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The 25th of Baisakh is a red letter day in the history of Indian culture. On this day was born not only the greatest poet of the age but also a great composer of modern music. Rabindranath from his early boyhood was a serious student of both Indian and European music. When he was a mere boy he composed a number of songs and set them to tune. He had to bring them before his father who was so pleased that he rewarded the budding poet and composer with a cheque for five hundred rupees. The Jorasanko House of the Tagore's was the meeting place of almost all the cultured people of contemporary Calcutta. Among them were poets and litterateurs, artists and art critics, composers and ustads of music.

While in England he made a special study of European music and his discourse on the comparative merits of European and Indian music which we find in his reminiscences, is something which cannot be excelled by any other connoisseur of music. He was the first to introduce European Music into Indian stage when he composed "Valmiki Pratibha". He found our melodies to be unsuitable for the expression of action on the stage and so he composed Bengali songs in the style of "Irish melodies". Valmiki-Pratibha is an action drama representing action; by songs. "Mayar Khela" on the other hand was composed not to represent action but to show the subtleties of different melodies

## Rabindranath As Musician

By MISS BINA CHOUDHURY

as counterpart of sentiments.

In his youth Rabindranath learned classical music from many 'Ustads' of northern India. His first love in the matter of composition of hymns was "Dhrupad" and many of these are still sung in the Brahma Samaj. In his later years he developed a new style in music which was in conformity with the tradition of the indigenous music of Bengal. In Bengal and in South India we find harmonious blending of both poetry and music. In the Kirtans of Bengal we find the finest "padas" of Vaishnava poets sung in four different styles namely "Garanhati", "Manoharsahi", "Mandarini" and "Jharkhandi". Of these four schools again, the style of "Garanhati" is classical and it had a marked resemblance with "Dhrupad". In South India also we find that the Shaiva and 'Vaishnava' hymns are sung in Karnataka style of music. In Northern India there was no blending of poetry and music. The words are mere vehicles of the melodies. That is why some people say that music is to be found only in pure Northern India.

Without going into the academic discussions on the subject, I may say that there is no harm if one fine art is harmoniously blended with another fine art. Sculpture has its own beauty no doubt, but there is no harm if sculpture becomes an integral part of architecture as in Parthenon or Mahabalipuram.

So to understand and appreciate the compositions of Rabindranath one must know the tradition of South Indian and Bengali music. The highbrows

of classical music think that their school represents what is best in Indian music. These people are so conservative that they look askance at every new movement in the sphere of music. They forget that in the past there were revolts against the rigidity of classical style which were responsible for the origin and growth of "Kheyal", "Thumri", "Tappa" etc.

Rabindranath made experiments with different media of expression in music and his experiments paved the way for the founding of a new school. In this country this sort of experiment was not unknown in the past. Music to be progressive

must incorporate new modifications and new inventions by the masters. Our Indian music though rich in melody can never be orchestral, as it lacks harmony. In comparison with European music, our music is monotonous and devoid of depth. If an obduracy prevents us from accepting new styles then our music will never progress and be a mere repetition of the past. European music is progressive. So progressive that even in besieged Leningrad a new symphony was composed, executed and radioed to the world.

Let us, therefore, be progressive and remember with reverence the great composer who founded a new school of music.

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## A TOUGH PROBLEM

We have been led to believe by our political leaders that there is really no difference between Hindi and Urdu. When spoken by a Hindu and written in Devanagri script, it is Hindi; when spoken by a Muslim and written in Persian script, it is Urdu. What then is Hindustani? As far as we have been able to gather, when a Hindu and a Muslim speak to each other, they speak neither in Hindi nor in Urdu but in Hindustani. Books that are meant to be read by both Hindus and Muslims are written neither in Hindi nor in Urdu, but in Hindustani.

But this is an oversimplification. Babu Rajendra Prasad in an interview given to the Press on June 22 said that he originally appointed two committees to prepare a Hindi and an Urdu translation of the Draft

Constitution. A third translation was made by another group of persons in Hindustani. Then the steering committee asked him to appoint a committee of experts to prepare a translation which would be accurate and generally intelligible to the people at large. This committee was appointed and it has now prepared a fourth translation.

Now, if Hindi and Urdu were different names of the same language, Babu Rajendra Prasad would not have wasted the time and labour of 4 expert Committees to prepare four translations of the draft constitution. It is evident from the steps taken by him that there are at least 4 different languages—Hindi, Urdu, Hindustani, and a nameless one which "is more accurate (than any of the other three) and is generally intelligible to the people at large". The claims of each of these four languages for being our *rashtra bhasa* have to be carefully examined before a final decision is made by the Constituent Assembly about our State language. Mahatma Gandhi was a protagonist of Hindustani, and with his death, Hindustani has lost all backing.

It is now a subject for ribald jokes. With the formation of Pakistan, Urdu has lost its prestige and position in the Indian Union. So, by elimination, we are left with two languages only—Hindi and the nameless language (which, according to the Steering Committee and Babu Rajendra Prasad, is more accurate and more readily understood by the people at large than Hindi, Urdu or Hindustani). The claims of Hindi to be the *Ras-trabhasa* of India are being vigorously put forward (naturally enough) by those whose mother-tongue it is. If we are allowed to have any say in the matter we would surely plump for the nameless language favoured by the Steering Committee and in which the Draft Constitution has already been translated. Our reason for saying so is that this nameless language is superior in two very important respects to its rivals—Hindi, Urdu or Hindustani,—it is more accurate and more easily understood by the people. This language should be given a name and adopted as the language of the Indian Union. Such a step would also put a stop to the Hindi—Urdu-Hindustani controversy that has been raging in the country for a long time. Only linguistic imperialism and linguistic jingoism can raise objections to such an ideal language which is simple enough to be understood by all and at the same time accurate enough for writing scientific books.

## THE INDIAN CONSTITUTION AND THE "LAY-MAN"

The "man-in-the-street" is as baffling a person as the Scarlet Pimpernel. Now and again he puts in an appearance with a "letter to the Editor", showing probably very little interest in the Editor and establishing contact only with those gentle readers of the press who are, after all just more of his own genre, which brings us back to our starting point. Often he is

thought of or referred to somewhat disparagingly as a unit in that noble body "the great G. P.", or at other times is spoken of as the "average man" as if it were possible to determine the mean of humanity. Where anything technical is concerned he comes to be known as "the layman". These are all but labels for the stock of humanity. However we describe this elusive person, "the layman" who looks at the constitution of India has produced an interesting pamphlet which is published in U. S. A. by the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. Although the "Layman" states in the preface that he is neither a communalist nor a communist, neither a congressman nor a socialist, his views leave no doubt to which party he belongs.

The Indian constitution which is being drawn up is generally a copy of that of the U. S. A., but it is much more unwieldy than the latter. It contains more than ten times the number of sections than the American constitution and in some places it reads like the election manifesto of the party in power. It is a veritable paradise for those hairsplitting logicians who would argue whether the seed holds the oil or the oil holds the seed. Of the waste going on arounds us, the worst of all is that of intelligence; we shall not easily make this "the head stone of the corner", as we have not yet developed the least ability to use ourselves in any logical and sufficient manner. Waste of opportunity by present-day politicians as a class—the perpetual killing of the slain under the disguise of new jargons, owing to a cultivated and obtuse narrowness of vision; our lack of wisdom as fishers in the seas of knowledge, in travelling without sufficient purpose and our consequent inability to work problems out exactly to a logical end—these are all illustrated in the new Indian constitution; and they are real dangers to right living and progress. Our continued failure to gain a sense of proportion, to be proportionate in our judgments, owing to the lack of culture, is another. It is useless, however, to particularize; waste and

wasters must soon be considered in every connexion.

It has been rightly pointed out by the "Layman" that the new Indian constitution has no mandate from the people of India. The Constituent Assembly is a creation of the British and not of the Indian people. Following the Americans, the Indian constitution has vested vast powers in the hands of the President. It is true that a wise, far-seeing, clever, just and merciful dictator could come to a proper decision in a few hours that a democracy might debate for years and leave the task only half done. It is, however, rare for a wise, far-seeing, clever, just and merciful man to become a dictator.

