemes should be evolved to introduce subsidiary occupations for these periods of involuntary idleness.

Industry should be developed to establish a balanced diversity of occupations for the intelligentsia but one may well ask if sufficient consideration has been given to the fact that the introduction of modern methods

of manufacture will displace hand labour, and to the fact that mechanised farming will also operate in the same direction. It should be noted, however, that where power plants displace the employment of animals for the work of lifting water from wells, or where tractors are used to cultivate land which requires deep ploughing, the displacement is of advantage since it reduces the demand for cattle food and renders land available for food crops suitable for human consumption. This especially applies to the crushing of sugar cane which is exceptionally hard on the cattle, resulting in the extraction of the juice being both inefficient and costly.

To bring about the reforms, we may almost call it revolution, foreshadowed above, much greater attention must be paid to rural education, the object of which should be greatly expanded beyond its present scope so that it may reach the adults as well as the children in the 700,000 villages in which they live. Universal suffrage has been established and the electorate should be given information as to what is going on in the world around them and how they will be affected by an intense struggle between the advocates of two utterly opposed ideologies, one of which connotes an orderly freedom to the individual and the other that the State is of supreme importance.

India, to save its soul, must take every possible measure to counteract Communist propaganda. To do this it is suggested that the Government should issue factual information in a weekly or monthly journal printed in all the leading vernacular languages and in English. Also that it should make very much greater use of broadcasting in the form of simple talks which will appeal to more or less illiterate audiences. To carry out such methods of propaganda will be difficult at the start for reasons which will be obvious to the Government, for lack of suitable transmitting stations and of speakers to use them. Further, many loudspeaking receivers will be required so that the cost of initial experiments over a comparatively limited area which can be covered by one vernacular will be considerable. The journal could be issued at the outset as it would assist in the train-

ing of competent broadcasters supplying them with the sort of information which it will be their function to put on the air. In the past the expenditure on education has been mainly in favour of that which leads to the Universities and to special colleges such as those of Law, Medicine and Engineering, whilst post-graduate work has been chiefly provided for by private munificence such as the Institute of Science, which was founded by the Tata family. In 1925 in the Madras Presidency the population was about 37 million and the total expenditure on education was Rs. 61 lakhs. In the Punjab with a population of 19 millions it amounted to Rs. 31 lakhs. Assuming that in the other Provinces the rate was approximately the same, and it was certainly not more, we arrive at the result that at that date India spent on education only 3 annas per head of the population which is equivalent to one-tenth of a pie per day. In 1941-42 the total expenditure had risen to Rs. 3,086 lakhs which may be taken as roughly equal to 12 annas per head. Making allowances, however, for the depreciation in the value of the rupee during the last half century, the real rise in expenditure was probably not more than 50 per cent and of this increase it may be safely stated that by far the major part has gone to promote secondary and still higher branches of education. The need today is to excite the interest of the people in the glaring defects of their present way of life and to get them to see that unless they will voluntarily adapt themselves to a new outlook on their traditional methods of conducting their affairs they are running great risks which may expose them to untold miseries in the future.

Financing the education of rural India will involve a great strain on its revenues which are already overburdened by the allotments for the army in both of the Dominions, and if only a peaceable and permanent settlement of the Kashmir question could be arrived at, a very large reduction in the military budgets could be made which would render it possible to provide funds for carrying out proposals which would go far to avert a catastrophic failure of the food supply and eliminate the potential danger of the spread of Communism.—Copy-right.

THE EARTH IS SLIPPING AWAY

By GEORGE MANN

Volcanoes are an illustration of the fact that the earth is always in a state of flux.

YOU may as well forget the old phrase that speaks of substantial things being as "solid as the ground under your feet." We dwell on uneasy, shifting dry land that is never really still. Not only are there earthquakes—some 60,000 occur each year. Earthquakes are merely the suddenly registered jerkings of our supposedly solid earth. The slower, more deliberate meanderings of the apparently stable ground on which we live seldom make the headlines. But they go on just the same. Land rises and sinks; points on the globe move closer together or further apart; islands appear or disappear.

The fact that the ground beneath our feet won't stay still recently brought on a bitter exchange in the U. S. Senate. Senator Knowland of California denounced the navy because it was unnecessarily closing down the Long Beach shipyards, throwing 5,400 men out of work on a mere whim. Navy Under Secretary Kimball patiently explained that geology, not whim, was closing the shipyard. The ground beneath the shipyard was sinking some 15 inches a year. In a few more years—unless dykes were built—the shipyard would be merely an extremely damp spot below the surface of the Pacific.

Across the American continent geologists were also worrying about the unstable earth. The sea is relentlessly creeping up on New York City and has climbed four inches in the past 20 years, compared with an inch in the preceding 40. True, the scientists are not willing to predict a day when gondolas will ferry Wall Street brokers to their skyscraper offices, as in ancient Venice. But the process is going on along the entire coast.

Dr. H. A. Marner, of the U. S. coast and geodetic survey, has no explanation for this rise in sea level, although the facts have been checked and rechecked. It may be that the eastern coast of North America is gradually sinking into the sea. Or else the great

ice sheets covering the Arctic and the Antarctic may be melting under a warm spell in human history, rapidly filling up the surrounding seas.

The Alaskan shoreline, on the other hand, is rising above sea level. There, unless the seas are drying up the land itself is tilting upward.

Strange earthly contortions are taking place on the west U. S. coast. Surveyors in California, checking earlier markings in the area along the San Andreas fault—the huge crack in the earth that is a relic of the 1906 San Francisco earthquake—recently found that a large part of the State seems to be moving northwest. The markings have moved a good 10 feet in the last 63 years. Just where the solid earth picks up the urge to travel isn't certainly known, but the surveyors figure it's moving from somewhere well back of the coast, up in the mountain ranges.

Vanishing Under The Sea

What's more, the land in California is sinking somewhat, largely because underground water is being drained off. The drop isn't sudden. But in the San Jose valley it amounts to dips of five feet in stretches from 20 to 40 miles.

Geologists aren't too startled by these California gyrations. Their records indicate that in the region surrounding the San Andreas fault the land hasn't been still for the last 20,000,000 years.

Land movements alter distance. Between 1926 and 1935, Vancouver moved some 19 feet closer to Ottawa. On the other hand, Washington D. C., and San Diego, California, moved 40 feet away from each other. In 1907, scientists remeasured the distance between England and Greenland and figured it had stretched some 35 yards since the first measurements were taken in 1873. True, some geographers sniffed that this difference was caused by inaccurate measurement in the first place. Others, however,

claim it has merely added proof of our wandering earth.

The land moves up and down as readily as sideways. Measured in centuries instead of seconds, there is a spot of land at Baiae on the Bay of Naples that could double for a department store elevator. A hundred years before the birth of Christ, the Romans built an elaborate structure at Baiae. The columns holding up the roof were 40 feet high. Once built, the structure began to sink. So the Romans installed a higher false floor, built false base for the columns. Still, the stubborn land continued to sink and drag the building down with it. Before it was through, the waters of the bay swirled some 21 feet up the columns and sea-living shellfish bored homes in the building's walls. Then, as gradually as it sank, the building began to emerge from the waters. By 1741, it was free from water. But 80 years later, the land began to sink again. When last heard of, the temple was again slowly going down into the sea.

More romantic are the villages in the Netherlands at the mouth of the River Scheldt that vanished below the surface of the North Sea overnight in 1530. Some claim that the tolling of the church bells in the submerged villages can be heard on nights when a storm lashes the seas that cover them.

It is cheerful to remember that land can rise as well as sink. Nine hundred years ago the Scandinavian peninsula began to shed its covering of glacial ice. Since then it has been moving upward at the rate of three feet a century. The east coast of Africa is rising at an even faster clip, some seven feet in 100 years. But even this area lags behind the Italian island of Palamara in the Adriatic. Between 1822 and 1892, it shot up some 213 feet—which works out to a fraction better than a yard a year.

Disappearing—and appearing—islands are in a class by themselves where earth movements are concerned. The Pacific and Mediterranean are dotted with islands that put in periodic appearances, are chartered, claimed, by some nation, then disappear. A tiny island appeared off Sicily early in the 19th century. By 1831 it was four miles around, and had potentialities as a naval base. Both King

William IV and the King of Naples laid claim to it. Before the shooting could begin, the island vanished below the surface of the Mediterranean.

A few years ago, the Governor of Trinidad congratulated himself when a small island appeared in the Caribbean off his domain. Unfortunately, the island lasted only just long enough for the British flag to be planted on it and formal possession taken, then it vanished. Falcon Island in the Pacific is even more enigmatic. It appears, is charted, claimed by one nation or another nation, then vanishes again. At one point in its history it towered 300 feet above sea level.

Can Alter Continents

Most tragic of such islands was Tuanaki in the Pacific. Native fishermen put out to sea one morning leaving behind a pleasant island on which 13,000 lived. When they sailed back toward port that night, only the vast waters of the Pacific rolled where their homes had been. Most recent of these island jack-in-boxes was a twin island called Urania that appeared some 200 miles south of Tokyo shortly after the end of World War II. The Japs hailed it with joy, felt that perhaps it represented some territorial compensation for all they lost in the war. Their joy was short-lived; for, after a few months, the island popped back beneath the sea.

The ocean can juggle continents. Down in North Carolina—where the sea level is also rising—the Atlantic is hammering away at the beaches. There are stretches, according to a recent report by Professor C. E. Feltner of North Carolina State College, where homes ought to be moved back inland before they are washed away.

Even the seas are not immune from change. Recently Russian scientist A. Chaplygin complained that the Caspian Sea was shrinking and leaving industry along its banks high and dry. The Volga is the culprit; since 1931 it hasn't been pouring as much water into the Caspian as evaporation takes out. The Russians are seriously thinking of diverting some of the rivers that empty into northern oceans into the Caspian, to save their fishing before it is too late. Already

8,000 square miles at the northern end of the Caspian have emerged from the bottom of the sea.

True, modern earth movements don't compare with the great activity of the past. Millions of years ago the world map, geologists say, was entirely different. Mountain ranges contain rocks that once lay buried beneath ancient seas. Rocks containing sea shells have been found in both the Himalayas and the Alps. Near Banff, there are the remains of coral beds, relics of the days when tropical seas swirled over what is now the Canadian Rockies.

Modern geological theory explains why our earth is so unstable, why miniature earthquake waves can be sent up from apparently solid ground. Basically, our continents are fairly thin layers—say 10 to 20 miles thick—of granite floating over the heavier liquid core of the earth. In fact, the earth is much like a barge in water, the land can rise and fall, tip and tilt.

Since our continents are barge like, many geologists have wondered whether they haven't drifted over the surface of the earth. Not too many years ago, a German geologist, Alfred Wegener, put forward the most daring of these theories. It is still seriously considered, even though Wegener lost his life on a Greenland expedition seeking further proof. He mentally shoved the continents together so they formed a single land mass. On a globe, notice how neatly the bulging Atlantic shoulder of South America fits into the dent below the bulging, pistol-built handle of Africa. And the northern part of South America plus North America would make a pretty good fit shoved across the Atlantic to Europe and Africa. The northern tip of Australia would fit nearly into the Bay of Bengal.

This matching made Wegener believe that perhaps all the countries had once been part of a great land mass. Then, as the earth revolved, the land mass eddled about and finally broke into pieces. The Americans moved westward. And as they moved, the western edge of the two continents crumpled to form the mountain chains from Alaska south.

A Footloose Wanderer

There are a lot of angles to this

theory of continental drift, and geologists are by no means in agreement on all of them, even though they admit that the theory itself has plausibility. Wegener, for example, felt the continents might still be moving along, that they had not really become moored until 20,000 years ago.

One more recent work on Wegener's ideas has come from Alexander du Toit of South Africa. He checked the various continents and got geological and fossil evidence for the existence of a large single land mass in prehistoric times. Among other evidence, he points out that the Falkland Islands, off South America, are geologically a lot more like South Africa than they are like South America. There are also greater resemblances in plant and animal life.

Last Christmas, Dr. Kenneth E. Coster, geologist from the University of Cincinnati, came back from four years in South America. He feels that while they still are not proven, Wegener's ideas are still worth study. So far, his research has removed one obstacle to the theory, the previously observed differences that existed between coal strata in Africa and Brazil. These were determined by different local conditions rather than by entirely different continental origins.

In the meantime, the palaeobotanists—the men who prove fossil plant life—have a theory of their own, which also involved considerable moving about among the continents. They study the remains of a fern, *glossopteris*, that grew 100,000,000 years ago all over the southern hemisphere as well as in India. They reckon that all these southern lands were once a part of a uniform continental mass which they have named *Gondwanaland*. This mass split up, and its central part moved down to the Southern Pole to become Antarctica.

Whether they or Wegener—or neither—is right, only the future knows. But the resemblances between the continents they have uncovered are definite proof that this solid land we stand on has been a good deal of a footloose wanderer in its time.—*Copyright—NNF.*

A HALF CENTURY OF THE AUTOMOBILE

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Little more than half a century ago, when the automobile consisted of a one-cylinder horseless carriage built by the Duryea Brothers and driven by them through the streets of Springfield, Mass., sometimes as fast as 5 miles an hour, life in America was comparatively peaceful. True, the country was young and bustling, but the bustle proceeded at the pace of a horse clip-clopping down a dusty country road. Home was where the family was on a Sunday afternoon, and on most other nights of the week.

The changes that fifty years of the automobile have rung in the life and time and habits, good and bad, of the average American can perhaps be most quickly noted by looking back to 1902, when the automobile, though nine years old, was still only a gasoline buggy and a toy of the rich and sporty set.

Then Alfred P. Sloan Jr., a very recent graduate of M. I. T., was breathing life into a declining roller-bearing plant on the New Jersey meadows. Signius Wilhelm Poul Knudsen, three years off the boat from Denmark, was stock clerk in a Buffalo bicycle factory. Walter Percy Chrysler was the cockiest railroad locomotive repairman of four Midwestern states. Henry Ford, nearly 40, was a twice-tried failure.

Ransom E. Olds said in 1902 that he figured on making 4,000 curved-dash Oldsmobiles. That was more than half the number of horseless carriages being turned out in the United States. Everybody laughed. The man was either crazy or a publicity hound.

Years would pass before the passenger-carrying automobile ceased to be called a "pleasure car." Except for a few physicians who employed it on their daily rounds and found it up-keep less than the care and feed of a horse, the motor car had few business uses at the turn of the century. It was a novelty for the rich or well-to-do who lived in cities, and, aside from knots of idlers who gathered around

stalled motorists at work with wrench and pliers, the new spectator sport was motor-car racing. "Get a horse!" was the favorite devastating wise-crack of the day.

No one foresaw fifty years ago the coming of the automobile age. The auto was the biggest challenge to the supposed omniscience of wise men of the day in finance, social science and government. Not for a score of years after the motor car appeared did so-called "high finance" show interest. When William C. Durant tried to persuade J. P. Morgan and Co. to underwrite a proposed \$500,000 merger of automobile companies which eventually became General Motors, he said, "The time will come when a half million automobiles will be made and sold in this country in a year."

That was too much for Morgan's partner George W. Perkins. He strode from the room, snorting, "If that fellow has any sense, he'll keep such observations to himself when he tries to borrow money." Although Durant didn't get his half-million loan, Wall Street lost a chance to make \$200 million.

The early financing of the automobile was done by small-town bankers and small business men willing to take a chance. There are several thousand regretful descendants of the few score men who resisted solicitations to put a couple of hundred dollars into the Ford Motor Company. Nor was auto development encouraged by government subsidy. Government, in fact, raised obstacles.

The civic boosters were not much more foresighted. One Midwestern municipality discouraged Packard from locating in its midst. Its chamber of commerce had just persuaded the country's largest manufacturer of wooden clothespins to move there. The town already had one motor-car maker, and that was enough.

Even eminent prophets were confounded. A decade before the first auto appeared, Carroll Wright, United

States Commissioner of Labor and one of the leading economists of his time, looked at the future and doubted any further "extensive development of industry." Instead, a dozen new industries propped up, and the automobile industry, the biggest one of all, does a greater annual business than was the national income in Carroll Wright's day.

In 1952 nearly a million people are normally engaged in automobile making. Five million more drive motor trucks—five times the number employed on railroads. Gasoline, which used to be bought at hardware stores, flows from the pumps of a half million service stations. Some 90,000 repair garages have replaced the few blacksmiths and bicycle menders who rendered dubious repairs upon early horseless carriages. A \$10,000,000,000 resort business handles 60,000,000 motor tourists, and Yellowstone National Park's motorized visitors total a million a year.

Across the country are some 50,000 hotels and tourists camps, at least 60,000 guest and rooming houses, as well as uncounted roadside stands and eating places which are patronized by motorists.

Add to this the proprietors and employees of automobile laundries, parking lots, drive-it-yourself agencies, finance and insurance companies and drive-in movies. A reasonable estimate of jobs dependent upon the automobile, from engineers at drawing boards to blow-torch wielders at junk yards, is 9,000,000 or one-seventh of the nation's total work force.

The automobile industry consumes four-fifths of all crude rubber, three-quarters of the plate glass and half the steel processed in the nation. Making up the 15,000 bits and pieces which comprise the average motor car are 160 varieties of steels. Fifty years ago there were less than a dozen alloys.

In the early Nineteen Hundreds President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University looked at the future and trembled. The way the wealthy flaunted their luxurious motor cars in the faces of the poor, he warned, might result in socialism in U. S. A. Mr. Wilson was the last President of the United States to be horse-drawn

to his inauguration. And instead of the automobile driving the people of the United States into socialism, its ultimate availability to all income groups did much to discourage Marxian notions of common ownership.

But the automobile has done more than intensify the American spirit of individual ownership. It is largely responsible for what today we call the American civilization. It has altered our economic and industrial structure. It has affected our social customs and changed our living habits. It has put the American nation on wheels, to an extent experienced by no other people. There are enough passenger cars in this country to take every American man, woman and child for a ride at the same time, a possibility devoutly to be avoided.

Fifty years ago the average American travelled scarcely more than 200 miles a year away from his own fire-side or coal stove. Today's yearly average of the family motor car is more than 10,000 miles. Half of American adults hold driver's licenses, and thousands shouldn't. According to the Federal Reserve Board, one-third of all automobiles are owned by families with incomes under \$3,500. Ownership of a car no longer disqualifies claimants for welfare payments. An automobile is no longer a luxury.

A half century ago the countryside was littered with abandoned farms. Today this slatternly sight is a rarity. The once popular-song query, "Howya going to keep 'em down on the farm" after they've seen other places is no longer a problem. The automobile and the good roads necessary for its use have revolutionized rural life and agricultural production. They have brought farm homes within a short drive from urban areas. They have revised rural education. The little one-room school house at the cross-roads is giving way to centralised school districts embracing a number of townships.

One familiar sight in farmland outskirts of midwestern manufacturing towns is a cellar which has been hollowed out, lined with cement blocks and covered with a planking and tarred paper of what ultimately

will be the ground floor of a home. When there is more money available for building materials, or when there is more spare time, the structure will be finished. Meanwhile, the owners live snugly in the cellar. They may not have a conventional roof over heads, yet they have provided one for their car in a separate garage building.

Since World War II, farm automotive equipment has increased nearly 50 per cent. The combined gasoline horsepower on our farms is ten times what is needed to turn the wheels of the United States industry.

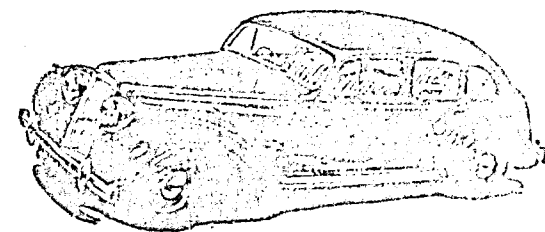
The automobile brought problems, too. One is that too many motorists try to be at the same spot at the same time. This means either traffic accidents and fatalities or traffic congestion. A few weeks ago the automobile claimed the one-millionth victim of fatal automobile accidents in the United States. This was within a short time of the one-millionth battle

casualty of all the war of the United States. The automobile is fifteen times as fatal as polio and rheumatic fever in the U. S. A.

The question remains whether the right to drive an automobile is as inalienable as more fundamental freedoms. Arrests for drunken driving are twice those for robbery, three times for auto theft, two and a half times for embezzlement. In some states, the qualifications for a driver's license come within the abilities of one of the lesser anthropoids.

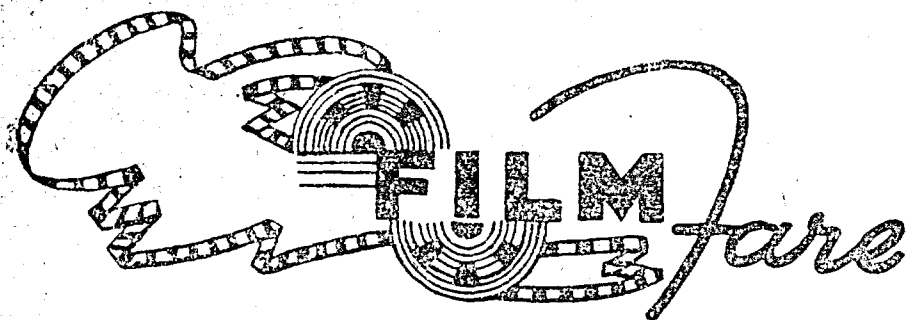
A less fatal sequel to the desire of too many people to be in the same place simultaneously is traffic congestion. Some city planners believe that no municipality of more than 200,000 will ever be able to accommodate in its downtown district all who wish to drive in to work or to shop there. Whatever the remedies—one-way traffic express-highways, metered and underground parking—one sure result is, more cars.

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By V. P. SATHE

NEXT to stars, finance has always been the greatest problem of the Indian film industry. For a long time, just as the society girls and boys refused to enter films, the orthodox businessman and industrialist looked down upon films as a disreputable trade. The banks never advanced money to the studios, while the genuine financier and industrialist kept himself aloof from the film trade.

But slowly and steadily their outlook is changing. Some of the banks during the last ten years have advanced money to the studios; and yet their experience has been rather so bad that they would hesitate now to advance money again to the producers. But apart from banks genuine business magnates are coming forward to invest money in various branches of the film trade. Kapurchands have been perhaps the first to take interest in this trade and they have made huge profits through their theatres and distribution offices. Saksarias and Rungtas joined the film industry by an accident; but now they mean to stay for good with a considerable amount invested in laboratory, studio and production. Then from "bullion exchange" have come Sri Jwalaprasad Tiwari, the ex-President of Bullion Exchange, Sri Makhanlal Jain and Sri Chirawawala; and they have found that the film is perhaps a more secure and stable business than the fluctuating bullion exchange.

And now more and more business magnates are joining the film industry. Dewan Dinanath, the chief of Commercial Finance Corporation, Sri Jalan, a Calcutta business magnate, Sri Ram Sahai Mal More, the hessian king from Calcutta, Bhausaheb Apte,

the textile magnate of Bombay are the latest businessmen to join the industry. Sri Jalan bought Filmistan a year and half ago at a fabulous price and is now controlling the busiest film studio in India. He has also opened a distribution office in Bombay and Calcutta; and if he has his way he will soon control a chain of theatres as well.

The Commercial Finance Corporation entered the line by financing films like *Albela*, *Saqi*, *Mamta* and *Sangdil*. Not content with just finance, Dewan Dinanath has now entered the field of distribution. He has already opened an office in Bombay and he intends to have a chain of distribution offices all over India. Already an ideal example has been set in film financing by Sri V. V. Purie and Shamlal of All India Films Corporation which is controlling the production of Mehboob and Raj Kapoor and which has now opened its distribution offices in most territories.

Sri Bhausaheb Apte, the textile magnate and his associates like Sri Chandul Sanghvi have plunged into the industry straight with production entitled *Sandesh*. What is more, the textile magnate himself has written a story of an idealist doctor which he explained to the film journalists who met him on Saturday the 15th March 1952 afternoon at Ashok Studios (Bombay). Though Sri Apte is absolutely new to this line, it is worth noting that it was his father who financed Sri Dadasaheb Phalke, the father of the Indian film industry in the silent days. Sri Apte is the chairman of Sandesh Pictures Ltd., which has just completed its maiden production *Sandesh*.

With businessmen drawn from different industries taking such keen interest in the film industry, it is safe to presume that the finance problem of the film industry will be solved without much difficulty. It is now upto the producers to win the confidence of these new investors and ensure them a good margin of profit for their investment. For, if these magnates fail and withdraw their support, the other investors would not come forward. Hence it is absolutely essential that the genuine investor is made to feel that the film is as sound and secure a business as anything else.

Picture Of The Week

When I went to see Filmistan's *Shreematiji* its author-director I. S. Johar warned me "Don't expect any intellectual theme. It is just nonsense." And if after this self-admission on the part of the author and director, I try to find fault with the logic of events and psychology in the picture, I would be doing injustice to the author and betraying a lack of sense of humour.

Surely, there is hardly any sense or logic in *Shreematiji*, which can be best described as illogical, nonsensical slapstick farce. But at the same time it cannot be gainsaid that it is a very enjoyable farce—at least for the most part of it.

Modelled on the pattern of *Ek Thi Larki*, *Shreematiji*, presents a tale of adventures of a modern miss out in search of a job. She is not absolutely alone; she has three girl friends who are also equally determined to lead an independent life. A chance meeting with a gangster who traps her and acting as a saviour poses to be her husband, an encounter with two racketeers who want to exploit the innocent girl to 'sell' the bogus currency notes, bring the heroine into a series of troubles and keep a sword of danger dangling over her head. As against this, an encounter with four theatre players sows the seed of romance and love which ultimately bring about not one but four unions in matrimony in the end.

Enlivened with clever and hilarious gags, the first half of the picture provides continuous laughter. Every minute of it is enjoyable and even the

songs that punctuate these hilarious adventures of four girls are delightful and funny. Even after the interval, the fun is kept up climaxing into a beautiful song in the carnival *Pyar Ka Dar Hai, Pyar To Hoga*. Upto this moment, there is hardly any story worth mentioning; it is just a conglomeration of gags revolving round the four girls in general and one girl in particular.

But the moment the real story begins, the fun fades out. The romantic duet for instance is dull and the drama of espionage and counter-espionage on the Burmese front is as stale as *Shikari* and *Panna*. Indeed, the Burma episode gives an uncalled for serious and melodramatic turn to the story. Apparently I. S. Johar believes—and perhaps rightly—that our audiences would not be content with just slapstick comedy unless it was served with a melodramatic ending. And his belief is strengthened by the success of *Ek Thi Larki* which also had such a melodramatic climax.

But while the motor-launch chase in *Ek Thi Larki* was thrilling and swift, the whole Burma episode in *Shreematiji* does not go with the light, frivolous mood of the rest of the picture.

That is the greatest weakness of Johar's screenplay, and even now, at least, he should reduce this portion to the bare minimum. That way the picture is so long that it could easily stand pruning by a couple of thousand feet at least. Such drastic cutting would improve its entertainment appeal in no small measure. Indeed both in the case of *Saqi* and *Shreematiji* the pictures suffer not a little because of too much padding and length.

Johar's direction, for a maiden effort, is commendable; he seems to have been considerably helped by Filmistan's customary technical competence and production values. The song-and-dance numbers have always been a special feature of all Filmistan pictures and in this picture too with a variety of colourful costumes, they are presented in the typical style of Hollywood musicals. Poetically, the lyrics are commonplace and their wording and tunes are designed to capture the public imagination.

The picture is a personal triumph of

Shyama who plays the title role with youthful exuberance and gay abandon. Her physical charms and dancing talents also help her to win the stardom in her first starring role. She is ably aided and abetted by Vimla, Indira and Prabha who act as Chhoti, Moti and Lambi. Comparatively the male stars have failed to impress. Nasir Khan is wooden as ever. Ram-Singh has still to get over his 'shouting habit'. Johar and Majnu have little to do and that they do unimpressively. Yet in spite of the 'poor' acting by the male members of the cast, and the poor climax, *Shree-matiji* is on the whole a very enjoyable picture.

Star Of The Week

An unassuming hard-struggling Maharashtrian artiste is much in the news today. His name is Raja Paranjpe and his performance in a Marathi comedy *Pedgaonche Shahane* has brought him unexpected luck and fortune. In this picture he plays a double role of twin brothers, Dr. Shahane, who is crazy and is confined to a mental asylum and his wealthy twin brother, who is coming to India from Africa. A case of mistaken identity. The rich brother finds himself in asylum while the crazy doctor goes home and is mistaken for a visitor from Africa. The manner in which the 'crazy' doctor brings sanity into his home provides the story and satire in this picture. And it is as the crazy doctor that Raja Paranjpe is reported to have given a memorable performance.

So memorable, that when Kardar decided to make a Hindi version of this picture he could not find any artiste from the Hindi film world who could do as much justice to this role as Raja has done and so he ultimately decided to sign Raja Paranjpe for that role in the Hindi version as well. Thus, after about thirteen years of waiting and perseverance Raja is getting a break into Hindi films.

That Raja is a talented artiste is an acknowledged fact. He made a name for himself first on the Marathi stage. But on the screen he remained in the background for a number of years. Apart from playing minor roles (he played Japanese officer, for instance, in *Panna*) he concentrated

on learning direction and he worked with Winayak, Junnarkar, Najm Naqvi and Shaheed Lateef.

It was after the partition when the Marathi films were revived that Raja Paranjpe got his first real chance. He directed a picture called *Jeevacha Sakha* which ran for 25 weeks in Poona; he played the important role of a westernized youth in it. Since then his star is on the ascendant. Most of his directorial vehicles like *Poodhcha Paool*, *Parijataak* and now *Pedgaonche Shahane* have been acclaimed as a tremendous success. In the Marathi film industry he is today considered a top-ranking director as well as artiste. After thirteen years of hard work, this educated, middle-class youth has reason to smile and feel happy for the distinction he has won.

But the Marathi film has a limited market; the ambition to get recognition for his art from all over India has always been lurking in his mind. In fact, his very first directorial vehicle was in Hindi; unfortunately for him, that effort proved unsuccessful. Now under the banner of Kardar Productions, he is making a fresh bid. Those who have seen him act on the Marathi screen have no doubt that given the right opportunity—and the Hindi version of *Pedgaonche Shahane* affords by far the best opportunity—Raja Paranjpe will be a serious rival to comedians and character actors of the Hindi screen.

News Of The Week

—The muhurat of New Sai Productions' *Jhanzar* produced by G. Ramchandra, directed by Kidar Sharma with Kamini Kaushal, Sajjan and Motilal in the cast, was performed on Friday the 14th instant at Jagriti Studios, Chembur (Bombay).

—The muhurat of Sushil Pictures' *Lagan* produced and directed by Harbans from a screenplay by M. R. Nawab with Ashok Kumar, Nimmi, Kamal, Pran, Murad and Bhagwan in feature roles was performed at Eastern Studios, Worli (Bombay) on Saturday the 15th instant.

—As reported last week a star festival cricket match is being played in Bombay on 21st March. While Shyam,

who participated last year will be sorely missed this season, it is gratifying to note that Dilip Kumar is participating this year. The respective teams are being led by Motilal and Raj Kapoor with Jairaj and Premnath acting as vice-captains. Songs by play-back singers during intervals, motor-parade by stars are the new features of this match.

—Dr. Alexander Markey, the President of Teleworld Productions has secured the film rights of an original story by K. A. Abbas. The picture will be made in technicolor in India and provisionally it has been christened *Law Of The Jungle*.

—A premiere in Hollywood style with huge arc lamps illuminating the foyer and red carpets rolled for the guests was held in Delhi on Thursday the 13th of River. Mrs. Roosevelt inaugurated the picture. Radha Sri

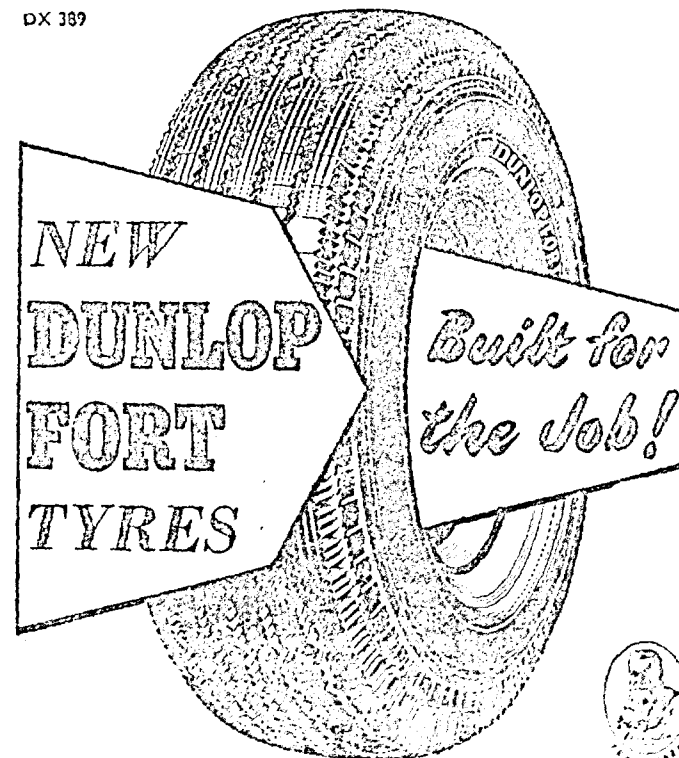
Ram, Suprova Mukerjee and other Indian artistes who had appeared in the picture attended the premiere.

—Beena Rai and Rehman will be co-starred in P. N. Arora's next production *Gohar* to be directed by F. H. Hasan.

—Asha Mathur, another Kishore Sahu's discovery, is playing the lead opposite new comer Rajen in Roop Nagar's *Dhoowan* co-starring Ulhas, Jeevan and Pratima Devi.

—Ravindra, the director of *Nagina* and *Motimahal* is fast specializing in murder-mystery dramas. His latest assignment is Emer Pictures' maiden crime drama starring Geeta Bali, Kannu Roy and Vijaylaxmi. Ravindra is also directing N. V. M. Productions' mystery thriller *Lal Kunwar* starring Suraiya, Nasir, Jairaj, Usha Kiran, Durga Khote and Agha.

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A MOCK SURVEY

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

ONE of the galling offshoots of British Imperialism in India had been that whilst it held sway, there were always certain agencies which were out to defame our country and countrymen and demonstrate our unfitness for Swaraj. Masquerading as tourists' surveys, they were more often than not veiled propaganda for British rule and in consequence bitter traducers of the Hindus, Brahmins and the lawyer politicians. Miss Mayo and Beverley Nichols were the products of such tendencies. The lull in the Independence era has just been broken by Sir Ivor Jennings in his lectures on the Indian Constitution delivered at Madras recently. In sharp contrast to Mr. Justice Mack's brilliant symposium on the Indian Constitution at the Y. M. C. A. the other day, Sir Ivor's survey is unduly biased and it is no exaggeration to say that alone amongst a host of critics, he has been to its defects too unkind and to its virtues wholly blind. He has spoken of the domination of Madras over Ceylon (which by the way is a figment of his imagination) and of North Indian Hindus over the country, and of the lawyer politicians who were neither good lawyers nor politicians. Nor is this all. The Indian Constitution has for the first time established the rule of law after decades of departmental despotism. Yet Sir Ivor maintains that the leaders who had suffered imprisonment had deliberately introduced anarchical theories in law.

Applied to the Constitution-makers, these assumptions are little short of the libellous. The Congress leaders won independence by their own initiative but when the Constitution came to be framed, they summoned the assistance of the cream of the legal and political talent in the country, some of whom were their bitter political opponents and pillars of the British Rule.

A Constitution cannot be studied in isolation, without reference to its political or previous history and to the tempo of events that preceded and followed its enactment. The

besetting defect of Sir Ivor's study of the Constitution is that he has dealt with it, as a lawyer would do before a court when construing some of its provisions. In 1948 when the British left us abruptly, creating a host of insoluble problems, Pakistan had been carved out, but still we had a sizable minority of Moslems, Christians, Scheduled Castes, etc., as well as a group of 562 States occupying a third of the peninsula which were divided from each other and from British India in numberless ways. To weed them all into one homogeneous whole was itself a herculean political feat: still more so to evolve a Constitution which will subserve the interest of each one of those entities, which were till then separate politically, historically and even ethnologically. This is apparent from the circumstance that Pakistan with a unified political and religious population is yet to evolve a Constituent Assembly and a Constitution. One of the highlights of the Indian Constitution has been the special concern shown to the minorities. In his *Law And The Constitution* (page 237) Sir Ivor Jennings has justly observed that "the problem of the Government is not only to provide for majority government, but also to protect the minority. It is therefore desirable not only that the ordinary law should protect their rights, (of speech, of association, etc.) but also that the powers of changing the law should be so restricted that these rights may not be interfered with. With a written Constitution this can be accomplished." Our Constitution has taken up his suggestion in right earnest. Article 26 confers freedom to all religious denominations and minorities to manage their affairs. Article 29 protects their language, script and culture and Article 30 concedes their right to establish and administer educational institutions and to secure government grants without discrimination. Rights of this amplitude have seldom been vouchsafed anywhere else.

Indeed the Indian Constitution does not subscribe to the Benthamite conception of the greatest happiness of

the greatest number, but being broad-based on Gandhian ideology which itself was a striving after Ram Rajya, protects the rights and liberties of "every citizen". And it is certainly most amazing that Sir Ivor should publicly declare that "the almost complete disregard of minority claims is one of the most remarkable features of the Indian Constitution", and further more, take us to task for evolving a written Constitution and a series of fundamental rights.

Constitutions are either rigid or flexible, although in the ultimate analysis, both spring up from the same root. A flexible Constitution is liable to change but a rigid one is not,—but this is not always so. The conventions which are in force in a flexible Constitution as for instance the English Constitution are in fact far more rigid than the so-called rigid Constitutions. So much so that one writer has recently observed that the one (rigid) is written as a whole in a few months whereas the other is written in part in the course of centuries. In England despite the lapse of several centuries and even two devastating wars, the Constitutional conventions still exist to the very letter. Even the impact of Socialism has not destroyed the Monarchy, the House of Lords and the Church of England. To-day a Roman Catholic cannot ascend the throne. And the Duke of Windsor's abdication illustrated how even the people's voice was stilled by reason of the obduracy of the Church. Take, on the other hand, the Indian Constitution the rigidity and length of which, has been dwelt ad nauseum by Sir Ivor. The way certain amendments, one of them going to the root of a fundamental right, had been effected recently indicates that after all the distinction between rigid and flexible is a distinction without difference.

In his endeavour to make the best appear the worst, Sir Ivor has strongly criticised the incorporation of the fundamental rights in the Constitution and castigates us for accepting the "out-moded" theories of Dicey, Burke, Mill and Bryce. He regards the American Bills a model of "clarity and conciseness". There are however certain factors which he has failed to take into account. Fundamental rights first came into being when the

Americans cut themselves off from England as a result of George III's oppression, and were actually based on the English Bill of Rights and the Magna Carta, which itself had been described as "a medieval foreshadowing of the American Constitution." There are always inherent difficulties in the enumeration of ethical principles for the governance of a country. There should be a special machinery to enforce them, and unlike as in France, it should be other than the legislature or the executive and necessarily be the judiciary. Secondly, they should not be mere abstract things but capable of being elastic, subserving proper administrative requirements. In America, for instance, the Supreme Court has vetoed all legislation making for progress. The 5th and 14th amendments laying down that no person should be deprived of life, liberty and property without due process of law, had actually been interpreted by the Court to invalidate legislation securing minimum wages, workmen's compensation and reduction of homes for labour! And notwithstanding the fundamental rights, there is still the Negro problem. On the very day Sir Ivor was expatiating on the American Bill of Rights, American judges by a majority ruled out a Communist teacher in the Feninsburg law case, on the ground that the States had to protect the minds of children from subversive propaganda! Such crudities are unlikely in the Indian Constitution and it is a tribute to its makers that every right has been designed to carry with it an obligation except those providing for protection of minorities. This will avoid the judiciary becoming, as in America, a sort of Third Chamber. But curiously enough, Sir Ivor complains that we do not trust our judiciary! In his book on *Law And The Constitution*, he requires that the rights should not be defined in the abstract but should be reconcilable with the requirements of public order and that during emergencies, they should be curtailed. Articles 358, 359 and 360 achieve this end: but Sir Ivor would regard them as unnecessary and advises us to rely on public opinion instead.

Of the State directives set out in Part IV, Sir Ivor is not less critical. His reasoning is curious. These directives, he says, were borrowed from

Eire and Spain and partook of the Roman Catholic philosophy, and have had their inspiration from the ghosts of Beatrice and Sydney Webb. But one is quite unable to understand as to why they should not be incorporated into the Constitution. For one thing there is nothing un-Indian about them—the germs of those principles have had their setting in Mahabharat Santi Parva, and for another, the absence of such a definite catena of ideals has had its own repercussions in the so-called advanced countries. For instance, in England, only political equality has been achieved but social and economic equality is still too far away. If America had set them out in the Constitution, Roosevelt's New Deal would have had a far easier passage and the country itself need not stand in eternal dread of Communism.

