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## 300,000 VOTES CAST FOR THE U.N.P. Country Rallies After Initial Defeats



Mr. CYRIL ATTYGALLE  
(M. P. for Ratnapura)

EXCEPT for a short visit by the Leader, Mr. Senanayake, the U.N.P. could not spare men to address meetings in Ratnapura. The L.S.S.P. came in full strength headed by Dr. N. M. Perera. Little brother Robert was there. Mrs. Florence Senanayake was taken round. They addressed meetings in every village in Ratnapura ending up with a mass rally on the Esplanade. Leading L.S.S.P.

AT the time of writing the registered voters of Ceylon have cast three lakhs of votes for U.N.P. candidates as against 110,000 for the L.S.S.P. This in itself shows the solid weight of public opinion behind the policy of the U.N.P. although the defeats of several U.N.P. candidates by L.S.S.P. men have been pointed out as proof of the acceptance of Marxism by the masses of the country! On the contrary, in the electorates like Nivitigala and Kiriella and Agalawatte the total number of votes cast against the L.S.S.P. exceeded the number of votes, with which L.S.S.P. men secured victory. As we have shown before, we lost those seats owing to a division of the non-Marxist vote. The victory at Ratnapura further endorsed this view. The U.N.P. secured a clear and undisputed victory.

men declared that the seat was in their pocket. Red was the dominating colour in the town.

AND yet the U.N.P. candidate, Cyril Attygalle, fought them from village to village right up to the Esplanade. When the L.S.S.P. meeting finished at 8 p.m. on the Esplanade, the U.N.P. speakers attempted to address the gathering but they were shouted down. The hooting went on for ten minutes, but a U.N.P. speaker, D. C. Dissanayake, went on courageously. Gradually the shouting ceased and the U.N.P. nine-inch guns came into action and held the audience for over an hour.

Next morning a change was noticeable. At every polling booth the L.S.S.P. men seemed depressed. The expected response simply did not come. Then they tried intimidation. At Pussella they even tried to show aggressiveness. This was stopped, and the polling went on steadily.

Cyril Attygalle won comfortably. Three of the Independents, and one of the Swaraj Party candidates lost their deposits.

THE Party position is satisfactory. We already have twice as many candidates in Parliament as the L.S.S.P. and all but two Independents will most probably be with us. It is in the interests of any Independent to

join the Government. That is the only way to get their electorates looked after. Destructive policies and profitless opposition are not likely to please or satisfy the electorates that have returned them to Parliament.

## "ADHARMAYO"—not "VERMIN"

COL. J. L. KOTELAWALA DID NOT CALL THE SAMA SAMAJISTS POLITICAL "VERMIN." HE ADDRESSED THE GATHERING IN SINHALESE, AND IN THAT LANGUAGE HE CALLED THEM "ADHARMAYO"—"Irreligious people," those against accepted standards of law and order.

THE "Times of Ceylon" has treated its readers to an Editorial on the subject matter of Col. Kotelawala's speech. This is a speciality of this anti-national, foreign-owned paper. It has even been its policy to attempt to destroy the unity of the people of this country. It is the most potent weapon of vested interest and capitalism. To serve its ends it may pretend to be progressive by splashing L.S.S.P. victories. It has published inspired stories of so-

called rivalries within the U.N.P. An example of this is the story they are working over and over again that Mr. Bandaranaike and Col. Kotelawala are fighting for leadership within the Party. Now and again they vary the theme and state that Mr. Bandaranaike is attempting to beat Mr. Senanayake to the post of Premier. There is one object all the time, to split the U.N.P. in two or three, to make the various parties fight each other so that interests such as those that control the "Times of Ceylon" may go on merrily.

Let the "Times" remember that the people of Ceylon may have their own differences but they will unite with a will and destroy all those who plan to batten on us. We have warned before. We shall not stop at warnings and mere words. Let those who earn in this country serve this country. Otherwise, they, and such as those who help to destroy the country's unity will learn the full wrath of a people's resentment.



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THE results of the "Battle of Jaffna and the minor battle of Pottuvil represented the victory of communalists against anti-communalists. The communalist Tamil Congress was responsible for the defeat of both U.N.P. candidates who were prepared to co-operate with the major community.

But both Messrs. Mahadeva and Razik can take consolation in the fact that they stood for a nobler cause and fell martyrs to it.

At Jaffna, I hear, the wicked cry was raised against Mr. Mahadeva that he was responsible for the shooting of Kandaswamy, the victim of Police firing during the recent strike. A pamphlet was worded thus: "This Tamil joined the Sinhalese and murdered another Tamil." It smells of communalist poison.

At Pottuvil the Tamils held the balance between the two Muslim candidates. Until a few days ago they stood by Mr. Razik. But the communal cry was raised again.

I quote from another pamphlet: "Don't let the collaborators with the enemy (Sinhalese) get the day. Vote against the Senanayake clique." We know the result.

But, as I said before, Messrs. Mahadeva and Razik fought for a nobler cause. I salute their stand.