Jeans would have us believe that space is curved and finite. Kipling has told us, in his most amusing vein, of the village that voted the earth was flat. The success of a constitution depends upon the spirit with which it is worked. A constitution passed by a packed majority will be of little value, since it does not reflect all variety of views of the people. At the same time, economic and political calamities, for which our leaders have only one panacea—taxation—multiply, so that the outlook is most gloomy, and the gangster alone seems to find all for the best in this best of all countries. Our India is an incorporation of a quite modern life within an antique setting, and reality in any form seems remote. Few will deny the seriousness of things. Wise economy must surely come first in our aims. We can no longer afford to spend the greater part of our national income on a form of Government built up in the days of extravagance and exploitation. The clamour for change in this direction must become vociferous and general, and not be regarded as the querulous plaint of opposition. Our civilization has become too artificial, and our political methods correspond with the standard of a pre-industrial age. Taxation has exceeded our capacity to pay, the citizen

\*A Layman Looks At The Constitution Of India. N. M. Tripathi Ltd. Princess Street, Bombay 2. Price Rs. 2/-.

has no money left wherewith to buy the products of industry, and if a halt is not called he may soon lack enough to buy food and clothes as well. There are those who say we have become too docile, too ready to wait until instructed to act, largely perhaps as the result of the spirit of nationalism engendered during the struggle for liberty. Let us beware lest pessimism leaves behind it a sense of serenity. History teaches us whence we have come, but for us and our children the problem is whither we are going, and for once, precedent, so ingrained in our traditions and habits, fails to guide us in any definite direction.

The "Layman" has done a real service by drawing attention to the defects in the proposed Indian constitution. He looks at it with a true perspective and not through the coloured glasses of the majority party. We congratulate him for preparing this aeroplane view of the new Indian constitution in a readable form. We have read the pamphlet with great interest and profit. We think the pamphlet will be widely circulated.

## Notes & Comments

**News From Sadakat Ashram**  
Some person or persons unknown are alleged to have drawn Rs. 7,000 from the Bihar Provincial Congress Committee's bank account. The defalcation took place five months ago, but has been discovered only recently.

**Guns for rice**  
The annual military budget of India under foreign rule was about Rs. 60 crores. Now the non-violent rulers of the country have raised it to Rs. 160 crores. Britain spends 13 p. c. of her revenues on armaments; America, with her very costly atom bombs, spends 17 p. c. of her national income on war preparations. Non-violent India is spending 49 p. c. of her income on the armed forces. In Bombay province, the police budget before independence used to be Rs. 3 crores annually, now it is

7 crores. In U. P., the provincial Government has raised an army of home guards—6 lakhs strong—at a cost of Rs. 50 lakhs per annum.

One wonders why we are rapidly becoming a police and military state. Are all these war preparations meant for fighting Pakistan, or is the popular Government in need of protection from the people?

### Bits of news

There is growing tension between Afghanistan and Pakistan.

The recent bombing of Moghalgai post, a part of the Tribal Area has worsened relations.

Afghanistan has granted concessions to America to construct strategic air bases not far from the Russo-Afghan Frontier

Pakistan has placed a large order for armaments from the Skoda factory in Czechoslovakia which is behind the Iron Curtain.

Pakistan has signed a trade agreement with Soviet Russia.

Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan has been invited by the Soviet Government to visit Moscow and has accepted the honour.

Our Pandit has also been invited to visit—*not* Moscow but Washington.

We hope our readers will not find it difficult to put two and two together.

Did you know?

That our State Ministers get a car allowance of rupees three hundred a month?

### Unearned Increment

An Armenian merchant who came to Calcutta from Hamadan in Iran, towards the end of the Moghal rule in Bengal, bequeathed property then worth Rs. 10,000 for the relief of poor Armenian debtors and for the maintenance of the Armenian Church, now the oldest existing building in Calcutta, on 30th May 1794. The deed of gift, written in Armenian, is with the Administrator General of Bengal.

The property is now worth 30 times its value in 1794.

### Indian Swami In Norway

Swami Sri Ananda Acharya was an Indian professor of philosophy, born in Hoogly. He was originally a Baral, but his full name is not known.

He was a professor of philosophy in some Calcutta college and subsequently became a sanyasi. After a period of wandering among the towering peaks of the Himalayas he somehow landed in London in 1911 where he gave lectures on Indian philosophy for 3 years, and published several books in English. In 1914 he reached Oslo (Norway) and spent the summer in a mountain hotel in Telemark. In the autumn of 1915 he delivered a series of lectures at Oslo University and the following spring he went to Stockholm (Sweden) and gave discourses on Indian metaphysics there. He spent the summer of 1916 and the following winter in the mountains of Gudbrandsdalen. In the autumn of 1917 he went to Ironavangen in North Osterdal. The grandeur of these mountains reminded him of the Himalayas; so he bought a cottage there, named it Gourishankar and made it his home for the rest of his days.

This retreat in the mountains gave him peace and the solitude he needed. From here he sent forth his message in the form of poems, theses and volumes of literary work. Some of them have been translated in Norwegian and Swedish. Two of his works have also appeared in the Norwegian language.

He devoted his life to the dream of the perfection of man through brotherhood and friendship. Nobody knew how old he was, but some of his English women disciples have said that he was 62 when he settled in the Tronsvangen mountains. He died on May 8, 1945, the very day on which Norway was freed from German occupation. He was buried on the top of the Tronsfjellet Mountain and the granite slab on the top of his grave bears the following inscription:

"THIS GROUND WHERE  
SWAMI ANANDA ACHARYA

RESTS IS SACRED. PEACE  
BE WITH ALL, PEACE, IN  
TRUTH PEACE"

### The Wealth And Grandeur That Is Ind

On May 24, the India League of America gave a dinner to Indian Ambassador, Sister Vijayalakshmi, at Waldorf Astoria, New York's (and hence the world's) most gorgeous hotel. The charge for each seat was \$12.50 (= Rs. 41). We are told that "American women, who love and can well afford to wear beautiful clothes, WERE OUTSHONE BY THE STUNNING SARIS WORN BY INDIAN WOMEN AT THE DINNER."

Only two days before the dinner, i. e. on the 22nd May, the *Forum of Bombay* wrote: "We are poor—one of the poorest countries in the world". We are sure the world will not be misled by this whining about our poverty when Indian women can put to shame the daughters of Astors, Vanderbilts and Rockefellers in their own Waldorf Astoria.

### Shall We Go Back ?

A Russian biologist, S. D. Antipin, has said: "Man's greatest tragedy occurred when he ceased to walk on all fours and cut himself off from the rest of the animal world by assuming an erect position. If man had continued to walk horizontally, many of the world's ills would not exist."

"Every four-legged animal excels man in most respects. Since man raised his head up he practically lost his sense of smell. As a descendant of a four-legged animal, man is constructed on the horizontal principle and so, by becoming vertical he is as much of an oddity as a steam engine rolling along on its back wheels. The physical weaknesses of man are primarily the result of his "unnatural" erect posture. Many human ailments would disappear if man walked on all fours."

However queer they may sound, Antipin's statements are biologically incontrovertible. Certainly there would have been no atom bomb had man not left the quadrupedal mode of locomotion. But the problem to-day is that however we may sigh for the days in the dim and distant past when our ancestors had not learnt to release their fore limbs by raising themselves on their

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## "Nepalese Life"

By VIDYARTHI

hind ones, it is hardly possible for us, even if we want to do so, to go back to what Antipin calls the horizontal position.

### The Rake's Progress

The Railway Convention Committee has agreed that railways ought to contribute to general revenues. That "if the principle that nationalized industries were to contribute nothing to general revenues was recognized, there would be no money with which to run the administration of the country."

It is not necessary to exploit the people and make profit from nationalized industries. Ordinary administration can be run without profit-making nationalization. But when more and more embassies are opened all over the world; when all the Big ones (and many smaller fries too) go on pleasure trips to distant parts of the earth to "study" something or other, several times in the year; when the expenditure on military and police is raised steeply every year,—then, of course, money will be needed in vast amounts. But why call it "administration"?