Sir Ivor's analysis of the subordinate position of the States *vis a vis* the Union is about the thin end of the wedge, and is a veritable apple of discord. It is a fact of history that a weak Central Government in this country had been in the past the one factor making for foreign conquest and domination. Even otherwise the discussion is any but academic, when one remembers that the Constitution itself was framed by people a majority

of whom had hailed from the States. In fact the same electorate returns the candidates for both the State Assembly and the Union Parliament, and there is really no scope for friction if the States owe loyalty to the Nation as an article of faith. At any rate, the wisdom of this sort of set-up is all too apparent just at present when a Red lining is appearing in the Indian horizon; and if our Constitution-makers had chosen to satisfy a few carping critics by evolving the States as full blooded autonomous units, our independence would be but a brief interlude from the frying pan of British Imperialism to the fire of Russian Communism. Sir Ivor's reference to the "domination of the Hindus of the North," and his haphazard generalizations like "litigation is the major industry of India," show that he has not chosen to look at the Constitution in the right perspective, untrammelled by prejudices. Perhaps the only value his lectures may have will be to give a fillip to separatist movements like Dravidasthan; which can never reconcile themselves to the Constitution with its emphasis on the rights of minorities and religious toleration and it is not without significance that they have been actually applauded by a journal of that organisation in Madras.

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S ART EXHIBITION

NEARLY 1,100 drawings by children below 16 from 16 countries will be on view at the Madras Government Museum on March 20 when the International Children's Art Exhibition arranged by Shankar's Weekly, New Delhi, will be inaugurated by H. E. Mr. Sri Prakasa, the Governor.

These drawings represent a selection of the best out of nearly 12,000 entries received by Shankar's Weekly in the course of 1950 and 1951 for the preparation of its annual Children's Number.

The countries represented include Argentina, Australia, Ceylon, Canada, China, Czechoslovakia, France, Finland, Indonesia, Belgium, India, Japan, Switzerland, Turkey, U. K., the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R.

Prizes are awarded to the best pictures in each age group and also to the best among the entries received. A gold medal awarded by President Dr. Rajendra Prasad for the best picture received in 1951 goes to a 16-year-old girl from Moscow, Marina Voskanyinz. All the prize-winning pictures will be on view at the exhibition.

Together with the drawing competition Shankar's Weekly also holds a writing competition in which children from all parts of the world take part. Prizes are awarded to the articles judged best in each age group.

The exhibition will be of immense interest to children, teachers, educationists and the general public as it represents a unique collection of child art never before exhibited anywhere.

COOMARASWAMY AND ANOTHER

By JAMES H. COUSINS

THE latest number of the "Journal of the Society of Oriental Art" to hand (dated 1948) has a short but very suggestive article by Dorothy Norman entitled "The Last Time I Saw Coomaraswamy." This was at his desk among piles of papers in the Boston Museum, U. S. A., in which for many years he had been head of the Indian section, a beautifully arranged and most instructive centre of art as the writer of this article can testify.

The visit turned out to be a mere week before Dr. A. K. Coomaraswami's death at 70. The convictions expressed the ripe judgment of a compendious mind and aspiring temperament that had been engaged for a lifetime in the study and exposition of the fine arts. They are all the more important for pondering over at a juncture in the history of India when external influences are passing over from the political imperialism that the spirit of the age repudiates, to an attempted cultural imperialism that may have a still more deteriorating effect on the mentality and action of the small but potent educated section of the people.

Although Coomaraswamy was interested in the problems of the day, particularly as they affected India, his thought mainly centred around matters cultural, since in them were involved forces of intelligence and discrimination on which depended the character and adequacy of the reforms felt necessary in material matters. Such matters, looked at on their own level, were inevitably complex and multiple, and the prospects of a satisfactory settlement exceedingly remote. At the core of culture were the arts, and these were essentially simple. Following the assertion of St. Thomas Aquinas that art was "simply the right way of making things" (also of doing them), Dr. Coomaraswamy held that this right way went beyond mere craft; it "embodied the right spirit—all great traditions being right, all great traditions being equal to one another." He

did not put aside the matter of craft and design: a work of art "must have quality too. But, even more than this, it must be a living symbol...of an entire approach to life." This entirely could not be confined to mundane matters. "How often," says Miss Norman, "we had spoken of the same theme, of how everything man-made must have a deeply religious meaning; of how it must be made with the Gods in mind and in their image; of how it must face towards the Gods, symbolize the Gods."

That this was no metaphysical or transcendental abstraction, as it might be superficially interpreted, is seen in Coomaraswami's statement, reported by Miss Norman: "One could not think of the right way of living in terms of the individual alone. One must take into consideration the individual's relation to, and his concept of, the community as a whole." In this there is an inclusive practical test of action. Action for the sake of individual gratification alone is a short cut to anarchy. The subservience of the individual to the State is the broad road to revolution, since the enlargement of individuality as the result of experience is inevitable. The basic need is an arrangement of co-operant life that will reduce the extremity of individual demand through realization of the dependence of one individual on the others, and that will increase the elasticity of group organization by realizing that without the individual the State would not exist; that the individual is a reality, as simple and fundamental as at the beginnings of things, while the State is an abstraction, a transient expedient.

Now, when Dr. Coomaraswamy said that the right way of living was involved in "the individual's relation to, and concept of, the community as a whole," he was not enunciating a vague generalization; he was laying down a law of the life of the artist. We should err profoundly if we gave ourselves up mainly to enthusiasm

for social art; for the literary or pictorial or dramatic propaganda of growing more food, or family planning to limit the growth of the number of new mouths needing food, or women in legislation, or lepers begging at bus-stands. We should err equally profoundly if we insisted that art is a free function, that the painter could paint anything he likes any way he likes without regard to its effect on the spectator, or that the singer could carry the flame of bawdy songs among sensual gunpowder.

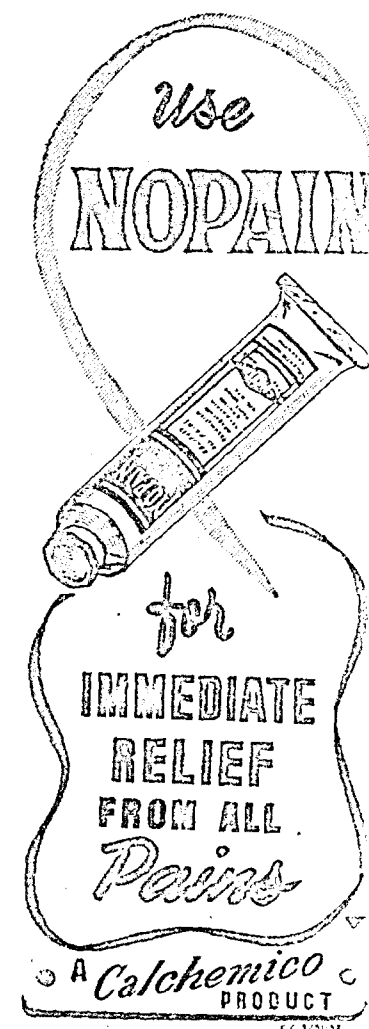
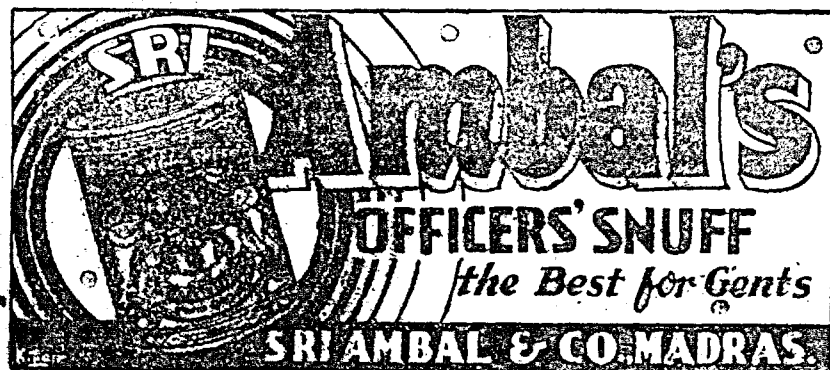
As an old Chinese philosopher said, "The secret of art is in the artist;" that is to say, responsibility for the character of art at any period of its history is not in its concrete productions, but in the consciousness, the mentality, the feeling that went into their making. The translated word "secret" does not mean something hidden; it is the equivalent of "explanation;" the quality of a work of art is a pointer to the mental and emotional bent of the artist, as it is to his intuition of his relationship not only to his human companions but also to the larger life on which the human depends. If this be so—and few are likely to deny that it is so—the question arises: How may the tension that is wound tight in the super-physical nature of every human unit be released beneficently into daily life, which is inevitably a mutual reaction between the unit and the others—the others shading away through home and school and occupation, and state and nation to humanity as a whole, and ultimately beyond that to "principalities and powers" that are the instigators and determinants of life?

So far as I can see—and I have done a lot of seeing in the past sixty years between San Francisco and Tokyo—there is no real hope of an abiding betterment of humanity in sacerdotal or intellectual systems or in political or economic changes. The "old Adam" will remain adamic in the mass, and the weightage of the unregenerate mass will draw down the relatively civilized minority to the level, not of fundamentals but of rudiments, and those alive then will have a bad time. Against this apparent pessimism in the diagnosis of human malaise as human nature I set the optimistic conviction and faith in the inevitable upward trend in the graph of human evolution. If we take a straight-line view of the process we shall strike our intellectual feet against dialectic snags. The biggest anti-evolutionary snag in history is just now: the race is rapidly progressing backwards. Deputations from the ends of the earth can reach a meeting-place in two or three days; but they shed only their material baggage at the starting-port—they carry their immaterial and imponderable "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" under their hats. But if we symbolize evolution as a spiral, remembering the ups and downs of history as not merely the crests and hollows of a horizontal movement in human life, but as the inspiring upsurge of discovery which is novel and exciting at each ascending turn of the spiral, yet older than the first turn of the Archimedean screw-pump of evolution; and if we realize that a spiral would be untrue to its spirality if it did not return upon itself in a movement that at any given

point after the apex of a civilization is apparently downwards but is actually an inescapable part of an everlastingly upward movement; pessimism will turn the optimistic cheek of the Janus-face of life, and we shall see that the injunction of the Bhagavad Gita to accept all things, good and bad, with equanimity is not a counsel of irresponsible laziness but an intuitive sizing-up of everything for and against everything else that gives the answer to the problem of cosmic algebra as X (everything) equals 1 (unity).

In other words—keeping the symbolical spiral in mind—we can rest in the optimistic assurance that, just as the curve of ascent will be followed by descent, so will the curve of descent be followed by ascent; and each of them will reach a point higher than that of the previous turn of the spiral. We must also keep in mind the fact that the line of the spiral is not simply linear; the Archimedean screw carries upwards its quota of water, which we may liken to the cultural attainment of any recognisable era of history—the Italian renaissance in Europe and the Gupta era in India for example. It is this content of the spiral that constitutes what is called tradition, the carry-forward of the results in consciousness of the experiences gained through the movement of spirated circumstances, such results taking the form of religions, philosophies, arts, and sciences.

Of tradition Dr. Coomaraswamy had emphatic things to say that take on the sanctity of the last utterances of a life consecrated to the ascertainment of truth and the understanding of its expressions in the arts and life. "As we said goodbye," Miss Norman reports, "he shook his head sadly about how few Indians seem to realize the meaning of the great tradition they have inherited, or to live in its image. He spoke with even greater sadness of the way in which America has lost all sense of the great tradition. But, he remarked, because India still clings to her great tradition—even though sometimes wrongly—she represents a greater hope for the world than does any country in the West." As to which there is something to say in the second half of this article.



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MADRAS.

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Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Plagiarism

As a warm admirer and regular reader of your esteemed journal I was pained to notice a blatant literary theft known as "plagiarism" perpetrated by one Mr. T. D. J. Esan whose article on Shankar, the great Indian cartoonist, you published in your issue of March 15. As a wide awake journalist, I am sure you would have noticed in the January issue of the American Journal "United Nations World" a very interesting article on the "Funniest Man in Asia" written by an American lady correspondent now travelling in India. I may add here that Mr. Esan's article is a word to word copy of the original which appeared in the American journal.

In the circumstances the least that Mr. Esan can do is to apologise both to you on whom he has palmed off this fraud and also to the readers who have always considered originality the prime feature of your journal.

It is well known that a few copies of your weekly circulate in the United States. You can well imagine what the reactions of your American readers will be who have noticed this unacknowledged lifting. And above all, what will the lady concerned think of Indian journalism and writers? Madras.

N. RAMANATHAN.

(The criticism published above is very just. We received the article on Sri Shankar under the title "The Funniest Man In Asia" (which we changed) from Republic Newspaper Features and published it in good faith. We regret the blunder. Our sincere apologies to all concerned.—Ed. S.)

Literary Agents

Wherever there is property, there spring up thieves. The only way the owner can safeguard it is to resist, as strongly as he can, any attempt by anyone to relieve him of his property. Commonsense and love of humanity dictate that he should notify other owners so that they may be on the alert.

There is no exception in the case of literary property. When three of my stories appeared more or less simultaneously in three different journals in 1950, a literary agent in Madras wrote to me suggesting that I entrust the marketing of my stories and articles to him. He promised to pay me half of what the editors would pay for my contributions. Considering the saving of my time and energy the plan would bring about, I agreed to his terms and sent him from time to time many of my writings, mainly stories. In the beginning everything was smooth sailing.

But recently it has become very difficult for me to get replies to my letters, or even information about the appearance of my stories in journals. As for money, there is no sign of it in spite of my repeated requests. I am left with the only course of going to the court for recovery of my dues.

The peculiar position of a freelance whose writings are being marketed by an agent is that he does not even know how much is his share. Two editors whom I requested to let me know how much they had paid for my writings, hesitated to comply at first. But no editor is willing to help a news agency to cheat the writers. When I explained fully the reason for my request, they promptly informed me the sum paid by them.

If other writers have had similar trouble with literary agents or news agencies, I suggest their publishing the facts so that their brother writers may save themselves loss.

Nagpur. S. HANUMANTHA RAU.

Ration Difficulties

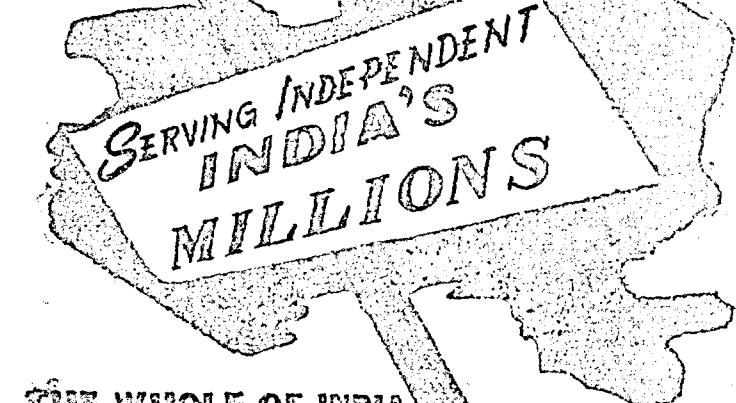
One of the conditions for granting permission to run hostels attached to educational institutions is that the hostel authorities should submit to the City Rationing Officer a weekly statement of the stocks of rationed articles in the prescribed 'F' forms. Failure to comply with this condition would entail confiscation of the deposit amount and cancellation of the permit to run the hostel. These 'F' forms are printed by the Government and are sold to the hostel authorities, who are required to fill them up in duplicate every week, one to be submitted to the Rationing Officer and the other to be retained in the hostel for inspection by the checking inspectors.

But to the great annoyance of the hostel authorities, these forms are not available at the Ration Office for the past 3 months. The rationing authorities turn a deaf ear to the repeated requests made by the hostel authorities, who are thereby subjected to the fear of forfeiture of deposit amount and cancellation of permit. Considerations of natural justice alone will make it clear that strict adherence to any set of rules should be reciprocal, and corresponding to the duty imposed on the hostel authorities, it is the duty of the ration authorities to supply the forms to the hostel authorities. It is hoped that the Food Department of the Madras Government will look into the matter and see that the necessary forms are supplied to the public in time.

Madras. S. R. SASTRI, M.A., B.O.L.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII NO. 8.

SATURDAY MARCH 29, 1952.

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SWATANTRA

VOL. VII
No. 8

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1952

ISSUED
WEEKLY

LEGISLATORS' PRIVILEGE

AN article in *Blitz* impugning the independence of the Speaker of the U. P. Legislative Assembly provoked that body into penal action against Mr. Mistry, deputy editor of the weekly, who was in charge at the time of publication of the offending article. *Blitz* had stated that the Speaker of the U. P. Assembly was apt to take instructions from the Chief Minister of the State in some of the rulings on important issues that he had to give. That the statement was in content defamatory is undeniable. The members of the U. P. Assembly resented en bloc the aspersion in *Blitz* and authorised the Speaker to cause Mr. Mistry to be apprehended and brought before the bar of the House to defend himself against the charge of defaming the legislature. It is noteworthy that this action of the U. P. legislature had the support not merely of the ruling majority party, but also of other parties normally in opposition. It was unanimous. The unanimity lifted it above the level of sectional politics. But nobody seemed to have bothered himself about the question whether though defamatory in content, the *Blitz* article was justifiable or unjustifiable in the light of the actuality of the case. There are occasions when telling the truth about persons in authority is a duty imposed on the press, and the risks attending on that duty tend to make it, on that very account, extremely precious and valuable to the community. To admit that *Blitz* defamed the Speaker does not imply that the Speaker's conduct was irreproachable. If it was reproachable, public

opinion and the press of the country will hail *Blitz* as a courageous martyr unflinchingly discharging a dangerous duty and not a malefactor given to smearing the reputation of a personage entitled to reverence. The U. P. legislature did not address itself to this question. The Supreme Court was not bound to, as that was not the issue before it.

The issue before the Supreme Court was whether the Speaker was competent to have Mr. Mistry arrested and held in duress. The arrest having been completed, and the duress alone still continuing, the Supreme Court afforded relief to the petitioner by declaring that without the warrant of a magistrate, no arrest is legally valid beyond twenty four hours. On this ground the Court ordered the release of Mr. Mistry without pronouncing any verdict on the question whether, if he had been brought within the legal time limit before a magistrate, the Speaker would have been in order in causing Mr. Mistry to be arrested. Even in its limited compass, the Supreme Court's judgment has pronounced against the right of legislatures in the country, on the score of their privileges, to set themselves up as judicial bodies. The U. P. Assembly that dealt with *Blitz* has now come to an end and it is doubtful whether its successor will care, or is constitutionally competent to keep alive the dispute. The *Blitz* case has rendered one valuable service. At a time when a lot of misgovernment is veiled over by "privilege", it has brought to the focus of public attention that the press has its privilege, too, the privi-

lege of comment on public affairs, irrespective of the sanctity of persons.

Reverse For Apartheid

THE Supreme Court of the Union of South Africa delivered an important judgment this week affecting the constitutional right of Dr. Malan's Government to place Coloured voters on a separate electoral register. Under the South Africa Act of 1909 which created the Union of South Africa, Coloured men were entitled to the parliamentary franchise and voted on the same register as Europeans. This right was embodied in Clause 152 of the South African Constitution, which was not an ordinary clause, but an "entrenched clause" which could not be amended except by special procedure requiring a vote of two-thirds in a joint session of both the Houses of the Legislature, and it was safeguarded by the Colonial Laws Validity Act. In 1931 the Statute of Westminster released the Union from the operation of the Colonial Laws Validity Act. At the time of the release General Smuts and General Hertzog pledged themselves to maintain the entrenched clauses as valid, but Dr. Malan now contends that the Statute of Westminster had conferred

sovereign status on the Legislature of South Africa, rendering the entrenched clauses meaningless and out-of-date. The significance of this contention lies in the fact that Dr. Malan's party has a majority in the Legislature, but not a two-thirds majority. The Supreme Court, on a petition from four Coloured voters of Cape Colony, has now turned down Dr. Malan's plea. The effect of the Court's judgment is to invalidate Dr. Malan's Separate Representation of Voters Bill. The Bill would require a two-thirds majority in both the Houses to become constitutionally valid, and as Dr. Malan does not command such a majority, he has to drop the Bill, for the time being.

The legal battle has thus ended in a victory for Coloured voters. But Dr. Malan seems to have no intention of accepting the Supreme Court's ruling tamely. He has announced that he will dispute the Court's judgment in the political arena. That means that he will seek the support of the electorate for an intensification of his policy of *apartheid* and ask for the three-fourths majority constitutionally necessary for repeal of Section 152 of the South African Constitution.

Sotto Voce

CIRCLES



"THE ancient poet-king Bhartrihari said pithily, 'When you have caste-conflicts no other fire is required to destroy society' ". I rubbed my eyes on reading that startling statement of Kaka Kalelkar's anent his recent visit to East Africa. Mr. Kalelkar's scholarship is

not in question. But his translation of *gnyati-schet anadena kim* is, to say the least, queer. It is on a par with such other jewels of neo-nationalistic erudition as that which renders *samadarsinah* into "men who see all things as equal." Any fourth form boy of forty years ago could have

told you that it in fact meant "men who see all things with an equal eye."

The Bottom-like "translation" of *guna-karma-vibhagasah* is of course the classic instance of the perversion of scholarship by pre-conceived bias. Bhartrihari does frequently refer to a man's birth and breeding. But it would be a desperate business to seek to foist upon him the pejorative signification of caste. Caste conflicts usually arise when there is a blurring of responsibilities, when the Brahman runs after power and pelf, when the Kshatriya sets himself above the law, when the Vaisya climbs on his money bags to the seat of authority. Kaka Kalelkar is in fact asking in the name of nationalism for just that *varna-sankara* which is the parent of all our woes.

He recalled to his audience the Golden Age of the scriptures, the *Satya yuga* when there could be only "one God and one varna." Imagine telling our go-ahead moderns to go back to the primitive society of the *Krita yuga* where there was neither buying nor selling, neither marrying nor giving in marriage! Mr. Kalelkar points out that Indians in East Africa have given up most caste taboos including vegetarianism. But he does not ask them to qualify for the *Satya yuga* by giving up flesh foods: he coyly observes that his "purpose here is not to comment on social life here." He finds it easier to ask them to give up caste itself along with its taboos.

What rouses his ire is the maintenance of different schools by the different sects of Hindus and Muslims in the country. Their excuse is that they must protect their language and religion, their culture, in a word. But that word is to our good Kaka as a red rag to a bull. "Can religion," he loftily asks, "be fostered by pressing on the minds of children the points of difference between one creed and another? But that is all that is being done and of course the beliefs are meant only to be accepted, not to be lived." We must suppose that the universal religionists who hymn Ram and Rahim in the same breath are living that strange amalgam every minute of their lives.

But Kaka Saheb forgets his obligation to be universal when he jubilantly exclaims, "It was a matter of great joy to me to find that Gujarati was a medium of instruction in both Hindu and Muslim schools." Your Hindi may be the national language of India, but our good Kaka considers it an impertinence on the part of the Sikh minority to insist on Hindi in their schools when "ninety per cent of our people here know Gujarati." His logic is impeccable, though Hindi fiends may think it savours of treason. But they will not cave in merely by your sniffing at them and saying that "none of them seems to know what culture is."

It is this totalitarian conception of culture that proclaims our so-called renaissance for the fraud that it is. The "forty head of cattle feeding like one" picture of the nation emanates from a debased sentimentalism totally unrelated to life. Bhartrihari was as realistic as Freud and rather more acute. He spoke, not of mother-fixation and of father-hatred, but of the jealousy and rivalry of agnates in a society based on the clan. Such rivalry, within bounds, was a source of fruitful tension: it was a spur to achievement. But as Yudhishtira observed in a famous passage, the clan was as one against the rest of the world.

Likewise the *varna* represented an attempt at a wider synthesis: it was one more in the series of concentric circles starting with the family and ending with humanity. Social toleration (I use the word in its medical sense) has an optimum which varies with the size of the social unit and the ties that bind it. The man who renders unto the family, the clan, the caste, the community and the world at large the things that are due to each one of them lives a far richer and more meaningful life than the atomised mass jerked to convulsive activity by the dictator's wand. But Mr. Nehru who breathes fire and brimstone against caste is almost as tender towards provincialism as towards Communism. Is it because it comes nearer home?

VIGNESWARA.

COOMARASWAMY AND ANOTHER

By JAMES H. COUSINS

II ANOTHER

A number of things emerge from Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy's last utterance, as reported by Miss Dorothy Norman and commented upon in the previous section of this article.—

At the core of human culture are the arts.

Art is simply the right way of making things.

The right way embodies tradition.

Art must be an entire approach to life.

Everything must have a religious meaning, made with the Gods in mind and in their image.

The right way of living must take in the individual's relation to the whole.

While elsewhere than in India the sense of the great tradition had been lost, India, notwithstanding flaws in her allegiance to tradition, still clings to it, and represents a greater hope for the world than any other country.

I set alongside the foregoing assertions the following by another:

What we need in India is a revival of spirit, not a revival of art-forms. If we revive art-forms we revive a dead body. If we revive the spirit, we not only revive the art-forms but become the source of new forms which will be as beautiful as any that man has created.

One conception of art has come from the plane of intuition, and therefore our creative expressions are the result of a spiritual experience. The fundamental difference between East and West seems to be that the East has emphasized the fact that a body is taken by a soul—the soul has a body, while the Western conception is that the body has a soul.

All art is one, and the essential spirit of art is the cosmic conception that touches the heavens, and the human conception that touches the heart of men.

Mere variety does not mean creative art. A creative artist can go on doing the same thing, and yet it will never be the same. Each time, the creative impulse gives to the same form a fresh newly born atmosphere.

But whichever of the two methods is used, they will meet. Either the Truth must be experienced, or experience must teach Truth. It is with the approach of opposite ends that the East and the West will meet.

I take these passages out of a report of an address on "The true spirit of art" by Srimati Rukmini Devi, the Founder and Directress of the Kalakshetra at Adyar, Madras. I do so because of the glimpses they and those of Dr. A. K. Coomaraswamy give into the minds, not with "but a single thought" (which would be limiting and monotonous) but two free minds that express the same vision of art, its nature and possibilities, but with differences of expression according to the degrees of mental and aesthetical power and quality with which they are endowed. In many articles, addresses and broadcasts by Srimati Rukmini Devi since she attained fame in 1935 as a danseuse in the Bharata-natya, and pioneered a new era in India's cultural expression, she has written and said things which, if collected and systematized, would provide a philosophy of art and its relationship to life with illumination, profundity and conviction. She would not, perhaps be particularly cordial towards such an intellectual revelation, even as Rabindranath Tagore and AE repudiated the idea of philosophy in their poetry. But a speech in Bernard Shaw's "Candida" turned the tables on the two poets, and showed that, whether their poems sang philosophically or not, they themselves were embodiments of the first principle of idealistic philosophy, to wit, the Godhead that is the origin, the justification and the end of existence: "It is in the poet

that the holy spirit of man—the God within him—is most Godlike."

But what interests me specially in the unanticipated juxtaposition of Coomaraswamy and Rukmini Devi in the reading that is part of my daily necessity is the fact that the ideas of the thoughtful and widely learned connoisseur are carried into practice by Srimati Rukmini in the Kalakshetra. "The Transformations of Nature in Art," that superb intellectual study in interpretation by the genius that made the Indian section of the Boston Museum in North America a fascinating centre of art, becomes at Adyar in South India the transformation of art in nature. The rules and regulations of an art that was ancient in India before the Noh-dance was born in Japan or the Renaissance of Painting in Italy, become the influential enthusiasm of young people of both sexes, and are bringing into expression a group which looks like the guarantors of a race that will oust the pseudo arts of the present and the recent past by putting the creative impulse of the young on the natural basis of reverence for that which is highest in life, and expression of such reverence in ways that have the reinforcement and authority of the true tradition of India.

Let us look at this collaboration of the intellectual genius of Dr. Coomaraswamy and the creative genius of Srimati Rukmini Devi mainly from his lay-out of ideas summarized above.

The central position given to the arts in human culture by Dr. Coomaraswamy has been fundamental to Srimati Rukmini's thought from long before her implementing of it in the Kalakshetra in January 1936. So much has she been impressed by the idea of the non-violent revolution for good that the arts would accomplish in the generally ugly life of the people that she has enunciated the principle of her educational activities in the motto, "No education without art." But her vision is not along a straight line; it is spherical and can move along parallels of latitude and meridians of longitude with equal assurance. Though herself an accepted artist of the front rank, she sees that art alone has not within it the full potency for human redemption. Art without intelligence may become inflammatory sentimentality or worse.

On the other hand, intelligence without art may degenerate to a cold-blooded and cruel inquisitiveness. The art that will embody the universal impulse to beneficent creativeness will make the mental and aesthetical abilities of the individual the interacting foci of the ellipse of consciousness. Thought must feel and do; feeling must know and think. Hence her propaganda for the integral inclusion of the arts in school curricula, and the provision of time and facilities for art-activity in the Besant Theosophical High School at Adyar of which she is the directing spirit. Hence also in the Kalakshetra the inclusion of knowledge and intelligence, and the other side of her motto, "No art without education."

But what kind of art? An art that is wholly of the past is stuck in the mud of history; it is archaeology, not art, and belongs to the museum, not to the studio. The art that is wholly of the present is dated, transient, dead even while talking of life. The art whose eye is wholly on the future is beclouded and out of focus. The wholly adequate art, according to Dr. Coomaraswamy, is a tri-murti of tradition which takes out of the flux of past life those influences and qualities to which AE referred, in his criticism of contemporary art in America, as having "the touch of the timeless on them;" which, in Matthew Arnold's line, "Sees life steadily and sees it whole;" and in his own phrase "represents a greater hope for the world" of the future than others. Past, present and future are not stages of succession; they are the apices of a triangle of reality, any one of which may be in the ascendant in a single work of art, in a life's work, in the work of an era, with the others as accessories. There is no true art that is not at once retrospective, contemporaneous and prophetic.

So far as I can understand the art of the Kalakshetra, as inspired and shaped by Srimati Rukmini Devi, it is the shakti of the Coomaraswamy idea; not because it is his, but because both he and Rukmini Devi have rounded the circle of evolution and are facing perpetually towards the eternal. In the Bharata-natya as presented both reverentially and artistically by the Kalakshetra, the Gods are ever in

mind, as Coomaraswamy says they should be. The presentation of the "religious meaning" that he also requires is constant. The physical, mental and emotional capacities of the performers are exercised to the highest possible elevation; and this produces a condition of body and super-bodies that holds out a wonderful hope for the future.

It is, in conclusion of this short comparative study of two major personalities of the orient, significant that another artist of the highest rank, Yehudi Menuhin, as the result

of a visit to the Kalakshetra of March 17, should respond cordially to the eternal beauty of past and present in the selection of phases of the natya that he saw, and see in the work of the institution a means of personal liberation full of hope for the future. This is what he wrote: "It was inspiring to visit the Kalakshetra and to witness and absorb the wholly satisfying fruits of work dedicated to beauty. Charmed by the music and dance, I felt I was among kindred spirits who are being potently assisted in finding themselves."

THE ARCHITECT OF NEW CEYLON

DON STEPHEN SENANAYAKE

DEATH has reaped a gruesome harvest of world statesmen during the last two years. Beginning from Mackenzie King of Canada its victims included General Smuts of South Africa, Liaquat Ali Khan of Pakistan and now Don Stephen Senanayake of Ceylon, the youngest dominion of the Commonwealth.

It is almost impossible to believe that this resilient, imposing figure would no more adorn the council halls of the world where he played a notable part during the last few years. If Senanayake lacked the glamour of India's Nehru or the native shrewdness of Liaquat Ali Khan, the reason is not to be found in his lack of political acumen but in the fundamental difference between the politics of the island in which his career was cast and the currents and cross currents of India and Pakistan. It can, however, be asserted without any fear of contradiction that his name is as synonymous with his country's freedom as that of de Valera of Ireland or Churchill of Great Britain.

There was nothing in his early school days to suggest that he would one day emerge as the liberator and consolidator of his native island. His rugged, massive figure was conspicuous in the playing fields where he made a name as a brilliant cricketer and crack football player. He was

a problem child of the family and his father did not know what to do with him when he left St. Thomas College, bare in academic colours. After a fleeting fling at clerkship he ultimately decided to enter the uncharted realm of planting and farming. In those salad days he was known as "Jungle John."

He strode into the political arena as a temperance worker, but it was only in his thirtyfirst year that he took deep interest in the politics of his country. In 1915, he was involved in the great riots between Sinhalese and Moors and was arrested but eventually released. At that time, he was a member of the Town Guard. The authorities in charge of law and order insisted upon his getting a conduct certificate from the then British Governor or a senior civil servant before he could be reinstated. But young Senanayake literally snapped his fingers at the authorities, refusing to get any testimonial as directed. This gesture won for him the admiration of the Governor who rehabilitated him in the Town Guard. But the iron had entered his soul and like Lenin he resolved to dedicate his life to the cause of the people.

The next that we hear of him is as an ardent nationalist having his political apprenticeship under the protecting care of stalwarts like Sir

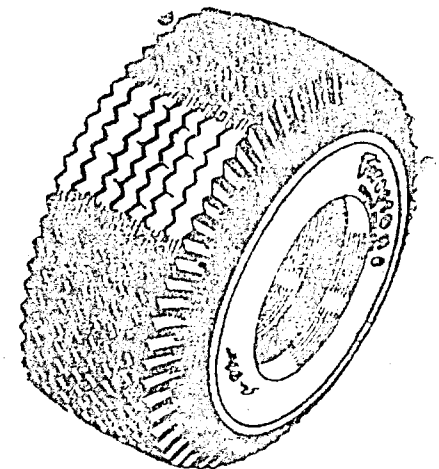
James Peiries and Sir Ponnambalam Ramanathan. Following the demise of his brother who led the Ceylon Independent party, he entered the Legislative Council in 1924. Seven years later, he became a member of the State Council. For the next sixteen years his life was spent as the first Sinhalese Minister of Agriculture under the new Donoughmore constitution. Like the ancient kings of Lanka he sponsored the "back to the land" movement. It was his ambition to make Ceylon the granary of the East. The re-opening of ancient tanks, construction of new irrigation works, cultivation of virgin land and rehabilitation of the villager as the farmer—all this claimed his support.

As the leader of the United Nationalist party, he played an important part in the transition of Ceylon from a colony to a dominion. The Soulbury Commission which visited the island in 1944 and paved the way to Dominion status found in him an effective spokesman of the people's demands. An ardent nationalist, he had always attempted to play a neutral part in the cold war between the two power blocs of the world. It was the strong democratic strain in his make-up that made him refuse the knighthood which was sought to be conferred on him for meritorious services. Instead, he sought acknowledgement from his people who gave it in an abundant measure. In the general elections of 1947, his party swept the polls. Many members of Parliament elected on the United Nationalist party's ticket owed their seats entirely to the winsome personality and prestige of their leader.

It is impossible to survey all the facets of a career so rich in achievement but mention must be made of the part he played in all the deliberations of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers especially the one in London which decided to allow Republican India to remain in the Commonwealth. His practical commonsense was always of assistance to his colleagues in other dominions. He believed that the only effective answer to Communism lay in

the assurance of a decent standard of living to people everywhere. Hence he decided to make Ceylon one of the important Asian countries participating in the co-operative economic development plan, known today as the Colombo plan. When all around the Pacific region there is chaos and discord, there is peaceful freedom in the pearl of the orient. That is the best tribute to Senanayake.

In 1948, when he visited England he made big headlines in Fleet Street. He was played up in print and picture as the prize fighter turned politician and one who had the Tarzan touch, being nurtured in the forests by animals and elements. With Pakistan, he had very cordial relationship. In his passing away, Ceylon has lost a stabilising force and Churchill, a potential ally. In spite of his anti-Indian bias he had many friends in India.



Firestone

**BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW**

MADRASI'S SUCCESS IN U. S. A.

BRILLIANT RESEARCH WORK OF DR. P. K. DURAISWAMI

The brilliant work of Dr. P. K. Duraiswami of Madras who is now conducting medical research under the auspices of John Hopkins University, has been receiving warm commendation in U. S. A. Dr. Duraiswami addressed the annual meeting of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons in the last week of January 1952 in Chicago. The meeting was attended by three thousand members and guests. On conclusion of Dr. Duraiswami's lecture, there was the loudest and most prolonged applause, and world-famous surgeons congratulated him on his lecture. The President of the Academy, Professor J. S. Barr of Boston, moved that the Academy should place on record their high appreciation of Dr. Duraiswami's "epoch-making research work."

Dr. P. K. Duraiswami is the son-in-law of Dr. Lt.-Col. C. R. Krishnaswami. We reproduce below a detailed account and appreciation of Dr. Duraiswami's research work by Virginia McNeill from the "Evening Sur," Baltimore:

CHICKENS with club feet, with deformed beaks, with split spinal columns, dislocated hips, misplaced organs—all so that little children may some day be freed from such congenital abnormalities.

Out at the Children's Hospital School, Dr. Puliur K. Duraiswami, Ph.D. Ortho., M.S., M.Ch. Ortho., F.R.C.S., from New Delhi, India, can take a simple chicken egg—and call forth any of these deformities practically at will. And also prevent these deformities under the very conditions which otherwise would cause them.

It seems like magic. It is magic—the magic of the needle and the ever-questing mind of the researcher.

Carries Many Honors

The slender young doctor from India can write Britain's honored Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons after his name as well as the first doctor of philosophy degree in orthopaedics ever awarded by Liverpool University.

He is reporting on his experiments this afternoon, by special invitation, before the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons meeting in Chicago.

He will tell that scientific group of taking hen eggs during incubation and injecting them with minute amounts of insulin. He will show slides, and a film, describing his results—the film of grown chickens that have survived with these deformities, slides of pitiful little embryos taken from their

shells moments before hatching, because their deformities were too great for them to hatch normally and live.

Some of these embryos have tiny eyes, some no eyes at all. Some have their entire visceral organs misplaced on the outside of their bodies—but this was not insulin—more magic.

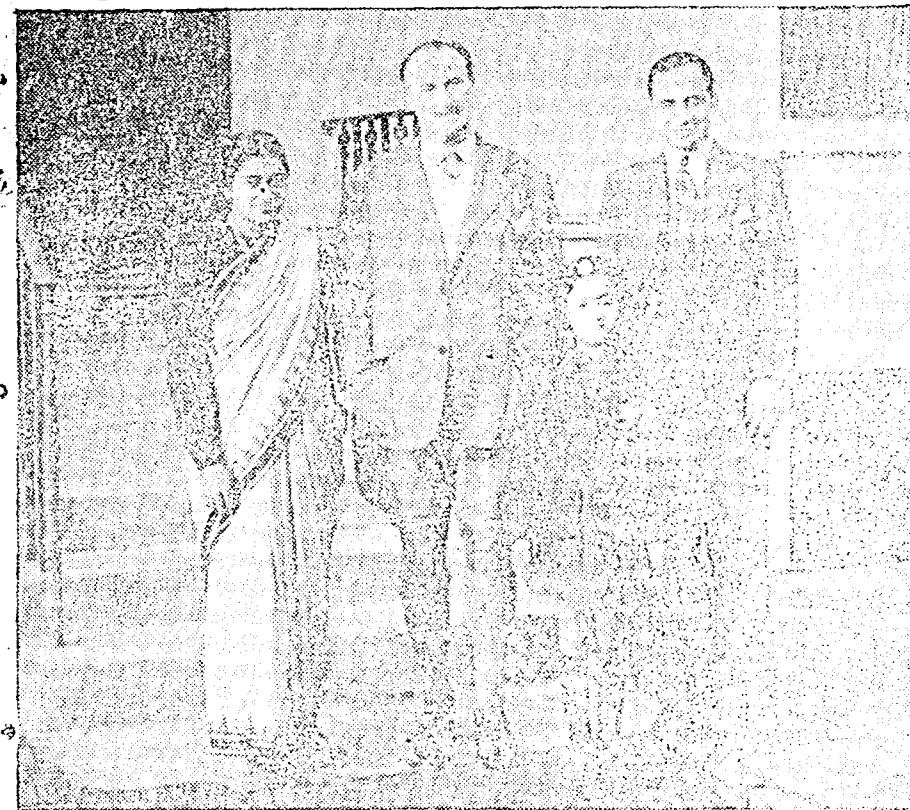
Insulin And Bones

Dr. Duraiswami is here as the Bowles Orthopaedic Research Fellow with a temporary appointment in department of orthopaedics in the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Medical School. He is here continuing his research and absorbing all the Western knowledge of medicine he can against the day—about two years off—when he will return to India to head the orthopaedic department of the All-India Medical Institute now being planned.

It all began one hot night back in India when the young surgeon was spending some lonely post-midnight hours waiting on an operative case. He began to wonder what effect insulin had on bone structure.

He had been thinking of the high percentage of deformities among children born to diabetic mothers. Of the mothers under insulin treatment approximately 38 per cent lost their children before, or at birth.

Of the surviving children about another eight per cent were born with physical deformities—as compared with less than one per cent born to normal mothers. Yet, without insu-



Dr. P. K. Duraiswami with his wife and child. They are seen here with Professor Charles Wells, Professor of Surgery, Liverpool University.

lin, there would be little probability of children at all for diabetic women.

Dr. Duraiswami remembered there was a batch of eggs in the laboratory incubator. Insulin and a needle were handy—and suddenly the doctor's life work was begun.

Those first chickens hatched out with club feet.

Could an overdose of insulin—too high a concentration in the mother's blood—be responsible for club feet in children?

Insulin Injected

He injected insulin into the yolks of more eggs, being very careful always to inject the yolk only, trans-illuminating the eggs and keeping well away from the embryo. He got other deformities, twisted beaks, spina bifida—the dread splitting of the bone of the spine leaving the spinal cord exposed, and there were dislocations and abnormalities of all sorts.

