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SWATANTRA

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ON THE COVER:

Sri Janardana Rao, Bharat Sree, 1955

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SWATANTRA

Vol. X. APRIL 2 SATURDAY 1955 No. 9

THE PAKISTAN IMBROGLIO

THE birthpangs of "Islamic Democracy" in Pakistan have been so prolonged that one wonders what the issue will be—an abortion or a misshapen monster or something remotely recognisable as belonging to the genuine species. Five years after India's new Constitution had come into operation, Pakistan is still to decide on a scheme to replace the twenty-year-old, British-made Government of India Act under which she has been functioning since the partition. The instrument which was to forge a constitution for Pakistan—the Pakistan Constituent Assembly—has had an inglorious end after a legal battle which was on the point of giving new life to its dead carcase. It had been so much ridden with factions that it could not come to agreement on anything. The great Muslim League of Mr. Jinnah's creation, which "won" for the Muslim "nation" its "sovereign" State of Pakistan, proved after the latter's advent to be a body of unscrupulous adventurers and self-seekers. The result is that democracy has been in eclipse partially or wholly almost from the moment Pakistan came into existence. The *coup de grace* to this process was administered last week by Pakistan's masterful Governor-General, Mr. Ghulam Mahomed, when he proclaimed a state of emergency over the whole country and assumed to himself all the powers of virtually a dictator. The present situation in Pakistan has a parallel only to the days in 1930-32 in pre-independence India when the Governor-General, backed by the Army, ruled the country by ordinances.

The forces struggling for power in Pakistan today are various and it would be difficult to predict who will emerge on top ultimately and how long they will be able to wield power. The major problem that has bedevilled constitution-making in Pakistan is the fact that it consists of two parts divided by a thousand miles of land and consisting of people who speak entirely different tongues. East Bengal, which forms the single biggest province of Pakistan and contains a majority of the country's population, has refused to be placed in a position of perpetual minority in the new State. In any type of Federal State, East Bengal, by virtue of its size and population, will be the dominating member. The ambitious Punjabi elements, who dominate the Army and who are most powerful in Karachi, wish to prevent this by constitutional and other subterfuges. The impulse to create a single unit out of the provinces in West Pakistan is derived primarily from this motive. West Pakistan as one unit will inevitably be dominated by the Punjabis, who will be in a decisive majority within it, and it will then be possible to establish parity between West and East Pakistan—a curious sort of parity in which the balance of power will always be tilted towards West Pakistan. The scheme for the integration of West Pakistan has met with stiff resistance in Sind and the North-West Frontier, though the legislatures of the two provinces have been induced (compelled would be a

more suitable term) to support the scheme. The Governor-General seems to be determined to implement the integration scheme by his own fiat and go through the motions of popular approval by holding a convention of representatives of the provincial assemblies in West Pakistan. Whether this will be so easy remains to be seen because already some of the Sind leaders have made clear their opposition to integration and the great Frontier leader, Badshah Khan, has protested against the undemocratic way in which the scheme is being pushed through. The Pathans who have long agitated for a separate autonomous Pakhtoon State, will not lightly agree to their province being reduced to the status of districts in West Pakistan.

It has been well said that it is easy to ride a tiger but it is fatal to dismount. How long the present emergency will last and how soon constitutional democratic government will be restored in Pakistan is at the moment a matter for speculation. Mr. Ghulam Mahomed and the Army chiefs who are the prime forces behind the present Government are honest men who are perhaps anxious to ensure a return to what Gen. Iskandar Mirza described as "controlled democracy" as soon as possible. But they might well be haunted by the fear that once democracy is allowed to operate, it may produce wholly unexpected results, as the last elections in East Bengal showed.

Sotto Voce

★

RIPENESS IS ALL



I SEEM to notice a number of innovations in this year's Presidential awards to musicians. I understand there were no cash prizes. Now, that is not our (Tanjore) way. Shawls, thodas, veera-shrinkhalas are all very well, but in our notions of *uttama sambhavana* a little cash—not so much for its purchase value as for its prestige—was always included. That consideration apart, it is high time that these things were standardised. Why give a bracelet to the musicians and a necklace to the actors? The more natural distinction would be on the basis of sex. And what precisely is the aptness of the lotus-embossed leaf in gold for actors,

I spoke of our Tanjore way. I hope I shall not be accused of parochialism, but Tanjore in the context stands not so much for a geographical area or even a historic city as for a distinctive attitude to the arts. The South Indian artistes who were honoured this year are not merely associated with Tanjore by birth, or hereditary affiliation. They have its characteristic integrity winged with *savoir faire*. They move with the disarming informality of dynasts. They are so sure of themselves that they can be original without being *outré*.

Take the Nagaswaram player who has been honoured this year. He is

the most idiosyncratic performer whom I have heard—and my memory goes back to nearly five decades—on an instrument which is itself a unique product of the subtle musical invention of the Kaveri delta. The *shahnai* in the hands of Bismillah discourses melodies of a ravishing sweetness which however cloy by repetition. The drugged listener feels after a time that he would be content to hear the drone endlessly if there were nothing else; such is the mesmeric power of perfect accord with the *sruti* over the plangent soul of the *rasika*.

But infinite and infinitely delightful are the resources of the Nagaswaram in the hands of a master. The modern technician who is baffled by the problem of popularising art without debasing it finds it solved here with brilliant simplicity. Those who, standing in the South Car Street of Tiruvarur, have felt the witchery of the dulcet music floating across the Kamalalaya, as the giants of an earlier day, Sivakolundu and Chinna Pakkiri, Sembonnarkoil Ramaswami and the Tiruppamburam brothers, moved at will in the magic world of *raga* the while the Great Car, magnificent Leviathan, heaved and towered mightily on the North Way—they know that there is no substitute for the Nagaswaram.

And there is no substitute for Rajaratnam either. I was too young to come under the spell of his uncle Tirumarugal Natesan, though he, as a "marvellous boy" impinged so powerfully on the musical consciousness of our family, when he performed at my uncle's marriage, that despite our proper pride in the prowess of our own Tiruveezhimizhalai school we respectfully acknowledged the challenge. The uncle seems to have transmitted to the nephew the secret of that seductive blowing which gives you the pure spirit of melody drained of all dross. It is an enveloping enchantment, sensuous, full of surprises, like "caverns measureless to man," but rising ever and anon to confront the

sparkling midday sun with arabesques of unbelievable beauty.

Rajaratnam, being temperamental, is often unequal. So is Maharajapuram Viswanatha Iyer. But his unpredictability is as likely to be due to a bubbling imagination as to the conscientious struggle of a faithful artist with a rich if occasionally intractable medium. Who that has followed him breathless, as he went on with infinite guile persuading that high-spirited steed, his wilful musical voice, to take with a mighty leap the Everest heights of his beloved Arabhi could withhold admiration from an aspiration so noble if not always securely niched in fulfilment? And his *manodharma* is as fecund as the riparian reaches of his own Kaveri. His alapanas and kalpana swaras always put me in mind of our Ayurvedacharyas who must compound a medicine afresh for every patient. We are fellow-explorers with him in a perpetual quest of musical *virya*.

