



—Acme.

THE AUTHOR: Loosely speaking, Carlos P. Romulo, a short, oratorical, ubiquitous Filipino who is currently President Ram6n Magsaysay's Special and Personal Envoy to the United States, has spent his life pulling the rug from under Kipling's "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Kipling hadn't heard of Romulo when, in 1890, he wrote "The Ballad of East and West" (indeed, Romulo himself had to wait around impatiently for eleven long years to be born) or he might have thought twice. Anyway, in an indefatigable effort to weld the two halves together Romulo has over the years dashed from one diplomatic parley to another, reaching his zenith (as of last Tuesday, anyway) by being elected in 1949 as President of the Fourth General Assembly of the United Nations. This week he is scheduled to head the P.I. Delegation to the Asian-African Conference in Indonesia. Romulo's biography goes hand-in-hand with the history of the Philippines, and there are even some observers who have gone so far as to speculate that Romulo has come close to doing as much for his archipelago this century as Magellan did in the sixteenth. For one thing, Romulo was a member of Manila's independence missions to Washington as early as 1921 (the year he got his M.A. from Columbia, to add to his bachelor's degree from the University of the Philippines). In 1944 he was named Resident Commissioner of the P.I. in the U.S., and, though he is happiest while working, he was delighted to lose that particular job on July 4, 1946. It was on that day that the Philippines at last became independent. During World War II he was aide-de-camp to General Douglas MacArthur. Besides all that he has published a Manila newspaper and won a Pulitzer Prize in 1942 for his dispatches to *The Philippines Herald*. Moreover he has lectured from New York to California, reminding Americans that Asia is here to stay. The U.N. is one of his favorite subjects; it is just as fond of him, and people who have heard him speak there describe him as "a big voice from a little country."—BERNARD KALB.

consolidation of forces resulted in victory.

The account of the campaign which he and Magsaysay conducted is a splendid story. For the first time in Philippine history the *barrios* were thoroughly canvassed for votes. And the issues hammered out from the platform related to sanitary wells for drinking water, good schools for the children, and land reform.

Magsaysay, who came from the *barrios*, had hid in the hills during the Japanese occupation, leading a guerilla band. Being the product of the villages of the Philippines and knowing their problems, he gave the campaign a grass-roots flavor. He got out a massive vote and won handsomely in an election that—thanks to the army he had previously reorganized—was relatively clean and honest.

The book continues into Magsaysay's regime and gives some account of the reforms which the new administration has begun. General Romulo can be pardoned for rating the achievements to date more perhaps than they may deserve. A promising start has been made; and the Communists have been largely liquidated as a guerilla force. But the discontent on which the Communist cause feeds has been largely untouched; and the landlord interests still dominate the legislature, which of course slows down progress.

THE book is of great interest not only for the story it tells of the Philippines but also for the challenging approach it presents to the Asian problem. General Romulo may not have seen the revolutions taking place in the villages of India and Burma. But he senses their nature and power. They reflect in part a desire of serfs to get rid of the feudalism that has held them in a vise from time out of mind. They reflect in part the drive of the colored races of the world for a status of equality. They reflect in part the drive of people long subjugated to rid themselves of colonial rule.

The book reflects the Asian state of mind and the Asian approach to the problems of this age. "Asia for the Asians" is more than a slogan. It represents the drive of millions upon millions of people. The Asian problem of Communism presents two aspects: the military task of liquidating the Communist forces within a nation; the political task of taking their following from them.

General Romulo is a realist on both scores. He knows that guns and dollars are not enough to win Asia. He knows that a program of political action based on the conception that all men are created equal can win it.

Reform by Charity

"India's Walking Saint," by Hallam Tennyson (Doubleday, 224 pp. \$3.50), is a biography of Vinoba Bhave, founder of the Bhoodan, a movement that is having a profound effect on the social system of India. John Frederick Muehl, who reviews it below, is the author of "Interview with India" and other books.

By John Frederick Muehl

I AM afraid that many of us have a category in our minds, near diabetics, between wheat-germ and Jackson Pollock, where we tend to place any book with a title like "India's Walking Saint: The Story of Vinoba Bhave." Once bitten twice shy, and we have been exposed to too many of those personal testimonials to Mahatma Gandhi which, through their strange and neurotic religiosity, succeed in reducing him to a faddists' god. Now Gandhi is dead; his mantle and his curse have apparently fallen to Vinoba Bhave. There will be bad books written, sentimental and fanatical, by those who know him and by those who do not. In the meantime it would be well to take a long clear look at the Bhave that is presented by Hallam Tennyson, for "India's Walking Saint" in spite of weaknesses may well be the standard by which they are judged.

For the uninitiated, Vinoba Bhave is the founder of Bhoodan, the land-gift movement which has begun in south India, and to which Indian landlords, both large and small, have contributed voluntarily for the relief of the landless. Like so many things in India, Bhoodan is an accident; that is, it began without plan or intention, while Bhave himself was a disciple of Gandhi, undistinguished except by his moral qualities. During a trip into Hyderabad he was addressing a gathering and discussing the problem of the local landless when one Ram Chandra spontaneously volunteered land of his own, signing over one hundred acres on the spot. As Tennyson tells the story it was an exciting moment, as if a vision had simultaneously appeared to all. More offers were made and when the meeting broke up everyone knew something important had been born that evening.