He discovered that the type of

deformity varied according to the timing of the injection after the beginning of incubation of the eggs, and the quantity of insulin injected.

"Broadly speaking," Dr. Duraiswami says, "insulin seems to affect a part of tissue during its 'critical phase' of development. Thus, injection during the first two days of incubation caused defects of the vertebral column, the first part of the embryo to be developed.

"Injection on the third day caused the feet to be deformed, on the fourth and fifth days, the limbs and beak.

Other Abnormalities Noted

"Abnormalities thus induced also included partial or complete suppression of the development of vertebrae, scoliosis, multiple joint contraction, a false joint in the tibia and 'tibial kyphosis.' A generalized developmental disturbance of bone, resembling brittle bones in the human, was induced by three to six units of insulin injected

into the yolk between the fourth and sixth day after the commencement of incubation."

But since prevention, rather than cause, was the doctor's goal, he began trying to stop the deformities, once induced, with other injections, first sugar, then niacin and riboflavin.

And he discovered that injections of the latter two substances into the yolk at the same time as the insulin prevented the development of the deformities to a remarkable degree. There may, he says, be a time lag of a couple of hours, but he is convinced of the importance of preventive treatment, before the damage is done.

Already diabetic mothers are being placed on vitamin B complex at the beginning of pregnancy. Dr. Duraiswami believes that all diabetic brides should be placed on it, that the damage may be done before pregnancy may be recognized.

Tendency Continues

And he discovered also that once the tendency to deformity had been induced the deformity occurred even if subsequent development took place in an insulin-free environment, as in a tissue culture.

Even normal mothers, Dr. Duraiswami believes, even in America where nutritional standards are high, may, because of 'morning sickness,' be unable to absorb the B-vitamins from their foods.

With his early experiments interrupted by military service, Dr. Duraiswami decided to go to Liverpool University for a special degree in orthopaedic surgery. He was there nearly four years, and the experiments continued.

He had tried out sulphonamides, proving that they may have an adverse effect on the embryo. He tried thalium salts, and got bone deformities. He tried the anti-niacin, 3-acetyl-pyridin—and got muscular dystrophy.

He wanted to try A. C. T. H. and

cortisonne, but they were difficult to procure in Britain. He determined to come to America. Last spring he came here on a Robert Jone's traveling fellowship from the Royal College of Surgeons and Liverpool University, supplemented by a Rockefeller traveling grant. He investigated many hospitals in different parts of the country, and chose the Johns Hopkins for his next work.

He brought his wife and young daughter here last August and set up his incubator in the Bowles laboratory in the sunny buildings of the Children's Hospital School on Green Spring avenue.

One of the developments that particularly interested Dr. Duraiswami was that the deformities recurred in the next generation of his chickens that had hatched healthy in every respect except for the induced deformity.

Some of these grown chickens with second generation club feet, dislocations, wing deformities and twisted beaks, have recently reached here from Liverpool. He is anxious now to see if there will be recurrence of the deformities in succeeding generations.

Since he has been in Baltimore, Dr. Duraiswami has gotten extremely interesting results from A. C. T. H. and cortisonne. It is from the cortisonne injections that the embryos with ventral hernias (with their organs on the outside of their bodies) procured.

Now Dr. Duraiswami "is wondering whether excessive secretions of cortisone during pregnancy may not have an adverse effect upon the human fetus."

Cortisone—the hormone product of the adrenal glands—particularly stimulated during moments of fear or anger.

It is all too experimental yet, he insists, to draw any conclusions, even to make predictions—but the field for experimentation is clear, experimentation that may revolutionize present-day thinking.

"I, as a Minister of the Government of India, do not get even as much salary as a Hindu widow receives for her maintenance under the Hindu law," observed Mr. K. M. Munshi, India's Food Minister, replying to a question of a textile worker at a meeting in Indore on March 22. The worker asked how leaders of the people working in the Government could take abnormally high salaries. Mr. Munshi said it was a misconception with people that the ministership was a profitable job. Giving his own example, Mr. Munshi observed that the salary he received was hardly sufficient for his daily food and he had to spend from his past earnings for his requirements.—U.P.I.—Times of India.

SELECTION OF INDIAN TEAM TO TOUR ENGLAND

By P. N. S.

A curse seems to hang over Indian cricket whenever the time comes to send a team on tour. Except for the 1932 tour of England we have not been able to muster the best talent to do battle overseas. It is needless to recapitulate the choice of the 1936 team to England; it would only be bringing back from the recesses of the past much dirty linen which has been washed and put safely away. For the England tour of 1946 Ghulam Ahmed of Hyderabad, spinning away much more dangerously than he does today, failed to find a place in spite of the fact that the Nawab of Pataudi fought for his inclusion, and even guaranteed that the bowler would gather round about 150 wickets during the tour. A. G. Ram Singh of Madras must also have gone to England in 1946 but was omitted on the ground that he will not stand the strain of the tour, as, at the end of a magnificent innings in the Zonal tournament at the Brabourne Stadium, he was forced to retire due to an attack of cramps. The Australian tour found Lala Amarnath fighting desperately but nobly with a team hopelessly weakened by the absence of Vijay Merchant, Russi Modi and S. Mushtaq Ali for varied reasons. And now India has to go without her greatest bowler, Vinoo Mankad.

But the authorities seem little disturbed by the non-availability of Mankad. They have even passed a resolution that no player who is not available for the entire tour should be included in the team. And as Mankad is the only player that falls under this category the resolution seems to have been aimed solely at him. No explanation has been offered by the Board for the passing of this destructive resolution. One may ask what loss of prestige the Board will suffer if they approach the Lancashire League Club for the release of Mankad at least for the four test matches? And there is precedent for such a course. When the West Indians toured England a couple of years ago Frankie Worrell was allowed by the

Club with which he had entered into a contract to participate in the test matches.

When the non-availability of Mankad became definite there was hope that at least Amarnath would be chosen for the tour. No doubt age and two years of absence from the game have begun to tell their tale on Amarnath's skill with the bat. But the veteran has amply demonstrated during the current season that his bowling prowess is undiminished. Even taking for granted that Amarnath is incapable of lifting the bat in simple defiance of the English bowlers, he must have walked into the team purely on his merits as a bowler. It is unfair to the game and to the player to point out his age as a mark against him when he retains all his skill in bowling and can be expected to carry on his shoulders the burden of India's attack.

But the omission of Amarnath is not the only curious action of the selectors. In the choice of Hiralal Gaekwad, albeit fully deserved, they have executed a grand somersault. For nearly three seasons this youngster was deprived of test appearances on the sole ground that he is good only on matting wickets. Nor was he given a chance on the turf to prove otherwise. And now to the surprise of everybody he is selected for a tour in the course of which the Indians will not light upon even a single inch of coir. Perhaps the selectors, chagrined at Mankad's absence, were prepared to push in any player that could sling leithand, or they must have woken overnight to the potentialities of Gaekwad on turf wickets. Whatever the reason, justice has been done to a splendid bowler who may very well have a say in the shaping of the tour.

One of the serious shortcomings of the team chosen is that it has in its ranks only two recognised opening batsmen in Pankaj Roy and M. K. Mantri. Even admitting that these will touch their wonted form in Eng-

land, to go on such a strenuous tour with only a couple of openers is a risk not worth taking. There is no use in making glib statements that there are a few others in the team who are also capable of turning out for this important job when called upon. That certainly is not the way to equip and send a team overseas to do battle with such masters as Bedser, Evans, Bailey Compton and Hutton.

The choice of N. Chowdhury of Bengal also comes as a surprise. Not that this medium-pacer does not merit selection. Somebody seems to have remarked that there is a semblance of doubt in his bowling action and immediately Chowdhury was put into cold storage for the tests against the M. C. C. last season. The selectors however seem to have realised that a bowler who came out with praise from Alf Gover's school could not have such a defect and have taken the bold step of selecting him. Or was it a move to keep out somebody else, probably Amarnath, out of the team?

If we shut our eyes to these failings we can say that the selectors have done their job well. They have showed abundant faith in the youth of the country even to the point of dispensing with experienced players. But it is the prayer of every lover of Indian cricket that Hazare's batsmanship should not suffer under the more than ordinary burden thrown on his shoulders. If he cracks under it as did Amarnath in Australia, the consequences will be serious to the side as a whole. Too often, as when Wally Hammond failed in Australia, and Amarnath also in that country, have we learned the adverse effects following a skipper's failure on his team. We have also seen how even a moderate side can be inspired to noble purpose by the success of the leader as demonstrated by Freddie Brown. Likewise the success of the forthcoming tour will in the main depend on Vijay Hazare and the heights to which he will rise. Godspeed to him in his onerous task!

A GENUINE PACIFIST

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

I have seen and heard for the first time a lady who can talk about the moral problem of rape without any worked up emotion, false prudery or pedantry. The lady is Miss Muriel Lester who was host to Mahatma Gandhi when he was in London to attend the Second Round Table Conference.

I told her, after she delivered a lecture on her movement, known as the Fellowship of Reconciliation, that Mahatma Gandhi had said that violence is better than cowardice, and that violence is justified when used in the protection of women and children. Replied Miss Lester, that if the choice was between violence and cowardice alone, then the former was definitely preferable. But to prevent a lady being raped, violence was neither practical nor morally justified. "You only increase the animal passions of the would-be raper, by violent resistance. If a mother were to prevent a daughter being raped, she cannot possibly achieve it by violent fighting. Rather by falling in bet-

ween the raper and the girl, without struggling, thus offering her body's silent resistance she can more effectively bring the man to his senses."

Had Mahatma Gandhi blessed the first batch of soldiers who went to fight in Kashmir? "Never could it have been possible" said Miss Lester. I urged that the above piece of news had been circulating for long without any denial from the Mahatma. She retorted that if true it was a denial of all his life work. How could it be? Regarding the lack of denial, she said Mahatma did not live long enough after the Kashmir tangle to affirm or deny that. He was too busy. She had also questioned all those near and dear to him, about this, but all of them denied that the Mahatma ever said that.

For Miss Lester, no halfway house between peace at all costs and war. No war, however just the cause, had done any good to anybody in history, she said. The one great war, which was fought for a noble end, namely, to abolish slavery and save the

American Union, and which was led by the noble Abraham Lincoln himself, never did much good for the Negroes for whose liberation it was fought. It left a bitter trail in the South, and its ignoble remnant was the racial discrimination in America.

Never fight for king or country or any other idol whatever the provocation, that is a genuine pacifist's motto, and Miss Lester adheres strictly to that in all her utterances. I asked her about her views on the Stockholm peace appeal, and the various peace conferences sponsored by Communists. "They may genuinely desire peace" said Lester "but they are not pacifists. We pacifists, would never take up arms. But the Communist partisans of peace, allow and even direct a citizen to fight, if his Government declares war."

She has therefore no good word to say about the rearmament of Japan or Germany. She had been recently to Japan. The people there had genuinely become tired of the warmongers, and the defeat in the last war turned out to be a blessing to them. "Now" said she "the American and the British Governments are rearming these peaceful people, and placing them at the mercy of their warmongers, for their own ends." Nor is she in the least enthusiastic about banning the atom bomb alone.

What is the point in stopping there? All arms should go and war should go. The dreadfulness of the present wars is a hopeful sign that men might stop waging them.

Did her movement have a branch in Russia? "Not officially at present" she said "though we had a Russian branch of it when it was started." But later the Soviet Government suppressed it, but she was not bitter about it. They had reason to suspect anything of British origin after Yudenitch and Denikin were financed by the British Ministry. But even now, she said, they had plenty of sympathizers on the other side of the iron curtain. Plenty of people now go to church in Russia, where they are not spied upon. Though they cannot refuse to fight in a war now, they do continue to exert a deep and secret influence.

It is a pity that with all her sincerity Miss Lester should be given to some prejudices. One of them is a jibe against the truthfulness of press news. "Our papers" she said, "published stories during the last war of Germans killing babies and even eating them, which Lloyd George said were quite baseless." But she went on after a while to the surprising conclusion "If you believe in all that the newspapers say, you cannot join our Fellowship of Reconciliation!"

VERNACULAR WIVES AND MODERNISH HUSBANDS

By P. KODANDA RAO

THERE has been a commendable increase in the number of Indians who visit foreign countries, particularly England and America. Foreign travel is, indeed, a good and great education by itself, even though there be no certificates or degrees to show. It is most valuable because of the knowledge and even more, the experience, which it gives of how people in other countries, of all economic and social strata, live, and which would enable us to modify and improve some of our own habits and customs, with understanding.

Most of the visitors to foreign countries have been men, particularly stu-

dents, but few have been women. It is a great pity. The best course is for man and wife to go abroad together. It will be a far better investment for India. The process of sending men alone has gone on for so long that there is a strong case for a moratorium on it for the next ten years and for spending all the money available on sending women, married or single, abroad, to correct the lopsided development. Preference should be given as far as possible to wives of men who have been abroad already.

The reason why such a large proportion of men were sent abroad is understandable, but unfortunate. It

was presumed that what Indians had to learn from England and America was technology of production of goods and services, and that was a man's job. It was overlooked that the *technology of living* was worth learning even more, and that is best learnt by women. For instance, one of the greatest reforms that India needs is "Better and Brighter Kitchens and Bathrooms." By and large, our kitchens and bathrooms are not as convenient, attractive, and inviting as those in England and America. They are as primordial as our agriculture, and as inefficient. Our bath-rooms are used not only for bathing, but for other and very smelly and stinking purposes, even as our public roads are. Our kitchens, where our mothers and wives or our cooks work for the best part of the working day are generally dark, smoky and forbidding, and smell of cow-dung and not soap. Indians, who have been abroad and been guests in the homes of their English or American friends, hesitate to invite them to be their home-guests in India. Most of our women do not yet meet men socially as European women do. They are still "vernacular," and not modern. We hesitate to serve a meal in our own homes to our foreign friends or to offer the facilities of our bathrooms. The drudgery in the kitchens can be considerably reduced, and work in the kitchen can be made as pleasant as work in a chemistry laboratory. Indeed, the so-called kitchen is nothing but a biochemistry laboratory, processing much more necessary and palatable articles than the laboratories in school, or college. We learn modern science at school and do not bring it home. We forget that science knows no boundary between home and office.

Men, who have been abroad, may have experienced the more efficient, sanitary, scientific and artistic ways of life. When they return to India, most of them make a valiant effort to modernise their homes but fail to receive the cooperation of their

women-folk, who had not shared their educational experiences either in India or abroad. And soon they relapse into "vernacular" ways at home and struggle to retain modern ways in the office and the club. They live in two worlds. If the education of women had been parallel throughout with that of men, there would be greater harmony and understanding between man and wife. Instances are not lacking of travelled men discarding their "vernacular" wives and marrying more companionable modern women. Several Indian students in America regretted that they did not bring their wives with them and let them share their experience of American life.

Man and wife should walk together; the wife should not trail behind the husband and by a long way. Their cultural education, whether in India or abroad, should be on a level. A grave mistake was made in the past to think only of technological education and to send only men abroad for it, forgetting that India needed as much the cultural education from abroad, which should be common to both men and women. This mistake should be rectified and at any rate not be repeated.

The Nuffield Foundation, when it gives a scholarship to a man, invites his wife also, and offers financial assistance for both. That is a wise policy, and it should be universalised as far as possible. Hundreds of women, particularly of the middle-class, should be enabled not only to visit England and America, but to live for at least three months in the English and American homes, until desired knowledge becomes experience and ripens into automatic habit. The woman, as the mother, is the first and most comprehensive university for the child, and teaches a variety of subjects for living, personal and social, which no college or university teaches. The greater the efficiency of women, the faster the modernization of India.

Work for most of the world is conditioned by the necessity of making profits or earning a living, or achieving some end which is not the work itself but something produced by it. Happiest is the worker who enjoys his work; but in all work other than that of pure religion, pure science and pure art objectives are imposed which are not that of the actual working. This is not said in disparagement of work, which is the indispensable condition of all human living, but merely to distinguish between two kinds of activity.—*Britain Today*.

THE MOUNTBATTEN LEGEND

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

AN American would have called it The Mountbatten Story and written it with an eye for technicolour. The twice-defeated candidate for Salisbury calls it *Mission with Mountbatten* and turns, in characteristic British fashion, the transfer of power in India into another feather in the Royal Crown, gained for his king by a peer who was, in an equally characteristic British fashion, *pukka sahib sans reproche*, whose pet hobby was the compiling of his family tree. It is a book for Englishmen.

It is not a verdict on India. I half wish it were because then I might have got the impression of a personal and human approach. It would have been in a way reassuring even to be told that India and its people left an unpleasant impression on the foreign missionary, for an impression is a positive factor, even if it is negative in content. Mr. Campbell Johnson's diary is precise, impersonal, unemotional, devoid of warmth and makes of all the characters pawns in a gigantic game played by a great-grandson of Queen Victoria, Empress of India. And the author leaves us in no doubt of the regard he had for his boss. Mountbatten was indefatigable. He was the impartial arbiter, the energetic administrator, the astute politician, the diplomat *par excellence*; judge, jury and executioner rolled into one blue blooded miracle. His memory was photographic, his perception of human detail journalistic, his energy demonic. His diplomatic resilience was admirable, his perceptive understanding tremendous, his charm of manner devastating—the adjectives rise to a crescendo till the ex-Press Attache delivers his final bouquet: "He is, in short," writes he to his mother, "my idea of a thoroughbred." You begin to perceive it is a book for Englishmen?

I do not agree with John Junor of the *Daily Express* who thinks the writing is "dull and dreary". On the contrary, I think it is eminently readable, a quality which political diaries by their very nature seen often

divorced from. But surely Woodrow Wyatt in *Reynolds News* exaggerates in calling it "one of the source books of history." I do not know if it can stand perpetuation as history at all; it may perhaps be considered an expose of the final phase of British strategy in India. It is best described as the log book in a naval operation completed, against overwhelmingly difficult, discouraging and dangerous odds, in one hundred and forty-five days. I think it shows, not Mountbatten's "steadfastness of purpose" as Mr. Campbell-Johnson claims, but a military ruthlessness which contrasts glaringly with the very human problems that the struggle for Indian independence had broken up into by 1946. And break-neck speed is the strategy employed. To get the job done as quickly as inhumanly possible. "If it were done when it's done, then 'twere well it were done quickly". The decision here is not dissimilar to Hamlet's. Tempo was all. Not to give the leaders time to think, certainly no room for afterthoughts, rush them into strategic positions on the chess-board, make the move quickly, get their signatures on the dotted line and call check. Another victory for Britain raked from the embers of defeat. As military manoeuvring it was exemplary, as politics it was original. Britain had played the game of Round-table conferences long enough, when the intention was that the *status quo* should be continued. Now the objective was different. Britain's forte has always been making compromises, not finding solutions. And it has always believed that the hour produces the man. It produced Lord Louis Mountbatten—dynamic, debonair, taming the intransigent with his shattering charm, inspiring his team of co-workers with his indefatigable energy, striking awe in the hearts of Indian experts by his thorough grasp of the nuances of the whole situation. His *corp de main* took the form of a political stampede shaming the Indian leaders into capitulation. The general impression given is that Lord Louis Mountbatten's

"momentous mission" completely eclipsed in depth and achievement the Indian political pilgrimage which had been going on for decades. It must be quite clear by now why I call it a book for Englishmen.

Mission with Mountbatten was written in the form of a day diary: and it may safely be assumed it was intended even then for publication. So it is not surprising that it is full of verbatim notes of interesting conversations, impressions of persons and personalities, amusing episodes and dramatic quotations from the asides of the great man himself. The book will be of particular interest to Indians for one other reason also. This claims to be "the first, full-length inside story of one of the greatest world developments of our time—the transfer of power in India by partition and consent—the reconciliation of East and West, of ruler and ruled." That is just the blurb on the dust-jacket, but it is however true that it is an inside story in the sense that many details are included in it which give the background to the

negotiations, details of offers and reactions, of off-stage parleyings and personal explanations, details which obviously could not have been published at the time the "dramatic diplomacy by discussion" was taking place. All these are very interesting—sometimes revealing, often amusing. For example, we get a comprehensive picture of British reactions to Mountbatten's appointment and the Labour Government's decision to transfer power to India and leave. The parliamentary debates in both Houses are reported meaningfully. Public opinion in India then was in a ferment and nobody remembers now clearly what happened. Oddments of memories, treasured by sentiment or prejudice, are all that remain. It is good to have this documented version for purposes of record and reference. And in this faithful report the tension of history in the making is duly relieved by Noel Coward, obviously echoing the author's own sentiments in Mayfair accents, delivering himself of this Olympian inanity! "The position having become impossible, they call on Dickie" *Vive La Cavalcade!*

SAVE DEMOCRACY AND SAVE YOURSELVES

By PEMMARAJU VENKATRAO

WITH the conclusion of the deliberations of the non-Congress legislators and the executives of the various political parties, the people of Madras State are now wondering whether they have voted aright and for a stable Government. The will of the people is obviously against the Congress, forming a Government by itself. In fact, except the Congress, no other party had bid for power as they did not contest even half the seats of the legislature. But when the only party which had bid for power exclusively for itself was defeated at the polls the will of the people can be safely taken to favour the formation of a coalition Government in this state.

As the largest single party, the Congress should have taken the lead to form a coalition but the leadership once again failed to discharge its

obligation to the people. They preferred to take a stand-offish attitude, patronisingly inviting non-Congress legislators to join the Congress on the basis of its creed, policy and programme. Standing on false prestige, they failed to see beyond their nose. They did not take their defeats in a sportsman spirit and left the initiative to others, exhibiting bankruptcy of leadership.

The Communists, as the second biggest party, took up the lead for the formation of a coalition Government and wisely decided to seek the help and leadership of Sri Prakasam, a dynamic personality of this State. Except the K. L. P., the Socialists and a few others, all other parties rallied under the leadership of Sri Prakasam to form a non-Congress coalition. If it were not for the democratic urge to form a stable Government in the

absence of the Congress being unwilling for a coalition, these parties would not have joined hands with the Communists knowing fully well that they are like the proverbial camel that walks away with the sheltering tent. The country is aware of the Calcutta resolution of the Communists and their practice in Telangana. They are aware of the role of the Communists in China and the East European countries in the coalition Governments. They have learnt with bitter experience that any coalition with the Communists would prove disastrous to those that seek it. At a moment's notice, they would change horses in mid-stream and fight their way with new policies and programmes. Their ultimate object is to establish a totalitarian Government under the leadership of the Communist Party and no price is too great for them to achieve that object and they do not mind employing any means to reach their goal. Sri Prakasam, an astute politician as he is, must be aware of this. He is not afraid of joining hands with Communists. People are worried that his approach to the problem of forming a stable Government has been wrong. The question is not whether the people want a Congress or a non-Congress Government. They want a coalition Government and not one-party rule. They want a democratic Government but not a totalitarian Government either of the right or of the left. The issues are being mixed up. May be Sri Prakasam is trying to put to the test the democratic professions of the Communists. Whether the Government is a coalition of the Congress or the Communists, the need of the hour is unified opposition and let us hope that the efforts of Sri Prakasam would succeed to that extent.

The Socialist Party has decided not to form any alliance, much less coalesce with the Congress or the Communists. They would function as a democratic opposition to whatever Government is established by joining hands with fraternal parties wedded to Democratic Socialism. Conscious of their present strength in the legislatures and hoping that they would ultimately forge themselves as the

only all-India opposition party to Congress, in the evolution of parliamentary democracy in India, they could not decide otherwise.

As for the Congress it has failed to give an efficient administration. It had bungled in its handling of each one of the people's problems. Its claim that it represents the nation, has been disproved. It is one of the many parties and still enjoys the confidence of a large majority of the people in the country. It is wedded to Democracy though not to Democratic Socialism. Its ultimate object is to establish a Cooperative Commonwealth and with that object in view, it has evolved a constitution which guarantees a social order by directing its policy towards securing among other things that the citizens have the right to an adequate means of livelihood and that the operation of the economic system does not result in the concentration of wealth and means of production to the common detriment. This may not be Socialism but is at least not Capitalism. The first five year plan is a modest attempt to put into practice the above principles. It is disappointing in certain respects but it can be improved. It is heartening that the principle of planning without regimentation of the individual is accepted and the freedom of the individual is guaranteed. It is up to the Congress to reorientate itself and put into practice the directive principles of State policy which they have enunciated in the Constitution. It is hoped that the Congress would not align itself with the vested interests as it has done so far but would become the champion of the common man by organising the party on sound democratic lines to establish the Cooperative Commonwealth to which they are already committed. Therein lies the well-being of the country and the future of democracy. Otherwise the writing on the wall is clear. The dictatorship of the right will eventually fail and dictatorship of the left i.e., of the Communists will be a certainty. Let the Congress which is the biggest democratic party live up to its expectations by saving democracy and saving itself.

HE BUILDS TWO PYRAMIDS: ONE BLACK, ONE LILYWHITE

By ANDREW ROTH and M. A. F. ROTH

SIR GODFREY HUGGINS is a deceptive man. He has not the weather-beaten face, the broad shoulders and gin-tainted breath one expects of empire-builders. Nor has he the fanatical gleam of the determined visionary. He is, nevertheless, the heir of Cecil Rhodes, determined to expand Southern Rhodesia into a prosperous Central Africa providing a rich life for its 140,000-strong white minority and "decent" conditions for its 2,000,000 Africans.

"Central Africa," the federation of Huggins' 30-year-old dream, is one of the most vital areas in present-day Africa. It is one of the richest and most profitable areas in the Commonwealth, with coal, copper, tobacco, tungsten and other products which can do much to restore the Commonwealth's sagging economy. But even more important is its position in what Sir Godfrey calls "the nutcracker" between the African-hating "Apartheid" theories of South Africa's Malanazis and the militant African nationalists of the Gold Coast. Sir Godfrey's admirers claim that his "Two Pyramids" theory of the two races living separately with both having opportunities to rise to the top is the most practical solution to Africa's racial problem. Extreme African critics, however, say that he is another Dr. Malan "with a British accent."

Seeing this slight, moustachioed, perky man enter Rhodesia House, just off London's Trafalgar Square, one would take him for a London accountant or a solicitor who leaves his office every day for his small suburban home. He is, in fact, a surgeon whose name and qualifications can still be found in the Medical Directory. He was a brilliant London surgeon who became Medical Superintendent of the children's hospital in Great Ormond Street while still a young man. But when only 38 the threat of tuberculosis forced him to migrate in 1911 to the healthier clime of Southern Rhodesia.

In view of the fact that he has been Prime Minister for 18 years consecutively, it is curious to recall that he entered politics accidentally. He was a leading medical practitioner in Southern Rhodesia, when a police strike occurred in 1921. Huggins joined other ex-servicemen who volunteered for special duty. The striking policemen accused them of being strike-breakers. Tempers flared and a clash was only averted by Huggins offering to mediate with the Government on behalf of the police. His success resulted in his being urged to enter politics. Elected to Parliament in 1923—when Southern Rhodesia was given responsible government—he became Prime Minister in 1934 when Southern Rhodesia attained its present semi-Dominion status.

Although he is the Commonwealth's senior Premier, "Huggy," as he is affectionately called by his supporters, certainly has the most modest surroundings of any. From the street of his straggly little capital of Salisbury he can be seen at work behind a work-piled desk. You can wander in almost any time to ask if he is engaged. He usually wears an old alpaca coat, and smokes cheap local cigarettes. He almost always wears his hearing aid. But he takes it off when he wants additional time to think at a press conference. Then he has his secretary repeat questions in his ear.

When Sir Godfrey Huggins talks about the 90% of Southern Rhodesians who have black skins, an Indian is likely to think him like the most racially-conscious Britons who ever appeared in all of the subcontinent in bygone days. He has the psychology typical of "white settlers" living among a great majority of less-advanced colored people on whose cheap labor their own prosperity depends. Sir Godfrey strikes you as a typical British professional man: conservative but with decent instincts. Had he remained in Britain he certainly would not be a spokesman of race superiority.

Although he insists he is defending the "British way of life" in Southern Rhodesia—against South African infiltration—he expects little sympathy for his attitude in Britain. He said here in January that trying to obtain something that would satisfy the House of Commons and the white settlers of Southern Rhodesia was rather like trying to diminish the distance between the North and South Poles. He told us at a press conference: "It is a very terrible thing that people elected (to Commons) to look after the drains in Shoreditch should have control over huge territories in the middle of Africa" like Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland which he would like to include in his 30-year-dream of a Central African dominion. He told his own Parliament it is necessary to "wean the natives from the superstition that their only friends are in London...."

Sir Godfrey was particularly bitter toward the Labor Government which believed the interests of the Africans to be paramount over those of white settlers in Africa. In 1950 he expressed himself as "horrified" by reports that the late Ernest Bevin promised publicly that Britain would lead all its colonies on "the road that India had gone—on the road to their freedom." He is particularly bitter with the former Colonial Secretary James Griffiths, who was rash enough to ask the Africans of Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia whether they wanted to merge with Southern Rhodesia. As a result, Sir Godfrey maintains, the recent Victoria Falls conference on Central African federation "degenerated into a native benefit society meeting led by the former Colonial Secretary, Mr. Griffiths, and the main problem was never discussed."

Sir Godfrey has hopes the Conservative government will take a "more realistic attitude." But he fears even Mr. Churchill's government, which he considers "not very strong," has begun to pussyfoot on imperial matters. It even talks about the Commonwealth instead of the Empire! "I will tell you that in Rhodesia we don't mind talking about the Empire."

Sir Godfrey is impatient with those who think Africans can play a full role in political affairs during this century. He asked not long ago:

"What is the use of giving a vote to people whose idea of solving the problems of the future is to study the entrails of a goat?" In an article he wrote for the *Sunday Times* (January 13, 1952) to win over British Conservative opinion he underlined that the Bantu of Southern Rhodesia "only sixty years ago had no written language and did not know the use of the wheel." He did not mention that it was precisely the illiteracy of the Bantu King Lo Bengula which led him to sign a contract with Cecil Rhodes' representatives in 1888. This gave Rhodes "all metals and minerals situated and contained in my kingdom" when King Lo Bengula thought he was just giving him the right to dig a gold mine. It was from this contract that Southern Rhodesia evolved.

Sir Godfrey now uses gentler language in persuading people in Britain than he once did. In 1934 he came here to state flatly: "It is time for people in England to realize that the white man in Africa is not prepared and never will be prepared to accept the African as an equal, socially or politically." He now writes: "It is my belief that social contact between people of such widely separated cultural levels is of no real benefit to either party."

Even in Southern Rhodesia, where African opinion is somewhat more articulate today, he probably would find it indiscrete to repeat the speech he made at Bulawayo on March 30, 1938. Then he likened the white settlers to "an island of white in a sea of black, with the white artisans and tradesmen forming the shores and the white professional classes the highlands. Is the native to be allowed to erode the shores and gradually attack the highlands? To permit this would mean that the heaven of civilization would be removed and that the blacks would inevitably revert to barbarism, because the ancient control, such as tribal authority, has gone never to return, leaving only the white man's law, religion and example. While there is yet time and space, the country must be divided into separate white and black areas." In the black areas natives would be allowed to rise to any position they are capable of and would be protected from white competition, he proposed. In

the white areas the native would be welcomed, but on the understanding that he merely "assist" and not "compete" with the white man. Native education should be by missions and not by the State till natives have a background of Christianity.

This speech is the key to the pattern of Southern Rhodesia's development. Today it is divided into two parts: 35,000,000 of the best acres for its 140,000 whites and 35,000,000 inferior acres for the 2,000,000 original inhabitants. Africans are 'encouraged' to work in the European towns because they have to find the cash to pay head taxes. But once there they have to carry passes and are only allowed to "assist" not to "compete." Would-be African businessmen cannot occupy business premises in the towns. African workers cannot have their trade unions recognized; they earn £3 a month on the average. Wages for white artisans range from ten to thirty times as much! (In North Rhodesian copper mines, African miners earn £5 a month while white miners average £100.)

Britons frequently act scandalized about 'Jim Crow' conditions in America's 'Deep South.' But the Britons in Rhodesia have evolved an attitude toward the African majority very similar to that of a Mississippi white. At the Victoria Falls Conference in September it was proposed to accommodate the African delegates at the government hostel for European civil servants. The latter held a protest meeting. Even when it was arranged that the Africans should have their meals separately in a bedroom two of the civil servants left the hostel in protest against the presence of the Africans. There was another flurry in Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia, recently when a Little Theatre which holds an annual drama festival decided to convert it into an African cultural festival, embracing music, dancing, drama, arts and crafts, literature and photography. When the sponsors asked for the use of the public hall for March the city council reluctantly agreed to allow them the hall only "on the clear understanding" that no Africans would be admitted to see it. The sponsors refused. "Surely Southern Rhodesia, as the leader of the British tradition in Central Africa

can do better than this?" reproved the *Manchester Guardian*.

Sir Godfrey feels the test of his British liberalism and realism is that Southern Rhodesia has escaped the racial riots which have disfigured adjoining South Africa. He is certainly more realistic and liberal than Dr. Malan or the bulk of his own supporters in emphasizing the need to make concessions in time. He made this need clear in a speech in December. There he underlined his desire to avoid the sort of "rioting and bloodshed" which resulted wherever government "tried to repress the masses." He said that the Labor Party would not have grown to a point where it could "set about dispossessing the possessing classes" in Britain with results that "nearly caused the eclipse of our homeland" if the great Victorian industrialists had made concessions to labor in time.

His contribution of a proper safety-valve for an African country with a minority of white settlers is the "two pyramids" doctrine. It attempts to apply Cecil Rhodes' formula: "Equal rights for all civilized men, irrespective of color." There should be two communities, European and African, both having opportunities to rise to the top. As soon as enough Africans have attained a "civilized" standard of wealth and education they can vote and partake in governing the country.

Sir Godfrey makes no bones about who is senior in this partnership. "We do not pretend there is any equality of partnership at the present time, but the native has joined the firm and has his foot on the lower rungs of the ladder," he said at Ndola on December 1. "We have no hesitation in admitting that for the foreseeable future Government must remain in the hands of the European, who by his training, background and experience is the only possible choice, but we do say to the African, 'Here is your chance to prove your worth and to join in the Government of your country.'"

In fact, however, the white 'pyramid' has a built-in escalator while the 'pyramid' for Africans is heavily coated with grease. Even a skilled African worker is only allowed to make a fraction of what an unskilled European worker earns. This disparity is

maintained in the education system. When I asked Sir Godfrey what proportion of the amount spent on an average white child is spent on an African he said he couldn't recall the figures. "It is only by allowing white youth the best education that the race can survive in Africa," he had said in introducing the new Educational Act in 1937. This provided free, compulsory elementary and secondary education for white children. Those African children whose parents want to send them to school and can afford to are left to missionary schools until standard V. The state contribution for white children has customarily been forty times as great per head as for African children.

Sir Godfrey feels the "best example" of racial partnership "is our acceptance of a common Parliamentary voters' roll, a principle practically unique throughout the length and breadth of Africa." He feels that the top of the African 'pyramid' can thus join in voting for a common Parliament which for some generations should remain pure white. Sir Godfrey has had a difficult time persuading his followers to accept this, despite the fact that only 450 Africans have qualified to vote. In 1943, when the Malan party came into power in

the adjoining Union of South Africa, Huggins was forced by his own supporters to abandon this policy. In 1950, when the alarming trend toward racial strife provoked by Malan's policy became visible, Huggins reinstated votes for propertied and educated Africans. But early in 1951 the qualifications for voters was increased to ownership of £500 in property, an annual income of £240, and an ability to read and write English. The Minister for Native Affairs has estimated Africans would need 1500 voters to elect an African. But, with these new qualifications "that will not occur during my lifetime, nor that of my children."

Such actions are all the more surprising since Sir Godfrey realizes that white Southern Rhodesians need at least the toleration of the African majority, and not merely for cheap labor. "Unless we can carry the black masses in this country with us," he warned in the summer of 1950, "it is only a question of time before the white races are turned out of Africa." Despite this realization Sir Godfrey apparently thinks he can avoid such dangers in South Rhodesia by taking the next century or two to lead Southern Rhodesia's African majority "from barbarism to civilization."

SOUTH INDIAN COINS

By L. N. GUBIL

NUMISMATICS, along with or in the absence of contemporary literature and epigraphy, helps a good deal in the gleaning of the history of ancient kingdoms and the credit for starting a systematic study of South Indian coins to this end, goes to the late Sir Walter Ellis.

The oldest coins available bear distinctive Buddhist devices 'punched' on them and there is reason to believe that the Dravidian standards of weights and measures were largely influenced by those of Phoenicians who were having extensive trading with the Dravidians.

The smaller copper coins of insignificant value that are found in and around Madura contain undecipherable characters on them—but it looks

as if they were of Roman origin. On the obverse of the copper coins of the Imperial coinage, can be seen the head of a female figure and the legend Europa Roma, while on the reverse, the figure of the she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus appears.

A connected study of the coins leads one to the inevitable conclusion that, in the early centuries of the Christian era, there was a brisk trade between the Dravidian kingdoms of South India and Rome. In fact a large number of the small Roman coins can even now be found in the neighbourhood of Coimbatore district. A number of Roman merchants should have settled in or often visited South India, as inscriptions recording the gift of Roman currency for charitable purposes have been traced.

A large number of Venetian ducats of different periods that have been gathered in South India, leads one to believe that the trade between the 16th and 18th centuries, should have been more favourable to India, i.e., exports from India were greater than imports and that the price in respect of the difference had to be paid in gold by the European countries.

The coins known as "Sanarakkasu" have on them the figure of the Duke standing in front of St. Mark's Cross.

The subsequent coins in Southern India were mostly those issued by the European-owned East India companies (French, Dutch, Portuguese and English). It may be interesting to recall that the pagodas issued by them

bore the effigy of Vishnu and a star. These are known as Palli-Varahans.

The Andhra coins also bore Buddhist emblems, but most of them were in lead, with inscriptions of "bow and arrow" (Vilvayakura type), lamp (indicating justice), etc.

The Pallava coins, ascribed to the period subsequent to the 6th century, bear the figure of a bull and a two masted ship. The Swastika, the sacrificial lamp, and the chakra are some of the figures appearing on the obverse of the Pallava coins.

Travancore, Hyderabad, Pudukottah and other States had also their own coins, but with their merger in the Indian Union, they have become obsolete.

BOYS' HAZARDOUS CYCLE RIDE

TWO 16 year old schoolboys have just completed a perilous 335 miles cycle ride through the lion-infested jungle between Nairobi and Mombasa in East Africa. Although no official records exist it is believed that they are the youngest persons ever to have made such a trip.

Such roads as there are between the two towns are just badly rutted dust tracks, but in spite of this the two boys, Michael Crouch and John Silvester, completed the 335 miles ride in 5 days camping out in the jungle at night.

Everything necessary for the journey had to be carried on the cycles, even drinking water, as African river water is infested with typhoid and other disease germs. Reducing their requirements to a minimum they packed clothes, food and toilet articles into kit bags, slung water bottles under their saddles and secured tools, inner tubes and other spares onto the cycles.

Describing a typical day of their 5 days' journey Michael Crouch, who was riding a standard model Hercules bicycle, said "We were on the road by 5.30 a.m. and speeding through the Teavo Game Park with our dynamo lights ablaze. We had been told that

we would probably collide with rhino, elephant, or other big game at that time of the morning and that we were fools to start so early. Every now and again we could hear crashings and rustlings in the bush and the eyes of some big cat would shine in the beams of our lamps. After a few more dongas we began to drop through desolate bush country, passed huge baobab trees and then miles of nothing but stark desolate scrub, the country of the forbidding "Nyika" or thorn bush. Coming round a bend we sighted a herd of elephants moving off into the bush. At first we took them for a group of anthills, but when one of the "anthills" swished an ear we were undeceived. At about 9.0 a.m. we dropped to the Tsavo river valley, country of the famous "Maneaters of Tsavo." At this point a terrific head wind arose almost blowing us backwards. At 12 noon, worn out by our efforts, we stopped to eat what food we had and after resting under the blazing sun until 3 p.m. we staggered on against the wind....

"We enjoyed the trip very much. I was especially satisfied with my Hercules which served me as a good bicycle should. Although we were exhausted, we quite recovered in a few days."

DR. HEINRICH ZIMMER ON MAHATMA GANDHI

By M. A. VENKATA RAO

DR. HEINRICH ZIMMER'S latest posthumous volume called *The Philosophies of India* published in September 1951 in the handsome Bollingen Series (USA) is a major contribution to the appreciation and understanding of the spirit of Indian thought and civilization in East and West. Though it is devoted mainly to an exposition of the systems known as *darsanas* and is technical in character, the author has endeavoured to relate the central ideas of the systems to the inward motives in aspiration and vision animating them through the centuries. He has a comprehensive and sensitive appreciation of "the miracle of Indian civilisation" as he calls it, consisting in "the majestic evolution of art, philosophy, ritual and religion, political, social, economic and literary forms."

Dr. Zimmer has the old large view of philosophy as the spirit of a civilization giving voice to its dominant world-feeling and as the form in which the soul of a people confronts its destiny on the plane of nature and history. His treatment of Indian thought, though a torso, being incomplete when death overtook him, recalls the breadth and sweep of Hegel and Spengler. It has therefore an appeal to circles much wider than those of technical students and professional teachers of philosophy. It is but natural that an author of such catholicity should be impressed by the personality of Mahatma Gandhi as an embodiment of the Indian genius. And we are not disappointed. Apart from side glances at the Mahatma in various contexts, Dr. Zimmer devotes a separate chapter to indicate the meaning of the Mahatma's mission in terms of the cultural setting of Indian life and thought.