Bharata Natyam, that miraculous synthesis of the arts which the genius of Tanjore has built up, finds in Balasaraswathi yet another proof that maturity may be but a landing on the golden stairway to the stars. Of all the dancers I have seen she comes nearest to the threnodic descriptions of the legendary Kamalamuthu. And only Tiruvazhapputtur Varalakshmi—that lovely blossom blasted by an unkind fate—might have been her peer. Chronology seems a total irrelevance before that never failing fount of freshness. She moves through the intricate mazes of a Varnam with the same mysterious *elan* as made the springtime of the world; while of her Padams one can only say, "Ripeness is all."

VIGNESWARA

It is regretted that on account of SAKA'S illness the usual feature SIDELIGHTS could not be included in this issue of SWATANTRA.

FREEDOM AND CHARACTER

THE following story about the life of a young convict bringing some light to the intricate question of whether man's will is free or not is told in *Manas* by its Berlin Correspondent:

Gunther had never known his parents. He was brought up in the home of foster-parents in Berlin, where he had a happy youth. The foster-parents were also satisfied with having adopted this boy, as he proved to be clever and intelligent, and went through school as one of the best.

At seventeen he had to go to war for some months. When it was over, his captain dismissed the men, advising them to try to get home, and giving them each 1000 marks. Gunther reached Berlin after a week or so, having spent only 200 marks. He gave the rest of the money to his foster-mother, as a deposit of his own money, he thought; as a contribution to the family finances, she thought.

About six months later she became angry with him for some small offence he had committed. Then she discovered that there were only 750 marks left. Gunther said that it was his own money, that he had taken the 50 marks to spend for himself. She said that he had stolen. She was enraged and reproached him in a violent way. Being sensitive to this accusation, he suddenly lost his temper, and, in a fit of rage, took a hammer that was on the table and killed his foster-mother with a single blow. He was sentenced to seven years in prison by the juvenile court.

Gunther fully realized what he had done. From the very beginning of his punishment, he laboured to erect the wall against his weakness that he thought was necessary. Every morning and every night he repeated ten times to himself: "I have to control myself . . . I have to control myself . . ." He continued this discipline without break through five long years. When he read in a book that Julius Caesar, the great Roman Emperor, who was of the same tem-

per and knew it, had trained himself to count to three before making a decision, Gunther said to himself: "That man was right, but my case is worse. I will count to ten every time I feel that I am in danger of losing my temper."

After five years in jail, owing to his good behaviour, strengthened character, and good prospects, he was sent to an auxiliary camp where he was allowed leave on week-ends, etc. A certain Mrs. Linde, with two grown-up daughters and one son, invited Gunther to spend Christmas in her home. Soon Gunther was in the Linde family as if he were another son of Mrs. Linde.

There was an incident of which Mrs. Linde did not speak until much later. One afternoon, she missed her watch. Nobody but Gunther could have taken it. But she knew how sensitive and even ambitious Gunther was, how it would hurt him if she taxed him with having stolen. She found a better way. She said to all her children: "I have mislaid my watch and cannot find it. Please all of you help me," and she arranged things so that it was Gunther who looked through the room where the watch had been. He "found" it and gave it to Mrs. Linde, and she thanked him in a way that did not disclose that she knew it had been in his pocket.

This was genuine kleptomania. Such men take things unconsciously, often from people whom they like or even love. Kleptomania is very rare. In all my prison career, acquainting me with many thousands of thieves, I have not met a single man suffering from kleptomania but Gunther, who never had been punished for stealing. Even those who knew him well were unaware of this deficiency.

A short time later, Gunther obtained work as a carpenter in the home of a woman doctor of neurotic diseases. While this woman sometimes speaks in conferences about psychology, I think she has no idea of what this means. For here is what happened:

Gunther was on good terms with the doctor, almost as with Mrs. Linde,

But one day when she had been to town, he put her handbag under his jacket. Then he remembered: "I have to control myself," and when she came home he faced her, taking the handbag out from under his jacket. "I beg your pardon, madam," he explained. "I had a weak moment. I apologize."

Now if that lady had had half the tact and intelligence of Mrs. Linde, all would have gone well. But she did not. "You thief! You criminal! You scoundrel!" she yelled. "You have other things! Take off your clothes! I must search your body!"

Gunther hesitated. Probably he counted to ten. He muttered: "I am a man . . . I cannot strip in your presence."

"You will do it now! I am a doctor. Do it now!"

She was mistaken. At that moment she was not acting as a doctor. But Gunther controlled himself, and humiliated himself even more, in order to appease her. He did what she had asked. Of course, he had nothing else.

But his humiliation accomplished nothing. She went to the telephone, saying: "Now I will inform the prison authorities, who recommended you, what a miserable criminal you are!"

In that moment, this woman was in danger of her life. Gunther had suffered a new provocation against his self-respect—even worse than when his foster-mother had accused him of having stolen 50 marks.

But Gunther was no longer the same man. The wall he had erected against his own temper, in five long years, proved strong enough. Perhaps he counted ten. At any rate, he turned and ran away—without committing another act of violence.

We have never seen Gunther again. I knew he would never come back; after his defeat, after his hidden vice had come to light, he would rather kill himself than face again myself and the others who had confidence in him. There are rumours that he is in the uranium pit in Russian-controlled Saxony, where

nobody can ever find and arrest him.

If Gunther could know how we all think about him, he would come back. We have never considered his fight as that of a man unwilling to serve out his term. Instead, we have praised him for being able to control himself in such a situation.

Is, then, man's will free? I think not. In the moment that we act, we act according to our character. The coward is not able to commit an act of heroism. He will act as a coward when the critical moment appears. The irritable man, like Gunther, will react in a violent way when he is offended, as Gunther did in the case of his foster-mother.

But we are free, absolutely free, to change our character. Day by day, during five long years, Gunther had been busily erecting a bulwark against his irritability, which he had decided was necessary. And then, when the test came, that bulwark proved a solid defense his bad temper could not break down. His will was not free then, either. He acted as his character bade him. But his character was no longer the same as five years earlier.

I do not know whether Gunther is living or not. But even if he is not, his life was not wasted. I, for one, have learned from him that we have to study our own character and to work upon it, in order to make it equal to the hour that may come. And he has shown us all, I think, that one *can* change one's character.

The hold of the "great men" myth on the history of science has indeed lasted far longer than in social and political history. Many histories of science are, in fact, little more than the stories of great discoverers to whom came in a kind of apostolic succession epoch making revelations of the secrets of nature . . . The greater the man, the more he is soaked in the atmosphere of his time; only thus can he get a wide enough grasp of it to be able substantially to change the pattern of knowledge and action.—J. D. BERNAL

CONSTITUTIONAL CHANGES

MENDING OR TINKERING?

