

A Calcutta Diary**A Phoenix Too Frequent**

THOSE who think, as I sometimes do in my spells of unrelieved pessimism, that the Bengali genius has by "now totally exhausted itself must have had a pleasant surprise in the early days of the New Year. The reference is to nothing less than the unwarned emergence of a great writer-journalist, and from Bengal too. That the event contains in it the suggestion of a warning is no reason why I should not be permitted to rejoice, briefly, On January 2 and again about a week later, readers of such varied newspapers and in such widely scattered places as the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* and the *Hindusthan Standard* (Calcutta) and the *Times of India* (Bombay) and the *Hindustan Times* (New Delhi) must have read two brilliant articles by Sri Atulya Ghosh. The articles may have been published in other newspapers also which this writer has not seen; he did, however, see them translated into Bengali and published in the two dailies that matter in eastern India, *Ananda Bazar Patrika* and *Jugantar*. How the *Statesman* escaped the honour may never be known.

**A Confession**

Let us now establish the identity of this genius of a journalist. (To trace the "ghost", if any, will be a futile exercise which need not be attempted.) The author, Atulva Ghosh, is the *de facto* boss of the West Bengal Congress, recently nominated to the Congress Workers: Committee. That he is also President of the Indian Football Association, among so many other things, may or may not have been taken into account by the Editors (?) in deciding to publish the articles on their editorial pages on the dictated dates. Neither article, be it added, was exclusive to any newspaper. To enquire whether Ghosh has been paid for his articles by the newspapers would be intruding upon a colleague's privacy; but my professional self-interest impels me to hope that Ghosh has been paid for his writing and paid well.

I do not mind confessing that there is an element of professional Jealousy in the foregoing and per-

haps a little of public concern in what follows. Under various guises, usually anonymously. Flibbertigibbet writes, by the sweat of his brow, for a larger number of newspapers and journals than any colleague he knows. For each of these journals, however, he has to turn out a new and exclusive piece. And now look at the luck of his newest and beloved colleague-cum-competitor, Atulya Ghosh. He writes a couple of articles on public affairs; and the Editors of a dozen newspapers or more, some of the best in the country, just lap them up. Thanks to learned quotations from authors new and old, the second piece was almost four columns long. No restriction on wordage and guaranteed simultaneous publication in all the metropolitan cities! If you aren't jealous, you're a better man than I, Gunga Din.

The best thing about writing and journalism is that one does not need a licence to practice either. Atulya Ghosh's right to write is not in doubt for one second; and my apprehensions of competition may be a shade exaggerated and more than a shade affected. Nor is anyone entitled to question the simultaneous and concerted wisdom of so many Editors (?) in accepting for publication Ghosh's two articles which they (?) must have considered too much of a good thing to miss, even if the same articles were being carried the same morning by their rivals. The business of literary agents is virtually unknown in India. It has thus to be conceded that Atulya Ghosh has in a remarkably short time established himself not only as a writer in great demand in the entire market of journalism in India but also as a brilliant salesman of his products. I am green with envy and would give much to learn Ghosh's trade secrets.

**Not So Secret**

Or, is there something else, and not all that secret either? The literary merit of the two articles by Ghosh is not exactly incapable of exaggeration. Less enterprise, and much besides, may have gone into the writing of the two pieces

than in their "placing" in the many newspapers. And this is where interest in the affair must not only be professional but public. Discussion is rendered difficult by the lack of precise and public knowledge of the "mechanics" of the *tour de force* which is what Ghosh's journalistic and organisational triumph undoubtedly was. It has long been a regret of columnists and writers in India that "syndication" of articles is so undeveloped here that most readerships are regional, even when the language written in is English, Is there, in Atulya Ghosh's achievement, a new trend in publication in this country? The new trend may have to be looked for, with anxiety, in areas of life other than writing and publishing.

Even on the recognised classics of the world there are enormous and often irreconcilable differences of opinion among critics, editors and writers. Tolstoy thought little of Shakespeare, who to this day does not travel well in French, Many of Shaw's early manuscripts were rejected unceremoniously by otherwise intelligent editors. Some go into raptures over Lawrence (D.H.); others cannot bear to read him. Unanimity on immortality has ever been hard to obtain. Now look at Bengal's pride and joy, Atulya Ghosh. He writes two articles and a dozen Editors (?) in India in more than one language immediately recognise and agree on his genius.

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The meaning of the question mark inserted within brackets after a certain word in what has been written above should not need to be spelt out. In the field of Indian journalism has been expanding, unobtrusively or otherwise, an area which is no longer in the hands of practising journalists. It is entirely unnecessary to go into a debate on the rights and duties of journalists and those of the others involved in the newspaper business in this country; no reflection whatever is intended upon any journalist—or proprietor. What should worry journalists as well as the rest of our free society is the rise of a new element in Indian journalism and the