### Where Yahoos Live

The incessant chatter about culture by Government spokesmen in New Delhi is in ironical contrast to the complete lack of cultural amenities in the capital. There are no concert halls. There is no place where one can listen to good Indian music, writes the *I. N. Chronicle*. Even the inquisitive foreigner has to be satisfied with the musical fare All India Radio provides. There is no theatre, not even a theatre hall, and it is considered a heavy drama season if the three or four amateur dramatic associations can scrape together their meagre resources and stage half dozen plays in a year. There is not even an art gallery. The curious foreigner or the art student has to travel thousands of miles if he wants to study Indian art treasures belonging to the various periods.

Not to speak of Art, there is not even a good library within access of the public in India's glittering capital. In contrast to this, the shops are full to overflowing with luxury goods; wine flows like water in restaurants, hotels and clubs; the world's most luxurious cars rush along the streets. As a foreigner remarked: "There is certainly wealth in New Delhi but no culture."

The smiling land of Nepal lying in the lap of the Himalayas has always remained a mystery to the outsiders. To some Nepal is the "Home of the Gods", to others it has been a land of "Sadhus" and "fakirs", to others again it is no better than a country the pages of whose history are full of bloody wars and cold-blooded massacres. To the big game shooters, Nepal is a land rich in the Terai forests which abound in valuable rhinos and tigers. To most of us in India, Nepal, above all, is the land of Lord Pashupati Nath, the land of MahaShivaRatri Mela. At least the E. I. R. "Place Names Guide" tells one so while introducing Nepal as one of the "important places of India". It also tells one that the "Nam" of Lord Pashupati Nath in the temple at Kathmandu is of "Paras" which can transform anything of base metal that is brought in contact with it into gold:—(the compiler of the List of place names does not express any doubt even as to the probability of the thing. It is told in such a way as if it were a "fact"). So no wonder that a number of even fantastic legends have grown round the land of Nepal and its people.

Recently in India, among the readers of the Dailies of this province chiefly, the name of Nepal has come to be associated with a "people's movement" in Katmandu and with the activities of the so-called Nepal National Congress, a political party which is alleged to be fighting for the freedom of the Nepalese people from the Rana rule in the country.

Now a question arises as to which of these and several other heterogeneous views is correct? Does any of them give a true picture of the life of the Nepalese nation? Do they all combined together help us to form any concrete picture of the country and the life of her children? Hardly so. For the life of a nation is not comprised of such widely fantastic or pitifully narrow heterogeneous views; it is a far subtler thing. It cannot be cut into different pieces and then the different pieces pigeon-holed. Probably the different views held

by the outsiders about Nepal may contain some grains of truth, but they hardly help us to form any idea of the Nepalese life even if they all be placed together, for to peep into the truth one needs to look into much more than what these different sets of opinions provide us with.

History in general has always been a record of man's misery, bloody wars political disruption, social chaos and mangling of people's lives in all the ages. Hardly a single page in it depicts the sunny side of man's life, his aspirations [and quest after the joys of life. As such History can hardly bring any consolation to the modern mind which looks in vain for a 'hopeful' picture of the life of the common man with its joys and sorrows—a picture in which he could just have a reflection of his own life, which has come to appear so fruitless in the present day world of disillusionment. The modern man realises this greatest shortcoming of all History, more so when he shudders at the shape of what the history of his own times will be like if it be written on the old lines—of the times when the common man has always seemed to miss the happiness that life on earth should bring. It is this realization that is voiced by the finer sensibility of a modern poet in a better language when he says of a man that

"He flaunts his folly and woe  
in a proud dress,  
But writes no history of his  
happiness"

(Binyon)

That is true about all history and that is true, in some measure, of the history of Nepal also. But do then the pages of the history of the country tell the real story of the Nepalese life? Has not flown there the human story vast and full? It has flown there always in the past and the charm of the whole

thing is that it flows there still. Nepalese life is still contented and happy, embittered as it has not yet been by the pointlessness and disillusionment that leave the greater part of the world cold to-day. It is this thing that appeals to the outsider most when he goes to the country, for he finds a sweetness in the life of the people which he misses elsewhere and of whose loss in his own life he is painfully aware of. But this essential thing might very well escape the notice of a superficial observer, his head muddled with all sorts of fabricated stories about the country. For to taste the real thing that characterises the life of the people of Nepal, one will have to penetrate deep through the tales of political movements and governments and delve deep into the life of the common man for it is to this life that a true student of history should turn. An attempt, however inadequate, will be made in this brief sketch to draw a rough outline of the people of Nepal, of the "Gorkhas" as they are widely known abroad.

By Nepal several people understand "Kathmandu" only and even for a number of Nepalese the name "Nepal" is restricted only to the valley of Kathmandu. The city life of the whole Kingdom of Nepal centres round Kathmandu, the capital town. It is the largest town worth the name. But the greater part of Nepal lies in the hilly rural area of the North and the plains of the Terai in the South. Life in those parts is far less sophisticated than Kathmandu life is—in short, it is more natural. And it is the naturalness that is the most remarkable thing about Nepalese life. It is this quality above anything else that has kept the old vitality of the nation still alive.

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The King sat on his throne and the ministers thronged the Durbar hall. His Majesty said to the Minister of Hunting "Prepare my chariot and hunters."

The Minister replied "Your Majesty can start at once. Thirty thousand sharp arrows are on the hunting chariots and elephants. Shoot to kill."

The King said "Her Majesty worships Kartick for three days to have a son to keep my dynasty intact. She won't see my face for three days. I shall be away for that period. She greets me again on the fourth day."

The hunting was over. The King's equipage was returning along the high road. A beautiful girl of sweet sixteen, midway between a flower and a gem was weeping under a tree.

"Halt! halt!" cried the King gallantly. The ponderous cavalcade pulled up. "Whose sister are you, darling?" asked the King. The girl replied with pouting lips:—

"The only daughter of the King who held sway on the other side of your kingdom. Being defeated in battle my father was put to death. I have no mother, nor anybody else to take care of me."

"Come, darling! be my second queen. I want a son badly. You shall be his mother. He made the princess sit beside him in the state chariot, and exclaimed to his retinue:—

"None shall talk about this: none shall find anything worth research. I shall lodge her in the garden palace secretly and then return to her Majesty. I am practically single. On an auspicious day I shall be double.

## The Eleventh Son

By Esobss

Till then the queen must remain in ignorance'.

The equipage rolled on towards the garden palace. Suddenly the charioteer shouted 'The Queen! the Queen! Her Majesty rides on horseback to greet Your Majesty'.

On came the horse snorting with rage,—with slackened bit and iron shoes of speed, the sparks flying in all directions. They stopped and met. The Queen demanded in a voice of thunder "Who is this girl? Speak you scoundrel." She drew her sword in an attitude of attack.

The embarrassed King saw that a tigress had burst from her cage. His wit rose to the emergency. "This is only our daughter-in-law" said His Majesty smiling. There fell a shower of fatherly affection from his eyes as he looked at the girl. Lust vanished.

The Queen replied "This is too nice! Where is your son, you faithless husband, that you have fetched a daughter-in-law in advance from the hunting field?"

"A son will be born nine months and a-half hence: did you not propitiate the god, darling? I had a vision our son was on the way!"

Dazzled by the meteor ray of hope of a son the Queen saw that she had blundered into temper. She said "But the daughter-in-law would be much older than my coming son".

The King replied 'Nevertheless they would leave the tradition of a strange love of a fascinating kind,—pure dis-

interestedness of passion. The world would draw the moral.'

The King and Queen prayed at night. The burst of heavenly light in their mind made them pant to embrace each other. Seraph voices were heard: god Kartick revealed himself.

In the tenth month a handsome prince was born. The guns boomed 'bomb! bomb!': the echoes leapt from house to house in delirious bound.

'My son! my son!' exclaimed the King and Queen. The princess fondled the infant in her arms, her smiles flowing gushingly as she said 'my husband! my husband!'

The princess gently reared the infant: nursed baby and mother. She even suckled the infant when its mother was indisposed. The motherly impulse made her spotlessly lactescent.

As she felt the immortal transpire the heavenly milk flowed from her breast to assuage the thirst and moist the parched lips of the infant. Cherubim joined her lullaby at night.