By H. RANGACHAR

THE Constitution of India which has just completed five years of its existence is in the process of being amended for the fourth time, the Bill in this connection having been recently referred to a Joint Select Committee of the two Houses of the Central Parliament by an overwhelming majority. Amendments which have averaged one per year so far pose some important questions in regard to the Constitution and its working. Apart from the merits of the changes already made and of those now proposed, these questions relate to the frequency or otherwise of amendments to our Constitution compared to that of others and the reasons and justification for the same. Connected with this is also the question whether the amending process prescribed in our Constitution is unduly flexible and makes possible quick or even hasty changes in the fundamental concept, character and bases of the Constitution. These aspects of the question may now be briefly considered.

A comparison of the frequency of amendments to our Constitution with that of other countries having long-standing or well-established Constitutions cannot but be of some significance to us. The oldest Constitution now working is that of the U.S.A. which came into existence in 1789. Twenty two amendments have been so far adopted. Of these, the first ten amendments, well known as the Bill of Rights, are virtually a part of the original Constitution itself, as, in the words of the resolution of the First Congress in 1789, "the conventions of a number of States" had "at the time of adopting the Constitution expressed a desire" for such provisions and an agreement had been reached to introduce the necessary amendments immediately after the adoption of the Constitution. Excluding these, the number of

amendments to the U.S.A. Constitution is 12 for a period of over 160 years. The Constitution of Switzerland (1848) has been amended 48 times, of which eleven were in the first fifty years and thirty seven in the second fifty years.

During the period of over 50 years the Constitution of Australia has been amended only four times. The Canadian Constitution did not contain any specific provision for amending it. The necessary changes had therefore to be made only by the British Parliament which enacted the original Constitution. Up to 1950, the Constitution had been amended some fifteen times. In other European countries with long established democratic Constitutions such as Norway and Sweden, amendments have also been comparatively infrequent.

In contrast to these, may be mentioned some of the States in the U.S.A. and South America where amendments to the Constitution are much more frequent.

Compared to the countries with long standing and well-established Constitutions, the Indian Constitution has been more frequently amended during the short period of five years of its existence.

Another matter which requires notice in this connection is the proportion of amendments adopted to those proposed. In the U.S.A. the amendments proposed at different times have been numerous. Taking into account only the amendments proposed by the Congress, it is found that 22 amendments have been accepted against 27 proposed. In Switzerland 48 amendments have been adopted against 96 proposed. In Australia 23 proposals for amendment had been placed before the people up to 1950 but only four have been accepted. In India, all the three amendments proposed by the Central

Government have been accepted. The fourth now under consideration, it need hardly be added, will also be accepted. Thus, the frequency and success of amendments proposed are comparatively much more in our Constitution than in other well-established Constitutions.

This points to the ease with which our Constitution can be amended at present whenever the Central Government feels that a modification is called for. It is a well-recognized principle that a formal amendment of constitutional provisions is an exceptional measure to be adopted only when absolutely necessary after careful deliberation. It is not lightly to be undertaken for securing objectives of secondary importance or of passing interest. Besides, a Constitution is based on compromises arrived at between different interests and parties, sometimes in conflict with one another; it is thus a delicately adjusted instrument commanding the largest measure of agreement in the country. Changes

in the Constitution may upset this unless the modifications are such as are acceptable to the different interests concerned. It is to secure these objectives that in most Constitutions special processes are prescribed for amending their provisions. The Indian Constitution has also prescribed a special procedure for amending the Constitution. The experience so far shows that changes can nevertheless be introduced with ease under the circumstances obtaining in the country at present. This may weaken to some extent the sense of security which a Constitution should give. Besides, the habit of frequent mending may, in the words of Bryce, turn into the habit of tinkering.

IT is therefore necessary to consider what the forces leading to frequent changes in our Constitution are and why the process of amendment has been found to be very flexible in actual working. These questions will be dealt with in the course of a subsequent article.

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TARGETS IN THE SECOND FIVE-YEAR PLAN

By H. MORTON

INDEPENDENCE has brought with it a new maxim: "Planning for Plenty". Though their style is cramped by lack of experience and by paucity of data on which to base their reasoning, our national leaders have a Plan for economic progress in the country. This Plan must not be confused with the first Five-Year Plan or even the second, for these are only parts of it.

What does this mean? It means that the frictional resistance to progress which exists in an under-developed and yet capitalist-based economy is going to be eased by Government intervention. Without changing to a completely socialist administration such as in the USSR, our Government intends in the first place to take over the control of certain key industries and to set targets for production in all other industries and in agriculture, with the provision that if they are not attained by private enterprise the State will step in. This concept of 'mixed economy' is new in modern history and it yet remains to be seen whether it will work.

Following the pronouncement on this 'mixed economy' in 1948, the first stage of planning started in 1951 with fixing the targets for a Five Year Plan. Only a preliminary gambit this, for planning in much greater earnest starts next year for a second Five Year Plan. We all know that this Plan is in the making, but few perhaps realise the significance of setting targets as far as we ourselves are affected.

If the targets for the second Five Year Plan are attained, the average per capita income will rise by 15%, without a corresponding rise in prices, so that people will really be 15% better off on the whole. Moreover, capital formation will rise from the present low level of about 7% to something more comparable with

other nations (in Japan it is over 20%) so that future progress will be accelerated. At the same time 12 million new jobs will reduce the unemployment and under-employment which is sapping the morale of so many of our young men.

Now this is a very big task in a country with a population of 36 crores growing annually at the rate of 1.3%. At the end of five years some 5 million new jobs must be created in order only to absorb the new population. Productive land is also limited. Certain important mineral resources are very meagre. Planning must therefore be couched in targets for production in physical terms, for example, the production of so many tons of steel annually by 1961. Such targets cannot be said to be independent. It is impossible, for instance, to aim at doubling the production of fertilisers such as ammonium sulphate if adequate supplies of gypsum are not available. First, one must either double the output of gypsum or devise some other process for the manufacture of ammonium sulphate. (Research in this subject is actually in progress at the present moment).

All targets are highly inter-related. Production in all industries must develop simultaneously and at certain inter-dependent rates. Setting up of possible targets is thus much harder than at first appears and yet it is the basis for a planned economy.

The great obstacle the planners have to overcome is lack of data, hence the emphasis on surveys of all the important concepts in the economy—costs of manufacture in industries, consumer expenditure, current wage rates, capital requirements for expansion and so on.