He sets the programme of Satyagraha in its deeper setting of *satya* and *dharma* in Indian culture. He notes truly that in India philosophy is not merely a matter of intellectual analysis (and synthesis) of information culled from the sciences. It is

primarily a matter of realization of vision. The thinker is the sage in the making. And India honours him in proportion to the degree in which he incorporates the truth of his vision in his life and conduct. In this way philosophy becomes power. Zimmer points out the determining influence of Hegel's philosophy in the modern world through its re-incarnation in the Marxian dialectic of history (though in a distorted form, it should be added). It is surprising that he does not mention the more catastrophic influence of thought on the history of our times, namely, that of Nietzsche in inspiring and shaping the aggressive politics of Hitlerism (again, it must be noted, distorting the spirit of the thinker). Further, it is known that the emphasis placed on the role of the elites in historical movements by Vilfredo Pareto the Italian socio-economic philosopher helped Mussolini to evolve the philosophy and policy of Fascism. Zimmer places his finger unerringly on the true source of such power over affairs in otherwise feeble-looking personalities, namely, the effect of realisation. "India, dreamy India," he writes, "philosophical, impractical and hopelessly unsuccessful in the maintenance of her political freedom, has always stood for the idea that wisdom can be power if (and this is an *if* that must be kept in mind) the wisdom permeates, transforms, controls and moulds the whole of the personality. The sage is not to be a library of philosophy walking about on two legs, an encyclopaedia with a human voice. Thought itself is to be converted in him into life, into flesh, into being, into a skill in act. And then the higher his realization, the greater will be his power. The magic of Mahatma Gandhi is to be understood for example in this way. The force of his model presence on the Hindu masses derives from the fact that in him is expressed an identity of ascetic wisdom (as a style of existence) with politics (as an effective attitude

towards worldly issues whether of daily life or of national policy).... The Mahatma is the man who has become transformed in his being through wisdom, and the power of such a presence to work magic we may yet live to see." Dr. Campbell the editor of Zimmer's posthumous work tells us in a footnote that this was written and delivered in lectures in New York in 1942. The emergence of India as a free country within a decade of the prophecy is remarkable. It is itself an instance of the power of insight or divination into the inmost essence of a culture and civilization not his own.

Satyagraha is seen by our author as a characteristic application in contemporary India by Mahatma Gandhi of the power of truth to the field of international politics. He notes that Britain had resiled from her promise of freedom to India in her hour of peril in the war of 1914-18, in exchange for cooperation in her effort to break the iron ring of the German *mandala* (Zimmer is appreciative of the strategy and diplomacy of Kautilya, we may say in passing). By this failure in truthfulness, the Government of India immediately became *asat*, "non-existent, evil, not answering its purpose, a non-entity," in other words, tyrannical, monstrous, contrary to nature. English rule in India thereby became cut off from the divine vital sources of true being that sustain all earthly phenomena and was as much as dead.

Zimmer goes on to develop the relation of *sat* to *dharma*. *Dharma* is truth, law, that which upholds, holds together, supports. And when Government embarked on punishing Satyagrahis in the name of its "law", the anomaly became striking and unmistakable in the Indian scene. British laws were based henceforth essentially on lawlessness. And when Gandhi countered with soul force, steadfast national holding to truth, the grip of the tyrant nation began to disintegrate. The play of its own lawlessness throughout the world would be its own undoing. Zimmer appreciates the profound faith that is prepared to wait meanwhile in piety, decency, and faultless practice—with faith (*shraddha*)—of its own ageless *dharma*, with passions of violence firmly curbed, firm in that power

which is the mother of all Power namely Truth. Zimmer notes that even the *matsya nyaya* (the law of the fish) portrayed with such grim realism in the *Arthashastra* is not regarded as final in politics. For he quotes its statement "Whatever sovereign, even one whose dominions extend to the ends of the earth, is of perverted disposition and ungoverned senses must quickly perish." Zimmer sees the power of such faith in truth in the Gandhian way of Satyagraha. It is capable of becoming a secret weapon, as efficacious as atomic bombs.

Truth and *ahimsa*, non-violence, says Zimmer, are integral aspects of one vision and one reality. Non-violence is the first principle in the *dharma* of the saint and sage—the first step by which the great *yogis* lift themselves out of the range of normal human action. They attain through it to such a state of power that when and if the sage steps again into the world, he is literally a superman. Zimmer knows that this view is not unknown to the West. But he notes that the world has yet to see a whole continent attempt to bring the principle into action seriously in the world of international affairs.

The whole work of Dr. Zimmer is set in the contrast in aim and method between Indian and Western philosophy. He indicates the contrast by the words *release* and *progress*. Western thought is intent on progress, on the development of the powers and personality of man. It is interested in progress in the social field of institutions so that improvement in human quality might be forwarded by betterment in the environment in which life is lived. It is absorbed in the conquest of nature and its utilization for the relief and comfort of man. Indian thought, on the other hand, is animated through the ages by the vision and effort of rising above the phantasmagoria of the world process and of attaining a state of perfection untouched by the earthly scene. The spirit of western thought is cosmocentric while that of Indian thought is theocentric via the soul of man.

But Zimmer softens the contrast by bringing the philosophies of Time, as he calls them, into the picture. The sciences of success (*artha*), of love

(*kama*) and of duty (*dharma*) are expected in the Indian view to dominate the earlier portion of life. It is only after life's tasks and joys and sorrows are gone through that man is called to the philosophic endeavour.

The thought arises irresistibly to the Indian reader that the vision of India's specific genius unveiled with

such appealing power by Heinrich Zimmer will yet carry his country forward through the perils of the present times triumphantly in a career of freedom and wisdom, and that the new Governments of free India will assist and not thwart the realisation of the unique mission of India in the concert of nations.

REGRESS TO CASTEISM

By J. B. KRIPALANI

IN the last elections in many States caste played a big role. The Congress was obliged to choose candidates acceptable to one or the other of the dominant castes in the locality. Other parties too in selecting candidates had to take caste affiliations into account. This was a novel phenomenon, comparatively. During the time of our independence movement caste never played a dominant part in the selections of candidates for legislatures. Rather it was the national outlook and national service, irrespective of caste affiliations, that mattered. At Gandhiji's instance the Congress made the removal of untouchability a major plank in the independence struggle. With the shaking of the foundations of untouchability caste in public affairs receded in the background. The soldiers of the independence struggle were not confined to any particular caste. All the various castes contributed their quota in the common fight. It was, therefore, reasonable to expect that with the advent of independence caste considerations in public affairs would progressively diminish. The Constitution of India specifically banned untouchability. It does not recognise caste except for a period for the so-called, artificially created "Scheduled Castes." With the statutory abolition of untouchability it was reasonable to expect that caste consideration will further recede to the background in the public life of the country.

Why is it then that, as in many other things so in this, what was

expected has not come about? Rather the pendulum has swayed in the opposite direction. The first and foremost reason is that after Swaraj there is no clear goal kept before the country which can rouse public enthusiasm and create a loyalty transcending that of the caste. The struggle for freedom transcended caste. It created a more comprehensive, inclusive and satisfying loyalty to the nation. This not only kept in some check casteism but also provincialism. The latter too after Swaraj has been accentuated, specifically in areas not unified under one administration on a linguistic basis; and in the South, there is even a movement for a separate Dravidistan.

The second reason for the recrudescence of caste is the fact that people have lost faith in the one organisation under which the freedom movement was organised. All the pledges it made to the people during the course of the freedom fight remain unfulfilled. Not only this; there is also no indication that the social order is moving in the direction of their fulfilment in any calculable period of time. On the contrary, our national policies are characterised by drift and uncertainty. All the effort of the Congress Governments is directed towards the maintenance of the *status quo* and that too not even on the old levels of efficiency and integrity. Everything that threatens this *status quo* is deprecated as dangerous to stability which today is more valued than progress.

The third cause for the revival of casteism is that the old belief and faith in the leadership has been rudely shaken. The leadership has failed to make any effort to fulfil the promises made to the public during the course of the national struggle and afterwards. There is a suspicion that the leaders are more concerned with keeping power in their own hands and monopolising for themselves, their relatives and friends all advantages derived from national freedom. The leaders of course still talk the same language about sacrifice, service and suffering; but their everyday actions belie their words. There is more sound than substance in what they say. Gandhiji taught the leaders to be in the forefront of the fight. Before they preached any course of action to the people they themselves practised it. They themselves made sacrifices before they invited others to do so. Today the leaders are not first in service and sacrifice. They are first only in power, prestige, emoluments, etc. Before Swaraj they would tell the people "Come along." Today they tell them "Go ahead." They ask for co-operation when their governments offer no co-operation to the people. They ask for austerity when that quality is absent from their own lives. Naturally, therefore, the faith and trust in the leadership is lost. This would be no great disaster if an alternative leadership commanding the faith of the people had grown up in the place of the old leadership.

The fourth reason for the present emphasis on the caste is that the people placed no faith in the election manifestoes of the different parties. These manifestoes were so much alike! They in effect promised what had been promised by the Congress in the past. Even the Hindu Mahasabha, the Ram Rajya Parishad, the Jan Sangh and Zamindar parties made promises of an equalitarian social order. The Congress manifestoes having proved so much waste paper, the suspicion was that the manifestoes of other parties also would meet the same fate, so far as execution was concerned. Apart from this, the electorate being ignorant, no real effort was made to explain the different manifestoes to the people. Emphasis

was mostly on minor, if not irrelevant, issues, often on issues capable of exciting partisan emotions and passions, which the ignorant electorate could understand.

The atmosphere created was one of all-round disbelief, frustration and cynicism. But life's demands need some kind of faith and belief. Finding none in the present political leaders, groups and parties, the public fell back on old beliefs and loyalties which had served them somehow for centuries. They had lived in castes which, though arranged in a descending hierarchy, were democratic within themselves. No one member of the caste as such was greater than another. The difference was merely of worldly possessions. One member may have them in more abundance than another. But such differences were of a temporary nature. The richest and the poorest caste member was as great or as small by birth and heredity. In birth, death, marriage, feasting and the observance of holidays the caste was a more unified and integral association than the nation. Often it acted as an insurance society in case of disease, difficulty and death. When, therefore, trust in political groups and parties and leadership failed, people reverted to primal and traditional affiliations and old loyalties. Caste made no big promises for its help. It laid no special burdens upon the candidate to which he was not accustomed. It demanded no ideological conformity or party discipline. It insisted on no pledges. It expected nothing, in return for the help it rendered and votes it cast. In the existing conditions the regress to casteism was natural. As long as our public life will lack positive ideals that can rouse popular zeal and enthusiasm, so long will there be a tendency to revert to the older pattern of social grouping and loyalty. If, therefore, caste is again to recede to the background and lose its effective hold on the public mind, as it did during our struggle for freedom, it is necessary that political conditions be created that would make for a social advance. Moving towards a casteless society is not possible without moving away from reactionary politics or politics of the status quo.

THE CRUEL TRUTH

By LALITA

"LOOK, father!" cried Kanakavalli, "It is so cold and you are going out for your constitutional without a muffler. There, there! Haven't I tied it up well? You certainly look better than Nataraja Iyer in his wig in court!"

Ramasundaram smiled at his daughter with pride. Then, suddenly, like rain from a summer sky, his eyes dimmed with tears and his kerchief went up to hide them.

"Father!" cried the girl in horror, the roses fading from her cheeks. "Has anything gone wrong? Or have I given cause for offence? You are sobbing!"

The old man jerked up and composed himself. He patted his daughter on the back and looked straight into her eyes. "Don't you worry, dear. It was just a passing thought. How silly of me to entertain it even! Well, you had better go in, darling, I am off."

But Kanaka wouldn't let him go. "You can't keep anything from me like that, father. Something is gnawing at your mind. And I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, nothing very serious, Kanaka. It was only a silly thought, as I said. I was just wondering: 'Your marriage comes off this week-end. When Krishnan takes you to his home, who will take care of a poor old widower like me? That made me a little sentimental, naturally. Is that clear now?'"

Kanaka laughed a merry laugh. "Is that all, father? I have already provided for that contingency. Krishnan has promised to come over and stay with us!" she said with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"What!" exclaimed the father. "You naughty girl! Have you spoken to your future husband already? What would your mother say if she

were alive? That is the result of sending you to college, I suppose?"

"You are a veritable old-fossil father. Look at Padmasani next door. She is only the daughter of a Tashildar, but have you forgotten how she married? After one year of courtship. And the whole town was agog at it. If a Tashildar's daughter could do such a thing with impunity, what could I not do—me, the only child of a retired Deputy Collector?"

"Here, I am not listening!" said Ramasundaram, as he swung his walking stick and strutted out of his bungalow with a suppressed giggle. He quickened his pace as he looked at his wrist-watch and didn't pause nor turn his eyes to the left or right either to appreciate the trees in bloom or the fine little birds that circled about them. The retired Deputy Collector seemed very sad and grim by turns as he walked.

Reaching the Marina, he stepped on to the sandy shore and walked with steady steps towards the water. Ruffled was the sea and high was the wind; and wave upon wave dashed in fury against the beach, lapping up more and more of sand and pebble every time. Ramasundaram's heart beat in unison with the rough sea. He was feeling so miserable.

"Now you can't escape! Haven't you brought her now? You can't be cheating me like this for long. Where is she?" shouted some one.

Ramasundaram started like a bird at the hiss of a cobra. He let go his walking stick and started about in dismay. From the bottom of a boat left lying on the sand by some fisherman, an old-grey-haired woman, shabbily clad in a dirty sari, her face shrivelled and pinched in misery, slowly rose up and fixed her glassy eyes on Ramasundaram.

"You thought you could dodge me for another month and get away, didn't you? I will take hell out of you if you don't restore my child to me. Don't stand like a statue. Come on, give me your answer," the woman shouted at the pitch of her voice, jumping out of the boat and advancing menacingly towards the old gentleman.

"Be patient, Nagamma," remonstrated Ramasundaram with a most piteous expression on his face. "And don't talk so loud lest others should overhear. I am bound to restore your child to you. But do you think Kanaka can have any future or happiness if she goes with you? She doesn't know you are her mother, and I love her better than I would my own daughter had I one. Please don't be so cruel! I beg of you on bended knees. Now, won't you take some more money and meet me again when you are in need? Here is a bundle of currency notes."

"I don't want these bribes. I tell you. They can't satisfy the craving of an aching heart any more than salt water can quench your thirst. You say I am cruel. Are you or am I? What care I for your prestige or your position? Kanaka dare not disown me or refuse to follow. We shall go somewhere and spend the rest of our life together. And if you don't bring her today at any cost, I will go to your house and proclaim the truth to your neighbours."

Ramasundaram shivered. "Oh, please don't do that, Nagamma! At least in the interests of your own child. Remember how you entrusted her to our custody. It was seventeen years ago. My wife was delivered of a still-born child. She was so distraught with grief that you gave her your own baby to take its place. 'Look here,' you said. 'My husband is no more, and I have decided to stay with you as your housemaid for life. And I am too young, too poor to take proper care of it. You are dying for a child, and let her be yours to all appearances. I shall be content to keep at a distance and conceal my identity.' Did you not say all that, Nagamma? Though my wife is dead, I haven't forgotten what you said to her. Is that not the truth?"

"But did I not quit your service after six months? How can that agreement bind me under the altered circumstances?" she asked, glowering in rage.

"Remember, Nagamma, we treated you as a member of our own family rather than as a housemaid. But you chose to desert us and your child, and ran away with some man. Now you come back after a lapse of sixteen years and demand the child back. Think of it all. Kanaka is today the most beautiful girl man has ever seen. She is intelligent and educated, too. The world thinks I am her father, and now you come in, not for the sake of promoting the girl's happiness, but to tell her the cruel truth and blight her life and future beyond redemption. Think of your own early life and folly."

The woman seemed more sober and steady as the man talked on and drove home the plain truth.

"Listen, Nagamma," he went on. "It is not my wish to stand between you and your child. I have a greater sense of duty than you credit me with. But stand aside till I feel I can safely bring about your reunion. Not now anyway. That is out of the question."

"Why not now? That is what I insist on knowing," screamed Nagamma.

Ramasundaram swallowed the lump that rose in his throat and choked up all words for a while.

"Well, Nagamma, Kanaka is marrying day after tomorrow."

"What? My own kid marrying without my knowledge or presence! How fantastic! And who is the bridegroom anyway?"

"Kanaka is marrying a sub-judge's son—a member of my own caste! Isn't that the reason why you should keep away? I warn you for the last time—you alone can stand between your daughter and her happiness. I assure you I will give you enough money to keep you above want. And some day I will see to it Kanaka does her duty by you and makes you happy. Take this money, and meet me here any day in the morning when you want anything of me. Won't you go now? That is a dear."

Nagamma burst into tears and sobbed like a child. Ramasundaram would have wiped her eyes had the place been secluded. He thrust the currency notes into her hand and walked back without a word. For tears coursed down his cheeks too.

The marriage came off on the appointed day. It was celebrated with great éclat. Gopalraj, the sub-judge, was a supremely happy man because his son had married the prettiest girl alive. Ramasundaram too danced with delight like a child, though in the innermost recess of his heart there lurked a fear that Nagamma might turn up at the *pandal* any moment and prick the bubble of his vanity and prestige.

It might be past midnight—an hour after his distinguished guests had retired to bed in another part of his bungalow. Ramasundaram couldn't sleep for the sheer joy of the feeling that Kanaka had wiped off the stigma that attached to her birth. He went about the rooms of his guests, peeping through the windows from the corridor to assure himself that each one had been provided with all comforts.

As he came up to the chief guest's room,—I mean, the room of the sub-judge, father of the bridegroom—he crept up noiselessly and with reverence. But he was surprised to hear Gopalraj talking to some friend of his in confidential whispers.

"You amaze me, Gopalraj. You take my breath away. Is that true?"

"Yes, my dear friend. And I can trust you to keep my secret. I am only too anxious that Ramasundaram or his daughter should never come to know of this truth."

"Yes, yes. But I had the hell of a time till last year. You know twenty-four years ago my wife and I and her old uncle went to Tirupathi in the course of a long pilgrimage. There we picked up the baby in a crowd near the temple. He might be less than a year. We went round the whole town looking for the mother of the boy, but our search proved vain. My wife who carried the baby in her arms fell for his seraphic smile and would not part with him under any circumstances. We had just then lost our own baby on the way back from Benares. And she was positive this baby was a gift from the Lord. I too felt likewise."

"I whole-heartedly subscribe to what you say about the boy, Gopalraj. He is the finest lad I have ever seen."

"But I haven't finished that story. While we passed off the baby as our own that wily old uncle of my wife's took undue advantage and black-mailed me to a terrible extent. He robbed me of almost half my fortune."

"The wretch! Where is he?"

"He died of heart failure last year. I was only afraid he would tell my boy the cruel truth. How can I ever bear such an exposure and the consequent parting? That boy wouldn't stay under my roof for another minute for having kept the truth from him so long. But I love him that way."

"Gopalraj, you are whimpering! How silly of you! Be a man now that everything has ended so well. Let us go out for a breath of fresh air. Come on!"

Ramasundaram hurried off,—with a light heart and a more stealthy step!

It (democracy) involves equality of opportunity to all people, as far as possible, in the political and economic domain. It involves the freedom of the individual to grow and to make the best of his capacities and ability. It involves a certain tolerance of others and even of others' opinions when they differ from yours. It involves a certain contemplative tendency and a certain inquisitive search for truth—and for, let us say, the right thing. That is, it is a dynamic, not a static, thing, and as it changes it may be that its domain will become wider and wider. Ultimately, it is a mental approach applied to our political and economic problems.—Nehru in *Saturday Review of Literature*.

NOTHING IS REAL IN HOLLYWOOD

By HAROLD J. GREENBERG

AGAINST a colourful background of ocean, mountains and desert, stands Hollywood, the glamour centre of America and the motion picture capital. Paradoxical and quixotic, it is a fantastic island in a sea of conflicting Latin and Anglo-Saxon ideals.

A modern Mecca of the arts, it attracts the inquisitive visitor as well as the earnest student and the movie actor, the true scholar as well as the conniver, the artist as well as the charlatan.

Hollywood has been variously called: the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, the new artistic seat of the world, the eccentric leader of a new culture in an already famous and infamous cult centre, the spectacular herald of a new civilisation and the blind goddess of sex and materialism. Here we find motion picture Czars, kings on thrones, and men with more power than Napoleon dreamed of. Hollywood, at once a fantasy and a reality, would seem to know all answers, including those of life itself.

Forever Changing

For Hollywood, snugly settled in the middle of Southern California, contains all the enigmatic qualities of that section of the country. Forever changing and illusory, it is the most apt setting for the new movie culture. And just as Southern California profoundly differs from the northern half of the State, so does the Hollywood saga differ from its original but foster parent—the stage.

Outwardly, Hollywood is peaceful enough. Along its main street, Hollywood Boulevard, a movie actor is rarely to be seen. The long boulevard, lined with modern, beautiful shops, is rather the outer face of Hollywood, for the real Hollywood exists in the studios, bedrooms and bars of the people in the industry.

Climatically speaking the combination of variegated desert and sea winds, while scarcely perceptible, produce a volatility in the manner

and attitude of the natives which borders eventually on a quasi-insanity. And incidentally, it has been scientifically proved that the lack of mineral in the soil of Southern California will, in time, cause a considerable degree of instability.

Then, inevitably, the sun slows you up. Sun and wind, first, then the subtle and strange influence of Madame Cinema, and finally the incurable "manana" attitude, are the main factors contributing to Hollywood's degrees of uncertainty, change, and variety.

Romantic Life

At the beginning, the sun and the climate in general produce an insuppressible feeling of "joie de vivre." Unfortunately, this lasts only a short while. But for a while, life is unbelievably beautiful, romantic, adventurous—until the sun goes down and until the last dollar, so scrupulously earned and saved in the more tangible East, runs out.

After a while, it would almost seem that time does not really pass at all. For yesterday, today and tomorrow are all the same. The sun, which shines almost daily without fail, deludes one into thinking that nothing ever changes.

Nothing Real

Then, we become convinced that nothing is real. No one ever tells the truth—and soon we are inclined to think that one would be a damned fool if he did!—and no one thinks a second time about it. Nothing matters, after a while, but just drifting along, sun or no sun, job or no job, security or not. For there is always the possibility—in this land of endless possibilities, that adventure and fortune, lurking around every Hollywood corner, will inevitably show her bright head. And so, one waits, and waits and waits.

But the climate has the same effect upon the natives as the motion picture. Just as the climate deludes us into thinking that life will remain forever beautiful and romantic, so the

motion picture itself leads us to believe that illusion of life is real. Ideals are created around the pictures of life, instead of around life itself. Character is moulded by the motion picture star. Instead of by realities, morals, scruples, ethics, and philosophy are dictated by the chance and arbitrary whims of the idols of film-dom.

The seasons change so imperceptibly that only a skilled observer would notice it. Except for a few weeks of inclement weather at most, one day is exactly like another.

And yet as Nature herself demands change, so does Hollywood. The drones of yesterday are the stars of tomorrow. Today's stars will be on tomorrow's junkheap.

But the motion pictures themselves provide the key to the situation. Here we find an atmosphere unrivalled anywhere else. The air is literally filled with—to coin a phrase—cinematosis, resulting in a strange combination of art, science, business, fantasy, mystic philosophy, heroic idealism, sentimentality and outright materialism. Nowhere else has an art been so subjugated to business and to economic law. Love, sex (and in Hollywood these two are practically synonymous), ideals, romance, marriage, the arts and sciences—are all the slaves to the golden calf.

Types Of Love

Madame Cinema is very fond of two distinct types of love, apart from those already mentioned. Andre Maurois tells us of "Seven Faces of Love", but Hollywood, always unique and individual, somehow prefers these two: love in a bedroom, and love in a bar, both of which, of course, have their particular techniques.

Love in a bar is relatively mild and simple. As for love in a bedroom, we really need no introduction. From Aristophanes to Shaw, we have a thousand excellent examples. But Hollywood goes them even one better. For in Hollywood bedrooms, lives and destinies are moulded, contracts are drawn and deals are arranged. In this particular form of culture—art, science, or pastime (call it what you will)—Hollywood has no peer!

These qualities, of course, are inextricably related to the environment of Southern California. Hollywood would be inconceivable, for example,

in a city such as Boston, or Atlanta, or Oshkosh, for these have none of the elements of either fantasy or freedom. Hollywood rose on the crest of a rising industry and Southern California, almost overnight, changed from an arid wasteland into a sub-tropical wonderland. Wages were fabulous, fruits gigantic, the scenery unsurpassed and the motion pictures of course, unbeatable and unconquerable. For thirty years, the industry experienced a phenomenal surge that lasted through the Second World War.

But suddenly, and completely unforeseen, the bubble of fantasy burst! Labour, long forgotten and neglected, rebelled—and newly-awakened England, with a roar very much as of old, presented a double challenge, first in the superiority of her motion picture and then with a dramatic exclusion of Hollywood's product from the British market. In an identical, though not in as important a way, the rest of the world rebelled. Even Latin America, with its infinite capacity for romance, rebelled at Hollywood's continued insistence upon portraying unreality and ignoring the basic facts of life!

Even the Czars of Hollywood have at last admitted that there is something radically wrong. A true American motion picture centre is yet to be established, where the motion picture, standing on its own merits as the greatest and most powerful of the modern arts, can finally free itself from the shackles of pure business and emerge as a new, vibrant and dynamic force in the world.

Meanwhile, time passes, and it would seem that the hour glass will soon run out its allotted time. Omar may come to our rescue:

*"Ah, Love, could you and I with
Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of
Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits
—then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's
Desire!"*

It will be up to Hollywood, then, to build reality out of illusion and truth out of fantasy. But it will take more than a million dollar bankroll or the latest model studio or star to do that. —Copyright (NN).

THE CONQUEST OF DEATH

By P. SHANTHARAM RAU, M.A., B.T.

THE inevitability of old age and death has exercised the mind of man since the dawn of civilisation. The phases of life like childhood, youth and old age have attracted the attention of scientists and roused in them the curiosity to know how and why they occur. At the same time, it had made them dream of a day when man would live for ever by conquering old age and death. The discovery of 'elixir vitae' (elixir of life) was but a crude manifestation of this dream. But in the nineteenth century, this problem once again came to the forefront, thanks to the assiduous labours of many European scientists like Weismann, Minot, Steinach and Metschnikoff. Later, Dr. Serge Voronoff also joined this illustrious band of 'dreamers of immortality.' His recent death at the age of eighty-five years marks the end of a period of futile but relentless struggle against the ruthless and inexorable laws of Nature.

Old age precedes death in the natural course of things. But old age is something which cannot be defined in terms of years only; it has to be measured physiologically. The symptoms of old age consist in the hardening of bones which become brittle, the decay and falling out of teeth, the shrinkage of muscles and the various internal organs, except the heart and kidneys, hardening of walls of arteries (sclerosis), calcification of ligaments and tendons resulting in reduction of stature, quickening of the pulse and rate of breathing and often loss of pigment of the hair making it white or grey. But it is not unusual to find these characteristics of old age in much younger persons whom we describe as prematurely old.

In the nineteenth century the scientists of the West set themselves to the task of determining the factors which influenced the onset of senility and the methods of resisting them.

August Weismann (1834-1914) was the pioneer in this field and propounded his Germplasm theory according to which living matter in its primitive condition, as in unicellular

organisms, is imperishable. But in the case of multicellular organisms while that part of the protoplasm called the germplasm continued to propagate indefinitely and was immortal, the somatoplasm (another differentiation of the protoplasm) was subject to natural death. His contention was that death and duration of life depended entirely on the adaptations of organisms and were influenced by natural selection. But this view was not supported by proper evidence.

According to Minot, senescence was the outcome of the extreme differentiation of the protoplasm into diverse tissues which consequently weakened and arrested its growth. This theory was not acceptable as it did not explain why it happened and could not also prove how differentiation could lead to degeneration.

Ilya Metchnikoff was of the opinion that natural death is a rare phenomenon in this world, especially in the higher mammals where death was often the result of accident or disease. He believed that senescence was not the result of arrest of growth of cells but of destruction of cells by phagocytes (devouring cells) which circulated in the blood. The cells of the testis alone were supposed to be immune to this attack and hence could produce sperms even in old age. Death was attributed by him to the slow poisoning of the tissues in the body by toxins produced by fermentation in the large intestine as a result of microbial activity. To prevent this fermentation and to prolong life, Metchnikoff recommended the drinking of 'koumiss' (sour milk). This 'butter-milk theory' of Metchnikoff seems to have had a long run of popularity among his contemporaries, but it was discarded soon after the death of the scientist himself at the age of seventy-one!

Robertson and Ray then came forward with the assumption that the potential longevity of an individual was determined by the relative velocity of the chemical activities of the cells of the connective tissue and the

other (specialised) tissues. They envisaged a sort of struggle for supremacy raging in the body between these two kinds of tissues with the secretions of the endocrine glands holding the balance. Senility, according to them sets in when the connective tissue cells gain the upper hand and this happens as a result of deficiency of one or more of the body hormones. This view has received considerable support now, because the true nature and functions of the hormones have been brought to light. The hormones play an important part in regulating the general metabolism of the body. Robertson experimented on mice and administered substances like Cholesterol and Tethelin into old mice and prolonged their life by accelerating the pace of chemical activity of their cellular elements.

It was Berthold who first discovered the endocrine function of the testes (male sex glands) which secreted a hormone of their own and which was responsible for the development of the secondary sexual characters of the male of the species. He experimented on fowls and later elaborated the theory that the testicular hormone exercised influence on the general metabolism of the body as well. He showed that the administration of the testicular hormone had beneficial results in invigorating the system.

Steinach worked on the same idea and experimented on rats and cattle. He located the endocrine function of the testes in their interstitial cells which portion he termed as the 'puberty gland.' He transplanted this gland from a young rat into an aged one and restored the latter to vigorous youth. Besides this 'grafting' or transplantation he also resorted to 'vasectomy' in which a ligature is tied round the sperm-duct resulting in the degeneration of the sperm-producing cells of the testes and a corresponding hypertrophy (growth) of the puberty gland. An increase in the quantity of the testicular hormone secreted resulted in the rejuvenation of the animal. But Steinach found that such rejuvenation was short-lived and within six months the rat again became senile. In this manner

he rejuvenated a rat four times during its lifetime, but each spell of rejuvenation was shorter than the preceding one. By repeating this process, however, Steinach succeeded in increasing the life-span of a rat by about thirteen months. The average duration of life of a rat being about twenty-seven months, this increased span of life is not insignificant. In the case of a man a proportionate period would add about thirty years to his normal life!

Dr. Serge Voronoff took the clue from Steinach and boldly experimented on men. He grafted bits of the testis of young apes (chimpanzees) into old men and rejuvenated them and thus came to be known all the world over as the 'monkey-gland specialist.' In 1933 the doctor himself underwent a grafting operation to rejuvenate himself, but he died in his eighty-fifth year. We cannot hazard a guess as to whether he would have died earlier had he not undergone this operation!

Besides the method of grafting and vasectomy there is the modern method of injecting the testicular hormone into the system. This process has not so far yielded encouraging results mostly because the hormone has not yet been isolated in its pure form.

In women, rejuvenescence is said to be possible by exposing the ovaries to X-rays. The results, however, have been not uniformly successful.

In connection with old age and death in man one cannot overlook the psychological influences which are also at work. It is said that in old persons there is an instinct for death, as compelling and powerful as the instinct for sleep. This instinct working by suggestion may be responsible for natural death in advanced old age.

Though man has not yet succeeded in conquering death or permanently arresting the advance of senility, he has been able to temporarily put back the clock and extend the period of healthy middle age. This in itself is no mean achievement. The future still holds out hope for aspiring scientists to achieve the immortality of the body. Will they succeed?

THE IMPORTANCE OF LAYOUT

By "PICA"

THE quality of printing in this country is on the average admittedly far below Western standards. We have not so far produced anything like the colour reproductions in some American magazines—for instance, the *Saturday Evening Post*—and with one or two exceptions even our daily newspapers are printed very badly indeed. The common reasons for this deplorable state of affairs are lack of equipment stemming generally from unwillingness on the part of owners to invest money unless the returns are immediate, lack of initiative which is invariably the result of a total absence of encouragement of new ideas and departures, and apathy resulting from inadequate wages paid to the workman who is not even recognized as an artist. The specialist in printing has to overcome all these obstacles in order to produce something worthwhile, and the effort involved in this is so exhausting that many naturally give up half way. And our printing standards remain where they are.

This does not, however, mean that there are not exceptional men in this field as in every other. Some rare works have been produced in some presses in our own Madras City, but these exceptions only prove the rule. These rare specimens are the result of the labours of experts who have devoted all their time and energy to the art of printing instead of to Mammon. Some of them are the products of the Central Polytechnic, Madras, the only institution that imparts training in the art of printing in the whole of India.

The attractiveness of printed matter is in direct proportion to the amount of thought bestowed on what is known as the layout. A layout is a sketch of the matter that is to be displayed, prepared with a view to presenting it at its best. The preparation of this layout in display printing is just as important as the preparation of a plan when constructing a building. And like the architect's blueprint, the layout should be accurate in every detail, so that costly

mistakes may be avoided at later stages of printing. The layout also ensures avoidance of time-wasting experiments in the composing room, where time and energy are far more precious than in the layout room. The customer knows clearly beforehand what the printed matter will look like, and is thus saved disappointment and annoyance.

The uselessness of the layout is most apparent in catalogue work and in the preparation of folders, booklets, etc., and in newspaper and magazine advertisements. It is in this kind of work that the designer has an opportunity to create things of beauty that will impress even the most casual reader to such an extent that he will bestow thought on it. And this designing is sometimes mistakenly thought to be an artist's job rather than the printer's. The absurdity of this idea will become obvious when it is mentioned that an intimate knowledge of type faces, with a clear understanding of the suitability or otherwise of one to another, is absolutely essential for the preparation of a layout which will not be grotesque or unbalanced.

In this field of layout designing, perhaps, India is not so backward as in other aspects of printing, although certainly there is a lot of leeway to be made up. In recent years, as a result of the advertisement campaigns of some of our leading newspapers and magazines, considerable technical and artistic skill has manifested itself in this sphere. Typographers in India—or at any rate some of them—have made strenuous efforts in recent years to contribute their share to the development of modern methods of printed salesmanship.

The very first book on such a technical subject has now been published (*BEGINNERS' GUIDE TO TYPOGRAPHICAL LAYOUT*: By S. K. Thamba, L.P.T., and V. S. Krishnamurthi, L.P.T.—Published by S. Srinivasa Rao, 30-A, Audiappa Mudali St., Madras 7—Price Rs. 6). The authors, both of them products of the Central Polytechnic, have made in this volume

a commendable effort to provide a text-book on typography for beginners. Working under great difficulties they have produced a manual which will be immensely useful and may well mark the beginning of a new era in printing in India. The instruction given regarding the essentials of good design, the place of contrast, harmony, balance, etc., is sound and practical and is based on the best Western methods. The reader is taken, carefully and methodically, through various stages of layout designing, with technical detail, and a great deal of valuable information is provided for students, printers, artists, publishers, buyers of printed matter, and in fact all concerned with the printed word. A chapter on "How to find layout

ideas" by the distinguished typographer Caspar Mitchell, President of the British Typographers' Guild, enhances the value of the book considerably. Practical samples of advertisement designs are provided, as also an assortment of type faces, old and new. Sheets of graph paper, prepared with the square "cm" as the unit, have been thoughtfully provided to enable the beginner to prepare sample layouts for himself.

The authors and the publisher deserve to be congratulated warmly on providing such a useful manual for the benefit of beginners in typography. The quality of the production is high class, as that of a printer's text-book ought to be.

A PHYSICIAN DISCUSSES HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL

By Dr. R. R. SPENCER

THE biologist's chief interest in life is the study of life itself—that problem of survival which is the primary concern and universal goal of all life.

Biologists learn a great deal about life by investigating some of the simpler microscopic forms, such as bacteria and protozoa. They find that staying alive is no easy matter for any species. In fact, they discover that there is a direct cause-effect relationship between trials and tribulations on the one hand and triumph and achievements on the other.

Because of his adaptability no animal has a greater potential survival value, and because of his high degree of specialisation none has a greater danger of extinction than modern man, the word-maker, the tool-maker and atom-splitter. Most human beings—if and when they reach mental maturity—realise that "the something for nothing" way of life yields no inner satisfaction. All good things, including the good life, are hard to attain. Yet the biologist and the physician-biologist, whose job is the study of the maladjustments and frustrations of the human being, see no cause for alarm about the future of the human race. They advance

several biological facts for their optimism:

1. There is a universal law, older than life itself—the law of change. Forms adapt to a changing environment or face extinction.

2. Adaptation, however, does not always mean adaptability. A high degree of adaptation to a specific environment usually is accompanied by less adaptability to another environment. Some species, it is claimed, become extinct because of a fatal over-adaptation and excessive specialisation.

3. Life for every individual ends in death. Birth, youth, maturity, senescence and death are an inevitable biological sequence.

4. There are at least three clearly defined levels of organisation among living things: the cell, the multicellular individual and the species. The human species is rapidly increasing. The daily increase of births over deaths is 68,000, which means that food, clothing and shelter must be found for 2,000,000 more people each year.

5. In a study of survival values for any organism or group, five basic relationships between living units must be considered. These are:

(a) Symbiosis, in which organisms or groups live together under conditions of mutual aid.

(b) Synergism, in which the living units work together to produce a result neither alone can effect.

(c) Commensalism, in which organisms or groups live in intimate association without doing one another either good or harm.

(d) Parasitism, in which one organism or group preys upon or is definitely harmful to another.

(e) Soprophytism, in which organisms survive by consuming the dead bodies of other organisms but do not attack living forms.

These relationships may be observed not only between widely separated species but among individuals of the same species and among cells of the same individual. Nor do they remain constant. A parasite may become harmless; a harmless commensal may become parasitic. The biologist knows that each unit of life seeks first its own good at the cost of the whole world. Survival, self-preservation, the wish to live is so strong that each unit of life exploits every other unit on all occasions and whenever the opportunity arises. Symbiosis and synergism are synonyms for cooperation and mutual aid and also for mutual exploitations.

6. The continual changes which occur in individuals or in species may or may not be progressive. Progress is hard to define. For mankind it may be defined as "increasing insight into, increasing control over and increasing independence of the environment."

Laboratory experiments which sought to provide individuals with a favourable environment have resulted in their decline and eventual destruction, indicating that some species, at least, thrive best in an environment which is both changing and challenging. In these experiments one is reminded of the British historian Arnold Toynbee's view that human civilisations are produced by difficult rather than easy conditions and that "man achieves civilisation...as a response to a challenge in a situation of special difficulty which rouses him to make a hitherto unprecedented effort."

Humanity in the course of time may begin to acquire the wisdom the human body long has known, namely,

that it is better to cooperate (mutual exploitation) than to kill. Man, the greatest of all killers of his own kind as well as of other species, may yet emerge after a succession of challenging experiences into a higher level of life than is now known. Every individual desires peace, stability and security, but nature imposes trials and tribulations and may know what is better for mankind than man himself does. It would seem, then, that mental maturity demands of mankind that he expect no lasting security and that he renounce all easy hope.

The survival value of mankind lies in the fact that there are an increasing number of individuals whose responses to a changing environment are less and less genetically fixed as they are in insects and the lower animals. Humans are acquiring great capacities for making rapid changes in behaviour, for acquiring new responses and behavior patterns, and discarding old ones as new situations arise. Man is the only time-binder: that is, the only animal capable of binding into his own experience the experiences and wisdom of those who lived in times long past. He has an undreamed-of mastery over nature and has become a unique product of organic evolution. All the evidence points to a long life-expectancy—not for human institutions, not even for present civilisation, and certainly not for individuals, but for humanity.

Man's mastery over the physical world has come about largely through the application of the methods of science. The men and women of the world now must ask themselves: can we apply these methods to ourselves and to the problems of human behavior? Can we be scientifically objective about ourselves? Are we ready to go to nature for the answers rather than to books, traditions and authorities?

A very few only are willing to follow Huxley's advice to "sit down before a fact as a little child, be prepared to give up every preconceived notion, follow humbly wherever and to whatever abyss nature leads, else you shall learn nothing." This humble pursuit of truth, this spirit of science can become as international as sunlight. It holds the master key to survival.—*Saturday Review Of Literature.*

SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER

CANDIDATE FOR U. S. PRESIDENCY

ESTES KEFAUVER, U. S. Senator from the state of Tennessee, is among the contenders for Democratic Party nomination as presidential candidate at the U. S. elections to be held in November of this year.

At the primary elections for nomination of presidential candidates held by both major U. S. political parties—the Democratic and the Republican—in the state of New Hampshire on March 11, Kefauver scored an initial victory over President Truman, who is still undecided on his candidacy.

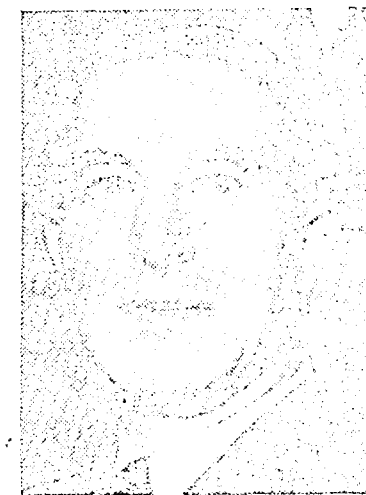
The nomination of presidential candidates by both major political parties will be made at their respective national political conventions to be held in Chicago in July.