And, of course, it had. For since 1951 Bhoodan has accumulated more than four million acres. And what is equally important, it has very largely been operating in the poorest areas where holdings are the smallest. Ten-

nyson tries to catch some of the drama of the thing as he describes Bhava moving from village to village. He will not ride, even in a cart. He eats nothing but curds. And he warns landowners, "I have come to loot you with love." Yet the landlords receive him with their arguments prepared. They meet and he speaks only a few quiet words. "If you will not give," he tells them, "it does not matter." But his words are magical and of course they do give. Tennyson tells of those who have given all of their land, of rich zemindars who have kept only what they could farm with their two hands. And without laboring the point he brings home to the reader the spiritual implications of such a movement as this.

Of course, it is not easy to speak calmly of Bhava. It must be particularly difficult for someone like Tennyson who has lived and worked on the fringe of his movement, walking with the disciples from village to village. But, fortunately, Hallam Tennyson has a sense of humor so that while he is often enthusiastic he is never fanatical. His admiration for Bhava knows almost no bounds, but it is always within the bounds of intelligence and sanity.

One might object to some stylistic qualities of the book. It follows a complex plan, combining biography and reminiscence, and, while the details of the integration have been carefully worked out, Tennyson does not write forcefully enough really to bring it off. The material, too, has a way of overwhelming him. The idea of Bhodan is in itself so exciting that the rather pallid prose in which it is described inhibits rather than spurs the imagination. Again, when Tennyson has occasion to exhort us he lags strangely behind the power of the idea, like some Anglican ministers who seem always to be saying, "We ought to be more like this chap Christ, you know."

But perhaps, realistically, we have to choose between violent partisanship and such cool detachment. In avoiding the usual excesses of the disciple it is possible that Tennyson leans too far backward. Withal his book is a valuable one and it sets a high standard for the books on Bhava that will follow. I do not mean to sound unduly skeptical, but there will be many that are worse before there is one better.

Notes

THE LITERATURE OF JAPAN: To most of us the literatures of Asiatic countries are as remote as their language, yet translations can bridge the gap to



Bhava—"his words are magical."

some extent. Hence the usefulness of a brief, introductory guide to orient the reader. Donald Keene's "*Japanese Literature*" (Grove Press; clothbound, \$2.50; paperbound, \$1) fulfils that task efficiently and interestingly. As a poetic language Japanese has the inherent advantage of ambiguity. Its poetry, according to a tenth-century poet, "has for its seed the human heart, and grows into countless leaves of words." A simple *haiku* can proliferate images of startling clarity:

The peaks of clouds
Have crumbled into fragments—
The moonlit mountain.

In the early 1900s Japanese poetry influenced the Imagist poets. The *No* plays of their theatre inspired Yeats to translation and imitation. But these entertainments, like their puppet plays, seem too alien to Westerners compared to their novels. The great classic "*The Tale of Genji*," which has been classically translated by Arthur Waley, is described by Mr. Keene as a Proustian *recherche* into court society of tenth-century Japan. That country's twentieth-century novels and films, which are coming here in increasing numbers, can be more sympathetically understood if we know more about their indigenous culture. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

TURKISH GREAT MAN: Would-be rakes may well enjoy Ray Brock's "*Ghost on Horseback: The Incredible Atatürk*" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$4.75) if only to find proof that a man can be a great political figure, accomplishing all manner of heroics, and at the same time be the complete libertine. Those

who are seeking a serious and substantial portrayal of the maker of modern Turkey will derive no satisfaction from it.

Born Mustafa (Brock's spelling, Mutapha, would have annoyed Atatürk no end, for above all else in the formation of the new Turkish alphabet he insisted that it be phonetic), and progressing to Gazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and on to Kemal Atatürk, the great Turk held a governmental post from a second lieutenantcy in 1905 to the Presidency at the time of his death in 1938. Thus, much of his life is a matter of historical record. Most of the great incidents are mentioned and correctly described, although the reader is left uncertain as to exactly when the Republic was declared.

The great bulk of the book is concerned with Kemal's actions from 1908 to 1923; perhaps these were the most dramatic years. He hurries over Kemal's last fifteen years, touching only the very highest points. Yet undoubtedly these were years of tremendous significance to the Turkish people and to the whole world.

As a character study of an unremitting rebel, "*Ghost on Horseback*" is sparkling and highly entertaining. Written in popular biographical narrative style, the pages are filled with Kemal's conversations with mistresses, prostitutes, and a variety of non-descripts. But it only hints at Kemal's remarkable grasp of the fundamentals of democratic life and the magnitude of the task of producing such a life in Turkey. —SIDNEY N. FISHER.

Memory

By Carleton Drewry

REVERSE the year on the ruined bough

In time's return to blossom now.
Bring back the broken bell to chime.
But what is *now*? And what is time?

Time is a wind which whirls away
Tomorrow into yesterday.
Time is a slipping image caught
Of what once was now come to naught.

Now is one instant caught between,
Suddenly seen, and then unseen.
Memory, only memory,
Though faulty and mortal even as we,

Through glimpse of mind and the eyes' glance
Can keep the truth of time in trance,
And can return, and can retract
Time's fallacy from its far fact.