Planning through setting up targets in Physical terms is not however the end of the argument. These

plans have to be financed. Physical targets have to be in their turn related to financial targets. Who will carry out these plans and how much can they afford? In the last Five Year Plan the planners expected the private sector to finance about a third of the total investment outlay. In other words, targets having been set and licences made available, the private sector was expected to come forward with schemes involving some Rs. 1000 crores during the years 1951-56. During the next Five Year Plan period, another Rs. 1500 crores worth of investment plans are expected to come from the private sector, about a quarter of the total suggested (Rs. 6,000 crores). Public finance has to provide the rest and all those who realise this have turned their eyes on the Budget, no doubt the indicator of fiscal policy for the next few years. Revenue from taxes in a reorganised tax structure, from customs and excise duties and from Government commercial undertakings like the railways, post and telegraphs, added to loans raised from the public and from abroad and with a judicious amount of deficit financing is expected to provide Rs. 4500 crores on the Government account in the years 1956-61. This is a formidable task in all conscience and the attainment of the targets of the second Five Year Plan is bound to be largely conditioned by the success of these fiscal measures.

There is another factor, though, which plays a highly important role in the next part of the Plan, namely the balance of payments. Initiating a new development scheme may be part of a carefully co-ordinated plan but if it means that machinery, raw materials and even personnel have to be imported from abroad without inducing in the initial stages a return flow of increased exports, the balance of payments position will deteriorate. At present India has resources in the U.K. to the tune of Rs. 730 crores but her yearly imports of metal

manufactures, of which machinery forms by far the largest part, total on the average about Rs. 170 crores. Any increase in the rate of industrialisation as envisaged in the coming Five Year Plan will bring about a sympathetic increase in this volume of imports and Rs. 730 crores can soon crumble away.

The problem of setting targets for 1961 is hedged about with all these thorny difficulties. Some targets have already been announced. Steel production will rise to about 4.5 million tons annually by 1961 by the expansion of the Tata Iron and Steel Works and by setting up at least two new steel plants under Government direction. Cement, the vital element in construction, has to satisfy a demand estimated at 10 million tons a year; production of the "index to industrialisation," sulphuric acid, has to be doubled; the cost of new schemes of railway development total Rs. 800 crores and so on. But we eagerly await targets for agricultural production, for the multitude of small scale and cottage industries, for education and the training of technical personnel.

What will happen when they are announced? Will they be, like the proverbial rabbit from a magician's hat, accomplished in a trice? Not so. The industrialist may find his profits reduced, the public may find some commodities in short supply, the necessity may be felt to transfer a business from one line of production to another. In other words, there may be conditions of austerity in the next few years. But one thing is certain—they will have been foreseen and accepted as unfortunate necessities, as the price that must be paid for a determined attack on poverty and ignorance.

For, there is no doubt, setting targets for plenty in the second Five Year Plan will mean an all-out offensive against the poor lot of most of our countrymen such as has never been seen before in Indian history.

World Health Day

SCIENCE AND ART OF WATER PURIFICATION

There Were "Pure Water" Rules 4000 Years Ago

By ABEL WOLMAN

The Johns Hopkins University

On 7 April 1948, the Constitution of the World Health Organization officially came into force. The anniversary of this historic date is now observed each year, in most of the 80-odd Member Countries of WHO, as World Health Day.

The importance of pure water supplies in the prevention of a host of diseases which are transmitted from person to person through water used for various household purposes has inspired the choice of the theme for this year's observance of World Health Day. This theme is: *Clean Water means Better Health*. It is a subject of particularly great significance for the countries of South East Asia.

Modern science confirms the wisdom of unknown pioneers, says Abel Wolman, of The Johns Hopkins University in this article.

MAN can live without clothes, without shelter and for some time without food. Without water, however, he soon perishes. It is not surprising therefore that from the earliest period of man in geological history, evidences of human habitation have been closely associated with rivers, springs, wells or other primitive sources of water.

Throughout history, it has been said, "after the passion of love, water rights have caused more trouble than anything else to the human species."

As time went on, the search for water for survival was gradually paralleled by an equally persistent quest for "pure" water. For thousands of years, people increasingly demanded a more satisfactory water for drinking and other purposes.

Through the centuries, to be sure, definitions of purity varied, as users became more sophisticated in understanding and in demands.

Criteria of purity became more complex, more quantitative and more rigid as the scientific principles of water-borne diseases were elaborated, as aesthetic requirements became more refined and as industrial processes matured into major significance.

These changes were slow, at least in the first few thousands of years of the search for pure water.

In the last century and in many countries, but unfortunately not in all, the search has been intensified with overwhelmingly fruitful results within economic attainment.

Today, the consumer in these countries need not use a dirty water, or one biologically unsafe, or chemically objectionable, or even unsatisfactory to the taste or to the smell.

To trace the practice which made these accomplishments possible, through almost 4,000 years, would require many volumes. It is possible, however, to cull from the history of these years important eras and to list at least a few of the relatively unknown individuals to whom society owes a debt impossible of repayment.

Who were these "great hewers of wood and drawers of water?" to whom Joshua gave immortal prestige?

By the early nineteenth century in England, pure water already had caught the popular imagination sufficiently to justify the following lines:

on the water carts from which water was sold in Monkwearmouth:

"It's limpid and clear from all mud,

This water I sell for the public good;

Its excellent virtues no mortal can tell,

So sweet is the water from Union Well."

Poor poetry, it is true, but it challenges us to find who brought this desire into public acceptance and made its fruition increasingly possible.

"It is good to keep water in copper vessels, to expose it to sunlight, and filter through charcoal" is a dictum not out of an engineer's report in 1954, but presumably from a collection of medical lore in Sanskrit of a probable date of 2,000 B.C.

From another Sanskrit source of the same period more comprehensive and remarkably modern water purification suggestions appear in the following terms: "Impure water should be purified by being boiled over a fire, or being heated in the sun, or by dipping a heated iron into it, or it may be purified by filtration through sand and coarse gravel and then allowed to cool."

From ancient times to about the seventeenth century processes for improving the quality of water appear in the literature of Egyptian customs, of Biblical lore, of Greek and Roman practice, of devices in Arabia and Persia; all showing remarkable empirical forerunners of the scientifically elaborated techniques of the eighteenth to twentieth centuries.

Great engineers and great philosophers contributed to these dicta and arts during thousands of years, most of them unknown and many unsung! As records became clearer, the names of Vitruvius, Hero of Alexandria, Pliny, Hippocrates, Frontinus, Avicenna, appear as the reporters and even builders of works for transport and purification of waters.

M. N. Baker, in his remarkable treatise, "The Quest for Pure Water," attributes to the seventeenth century significant experimental efforts in water purification by Sir Francis Bacon of England; Johann Rudolph

Glauber of Germany; Luc Antonio Porzio of Italy (for his multiple sand filters); to unknown engineers for the filter-cisterns at Venice; and to unsung engineers for the first known designs for an industrial water purification plant for a paper mill in Auvergne, France.