\* \* \*

#### Sitting on Them

I WANDERED into an election meeting held with the usual enthusiasm and gusto. The sitting member of the constituency was holding the floor. I caught a snappy sentence:

"I have been asked as sitting member why I should hang on to my seat—whether the bugs won't bite me. I tell you, dear friends, if these Red Bugs try to bite me, I shall sit on them, and continue to sit on them!"

\* \* \*

#### Tara Chaudhri's Dance Tour

CEYLON has been fortunate in getting a few of India's cultural ambassadors over here. Srimathi Juthika Ray, India's "Nightingale" in every sense of the word, came over here some months ago to show us the art of singing softly but effectively. Much was learnt by our singers who usually prefer to croon into the microphone. A few months earlier, Ram Gopal, the brilliant Indian dancer, came over on a brief but successful dance tour.

The visit of Tara Chaudhri, the Punjabi danseuse, whipped up even more enthusiasm. There is no denying the fact that Tara was definitely India's best (Menaka is dead). If ever she did a service to Ceylon's narrow art world, she did it by her easy confidence on the stage. Behind all her skill was ten years of hard practice. It was a lesson to our local dancers, who believe that a course at Santiniketan or at Batkande University would establish them, once and for all, as expert dancers.

In contrast to these, who rest on their laurels, comes the modest comment from Tara herself: "I have still more to learn." And our dancers have opened up dance studios to teach others, while they have not advanced thus far! I believe, Chitra Sena is the only dancer; now who has at least an appreciable amount of training and experience behind him, and who is keen on learning more. But in sharp contrast is another Santiniketan-returned dancer. When I learnt that his pupils were to give a performance I asked him whether he was not performing himself. He resented my "insult" and said proudly: "No, my Pupils will dance," indicating that he was a past master at the art and that it was undignified for him to dance along with his pupils!

It is to people of such mentality that Tara Chaudhri has given a rude shock. More visits by such distinguished artistes will help to broaden our cultural outlook. We have been deceived by our fellowmen too long.

#### Long Speeches

A FRIEND told me that if a speaker or lecturer says: "Gentlemen, I am not going to keep you long" we can be sure that he is going to bore the audience for half an hour more. I tested this theory at a recent public meeting. It was not a Leftist ballyhoo stuff at Price Park but an ordinary sober meeting. The speaker had already held the floor for an hour. When the audience was seen to be restless, he uttered the magic formula and there he was thumping away for another long period.

But I saw more. Another speaker, with the same weakness for long speeches said "In conclusion...." I thought he was going to give us relief at last. But he went on to two more points. Again it was "In conclusion...." I counted "In conclusion...." eight times before the audience saw through the bluff and tittered loud enough to keep the speaker down.

When shall we learn to keep our speeches "short and sweet?" Mr. H. R. Freeman, now deceased, was a unique example of short snappy speech-making. Only a handful of our politicians have learnt the fine art of short speeches. I hope the M.P.s won't be as loquacious as the M.S.C.s in the new Parliament.

\* \* \*

#### Colombo Elections

THERE is much election fever in Colombo (North, South and Central). A tour around these electorates brought in a harvest of tit-bits. I give them in the order I heard or observed them:

One candidate is seen doing his election campaigning alone. He is seen canvassing house to house with his pamphlets and file in his hand. His spicy tongue is winning him much support. But some say: "That man has not even friends to go along with."

Another candidate, who spent thousands in the Municipal elections has thought it more prudent to spend only on election eve. "I'm not going to be fooled all the time," he was heard to say.

Yet another is a votary of the science of figures. "I signed my nomination paper at 12.15 p.m., I handed it in at 12.15 p.m. on Nomination Day. I have 12 members in my family and there are 15 candidates in the field. So I should get in." Strange calculation that is. What if he gets only 1215 votes?

Comments another: "People are turning over from candidate to candidate so many times that I shall not worry my head about my election until the counting of votes. One never knows how many somersaults are made before marking the vital cross on the ballot paper."

\* \* \*

#### Bright Suggestion

A READER suggests that the thousand-rupee deposits forfeited to Government by candidates who fail to poll an appreciable number of votes, be sent to the Flood Relief Fund. I pass the idea on....

\* \* \*

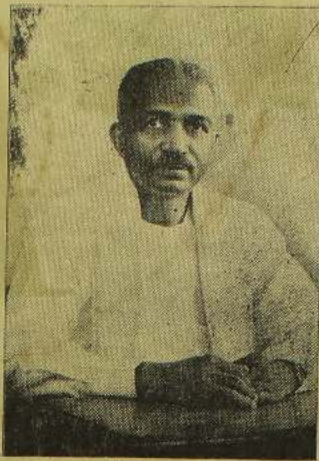
#### "Ask a Policeman"

"ASK a policeman" is a by-word in London streets where obliging policemen direct strangers to which-ever address they want, escort feeble people or children across the streets and do a hundred odd things which make them looked up to as "friends in need." In Ceylon we have not that same tradition. In fact, the police have been much maligned. But recently I saw two incidents, which reflected credit on our local "cops."