The necessity of loving at the age of seventeen a husband and a son or a husband-and-son made a dual and exhaustless stream of affection gush forth. The azure gloom of her eyes looked into the deep blue eyes of the royal infant. She put the veil over her head as the new wife's bashfulness bodied forth.

She taught him to read and write and handle weapons of war. She was seventeen when

the prince was born, and eighteen when the prince was one year old, and thirty-three when the prince was sixteen.

The marriage was solemnized. The palace hummed with music. The guns again boomed. The deep thunders of the peals waked the echoes of city and rock.

Beacons blazed and lights burst. Citizens plunged heart and soul into the festival. The agitation of jealousy stirred the bosom of the queen for a moment, then she sheathed it as a sword.

Every Rishi blessed the bridegroom: "May you be the father for ten sons!" Every Rishi blessed the bride:—"May you be the mother of eleven sons!"

The blessing of the ancient need not puzzle us. It invokes health for the bride (child wife or oldish wife). Tamil literature still recounts its relics; and at a marriage ceremony will-wishers bless the bridegroom like this in Madras:—

"May you be the eleventh son of your wife" that is, may your wife remain so strong when you grow old as to nurse you like her eleventh son.

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**Intelligence Drug**

Previous experiments by scientists on both animals and human children seemed to indicate that Glutamic Acid increases alertness and adds to the ability to learn.

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The intelligence of mental defectives can be increased a little bit by feeding them with glutamic acid.

**A New Analgesic**

Metopon hydrochloride, a new drug derived from morphine and taken internally in the form of capsules, is an effective pain killer.

Metopon is less apt than morphine to produce mental dullness, confusion and unpleasant side reactions such as nausea, dizziness, agitation, sweating, headaches and unpleasant dreams.

The patient's "tolerance"—or tendency to get less relief from each administration of the drug—develops more slowly with metopon than with morphine, and the patient may also take metopon over a longer period without the danger of becoming addicted to it. However, if a patient has already received morphine for some time, he is not likely to benefit from metopon.

Since cross-tolerance between other narcotics and metopon seems to exist, the use of metopon is more satisfactory in cases receiving little or no previous narcotic medication.

**Spelling Reform**

"If shii iz aloud tw return, shii mei telk ei sekretarial kors and teik up employment."

The above is not a new language. It is simplified English and the sentence written with the present accepted spelling would read :

"If she is allowed to return she may take a secretarial course and take up employment."

The crusader for this new rational system of spelling is Dr. Mont Follic, who recently sponsored a bill in the House of Commons.

He said :

"Take the sentence, 'The chaste girl was chased?' How can a foreigner learn to spell that sort of thing?"

Sinclair Lewis recently declared that the difficulties in all the languages of Europe—the inflexions in French, the syntax in German and the grammar in Russian, for example—were easy compared with English spelling.

Simplify it and English must become the universal language. Nearly all our words are short, and long ones are a bugbear in

any tongue. Only 10 per cent of our words have more than three syllables, and nearly all our irregular words have only one. Our regular verbs have only three variations compared with the 30 in French. Then our syntax is fixed and invariable.

In Russia alone, 6,000,000 new students start to learn English every year.

Even now, the literary output in English is six times as great as that in all the other languages of the world.

**For World Unity**

If we made it easier, all the nationalities of the earth would rush to learn English. You would not have to use compulsion, persuasion or imposition, because it would be so simple.

And as thought largely follows language, think what an unorganised propaganda that would be for the democratic way of life.

It is differences of tongue that stand in the way of world understanding.

In a one-language conference, one hour's debate requires 26 hours of translation and transcription so that all the delegates can understand.

In a three-language debate of an hour, 365 hours are wasted in this way, and, at a four-language congress, nearly 700 hours.

If they all understood English—well, think of the saving"

**What Opponents Say**

Nearly every other European race has reformed its alphabet during the last century—but not Great Britain. Even Welsh and Afrikaans were reformed, the latter with such effect that, in South Africa, the youngsters learn Afrikaans rather than English because of the spelling.

Some opponents of the plan argue that Shakespeare would suffer. Yet, in the First Folio, his "coughing" is spelt "coffing" and his 'heart-ache' is spelled as 'hart-ake.' He seemed to favour simplified spelling—but they altered him afterwards.

Your spelling looks foreign, others say. But so did our first £ 1 notes, which were called 'too German,' until we got used to them".

**Smugglers' Devices**

Professional smugglers, with an eye on fantastic profits, adopt ingenious methods to hoodwink customs officials.

Sewn into the hat of a young woman about to leave England on a honeymoon trip to Italy, a customs official found thirty £ 1 notes. She was later fined £ 65 and costs at Dover for attempting to smuggle the money out of the country.

Smuggling costs Britain millions of pounds a year, much of it in dollar currency, but the modern smuggler has to be smart to outwit customs men. Apart from false compartments in trunks and cases, dummy books are sometimes used to smuggle "dope." and some smugglers have been detected carrying dutiable spirits in a rubber hot-water bottle. A customs inspector who examined one man found that he was wearing curved tins strapped to his body. They contained a gallon of spirits.

At one of the largest ports, a man had been under suspicion for months but no contraband could be discovered on him or in his luggage. Then one day it was found he was wearing an ingeniously made false arm, the hollowed-out parts of which were filled with jewels. The man had made many trips to and from the Continent since losing his real arm in the war, and on each trip he turned his misfortune to good account.

A French man tried to get through the customs men with 96 strips of gold, 24 gold nuggets, and more than 1000 pound notes hidden in his pyjamas. He was caught trying to get all this out of England.

Favourite hiding places for goods smuggled, in British merchant ships are the coal bunkers. Not long ago the National Seamen's Union appealed to its 55,000 members to help put an end to smuggling which was described as becoming "alarming."

Even chickens were used by one professional smuggler who was caught trying to get a large number of them out of Italy.

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## Science Jottings

By READER

In the gullet of each bird a valuable share certificate had been concealed.

It is useless nowadays trying to smuggle jewellery by hiding it inside soap or toothpaste. This succeeded years ago, but to-day customs officers are familiar with the trick and all toilet requisites are specially scrutinized.

### Saving Machinery From Rust

The destruction of metals by corrosion is among the most serious problems the engineer has to face. Every year damage costing tens of millions of pounds is done to metal work of every kind.

Buried iron pipelines, for example, are eaten away by the activities of sulphur-producing bacteria present in certain types of soil. Salt-water ceaselessly attacks hulls of ships, piers, bridges and other marine works. Damnable to cause rust and damage in almost every kind of machinery, especially if it is temporarily out of use. Even in properly built stores, where temperature and humidity can be controlled, unprotected metalwork is liable to attack.

It is, therefore, not surprising that the development of substances which will prevent corrosion has long engaged the attention of chemists. The galvanizing of iron and the development of highly resistant paints are two well-known examples of the methods which have a wide, but far from universal, application. Recently, attention has been directed to a substance whose use has been developed in the chemical laboratories of Britain's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

This substance is sodium benzoate. It is new only in the sense of being used to prevent corrosion, having been well-known to chemists a great many years, and is used in a small way for processing tobacco, preserving food, making dyes and other purposes.

Its new role dates from the last war when experiments were being made on anti-freeze solution for radiators of motor vehicles. It was found that sodium benzoate was an excellent anti-freeze, except that it had the tendency to form a thick white deposit at points in the cooling system. Observant engineers noticed that when a

little of one of the conventional anti-freezing compounds, glycerol or glycol, was also present in the radiator this deposit was absent. The radiator, cylinder-jacket, pipes and pump remained clean and undamaged far longer than would normally be the case.

Closer examination showed that sodium Benzoate had other excellent properties which made it worth while to carry out detailed investigations of its possibilities as an anti-corrosion agent. For example, it was shown to be a "safe" inhibitor. That is to say, it is harmless even if the quantity of sodium benzoate is less than that required, to prevent corrosion. Some inhibitors are harmful under such conditions, reversing their normal beneficent action and actively attacking the metal instead.