Tall, mild-mannered and scholarly, Senator Kefauver has been in public service since 1933. He served 10 years in the U. S. House of Representatives before he was elected to the Senate. While in the House, Kefauver sponsored the bill which gave veterans of World War II educational and vocational assistance. The Legislative Reorganisation Act of 1946, designed to make Congress more efficient, was another of Kefauver's achievements. He is co-author of *20th Century Congress*, a forward-looking book recommending innovations in legislative procedure to meet present-day needs.

In 1948, Kefauver decided to run for the Senate. In the Democratic primaries he ran against the hand-picked candidate of the "machine," and with only independent backing won the nomination and later the election.

During the course of the campaign, Kefauver's opponents used full-page newspaper advertisements in an effort to discredit him. One made the fatal error of calling Kefauver a "pet coon." With characteristic imagination, Kefauver turned the taunt to his advantage. At his next public appearance, Kefauver, poised and confident, took out a cap made of the skin of a raccoon, and put it on. "There are plenty of rings in this coon's tail," he said, "but there's no ring in this coon's nose."

The audience shouted its approval and the coonskin cap became Kefauver's trademark. Since that election in 1948, the coonskin cap and its owner



Sen. Estes Kefauver.

have become symbols of the fight against political corruption and machine politics.

Shortly after his election to the Senate, Kefauver captured the imagination of the country with his courage and integrity as chairman of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee. Touring the country, the committee, along with an estimated television audience of 20 million persons, heard several hundred witnesses testify about the crime situation in 15 U. S. cities.

The committee concluded by recommending the passage of new federal laws aimed at gambling, but its main purpose was to expose the criminal elements in each city and let the people act at the local level. For his nonpartisan leadership in the investigations, Senator Kefauver won nationwide acclaim.

In 1935 Estes Kefauver married pretty, red-haired Nancy Patterson Piggott at her home in Glasgow, Scotland. Today the Kefauver house-

hold includes three daughters and a son. For his devotion to his family and his "high principled leadership" of the Senate Crime Investigating Committee which "dramatically aroused public consciousness and morality," Senator Kefauver was named 1951's "Father of the Year" by the National Father's Day Committee.

Kefauver, who is of French Huguenot extraction, was born and educated in the southern part of the United States. He is liberal and progressive in outlook, and has "always valued the individual's rights of opportunities regardless of race, colour or creed. All my adult life I have worked to bring about better understanding among all types of peoples," he says.

Senator Kefauver earned his A. B. degree at the University of Tennessee in 1924, and his law degree at Yale University in 1927. At the University of Tennessee, he distinguished himself on the football and track teams, was editor of the weekly newspaper and president of his class. Kefauver's stamina and almost inexhaustible supply of energy so impressed his fel-

low students that they called him "Old Ironsides."

Still as active and energetic as he was in college, the Senator carries his six-foot, three inch, 220-pound frame with a youthful air that belies his 48 years. He enjoys swimming and golf for recreation and belongs to many fraternal and professional organisations.

A supporter of Point Four and the Marshall Plan programme, Senator Kefauver is also an ardent exponent of Atlantic Union. "Under this plan," he explains, "the democracies which sponsored the North Atlantic Treaty would name delegates representing their principal parties to explore how far their peoples could apply among them, within the framework of the United Nations, the principles of a free federal union."

"A real and full partnership" among the Atlantic democracies is vitally needed, Kefauver points out. "The only way to win World War III," Senator Kefauver adds, "is to prevent it."—*USIS*.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN ITALY

By MINAKSHI

A visit to Italy was one of my happiest experiences. This country's contribution to painting, sculpture and architecture is prolific, and yet of the highest quality. What we find in Florence, a single city, excels many a nation's achievement in these spheres. Practically every village in Italy has a world-renowned church. The cathedral in Milan and St. Peter's Church in the Vatican, the mother church of the Catholic world, are ranked as wonders.

The first thing noticed in Italy is the friendliness of the people. They stand on no formalities and rush to meet us. The moment we become their nodding acquaintances, they tell us all about themselves and expect us to reciprocate. Their hospitality borders on affection. It is not limited to the dispensing of foodstuffs; it extends to the sharing of their joys and sorrows with you.

Italians love a quarrel. Not that it ever gets debased into a hand to hand fight. It stops at being a rapid, exciting, exchange of words. The spectators rarely attempt to stop a quarrel. They hasten to take sides. The whole thing gets so developed that the main cause for the quarrel is invariably lost sight of.

Italians are very curious by nature. They just do not have the temperament to go their way and mind their business. One day a huge crowd blocked my way near a bridge. It looked as if some one had tried to commit suicide. I rushed forward and in a few minutes reached the forefront. We were all seeing a young boy peacefully fishing, unmindful of his audience. For the slightest reason a crowd gathers like bees swarming round honey.

Italians as a rule are very religious. The entire country except for a

negligible percentage follows the Catholic way of life. The influence of His Holiness the Pope must be seen to be believed. Even today Italians believe in miracles. During the elections in 1947 a rumour spread that a statue in the Assisi Church came to life. It was said that the head of this marble statue was seen to move. Crowds gathered in thousands from all parts of Italy to see this miracle. Those who had their wits about them immediately organised small businesses like sale of cool drinks, picture post cards and so on. All the chairs in the neighbourhood were collected and fantastic rates were charged from those who wished to occupy the chairs to watch the statue in the church. This story had a profound effect in swinging a large part of the electorate to vote for the parties favoured by the Catholic Church. The Communists were routed and said that this was a mean election trick.

The influence of religion is seen in the unrestricted families. This is one of the few European countries where birth control methods are frowned upon. As a result, the population has increased and the pressure on resources has become great with the passing of years. That is why Mussolini had to organise his excursion into Abyssinia. Living has become so difficult, that quite a few Italians resort to sharp practices, and the tourists are taken advantage of fully at every turn. Young boys rushed to us to try to sell pens that wouldn't write, watches that are at a standstill and silk that is failing to pieces. Even if you glance at the goods in the shops, the keepers will talk you into buying them. The price quoted and the price settled have no relation at all.

When we go to Italy we can travel right through the land without any difficulty if we know only two words "Quanto" and "Tanto" meaning "How much?" and "Too much."

Due to heavy currency inflation, any one who has nearly eight thousand four hundred rupees worth of Italian currency is a millionaire. Most of the day-to-day transactions take place in dirty torn notes. A bus journey costs about 30 lire. For a good lunch we are charged more than 1000 lire. It

gives immense psychological satisfaction to be dealing in thousands.

In politics Italians have not shown any consistency. They align themselves with any ideology that suits them. While they have always been overwhelmed by the power of the Church, they were ardent followers of Fascism which did not treat religion with any great respect. It is amazing how they could reconcile the two standpoints. When the war came they welcomed every invading force. Unlike the Germans or Russians who destroyed their property to save the State, the Italians saved their property and let down their State. For a country engaged in war, we see little destruction. After the war Italians became ardent democrats to receive U. S. aid. They blow with the wind so well that they have learnt how to have the cake and eat it.

I questioned more than a hundred people about what they thought of Mussolini. Everyone had nothing but unstinted praise for this fallen dictator. No criticism was levelled against him for his stamping out Democracy or leading Italy to war. With a nod of sorrow, all of them without exception said that the main fault of the Duce was that he failed. They almost wished he ruled them again. Even though Mussolini's pictures have been removed to please the Americans he is still held in the highest esteem. In the same breath they tell us how the Americans are very generous people and sing their praise. It is the ambition of youth in Italy to acquire U. S. citizenship and settle in that land of riches.

The most outstanding impression that I gained in my brief visit to Italy was that while this country will produce brilliant men in every sphere of human activity, as in the past, it will never be able to gain the team spirit found in Great Britain, Germany or the Soviet Union. National solidarity will always be difficult of achievement. However, this country will always have a charm about it. Its beauty as found in national monuments and its people will always evoke admiration and draw visitors from the four corners of the world.

SIDELIGHTS :

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—SIR H. TAYLOR.

IN his dispute with the leaders of the Parliamentary Labour Party, Mr. Bevan has some hard things to say about the party system itself as it has developed with the growth of universal suffrage. Addressing recently his constituents at Rhymney, Mr. Bevan said:

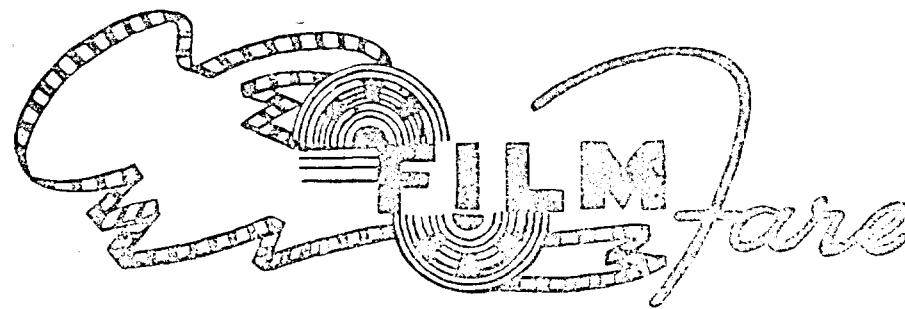
You may be told that the Parliamentary Party has a meeting. In that meeting policy is decided and, when that has been decided, the minority should accept the majority view and carry it out in the House of Commons....It sounds right. It sounds quite sensible and fair....But if the behaviour of your M. P. on the floor of the House is decided in private meeting, how do you know how he voted? I would say that if they want to do it that way it is perfectly practicable if the issues are published and the voters' lists with them. Then we should all know. If they do not agree on that way, then it is government by caucus.

Government by caucus. How aptly the phrase denotes the peril to democracy involved in a wrong turn of the party system, leading the way to corruption and degeneracy! Almost every one of the evils that has cost the Congress loss of its position of primacy in South India, can be traced to government by caucus. Secrecy is the essence of government by caucus. Things are done furtively that should be decided in the light of discussion and criticism. The furtiveness is a confession of fear that publicity might upset the plans and projects on hand. If, for a post of power or honour, an eminent man of the stamp of Sir M. Visveswaraya is intended to be invited, there would be no need to cover up the intention with secrecy, since publication would not injure it in any way, on the other hand it would only be promptly blessed with universal acclamation. But if, for the same distinction, a clerk of Sri Kamaraj Nadar is to be chosen, publicity is just the thing to be dreaded. The tactic to be adopted is to confront people with a *fait accompli*, and fall back on their

capacity for philosophical resignation to the apparently inevitable, to push it through. There are one or two candidates of clerical status in the list of Congress nominees for election to the Legislative Council and the Council of States. However shocking these selections, they do not evoke purposeful protests. It will do nobody any good to challenge any nomination, however undesirable, when there is no time to rectify error with another choice and the last date for sending in nominations has expired. In the net result, caucus triumphs, democracy sustains a mortal blow.

The hope that I for one entertained that the election reverses would shock the Congress bosses into some stirring of conscience towards better government and higher standards, has been falsified. They are persisting in the same old ways. Their angling for the votes of Independents to make up the majority required in the legislature to form the Ministry, will still further shatter their credit. Independents are non-party men who could not see their way to joining any of the existing political parties. If, so soon after the election, they abandon their pre-election stand-point, and plump for joining the Congress, they would write themselves down as rank opportunists. Their cooperation would be a liability.

On the leadership question, too, a crazy and flippant hopping from name to name is the utmost limit of the wisdom so far demonstrated by the Congress High Command and the provincial king-makers. The problem of the moment is to attract to the Congress side millions of the poor who now find a fascinating solace to their troubles in the generous promises of the Communists. No Chief Minister of the wealthy classes can now fill the bill as a wielder of influence to wean the poor from the Communist to the Congress side. The Harijans must be installed in supremacy with one of their own as Chief Minister, if the State is not to be lost to the Congress.—SAKA.



By V. P. SATHE

THE stars donned the flannels and played cricket again on 21st March 1952. This was the second time. This cricket match was sponsored by the stars themselves in association with the Cricket Club of India. A. S. De Mello, the erstwhile President of the Board of Control, took a leading part in organising this match; in fact, he was the chairman of the organising committee.

Was the match a success? Yes, but not as successful as last year. For, thanks perhaps to increased rates, the stands were not full. The Gymkhana stands were almost half-empty; the North stand was just packed and the East stand was over-full. Even the Club house was not packed to capacity. The collections were good—very good, about Rs. 70,000.

The game itself was not as entertaining as last year. That was perhaps due to unwieldy sides, with 21 players on each side. While almost two innings were completed last year only one innings could be completed this year. Not only that, while last year all the stars played for fun, this year some of them tried to show off their knowledge of the game and consequently made the game dull and boring at times. The way Abbas Ajmeri, Pran and some of the other stars played, it appeared that these stars were playing themselves in for a five-day gruelling test match!

That was not all. Even David who is usually in devastating form was rather off his colours. Perhaps, the people round him annoyed him too much; and on more than one occasion he expressed his annoyance on the mike. The idea of broadcasting songs by popular play-back singers did not

prove successful; as it is, the gramophone records turned out to be better than the actual singing of songs by Mukesh, Talat, Geeta Roy and Durani.

Comparisons apart, the match had its delightful features as well. The stars, for instance, were in more co-operative spirit this time than last year. Dilip Kumar and Suraiya took the field only this year. Ashok Kumar was more active than last year, while Gope with his batting and bowling proved to be the cricket discovery of the year. There was force in his strokes and spin in his bowling as a result of which he took no less than five wickets. Dilip also proved to be an excellent bowler taking seven wickets; unfortunately he did not bat well. Raj was the most successful bowler; he captured ten wickets.

Among the women stars, only Begum Para who scored 35 runs including a straight boundary to the screen, and Nargis batted with confidence. The rest, including Vyjayanti-mala, Suraiya, Nimmi, Nalini Jaywant, Nirupa Roy, Veera, Vammala, Kuldip Kaur, Achala Sachdev and Madhuri lent only glamour to the occasion.

Then Gope, Agha, Mukri, Raj, Om Prakash and others delighted the crowd with their comic pranks on the ground; they played cricket in the right festive mood. Raj, it was feared at one time, would not be able to participate in the match. For on Thursday evening his five year old son had an accident. He had fallen from a balcony on the first floor on to the ground floor. He was seriously injured in the head and had lost his consciousness. He was removed immediately to the hospital. Thursday night was a night of suspense. It was

only when Daboo, Raj's son, started crying, the doctors felt hopeful. But next morning Raj was in no mood to play the match. His father, mother and wife induced him to go and 'do' his duty. Throughout the day Raj kept in constant contact with the hospital to get information about his son's health.

While this was a rather serious matter, on the lighter side it is interesting to note that for the first time Suraiya called on Nargis and both the stars went to C. C. I. together in Suraiya's car. Cricket had brought at least two rivals together in sportsmanlike manner!

The star-cricket as a novelty may be a popular attraction; but the novelty is wearing off and unless the stars devise new stunts it may wear off altogether, very soon. For that the stars must try to be as entertaining on the cricket field as they are supposed to be on the screen. If, however, the stars were to go round the country on a cricket tour, they will collect a fortune for any good cause. For, though Bombay has witnessed two festival matches, there are many places like Delhi, Kanpur, etc., where such matches would prove a sensational hit.

Picture Of The Week

Having not read the original novel by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, it would be difficult for me to say how faithful or unfaithful is the picturisation of his novel *Char Adhyaya* done by Paul Zils in his full-length feature film *Zalzala*.

Apparently the novel seems to be designed to expose the futility of individual violence and terrorism against a mighty empire. But the period with which the novel is concerned is the period when there was constant clash between those who believed in non-violence and those who believed in the cult of the bomb and the hand-grenade.

In the context of present day India, this struggle appears outdated and meaningless. For, with the death of Mahatma, the cult of non-violence seems to have almost disappeared. Moreover, today there is hardly any interest left amongst the people for the struggle of freedom. Patriotism

has lost its glamour; in fact, it fails to attract people now.

That is why perhaps to the majority of the people *Zalzala* would appear out-dated. The picture fails to inspire, just because its theme is no longer inspiring though the scenarist has very cleverly tried to give a timely topical touch to the whole novel. In a very subtle manner, the old conflict between terrorists and non-violent Satyagrahis has been transformed into a conflict between the underground cult of the bomb, the adventurist of the Communist Party under the leadership of B. T. Randive and the 'mass' struggle of the people, fought openly.

Indeed, the allegory is so pointed that it appears as if the character of Kishore Sahu is modelled on Com. B. T. Randive. There is not one reference to non-violence in the picture; Dev Anand who is against this cult of the bomb always talks of mass struggle—struggle on open fields and factories by the people—the working class and peasantry. The story reveals how the adventurism can lead to nothing but to destruction, demoralization and ultimately to the wiping out of the party itself.

Once you realize the topical allegory underlining the screenplay, it becomes specially interesting. In addition to it, there is enough suspense and drama to hold your interest. It, however, lacks the emotional intensity and poetic sublimity that one expects in Tagore's story; Krishan Chander, a great romanticist himself, also seems to have lost himself in the dialectics of the people's revolution.

The result is that the picture is dry; it does not touch your heart, not even when the hero shoots his beloved to carry out the orders of the leader of the party. Secondly, Paul Zils has treated it more like a mystery melodrama than political or philosophical drama; the cheap cabaret dances are incorporated perhaps as a concession to the box-office. But this treatment is responsible for many incongruities in the screenplay which at times fails to be realistic and convincing.

Technically, the direction by Paul Zils is competent. The acting is uniformly good with Dev Anand stealing the honours from such veterans like

Kishore Sahu and Geeta Bali. Of the new comers, Jagdev as a police informer is impressive. The music is sorely disappointing. The song-tunes are most uninspiring but for the last 'Bhatiali'; Vasant Desai's background music is far superior to Pankaj Mullick's listless tunes.

Yet, as Indian pictures go *Zalzala* is a very neat, clean and refreshing drama which should appeal to the intelligentsia.

Star Of The Week

On Tuesday 18th an erstwhile star who had come to Bombay on a brief holiday, bade good-bye to Bombay and India. The star was Renuka Devi, who has settled down along with her civilian husband in Pakistan.

But during her short stay in Bombay she met many producers and renewed her old acquaintances; and I am told she was given a couple of offers to act. If these offers materialize, Renuka may return to Bombay and stage a come-back on the screen.

Renuka whose real name is Khurshid (there are too many Khurshids in the film industry) hails from Aligarh and she is perhaps the first educated girl from a respectable Muslim family to act in films. Married to a civilian, she was discovered by the late Himansu Rai who starred her first in *Bhabi*. Since then she has acted in half-a-dozen pictures including *Naya Sansar*, *Ghulam* and *Chandragupta*. Her best performance, I think, was that of a young, smart journalist in *Naya Sansar*. In those days when female journalists were a rarity, she almost set a new fashion for women.

Thanks to the partition, however, she found herself in Pakistan, where her husband was already working as an officer. And during all these years she had lost all contact with the film industry. But her visit to Bombay has apparently renewed her interest in films; and she is again thinking of appearing in films. After all, there is some truth in the saying: 'Once a film artiste, always a film artiste.'

Incidentally, Renuka feels very strongly over the recent Indo-Pak crisis over the film trade and is anxious that it should be settled amicably so that there could be free and continuous exchange of films between the two countries. As she stays in Karachi, she is not acquainted with the conditions of film production in Pakistan and as such could hardly speak authoritatively on the subject.

Looking charming, fresh and lively as ever, her return would be welcomed by all.

News Of The Week

—Ashok Kumar is participating in a cycle race soon to be held in Bombay. He daily practices on the cycle, keeping pace with the Air India bus in the morning from his house in Worli to Marine Lines.

—Shantaram has announced that he will produce a stage-play in the near future.

—Dewan Sharar has turned a producer and announced *Mard* as his first picture.

—Dilip Kumar is flying to London on 29th March 52 along with V. V. Purie.

The essential fact today is that for the past five years American policy has been increasingly dominated by military thinking which shows an amazing inability to understand why Russia will not and does not have to (except perhaps in very special cases) resort to aggressive military adventures. By making it appear that the principal issues today are military ones and that Russia's source of strength is primarily military, this policy has in effect played straight into the Soviet hands. Were the Soviets to embark on aggressive war on a large scale in Europe, they would undermine their chief source of power which is their alignment with progressive ideas. From one point of view the disastrous myth that Russia is in the vanguard of human advance and represents the forces of liberation, equality and humanity is the most powerful weapon in the Soviet arsenal. We should be glad to invite Russia to act in any way which would dispel this myth.—MANAS.

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Law In Secondary Schools

The Chief Justice, Mr. P. V. Rajamannar recently made a just plea for a general knowledge of law being made an indispensable part of every educated man's equipment, and of any scheme of liberal education. Rajaji rightly pointed out that men should know to behave by the inner urge of their own mind and know how to regulate and restrain themselves automatically by their own conscience and drive. Justice Atkin wrote in 1923 an article on "Law and Secondary Schools", wherein he observed "I am not prepared to consider any question of education apart from the formation of character. I, therefore, think it will be possible in secondary schools to teach some of the elementary principles of law as part of the school curriculum. If the study of civics were supplemented in secondary schools by the teaching of law, a new stability would be added to social life, and much unrest in the future would be prevented."

The soundness of Justice Atkin's views appealed to me and I prepared a syllabus of moral instruction based on elementary principles of law and discoursed to my pupils about 25 years ago in the moral instruction periods about offences affecting the human body and mind, relating to religion, against property, against the State, and so on. I tried to bring home to their minds the fact that law is not opposed to morality and religion, but is their basis. I feel convinced that respect for law and obligation to the State should be inculcated in secondary schools. The suggestions of our Chief Justice and of Atkin deserve the careful study of our administrators of education and the framers of curricula for our secondary schools.

R. SREENIVASA IYENGAR.
Coimbatore.

Who Should Be Speaker?

The election of a new Speaker is one of the most important things which every House will have to undertake, because so much depends upon the selection of the right man. "Whether the House is an orderly assembly or a bear garden; whether its proceedings are businesslike and efficient or dilatory and inefficient; and whether its ancient traditions are maintained or are allowed to deteriorate depend on the personality of the Speaker," so said Sir O'Neill, M. P.

The qualities of a Speaker as conceived and expressed by the Rt. Hon. Sir O'Neill, M. P. (Antrim, North), are as follows: "First and foremost he must be absolutely impartial. That is the greatest fundamental of all. From the moment that he takes his place in the Chair he must divorce all party affiliations and party prejudices from his mind; thenceforward he is the servant of no party, but the servant only of the whole House. He must give a fair crack of the whip to all sections of the House without fear, favour or affection. He must give due consideration to minorities in the House. He must be of a calm and equitable temperament, not easily flurried, and possessing a super-abundance of patience. Mr. Speaker must have a complete knowledge of the practice and procedure of the House. The Speaker should study the procedure but a Speaker must never become too procedure-minded. Mr. Speaker must have a strong sense of justice, and above all, he must be firm. He must be able to make up his mind and stick to it. He should have, if possible, a good presence and, by no means unimportant, a good voice. He should also have a sense of humour. This is a formidable catalogue of qualities."

Sir O'Neill further pointed out on the 31st October, 1951 in the House of Commons that none of the last four Speakers had been legal men and added that there was no doubt that a legal training provides many of the qualities necessary for the Speakership.

He further pointed out: "Our rights, our traditions, our liberties and our ceremonies all find their embodiment in the personality of Mr. Speaker. He is one of us and part of us and his authority can only rest on the support and goodwill of the House as a whole."

V. KALYANARAMAN.

New Delhi.

Fall In Prices

I would like to draw your attention to the hue and cry most of the influential dailies of this State in particular, are making at the sudden fall of the prices in the market. The publicity they are giving to the protests and discomfiture of the Chambers of Commerce, throughout the country, apart from their own vehement appeals to the Government through their editorials, makes the common consumer pause and think.

It is an admitted fact that the lower



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and middle classes were hit very hard during the war and post-war period, owing to the steep rise in prices, making their lives miserable and precarious. Then, if I remember right, not one of these dailies gave due publicity to the sufferings of the consumers, let alone their appeals to the Government. One wonders why these dailies have become such ardent advocates of the "status quo" even in prices, while at the same time they profess to serve the interests of the general public.

O. M. GOPAL RAO.

Kavali.

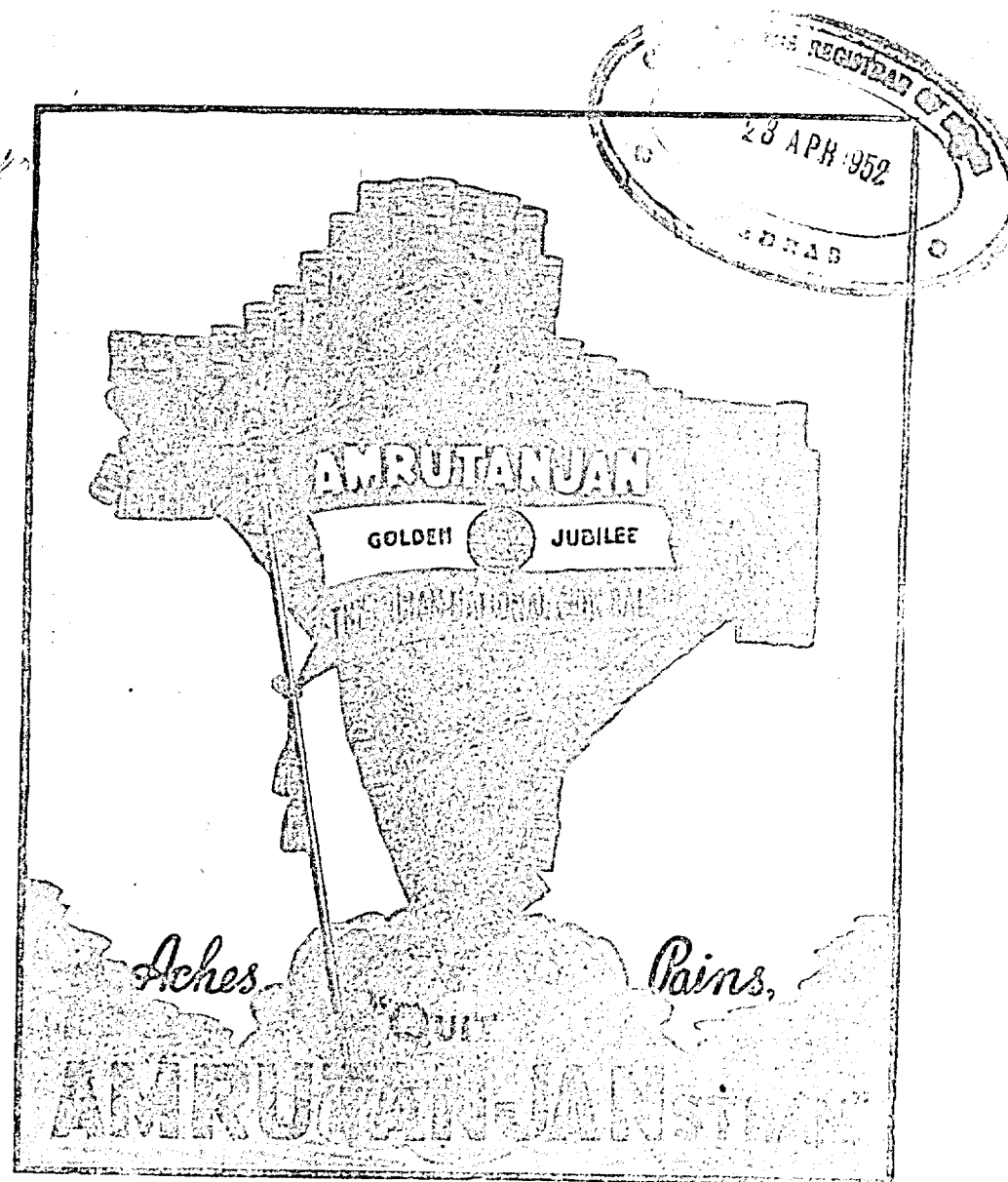
Middle Class And Declining Prices

With a sigh of relief the common man is looking at the downward trend of prices of many essential commodities after a period of five years and a half of soaring prices. Be it due to shrinkage of credit, or imposition of heavy export duty or stoppage of stock-piling by the foreign countries, the psychological effect the downward trend has produced on the oppressed middle-class man is very heartening and salutary. After all, the slump we notice in the papers has not yet influenced the retail market and the ordinary consumer.

It is regrettable that the business magnates and the blue-blooded aristocrats should get panicky, fret and fume at this natural decline in prices due to irresistible national and international causes. As though, the heavens are going to fall down, the Indian Merchants' Chamber is raising a big hue and cry and it is reported that they had telephonically communicated to the Government that there would be an utter collapse of all business, if the Government did not come to their rescue. This may at worst affect some speculators and hoarders but is certainly not going to touch the fringe of the economic structure of our country. The only section of the public that is exhibiting symptoms of nervousness and panic are the hoarders and black-marketeers who have sent their stocks underground at the expense of the famishing millions for fear that they might have to forego a fraction of their huge profits which they mean to make at public cost. After all even if some members of this section crash and altogether disappear, it will not mean an economic crisis. It is earnestly hoped that the Government will not be carried away by the crocodile tears and assumed nervousness of this class and take any hasty step which may precipitate a crisis and upset the present price structure which promises a ray of hope to the hard hit lower middle and poorer classes after nearly a decade now.

K. L. NARAYANA RAO.

Nellore.



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SWATANTRA

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SWATANTRA

(ENGLISH & TELUGU)

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

The offices of SWATANTRA (English & Telugu) have been shifted from 160, Lloyds Road, Madras-14 to

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ISSUED
WEEKLY

C. R. AT THE HELM

THE Governor has committed two blunders which are as prejudicial to him personally as they will be injurious to the stability of the State politically. The first was the nomination of Sri Rajagopalachari to the Legislative Council a few hours in advance of his election as leader of the Congress Legislature Party. It was no part of His Excellency's function to anticipate the difficulties of Congress leadership and straighten them out with expedients of his own devising. Sri Rajagopalachari does not require to be helped into the legislature with the Governor's nomination. He is quite capable of winning his way into it in an open poll at a bye-election that could be quite easily arranged, and in fact it was the Congress President's wish that this should be done as expeditiously as possible. Over-anxiety to instal a particular party in office does not fit in correctly with the perfect detachment constitutionally proper for the holder of the Governor's office, and Shri Sri Prakasa, a Congressman himself before he became a Governor, should have been at greater pains to respond to every just claim for consideration from other parties. Sri Prakasa's demand to be considered in preference to the Congress leader for the formation of the State Ministry, is undoubtedly one such. In parliamentary government, votes count far more than homogeneity. Sri Prakasa, in command of some 167 votes, was entitled to greater consideration than C. R., in command of 152 votes. It is not contended for a moment, that if invited first, Sri Prakasa would have succeeded in securing the major-

ity needed to form the Ministry. The chances are that the prevailing Communist affiliations of the Andhra leader would at the last moment frighten away some of the signatories already included in his list, and after a trial Sri Prakasa would have come to the Governor and confessed his inability to form a Government. The way would then have been paved for Sri Rajagopalachari to try his hand at Ministry-making. He would have embarked on his task with the constitutional proprieties fully satisfied. But now the Rajagopalachari Ministry would ever be confronted with the just jibe of the United Democratic Front that it was pitchforked into existence by a Governor's partiality at the expense of its own superior constitutional right for a prior invitation.

Other individuals and parties will have to combine with the Congress before C. R. can form the Ministry. It is only on a multi-party basis that he can gather the majority he needs for accomplishing his task. When that multi-party basis fructifies, the untenability of the discrimination against Sri Prakasa made by the Governor will stand out in all its crudeness. When one party does not suffice and several others have to be roped in, how is it right for the Governor to insist that the combining parties should stand to each other in one proportion and not another? To the other difficulties of C. R. as leader has been added a wholly unnecessary one as a result of the Governor's indulgence in a point of view hard to sustain rationally. C. R. is entitled to full credit for any height of leader-

ship reached by him without having it confused with the uplifting power of stilts provided by the Governor's solicitude.

C. R.'s advent marks the exhaustion of the intrigues and strategies of the past on the part of deft vote-manipulators to supplant from leadership the inherently strong in order to instal weak and docile puppets in their place. The tension of popular resentment over the rule of the second-rate that has precipitated the Congress crisis in the elections will be considerably eased thereby. But times have changed, and the prospects of a C. R. Ministry will not now be rosy solely on account of the distinction in leadership. Much of course will depend on the colleagues that C. R. chooses. But it will be as impossible for this Ministry as for its predecessors to by-pass Sri Prakasam and retain its electoral hold in the Andhra area. The Andhra districts will have to be carved into a separate State as the best way of dealing with Sri Prakasam if a reasonable chance of success is to be assured to any Minis-

try to be formed by C. R. There will be disequilibrium, and not balance, in any composite Ministry for Madras State led by C. R., with Sri Prakasam left out.

If Sri Prakasam had not hastily entered into a pact with the Communists, the prospects of stable Government in the State would have been brighter. There is far more in common between the K. M. P. and the Congress than between Sri Prakasam and the Communists. But it has to be realised that Sri Prakasam's present extremism is the outcome of a series of casual moves and not of any stern secessionary resolve. He was driven out of the Congress by the harshness of the Congress bosses. To one who gave the best years of his life to Congress service, leaving the Congress was an act of supreme sacrifice. Such a one will certainly not flinch from parting company with his uneasy allies the Communists, if the approach is made in the right manner and in a spirit of reparation for past wrongs.

Sotto Voce

THE MUSIC-MAKERS



HAVING been none too pleased with the excessively Islamic outlook of the Government of India in its Education Department, I must give Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and his co-adjutors their due for seeking to revive one of the great traditions of a vanished Royalty. The discriminating patronage of music was as much a feature of the Moghul court as of its Hindu predecessors. And in the

South, long after the splendours of the Moghul were extinguished, the numerous principalities and powers among whom sovereignty was fragmented nobly carried on the tradition. It is an inspiring thought that the Diwan-i-Khas may witness the triumph of some future Tansen.

Contemporary recognition is the life-breath of music. Some of the

Nobel awards for literature seem odd today: to the cold eye of posterity, the books that once so glittered are as lifeless as paste diamonds. Books lose their bouquet long before they lose their surface meaning, and few indeed are the classics that achieve a timeless appeal. But the art of the musician is as evanescent and as lovely as a flower. No perfection of mechanical recording could have saved for us intact the glory of Maha Vaidyanatha Sivan's voice. How faint, alas, is the whisper even of that magical touch of Dhanam's that survives in one inspired recording—the marvellous *Raga-panchaka*.

The singer is far more than his melody. He constantly aspires to express the inexpressible, to touch the sleeve of Beauty as she glances laughingly by. A little pollen may stick on his finger or a bright-coloured thread. And then he goes mad,

*For he on honey-dew hath fed;
And drunk the milk of Paradise.*

To witness the dawn of that ecstasy is bliss for the *rasika*. And long after the golden voice is stilled, he can transmit to the sympathetic listener some of that authentic charm, because he has himself been a participant in the mystery. With evocative words, expressive gestures and eloquent silences he makes oblivion yield its prize.

What would not one have given to have heard "Shatkala" Govinda Marar pouring out his soul before the saint of Panchanada, to have plunged for a moment in that ocean of melody which made Akbar the Emperor forget his magnificence and moved the birds and the beasts, the very stones of Brindavan to speechless ecstasy? Across the gulf of forty years comes the precious memory of Veena Ramaswami Iyengar invoking unearthly strains in adoration at the Ekanta Seva in Srirangam. And Karaikudi Sambasiva Iyer himself I recollect as a young man of modest mien, austere wearing the *eka-rudraksha* and accompanying his venerated elder brother with the devotion due to a hierophant.

Today he is the *grand seigneur* of Carnatic music. When he plays he forgets the world; he slips back, one

imagines, through the golden stairway of memory, to that larger empyrean where the Titans are at play scattering star-dust. In his masterful sweep you hear the thunder of the arena; but when he makes love to that gracious sprite, his eternally youthful *Kapi Narayani*, there is a sweetness in the twice-told tale that brings the smart to your eyes. But I shall remember him always as I saw him when, at an auspicious ceremony to bless his favourite disciple, he called for his *vina* and played a Vedic chant as only he can play. Surely his fingers plucked at the heart-strings of the Lord.

Ariyakudi, though not much younger, inhabits, artistically speaking, a different world. Indeed there was something brash, almost a touch of the revolutionary about him which those of us who were cutting our musical teeth in the second decade of the century could not quite make out. We suspected him of airy persiflage. We missed the cathedral-like spaciousness and sudden illumination of Konerajapuram Vaidyanatha Iyer, the many-coloured Roman candles of Pushpavanam, the equable sweetness of Bidaram Krishnappa. "Why, this man sings *Chetulara* (or was it *Chakani Raja*?) as if it were an English 'note'!" we said to each other in querulous dismay.

We did not know that Ramanujam was a portent. The days of four-hour raga alapanas and two hour pallavis were gone, never to return. Demos was at the gate and would be heard; and you could not have found a more artful wizard to tame the beast. His *kacheri paddathi* revealed genius. There was something classical in his sense of proportion, though his sense of form was not absolute; and he had tact, an abundance of it. Above all there was that in his voice which never palls, an encrusted richness as well as *elan*, a remote hint of tears in the heart of things, which Valmiki had in his mind, I fancy, when he spoke of Sri Rama as *matta-hansa-swara*. There are others, among his contemporaries, who are far richer in *mano-dharma*; but his music at its best is like a perfect pearl, a finished flawless thing.

VIGNESWARA.

SIDELIGHTS : :

The administration of government, like a guardianship, ought to be directed to the good of those who confer, not of those who receive the trust.—CICERO.

SRI Rajagopalachari struck the right keynote when he warned legislators not to interfere in district administration. It is the meddling of legislators with the freedom and initiative of district officials that cost the Congress its credit and brought it down in popular estimation. Congress legislators who had the ear of Ministers had become a pest to the public. They went about black-marketing their influence. Ministers of an inferior type who had not much ability, fell back on the support of groups of legislators, and paid for it with compromises from rectitude that pulled them down and disgraced the Congress regime. The general attitude of people towards the Government was one of apathy, as everybody felt that to get anything done, the only approach was through the friend of a Minister. Influence percolated through ministerial cronies who were commission agents, pure and simple, with this difference that, unlike the commission agents of the business world, they could mess about with politics and mix blackmail most profitably with their greedy endeavours.

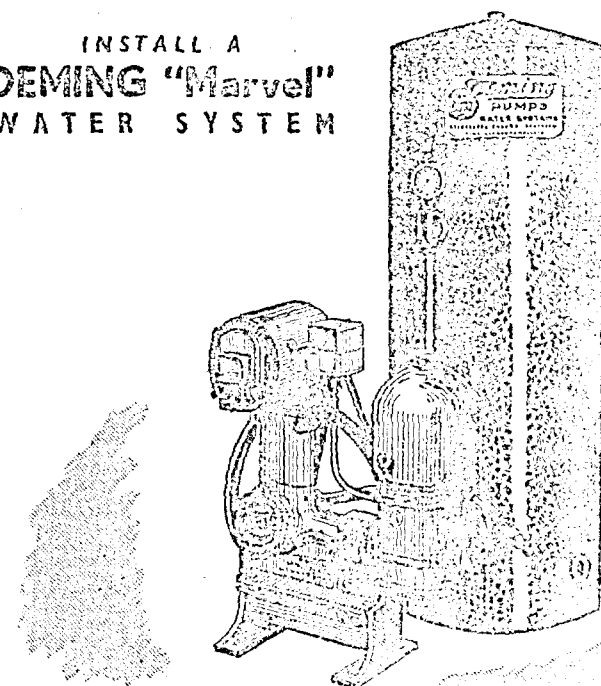
If C. R. succeeds in preventing legislators from browbeating local officials, the morale of the Congress Government would be toned up and just administration would become possible. Grand plans alone do not suffice for popular welfare or the success of a party. The plans will have to be given effect to by administrators, and the efficiency and character of administrative personnel will have to be maintained at a high level if the plans entrusted to them are to yield rich results. So long as Government servants feel that good work is not rewarded, and promotion depends on personal canvassing and favour, they will not be able to give of their best

to the duties of their office. The working instrument through which governing political parties can make a good job of their opportunities, is the civil service in all its grades and branches. The best of leadership cannot achieve anything great or good with a corrupt and demoralised public service.

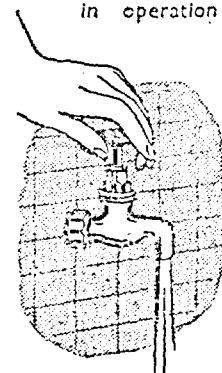
C. R. has put first things first in emphasising the need of protecting public servants from the importunities of legislators. But would a mere appeal to be restrained do the trick? At the back of interfering legislators there is a patronising Minister, and what stiffens patronising Ministers into effrontery is a sense of their ability to commit wrongs with perfect impunity under the immunity of their privileged position. There have been grave charges against the more powerful Ministers of the Omandur and Raja cabinets, and if, at the first breath of scandal an honourable judge venerated for probity had been called upon to investigate, the politics of the State would have been chastened and purified. The accused Ministers saved themselves by making the charges against them the subject of a party mandate. The cover they sought suggested not innocence, but guilt, and so at the very first chance the electorate threw them out.