At Maradana a constable was seen gallantly escorting a half-blind woman across the Junction Bridge—the most crowded and dangerous junction in Colombo, where traffic is concerned. The only snag was that policeman was too conscious of the public gaze and appeared not a little diffident. But a few more experiences like this should give him confidence.

At the Norris Road-Gasworks Street junction the traffic cop was seen directing a yokel, who had just alighted from the bus at the stand nearby, to the Fort.

## Candidates



Mr. C.W.W. KANNANGARA  
(Matugama)



Mr. DUDLEY SENANAYAKE  
(Dedigama)

Little human touches like these in a policeman's life endears him to the people. He should aim at being the people's friend, not their master.

\* \* \*

#### Sardiel's Descendant

A DESCENDANT of Sardiel, the "Robin Hood" of Ceylon, was, I hear, a casualty of the floods. He was quite unlike the notorious robber whose exploits at Utuwankanda made history.

The villagers tell me that he bore no trace of the dare-devil Sardiel. On the other hand, he was harmless and unobtrusive, and was happily married with four bonny children. But he did take pride in claiming kinship with Sardiel.

#### ENTERPRISE

THE coverage of the flood news by the "Daily News" upped it in the eyes of readers. Aerial pictures, all-island news, full official Press Conference hand-outs, Governor's Flood Relief Fund announcement and a double-column block of His Excellency's cheque for Rs. 1,000 were all displayed to advantage.

The "Times," with the original, handwritten text of Governor's Appeal in its hands by 8.30 a.m. next day, did a scissors and paste job. They don't know about facsimile reproductions. That knowledge left with Batten and Bayley. Those were the days when the "Times" knew to display a story.

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# A MONSTER WILL ARISE

By Vernon Phelps

**THE** Leftist gains at the polls, surprisingly enough, are causing more fear than jubilation, not only among the Leftists themselves, but among those who voted for them, with certain reservations.

Several middle class electors who voted for the Left, have confessed that they did so because they wanted to ensure that there would be a virile opposition in Parliament. Very well. They did so, therefore, to achieve a particular purpose. But will that purpose, whatever its merits or demerits may be, be achieved?

What has happened in the meanwhile? The masses unaware of this reservation, threw their weight in the direction of the Left, in certain constituencies, thereby falling a prey to the blandishments of Leftist propaganda, and all the time reassured that they were not alone in this attitude but in the excellent company of the so-called progressive elements among the middle classes.

The masses, for whose benefit it was deemed necessary to resort to election symbols to assist them in casting their votes, can hardly be blamed for taking the cue from the middle classes with whom they have constant contact and who they readily regard as being more politically conscious and more politically knowledgeable than themselves.

This is why the calculations of the so-called "progressives" among the middle classes are going to be upset. The much-vaunted venturesomeness of these "progressives," who preferred to chase a shadow and reject the substance, is now giving them cause not only for regret but also fear.

\* \* \*

**THE** United National Party, fully alive to the desire among the people for a democratic government with a socialistic programme, again and again assured the people that it was conscious of their anxiety and warned them against seeking to secure their aspirations by entrusting their future and that of the country to the tender mercy of the Leftists.

This was the substance the "progressives" rejected in preference to what they doubtless believed was a piece of masterly political strategy, in returning Leftists to "provide a virile opposition."

But the snag in this strategy was that they reckoned without the masses. Let there be no mistake about it. The masses voted Left, not because they wanted a Left opposition, but because they were misled by the attitude of these "progressives" to believe that the Leftists would save them from the disasters which the Leftists themselves told them were coming. That is why I say, a monster will arise.

The Leftists failed to impress the middle class "progressives" that they were the saviours of the country. But apparently the "progressives" were gullible enough to believe that the Leftists would make excellent watchdogs in the Opposition.

But, make no mistake, no such restriction operated as regards the masses who voted on the face value of the Leftist election pledges, egged on to do so by the conditional support of the "progressives." These reckless pledges, promised the masses to stave off the economic landslide which they were told was coming bringing in its wake, mass unemployment, low wages and misery.

The Leftist gains, so far, one would have thought, should therefore be cause

enough for jubilation. For have not the "progressives" obtained their watchdogs and the masses, their saviours? Why then is everyone so jittery?

\* \* \*

**THE** reason is not far to seek.

You cannot promise the masses salvation and then fail to deliver the goods. Everyone now realises that the Leftists do not have the goods to deliver. A Leftist Government, as the people are now beginning to realise would be (to quote the picturesque phraseology of the Bolshevik Doctor Colvin R. de Silva) "an embrace unto death" in the arms of the revolution.

Afraid of their success and the price that has still to be paid for it, the Leftists are now trembling for they are aware that they are the least equipped to fulfil the fake promises they offered the electors.