The quest for pure water in the eighteenth century, as Baker aptly puts it, "was keen but the quarry was small."

Although four centuries of filtration had passed in France, the bulk of practice had been on small scale house and industry use.

From the late eighteenth century on, however, the work of Amy, Smith, Cuchet, Montford, Ducommun, Mallet, Fonvielle, Souchon, Puech and Chabal deserve permanent recording.

In England, Scotland and the United States the nineteenth and twentieth centuries marked the great sanitary awakenings in both the understanding of the broad relationships of pollution of water to disease and the development of large-scale efficient and economical processes of water purification.

In this progress, England and Scotland deserve primary honours for early pioneer work in filtration and chlorination.

The American workers in the twentieth century extended application widely and perfected large-scale equipment in the field of so-called rapid filtration and chlorination.

To list the names of all the important contributors to these advancements would be impossible, but it is perhaps not too invidious to select a few whose activities bulked large in our retrospective assay of producing pure water.

In England and Scotland, undoubtedly the following deserve mention for peculiarly distinctive ingenuity and imagination either in experiment or in large-scale application of water purification principles and devices:

James Peacock for his extraordinary filter patent in 1791; James

Simpson for the great slow sand filters for London in 1829; Thomas Telford for his early, but unsuccessful, filters for Glasgow in 1807; Robert Thom for his filters in Scotland in the 1820's; Angus Smith for his concepts of filtration in the 1840's; Edwin Chadwick, the great lay sanitary reformer of the mid-nineteenth century; Percy F. Frankland, one of the first to point out the great significance of filters in removing bacteria (1886); and Sir Alexander Houston, the great scientist-poet investigator of water problems and director of the laboratories for the control of the water supplies of London.

The contributions of America to the development of pure water are generally conceded to be in the development of the rapid filter from 1880 to 1900, in the improvement in slow sand filters (primarily in Massachusetts) and in the great advances in chlorination since the beginning of the twentieth century.

To these efforts, again with apologies to those whose names may be omitted solely for want of space, the following undoubtedly gave significant and lasting support by experiment, by application and by promotion of widespread adoption: James P. Kirkwood, William Ripley Nichols, Allen Hazen, Hiram F. Mills, George W. Fuller, Thomas M. Drown, George C. Whipple, Frederick P. Stearns, George A. Johnson, Robert Spurr Weston, and Joseph W. Ellms.

Undoubtedly, a number of individuals identified with private companies manufacturing filters and appurtenances contributed to the perfection of methods of coagulation and filtration of water.

The Hyatts, the Jewells, the Cooks and others who fought through the patent contests of the early twentieth century deserve mention in any summary of the evolution of water purification.

One of the lasting contributions to water safety was in the development

of cheap but effective equipment for applying accurately small and large quantities of chlorine to water. Without such equipment control procedures would have been delayed for many years.

Undoubtedly the inventions of Major C. R. Darnall in 1910, of George Ornstein in 1912 and of Wallace in subsequent years promoted water chlorination to an unprecedented degree.

The work of Race, Houston and Bunau-Varilla pressed forward similar but less universal use of chlorine in England, France and Canada.

If the investigators in the Western world appear more prominently in the summary of water quality attainments in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it is only because these economically favoured areas showed greatest application of water purification during these periods.

In other areas of the globe, significant contributions to the science and art of water purification have been made, but their effective translation into great works have been in many instances materially retarded.

BETTER LIVING THREATENS WATER

The higher the standard of living, the greater the danger of pollution. Improved hygiene means the rapid removal of dirt and waste, which leads to pollution. Greater material wealth must mean an increase in manufacture, which leads to pollution. Less drudgery means a greater use of machines, which particularly through the processing of food leads to pollution. The more we have advanced, the more waste we have produced, and to expect our lakes and rivers to cope with the mess as they were often able to do in the past is today asking too much.

THE OBJECTIVE OF ART

By DEVI PRASAD ROY CHOWDHURI
Chairman, Lalit Kala Akadami

Excerpts from a speech delivered on the occasion of the First National Exhibition sponsored by the Lalit Kala Akadami, New Delhi, and inaugurated by the President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad:

THE organising of exhibitions has been a very important part of the work of the Akadami. It has served to propagate our mission effectively, since the exhibitions gave the opportunity to the public to come in direct contact with the records of the emotions of the artists. These records often vibrate with life, to those who can see and feel the intrinsic values of pictorial themes or of concrete compositions in sculpture in the round.

I should like to say of this National Exhibition, that all the artists who have participated in it may not have been able to stamp their works with the traditional pattern which is usually associated with national character. This, however, does not stand in the way of emotional expression, as graphic presentation is not merely confined to the subject matter, treatment also enters into it. When the two cooperate, the result conveys an articulate message to those who are interested in the contents of a picture as a whole. I have dragged this point in, for the simple reason that a picture should not be valued purely on sentimental grounds as then over-emphasis is likely to be placed on the subject matter. Even if foreign trends, either of technique or the general pattern had been utilised to record an expression, it does not deserve to be outcasted so long as the pictorial element does not lose its vitality and the individuality of the artist is marked in the execution of his work.

For, myself, I do not feel inclined to overvalue the narrow fervour of the sentimental aspect or the following of a particular school in art, since art is universal. Its fundamental truth is beauty. The forms and

patterns embodied in a pictorial arrangement may differ according to the prevailing convention in different countries and times. But the rhythm in the form and harmony in colour have the same reaction everywhere on the receptive mind, and it is the essence of this reaction that it does not permit any particular group following to dominate and create a prejudice in its favour. The technique and the pattern both together stand for a vehicle of expression. It does not matter what sort of vehicle is used, so long as it can make an effortless journey and reach the destination in due time without damaging its contents.

Modern trends

There are quite a number of persons who hold strong views against modern trends and object to the introduction of any foreign element in the pictorial arrangements by Indian artists. They are not to be blamed as a rule. On many an occasion we come in contact with such specimens of art created under the coercion of ultra-modernism, a sort of coercion capable of disturbing a man even of a very strong nerve and equanimity. If you retire behind intellectual ramparts, you can scarcely penetrate into the meaning of a work which on many an occasion is known to the artist alone. Such an artist may feel quite happy with the idea that he has created something unusual and very original which will be understood a hundred years after his time.

Artists of this type take a delight in living only for the remote future. This kind of egotism might draw a grand consolation from it. But it falls short of satisfying the objective of art which must communicate a feeling to anyone who is eager to respond to the reactions set up by it. Pictures painted purely on an intellectual level can rarely reach the common man's intelligence, whereas a masterpiece can be created by a straightforward approach in a representational manner to illustrate the emotions of a common man. By this, I do not mean to say that one approach is better than the other

because this question of superiority can be solved only after the cult of a school has survived the onslaughts of time and the incessant impact of different currents. However, in support of the emotional side protected by intellectual armours, I may be permitted to say that pure intellectuality may, in course of time, help towards a comprehension of its depth and reveal an acceptable meaning. But it calls for great patience and for the strength to liberate oneself from the prison walls of convention.