Equally useful is the fact that it discourages the growth of moulds and bacteria, a property which is responsible for its use as food preservative. Under hot, damp, tropical conditions, the destruction by moulds can become exceedingly serious and expensive as was learned by bitter experience during the war in the Pacific.

At first experiments were made to incorporate sodium benzoate in a variety of transparent wrappings made from cellulose, but a much more promising development has been made recently as a result of collaboration with Britain's Rubber Producers' Research Association. This has led to the making of rubber latex impregnated with sodium benzoate. This material has a double protective action. It excludes damp air and corrosive vapour and at the same time the presence of benzoate reinforces the normal action of the wrapping and replaces it if the wrapping becomes broken.

The benzoate latex can be used in two ways. Small objects can be immersed in it completely and the surplus drained off. Larger articles can be sprayed within the. In either case, the latex quickly dries to a thin but tough coating which completely covers the object to be preserved. This coating does not adhere to metal and can easily be stripped off later when the article is required for use. To make stripping easier, tapes can be incorporated in the latex and then all that is necessary is to rip these away.

Although the latex film alone has considerable powers of pro-

tection, these do not compare with those of the benzoate and latex together. After long exposure to conditions far more severe than would normally occur, the metal surface under the special film remains bright and untarnished. If no benzoate is used, however, rusting soon begins under the same conditions. If necessary, air emulsion containing synthetic rubber can be used in the place of natural rubber latex.

This new method of preserving metal work is expected to find a wide application especially in the protection of machined metal parts which have to be stored under poor conditions or during transport. It may, for example, relieve pressure on shipping by allowing certain kinds of machinery to travel as deck cargo.

### New Building Material

Scientists in the United States have found a way to make waste pieces of wood into structural boards that can be used in building houses and furniture. It is expected to lower construction costs and to help conserve forest resources.

The raw material for the new boards is the left over pieces of wood which result from sawing timber into standard shapes and sizes. The waste wood is reduced to its fibres, then is mixed with either phenolic or urea resins. The mixture is run into presses for shaping. In the boards thus

made the resin "glues" or bonds the wood fibres solidly together. The amount of resin binder used varies from 2 to 15 per cent by weight, and costs more than the wood.

The product, which is pressed in a variety of sizes and has a wide range of strengths according to the formula used, is suitable for many building purposes. The new boards have some distinct advantages over natural wood. They have no grain, so will take paint and enamel more easily than wood. They have hard surfaces that do not scratch, dent, or mark easily. They may be sawed, planed, sanded, nailed and screwed as easily as wood. All the boards have relatively good compressive strength so that when they are surfaced with paper or veneer, adequate structural entities are obtained.

A new industry is being founded on the knowledge that waste wood need not be thrown away or burned. Already, 17 "pilot" plants in the United States are producing the synthetic boards on an experimental scale, and four of the plants are in semi-commercial production, turning out more than 120,000 square feet of the product daily.

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## The Lament Of A Scribe

By X Y Z

Here I sit in the library stooping over a slightly soiled sheet of paper. How often have I sat here just like this expecting something to come out of my befogged and confused inspiration but nonetheless all effort seems to have gone in vain and I have always ended up in some restaurant or the other, frustrated and disgusted with myself.

As I now look at the solemn procession of students going in and out of this hall of wisdom I seem to lose my courage, for not having had the good fortune of a formal university education, I feel as though I am trying to compensate myself for some hidden feeling of inferiority. I have tried to give up my vague longing for creativity and get into some business or office and lead what people call a successful life. But divided within myself I return to this place again and again, only to meet with further disillusionment.

As I write this my grip on the pencil tightens and I twitch with an acute sense of impending doom.

At times I have wondered at the writers in whose hands the pen swiftly moves. This engenders a feeling of defeat, weakness and helplessness. And permeated with such a feeling I have a strong impulse to shout aloud with upraised hands. But it seems a false spirit of independence has always possessed me which would not let any one guide my path. I call it false since the independence of spirit and the spirit of independence are two different things, the latter only follows the former and not vice versa.

This is the reason why I have gained such meagre sympathy from people. The solution for this strange stubbornness does not lie in consulting some psychologist, it is something intrinsic. It is not in the lack of apprehension of reality

but there is too much of self-awareness, too much of consciousness of the world, its purpose and its meaning.

Yet this is not pessimism, of being cowed down by environment, by the grim inexorable logic of events, the drama of life, it is something more acute and all pervading, which seems to have spell-bound me, and thus paralyzed action. I do not know if it is the instinct to dissolution.

Man has so far functioned on the level of praise-blame and now this determined, inevitable, aspect of events demands a fresh integration, a new emotional synthesis, a new impulse to action.

But how to attain it? I do not know if at all it could be done. Perhaps those like me will be strangled in its birth-pangs.

But the present state is nevertheless extremely painful. The problem is one of the springs of action. The money incentive has become anachronistic, it does not satisfy man's whole being; it never did, only it had assumed an exaggerated importance in a stage in man's evolution. The partial realization of this has come to some of us now. It is a painful realization.

Yet life has to be lived. How then is one to act so as to fulfill oneself and to relieve the feeling of emptiness? Until this is realized emotionally those like us will remain loafers,—stray, unwanted beings in a smooth-running, ordered world.

The predicament is one of the extremes, to be or not to be, thus are the historical forces arrayed.

Yes, happy are they whom the futile, unending, question of the future of the race does not haunt.

## A Minister Of Pre-Congress Regime

by Plain Spoken

As a member of the Bihar Council, Sir G. D. Singh had brought a motion that the salary of a Minister should not exceed Rs. 1000 a month. The motion was defeated. Some time later Mr. Madhusudan Dass resigned and the office of the Minister was offered to Sir Ganesh. As he was opposed on principle to a salary of more than Rs. 1000 per month, he requested the Governor, Sir Henry Wheeler to allow him to draw that much only. But the reply was, "If you accept the post at all, you will have to do it on Rs. 4000 a month".

It is well known how Sir Ganesh came to an arrangement which satisfied his conscience as well as the requirements of law. He kept Rs. 1000 out of his salary as his own share and with the balance of Rs. 3000 he created a trust fund for charities, educational scholarships etc.

Out of this Rs. 1000 he had to pay income tax on Rs. 4000 and personal charities, keeping about Rs. 400 a month for himself on which he lived as a Minister for 14 years.

He had no car. He lived in a small house. There were no carpets and no government furniture in his room, though there was some in his office. He never gave a party and attended only a few in which he took only a glass of water. He never attended a dance, though he had a taste for music.

He would not touch liquor, never smoke, not even take pan. He would not allow a photographer to take his photo to his knowledge. He attended cinema shows only twice in his life. He lived in a simple but decent style. He was a great lover of Indian culture. He had his own principles on which he acted without caring for frown or favour from any quarter.

He never recommended any of his relations, directly or indirectly, for any post or any

pecuniary gain so long as he was a Minister. The following incident shows what a staunch follower he was of the principles he had set before himself.

On the occasion of his granddaughter's marriage, his son approached him for help. He said he had no money. When he was reminded of the accumulating fund out of his salary, he said it was not his own. However, he agreed to advance Rs. 18000 out of it on the strict condition that it was re-deposited soon. Sir Ganesh even took the precaution of getting a hand-note executed by his son for this sum.

When the time came for repayment, his son would not or could not refund the money. Sir Ganesh went to the length of ordering him to be sued. Sir Khwaja Mohammad Noor, as Vice Chancellor of the Patna University intervened but to no purpose. The son had to repay the money as his father was adamant. The hand-note of Rs. 18000 finds place in the Trust Deed executed in favour of the Patna University.

One small point may be added in conclusion. When Sir Ganesh or a relation of his fell ill, he would pay the cost of medical treatment from his own pocket and not occupy a cabin at the government Hospital at public cost. This shows that the previous regime had some good points worthy of emulation today. At the same time it underlines the fact that the advent of Swaraj cannot be said to have brought about an all-round improvement of the standard of public conduct. Unlike our present rulers, Sir Ganesh was not a follower of Gandhian ideology and did not shout "truth" and "non-violence" all the time.