The Leftists, it will be recalled, found themselves in a similar pickle after the General Strike, when the strikers flocked to their fold and demanded the fruits of "victory." Frightened at the monster they had created the Leftists rushed to Queen's House and the Board of Ministers to escape the fury of its fangs.

A bigger and more frightening Frankenstein will arise when the misguided masses demand of the Leftists the fulfilment of their election pledges.

When that happens the Leftist cry will not be the raucous, "Senanayake won't be Prime Minister" (as was heard at Badulla, the other day) but "Senanayake please save us" in a tremolo of abject supplication. The watchdogs will then be too scared to bark!

## A Lesson to the Muslims

By S. M. Haniffa

**THE** Muslim community of Ceylon wholeheartedly welcomed the decision of its leaders to join the U.N.P. No one ever thought that there would be a single Muslim who would go against that decision. But unfortunately a few—a negligible number—Muslims have got entangled in the camps of the Leftists. However, it is gratifying to think that the two nominees of the Leftist parties have experienced severe defeat.

No true Muslim will ever think of supporting any Leftist party on the grounds that they regard religion as "the opium of the masses." This is not the only reason. What of their materialist policies? Islam does not teach us to live only for the sake of money. Where, then is the spirit of Islam in those Muslims who bind themselves to follow in the steps of the Sama Samajists and Communists?

The electorates of Mutur and Polonnaruwa in particular, provide us the lesson that we should support the U.N.P. and not any other party. The two Leftist candidates, one a Communist and the other a Sama Samajist, have been beaten by the U.N.P. candidates. All the Muslim candidates put forward by the U.N.P., with only two exceptions, have been successful in their elections. Those who came forward as Independent candidates have joined the U.N.P. after their success. There is yet one Muslim, a member of the fair sex, who is opposed to the U.N.P. There is no doubt that she too will meet with the same fate that the Leftist candidates had to encounter. Therefore, we all Muslims should get together and rally round the U.N.P. and their candidates, without any communal ill-feelings, to gain recognition in the political panorama of Sri Lanka.

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Friday, September 12, 1947

### UNITE NOW

The time has come for those who love this country to give practical proof of that love. What has happened in the land is sufficient for those who opposed the U.N.P. hitherto to cast away their doubts and misgivings and stand solidly behind it. The hostility that had been artificially created against the leaders of the Party may have made many people stand aloof from the fray. Now they may be remorseful. They may now wonder why they did not throw in their weight in the cause. It is unnecessary to make reproaches. They can still make amends by voluntarily helping those candidates who have not yet faced the poll. Personal likes and dislikes are bound to prejudice the political opinions of large masses of people. If we are to give this country a sane and stable Government we cannot let those prejudices colour the elections.

What is important is that the Parliamentary system of Government cannot work unless we have a stable majority. Coalitions and combinations can mean only one thing: compromise on all major issues, and compromise can produce a weak Government and a policy of drift. If anyone wants proof of this we have the record of the last State Council which went from compromise to compromise. In such a Government there will be divided responsibility. Such a system of Government has so many inherent weaknesses that we are bound to waste the next four years of Parliamentary government. We shall waste the best years of the new government in an attempt to produce stability. When the time comes for the next General Election we shall have one section of the "coalition" taking the credit for the achievements and disclaiming responsibility for the mistakes that have been made.

It is imperative, therefore, that we should bend all our energies to the task of winning every possible seat of those that have yet to be contested. We appeal to all those candidates whose elections are now over to throw all the weight of their immediate presence and organising abilities into the remaining electorates. Let us fight with renewed zest. We must save the country at all costs. There is no time to lose.

# THE SAHIB MENTALITY IS FINISHED

By

"Caliph"

WITH the advent of freedom in India the "Sahib mentality" has ended—it is ending in this country while it enters the threshold of Dominion Status. The "Sahib mentality" demanded the kow-towing of brown men to white men. It meant the barring of the brown men (reporters and dogs not excused) from European clubs and restaurants

But those who have watched the trend of events in Ceylon will have noticed that this mentality is fast disappearing. Brown Ceylonese hold their dinners and wedding receptions at European hotels, their men and women dance with Europeans at social functions—in fact they pull on together. It is interesting to recall the bad old days by way of contrast.

I know of a wealthy Ceylonese, who was held in high respect by the people. He had to meet a planter, of no standing in order to settle an estate contract bill. I was surprised when I found him tearing through the Up-country road in his gharry.

But when the gharry reached the gate of the planter's bungalow, it stopped, and the wealthy Ceylonese had to walk the rest of the way to the bungalow. Such was the respect demanded!

I know of some planters who set their dogs on the "brown niggers." A certain Alsatian was so trained that it attacked only brown men.

C. F. Andrews has mentioned similar incidents in India where the gharry, dog-cart or landau was forced to stop at a specified distance.

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THIS sahib mentality was encouraged by the slavishness shown by the Ceylonese themselves. If an European head of a firm or school related even the stales yarn there would still be flattering grins on the faces of the Ceylonese subordinates.