Opinions must be diverse. If all views were the same, there could be no struggle for research to explore new channels for self-expression, which is the vital factor to develop the artist's personality in his work. The artist is essentially an adventurer; and his path of adventure and romance lies across the land of dreams. One should not expect his experiments to be tied down to a ready-made formula offering no other prospect except mere repetitions. Change is the spice of life. Sticking to the trodden path leads to stagnation. It does not lead to progress.

Status of Artists

Unless we have something to hold on to as a goal, the mere aim of helping the growing artist to develop his personality and individual expression will get completely lost. Our sympathy will end in pity. It will not conduce to real encouragement on grounds of merit. One might ask, what about the artists who fall short of the exacted standard? Must they perish in their struggle for want of encouragement? My answer is that the interpretation of any expression is always the result of a struggle whether one is an accomplished artist or just a novice dabbling desperately to get an effect somehow, anyhow. Every new conception of a pattern is always charged with complications. When these complications are overcome, a pleasing effect is produced. The question of struggle remains just the same for a good artist as for a stagnant one.

To reach the standard we have in view, mere superficial appreciation will not suffice. Such appreciation

will prove ineffective unless the man behind the thoughts who released the expression conveying its message of sorrow and joy in life is recognised and given a status in society. But status, as such the artist cannot dream of today. In social functions, obscurity is the specially reserved lot of the artist. So long as this attitude is allowed to exist, it is futile to hope for any development of art in future. After all, the artist is also a human being and a unit of society. He is not free from egotism and indeed it is egotism combined with sincerity, which gives him confidence to work. This egotism—a driving force—may be frustrated, if indifference to his contribution for cultural causes is allowed to continue.

The Government are doing their best to see that the artist gets his proper place in society. But this is not enough. The recognition must come from the public also.

This recognition which we are now wishing for, did exist in olden days. Then the works of artists were displayed not only in the palaces of princes and in the mansions of aristocrats, but also in temples which served the purpose of public art galleries.

Now art galleries and exhibitions are gradually taking place of the temples and they afford to the public easy access to works of art. I therefore hope this growing interest in art will soon establish a social status for the artists.

TO A SEASIDE TOWN

With her I walked your evening
sands,

And watched slim files of homing
catamarans,

When the sky burnt

With divinely hybrid hues,—ah!
little town,

Haunting my hours like a subtle
essence,

My heart remembers, it
remembers.

M. P. BHASKARAN

CONGRESS ON TRIAL IN ANDHRA

By Major D. V. RAJA RAO

THE results of the recent elections in Andhra are a pleasant surprise even to the stoutest optimists in the Congress and a sad disappointment even to the cynics in the Communist circles. They are being interpreted as a resounding victory to democracy and a crushing defeat to totalitarianism. The Andhra voter is being praised for his fine sense of discrimination between Sri Jawaharlal's Socialism and foreign Communism. He is congratulated for having sky-rocketed India's prestige in the democratic world. Perhaps it is all true and the Andhra voter can justifiably feel proud of his performance. But still, the fact remains that his performance is more in the nature of a surprise than a logically calculated certainty. It betrays a want of conviction and an element of uncertainty which, under some circumstances, may swing as much in favour of Communism as it swung in favour of democracy now. It is up to the powers concerned to take advantage of the present to bring about unwavering conviction in democracy to the Andhra voter.

A cold analysis of the polling will show that for all that the Communists were returned in insignificant numbers, they polled more votes this time than in 1952. In 1952 out of a total poll of 72 lakhs they polled 14 lakhs or 20% of the poll; while this time they polled 26 lakhs out of a total poll of 86 lakhs or 30% of the poll. It is contended that the comparatively large poll of the Communists is due to the large number of seats they contested. In 1952 they contested 67 seats and polled 14 lakhs. In that proportion for 119 seats they should have polled only 23 lakhs now. But they polled 26 lakhs, thus showing a clear increase in their popularity. However, they failed to secure more seats because of two factors. One is the merger of most of the

democratic parties into the Congress United Front, and the second is the marked increase in the number of people that went to the polls. In 1952, 56.75% of the electorate went to the polls whereas this time 62.25% of the electorate went to the polls. Thus not only did the non-Communist vote not get split up amongst numerous democratic candidates but a significant 6% of voters, who did not care to vote in 1952, went to the polls this time in favour of democracy for fear of Communist domination. Indeed, these people went to the polls more in fear of Communism than in enthusiasm for democracy as practiced by the Congress Ministry in Andhra. For them the choice was between two evils—corrupt and inefficient Congress Government and Communism and they chose the lesser of the two evils. The future of the Congress Government in Andhra depends on to what extent the incoming Ministry can inspire, amongst this significant percentage of voters, confidence in the Congress Government as a positive good but not just as a lesser evil.

It is disconcerting that most of the elements that were unceremoniously defeated in 1952 are returned at the polls this time again on the Congress ticket. These elements were responsible by their selfish, unscrupulous, corrupt and anti-Andhra activities and administration for the very low prestige Congress was reduced to in Andhra in 1952. Most of the causes for discontent amongst Andhras against the Congress ceased to exist after the separation of the State. But still, when the Congress Government was thrown out in October last, the event was hailed by the people as an act of deliverance. It was this popular jubilation over the fall of the Congress Ministry that kindled hopes amongst the Communists of getting returned in a working majority at the polls. But, in

them from abandoning the uneasy truce which still exists. To understand this problem which is troubling Washington, it is necessary to appreciate the stages through which Arab opposition to Israel has passed.

The first period, starting as early as political Zionism itself—roughly a half century ago—and extending up to 1948, was an era when Arab efforts were devoted to preventing the establishment of a Jewish state. These failed.

The second stage, beginning with the end of the British mandate over Palestine and the establishment of the State of Israel, in 1948, continued about a year. It was marked by out-and-out war waged by Egypt and the other Arab states in an effort to destroy the new-born nation. This also failed.

The third period, beginning with the 1949 armistice which put an uneasy end to Arab-Israeli war and continuing up to the present, has been marked by American and U.N. efforts to patch up antagonisms between the former belligerents by hostility of the Arabs toward Israeli efforts to seek recognition of their country, and by sporadic border clashes which have served to "keep the pot boiling" and prevent a solution to the Middle East problem.

The Mixed Armistice Commission has found each side guilty of launching some of the border clashes. In several incidents fairly large num-

bers of Arab and Israeli citizens have been killed.

A great many of the clashes have involved Egypt. This is not because this is the only country in close proximity to Israel; for it is not. Egypt joins Israel on the south and south-west. But Saudi Arabia is only a stone's throw away, also on the south, while Jordan, Syria and Lebanon likewise border the Jewish state—on the south-east, east and north.