The ghost of the misdeeds of the more culpable of the defeated Congress Ministers will continue to dog the good name of the Congress until the veil of official secrecy is removed, and all the connected facts are brought to light. If C. R. forms the Ministry, he will be well advised not to wait for a demand from the Opposition, but to initiate on his own motion a thorough enquiry into the administrative record as Congress Ministers of Messrs. Bhaktavatsalam, Gopala Reddi, Shetty and Sitarama Reddi. Future Ministers cannot be kept straight unless past Ministers that abused their positions are called to account for it.—SAKA.

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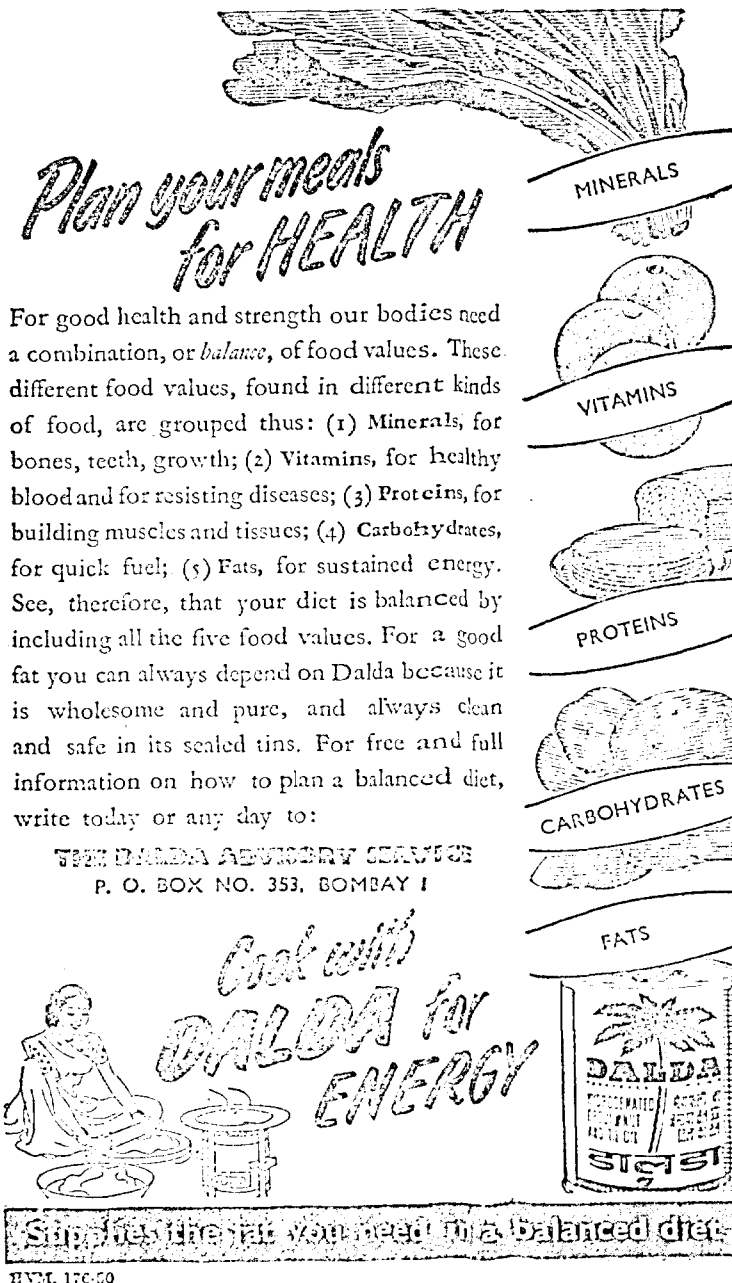
A MOCK SURVEY-II

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE main stumbling block in the way of Sir Ivor Jennings's just appraisal of the Indian Constitution has been his platitudes and prejudices. He is unduly biased in favour of a flexible constitution although the tendency the world over since at any rate the 18th century has always been towards a written or rigid type. In fact, except perhaps Britain, no country has chosen to rest its government on a series of undefined principles or paradoxes, on so nebulous a foundation as public opinion. Experience extending over upwards of two centuries suggests that an ideal constitution should be as President Wilson once described the American Constitution, one constituted on a theory of political dynamics, essentially Newtonian in its conception. Like his solar system, wherein each celestial body is kept in course by the attraction of other bodies and all are held in equilibrium by the balance of forces, even so, the three entities, namely, the legislature, the executive and the judiciary have to be kept in balance by a series of checks and counter-poises. No doubt in America, where such a set up has been effected, the judiciary had become a sort of "super legislature enunciating political doctrines of its own under the guise of legal procedure," which had ever been conservative, as the judges had invariably been associated with big business as lawyers. But in India the checks and balances in the constitution would prevent such a catastrophe. Indeed the Chief Justice of India has recently declared that even the concept of "equality before the law" should not be carried to its logical conclusion, interfering with the legislative and governmental activities. As for the safeguarding of minority and individual rights, Mr. Friedman has pointed out that the British Constitution is deficient in that respect.

Sir Ivor's prejudices are best summed up in four generalisations of his: 1. Litigation is the major industry in India. 2. Legal education is ineffective with no check on efficiency. 3. The constitution is the work of lawyers

interested in briefs and fees. 4. Obedience to law is not well established in this country. All these assumptions have no basis in fact and even some of our worst traducers have not accused us of any of these things. Litigation in India is by and large wholly meagre both qualitatively and quantitatively and this is especially true in respect of the infringement of personal rights. In consequence, personal injuries almost invariably go unredressed. There is very little of Indian case law on mental shocks and nervous shocks. Even after the inauguration of the Constitution which some regarded as a "lawyer's paradise" the writs-litigation is gradually declining. On the other hand, even a casual reader of the English Law Reports would be appalled at the amount of vexatious litigation extant in that country. Last year, a wayfarer hit by a cricket ball carried the matter to the House of Lords: a workman's wife sued his employer for damages for impairment of his sexual functions; and a wife sought divorce because her husband compelled her to keep accounts. As for legal education, a fairly comprehensive system is working in Madras; it is even superior to that devised in England for the barristers, which Prof. Laski mentioned, "is less of an intellectual discipline than of a social function." Sir Ivor cannot reasonably complain of the lawyer's part in framing the Constitution: if a lawyer is motivated by self-interest and excluded, who else could do it, teachers or businessmen? He takes them to task for putting in the word "reasonable" for all acts of the State in restraint of the fundamental rights. A general proposition, according to him, which is followed by a generic expression like "reasonable" would open the way for litigation. But this is true of every word in legal phraseology. Ambiguity is latent in every syllable and even accent on the same word would convey a contrary meaning. Years ago in England a woman charged with infanticide was proved to have planned beforehand with her nurse and had actually asked her as to how she



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"can" get rid of it. Yet a great English lawyer who defended her, construed the word "can" with an emphatic accent suggesting that she was unwilling to kill it and procured her acquittal. The practice of obedience to law is certainly "well established" in this country and if Sir Ivor meant to contrast us unfavourably with England in this respect, his own instance of the Village Hampden who recently declined to show his identity card to the officer and fought out the issue in the House of Lords, would give the lie direct to his assumption.

Sir Ivor opines that the judiciary and the language problem should not have formed part of the Constitution but should have been dealt with by ordinary legislation. Our constitution makers were alive to the inroads of the judiciary in the rigid constitutions, especially in America where on account of the frequent tussle between it and the executive, the President used his powers to augment the judiciary off and on. That is why the strength of the Supreme Court in India has been fixed in the Constitution as eight, and augmentations have to be made at the instance of the Chief Justice. The appointment of temporary and acting judgeships, which does not conduce to judicial independence, has been done away with and there is provision only for the employment of retired judges. All these are matters which have to be dealt with by the Constitution, especially in the wake of the establishment of the Supreme Court which has for the first time in the history of India become the final appellate forum for Part B and C States. Similarly, the language problem had at one stage developed into a sort of fanaticism, and were it to be left to be settled by the majority vote in Parliament, India would be a babel of tongues, throwing our unity to the winds and bringing the administration of the judiciary to a deadlock.

Perhaps the most curious part of Sir Ivor's criticism is as regards Articles 51 and 253. Both these deal with international law and our obligations in that regard. The Indian Constitution is possibly the most unique amongst world constitutions in laying down obedience to international law as part of the State's policy. A

constitution bearing the imprimatur of Mahatmaji and brought into being under the aegis of an internationalist, who knew only too well the impact of two world wars and the happenings in Manchuria, Spain, Abyssinia and Korea, cannot but enjoin on the State to foster respect for international law and treaty obligations. Sir Ivor however regards these provisions as outmoded because he says, in view of the spread of Communism, there would be no nations and no international law in the coming century. But is it not also more reasonable to assume that Communism with its expansionism and imperialism might itself become a spent force in the not distant future? Again Article 243 guarantees the implementation of international agreements, decisions and conventions by legislative action. Sir Ivor asks us as to what would happen in regard to decisions of the Fourth International and the Cominform. The answer is provided by Article 13, which definitely prohibits the enactment of any law conflicting with the fundamental rights.

Regarding the prerogative writs, Sir Ivor complains that the provisions are vague and confusing, but a little peep into their history will help dispel it. These writs were in the nature of extraordinary remedies emanating from the King, not to be had for the asking and when another remedy is available. Briefly they aim at checking the abuses of public bodies and officers and of the despotism of the Government departments. Its ruthless exposure by Lord Hewart in England led to the appointment of a Committee on the Ministers' Powers in 1938 as a result of which parliamentary legislation was enacted, abolishing the cumbersome procedure and replacing the writs by "orders". Even that has not been found sufficient and only very recently, Denning L. J., has publicly complained that in England "though the procedure for seeking personal freedom is efficient, that for preventing abuse of power is not so" and that the procedure for obtaining the mandamus and certiorari are not suitable for the winning of freedom in the new age". The Indian Constitution is very much alive to these circumstances, and that explains why Article 32 has been framed in the widest possible terms. Prior to it, the

power to issue writs was far too restricted. Only the Chartered High Courts could grant them and that too within the confines of their Original side jurisdiction: even then they could not be availed of unless the applicant had no remedy, or against administrative measures and the collection of revenue. Under the Constitution, it is a statutory remedy and can be had as of right and even if another remedy is available.

In conclusion Sir Ivor Jennings' analysis of the Indian Constitution, though couched in brilliant language, has suffered from an over estimation of certain shortcomings and an underestimation of very many of its good features. Perhaps if he had studied the Constitution in the light of its previous history and its work-

ing since its enactment, he could have avoided some of his sweeping generalisations. The lectures were delivered under the auspices of the Madras University. Sir Ivor's penetrating analysis and skilful ratiocination really held the audience spell-bound and it was perhaps hardly to be expected that the Chairman, who by the way is the departmental head of legal education, would have thought it necessary to expose the fallacies underlying his reasoning. But when he proceeded to suggest, taking the cue from Sir Ivor, that the Constitution was not framed in a "sensible" way, that is, by the political leaders inviting constitutional lawyers to frame the Constitution in the light of their requirements,—which was precisely what had been done in India—one is not merely surprised, one is shocked.

AUTHORS DON'T STARVE IN AMERICA

By SHIBDAS BANERJI

WHEN an author of such international repute as Howard Fast does not get a publisher for his masterpiece it is time we sat up and considered what is wrong with the traditionally fearless and wealthy publishing business in America. With hat in hand and the manuscript in pocket Fast went round half a dozen publishers and three of them did not even so much as have a look into his latest MSS and the rest "regretted" their inability to publish the same.

It happened like this. The U. S. author Howard Fast sat down to work and worked hard for months to weave a novel. He worked very hard on the book and then spent a couple of months revising it and rewriting it in parts. He was very happy that he really had produced something which would tell. The book was completed. He wrote the title page, signed it and off it went to his usual publishers, a very respectable concern.

The editor-in-charge of the publishing house was happy with the manuscript. He read the book from cover to cover. Here he had what he con-

sidered to be his year's best seller. He called on the author himself and congratulated him for the swell volume. The firm's reader read the book and pat came the book certified.

The chief wrote back to Howard Fast informing him that his firm was grateful to him for having been entrusted with the publication work of his latest novel. He also spoke to Fast personally and said that it was the best book the firm had so far undertaken to publish and that it would be a landmark in the business of book publication. The deal was settled, so thought Howard. Fast was happy that his months' labour was rewarded and off he went back to relax and write something else perhaps.

A month passed at the end of which the chief editor of the publishing house was under mysterious circumstances forced to resign his \$10,000 post. And back received Fast his manuscript with a regret slip tied clean on his well thumped MSS. He couldn't believe at first his own un-failing eyes but there it was in the

glare of daylight. It was Fast's latest book rejected and unpublished. If his usual publisher refused it he could not, for his life, believe that others also would not follow suit. His name, after all, he said to himself, had some market value. But others did reject his book and Fast sat down to think hard.

I hadn't heard about his book till recently when I read an advertisement on the back page of that bright little weekly *The Nation*, published from New York.

It said the other part of the Howard story and I pass it on to the readers: Howard thought and thought and finally he hit upon an idea which said that there was little likelihood of a publisher in America touching the manuscript. So why not touch the readers direct? Yea, IT was an idea! A swell idea indeed! Howard knew that several millions in America read his books and liked them too. Why not write to some of them direct asking them to buy the book, the latest book, copy unseen—if they had the faith in his ability to write something worth reading? He took his pen and wrote something to the effect which read, "Dear Friend, you have read my books, some of them perhaps, and would you like to read another? The publishers in U. S. would not bring it out, so I have decided to publish it myself. But I don't have the money to get it going. In case you want a copy of the book please send me return post \$5 in bill or cheque and as soon as the book is published it shall be sent to you post paid."

What do you think happened to the circular letter? Did Fast's readers

respond? Did he receive any encouragement at all? Did he get the desired bills or cheques?

That indeed is precisely the story I am going to tell you presently: From the day author Fast sent round his circular letter he has been overwhelmed with a heavy mail. Each mail brought him a sack-ful of letters carrying \$5 bills and cheques. They came in flying like autumn leaves and his desks and drawers, even wardrobes were full with them. Howard Fast sat down to open them and started counting the bills. He counted them and a happy smile swept across his lips. He bundled the bills up and then added up the cheques. What a surprise indeed! He got not only enough money to publish a *de-luxe* edition of his projected and refused masterpiece, but there was enough of a surplus for him too.

The book published, Fast sent each applicant a copy of his book as promised and a thank-you for the advance money sent. He once again sat down to think what he could do with the surplus money. He thought and decided to publish a cheaper edition of his book. The price this time he reduced to \$1 only!

The story does not end here.

I do not know how many hundreds of thousands of readers are writing to him for the cheaper edition of the book. But I do know that indeed anything can happen in America. An author does not starve there whatever his political beliefs might be whatever his publishers might think of him and whatever the authorities put him for. Hail America!

Okinawa, the vitally strategic island in the heart of the Far East, has a new name. They are calling it America's Gibraltar of the Pacific.

Tremendous construction and a mighty munitions stockpiling program are transforming Okinawa into one of the nation's strongest key outposts. Up until now, this work has been obscured by security restrictions and the Korean war.

The very long view for the future of Okinawa, of course, depends on the state of the relations between the United States and Russia. If the United States should ever decide that the island was no longer needed for defensive reasons it could return it to Japan or place its fate in the hands of the United Nations.

COUNSELLORS FOR PART B STATES

By H. RANGACHAR

A really important question for consideration is whether the appointment of Counsellors for Part B States is in consonance with either the scheme of the Constitution or its spirit. That these States should have democratic Governments responsible to popular legislatures is an integral part of the scheme of our Constitution. They thus occupy a position similar to that of A States and the provisions of the Constitution are virtually the same, except in one particular, viz., the power of general control and direction of B States vested in the Centre.

What the nature and limits of this power are will be clear from the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly and the speech of Sardar Patel, the architect of a United India, in connection with the adoption of Article 371. Though there were marked differences of opinion and even opposition from the representatives of B States, the Article was in the end adopted unanimously. This was no doubt due to the fact that all felt that there was a necessity for some such provision on account of the following special circumstances. Many of the B States had been newly formed and there was not time enough for necessary readjustments and for conditions to settle down; some of the States had no popular legislatures functioning and, in a large number of them, there was no efficient administrative machinery, and the standards of administration were not high. Conditions in such States were not therefore altogether favourable for the introduction, all at once, of full-fledged responsible Governments. It was realised that some reserve power should be lodged in the Centre to guide them and ensure their proper functioning. On the other hand, there was the clear recognition of the fact that States like Mysore and Travancore-Cochin were highly progressive with popular legislatures and efficient administrations. The scheme finally adopted and incorporated in the Constitution was designed to meet

these conditions and rested on the following fundamental bases:

(i) Popular responsible Governments should be established in each B State as in A States.

(ii) Due to the special circumstances of some of the Part B States, a reserve power should vest in the Centre to guide and direct them, when circumstances rendered it absolutely necessary.

(iii) The exercise of the power was governed and limited by the conditions of each State. It was admitted that in the cases of Mysore and Travancore-Cochin there would hardly be any need for the exercise of the power. Hence provision was made in the Constitution for exemption of such States from the operation of Article 371 by a Presidential Notification.

Thus, the scheme of the Constitution, the constitutional provisions for B States, the intentions of the framers of the Constitution as evidenced from the proceedings of the Constituent Assembly and the tenour of the language of Article 371 make it clear that the temporary and transitional power of general control was intended mainly to act as a safety valve to relieve undue pressure, when circumstances absolutely demanded it. A general day-to-day supervision, which can presumably be the *raison de etre* for the appointment of the Counsellors, is clearly beyond their intention. The posting of Counsellors is therefore not consistent with the scheme and the spirit of the Constitution, even if the legal position is dubious.

Psychological Aspect

Reference has already been made in the previous article on the subject, which appeared in the issue of *Swatantra* of 22nd March, to the fact that the time chosen for the launching of the scheme was psychologically inappropriate, coming as it did close on the elections and on the eve of the setting up of popular Ministries in B States. Secondly, Counsellors representing the Centre and accredited to the States cannot but act as reminders to the States' peoples of the

Residents and Political Agents under British rule. This psychological association has added to the resentment in the States against this proposal. People may justly feel dissatisfied with this trapping, reminiscent of the paramountcy of days gone by. Thirdly, the B States acquiesced in the arrangement on the understanding that it was a reserve power to be used only in cases of exceptional necessity. If even the possibility of exercising this power through Counsellors or some such functionaries on the spot had even been hinted at, the B States would have strongly opposed it and the Article could not have been adopted with their willing and unanimous consent. Fourthly, this power has been in existence ever since the Constitution came into force and there has been nothing to indicate that the present arrangement has proved inadequate for the limited purpose envisaged in the Article. Hopes had been entertained that this power, the exercise of which would become all the more difficult with the coming into being of responsible popular Governments in the States, would lapse by efflux of the prescribed term of ten years, if not by exemptions earlier. But the new measure of appointing Counsellors adopted now is likely to be regarded—and has been already regarded—as indicative of a tendency on the part of the Centre to exercise closer and continuous control over the Governments in these States, more so with the possibility of unstable Governments, Congress or non-Congress, coming into power.

Lastly, is the system now introduced workable and likely to achieve the results the Centre have in view? A measure like this cannot be worked in conjunction with a responsible popular Government. If the Ministers enjoy the confidence of the legislature and have to put through policies approved by them, they have to take all measures they consider necessary to implement them. If the Counsellor honestly feels that a particular policy is not right and is to be modified, neither the Ministers nor the legislature may agree. In this case, there will be a deadlock. On the other hand, if he does not agree to some of the details of measures taken to give effect to the policy, the Ministers may not agree to change them. Or if

they do, they may be agreeing to adopt measures which, in their view, were not effective. There will be divided counsels, and responsibility for any failure may be attributed by the Ministers to their not being free to act as they thought best. Thus there will be want of harmony and constant friction between the Counsellors and the Ministers and eventually between the State and the Centre. This will be all the more the case if the Government in the State is different in party complexion from that of the Centre, or there is an honest difference of opinion on the merits of a policy on ideological or other such grounds. The system may have had a remote chance of some degree of success, if the Government in the State were entirely amenable to the Centre or the States had no objection to be advised by Counsellors. This has not been the case and reports appearing in the press show that in some States, particularly in Travancore-Cochin, there is a strong opposition to the measure. Travancore-Cochin is an advanced State with an efficient and sound administration. In fact, Sardar Patel referred to this and Mysore as progressive States in whose case there should hardly be any occasion for the exercise of powers under Article 371. His remarks were interpreted to mean that the two States would be exempted from the operation of the Article. Mysore has since "won" the exemption. When Travancore-Cochin finds that in its case the Centre is tightening its control by appointing a Counsellor, it should occasion no surprise if the step taken evokes strong opposition and resentment.

The measure adopted by the Centre cannot be defended on any grounds, legal, constitutional, or practical, and has therefore little to commend it. It is likely to arouse friction and conflict and impair the harmony that should exist between the Centre and the States. It is also not workable and is not likely to be productive of the result hoped for. In view of the inherent defects of the measure, the strong objections in the concerned States and the improbability of its working satisfactorily, the Centre will be taking the right step if it abandons the idea of appointing Counsellors to B States.

NOT EXACTLY "PROVINCIALISM"

By POTHAN JOSEPH

PROVINCIALISM, communalism and casteism were roundly denounced by Pandit Nehru in his Calcutta speech, but provincialism is to a certain degree inescapable if the term signifies intense interest in State-politics. There are twenty-two States—Sir M. Visveswarayya lists them as 28—and the citizen has voted twice in the elections, first to indicate his choice for the All-India Parliament and next to choose his candidate for the State Legislature; but the loyalty is not mutually exclusive in either domain. No conundrum arises about one being a Madras first and an Indian afterwards, or an Indian first and a Bengali next. In the United States, the pre-occupations of local politics and domestic legislation in each State are of absorbing variety whilst all citizens are conscious of what it means to be an American and how obnoxious activities are condemned with the withering epithet "Un-American". During India's freedom struggle, the tactics of all India integration for the fighting front was adopted as a spearhead device; now we should expect a diversion of talent and service in the provincial demesne. In the old days of small legislatures and concerted Opposition, it was possible to follow the names and specialities of prominent patriots hailing from all over India, but contrast it with the present phase when adult-franchise has brought to the surface some 4,000 elected representatives eager to do their best in the multiple arenas over which the curtain rises from Kashmir to Cape Comorin. Pandit Nehru won't be able individually to tell them apart and memory is yet full of old familiar faces. He receives 2,000 letters and telegrams per day, and though secretarial aid is there, replies must be phrased and decisions taken in accordance with the mental cast of the master, and the mail cannot all be cleared by proxy.

When I read the "Who's Who" of legislators returned in the last elec-

tions, there is an enormous array of new politicians and the stories of their past come like the long catalogue of heroes and exploits found in the Iliad or the Mahabharata, extensive recitals of biographical interest each important in its own place and proportion. The Mysorean will not readily recall the identity of Himachal Pradesh's chief minister, indeed the young student confronted with the abbreviation H. P. might first think of the weak horse-Power of his school bus. Nor would the Simla lad be ready to name the leader of the Opposition in the Travancore-Cochin Legislature. So vast and varied is our country unlike Denmark and Luxembourg, that some of the constituent States exceed the range of France and Italy. Provincialism has come to stay and more provincial pipers are bound to be born with a couple of columns spared for the record of New Delhi politics. We should not confuse the turn of attention as parochialism or interpret a natural development as the first symptoms of separateness and disintegration. With 4,000 faces serried in the forum the Prime Minister might sigh: "Friends of my youth, where are they?"

Court-circulars during British rule were read with avidity because Viceroys and Governors were active administrators with powers of patronage and honours; and the Household counted. Today, I should be more interested in seeing a list of visitors calling on Pandit Nehru than in threading through the names of guests at Rashtrapati Bhavan since political dynamism has, so to speak, shifted its centre of gravity. The same shift of attention will alter newspaper-interest in different provinces as proved again in the history of America where the daily diary pertaining to a State is issued in response to provincial excitement over the doings of authorities. The New York State, for instance, "holds court" in Albany under the governorship of Mr. Thomas Dewey.

It has its Assembly (Lower House) and its Senate (Upper House), and the Governor, elected to office, is no ornamental figurehead. His personality, administrative gifts and organizing drive can profoundly influence the standards of public life, purity of personnel, police security, educational progress: what he does is news, like the recordings of his legislature. With apologies for taking up so much space, I give below an abridged summary of a daily hand-out read by millions in New York State.

The Proceedings In Albany (March 3, 1952)

THE GOVERNOR

Signed four banking department bills including three revising procedure for disposing of unclaimed funds remaining after liquidation of an agency of a foreign banking corporation and a bill providing for the return of application fees for a foreign agency license when the license is denied.

Also signed bill to require state approval for building developments in areas outside the jurisdiction of a city or county Health Department. Sent message to Legislature on bomb shelters. Conferred with legislative leaders on New York fiscal problem.

Callers included Mr. and Mrs. Raymond A. Leslie of Columbus, Neb.; Assemblymen Harold Peet and Leo Noonan and Superintendent Bert-ram D. Tallamy of the State Public Works Department.

The Senate

Met at 8.30 P.M. Passed bills providing state aid for alcoholic clinics, permitting court attendants to practice law, authorizing cities to permit all-night parking, requiring insurance for minors operating an automobile as well as minors owning an automobile, making growing and possession of marihuana a felony and increasing the pay of the State Police, the judges of the Court of Claims and the judicial and legislative employees. Adjourned at 10.35 P.M.

The Assembly

Met at 8.30 P.M. Passed bills banning tax exemptions for all organizations classed as subversive by the Board of Regents, authorizing the New York City Boards of Education and Higher Education to take out accident insurance governing athletic injuries, reducing the minimum licensing age

for practical nurses from 20 to 19 and permitting villages to limit the number of taxicabs licensed in their boundaries. Adjourned at 10.07 P.M.

It is a heavy bill of fare to engross the attention of the people in one State, and there are 47 other States with activities of the same pattern composing the Union. Though the President is a Democrat, there are several States of Republican complexion. If law and order are in peril, the State militia acts, not the Federal troops, thus defining the self-contained character of a State. The condensed story of "Proceedings in Albany" has political significance because in a way the component State is a world by itself, and I predict that in ten years, civic interest would be so sharpened that people would not be content with anachronistic court-circulars: the Director of Information will have to issue hand-outs of the type given above embracing the activities of the Premier, his Cabinet and the Legislature in tabloid form.

If the individuality of States develops, it need not foreshadow any emasculation of All India solidarity cemented by essentials only; there may be an occasional fight between the Union Centre and a constituent State about the adjustment of power and taxing authority, when the provincialism of a Bombay Minister might momentarily boil over the edge and scald the fingers of some one in the All-India Cabinet. Adverse interests might germinate and grow as between an industrial bloc of States and an agricultural group as in the American South. State-autonomy will slowly take a distinctive turn, and cabinet-making for the different provinces will not last for ever as a New Delhi industry. Dignified prerogatives will descend and provincial politics will cease to bear the marks of inferior status. Fewer first-rate politicians would aspire to be at the federal capital when fruitful careers beckon them to State-capitals as well.

BRITAIN'S HOME INDUSTRY

By **SANTHA RUNGACHARY**

MUCH water had indeed flown under London Bridge since a wit declared that to the Englishman his home is his castle. Times have changed and the very face of England has undergone quite a transformation. But to the Englishman his home remains his castle to this day even when so many English castles have ceased to be homes. Quite a considerable part of British industry seems to be given over to the express purpose of making homes more comfortable and pleasant places to live in.

The Ideal Home Exhibition in London which ended last week is proof of this industrial concern. It has been going on now for a quarter of a century except for a break during the war and it will undoubtedly go on as long as there are housewives in England. It dazzles the eye and titillates the mind. It is monstrous and magnificent, ingenious and ebullient, sumptuous and sensational. It does not merely catch one's fancy. It traps it and anaesthetises it and lays it bare and credulous and helpless against even the most obvious salestalk. I have seen women going away with a collection of small articles in their arms and a dazed look in their eyes. I myself nearly pledged myself to a lovely, low, meretricious-looking mattress until I suddenly remembered I had no home to put it in. You can spend days in it and yet feel at the end of it all that you haven't quite seen everything. If you have the money that is the place to go. If you haven't it is still the place to go so that you may gloat over all the things you can do without. Custom can but enhance and familiarity emphasise its infinite variety.

The toil of the hardworked English housewife bravely grappling with domestic problems and headaches is sought to be lessened and to this end the ingenuity and initiative of scores of experts have been successfully directed. For instance, the housewife can now cut her onions with a special slicer which cuts without making her eyes water and iron her clothes with an electric iron which has no cord or

flex getting in the way of her tired hands. She can wash her floors with a mop which washes without wetting her hands and warm her house with a fire which burns practically indefinitely on practically no coke leaving practically no ash at all. She can be mistress of a kitchen with a dining recess which "disappears at a touch" and tend her garden with a lawnmower which not only cuts the grass but mimes it and re-fertilises the lawn in an "imperceptible mulch." She can buy a garden shed of asbestos or an egg emulsifier and separator which can make "one egg go as far as two." And so *ad infinitum*, the theme song being labour-saving, time-saving, energy-saving.

I think one can get a pretty good idea of the English character from a look at the Ideal Home Exhibition. They are great believers in organisation. Not only in civil matters which they are content to leave to the governments but even in unofficial or private enterprises. Even charity is not mere coxcombry of vanity or an impulsive touching of the heart. It is a business drawn to a pattern. In the aftermath of a war and with the clearheadedness and unemotional hardheadedness which that tragedy of death and desolation had wrought, they have developed a robust common sense and a sensitivity to change which saves this passion for organisation from deteriorating into an apathy of mass movement which may be confused with regimentation. Organisation by itself is a good thing but the seeking of it as a first resort in all action may certainly achieve ends as it does in England, but merges individual initiative so totally in the communal effort that even leadership ceases to be a worship-worthy office. Mr. Churchill, the descendant of a tradition more colourful if much less humane and homogenous may be the last of the great stalwarts of the British nation in the 20th century. So really, this talk about this turning out to be a second Elizabethan age must have a different connotation from what at first appears. The age of the

first Elizabeth was full of purple patches of greatness. This age, especially if the socialisation of England goes on apace, would be more unvarying and less patchy but also less spectacular and history would move not in gay little jumps of greatness but in laboured, heavy shufflings.

Their very houses are small, organised units of space so arranged and so accommodated that not only are comfort and convenience achieved but even the "art of spacious living" practised within limits. Their flowers are not so much grown as planned to develop from the earth. Right in the middle of the huge Exhibition is a garden. One comes upon it with not a little surprise and a great excitement and curiosity. At the artificial brook in the tiny rock garden the air becomes cooler, pleasanter. And in the garden is a variety of flowers which seems unbelievable. In neat little plots of fresh earth, bunched together, grouped, labelled, trimmed. It is more a beautiful, designed floral arrangement set to music, than a regular garden.

The second impression of the Exhibition is that Napoleon or whoever it was never said a truer thing than when he said that England is a nation of shopkeepers. They don't seem to be happy except when they are trying to sell something. From the Playland which invites mothers to leave their young children with experienced nurse-attendants in a little fairy world of toys and juvenile pleasures while they go round the stalls, to the Hall of Sleep which prepares you into a frame of mind to buy a new mattress by more or less seeking to prove that the sum of human experience lies in a bed, you find this salesman instinct in insidious exhibition. The Ideal Village tries to persuade you to buy yourself a house and the Centre of England pillar, the 600-years old stone mark of the exact centre of England tries to sell you tradition. The whole big block dedicated to the History of Smoking is tantalising enough to tempt the most rabid smoker to stop burning up the pretty little things and begin to collect them instead.

To people in a country like India the industrialisation of England is a mere descriptive phrase. We know what it means but the extent or depth of its implication is only a vague blur in our imagination. But here it strikes you from all sides. From the little boy who is able to buy a toy motor car which runs when wound up out of his pocket money to the housewife who buys a pressure cooker as casually as she does an electrically driven sewing machine, the whole nation is becoming more dependant upon the machine. Heretofore there was the machine in the shop, in the factory, on the farm. It has now entered the home and is settling down. And the home is becoming less the man's castle than the house-proud woman's show place or the housewife's workshop. And this mechani-

sation is growing in direct proportion to the materialistic attitude of the nation in general. It is a nation of intensely selfish individuals. Their underlying unity is a unity of self-interest. But the paradox lies in this. A selfish person can rarely move himself to make a sacrifice. But the British citizens have an amazing capacity for submerging self in the occasion and the emergency. In short they are led by brute reason.

I do not know how far it is possible to thrive on brute reason. The most common argument is that it kills false idealism. Didn't one Englishman think it corrodes the will and kills all idealism? In some indefinable way I am now able to see that only England could have produced a George Orwell.

CRISIS IN INDONESIA: SPLIT OVER POLICY TOWARDS U.S.A.

By MADAN GOPAL

SINCE February 23 last, Indonesia is without a properly constituted Cabinet. All efforts to form one have failed. The instability of the recent Indonesian Cabinets has made some observers compare the situation to that prevailing in France.

To understand the political situation in Indonesia it is necessary to know the composition of the Indonesian Parliament. The main political party in Indonesia, the P. N. I., was a casualty during World War II, but other parties grew after the Republic was formed in 1945, the principal ones being the Masjumi Party, the newly formed P. N. I., and the Socialists, under the aegis of Dr. Sjahrir. On the attainment of complete independence nominations to the new Parliament were made according to the following of each party, the Masjumi getting 48 seats, P. N. I. 36, the Socialists 16 and the Communists 15, etc.

General elections in Indonesia were scheduled to be held last year but they were postponed and there is little likelihood of their being held this year. All political parties have, however, their eyes on the next elec-

tion and would not support policies which might adversely affect their chances of success at the elections.

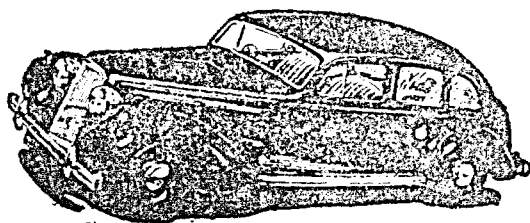
Muslims constitute 35 per cent of the population of Indonesia. Except the extremist Darul Islam all parties are agreed to make the Indonesian Republic a secular State. Like the Muslim League in India the Darul Islam supports the idea of a theocratic State and it is supposed to be receiving instructions from abroad. The party is therefore banned.

The Masjumi (Muslim) party, which has the largest following, advocates the framing of the Constitution on the Shariat, but wants equal rights and treatment to the minorities.

There are two wings of the Masjumi Party. The right wing is represented by Dr. Sukiman, who has the support of the landed classes, there being hardly any indigenous industrialist class in the country.

The moderate wing of the Masjumi party, under the leadership of Mr. Natsir, consists of the younger elements. It is liberal in outlook, advocates a slightly Socialist ideology and is closer to Dr. Sjahrir's Socialists who occupy a position like that of the Socialists in India.

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In March, 1951, the Natsir group resigned as a result of differences over the issue of the abolition of Regional Councils. After negotiations lasting 37 days Dr. Sukiman assumed the leadership of the country and formed a coalition Cabinet which included five members of the Masjumi, five of the P. N. I., two of the Greater Indonesia Party, four representatives of minority groups and two non-party members. The declared policy of the Sukiman Cabinet included "an independent and active foreign policy aiming at peace"; a change in the relationship between Indonesia and Holland, whereby the Statute of the Netherlands-Indonesian Union would be replaced by "usual international treaty agreements"; and the inclusion of West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) in the republic of Indonesia "as soon as possible".

Towards the end of last year, however, there arose differences within the coalition Cabinet, primarily over the relationship of Indonesia to the U. S. global strategy.

In this connection it may be mentioned here that as a result of Pandit Nehru's visit to Indonesia and Burma it became almost a tradition that Indonesia, Burma and India would as far as possible have a similar foreign policy. On the two crucial issues of the Korea war and Communist China the three countries had more or less similar views. This disappointed the U.S.A., which was looking out for friends in Asia. China was out of its grip and it felt, wrongly, of course, that India too was gradually aligning herself with the Soviet bloc. Keen to have friends in Asia the U.S.A. decided to "groom" Indonesia. Her ambassadors and representatives in the South Asian countries suddenly started befriending Indonesians with the idea of winning over Indonesia to her side.

Mr. Cochran, the U. S. Ambassador in Indonesia, has played the role which was enacted in India by Mr. Loy Henderson, with similar results, and has created a situation like the one that existed before the departure of Mr. Henderson for the U. S. A.

The first major issue of foreign policy on which India and Indonesia differed was the Japanese peace treaty. It is believed that, as a

result of the pressure tactics used by Mr. Cochran, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, Mr. Subardjo, agreed to send a team of observers to the San Francisco conference. Mr. Subardjo himself went to the U. S. A., and ultimately put down his signature on the treaty. Over this action there was widespread criticism in Indonesia. The people wanted Indonesia to take up a line similar to India's. Several leaders opposed Subardjo's action, which they thought had led to an abandonment of the neutral policy followed by Indonesia so far. An indication of the opposition to Subardjo's action is the fact that, anticipating opposition, the treaty has not yet been placed before Parliament for ratification.

The Foreign Minister, as if to pacify the people, sent a delegation to Tokyo to negotiate on the issue of reparations. No tangible results have, however, emerged so far.

It was in this atmosphere that Mr. Subardjo, in his correspondence with the U. S. Ambassador, agreed to the acceptance of the Mutual Security Act. In doing so he consulted neither the Masjumi Party's younger wing, under the leadership of Natsir, nor the coalition Cabinet. This agreement over the M. S. A. came in for sharp criticism. Acceptance of this aid, it was said, "would oblige Indonesia to abandon her independent policy". M. S. A. was not a nominal change from the E. C. A. but vital change in U. S. political and military plans.

Acceptance of the M. S. A. was, however, the climax which precipitated the Cabinet crisis. The two representatives of the Greater Indonesia party resigned as a matter of protest. This was followed by the resignation of Subardjo on February 21 and, two days later, of the Sukiman Cabinet. Negotiations have since been going on. The President of the republic, Mr. Soekarno, called upon the leaders of the two principal parties to submit the lists of their nominees. Prawoto Sasmito of the Masjumi Party and Sidik Sukarto of the P. N. I. submitted the lists, but the latter objected that the list represented only one wing of the Masjumi. Mr. Wilopo, formerly Minister for Economic Affairs, was then instructed to secure lists over which there would be agreement, and it appears that an agreement is in sight.

FAROUK'S BRITISH BRIDE

By ANDREW ROTH

ALTHOUGH tremendous publicity was attached to King Farouk's last marriage, another 'union' has gone little noticed. King Farouk and Britain have now inextricably linked their futures.

This linking of fates—which has the fullest American support—has tremendous implications. It means that if a great popular movement succeeds in ejecting Britain in the next year it may push over the throne as well. This in turn will greatly strengthen Egypt's incipient neutralism in the Soviet-American conflict.

The union is not a 'love-match.' King Farouk still harbours the anti-British feeling instilled in him in his youth and intensified by Britain's threatening him with armoured cars and abdication in 1942 to force him to take a more pro-Allied Prime Minister: Nahas Pasha. On the British side few regard with anything but distaste the young King who until now has wasted on luxurious living the great opportunities he had for modernizing his country and improving the lot of Egypt's poverty-stricken majority.

Britain and King Farouk have been pushed together by their common hatred of the third party in Egypt's "eternal triangle": the Wafd. For the last thirty years Egyptian politics has revolved about three power-centres: the Palace, the Wafd and the British. Britain has been allied now with the Wafd, now with the Palace, depending on how it felt it could best realize its own objectives.

Britain has at this state decided that only through any alliance with the Palace can it secure the long-desired Middle East defence pact and access in wartime to Suez Canal bases.

"It is clear where the interests of Britain... lie," commented *The Times* editorially on March 20. "From the British point of view the difference between (the Wafd and the Palace) lies in the fact that the side of the King and of (his Prime Minister) Hilaili Pasha is open to negotiation—and possibly, therefore, to a reasona-

ble settlement—and the other side, the Wafd, is not."

Britain's decision to go "all the way" with King Farouk is not, of course, emblazoned in newspaper headlines shrieking "WE LOVE FAROUK." It seeps out through the sudden admiration for King Farouk that one detects in the officially-inspired diplomatic correspondents of leading British papers. But even more concretely it can be detected in the manner in which British actions in Egypt have eased the path for King Farouk and his nominees.

After King Farouk ousted the Wafdist Government—on the morrow of the "Black Saturday" (January 26) rioting in Cairo, Britain eased its pressure in Egypt. On February 5, the British Army stopped searching individuals entering the Canal Zone. The number of oil tankers allowed to run from Suez to Cairo quintupled and then doubled again. A few days later some Egyptian policemen in Ismailia were allowed to carry arms once more.

Simultaneously Britain suggested, through Iraqi intermediaries, that it would offer the Farouk-nominated Government better terms than those offered the Wafd. Britain would agree to withdraw from its Canal Zone bases in stages lasting probably a year if it could return in war-time. In the meantime the bases would be kept in readiness by the Egyptian Army with the aid of British civilian experts. It would also recognize the titular sovereignty of King Farouk over the Sudan, provided that this did not impair the right of the Sudanese to self-government. Britain would agree to strengthen and modernize the Egyptian Army, upon whose loyalty King Farouk depends so completely. The striking thing about these proposals is their close resemblance to the terms proposed by the Wafdist Premier, Nahas Pasha, 19 months earlier to Field Marshal Sir William Slim.