### Election Cameos—5

WHAT is the hallmark of an intellectual? According to a certain set, comprised of two groups (one with a faint suggestion of a slender growth on the upper lip and the other with the facial fungus in full luxuriance) all one has to do to join the intellectual elite, is to sport a red necktie and shout Bangawewa at a Leftist election meeting.

It all started after someone had remarked, in jest, that the younger intellectuals had Leftist tendencies. This spread like wildfire among the younger group. To be seen without a red necktie and to miss a Leftist election meeting was to ask to be classed among the nit-wits. Hence the motley group of larking and bright young things that add to the colour and the chorus of Leftist election meetings.

They are the prospective protectors of the proletariat. Attending an election meeting is quite an event. Having ascertained the date of the meeting, the next hurdle is to find some pretext to get pater's permission to use the car. A spot of shopping in the more exclusive Port shops is also a prelude to attending an election meeting. After all you cannot go about the business of fighting for a workers' government in last week's outfit. Bad psychological effect and all that!

Attendance at these election meetings is also not without its "sacrifices" for the workers' government, for do not the meetings upset one's programme and result in missing the "flicks" and a number of other important "dates."

But freedom can be won only by struggle and sacrifice, both of which it cannot be denied, they have endured with fortitude. It's not for them to mention it, of course, but neither do they expect to be decorated with a brass brassard. They are the intellectuals and that recognition is all they ask.

(Continued on page 6)

There was an instance of a subordinate who was dismissed because he dared to show amusement at his European "boss" mispronouncing a word or two.

Even to this day, however, could be seen the practice in firms to issue "European bills" and "Ceylonese bills." On pay day too the salaries are divided into "European staff" and "Ceylonese staff" and "Ceylonese staff."

There was no point in this as each employee gets according to his station. But many Europeans insist on this label to their pay envelopes.

Even a decade ago this subservience to Europeans was quite the thing. Once in a while a Ceylonese would show up his self-respect and refuse to be cudgelled into subservience. In a firm, I remember, the European head asked his peon to request a Ceylonese merchant, who was waiting for a business negotiation, to go off. ("I have no time to see him.")

Whereupon the Ceylonese, who maintained that businessmen were equal all over, whether it be white or brown, exploded into wrathful language. The reaction was a peaceful retreat by the European into his room. But this was rather the exception than the rule.

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HOW about the memsahibs? To them too our women paid pooja. An ordinary English barmaid or waitress imported into this country as

the wife of a Ceylonese who had gone abroad, was looked up to as the last word in fashion!

Our women slavishly studied their mode of dress and the hues they chose. An European woman using a shoe last was considered enterprising. Hundreds of our society women kept their shoes in lasts, because "that is the proper way." The use of shoe-horns was similarly aped.

The result of this was that the memsahibs considered our Ceylonese women fit enough only to be nannies to their children. A certain woman social worker was considered a revolutionary ten years ago because hers was improper behaviour—quite unexpected in a brown woman.

At Victoria Park, I remember, memsahibs frowned on the nannies when they allowed their European charges to share their toys and join games with Ceylonese children.

In social parties too Ceylonese women thought it bad taste to talk anything national (though it was not necessarily anti-European). Their prudishness went so far as to comment on an innocent poem in a popular ladies' journal of some years ago, entitled "Call to Women" the offending stanza, the last, appeared:

"Come now, let us join hands, and onwards

The call for country is dear  
If we hark and we hurry onwards  
Our Freedom and Joy is near."

"Freedom!" What cheek they thought, and what bad taste. I remember this stanza was the topic of conversation and ill comment at parties for over a week.

Things are quite different now, of course, though the craze for Europeanism is still extant in school concerts where Sinhalese plays are enacted with an English accent!

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# BOOKS & AUTHORS

By **LESTER JAMES PERIES**

IT isn't always that one finds the critical and creative gifts cohabiting a single mind with anything like harmony. Sometimes this cohabitation, so much a matter of the most delicate balance, is upset and the other two gifts instead of complementing each other, reinforcing each other, reach a stage of open warfare. Consequently it is a pleasure to discover that Mr. Pritchett, the critic and Mr. Pritchett the artist appear to get on admirably and under separate covers.

In his book of essays—(Mr. Pritchett) "THE LIVING NOVEL" and his collection of short stories—"IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN", his work provides a study in contrasts which any book critic would find it difficult to resist, expatiating on and making generalisations about. But you needn't be frightened. A short talk such as this gives me no time to make any attempts at profundity. All I can do is to give you a few impressions of a fairly rare phenomenon. So here goes.....