In fact, with only 8100 square miles of territory, Israel has a total of 400 miles of border touching Arab states. Except for the approximately 100 miles of Mediterranean coast line, it is entirely surrounded by Arabs.

Actually there have been numerous frontier clashes between Israeli and Lebanese and Syrians, but the most serious conflicts have occurred on the Egyptian and Jordanian borders. Egypt, partly because of its desire to dominate the Arab League, has of late become—on the basis of talk, at least—the most hostile of Israel's critics.

The latest, and in some respects the deadliest, frontier crises have of course occurred in the Gaza strip of territory, which extends like a slender finger between Israel on the East and the Mediterranean on the West. Long a turbulent area, the Gaza strip contains large numbers of Arab refugees from the Israeli portion of Palestine.—P. G. Krishnayya's Service

REPORT ON WEST GERMANY

By C. A. REDDY

HANOVER: Though the Western powers are now committed to West German rearmament, their decision has been anything but hasty and its consequences must now be clear to all concerned.

In two years' time, the West will have twelve extra divisions and in the meantime West Germany will be admitted into the NATO. For the time being, the West has abandoned the chance of uniting Germany.

The Western powers do not seem anxious to turn from the course they have set for themselves. The Russians have now less reason than ever before to allow Germany to be reunited on Western terms. They are frightened of the NATO, of the West Germans and of the Ruhr. They cannot prevent a West German army rising up and hence they must now be concerned to keep that army as far away from their borders as possible.

The Western powers who are no less frightened of the Russians have decided to enlist the Germans under NATO'S banner. They do not just want the twelve divisions but they want West Germany bound more firmly than ever before to the Western system of alliances.

Their diplomats also believe that West Germany cannot stay disarmed for ever and it is better it fights for the West if it fights at all. They also believe that it will be easier to "negotiate from strength."

It must certainly have occurred to the officials in the British Foreign Office that if Germany is set on the path of making arms she cannot compete so effectively against the British export trade. Some Westerners also think that Germany divided would be less of a menace in the long run than Germany united. It can be safely assumed that German unity means a lot more to the Germans than to her Western allies and

that every German wants a reunited Germany.

One sometimes hears that Adenauer is not really interested in a re-united Germany, for he and his party would not even gain a majority in a free all-German election. Central Germany—the Soviet occupation zone—is almost exclusively Protestant and the popular feeling there favours the Social Democrats, a party prohibited and persecuted by the Soviets. All this, combined with the fact that Adenauer's outlook is very different from that of his Eastern brethren, must have given rise, quite justifiably, to the suspicion that he is not in favour of German reunion at all. But Adenauer has never given openly any reason to make anyone doubt that he wants a reunited Germany, as every German does passionately. It throws a revealing light on German politics that speculation still colours the political judgment of many Germans.

Germans can scarcely be expected to judge and discuss problems like the German union, the Saar, rearmament, etc., with an abstract Olympian detachment. They can easily kindle political passions making it extremely difficult for a healthy cool atmosphere to be established for the free discussion which is so vital for the development of political democracy in present-day Germany. In a "State" without any real sovereignty, occupied by the military forces of foreign powers, without firmly rooted democratic traditions and with a marked inferiority-complex, it may not be surprising if there is a Nazi revival.

Feelings run high both on the problem of the Saar and on rearmament. There are some who believe that the Social Democratic Party is too nationalistic and too patriotic over the Saar and so tends to bar every chance of agreement with France by its uncompromising attitude. There are many who think that Adenauer has

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signed away many German rights and sacrificed German soil, thereby prejudicing the final settlement of the fate of German provinces east of the Oder-Neisse line.

Remilitarisation is not at all popular in Germany to-day. The stern opposition to German remilitarization has surprised many Germans themselves and the Government at Bonn too! It is because of the pacifism born out of resentment against Adenauer, out of revulsion against the bitter experience under the Nazi reign of military service, and finally out of an indifference to all the political values the West stands for. It cannot be said that this attitude is most general. But most people reject the idea of a German army because they believe that German remilitarization is neither necessary for the defence of the West nor conducive to the furtherance of German interests.

For Germany it would be much better if her future armed forces formed an integral part of a European and not an independent unit, for it might make it possible under the better arrangement for the wrong people to get into responsible positions and try again to make the army an instrument for wrong aims.

Very strong safeguards against the revival of nationalism in the ranks of a German national army will have to be made. After all, Germany is divided. No pains should be spared to ensure that from the very beginning a school for adult education in the true democratic spirit is set up to propagate broad ideals.

There are really not any fundamental differences in foreign policy between the two parties—the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats. Both hold identical views on the reunion of Germany and the integration of an all-German Federal Republic staging a political and economic recovery. The differences between the Government and the Opposition are not about the ultimate ends but only about the means.

Attacks on Adenauer have become bitter of late and so have the Chan-

cellor's reactions. His motives have come to be suspected. The Social Democrats accuse the Chancellor of deliberately exaggerating the seriousness of the military situation in order to induce the Germans to accept his policy of strength. They feel that reunification of Germany should have priority over all other political aims and that it should be brought about in an atmosphere of freedom with definite provisions against Russian interference. The bogey of Communist infiltration is held by the Social Democrats to be chimerical as the Germans in both East and West are immune to Communist tactics on account of their experience of Soviet rule. They are of the opinion that military collaboration with the West should be considered only after every chance for settlement with the Russians has been explored fully, and only after it has become evident that Russia is not prepared to allow Germany to be reunited.

BUT the Chancellor, on the other hand, seems to believe that the prospects of German reunification will not suffer but will actually be enhanced by the ratification of the Paris treaties. The Russians of course cannot prevent Germany rearming, but they can prevent Germany reuniting. They can rearm East Germany on a fairly large scale. Even though the Germans know this, they see no way out of the dilemma.

The only way out of the wood seems to be to create a neutralised reunited Germany guaranteed perhaps by a security system including the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. The Germans are reluctant to face it. Hopes for the settlement of the outstanding questions with the U.S.S.R. based on peaceful co-existence of the East and West might offer a solution to this dilemma. Even if West Germany is admitted as an equal partner in a West European Federation, it will still be a political problem to Europe so long as there are Germans under the totalitarian regime of a foreign power.

INDIA'S PLACE IN WORLD COUNCILS

By S. RAJAGOPALAN

THE article under the caption India's Cultural Development extracted from *Manas* in SWATANTRA of 5th March must be not a little exhilarating to all those who have been striving to make India a factor in the comity of world nations; and few indeed amongst our countrymen would demur to the writer's hopes for the "flowering of a great new renaissance in the Eastern hemisphere," which would bring in "new riches to all the world." India is peculiarly fitted for the role: her own traditions, her literature and philosophy in particular, had been nurtured on an all-embracing and cosmopolitan basis. The Upanishadic seers viewed humanity as a whole, and Sankara decreed that the human soul must rise from the individual to the whole. One poet made even animals and birds excel men in wisdom, and another opened his magic casements on the perilous clouds unknown. It was perhaps natural that her political leaders, many of them steeped in Eastern and Western thought, should even in the dark days of her political subjection have viewed their problems against the international background so early as in 1943.