2nd July, 1949

## This Week in Bihar

It is reliably known that the difference between the Sugar Industry of U. P. and Bihar has not been resolved. U.P. members of the Indian Sugar Syndicate have finally refused to pay the claims of Bihar from the pooled price of sugar of the season 1948-49. Consequently leading sugar industrialists of Bihar have sent in their resignation from the membership of the Indian Sugar Syndicate.

x x

On a charge of conspiracy to cheat Government in respect of several thousand gallons of petrol coupons, Mr. Ramjiwan Himatsinghka, M. L. C. (Congress) and five others, who were summoned under provisions of the Essential Supplies (Temporary Powers) Act, appeared before Mr. U. N. Sinha, Magistrate, Patna and were enlarged on a bail of Rs. 2000/- each. The case has been adjourned to July 26 when evidence will be recorded.

x x v

Mr. K. Santhanam, Minister of State for Railways and Transport, Government of India, arrived at Muzaffarpur by train from Patna. It is curious enough that on that particular day the train uncommon to its tradition reached the station very punctually. He was received by the General Manager O. T. R. and other high officials. Interviewed by the Press the Minister said that his motive of coming to Muzaffarpore, was to inspect the working of the Oudh Tirhut Railway and that he would also look after the amenities of the passengers in near future. A number of questions were put to him regarding late running of trains, settlement of standing claims on railways, more fans in class 11 bogies, and transport difficulties.

It is reliably learnt that a notice has been served on behalf of the Maharaja of Hathwa, on the Government of Bihar calling upon them to refund the cash surplus and to deliver securities and debentures over to the Maharaja of Hathwa to pass necessary orders for the release of the estate within two months, failing which the Maharaja of Hathwa will take appropriate legal proceedings against

the Province of Bihar in the proper court after the expiry of sixty days from the date of the receipt of the letter. In this connection it may be mentioned that the Hathwa Raj Estate was taken over by the Board in 1940 and that the Maharaja Bahadur was declared a disqualified proprietor under Section 6 (e) of the Court of Wards Act.

x x x

Sri Jai Kamkar, a notorious absconder and connected with many crimes was arrested by Siwan Police. When he was under police guard he made sensational disclosures about 22 murder and 80 dacoity cases.

x x x

The story of how the molasses from the Sitalpur Sugar Mills came to Dighwara Ghat for Mankatha distillery and Sultanganj Distillery and how 215 tins of molasses were taken away by one Ramdeo to an unknown destination by boat was related by Mathura Gope of Dalipchak (Dinapur) while deposing as one of the prosecution witnesses in the molasses smuggling case proceeding in the court of Mr. Shyam Nandan Prasad, Sub-Judge-Magistrate, Patna. Mathura Gope said that many tins of molasses had come to Dighwara Ghat from Sitalpur Mills for supply to the Sultanganj and Mankatha distilleries though the number of tins was not known to him. He was a choukidar at Dighwara Ghat to guard the molasses tins. After police had seized some molasses tins which were lying there, one Ramdeo took away 210 tins of molasses by boat to a place not known to him. The case was adjourned

x x x

A resolution condemning the actions of some of the officers for their maltreatment of assistants was passed at a

meeting of the Patna District Ministerial Association.

x v x

It is reliably learnt that the superintendent of Railway Police (E.I.R. and B.N.R.), Patna, has expressed his disapproval of frequent prosecutions of foot-board travellers, who perhaps under unavoidable circumstances, and not out of mere fancy, or because that they have become adventurous minded, are obliged to travel on foot-boards entailing great risk. After the ananpur accident near Kiul in which several foot-board travellers were knocked down and killed, the Bihar Railway Police have tightened up their crusade against this class of passengers as a result of which during April and May 1949, 986 foot-board travellers of whom 592 were with ticket were prosecuted.

According to the S. R. P, the cure of headache does not lie in chopping off the head but it lies somewhere else and the only panacea of stopping this malpractice lies in providing more accommodation for 3rd class passengers in trains. Unless this is done, there is no sense in prosecuting hundreds of passengers every month.

x x x

Government have decided, to employ Mr. P. P. Agarwal, I. C. S, former Secretary, Finance Department Bihar, as an Additional Secretary in the Political Department to draw up a scheme for the reorganisation of the Bihar Secretariat. Mr. Agarwal who had recently been deputed to London to study the working of the British system of running a governmental Secretariat, will join his new post on arrival on June 27.

x x x

Mr. N. Baksi I. C. S. is shortly to take up duties as a special officer in the political department to work out details for the formation of no fewer than five new districts and eleven new subdivisions. The idea dates back to 1942 when the regime under section 93 of the Government of India Act failed to cope with the civil

disobedience which followed on August 9 of that historic year.

x x x

The Bihar Government have decided to take a census of all refugees in the province on July 24 at 7 a. m. There are it is learnt officially, about 28,000 West Pakistan refugees in Bihar, duly registered but there are many thousands who are not on record. Further a large influx has recently taken place from East Pakistan, specially in the Eastern districts of the Province.

x x

Experts in pisciculture, it is understood, are making a determined effort to probe into one of their riverine mysteries of Bihar—the area in which the carp fish, cyprinus carpio, lay their eggs. The investigation is being conducted by Dr. M. P. Motwani, assistant research officer of the Fisheries Department of the Government of India.

x x x

About 18,000 bags of cement meant for constructing wells, and "Ahars" under the auspices of the grow-more-food campaign are reported to be lying with the Government stockists at the various sub-divisional centres as they could not be utilized by the department concerned. It is said they are lying with the stockists for some months past. It is reliably learnt that the District Magistrate is distributing the said cement to the public as otherwise the stock might become useless.

x x x

Their lordships Mr. Justice Ramaswami and Mr. Justice Narayan on June 21 (Tuesday) declared the Bihar Maintenance of Public Order Ordinance (Ordinance II of 1949) ultra vires on the ground that the Governor of Bihar had no authority to promulgate the Ordinance on the 3rd June 1949 when the legislature was in session and was prorogued three days later on the 6th June 1949.

# Here & There

By Reader

## Frying Pan to Fire

The President and Secretary of the I. N. T. U. C. have asked the Government to promulgate an ordinance empowering the State to take over an industrial concern on grounds of mismanagement, inefficiency or hindering industrial progress. The request is quite sound theoretically but a Government that is unable to run administration efficiently can not be expected to manage properly an industrial concern. The working of the nationalized industries, like the railways, shows that in the present set up, State industrialism would be a calamity for the country.

## Through British Eyes

The *New Statesman* and *Nation* has pointed out that "Nehru cannot control the Congress machine. He has, therefore, no opportunity of realizing the ideals that once inspired him."

The paper's conclusion is that "India will keep the freedom she has won, only if there emerge to lead her men and women leaders who will set every other consideration aside to achieve a social transformation." India's prospects "would look brighter if Jawaharlal Nehru, who used to hold Socialist creed," were among the Socialists. But the Prime Minister now thinks that the Socialists are more reactionary than the Capitalists, and that, therefore, his Government is justified in itself becoming more and more Capitalist. Within India itself, Nehru has lost considerably in prestige, although, as the *New Statesman* says, his "personal prestige and his charm have made him a figure in world politics".

Among the statements which the paper makes about the Congress organization are: (1) the Congress Government has done much to appease "Big Business, and the workers are losing heart; (2) in some regions Congress is losing the confidence of the peasants also; (3) when Congress won power without a rival to check it or criticize it, it flung itself on the sweets of office and scrambled for the rewards of its years of sacrifice; corruption grew worse and enormous fortunes were made on the blackmarket; and (4) its "bosses" in some Provinces evolved a technique for the suppression of critics as skilful as it was unscrupulous.

## We Have A Brain-Wave

The latest headache in the country is our adverse trade balance. Our imports in 1948-49 were valued at Rs. 518 crores and we exported goods worth Rs. 423 crores. There is a gap of Rs. 95 crores to be filled up. Various methods have been suggested for meeting the deficit. Drawing on our foreign exchange resources, loan from the International Monetary Fund, "release" of sterling balances frozen in the Bank of England...have all been suggested. Speaking in New Delhi on June 18, Ananthasayanam Ayyangar made the fantastic prophecy that "India should be prepared to earmark her ENTIRE textile production for export!" To convert a vast country, with a population of over 300 million, to a nudist colony is a bold project. But before we start denuding the comparatively few fig trees in the country of their leaves, it would be desirable to try other methods of balancing our exports and imports. We have a method in mind far less drastic than the Ayyangar threat. Speaking in Nagpur on Aug 26, 1948, the G. G. said:

"All the world over, people are jealous of us for possessing such leaders. If it were possible to sell our leaders, any nation in the world will pay the highest price and buy them."