When one has read both volumes and come to terms with this endearing twin monster and marbelled not a little at the dazzling display in both roles one begins to hope and very fervently that Mr. Pritchett, the exacting fastidious critic would never haunt and drive Mr. Pritchett, the artist, into a paralysed silence or that state of perpetual nagging uncertainty which Samuel Taylor Coleridge had to contend with and which seems to me to be the peculiar dilemma of writer critics like Cyril Connolly—I say this with some misgiving because Mr. Pritchett seems to be at the top of his form in both capacities. He has lavished upon his studies of the great, all his gifts of insight and imaginative sympathy, caught them as he himself describes it in the very throeb of writing their books and enriched the drab murky lower middle classes, his favourite hunting ground for his short stories with his wit, his poetry and that superb nervous wazzle of a style that is with the exception of Mr. Forster's the most satisfying contemporary instrument or the writing of English Prose. I said misgiving because his volume of short stories, "IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN" good though it is in isolation, must when read again prove to be something of a disappointment to those who were first ravished by the brilliance of an earlier collection "YOU MAKE YOUR OWN LIFE."

\* \* \*

BE that as it may, let us now take Mr. Pritchett the critic first. The "LIVING NOVEL" has little to do with the modern contemporary novel as the title may indicate. It is on the other hand a collection of studies (personal discoveries is actually the right word) of the great pioneers of the novel form, those masters who as Mr. Pritchett describes so felicitously, in his preface the most importunate and living novelists of their time; they stood above their contemporaries and survived them because they were more readable, more entertaining, more suggestive and incomparably more able than the common run of novelists. With the result that all the canonical names are jere from Fielding and Richardson, Scott, Dickens and George Elliot right down to D. H. Lawrence. The French are represented by Anatole France and Prosper Merry May—there are occasional and very effective blood transfusions to revive such minor casualties as Arthur Marison and Sheridan Le, writers dwarfed by the giant reputations of contemporary and predecessor alike, but contributing an exquisite minor fresco to the great pageant of English fiction; and Mr. Pritchett desports himself most comfortably in the disturbing shade of the great Russians.

Among the conspicuous absentees are Trollope, Henry James, Jane Austen, Proust and Tolstoy, writers who Mr. Pritchett observes "drily have moved me but not to the labour of writing. Which is an indication of his honesty Proust is more than a contemporary fashion. He is an infection like the measles and Trollope and Henry James have been moved by critical fervour from an uncomfortable limbo right up to the celestial heights of Parnassus. To have struck

by so obstinately and even old-maidenishly to such enthusiasms as Sir Walter Scott and Arnold Bennett displays an immunity from the tyranny of the fashionable smart sets, literary gossipers and cliquish salons which other critics would do well to emulate.

"THE LIVING NOVEL" is as a consequence a very honest book a breviary of personal enthusiasms. Of course this enthusiasm is always held in the check by an astringent and ironical mind that prevents it from skidding away into the rapture of a blurb writer or a Press agent. But it is nevertheless an infectious enthusiasm. He writes of these great novelists with the excited and inuamable accents of one who wishes to share in a tremendous discovery. With the result that you do want to get hold of and read without delay the books which Mr. Pritchett is so enthusiastic about. Each of these intimidating standard authors is approached as though for the first time and this makes for a freshness of approach and a novelty of attack which is mercifully free from that awful portentousness of the done and the professors, and the repetitions cliches of academic study, of the University Text Book, and the Extension Lecture Hall. Mr. Pritchett has gone to these great writers with the humility of a student, with no preconceived themes, no generalisation, no guides but with a critical apparatus that can illuminate the most discussed writer with a remark as bright as a flash of lightning. He has with the help of his characteristically epigrammatic style caught in his net and brought back a series of highly original observations. Here are some of the treasures.

"That a man like Samuel Richardson should write one of the great European novels is one of those humiliating follies in the incidence of genius." Of Walter Scott. "This great man, the single Shakespearean talent of the English novel drew far too often the heroes and heroines which have appealed to the adolescent and gently reared reader. At 16 we are in love with those sexless heroines with their awful school mistressy speeches. One grows up in a day dream that Scott has generated to discover it is a swindle, and one never forgives him."

Yet if we except this serious criticism for the moment and measure Scott in the light of the full noon of life, we see that he belongs to that very small group of our novelists who face life squarely. Defending Dickens he writes: "I am totally of out sympathy with the hostile criticism of Dickens which has been made during the last 20 years, which has ignored his huge vitality and imaginative range and has done no more than to say he lacked task and that he sacrificed a profound view of human nature to the sentimentalities and falsities of self-dramatisation. To me it is a perversion of criticism to suggest that you can have the virtues of a writer without his vices and the discovery of Dickens' failures does not make his achievement less." Vehement though he may be Mr. Pritchett is not a lone voice in this timely defence and with Edmond Wilson and George Orwell is one of a valiant spearhead against the great Victorian's modern detractors.

And finally as a critic Mr. Pritchett's that captivating quality is an inexhaustive gift for making memorable statements. For example "One of the reasons why bad novels are bad is not that the characters do not live, but that they do not live with one another." "A good deal of our culture as well as our capital is locked up in the Far East." Gems such as these are embedded on almost every page.