The Palace-supported Government of Aly Maher Pasha reciprocated. Its police arrested hundreds of suspected "terrorists" in the Canal Zone, instead

of encouraging them as the Wafdist Government had done. The military training and control of the anti-British "Liberation Battalions" was taken over by the War and Navy ministries. One police official said. "We aim to clean out the towns and villages of undesirables, to produce a peaceful atmosphere suitable for negotiations."

The wholeheartedness of Britain's support for King Farouk was demonstrated when the latter suddenly and dramatically sacked Aly Maher and replaced him with Naguib al Hilaili Pasha. Aly Maher was unwilling to tackle the Wafd head-on. He wanted to maintain the support of the Wafd in a National Front for the duration of negotiations with Britain. He assumed that only after securing Egypt's "national demands" could he afford to alienate Egypt's only mass nationalist party. He kept the Wafd in line by various pressures of which he is a master. Thus, when the Wafd-dominated Parliament at first refused to vote £5 millions in appropriation for those ruined in the "Black Saturday" riots, he secured King Farouk's rescript to suspend Parliament. The Wafd, knowing this, voted the appropriations. He also held over the heads of the Wafd leadership the "Origin of Fortunes" Act which, if utilized, could have exposed all the corrupt gains of the Wafdist ministers. Finally, he had the report of the official enquiry into the "Black Saturday" riots, which implicated the Wafdist ex-Minister of Interior, party boss Serag ed-Din Pasha. Aly Maher kept delaying its publication.

When Aly Maher's son blamed "mysterious currents behind his back" for his father's overthrow, he was referring to King Farouk. The King did not want the Wafd prodded into supporting the Government during Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. He wanted the Wafd broken. King Farouk clearly feels that only by shattering the Wafd can negotiations be carried on.

The present Premier, Hilaili Pasha, has agreed to be King Farouk's instrument in breaking the Wafd by exposing its leadership and, if possible, by splitting the organization. He can be particularly effective in this because the 60-year-old lawyer is a widely respected and honest man who was known as "the conscience of the

Wafd" until he was expelled from that organization last November for testifying about its tapping of his telephone wires.

He moved fast to attack the Wafd. On March 2, the day after his appointment, the Wafd-dominated Parliament was suspended. Three weeks later it was decided to hold new elections: under martial conditions the Palace hopes the Wafd can be 'counted out.' On March 7, the report on the "Black Saturday" riots, which accused the Wafdist ex-Interior Minister Serag ed-Din of "negligence," was published. In the early hours of March 18 both Serag ed-Din and Abdul Fatta Hassan Pasha, former Minister of Social Affairs, were arrested and placed in forced residence on their estates.

Prime Minister Hilaili Pasha has made clear that his main attack on the Wafdist leaders will be by exposing their corruption. The Wafd used Government funds to build a yacht pier for Mme Nahas in Cairo. It used its official position to earn speculative fortunes for its leaders on the Alexandria cotton market. Under the agrarian reform program land was distributed to the relatives and retainers of Wafdist leaders.

Prosecuting corruption among the Wafdist leaders is clearly a *political* measure to cripple the Wafd during the crucial Anglo-Egyptian negotiations. Corruption in Egypt is not a monopoly of the Wafd. The crusading Prime Minister could find some juicy victims in the Palace. It was high Palace retainers, it will be recalled, who were responsible for supplying defective arms and munition at high cost to the Egyptian Army during the war against Israel.

Pitfalls

The Foreign Office has made its support for the Palace's anti-Wafd measures quite clear. On March 20 British forces began withdrawing from the slum area which had been occupied in Ismailia. Two days later the British Ambassador began exploratory talks with the Prime Minister in Cairo.

A warning against British dependence on the Palace has come from an unexpected source. Rainald Wells, until recently the Cairo correspondent of the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*,

warned on March 12 that King Farouk has "embarked on a gamble, the results of which are likely to decide not only his country's future but his own." He cautions that the King's position is dependent upon the Army.

"Up to a point his confidence is no doubt justified. But here is a considerable amount of disaffection among the junior officers who have not forgotten the arms scandal during the Israeli war, in which many senior officers, and what must be called circles close to the Palace, were involved.

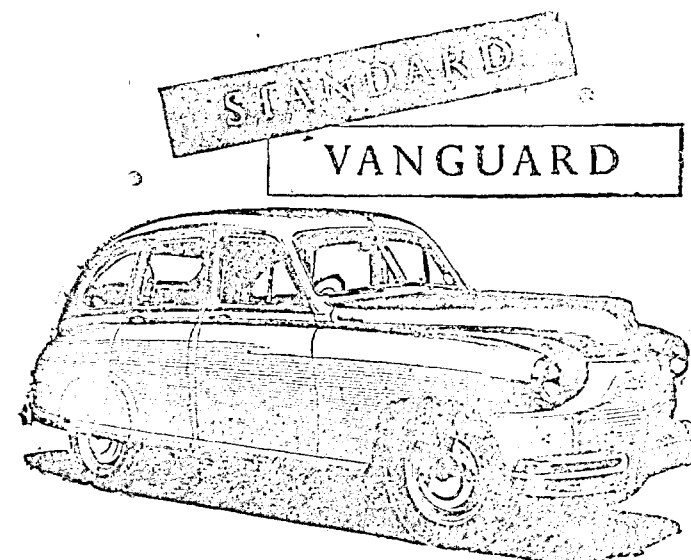
"More important, it is extremely doubtful whether, if trouble came, the men would shoot to kill....

"Today there exists in Egypt a 'revolutionary situation'.... In spite of martial law and a Palace Government supported by the Army, people in the streets of Cairo are everywhere and openly talking against the King.

"His unpopularity has increased since his dismissal of Aly Maher because he has successfully been misrepresented as having acted in accordance with British instructions.... For the mass of the people he represents the pasha class, whose great

wealth contrasts so strongly with their own poverty.... The King, astute but unstable, is defending his throne against a revolutionary tide...."

"To pin our hopes on a Royal dictatorship," the socialist *New Statesman* echoed on March 22, "would be criminal folly. The Wafd may be weak and corrupt but behind the Wafd stands the Moslem Brotherhood, a far more formidable revolutionary organization.... If we connive at a Palace plot to destroy the Wafd, we should not be helping to restore Law and Order, but merely delivering the incipient national revolution into the control of fanatics inspired by a puritanical fervour of hatred against the West.... The one way to give Egyptians a chance of saving themselves from the Brotherhood is for the British Government to.... announce a date on which the last British soldier will be withdrawn from the Canal Zone. Until Egyptians believe that we really intend to fulfill this promise—which we have made and broken some thirty-odd times—it will be impossible to establish satisfactory relations with them."



THE FAMILY CAR POPULAR EVERYWHERE

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By V. SUBRAMANIAN

LITERALLY and metaphorically, Ceylon's Prime Minister died in saddle. Probably, it was a type of death he himself would have most liked, for he was, first and last, an epicurean, a good liver, and a keen sportsman, whom the lingering years, leading on to a slow death, would have pained beyond endurance. But in Ceylon's political and public life his sudden death has created a host of thorny problems.

More than a year ago it was the fashion among the circles of the United National Party to discuss his successor seriously. In parties offered to each of his cabinet colleagues, mention was generally made of each of them as the successor to Senanayake. Each minister reacted differently to this type of flattery. Some welcomed it openly, some indirectly, while others shuddered away from it. This merry game of finding the successor to D. S. Senanayake while he was hale and hearty went on to ridiculous lengths. One fine morning, a crank entered the Premier's bed room, and told him that all the gods had blessed him to be the king of Lanka, and that he would offer the premiership of Lanka for his lifetime to Senanayake, if he helped him to become king. Senanayake politely refused to be premier for lifelong.

But all that is an old story. The game of finding Senanayake's successor ceased to be played quite a few months ago. Mr. Bandaronaike, who is reported to have pestered the late Premier to nominate him as his successor, resigned from the cabinet and the party just a few months ago. It is rather unlikely that even if he had remained he would have got the Premiership without a fight. The rivalries in the governing United National Party are too strong for that. Some successor eventually will be found, but what is clear is that no successor can successfully fill the place which the late Premier occupied.

For, above all things, D. S. Senanayake was, par excellence, a co-ordinator and a peacemaker. The

United National Party is itself a loose conglomeration of various divided interests, united mainly by the personality of the late Premier, and the persuasive diplomacy of his right hand man, Sir Oliver Goonetilleke. But even with so much trouble the party did not get a majority in the '47 elections, and the cabinet was formed by Senanayake with the help of members from other parties and Independents. Even in this he showed his talent for compromise and co-ordination. If the party was held together mainly by his personality, it was truer of his cabinet to say that it was held together only by his cementing power. Often in despair, and oftener in anger, Senanayake had to tell his colleagues that they must hold together or get out.

His genius for cementing was even more evident in his dealings with minorities on a nationwide scale. Not that he ever completely succeeded in winning the willing loyalty of all minorities. But on all occasions he proved openly to be more moderate and liberal than many of his colleagues or opponents. In the controversy over the national flag of Ceylon, when the Sinhalese ministers insisted on retaining the original lion flag unchanged, he insisted on some change to satisfy the minorities though the change effected never entirely satisfied the minorities. When some Sinhalese leaders were pleading for special protection for Buddhism, the religion of the majority, the Premier stoutly refused to countenance any discriminatory treatment. In fact, his concern for schools of the Christian denomination was almost pathological, and once he went to the extent of saying that but for them, Ceylon would not have got her freedom so early. His personal friendships ranged over a very wide field and because of all this, and of his really substantial contribution to the winning of Ceylon's freedom, he was welcomed all over the island. Even the Tamils, of Jaffna, who were not so sure of the bonafides of his partymen, welcomed him as a Premier.

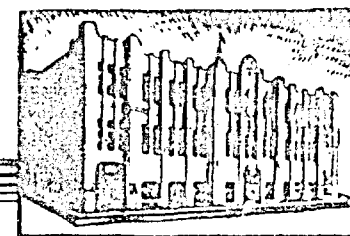
He made a solid contribution to Ceylon's freedom and prosperity. With very little schooling and less reading, he was thrust into politics by circumstances. His elder brother, F. R. Senanayake, who was a prominent politician, was jailed during the Matale riots and D. S. Senanayake had to fill his place. His brother's early death, and the political mistakes of his seniors in public life, paved the way for his early assumption of leadership. As the leader of the State Council, as the Minister of Agriculture, and later as Premier, he gave of his best to his country. Devoid of high intellectual gifts, he made a grand success of politics, by enormous tact, a capacity to take advice from the right quarter, hard work and a genius for compromise. A thankful public showered on him the sobriquet of "Father of the Nation."

But the unity he maintained in his party, in his cabinet and in the country at large are gravely threatened by his sudden passing away. His right hand man, Sir Oliver, with all his persuasiveness and party manoeuvres, lacks the personality

and grit of the late Premier, and before long the fissiparous elements would get the better of him. The effect of the Premier's death is more likely to be felt in the cabinet ranks, and in the United National Party, where loyalty to the dead man's name might keep on a precarious facade of unity, to be rent asunder at the earliest exhibition of any tension. In the long run the United National Party, whose chief if not only asset he was, might feel his absence so keenly as to fear even a dissolution. The Leftist parties, which are getting together more closely, will surely benefit by all the fissiparous tendencies in the U. N. P. What will be the effect on the nation as a whole is yet to be seen. The fanatics of the U. N. P. whom the tactful and domineering Premier held in leash, might let loose a veritable tidal wave of frustration among the minorities, leading to more fissiparous tendencies. Few Premiers have left such a gap, for D. S. Senanayake primarily was a personality whose power lay mainly in his personal qualities, and very little on a political theory or plan.

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CARE-TAKER GOVERNMENTS AND GENERAL ELECTIONS

By N. G. JOG

THE leisurely manner in which new Governments are being formed in some States and the Centre makes one wonder whether there is an awareness of the implications of a general election in responsible quarters.

There is certainly no sign of urgency to give effect to the wishes of the electorate. The former Governments are carrying on as if there had been no general election.

The old legislatures meet blithely, and pass laws and even budgets although their successors are knocking on the door.

Nobody seems to be in a hurry to quit. The care-taker Governments are taking very good care—of themselves.

Even the Ministers, who did not contest the elections, or were disowned by the electorate, are still drawing their salaries, making speeches, going on tours, laying down policies, and generally throwing their weight about as if they were autocrats in their own rights.

A curious comment on democracy is provided in Bombay where neither the present nor the prospective Chief Minister is a member of the new Legislative Assembly.

Free India took four years to hold the first general elections, and five months to complete them. Another two months are likely to pass before the new Governments are installed everywhere.

And, apparently, there is nothing to prevent the switch-over being spread over another six months.

A general election is held to enable people to choose their rulers. And democracy presupposes that their choice will be given effect to at the earliest possible moment.

In Britain the party which is returned by a majority assumes office within a few hours of its gaining a clear lead. It need not even wait for the last results to be declared.

The whole process is as smoothly

carried out as the changing of rails by a train.

A defeated Minister or party would consider it a heinous crime to carry on a moment after the verdict is known. Such an act would poison the very springs of democracy and lead to the gravest abuses.

The chief reason why Britain has escaped serious political upheavals is the confidence of the people that their will, as expressed in a general election, would be carried out speedily and gracefully.

Our Constitution does not explicitly lay down the period within which a general election must be completed, and new Governments formed.

Apparently the former is left to the discretion of the Election Commission, and the latter to the sweet will of the outgoing Governments.

The return of Congress, the ruling party, to power in most States and at the Centre has fortunately not provoked a crisis at the moment.

After all, we are going to get the old wine in the old bottles, and, consequently, there is general apathy about the new Governments.

But one can visualise a situation where a different party is returned to power in a State, or even in the Union.

How long can the discredited Government cling to authority on the spacious excuse, for example, that the elections to the Upper Houses, or to Council of States have to be completed?

This is a danger signal which we can ignore at our peril. This unconscionable event of Constitutional time-lag is fraught with the greatest danger.

It can serve as the tool of reaction, as a provocation to counter-revolution, as an invitation to dictatorship.

It may be correct according to the letter of the Constitution, but it violates its spirit. It is a political fraud. It is a denial of democracy.

It is an insult to the electorate, the ultimate masters. In effect it would make a caucus usurp the sovereignty which can belong only to the people.

Even at this very moment the situation in Madras State must make every believer in democracy extremely uneasy.

A care-taker Government has been in power there for five long months. It has been decisively repudiated, and the old Ministers turned out neck and crop.

Still the defeated Chief Minister wields power. He is not responsible to anybody except the Congress party which is in a minority in the new Madras Assembly.

That party may allow him to carry on, but this itself has no constitutional validity, let alone political justification. It is like a void being buttressed by a vacuum.

It is expediency prolonged into a vice. The State Congress party is apparently too demoralised and leaderless to seize the initiative.

It is like a fly which is both unwilling and unable to get up from the jam of office.

And Delhi, in that historic mot, is so far away that it is allowing Madras to stink in its own juice.

But really it is not even doing that!

The people of Madras have made their own electoral bed, and they must lie on it.

A people get the Government it deserves, and our co-citizens in the South must make do with those for whom they have cast their ballot—to the extent of being hoist with their own petard.

And if no Government is unable to govern the State owing to the mercurial party position, there must be a fresh general election again at the earliest possible time, however inconvenient and expensive it might be.

It is no use blaming the people of Madras as some high-hatted Congressmen are doing.

It is the privilege of a democracy to learn by its mistakes and, frankly, turning out a Congress Government which had become irresponsible to the needs of the people was not all a mistake.

It has taught a very timely and salutary lesson to Congress which will

do it lasting good. But Congress is not doing a good turn either to itself or the people of Madras by blindly revolving in the vote until, maybe, a Rajaji comes to rescue it.

Incidentally, was it not Rajaji who observed on a similar historic occasion that robbers had usurped the house from the lawful owners?

The whirligig of time has put the present Congress Government of Madras in the position of the robbers, and it is high time that the owners be put into possession.

Congress must face the situation squarely, and form a minority Government as it has done in Travancore-Cochin, or allow another party, or group of parties, to form it.

The present "dog in the manger" policy is not healthy even for the dog.

As Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, observed: "Those who talked of a 'stable' Government revealed an attitude of mind which has not understood the fundamentals of democracy. In a democracy no Government could be 'stable'."

But it is not for any outside agency to deliberate leisurely on the feasibility or otherwise of forming a stable or unstable Ministry.

That responsibility is cast on the Governor by Articles 163 and 164 of the Constitution, and he cannot hold it in abeyance to suit anybody's convenience.

Lacking clear-cut directions in the Constitution for the electoral change-over, it was the duty of Congress as the party in power to establish healthy conventions so as to give speedy effect to the popular will.

The happenings of the last few months, however, prove that Congress is more concerned with soothing the storms and stresses in its own ranks than in laying down, truly and well, the foundations of democracy in India.

Beginning a general election in October 1951 and calling the new Parliament and legislatures in May 1952 may be good for the party in power, but it bodes ill for the future of our freedom.

The constitutional time-lag may well become a political time-bomb in the hands of reaction.

POINT AND PURPOSE OF A GOOD FILM

By R. M. SESHADRI, I. C. S. (Rd.)

LATELY, a question was in the forefront, a question with a vital bearing on the film industry: What is the pith and purpose of a good film? The matter gained especial publicity, when the International Film Festival was held in Madras.

There was a symposium of film people which was attended by the Soviet delegation as well. A leading producer put a question. He asked the Soviet delegation whether 'purely entertainment' films were made in Russia. The leader of the delegation said that no films pandering to sex appeal and low tastes were produced in his country. He added that if that was the meaning of entertainment he would call it 'dirty' entertainment. This was a clever playing upon the words, and incidentally a clever idea. What really the Russian leader meant to say was that tastes in entertainment differ and what is sauce for the goose may not be sauce for the gander. One's idea and appreciation of amusement depends on one's temperament, outlook and cultural standards, and here the variety is infinite.

People facetiously talk of educational, instructional films on the one hand and entertainment, amusement films on the other, as though there is some opposition between these. In the content there is apparent difference but in the running thread there is more oneness than meets the eye. The two categories of films overlap. An educational film can be as entertaining as an entertaining film can be educational.

The touchstone of a good film, whatever the category under which its ostensible theme may make it fall, is that it should provide escapism, and positive escapism at that. Here lies really the heart of the point. A film, in order to be a good film, a film, in order to serve its point and purpose, must provide this positive escapism and succeed in doing so. Whether it does this through instruc-

tion or through amusement does not matter; what matters is that this should be done. Judged even by commercial standards, you will find that the extent of success is determined by the measure of such escapism which the film effects.

The purpose of a film is that it weans away a man from his work-a-day worries, gives his mind rest and relaxation. The good film should establish an identity between the seen and seer, absorbing and engaging the mind of the latter. The more complete and more satisfying the engagement, the greater the success.

On this aspect of the matter, there is unanimity. No one denies that the central purpose of a film is to provide diversion. What is diversion? During the war time, when the world's worries milled round his head and the fate of mankind turned on his decision, Mr. Winston Churchill, the Premier of Britain, found a method. He discovered that his mind found rest when it changed from one clamant problem to another, when it replaced one tearing anxiety by another. Diversion is to divert—to turn the course of—the mind. Even the change aids integration and immunity from emasculation.

What is the secret of the fascination of card-play over its votaries? There is the Tamil story of the man who, when told of his mother's death, replied that he would look out when the corpse passed that way, and went on with his play. Undoubtedly an exaggerated and false story. It however contains a kernel of truth that when an engagement of the mind is achieved, worries vanish, woes disappear.

The pith of a good film is that it must have the Lethean quality. It should make you drink of the nectar of oblivion. When you see a good film, it should help you cast away the cares of the world, the pangs and the pains, the aches and the anxieties. You must emerge from it invigorated,

refreshed, ready to meet whatever comes with fresh cheer, new courage. This is a tall order, but to the extent the film compels this result it justifies itself.

The search of a good film man must therefore be to find the way and the method by which his film can secure this result, obtain this absorption of the mind of the person viewing his picture.

It is in the difference of the means by which this can be done that variations occur. Some are of the opinion that song and dance, scene and spectacle will create an illusion of sufficient strength and intensity to engage the mind of the audience for the full period of a feature film. Some say that this is not so, and they insist on providing light titillation of the mind with a mild problem, created by the continuous evolution of an interesting story.

I have little doubt that the latter are right. An appeal to the eye will please; an appeal to the ear will delight, but a picture cannot run, fed on these appeals for three hours. They pall after a time. The engagement of the mind obtained by the physical senses is, in the nature of things, incomplete, unsatisfying and intermittent. The right stimulus is to the mind itself. Any stimulus supplied through the media of the eye and the ear will fall short of achieving that absorption which the direct stimulus effects. For a continuous and successful engagement—in other words for efficient relaxation of mind, which is the test of a good picture—the content of the story, judged from its potential effects on the mental plane, is what matters. A film founded on

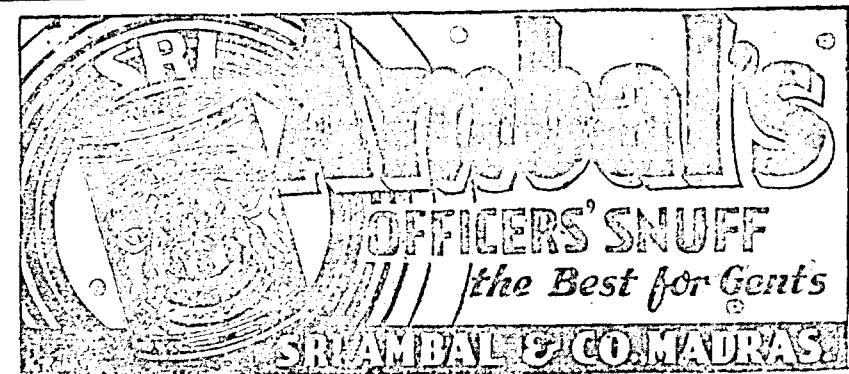
spectacle, grounded on glamour may pass muster but only at the expense of enormous energy and resources, because the spectacle and glamour will have to be continuous, intensive and varied in order that the mind does not weary of it and revert to its malaise. A film which has an engaging story is far more certain to hold the mind. That is not to say that song and dance should be ruled out, or colour and pageantry should be eschewed. As ancillary to the main theme and as aids to its effect, undoubtedly they have their place and value.

My main argument is that every film must provide entertainment. It must give relaxation, constructive, positive. The mind should derive the strength and joy of such relaxation. This is best done by an interesting story, not too intricate for a simple mind to follow and take up, and not too thin to keep the mind from wandering to its weakening cares.

This way lies not merely progress; there lies economy also. Here, you will see, it is the tale which tells and not the scene which speaks. The power of the story replaces the pomp of the spectacle. The forte is in the quality and not in the quantity.

Even a propaganda film can provide relaxation, and be entertaining, if it is interesting enough to engage the mind. So can an educational film be. A so-called entertaining film will be least so, if devoid of a story which takes the mind.

The point and purpose of a good film is to provide entertainment—to enter the tenement of the mind. In this the story holds, the spectacle helps.



THE LOST SYMBOL

By P. C. PARVATHI

SHIVSHANKAR was at a loss what to do. He was tired of his mother's constant pestering. His sentiments made him act contrary to what his mother was asking for. And this made him pity her.

"Shivu, why don't you go and see the baby at least once?" she would ask him.

"Do you want me to see that murderous baby? How dare you ask for such a thing?" he would shout back. He felt tired. The same question, the same mournful voice, the same gestures came as a request from his mother day after day. He could not help giving the same kind of tart reply to his loving mother, who cared for his little son and himself. Shivshankar was sorry that he could not satisfy his mother. At the same time, he was angry that his own mother pestered him to bring the baby, which, she herself knew, was the cause of his beloved wife's death. His mother wanted to bring the child to them and to bring it up herself. But Shiv loathed even to think of that infant.

"Why should we at all think of that ominous creature? It has killed my wife, my darling Meena. Why should I bring that boy here to torture me? I won't have peace anymore!" Shivshankar would ponder mournfully.

"Look here, Shiva, it is your son any way. You must bring the baby here as a matter of duty at least. How long do you think Meena's parents will look after it? Moreover, we must develop in it an affection for us. If you don't do it in this tender age, you will be shocked to see your own child looking upon you as a stranger. He is ours and we must make him ours." His aged mother would entreat.

"It is better we do not make him ours. As soon as he was born, he killed his mother. He will kill mine if he comes here. I don't want it. He is well where he is!" said her son and closed the topic.

The aged mother was grieved. She had been looking forward to her meeting the little grandson, who was growing into a very beautiful child in a distant place, with his maternal grandparents. Shivshankar was obstinate. He could not think well of his child, his own child. Shiv held that very innocent dear responsible for his beloved wife's death. He called it Satan, ill-omened raven, the death-bird and so on. The poor mother was shocked and pitied her son. A great wish surged in her to see the grandson and to bring the father and son together and bring the old sunny smile back into Shivu's eyes.

"If once you go and see the child, your feelings will be changed. Then you will wish to have him with you and learn to love him as your son," she would suggest. But Shivshankar turned a deaf ear to all her words and confined himself to his own foolish sentiments.

Meena and Shivshankar were married three years ago. The couple were happy and, to add to their comfort, Shivu's mother was not a 17th century mother-in-law. She was kind and understanding to her son and daughter-in-law, and wished all joy for them. Thus they were living happily for a time when they learned that a new tiny member was to peep in at their threshold very soon. It was for this that Meena went to her parent's home at a place some two hundred miles away from the town where Shiv was living with his old mother.

Shivshankar and his mother expected with joy, the return of the young mother, hale and hearty, with a bonny infant in her arms. That happy day however did not dawn. Instead, a telegram came bearing the news that Meena passed away immediately after giving birth to a male child, which however survived. Those two lines in the telegram shattered all hopes of Shivshankar and his mother. They lost all desire, all joy in life, and sat

mutely and did not even care to go and see the child, the very same child whose arrival they were eagerly waiting for. The wish in Shivshankar turned into hatred, loathing and spite. He regarded the very infant as the murderer of Meena.

The old mother's feelings were different. She pitied the orphan. She wanted to take it to her bosom, bring it up and make Shivshankar forget his loss. She did not want the child to be with Meena's parents.

"That baby is ours" she often said, "And we must make him know that we are his. We must make him love us. The family should not drift in this way."

To achieve this they ought to have brought that little one to them in an early stage. But that Shivshankar would not allow. The mother and the son had many a heated discussion on this topic. In spite of all these, Shivshankar held to his resolve.

Meanwhile little Girish was growing very attractive and very happy. He began to recognize people and was specially attached to Meena's mother. He loved to play with his grandpa, and would not let alone any of them unless they did what he wanted. The grandparents were only happy at this, because they sought consolation in looking after Meena's child, the only symbol she had left behind. They loved the baby so much that a pang of fear never failed to grip their hearts whenever they thought of Shivshankar and his mother.

"Supposing they come and take this darling away from us!" they would exclaim. They loved the boy not only as a grandchild but as their own child. Therefore Girish learned to call them papa and mamma. He did not know any other parents; in fact, he did not want to. His grandparents were everything to him, and he was everything to them too. In this sorrowful happy way two years slipped away.

As for two whole years the father of the child did not turn up even to look at the child. Meena's parents did not expect him to take little Girish away. They felt clear of fear now, and thought that the baby was secure with them. They thought that

Shivshankar would not come at all. Even then, they pitied the little one who had not the good fortune of seeing his own mother.

"Oh that he sees his father at least once! Has he no compassion on his own child? How cruel he is to this darling!" they would say pitying the infant. But Girish would go about his mischief undisturbed by all these remarks, as if not wanting to know his own father.

The fateful day did come. Shivshankar's mother, being tired of weeping, crying and entreating, took resort to fasting and through this means she did win the attention of her son.

"If you do not bring the child here, I will fast unto death!" she threatened him one day.

"Do it and I will be spared your constant bother!" said Shiv petulantly. He had not the least idea that his mother was capable of that, but to his great surprise, she did fast, grew thin and weak, and came to the verge of falling ill. Now it was beyond Shivshankar's power to save her, unless he did what she wanted, and he gave in. This was answer enough for the old lady. She broke her fast, took care of her health and fixed the day to travel to Meena's place. They bought many presents and sweets for the little boy and set out. On the way the mother was constantly talking and planning as to how they should look after the little darling and how they should bring him up. Shivshankar however kept mum. He scarcely spoke four words together. Anger, anxiety and pity for his poor mother were turmoil in his heart. He loathed to visit a place where his beloved was no more and looked forward with apprehension to the visit.

When they reached their destination, Shivshankar's feelings suddenly changed. A lump rose in his throat, when for the first time he set eyes on his little son. He could not distinguish whether it was of joy or sorrow. The child had the same well-shaped features of Meena, the same expression, and whenever he smiled, the same kind of dimples played on those chubby little cheeks. He was surely a token left behind by Meena.

With a trembling hand Shiv held out a toy to his little son and beckoned to him. Some one prompted. "See Girish, your papa is giving you a beautiful toy!" Little Girish pricked up his ears and looked at Shiv thoughtfully. There was a doubt in that little head.

"He is no papa," he said bewildered, "Dad is my papa...." he pointed with his tiny finger at Meena's father. Shivshankar felt pricked. He bent down his head and tears gathered up in his eyes. He slowly began to see the psychological truth hidden in his mother's words.

Somebody again tried to emphasise that Shiv was his father. But the little fellow was not at all convinced. He became irritated and began to cry. Shivshankar's mother wanted to take him in her arms, lull him, kiss and soothe him. But all these only added to the infant's anger and fear. He seemed to hate these strangers, these imposters, who called themselves his father and grandma. He ran away from them and hid his face in the lap of his own 'mamma' and began to cry feverishly.

* * *

When the child ceased crying and went to sleep, Shiv and his mother disclosed their purpose in going there. This was a declaration not unexpected by Meena's parents. As Shivshankar had seen the child's affection for them, they hoped that Shiv would allow them to retain the boy. But the father was to take the little boy away from those who were everything to him. The grandparents could not stand the torture of separation from that bright symbol of their only daughter Meena.

"He is so used to this place and people. I fear he will be very much frightened at any new surrounding," said Meena's father with tears in his eyes.

"Why should he feel strange with us at all? We are to him as much as you are—and more. At first he may feel your absence. Later on he will learn that Shiv is his father all right," said Shivshankar's mother.

"But, he is so much attached to us and he won't forget us easily, nor would we do it," put in Meena's mother. She wanted to explain the

child's disposition in a reasonable way and she was correct. The grandparents knew the mind of the child well. They knew that although Shiv was his father, he cannot take away the child all of a sudden. Children do not change overnight. They need to be weaned gradually and kindly. A shock would frighten them and make them hate the nearest and the dearest. The elders must see to the child's comfort and not to their own. This they wanted to drive into the minds of Shivshankar and his mother. But they saw only their right over that chubby little boy, and refused to see the psychological effect the sudden change may create in the mind of the boy. He was legally theirs, they said, and the sooner they took him away the better. Indeed morally and legally Girish should have lived with his father. But the circumstances were such that he knew not his own father, who had foolishly neglected him. Now that the day had come he had to go. The grandparents could not protest. They simply wept as though they were sending the little darling to the grave.

The next day Shivshankar and his mother took the frightened child away from the happy surroundings and his beloved 'papa' and 'mamma'. The child cried all the way and all attempts to soothe him failed. Shiv now realised his folly in leaving his son so long in another's house. How cruelly he had neglected Meena's beautiful boy all these days! Now all his new feelings were wasted; the child would not even look at those kidnappers.

When they reached their place, the child's face was almost red and swollen with crying. There was even a slight rise in his temperature. But the two did not take much care of it. At night, however, the temperature gradually increased and the child began to rave in his fever. He incessantly cried for his 'papa' and 'mamma'. Shiva was frightened.

"Oh, my son, my darling, look, I am your papa. Call me papa once and I will give you everything in this world!" he cried, a lump rising in his throat.

"You, no papa.... my papa is good papa," said his little son and kicked

at him. Shivshankar could not contain himself. All his suppressed fatherly feelings rose in him. He collected the meek little body in his arms and squeezed it, with all tenderness.

This was not welcome to the child. "Mummy, mummy," he squealed. Shiva's mother came running towards him, but he would not accept her as his mummy. He squeaked and squealed till his voice got stuck up.

Shivshankar gently placed the bonny lad on the bed. For a time there was no movement, no breathing.

MR. TIPNIS

By N. S. R.

I first saw Mr. Tipnis at the Bourne Stadium. What attracted my attention to him was his imperturbable calm while all around him there was raging a frenzy of excitement. The souls of thousands were on fire that memorable day, for Hazare's century had inflamed the passions by its unwonted theatricality. But Mr. Tipnis gazed at the bedlam with a benignity which was maddening to the less restrained.

Mr. Tipnis was a rotund and amiable figure. His face, red as the morning sun, glowed with incandescence. He appeared a very pastoral figure in that wilderness of brick and mortar, a roscate and healthy shepherd, as it were, in a peaceful valley by some gentle river.

The more I gazed at him, probably to the point of rudeness, the more I was unable to comprehend his equanimity. It was impossible to believe that any human being of flesh and blood could contain himself in such a stirring climax. The fire of battle was being stoked up to an intolerable degree. There was a glint in Ridge-way's eyes as he hurled himself ball in hand against Hazare. The batsman, surrounded by the hostile fieldsmen, looked to be encompassed in an ambush. Patriotism welled up in one at the stirring sight. Here was the very Iliad of cricket. Yet, as I, with growing irritation, discovered, there was Mr. Tipnis radiating an invincible sense of beatitude.

It was not that he was not follow-

Evidently the child had cried himself to death. He no longer remained the apple of discord in this world. His true mother welcomed him with outstretched hands from Heaven.

"Oh, mother!" Shivshankar cried in despair and broke into convulsive sobs. "Oh that we did not go to see him! Oh that we did not bring him here! Am I punished for my foolish obstinacy? What answer can I give to Meena's parents?" he sobbed. Now his loss was doubled. No words, no deeds could bring back to him the lost symbol of his beautiful Meena.

ing the course of the game. His attention was not diverted to the dim spires that appear to envelop the ground. Nor could it have been the fact that the stentorian outcries of the jolly sugarcane juice merchants, who ply their trade just outside the Stadium, had totally engrossed his attention.

I admit that he would have been in his rights to have allowed his senses to be captivated by that hoarse melody, for it had completely taken me by assault. I spent eight days at the Stadium, but it was not before four of them had expired that I could completely expel them from my consciousness, after a hard struggle. The corymbic chant followed a mysterious rhythm of its own, which I was at some pains to identify. The shout would be raised by a single voice, and its reverberations would echo through the thronged Marine Drive. A few seconds later, while I sat waiting in tense expectation, the shout would be taken up by five voices in vehement unison. All the world would then be defended.

That such a memorable phenomenon should engross the attention of anybody would have been only natural, but it was obvious that Mr. Tipnis had no ears for it. This fact rendered his equanimity more astonishing. While the other spectators were wading in a sea of emotion, with their eyes distended, their fists clenched, and their faces working in an ecstasy of agony, Mr. Tipnis was calmness it-

self. Statham hurled his thunderbolts at Hazare, who warded them off with exquisite disdain, but Mr. Tipnis did not applaud.

As the day wore on my exasperation grew. A neighbour of mine informed me with perfect gravity that in Delhi, the city which he adorned, the spectators would have gladly lynched the umpire who declared Adhikari out after a second appeal. But there was no indication that Mr. Tipnis was in the slightest degree stirred. He sat there hour after hour in calm scrutiny of the game, not a passion, of excitement, disgust, weariness or exaltation showing itself in his face.

Such equanimity, I decided, was inhuman. I revolved in my mind the question whether or no I should approach him and ask him for an explanation. But it requires hardihood to pose such a question to an entire stranger, especially as earlier in the

day a question of mine couched in English to another spectator had elicited a stream of Marathi. As the day slowly drew to its close, I reluctantly resigned myself to a perpetual doubt. I feared that the riddle would haunt me all my life.

But, fortunately, this was not to be. The umpires had drawn the stumps for the day and we, spectators, were slowly leaving the stands. I happened to be near Mr. Tipnis when he asked a neighbour of his the question, "Why does the bowler wear pads and gloves?" Then it was that relief flooded me like an ocean. The mystery had been solved. I left the Stadium erect and firm.

I again saw Mr. Tipnis as the train in which I was returning to Madras was leaving Poona station. His huge red face lighted up the dusk as if it were a lantern. He had apparently come to Poona to watch the M. C. C. playing Maharashtra.

ASIA, MID-EAST STUDENTS GIVE TRUMAN SCROLL

By Dr. P. G. KRISHNAYYA

NEW YORK CITY: Twenty-four foreign student delegates to the Herald Tribune Forum for High Schools wearing the gay garb of their homelands in Asia and the Middle East, shook hands with the President in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel and gave him a scroll which attested that their visit to America has deepened their interest in the welfare of their own peoples.

The President entered the Blue Room of the Jansen Suite at 12-20 p.m. and with a smile shook, in turn, the hands of the foreign girls and then greeted the young men standing behind them.

He received a scroll from Rajendra Nath Bara, from India, and then stood at the center of the double arch of students in the flickering glare of flashbulbs.

Some of the delegates, embarrassed, shot quick glances to every corner of the room. The others gazed at the President. "It must be horrible to have cameras around every day," ventured Viola Nowfel, from Lebanon, "doesn't it hurt your eyes?"

"You get used to it," said Mr. Truman, "and you can tell the photographers what to do."

As the President left, the delegates broke into excited but subdued chatter. "His hands are cold," said Viola. "He must be nervous."

"He was very composed and casual," interposed Nemesio Gomez, of the Philippines. "He said, 'How do you do' and I said 'How do you do'—I was quite all right, too."

Chung-Who-Lee, a South Korean girl, was completely at ease. "He's not an emperor. He looks like my father or your father. In fact, he spoke to us softly."

Salika Supol, a girl from Thailand, could scarcely contain her exuberance. "I smiled so sweet. I felt so proud." She held up her hand that had shaken the President's. "I don't think I

am going to wash my hand today."

Rajendra Nath Bara inscribed the scroll which he presented to Mr. Truman, after composing its text with the aid of his fellow delegates. It read:

Dear Mr. President:

We, the nationally selected student representatives of sixteen countries of the Middle East and Asia, whose combined population is more than 750,000,000 would like to tell you how our discovery of America has modified and changed our beliefs, and made us realize many new things.

We now have greater faith in mankind, perhaps. We have more respect and faith in the basic goodness of humanity than we otherwise would have attained. Everywhere here we have found a conscious or subconscious desire for better life. The aspiration for the future is never ending. This overwhelms the undesirable things we have seen here.

Before we came we were patriotic and nationalist in the way every person is. But only after coming here do we find ourselves really thinking about our countries and our people. We now know what is wanting in our countries and how big our problems are. We have also become prouder of our own people and the efforts they are making.

Never before have we experienced this feeling of being useful. When we return, we shall be more actively interested in the welfare of our people. We have a better idea of our responsibilities to our countries than we had three months ago.

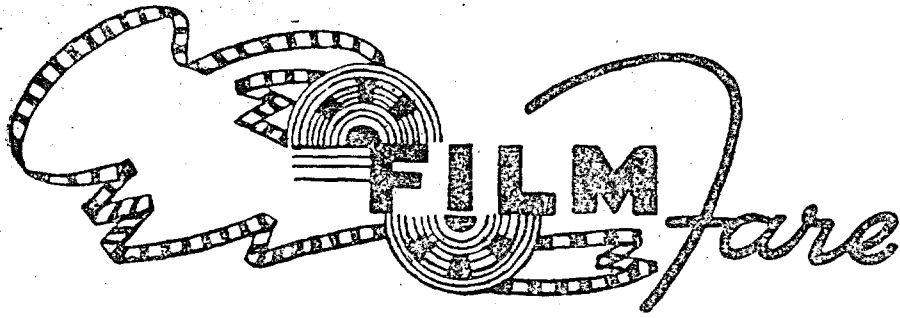
There is one thing more. Before we came here, we seldom thought of the future in terms of the world, or of mankind, now, we sometimes find ourselves thinking of humanity as a whole.

We ask you to give our thanks to the American people who helped us to understand these things.

The forum delegates were selected in national competitions sponsored by the ministries of education in their respective countries. They are from Burma, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Iran, Iraq, Israel, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Nepal, Pakistan, and the Philippines, Singapore, Syria and Thailand.



Mr. Yehudi Menuhin at Kalakshetra talking to Srimathi Rukmini Devi and Papa Venkataramiah whose mastery of the violin Mr. Menuhin appreciated very deeply. Mr. Menuhin thought that the music of Mr. Venkataramiah was very beautiful and congratulated him on it.—Photo by S. Satyalingam.



By V. P. SATHE

ON Monday the 24th March '52 afternoon I went to Chembur, a suburb ten miles away from the city of Bombay. As I passed the Jagriti and Shrikant studios my attention was drawn by a long trek of crowds going on foot. From their looks and demeanour it appeared as if they were going to a temple or a fair. As I went ahead, the crowd thickened and I saw a huge fortress in the distance. When I reached the spot, I found hundreds and thousands of people standing in a semi-circle watching the shooting of *Jhansi-ki-Rani*.