# Indian Aluminium completes 25 years

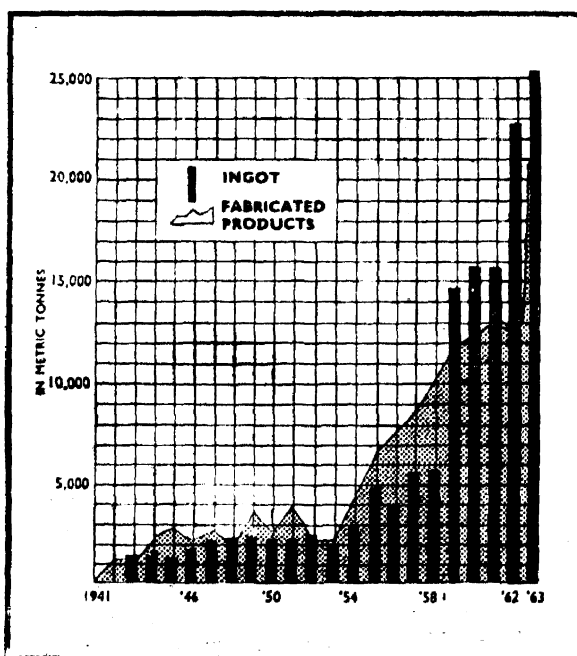
## A DYNAMIC QUARTER CENTURY OF GROWTH AND SERVICE TO INDUSTRY

India's aluminium industry, born 25 years ago, is poised today for a dramatic expansion which will dwarf the steady growth it underwent during the 1950's. By the end of the Third Five-Year Plan, ingot production is scheduled to rise from the current 53,000 tonnes to 73,000 tonnes...an unmistakable recognition of the importance of the industry.

In the vanguard of this progress will be the Indian Aluminium Company, Limited, whose 25 years' history is one of continuing endeavour to promote the use of aluminium and produce more aluminium to meet new demands.

A pioneer in developing the nation's integrated aluminium industry INDAL was incorporated in India in 1938 as the Aluminium Production Company of India Limited, and changed to its present name in 1944. With Aluminium Limited of Canada, one of the world's Big Two in aluminium, as its principal shareholder, INDAL aimed high. Step by step, it established a fully

integrated aluminium industry, embracing every phase of operation—mining bauxite; producing alumina; smelting aluminium; rolling ingot; and manufacturing aluminium sheets, circles, slugs, extrusions, rods, wire bars, paste, powder and pyrotechnic powder. Simultaneously, it expanded its plants, raising the production of aluminium to 26,000 tonnes in 1961.



*Indal's production of aluminium and its fabricated products*

INDAL will continue to play its part in giving India a sound aluminium industry. Current expansion plans on hand envisage a proposal to raise the capacity of the Alupuram smelter, the execution of which is already under way. An aluminium foil mill with an annual capacity of 2,500 tonnes will also be set up near Bombay by 1965. These projects, when completed, will guarantee increased supplies of aluminium for an endless range of applications.



# INDAL

consequential developments in the state of the Press in India.

If, then, editorial appreciation was not the decisive factor in the publication of Ghosh's two articles, what was? Perhaps some day Ghosh himself will tell us; perhaps some day the Editors concerned or their colleagues on the business side will. The public clearly needs to know and it certainly has a right to know.

### Capital View

## *Where Is the Leader ?*

Romesh Thapar

### Return of Lalbhadur Shastri

WE have played a number of games in the past, but 'find the leader' is the newest variety among the politically sophisticated in this seventeenth year of freedom. The game requires extraordinary skill, even a working knowledge of astrology and palmistry. There are several contestants, some obvious and others not-so-obvious. Each shifts position from day to day, and for no apparent reason — or, at least, so we think.

The game's been on for some time, but it's entering its crucial, exciting phase now. And the tempo is unlikely to slacken, even if 'the old man' at the Teen Murti Marg gives his doctors the slip and attends the Republic Day pageant!

What a soulless business this politicking has become. Gulzarilal Nanda naturally doesn't want Lal Bahadur Shastri around. Y B Chavan now thinks differently because he doesn't want T T Krishnamachari. As for T T Krishnamachari, he supports Nanda who will be easier, he thinks, to work with. A number of Nanda's followers have veered round to supporting Shastri who they think will clip the growing ambitions of T T Krishnamachari. The other members of the Cabinet are hoping that Shastri's bid for deputy leadership will not encourage the return of the other five 'renunciators' and the handing back of portfolios.

Only Kamaraj seems unruffled—but that may be because we don't quite understand the subdued dialogues in Tamil between him and his trusted lieutenant, the new General Secretary of the Congress Party G Rajagopalan.

Can it be that we have reached a stage in India at which not only journalists but also their employers are so scared of a successful politician that they dare not disoblige him even to the extent of reminding him that, whatever his talents in politics or football, he is no great shakes as a writer or political commentator? The question to ask about

a journalist is not whether his hands occasionally shake after indulgences but whether he shakes in his shoes when it comes to saying unpleasant things about powerful men. Perhaps you see now why a dark cloud overhangs my joy over the unprecedented triumph of a fellow-son of Mother Bengal.

— *Flibbertigibbet*

bance of the prevailing balance of power. In the circumstances, Kamaraj might well propose a nebulous, temporary solution which could project the idea that two or three stalwarts should be mobilised to assist the Prime Minister in his duties.

Not without significance are the sudden arrivals and departures of Orissa's Patnaik. The sophisticated 'Biju' has been working overtime on his alliances within the Congress Party. Although described as a radical left-winger, he is now a close ally of Atulya Ghosh and Bakshi Ghulam Mohammad. And S K Patil is believed to be hovering close by, Patnaik's anger over the exclusion of Bakshi from the officially-sponsored Congress Working Committee list has raised many an eye-brow. Perhaps, we are being unkind. He may be visiting Delhi only to help iron out the Kashmir tangle! And what a tangle...

### Kashmir — Sadiq Thesis

The Kashmir crisis, also vitiated by a 'find the leader' game, is nothing but a miniature of the crisis which afflicts the nation. It was brought into sharp focus by the theft at Hazratbal, and it is worth a somewhat detailed reference because of the many lessons it holds for us at this particular juncture.

When Bakshi Ghulam Mohammad's resignation was accepted by Prime Minister Nehru as part of the renunciation ritual, a fairly important political group in the State, headed by G M Sadiq, tried to impress upon the Government of India the need to make this so-called renunciation the starting point of a clean up of a corrupt regime which,