AND now let us get to Mr. Pritchett as a short story writer. "The cities fall but what survives? It is the common patient indigenous grass. After Mr. Pocock's death this thought lay in a muddle in Rogers' mind; if Rogers had a mind. He was enormously fat; a jelly fish which is washed and rocked by sensations and not by thought. The Wilcoxes and Stockses, and Rogeres, the three ordinary far back tribes who made the village, alone had history; and this plain corporate history, like the eternal grass choked out the singular. The death of a Rogers is something. But the death of a stranger like Mr. Pocock who had been in the place only a few months was like a motor smask. Vivid but trivial it sank out of village memory to the bottom of time." I quote this passage because Mr. Prit-

chett's most striking asset as a story writer is his sense of style. It is one in almost tempted to say a style in the grand manner. What a relief it is to see the adjective come out of hiding. What a pleasure to observe the daring periods after so much baby talk, flat, basic English, drab reportage and the halting stammer according to the gospel of Miss Stein. Indeed there was a time when one expected English prose in the 1930's to sound as matter of fact as the Telephone Directory and the Railway Time Table. I shouldn't stress the importance of style nut in Pritchett's case, it is almost his entire bag of tricks.....style and a remarkably sharp ear for human speech. Even his wide range and he can write with equal conviction of a sailor out of his depths on land, a frustrated spinster, childhood, the prosaic drama behind a pub conversation, a spiritual crisis in some draughty suburban home, an ape's eye view of human nature. This range is mastered by ringing the charges on a style of extreme flexibility. Normally a writer imposes on his material an individual style as fixed and unchangeable as his voice but Mr. Pritchett's style seems to adopt itself to the material or the characters he writes about. It is the gift if a ventiloquent or some uncanny mimic or impersonated playing half dozen roles with bewildering virtuosity. Most of these stories have appeared before in magazines, and even though we read them once again in this more permanent form they are still as good as they appeared to be. But with the exception of the "Sailor" which is a masterpiece of characterisation written

for the most part a dialogue and an almost Dickensian gift for robust caricature he isn't the continual delight and brilliance he was in the earlier volume. One does hope; however, that his scintillating weekly froles in the pages of New Statesman as a critic will not drain the reservoirs of his wit, his imagination, his sense of words and his lyricism for good though he is as a critic, he is at his best one of the half dozen most brilliant short story writers in England.

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# SPORTS

## Commentary

### COVER-POINT

THERE was a "full house" in sport last week and my review is consequently, very much of a mixed grill.

The six-day August Race Meet has come to an end and there will be a brief rest of three weeks before the September Meet starts on the 27th and merges into the October Meet, which will not end till the last Saturday of October.

Losers' Day last Saturday brought little comfort to punters. Good things came unstuck with almost monotonous regularity, only one first favourite obliging in a card of seven events. Quite the highlight of the afternoon's sport was the comfortable victory gained by SUN TAN, who showed how versatile he was by winning over 7 furlongs, after finishing second the previous week over a distance twice as long. Ever since Sun Tan made his debut a winning one, he has been a model of consistency and should continue to be a good mopey-spinner. COTTAGE CREEK was striding out well at the finish but FLORACIAN lost all his chances by playing up at the gate.

Another public fancy who went the way of favourites was PROFILE who could not pull out anything like her expected dash when sent in chase of GOLDEN BUDDY, on whom SAWYER rode a rousing finish.

The Ratnapura Plates were won from barrier rise by ANGEL GOLD and GAY WALLACE, the former of whom must be seen to further advantage even in the higher class to which she has made her way.

A change of stable has apparently changed MR. COLMAN'S luck and the bay pony, who has run in the best company in India, had little difficulty in conceding 21 lbs. to his stable-mate KING SOLOMON in the Samarrah Plate which looked like a Roberts' Cup in which understudies took the part of the stars.

Very little store can be set by KABSUM BAGHDAD'S victory in the opening race on the card as the Ridings Boys, for whom the race was reserved, had no control whatsoever over their mounts. If races are to be famed in future for Riding Boys they must first be properly schooled. The racing public has no time for farces of the nature provided last week.

That KIWI is a horse of possibilities was proved when he won the last race of the day to pay out the best dividend of the afternoon. Though run to a neck he had, I think, something in hand.

The latest news from India indicates that MERCHANT will definitely be unable to make the trip. His absence will be a severe blow to India as it means the loss of her sheet anchor.

THE Mercantile Athletics Championships unfortunately clashed with the races and I had, therefore, to give the finals a miss. A friend of mine who saw the Meet was full of it. The fact that as many as eleven new Mercantile records were set up suggests that Ceylon's acceptance of the Olympic invitation has acted as a strong fillip to athletes. The Ceylon Championships are to be held this week-end and I expect to see this improvement in the standard of athletics fully maintained. Our new Athletics Coach, MR. G. B. LITTLE, has arrived in Ceylon and, with his help, I think, our leading athletes should go on from strength to strength.

THE return rubber match between the C.H. & F.C. and the C.R. & F.C. should actually have come within the purview of my last week's review but the exigencies of space kept it out. Though the C.R. & F.C. did turn the tables on the C.H. & F.C., a draw would have been more in keeping with the run of play.