The fortress looked from a distance so real that one felt as if it was built of stone and mortar. And the British Army in the red tunic looked picturesque, though the shot itself reminded one of the tragedy of a valiant woman who fought the Britishers and lost in 1857. The people who came from all classes and all communities, with a modern girl with her powder and lipstick being ruined by the sun, standing shoulder to shoulder with a working class girl in a torn saree, watched the shooting in right earnest. They were carried away by the atmosphere and so were the workers on the sets, right from Sohrab Modi to an ordinary coolie.

There was one arc-lamp, reflectors and the blazing sun-light to light the set and two cameras operated by Malhotra and Sarpotdar from different angles to picturize the shot. Ernest Haller was busy fixing the shot, while Sohrab Modi and Rusi Banker, the art director responsible for this astounding realistic set of the outer side of the fortress of Jhansi, were managing the crowd giving them instructions to march and climb the ladder.

After watching the shot, when I was taken to the other side of the set, I was both amazed and disillusioned—amazed at the realistic effect created with the wooden structure and plaster which had created the realistic effect and disillusioned because it was all “unreal” and an illusion. The wooden structure was, however, strong enough for even horses to ride and the people to stand on the upper edge.

Later, talking to Sohrab Modi, I learnt that the Indian sun and outdoors were specially suitable for technicolour—Sohrab Modi had been working for the last four months on this picture and he expected to finish the shooting in a month. In May he was himself expected to visit London for final editing and processing.

Talking of London, on Wednesday the 26th March, Dilip Kumar and Premnath left for London by plane. They had gone to meet Mehboob who is still busy with the preparation of the colour copy of *Aan*. The results of the colour in *Aan* are reported to be so good that there is a move to dub the picture in English. With Dilip, Prem and V. V. Purie, the financier and distributor of the picture in London, Mehboob will be able to take the decision on this issue. Meanwhile, the editing and re-recording of *Aan* is said to be complete and only processing and printing remain now to be done.

Technicolour and other colour processes are bound to find greater market in India. For instance, next winter Raj Kapoor, Shantaram and Kardar are expected to make pictures in technicolour. Shantaram has finalized the arrangements and his son Kumar and chief technician B. M.

Tata, are leaving for London next week to have the necessary training.

And after seeing *River* in technicolour one feels that colour will enhance the charm and beauty of Indian pictures in no small measure.

Picture Of The Week

Though, as Kenneth McEldowney said at a preview, the idea of *River* was born in Bombay, the story was suggested to the producer by Santha Rama Rao and the picture was screened here only after the premieres in Delhi and Calcutta.

Before recording my opinion about the picture itself, I must admit that I am astounded the way our critics have gone gaga over this picture. In fact, the veteran journalist and critic who said that he had not seen a picture like this in fifteen years and that it required a foreigner to portray real India on the screen did a great injustice to the picture as well as to motion pictures produced in India and abroad.

With due deference to these critics who seem to be suffering from an inferiority complex one must say that the soul of India was mirrored better in such classics as *Tukaram*, *Vidya-pathi*, *Padosi* and *Chhota Bhai* than *River*. They are and would always remain the true reflections of our culture, philosophy and life.

But comparisons are always odious and those who are extolling *River* at the expense of our own film industry are betraying their ignorance and inferiority complex. For, let us make it clear *River* is not an Indian picture; it is not even a story of an Indian produced by a foreigner. It is the story of a foreigner in India—the British foreman and his family, the American soldier, his cousin and his daughter from an Indian wife. The story revolves round the adolescent love of all the girls for the soldier who has lost his leg in the war; the story is thin, though it has its own poetic aroma about it.

In the original story the soldier was an Englishman and middle aged; for screen purposes he has been glamorized into a young American. The story has been padded with details of Indian—rather Bengali—customs and manners and festivals. An Anglo Indian character has been introduced; but the choice of Radha Shri Ram

who plays that role is so wrong that far from looking a daughter of an American, she just looks like a South-Indian without even a Bengalee touch or accent. What is worse, her characterization is confused; probably she too seems to be carried away by the mysticism of the Orient. Her dance is so far-fetched that even Renoir seems to have started emulating Indian producers who introduce dances and songs just for entertainment.

And yet, it is the sensitive direction by Jean Renoir that saves *River* from being a complete flop. With his imaginative use of the camera, he has captured the atmosphere of Bengal beautifully. Under his direction the majestic, sedate and timeless *River* comes to life. Every shot of the river is a gem by itself. The customs of Diwali, Kali-Puja, Kali's immersion, Holi, etc., are presented with their colourful charm; but to Indians at least the detailed explanation of these customs is not only boring but jarring. But perhaps these very semi-documentary scenes of Indian life presented from a detached angle are the chief attraction to non-Indian audiences. McEldowney has been able to exploit India from a new angle and sell it to the West which has lost all zest for Kipling's India.

The *River*, unlike other foreign pictures, is a sincere, sympathetic and commendable effort to present Indian customs and traditions, has to be acknowledged. But it is not the story of India; India is just a background, lending peculiar colour to the story. That the background impresses more than the story itself is an admission of the lack of substance. The haunting beauty of the picture is provided by its settings—very sensitively presented by director Jean Renoir.

The acting is mostly amateurish; that is perhaps because the cast is composed of novices, none of whom has any remarkable histrionic talent. Perhaps it may be also due to the episodic treatment and sketchy characterization. There is only one moving moment in the entire film when Captain John falls down and refuses to take help to adjust his wooden leg. The music is purely Indian; but the blending of Bengalee and Karnatak music sounds a false note. So does

the *Bharatanatyam* dance. Imagine a daughter of an American educated in convent and living in Bengal dancing a *Bharatanatyam* number.

Anachronisms apart, it is a poetically mounted, sensitive film which has everything but the soul of India. One welcomes this venture, for it will give a somewhat correct idea of our customs to foreigners, though it would not enlighten them about the 'real' life of our masses. A good and commendable film, it has certainly nothing to touch our producers—except the art of 'selling' India to the West! If for nothing else Kenneth McEldowney deserves compliments for showing us the way to make pictures for the international market.

Personality Of The Week

Though perhaps he has not been much in the news, the report that Hiten Chowdhary is going to Moscow to attend the economic conference must have come as a surprise to the film industry. There is hardly anybody in the film industry who does not know the be-spectacled, suave slim Hiten Chowdhary. Why, for that matter, there is hardly anybody in the social and cultural circles of the elite whom Hiten does not know.

A Bengalee to the core, Hiten began his career in a chemical shop and soon matured into a free-lance journalist. During the war he got his break when he joined the Newsreel; then thanks to Devika Rani, Hiten joined films. When Devika Rani stepped out of Bombay Talkies she asked Hiten to take over. And Hiten soon became the production controller. As long as the interest of Shiraz Ali Hakim and Saksarias was there, he continued to take active part in the working of Bombay Talkies. It was under his supervision that Nitin Bose made *Milan* based on Tagore's *Wreck*. Later he produced *Arzoo* for Indian National Pictures.

Apart from these activities in film production, he is connected with several film deals as a representative of Saksarias. He is what they call in American slang a great 'fixer' and 'go-getter.' Hiten has already been to

United States on a number of occasions to make business deals; and he has also been dealing with the Soviet Union. He played an important part in arranging the Soviet Film Festival; and in fact, Saksarias are distributors of Soviet films. Hiten accompanied Pudovkin and Cherkosov on their tour of the South.

Whether it is a dance show, a music conference, a meeting of litterateurs or a film function, you will always find Hiten occupying an important position in it. Many litterateurs and artists of Bengal always stay with Hiten when they come to Bombay. A gay bachelor and Socialist, Hiten is well-read and well-informed on world affairs. In America, he could have been a play-boy; in India, he is a versatile genius working for others. He is not an official delegate to the Soviet Union. Yet he is attending the conference by special invitation. And knowing Hiten as one does, I will not be surprised if he has a new deal with the Soviet Union for the house of Saksarias!

News Of The Week

—Telegraphic invitations were sent to film people on Tuesday the 25th March for the muhurat by Madhubala of her own picture *Syyaad*. The muhurat was held on Wednesday the 26th March at Bombay Talkies Studios. Prithviraj performed the muhurat and Premnath faced the camera. Kamal Amrohi is writing and directing *Syyaad* with Premnath and Madhubala in the stellar roles.

—On the same day Tekchand Talkies launched *Ranjana* starring Nimmi, Rehman, Shyama and Gope, at Shree Sound Studios. S. Ram who claims to have directed twenty Tamil pictures is wielding the megaphone.

—On the same day P. N. Arora launched All India Pictures' *Gohar* starring Bina Rai and Rehman. Hasan, a new-comer, is directing the picture.

—K. K. Kapoor of Kardar Films Ltd., has bought the distribution rights of *Bicycle Thief*. He is proceeding to Italy and France for further negotiations.

FRENCH EMPIRE AT STAKE IN TUNISIA

By MARK GAYN

WHEN a member rose in France's Chamber of Deputies recently to voice his fear that "Tunisia has become a second Indo-China," he was merely putting in one sentence the dread that has been permeating the French press and public opinion lately. It is more than the casualties thus far, or the riots, or the hasty dispatch of thousands of reinforcements. France fears she will not be able to endure any additions to the already overpowering strain of the Indo-China war and European rearmament.

But there is more to it even than that. Tunisia is so situated that any flames there must spread to the already smouldering Algeria and Morocco. What is at stake in Tunisia, therefore, is the fate of France's colonial empire—and of France as a great power.

The man who ignited the flames is a passionate, French-educated Arab lawyer, Habib Bourguiba, President of the Neo-Destour (New Constitution) Party, which is demanding complete internal independence for Tunisia. Never friendly to France, though he was educated there, married a French-woman and fathered a son who was born and schooled in France, the 49-year-old Bourguiba returned to Tunisia from a foreign tour last January. While abroad he took a long-range view of the tide of nationalism in the Arab world, and decided the moment was at last ripe for action. For 15 days—until he was re-arrested by the French (he is still to be sentenced on a 13-year-old French indictment)—he browbeat the Bey and Prime Minister into supporting his demand for Tunisian independence, and put his Destourian movement on a war footing. Under arrest, he continues to insist that Tunisia must remain within the French circle—once it gains home rule.

One Of Three Half-Starved

Bourguiba's formula looks simple, but for the harassed French the simplicity is deceptive. Not long ago,

they talked candidly of tossing Indo-China overboard. But Tunisia is no Indo-China. Anything that happens in Tunisia must echo immediately through the entire French empire in Africa. And if Tunisia is lost to France, so, sooner or later, will be Algeria and Morocco.

When the French cavalry galloped into Tunisia in 1881, its main goal was to protect the French hold on neighbouring Algeria. Today, Tunisia remains the vulnerable flank of Algeria. Any French defeats in Tunisia will be felt in Algeria: any concession in one must be matched in the other. That is why Algeria's 1,000,000 Frenchmen have sided with the French settlers in Tunisia in opposing any deals with Bourguiba.

This is a problem in practical politics. But even without it, no French Government can think lightly of relaxing its hold on Tunisia. French strategists call Tunisia "an African pistol aimed at Europe." Tunisia's great port of Bizerte is France's second largest naval base. Powerful radar equipment in Bizerte keeps track of all shipping between Africa and Sardinia. Huge air bases on the Tunisian coast are now on the drafting boards, and there is talk of burrowing into Tunisian rock for an underground "anti-atomic base." To the French general staff, the notion of surrendering political control of Tunisia at this point in the "cold war" is madness.

Finally, there is the question of investments. The French settlers have put \$170,000,000 into Tunisia in the past seven years alone. Under the present regime, French enterprise has bloomed. But will it under a hostile Arab Government? And the stake in Tunisia is only a small part of the immense French investment in the rest of Africa, which will be jeopardized by any mis-step in Tunisia.

Trouble in Tunisia, of course, is an echo of nationalist explosions in other corners of the Moslem world. Tunisia's Arabs would not have been

human if they had shut their eyes to the events in Egypt and Iran. But, as in these two countries, nationalism in Tunisia has deeper roots.

Outnumbered 20 to one, the French are the officials, landlords, factory managers and large storekeepers. Of Tunisia's 3,000,000 cultivated hectares (about 7,500,00 acres), half belongs to just 6,000 French owners. Some of this land was wrested from wilderness, but a great deal has been taken away from the Arabs or bought for a song. While the French have worked wonders, such as the forest of 8,000,000 olive trees, the Arab peasantry as a whole has remained desperately poor. One of every three Tunisian Arabs today is a migratory, half-starved labourer who works only part of the year.

Perhaps unavoidably, the administrative jobs go to the Frenchmen. But this has been a source of irritation to the French-educated class of Arabs—some 15 per cent of the population—which has to be content with clerical jobs on low pay. Imported French goods have driven thousands of Arab artisans out of work, and into the labour market.

It is these resentments that have fed Arab nationalism. The workers have become united in the anti-Communist Trade Union movement (with a much smaller Red labour federation alongside it). The peasants have gone into the General Union of Tunisian Agriculturists. The two together have become the mainstays of the nationalist movement, the cry for home rule, the Neo-Destour Party. They have been joined by the shopkeeper, the baker, the bank clerk and the Bey (or ruler) himself.

Political Picture Complex

A few miles outside Tunis, on the national highway that leads eastward to Suez and south to French Equatorial Africa, there stands a cluster of white-walled barracks with blue doors and shutters. There is a garden, a music kiosk, and a metal gate guarded by Arab soldiers in blue-and-red uniforms. Motorists driving by might see, in a second-storey window, the figure of a handsome old man with a neatly trimmed beard, a bushy moustache, and a fez.

The barracks are the Hammam-

Lif Winter Palace, and the man is Sidi Lamine Pasha, the Bey of Tunisia.

At 73, the Bey is a meticulous dresser, wearing western cloths with his fez. He likes to watch movies at the palace, with his youngest son as projectionist. Gravely, he takes charge of the medicine cabinet and administers first aid to his huge clan. Behind the throne room, there is a hall in which the Bey has 100 clocks, which he keeps well synchronized. But the new gadgets go with things that reach centuries back. His nine daughters and two of his three sons live at the palace, as do hordes of other princelings and courtiers. For all of them, the Bey's power is absolute. The law he imposes is the old, implacable Islamic law.

The Bey is part of the complex machinery of government put together by the French for their valuable protectorate. When they marched back into Tunisia in 1943, on the heels of retreating Nazis, they deposed the previous Bey who seemed too chummy with the Germans, and in his place put Sidi Lamine Pasha. Under him they set up a cabinet (now consisting of six Tunisians and six Frenchmen), and a full assortment of Tunisian bureaucrats, down to village heads.

But parallel to it, the French created their own machinery. Its head is the French Resident-General, without whose "visa" none of the Bey's decrees can take effect. For many Tunisians, the Resident-General's political bureau is the real government of Tunisia.

But the political picture is even more complex than that. More than 100 princes and princesses live outside the palace. Forbidden by law to work, they exist on a French approved monthly allowance and income from their estates. The younger princes are French-educated, and occasionally a visitor will run into them at the better Tunis bars. But none of them is likely to flee to Cairo or Alexandria to launch an independence move.

In any case, until World War II, neither the princelings or the oil Tunisian aristocracy had rebellion in their bones. In fact, the nationalists had an acid nickname for them, "Beni-Oui-Oui". It was easy for the French to keep nationalism in check

by playing the "Beni-Yes-Yes," crowd against the plebeian malcontents.

Unfortunately for France, the flames of nationalism have—at least for the moment—burned down these antagonisms. Today, the rebels of the Neo-Destour Party are dominant. Of the 3,200,000 Tunisian Arabs, 20,000 are party "militants" and somewhere between 400,000 and 500,000 are loyal followers. Even the most devout of the "Beni-Yes-Yes" men do not dare to challenge the Neo-Destour.

The Neo-Destour's programme is simple. Its leaders insist they do not want to break with France, and they are willing to let her run Tunisia's defence and foreign affairs. But they demand complete internal independence. Their programme includes the formation of a native Tunisian cabinet, ministers and supervisors and they insist that the French settlers be made subject to Tunisian law.

A Simple Equation

The French have been willing to allow a measure of reform in Tunisia. Talks have been in progress for two years now, and Paris has agreed to a number of changes, including a curb on the absolute powers of the Resident-General. But the French Government has been unable to make up its mind on just how far it wants to go, and each concession has been promptly assailed by the French settlers. Thus, the policy has been shifting from "soft" to "hard" and back again, and the constant cabinet crises have not made it easier to arrive at a positive, long-range programme.

In the Tunisian camp, meanwhile, there has been a growing impatience.

It has been fed partly by nationalism, roaring through the rest of the Moslem world; partly by the extremists in Bourguiba's own party. In mid-January, finally, Bourguiba gave the signal for trouble. He had just returned from Britain and the U. S., where he found sympathy for his cause. And Paris, caught in yet another cabinet re-shuffle, had once again shifted to a "hard" policy.

To most outsiders, the crisis in Tunisia may seem to be trouble on another planet. This sun-parched bit of Africa looks too small and too remote to be important. This is an error. In a supposedly free world, no one can criticise the Arabs of Tunisia for wishing to run their own country. Nor can one expect them to fight for a "free world" when they are second-class citizens in their own homeland. But, at the same time, the free world cannot watch with equanimity any weakening of French power. And no one can be sure that once they gain their present demands, the Arabs will not want to push the French—and with them the new great Western bases in Africa—into the sea.

For the West, thus, the Tunisian conflict is reduced to a simple equation: the feeling that all peoples should be free to govern themselves, as against the anxious knowledge that nothing can be allowed to interfere with the building of military defences for the global storm that may never break—or may come a year from now. The solution in Tunisia lies in any formula that can reconcile the two. And with a little patience, good-will and good sense, it is not an impossible task.—Copyright —NNF.

It is still in the "talk stage," but the Joint Chiefs of Staff, U. S. A., are seriously considering the advisability of using atomic weapons in Korea.

This is the first time, since the start of the war, that the top command has done that.

Only the President has the authority to authorize the employment of atomic weapons. The question of using them in Korea has not yet been formally submitted to him. Before that is done, it will have to be considered by the National Security Council, the top policy agency of the Government.

JENNINGS AND THE CONSTITUTION

By Dr. P. SUBBAROYAN

ONE cannot but express surprise at the way Sir Ivor Jennings dealt with our Constitution in his University lectures. It must be acknowledged that Sir Ivor Jennings is an authority on Constitutional Law and has done a great deal to bring before the world, the various aspects of the British Constitution. His two books on Cabinet Government and Parliament give a wealth of information and are authoritative on the British Constitution and its conventions.

Sir Ivor's treatment of our Constitution was full of prejudice and one has the feeling that he always had in the back of his mind his prejudices against the Indian nationalists. Mr. K. C. Wheare, in his book on Federalism has pointed out that the solution of the Government of India Act of 1935 where demarcations were made for the first time in a federal set-up of various subjects on which legislation could be passed by the Provincial Assemblies and the Central Legislature and the other list of concurrent subjects was a new departure in a federal constitution. He rather approved of it and said that it might lessen the conflict between the Centre and the various component parts. Sir Ivor forgets that the Indian Constitution makers were not writing on a clean slate, and were adapting the Government of India Act of 1935 to suit their own purposes. Sir Ivor's complaint that the minorities' rights have not been safe-guarded cannot be accepted. If there was one thing in the Constitution which caused anxiety to the framers of the Constitution, it was as to the safe-guarding of the interests of the minorities. The practice of religion and the use of language of particular people have been made a fundamental right under the Constitution. The one thing he quarrels with is the lack of representation for the minorities. Even here one can say that the biggest party in the country has always stood for adequate representation for the minorities and has tried its best to give

them such representation. Sir Ivor would see that in the selection of candidates for the Upper Houses of the Central as well as Provincial Legislatures, the Congress Party has seen to such representation. In most of the States after the coming into force of the Constitution, Muslims were found representation in the Cabinet, and so have they in the Central Cabinet. Sir Ivor should have known that the Prime Minister of India has proclaimed that India would be a secular State and the State would not stand for the interests of any particular community or religion.

Even in the appointment of Governors, the minorities have been given full representation. If Sir Ivor has taken the trouble to compare what has happened in Pakistan with what is happening in India, he would have at least given credit that India has tackled this minority problem with justice. Untouchability has been banned by the Constitution itself. The only safeguard that has been given is the reservation of seats for the scheduled castes and scheduled tribes. This was due to the fact that they were less advanced than the other members of the body politic and their interests have been specially safeguarded for at least ten years. Mr. Frank Antony, the Anglo-Indian Representative has said that the Constitution makers went out of the way to safeguard the interests of this small community. Provision has been made in the Constitution for the representation of this community by nomination by State Governors and the President to the various Assemblies and the House of the People. Sir Ivor's gibes that the Constitution vests power in the North is, to say the least, ridiculous as adults suffrage is the key to the Constitution with regard to representation and as it has been entirely on population basis it cannot be said that the South has suffered. The election has proved that this contention of his cannot hold water. The fact that a vast electorate of nearly

175 million people exercised their franchise without let or hindrance is a tribute to the people as well as the Constitution makers.

The problem that remained when power was transferred was the problem of States. There were 562 of them and the fact that under the Constitution only nine of them find place as Part B States shows at least that the Constitution makers tackled this problem with firmness. It must be said to Sardar Patel's credit that he devoted his energy and time to the solution of this problem and succeeded in getting order out of chaos before the Constitution was finally framed. The fact that all these nine Part B States now have democratic Legislatures acting through responsible Ministers is a compliment to Sardar Patel's work of consolidation. There is no doubt that specially in the Southern Part 'B' States there is a feeling against the appointment of Advisers. But even this is only a temporary provision and was put in to see that democracy works properly as most of these States were under autocratic rule and the transition may be difficult.

Sir Ivor complains against too much power being vested in the Centre. Knowing the fissiparous tendencies that are afoot, the Constitution makers specially after the partition of the country had to see that the newly found independence was not frittered away by such tendencies. Therefore, naturally they had to see that the Centre was made powerful so that it could step in when there was a danger of chaos in the various States. The Constitution makers have made sure of this by the provisions they have made vesting power in the Centre. Sir Ivor forgets that under the United States Constitution, the Centre has assumed a great deal of power under what is known as "Welfare Clause of the Constitution." Having before them the workings of various federations, the Constitution makers were cautious enough to put in various clauses which gave the Centre power. Many American writers have approved of what has been done. The one complaint that Sir Ivor makes is that a great deal has been written into the Constitution which has made it rigid. But the fact that the Parliament was able to

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amend part of the Constitution with regard to the fundamental rights and specially with regard to the zamindari legislation shows that it is not as rigid as Sir Ivor thinks it is. With tendencies that have been shown in the recent elections, the Constitution makers were right in providing for two-thirds majority to amend the Constitution. Constitutions are not meant to be scrapped after they are made. Even with regard to amendments that were passed, there have been complaints, but still people recognise that loop-holes that came to light after the passing of the Constitution had to be set right.

The one question on which Sir Ivor laid great emphasis was that the confidence of the minorities have been shaken by the giving up of separate electorates or even reserved seats for Muslims. The Constitution makers

felt that such reserved seats would only bring in a vicious system of separate electorates. It is what was done in 1909 by the Minto-Morley Reforms by which separate representation through separate electorates was given to Muslims which made communal feeling bitter and which brought about the partition of the country. Knowing this, the Constitution makers did not want this repeated again in Independent India. Who can blame them if they gave up this kind of separatism?

I am sure Sir Ivor will reflect on this and will find, as the Constitution begins to work, that it is a piece of work which would stand to the credit of the Constitution makers of India and would prove to the world that democracy can work in this part of the world!

UNITED DEMOCRATIC FRONT

By A. UMAKANTHA SARMA

EXCEPT the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party of Sri Prakasam, no other party has agreed to join the United Democratic Front sponsored by the Communist Party for the purpose of forming a non-Congress Ministry in Madras State. This is not the first time in history that the Communist Party has come out with a move to form a "United Democratic Front" against the party in power. Immediately after cessation of the war, a Democratic Front consisting of Social Democrats led by Dr. Benes and Jan Mazarek and Communists led by Dr. Gottwald, was formed. Dr. Benes and Dr. Mazarek were given the highest posts: Presidentship and Foreign Ministry respectively. The Communists, of course, were satisfied with minor roles. They were not particular about artificial power. They wanted real and substantial power. They began to capture all trade unions, form unions in the police and carry on secretly anti-social democratic sedition. A policy of indoctrination was intensively carried out till the Communists were satisfied that they could overthrow the Democratic Socialists and establish their own party dictatorship. Unfortunately, the Social Democrats shirked respon-

sibility when the decisive hour came. They feared civil war, lost confidence in themselves, and therefore gave in to the Communists and allowed power to pass into the Communists' hands. All through, Mr. Zonin, the Foreign Minister of Soviet Russia was in Czechoslovakia personally supervising the usurpation of power.

There is another and more abhorrent Democratic Front in Europe. It was sponsored by Russia prior to 1936. Mussolini had established himself firmly in Italy. In Germany, Hitler was fighting against formidable opposition from Social Democrats. To Stalin, the Social Democrats were a greater source of danger potentially to his totalitarianism than the Nazis or Fascists. He therefore actively aided the Nazis to suppress the Social Democrats in Germany and come to power. His assessment of the situation in Germany at that time was that Hitler, even though he ascended to power, could not improve the economic condition of his country. Contrary to Stalin's expectations Hitler, soon after he came to power, established his own dictatorship and confiscated all instruments of production and in no time he converted the economy of Germany into a most pros-

perous one. Stalin got perturbed at this, and in 1936 he sponsored a Democratic Front in some of the countries in Europe. In England he tried to distinguish between Churchill and Chamberlain and called Churchill more progressive. He invited the Labour Party, Churchill and Liberals into the Front. In France, Spain and some other countries of Europe he could collect anti-Nazis and form a Front. What happened to this Front? When Hitler became a formidable power which even the collective strength of the Democratic Front could not withstand Stalin bade good bye to the Front and made a pact with Hitler. It was in the interest of his own Soviet Nationalism that he did this. If only Stalin had continued his Democratic Front, there was every likelihood of Hitler not attacking Poland and other European countries.

What happened after the outbreak of war to this Front is recent history. How the Communist parties the world over behaved, we know well.

"The Communist parties the world over have resorted to the tactics of United Front only in periods when they were anxious to blunt the social struggle and co-operate with reactionary elements in order to further the aims of Russian Nationalism. Likewise the present attempt of the Communist Party of India to build up a United Front is not prompted by the desire to develop the revolutionary

urge of the people and hasten the process of social change, but on the contrary, it is based on the reactionary policy of suspension of the class struggle and refusal to fight the vested interests. The sole object of the Communists in engineering these Fronts is to further their extra-territorial aims."

The powers are dividing into two distinct camps in their preparation for war. The Communist parties and the pro-American elements in all countries, in their efforts to drag their countries to their respective camps, are forming alliances with other parties. The Communist Party of India to-day is aligned with the Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party and is wooing the others. It has betrayed the working class, discarded the class struggle, suspended the process of social change and assumed an anti-Socialist attitude in order to further its aims. If it succeeds India will be dragged into the impending war and the consequences will be terrible. Hence all democratic parties and elements in the country have to be on the watch. Therefore, all the parties linked together by deep-rooted allegiance to Nationalism, devotion to liberties and the rights of the people and a burning anxiety for social change have to come together and build up the vital leadership that people need and to fight and end the reactionary rule of the Congress and defeat the sinister motives of the Communists.

INDIA MUST STAY NEUTRAL

By BAROO

WE must be warned against the danger of slipping into alignment with the West out of a feeling of gratitude for the very real financial help that we are receiving and are likely to receive from the United States. How well-based these fears are is illustrated by the latest policy statement of Ambassador B. R. Sen. Speaking to a gathering of (appropriately enough) American businessmen at San Francisco on March 12, Mr. Sen paid a tribute to the "wise and forceful" leadership represented by the American Government and went on to say that "India had not made any definite statement that she

would support the United States and other democracies because officially the undefined position had its advantages." This is to say that while India is in reality prepared to side with the West in its struggle with Russia, she does not wish to openly proclaim her stand for reasons of expediency. Little wonder that American leaders have begun to acclaim what they describe as a shift in India's foreign policy the while we fool ourselves that it continues to remain unchanged and what it was—a policy of neutrality and non-involvement.

Since it is of the utmost importance that Americans should not be allowed

CEYLON'S NEW PREMIER

to feel that they can bank upon Indian help or even goodwill in the event of the preventive war they are planning to unleash on Russia and China, it is necessary to enquire whether Mr. Sen's statement represents the authoritative views of the Indian Government or whether he has been exceeding his powers in making it. I, for one, refuse to believe that there has been a shift in India's foreign policy in the direction of alignment with the West. Had there been such a shift, surely Nehru would have explained it, laid it before Parliament and the nation and invited debate on it, before committing his Government. He is not the sort of Machiavelli who may be expected to make a vital change in policy behind the backs of his people, as it were. Nor, let it be said, is he so politically naive, as not to know what the consequences of such a confidence trick are likely to be on the country's public opinion. (The fate of a too pro-American Government in comparatively backward Indonesia is a timely reminder in this connection). It therefore appears that Mr. Sen has been talking irresponsibly in assuring America of Indian support in her designs.

If this interpretation is correct, as I hope it is, then the Prime Minister should immediately repudiate and if necessary recall Mr. Sen from Washington. No Government can at any time allow its accredited Ambassadors to misinterpret or mis-state its policies abroad. Least of all can India, in the circumstances of the cold war today, afford to give the impression to America that she is in reality on her side, only she does not wish to say so. If Mr. Nehru does not take any notice of Mr. Sen's pronouncements the public will be quite justified in concluding that he is in agreement with, and has in fact authorised them. He will in that case have to face the public and explain his action. This is not likely to be an easy matter. The country is in no mood to stand any ganging up with America and not even Nehru can make an attempt to tie us to America and get away with it.

The truth of the matter is that American war plans are so brazenly bruited about, and are so seriously meant that India apart, even the European powers are turning away

from the "wise and forceful" leadership of Washington. Even the Canadian Premier has found it necessary to condemn the concept of the Preventive War, while Bevan has declared that not a single British soldier will be sacrificed for an American war against China. Even if it be said that we Indians are unduly sensitive on this question of war and peace, can it ever be alleged that America's European allies are shying at a shadow? But if there is still anybody who is unconvinced of America's designs even after reading Ambassador Dulles' statements, he ought to be satisfied with the testimony furnished by the recently published diary of Major General Robert Grow, Military Attache to the U. S. Embassy at Moscow. This worthy has opined that in the next war (for which he thought 1951 was a critical year) "we must learn to hit below the belt."

How can we, in the face of all this evidence, allow our Ambassador to assure America of our support in her dangerous and mad designs? No amount of gratitude for 50 million dollars can justify such encouragement to war. Especially when this aid has been inspired, according to Dean Acheson himself, by the desire to fight Communism in India. This is what he told Congress the other day: "The United States believed it necessary to stop and reverse a trend disclosed in the recent Indian elections in which the Communist vote increased to a very large extent... If this trend should continue you would have a growth of Communist strength in India and a very dangerous situation in Asia." He accordingly asked for an appropriation of 1000 million dollars for further aid to India, so that the dangerous trend revealed by our elections may be reversed. Is this not open interference in our political affairs rather than disinterested economic aid? Here is a country openly declaring that she wants to stop and reverse one of our significant political trends, and here are we thanking her for trying to do so, and pledging our loyal support to her international policies from which even her next-of-kin have recoiled!

The situation demands that the Prime Minister should recall or at least repudiate Mr. Sen immediately.

JUDGED by Plato's dictum that the man who least desires an office is the most fitted to hold it, since he most understands its responsibilities, Dudley Senanayake, the new Premier of Ceylon, is probably the best choice for the responsible position. Last year, when there was a spate of speculation regarding the successor to the late Premier D. S. Senanayake, and when some cabinet ministers were indulging in embarrassing statements, Dudley Senanayake kept his counsel and refused to be drawn into controversy. While their admirers called each cabinet minister a future Premier, some nodded assent, while others voiced it loudly. But Dudley alone retorted that instead of hunting for a successor they should all pray that his father D. S. Senanayake should have a long life, to lead his country out of the critical times.

Many have called him a true chip of the old bloc, while others have called him the old bloc itself. It is doubtful, however, whether he has very much in common with his late father, or even whether any close replica of his father can succeed in tackling the new tasks before the country. In fact he differs quite much from his father in many respects. A rugged man from the villages, with the proud nickname of "Jungle Johu" attached to him, D. S. Senanayake acted the part of a bluff genial man of the soil with a lot of commonsense if little learning. Dudley, his younger son, cannot put on the same cloak for the simple reason that he has been educated for the bar and bred up in the traditions of polite society and public service by a self-made father. The grand work of nation-building, however haphazardly, has been done by his father. His work is one of consolidation and of hard day to day administration.

But he does share his father's commonsense view of things, his freedom from communalism and his enormous tact. He does not have his father's domineering nature, though he has part of his physical vigour. But his

outstanding quality is his liberal outlook and tact. During the years he was Minister of Agriculture, he has worked silently and hard for the execution of his various projects, but he has never once in spite of all that, made any vainglorious statement. Even at the most inviting opportunities, he has rarely indulged in rash jokes or statements. The cartoonist Collette bought out his cautious tactfulness in his last year's Christmas cartoon. Each minister receives an appropriate Christmas present, but Dudley receives none since during the whole year he did not give the cartoonist a single good idea for a cartoon.

He is probably the first bachelor Premier of South East Asia in recent times. This has been a standing joke, and he has been called the most eligible bachelor in Ceylon. He himself has said that being a bachelor gave him enough time and freedom from worry to attend to public business. But it is likely that he may not continue in single blessedness for long.

He however faces very grave problems, both in his party and in the country. In fact, after the death of his father D. S. Senanayake, the seniormost member of the U. N. P. and the leader of the House was Sir John Kotelawala, who was expected to become Premier. But due to the strong antipathies and sympathies he had provoked, he had to be kept away to make way for Dudley. It was a rare act of reconciliation when Sir John continued to serve in his cabinet. But Dudley, though he has apparently composed the differences in his party, will find it difficult to lead them as a united party in the elections which are shortly approaching. What would be even more difficult is the securing of a majority of seats. While the opposition has been gaining ground steadily, the U. N. P. has suffered a series of misfortunes. Dudley Senanayake, the new Premier, is therefore "the last hope of the stern and unbending Tories" of Ceylon in the words of Macaulay.

Letters To The Editor

This section is offered to readers for free discussion on subjects of interest to them. Letters should be brief and typewritten.

Spare Rajaji!

It is deplorable that this great State, Madras, in South India is unable to produce a single leader. It is equally absurd to think of recalling C. R. to assume the leadership. There has been no intellectual or political bankruptcy here. The only impediment in the way of securing a leader appears to be the petty political bickerings. That is hardly a reason to call on an old man to shoulder the responsibilities, whatever his eminence. It is a shame not only to Madras but to the whole of India not to be able to find a leader. And greater shame it will be if an Ex-Governor General were to accept the leadership. Positions of dignity and honour should not be put to shame in this fashion.

It is much better for all concerned to make an honest attempt to elect a leader than to recall one whose administration was not without its blemishes. Even Rajaji had his own failings. Let not Rajaji be duped by the letters, petitions and memoranda and take the false step of accepting the leadership and suffer humility. Apparently a few persons who hope to enjoy his patronage are behind all these. Let all the new M.L.A.'s in the fair name of this great State search for a new leader who can revitalise the organisation instead of inviting one from the older generation. Let the leadership be entrusted to new young and energetic hands. Let Rajaji be spared so that he may enjoy his much needed rest.

KASTURI SIVAPRASADA RAO.

Whither Karnataka Music?

Indian music of the higher variety has generally been the outcome of deep religious fervour. Religion and art have gone hand in hand. Great composers like Sri Thyagaraja poured out their hearts in soul-stirring songs. Music was looked upon as a mode of realising Godhead. So the musicians and composers of old were held in high esteem, and they also lived up to that standard. They did not need the patronage of the public, they were well looked after and patronised by kings and zamindars. They had no need to think of anything but their art. Musicians were called Bhagavatars in those days; every musician was considered to be a devotee of the Lord.

Times changed, the patronage shifted to the public; the artist had to make a

series of compromises to make his living. If the great musical art of which we can be justly proud is to continue to be the pure and unique art that it is, we have to guard it against the many pitfalls which are threatening it. Firstly, we have to restore the sacred atmosphere to our concerts, the listless chatting and gossip and all the noise which mar many of our concerts must be stopped. There is a tendency of late to sing ragas rather mechanically without paying due attention to the essential bhava of the raga, especially beginners in music begin to attempt ragalapana in out-of-the-way ragas like Srasangi, Vagadeeswari, Mararanjani, while they are unable to sing properly even popular ragas like Todi, Sankarabharanam and Bhairavi. To sing a raga without its bhava pulsating from it is no music. Again, singing kalpanaswaras for compositions is being overdone nowadays. I venture even to go to the extent of saying that some pieces are best rendered when they are sung in their natural form without any swara embellishment; swaras may at times spoil the aesthetic effect of a piece.

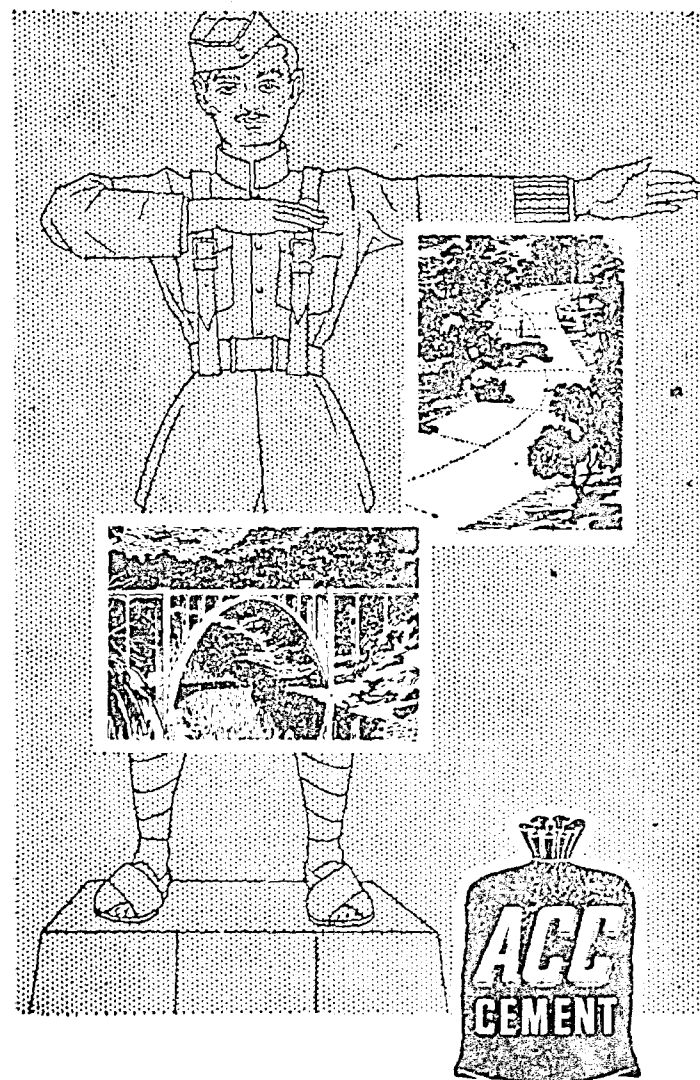
In the general levelling down brought about by modern democracy, two tendencies are specially noticeable: width is being achieved at the expense of depth, which is verily a calamity for art. Also popular demands for cheap variety begin to set the standard of classical concerts with obvious deplorable results. In the olden times a performance consisted mainly of ragalapana and pallavi; when the saint Thyagaraja and the other great composers gave us wonderful songs of high musical value, kritis also found a place in the concerts. But the popular demand has gone so far as to relegate to the background the most important item of pallavi. I wonder why we cannot devise varieties of concerts to suit the varying tastes of the people who demand them.

The havoc done to the delicacy and subtlety which are the very life of our music by the mike and the degradation brought about in the standard of musical sensibility of the people by the cheap cinema music are well known. And the radio stations fill their programmes with indifferent music, and despicable cinema tunes, and there are many other tendencies which are combining to stifle our glorious music. Music lovers are bound to take serious notice and save our art.

PROF. R. SRINIVASAN.

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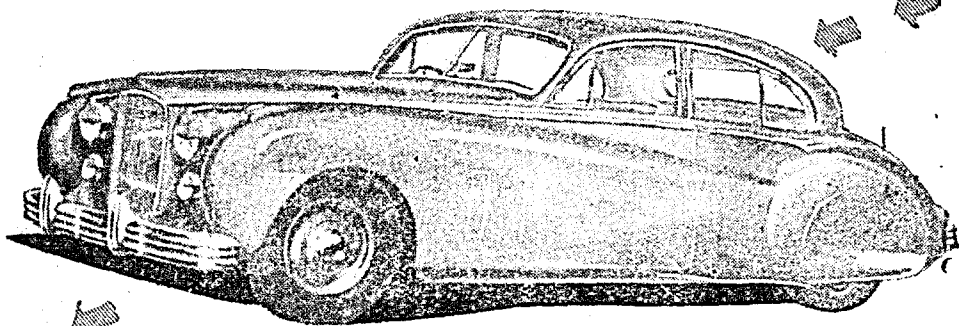
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