Why can't we sell some of our leaders for the highest prices they will fetch and get the much needed dollars in exchange? The country is not suffering from a lack of leaders but from a surplus, and we could easily sell quite a few scores of them and not feel their loss. If our export trade is swelled by the inclusion of our leaders among manganese ore, jute and cashew nuts, not only will we be able to balance our exports and imports, but the sale of leaders to foreign countries will have the further beneficial effect of stabilizing ministries in W. Bengal, E. Punjab and Madras. Leaders who have not been successful in becoming Ministers are responsible for frequent overthrows of provincial cabinets. After shipping a few hundred leaders (labelled "SOLD") we shall be able to have more permanent Ministries.

Their lordships ordered that all the 58 detenus detained under the Ordinance to be released forthwith.

x x x  
Rao Bahadur Pratap Narayan Singh, Proprietor of Sonbarsa Raj has announced that he would make over the management of his estate in the hands of the Gram Panchayat Union. This union will be conducted by persons elected by the tenants themselves.

x x x  
A child with a tail has been born to an adivasi woman in a village near Kokchi under Colhan P. S. of this district Singhbhum. The child is about a week old and still alive.

x x x  
A strong request for quick construction of the Mokameh Bridge and provision of more wagons for the transport of cement, iron, coal and salt in North Bihar was placed before Mr. Santhanam, the minister of State for Railways, by a people's deputation at the Darbhanga station. It may be recalled that Mr. Santhanam is on a tour over O. T. Railway.

x x x  
Mr. A. N. M. Omar, Excise Commissioner, has issued circular letters to all sugar mills of Bihar asking them to furnish information concerning permits or authority letters for the supply of molasses during the season 1946-47, direct to Mr. Sriganesh Prasad Rai, Special Molasses Officer, who has been entrusted with the task of investigation.

x x x  
The Government of Bihar it is learnt is contemplating to change the syllabus of classes 8th and 9th of secondary education (H. E. Schools) with effect from 1950. The new syllabus will be gradually extended to classes Xth and XI in subsequent years. The idea behind this change of syllabus is stated to be to equip students for college studies.

x x x  
According to in-

formation reaching the headquarters of the Anti-Smuggling Force at Patna, three boats laden with iron rods and sheets weighing about 1,000 maunds are reported to have been intercepted in mid Ganges near about Mahnar (Hajipur) on June 25 while being smuggled as it is alleged to Purnea via river.

x x x  
Exploration work in connection with the establishment of a University for Chotanagpur is in progress. A lovely site comprising about 750 acres of land for the building has been selected provisionally by the site selection committee under the presidship of the Deputy Commissioner. It is a vast stretch of land from the northern extremity of the Hatma maidan (popularly known as the race course) to the southern edge of the river Potpoto alongside of the road to Morabadi and beyond. Tagore Hill will also come within the boundaries of the proposed site of the buildings. It may be mentioned here that the Provincial Government has a scheme for the establishment of a full fledged University at the headquarters of each division in the province and exploration work is at present being carried out for implementing the same.

x x x  
It is reported that there will be three secret sittings of the B. P. C. C. and one open session at Bhagalpur on July 6 and 7.

xx x x  
A desire to excavate the entire site of the city of ancient Vaisali, capital of the Lichhavis, was expressed by Mr. K. Santhanam, Minister of State for Railways and Transport, when he visited Vaisali.

Everyone—or nearly everyone—has at one time or another been captured by some pregnant or witty saying of William Blake's— "To create a little flower is the labour of ages;" "I have always found that Angels have the vanity to speak of themselves as the only wise"—or following him as he pipes", "down the valleys wild, we catch the echo of children's voices "heard on the green." "Or, again, we are caught in the mysterious spell of a water-colour such as "The River of Life.", or the austere grant of the Deity stretching from the eternal Sun of his Godhead deep into the Abyss to the compasses that shall define Creation. Sooner or later, it is true, most of us have at some time decided that it is not for us to follow him too far into the "forests of the night," whether or not Blake himself was mad as Wordsworth (almost as a compliment) pronounced him, we leave others to dispute; all we know is that it would soon make us mad to try. Yet there are some who have gone further—I have myself more than once re-ventured—and seldom indeed have these new ventures failed to discover new and deeper wells of wonder and delight.

In their monumental Clarendon Press volumes, Messrs. Sloss and Wallis explain the enigma of Blake's genius in one at least of its most salient features, as follows: As poet and as man Blake felt the 'intoxicating beauty and perfection' of the natural universe, whereof Woman was at once the supreme manifestation and the symbol. He felt and feared its power over himself: It mocked and tormented the mystic in him the more because the 'natural' man was so susceptible to its spell."

There is no exaggeration about this Nature, and especially Nature as revealed in Woman, body and spirit (yes, emphatically both) is forever battling with Vision for the possession of Blake's inmost soul. He cannot escape either power: they are almost to be described as the systole and diastole of his beating heart, of his living genius. Or, to vary the analogy, the two points of view were

## William Blake's Eternal River

By Joseph Wicksteed

for him like the double vision presented by the two eyes in the head; the necessary basis by means of which the integrating brain arrives at stereoscopic vision and achieves all perspective outlook. In Blake's case the focussing, in its most glorious and lucid moments, was reached by his threefold artistic genius in "Poetry, Painting and Music"—"The three powers in man of conversing with paradise which the flood did not sweep away."

### Nature And Vision

Let us begin with this threefold Vision (Song-Painting-Verse) where it is most intimately and exquisitely associated with Nature as seen and heard and felt by all poets—Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and the rest.

"Thou hearest the Nightingale  
begin the Song of Spring  
The Lark sitting upon his  
earthy bed, just as the morn  
Appears, listens silent; then  
springing from the waving  
Cornfield loud  
He leads the Choir of Day.  
trill, trill, trill,  
Mounting upon the wings of  
Light into the Great Expanse,  
Re-echoing against the lovely  
blue and shining heavenly  
Shell  
His little throat labours with  
inspiration; every feather  
On throat and wings & breast  
vibrates with the  
effluence Divine.

All Nature listens silent to  
him, & the awful Sun  
Stands still upon the Mountain  
looking on this little Bird  
With eyes of soft humility &  
wonder, love & awe,  
Then loud from their green  
covert all the Birds begin  
their Song:  
The Thrush, the Linnet and  
the Goldfinch Robin and the  
Wren  
Awake the Sun from his sweet  
reverie upon the Mountain.  
The Nightingale again essays  
his song, and thro' the day  
And thro' the night warbles  
luxuriant every bird of Song  
Attending his loud harmony with  
admiration and love.  
This is a Vision of the lamentation  
of Beulah over Ololon.

Who can read this rhapsody ever to doubt again Blake's own passionate "wonder, love and awe" in the communion of Nature and this Earth? Shakespear's lark at break of day ascending, from sullen earth, 'his Philomel whose "mournful hymns did hush the night," bring us no more, intimately into the very heavens of Nature's Springtide symphonies. But if the birds make all true poets sing, it is Blake alone that can make the Sun stand still to listen. And this Vision of the Sun, stationary upon the mountain (till "aroused from his sweet reverie" by still more birds) is one we first meet in a much earlier poem, where he thus apostrophises the "Evening Star"—

"Thou fair-haired angel of the evening,  
Now while the sun rests on  
the mountains, light  
Thy bright torch of love."

It is in such images that Blake the painter enters. For every painter must contrive to eternalise a moment. Either he must flood his scene with suggestions of what has been and is going to be, or else he must pluck the inmost heart of a present ecstasy. A later poet, Meredith, crystallises such a moment in lines that describe the full Moon setting in the West as the Sun rises in the East:—

"Argent Westward glows the  
hunt  
East the blush about to climb  
One another fair they front  
Transient, yet outshine the time  
Even as dewlight off the rose  
In the mind a jewel sows."