It was grand opportunism on the part of ALDONS and DE ZILWA which gave the Ceylonese Club an outright victory in a game in which no quarter was asked and none given. As in the earlier encounter, the game was mainly a forwards' battle and three-quarter movements were few and far between. Both backs played really well and it was only a wrong bounce that caused MITCHELL to misfield and give the C.R. & F.C. the chance of scoring. I understand that arrangements are being made to stage a third meeting between these two Metropolitan Clubs in the near future to settle the rubber.

ALTHOUGH it is virtually certain that the Indian cricketers will be flying to Australia instead of travelling on the Orion, hopes are still being entertained that Ceylon will be given a chance of meeting the tourists before they leave. A letter has been sent to the Board of Control in India asking them to keep to schedule and offering in return to arrange for air transport for the Indians from Colombo by flying boat via Singapore. The Board's reply is being anxiously awaited.

THE Cricketer of the Year in England is assuredly DENIS COMPTON who, last week, crowned a grand season by beating HOBBS' record of 16 centuries. Compton unfortunately struck his best form too late in Australia during the last tour. Had he been at his best early on, England might have saved the Ashes. He is now chasing after HAYWARD'S all-time record aggregate of 2518 and the Middlesex man may yet get there. Considering that the Australians are due next year in England it seems unwise to me that Compton should spend the Winter in playing Soccer with Arsenal. He has been chasing the ball on cricket fields for nearly 18 months on end and surely needs a rest. It is for this reason that I welcome the decision of BILL EDRIKH to stand down from the M.C.C. team, which is to tour the West Indies this Winter.

THIS review would not be complete without passing reference to the last of the English racing Classics, the St. Leger which will be run today. Though Tudor Minstrel's fall from grace in the Derby has led to his withdrawal from the St. Leger, the field is a distinguished one, including as it does the Derby winner, PEARL DIVER, who seems to be a better horse in England than when he is in his native France; his runner-up MIGOLI, who won the Eclipse Stakes; and SAYAJI RAO, (or Young Dante as he is called), who is still to justify his record price of 28,000 guineas. Apart from these three there is another Frenchman in ARBAR whose credentials cannot be faulted. The one-eyed TITE STREET has also shown useful form since the Derby and may bear matching. Personally, my vote goes to the favourite, Migoli. The St. Leger has always been the AGA KHAN'S lucky race while GORDON RICHARDS, too, has as much a penchant for it, as the Derby has a hoodo for him.

### Election Cameos

(Continued from page 4)

But of all the "sacrifices" the lingo of the proletariat is the most exasperating. Take "sahodharaya" for instance. Tongue-twister, isn't it? Quite. Five syllables and all that suggested cutting it down to the simpler three-syllable "massina" (which one of the blue eyed boys had overheard the driver use in conversation with the baker) but the High Command, somewhat inexplicably, ruled it out. Said it would prove fatal to the cause. Curious? And besides wasn't it just too bad!

By the way, old top, what did you say the other word was—ah, yes, I've got it—Banghawewa, Wot! What the heck DOES it mean, anyway.....

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# MR. BANDARANAIKE WILL NOT BID FOR PREMIERSHIP — (Official)

*"I will be Prime Minister"*

Headline—Part of  
Deep Game of the  
"Times of Ceylon"

By Our Political Correspondent

THE "Times of Ceylon" carried a headline in its issue of the 10th quoting Mr. Bandaranaike as having said: "I will be Prime Minister." I have the authority of Mr. Bandaranaike to state officially that this is a distortion of his statement.

This is what he said, in Sinhalese: "I am speaking to you as a responsible person, as against the Sama Samajists who know well that they will not be called upon to implement the promises they are making to you. I may one day be entrusted with the affairs of Government in this country as Prime Minister, and as such I speak with a sense of grave responsibility."

That is the text of what Mr. Bandaranaike said.

The "Times of Ceylon" is the common enemy of all the people of this country. It has a deep game—to break up the unity within the U.N.P. That is, co-



Mr. BANDARANAIKE

incidentally, the game of the L.S.S.P. also. Let me say here and now that the "Times of Ceylon" will learn, after 20th September, when we shall have time to turn our attention to it, that all those who are enemies of our national unity will know the wrath of the people. Even the Sama Samajists, mistaken and misguided as they are, realise the role that the "Times" has played, first as the organ of Planters' Raj, then as the organ of frustrated British Capitalism, and now as the organ of certain other forces.

## Forged Telegram Sent to Mr. Ponnambalam! M. P. for Puttalam Did not Leave the Party

THE story has been circulated that Mr. H. S. Ismail who was elected without a contest as Member for Puttalam, sent a telegram to Mr. G. G. Ponnambalam wishing him luck and assuring him of full support. Mr. Ismail denies this without reserve. In his address to a gathering at Nattandiya Mr. Ismail stated that someone had used his name in vain.



Mr. H. S. ISMAIL

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