This indissoluble link, that at once binds and separates fleeting earthly fact from those heavenly visions that abide, is to be found in all the most characteristic expressions of Blake's genius. Introducing the first supreme manifestation of that genius we hear and see the Piper "Piping down the vallies wild" to pluck a "hollow reed and to make "a rural pen. But it is at the bidding of a heavenly vision that he does so:—

"On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me,

'Pipe a song about a Lamb.'

For—to quote of Blake's trenchant apothegms—"where Man is not Nature is barren." We all know that birds may sing and flowers scent the morning breeze, that lambs may skip and the Sun "make happy the skies, "but without Man—Piper, Painter or Poet—to catch these fleeting moments in the noose of immortality they are joys evanescent as "dewlight off the rose. "Night and Winter indeed never fail to return, and in the end Death itself flames all living things. This I take it, is what Blake means when he reiterates his somewhat cryptic declaration that "All things begin and end in Albion's Druid Rocky Shore. Roughly translated, this assertion means that wherever you may find yourself in Time and Space (England, for instance) you will find that everything that has a beginning has its inevitable end. This is man's ancient and stony road along the narrow strand of cruelty and hardship that skirts the ultimate Abyss. But, above that narrow strand, those who look up may see the ever open "Gates of Paradise" and these they may pass, to and fro, as often as they wish either into an inward Eternity ever present in the soul, or back into another Eternity in time itself. And this, I think, helps to explain and is explained by Blake's peculiar method of describing his imaginative visions, always so characteristically flashed upon the screen of time and Space—Man's "Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

### The Screen

In his childhood Blake came home from rambles in the fields' then so near across the Thames, to report in all innocence that he had seen a tree full of angels "in Peckham Rye." Later he became more cautious and was content to tell the world that "A food sees not the same tree as a wise man sees" and that "The Sun's light when he unfolds it, depends on the organ that beholds it." But he still liked to report the earthly screen upon which the vision had been projected. "His great Vision of "The Ancient of days" had, he told a friend, "hovered over his head at the top of his staircase"—to wit, in No. 13, Hercules Buildings, Lambeth. The house

is now destroyed, but some years ago I had the opportunity to visit its counterpart next door and I saw that, the top staircase window being midway between the floors, a large plain surface of wall was left above the light. It was here, I doubt not, (or rather, next door), that Blake first saw the tremendous Apocalyptic Vision described by Wisdom in the Book of Proverbs—when he prepared the heavens I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the abyss," (Prov. 8. 27). The last time he used a paint brush, on his death-bed, thirty years later, it was to colour with masterly power a print of this design for a friend.

Even more significant, I think, is his description, of the vision he had at his brother's death bed. But this needs a word of explanation. He had, we are told, watched at the bedside for a fortnight without sleep before his brother died. For three successive days and three nights he then slept continuously. If all this is literally true (and I find no sufficient reason to question it), it is easy to believe that, when at last Blake woke again to the world, it was to find himself in possession of an imperishable vision. But faithful to his genius, it was to be described as he saw it, projected upon the screen of Earth. He saw his brother's spirit, as Gilchrist reports, ascend "through the ceiling, clapping its hands for joy." The corpse was doubtless still lying prone upon the bed, a beautiful monumental figure of the brother he loved so well. Often in after years Blake, makes sculpturesque drawings of the dead upon the bed or bier and sometimes these show, floating above the still and silent corpse, an image of the living spirit, either reluctant to desert the fair body in its lovely earth or rejoicing in its new found liberty. One such drawing was later associated with the quatrain:—

"But when once I did descry  
The Immortal Man that cannot  
Die  
Thro' evening shades I haste  
away  
To close the labours of my  
Day."

But if you ask me what exactly does he mean by that I can only tell what he seems to me to mean.

"Thirteen years ago," Blake writes in May, 1800, to a bereaved father, "I lost a brother and with his spirit I converse daily and hourly in the spirit and see him in my remembrance in the regions of my imagination. "Now this daily and hourly converse in the spirit can only be achieved when our remembrance is held "in the regions of imagination "when, in a word, we have ceased to live in our dead yesterdays, that our most vital yesterdays may live in our to-days. For there is a living Eternity for every one of us in our ever-present Now—in the living moment we carry with us along the stream of Time. This is the Eternity we need not fear to lose, for it is something we cannot even escape—and in its arms is carried all the Past of our remembrance, in imaginative and living treasure for our own loved ones and for the human Earth itself. Once this living sense of the inviolate and inalienable "present", ever integral to the mind of Man, has been felt and realised, we have seen and known "The Immortal Man that cannot Die". So long as we open the gates of Vision to "the Eternal Now" (Blake's own term) no friend ever leaves us, no matter whether his body be under the soil or upon it—and, when our own evening comes, we can still, in Blake's company, "haste away. To close the Labours of my Day." Or—can't we?

#### Blake's Two Eternities

#### "The River Of Life" & Its Banks

"Mathematic Form is Eternal in the Reasoning Memory, Living Form is Eternal Existence." (On Virgil).

The ever-living "Now" I believe to be symbolically and exquisitely painted by Blake in his "River of Life"—a water colour in which he illustrates two verses from the Apocalypse on a scene of such naivete and simplicity as effectively to veil its enigmatical profundities. I can only point out here one or two features of its deeper

significance. Every River has its banks, ill or well defined. And it is so too with Man's "River of Life." "Man passes on, but States remain for ever—he passes thro' them like a traveller who may as well suppose that the places he has passed thro' Exist no more as a Man may suppose that the States he has passed thro' exist no more. Every Thing is Eternal." (V.L.J.)

Now Blake is constantly telling us in his great Epic of "Jerusalem" that salvation is only to be found "By the Creation of States and the deliverance of Individuals Evermore." And the reason for this I take to be that the living river must not be held up by rotting and delapidated banks, nor the banks washed away by the river. We must not in fact mistake the state of mind or body in which we find people at any moment, for their enduring and essential character. Only by firmly realising "various States of Misery, which, alas, every one on earth is liable to enter into and against which we should all watch" (V.L.J.) shall we be in the best position to forgive and restore. And this applied equally to many States that are right and happy in their season. Innocence and Experience are States; Childhood, Youth, Manhood and the Valley of the shadow of Death are all States which pass, But "Imagination is not a State, it is the Human Existence Itself."

Blake, in his efforts to "create a system" lest he be "enslaved by another man" has, one must admit, come perilously near to making for himself a static universe; which of all things is what he would most wish to avoid. His escape by the realisation of two "Forms" in which we find the "Eternal"—each the necessary contrary to the other and its necessary complement. "Expect poison from the standing water", he had said in his early attempts to find a synthesis. But his flowing River coursing Eternally between Eternal banks flushes the purlieus of cities and drains, the swamps of misery, if—and

only if—we build the banks into monumental strength.

Then we may either stand in imagination and memory, seeing the Banks sculptured in marble purity as the living River rushes on—or we may see the Banks silently and unregretfully slipping past as we ride the eternally flowing streams of "Now." And each mood has its characteristically Blakean expression:—

"All things on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of Los's Halls, and every Age renews its powers from these Works.

With every pathetic story possible to happen from

Hate or  
Wayward Love; and every sorrow and distress is

carved here,  
Every affinity of Parents,  
Marriages and Friendships

are here  
In all their various combinations,  
wrought with wonderful Art

All that can happen to Man  
in his pilgrimage of  
seventy years."

(Jm. 16. 61-67)

But, though the Past is eternally there for the Human Imagination, and there alike for gratitude and warning, it has features we must resolutely cut ourselves free of. Grievances, regrets, anger, repentances, may have their place, but even joys of the Past must not be allowed to blunt the keen edge of the over-living Now's advancing flow. It is always a temptation in certain moods to luxuriate in old sorrows or grievances that can only clog our own advance without giving any help to any other. And our own past hours of youth and Springtime must not be allowed to dim the happiness to be found in the joys of youth to-day:—

"He who binds to himself a  
joy

Does the winged life destroy  
But he who kisses the joy as  
if flies

Lives in eternity's sunrise.\*

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