Almost the first achievement since independence has been our entry into and predominance in the world councils, and our honourable role as mediator and peace maker. The common man or woman in both the hemispheres now regards India as the only country striving for peace without any mental reservation. No doubt, two world wars have laid the West prostrate, almost like an invalid convalescing after two major operations. Extremely nervous and fearful, the West has felt the necessity for piling up dangerous weapons. But the reluctance to decide issues by the arbitrament of war has come to stay; and one might contrast in

this connection the situation in Spain in 1936 with what obtains now in Formosa where the two contending parties are spoiling for a fight, but yet are restrained by world public opinion from precipitating it. For this consummation India has been mainly responsible.

All eyes are therefore turned on India, and the happenings in our country have long ceased to be of merely regional or even national interest. For instance, the recent Andhra elections have been editorially commented upon within a few hours of the announcement of the results by the foreign press which previously had ignored even stirring events. In the cultural, literary and artistic fields, ranging from Bagavat Gita to Bharata Natya, Indian supremacy is slowly being acknowledged. There has been since 1948 an ever-increasing influx of foreign scholars, scientists, physicians, sportsmen and artists of world renown; and the tourist traffic has become so heavy as to necessitate governmental attention, incidentally widening our frontiers of knowledge. International organisations like the U.N.O. and W.H.O. are already in our midst and European universities are coming forward to award scholarships and exchange scholars and professors. And to crown it all, it is so heartening to be told that the world is getting ready to be permeated with Indian culture. These are indeed great expectations but it is reasonable to ask ourselves whether we are in a position to fulfil them.

There is at present paramount need for conserving our literary, cultural and artistic achievements not only for the edification of our countrymen but also for the education and enlightenment of those in greater Asia, Europe and America. For one thing, our embassies abroad should not merely serve a deco-

rative function but should be modelled on the pattern of the British Council and the American Information Centres in our midst with well stocked libraries of Indian books, periodicals and art collections; and they should arrange lectures and concerts by eminent scholars and artists, somewhat on the lines of the Vedanta centres established by the Ramakrishna Mission in some of the principal countries of the world. To this end a large army of scholars should be trained and sent out abroad by the Central Government and the universities.

Since the creation of Pakistan racial conflicts have practically ceased. Even the Communistic ideology which threatened to swamp the country has had but an evanescent if not illusory glory. But these have been thrown into the shade by linguistic rivalries and fanaticism which threaten to disrupt the country, neutralising in due time her achievements both at home and abroad. There is a proposal to prescribe the Hindi medium for the I.A.S. examination from 1960, and the universities have to toe the line. The Gujarat university has set the ball rolling just recently. And the Madras Education Minister has given a mandate to the local university to adopt the Tamil medium, ignoring that every third collegiate institution in this region is subsidized by foreign missions and not realising the hardships to be undergone by the pupils coming up from Malabar and South Canara. The enthusiasts forget that English has been the medium for Viswa Bharati as designed by its revered founder Rabindranath Tagore who was the very embodiment of Indian nationalism. Sri Aurobindo and Swami Vivekananda rose to the full height of their glory without entangling themselves in this vain controversy. Even the Tamil writers who recently assembled in Madras and who have plenty of work to do, ridding the language of communalism and restoring it to its pristine glory, plump for a Tamil State and Tamil administration.

Linguistic States are treated as inevitable under the auspices of the Congress, but it still remains problematical whether the slicing off of areas on that ground will ever be advantageous at all. A somewhat telling reminder of the fallacies underlying the assumption was revealed the other day at a seminar held in Coimbatore of the South Indian States. South India comprises a contiguous area of 2,500,000 square miles inhabited by 94 millions, forming 25% of the country's total population. Yet politically and economically it has become of less account than Uttar Pradesh which is a much smaller area, inasmuch as it has been cut up into six territories which are functioning in a spirit of mutual exclusion. The water ways however run through more than one territory but on account of conflicting claims the lower riparian rights are in jeopardy, the glaring example being the Palar river, one of the oldest in Tamil Nadu but now an arid desert of sand and stone producing near famine conditions in these districts of Madras State.

THE task then of those who wish to create Indian nationalism and Indian culture has become well nigh insuperable; and this is the more lamentable at a time when a war-weary world is hungering for our literary and spiritual legacies and when even a country like Russia which has outlawed religion is nevertheless translating as a State venture our holy epics into its dialect. It is not however suggested that the progress in evolving a national language or encouraging regional dialects, should be halted. All that one wishes to emphasise is that the process should expand of its own force unimpeded by political or party exigencies. At any rate it would be definitely suicidal to ban a world contact which has served us so well in the past to rehabilitate our country and which, it is no exaggeration to say, is the only link which binds India to the world and to civilization.

THE P. S. C. PROTESTS

By V. SUBRAMANIAN

THE Madras Public Service Commission in its latest half-yearly report, protests against the appointment of an Assistant Secretary to the Registrar-General's post without its being consulted. It complains in addition that its protests in the past have gone unheeded by the Government. The whole tale makes sorry reading. What exactly is the constitutional position of the Commission and the Government on this issue?

The Public Service Commission idea was mooted as early as 1919 in the Constitutional Reforms despatch ostensibly for "protecting the public services from political influence," particularly in view of the prospect "that the services may come more and more under ministerial control." Since no Public Service Commission could actually be set up immediately, the Lee Commission came back to the question in 1924 and strongly recommended the early establishment of Public Service Commissions both at the Centre and in the Provinces, to avoid a spoils system. The Central Public Service Commission was set up in 1926 and the Madras Public Service Commission in 1929. The Madras Public Service Commission is the oldest among the State Public Service Commissions. The present Service Commissions in the States and Centre have been set up in the Constitution of India, but the governing provisions have been largely modelled from earlier precedents.

In short the State and Union Public Service Commissions as provided in the Constitution are independent advisory bodies. The salaries of the Commissioners are charged to the consolidated fund and they are not removable by the executive, and they are not eligible for promotion to any other posts except in other P. S. C's. While these admirable provisions secure their independence, their main function is to advise the governments on recruitment, promotion and discipline and to conduct examinations. They have no mandatory powers, but there is a

provision that when their advice is rejected the Government has to explain why to the legislature.

As is evident from the Madras P. S. C's reports, this position has not been quite a happy one. The lack of mandatory powers stems from the Government of India Act of 1935. Speaking about this provision of the Government of India Bill in 1936, Sir Samuel Hoare, then Secretary of State for India declared "It was the definite view of the Joint Select Committee and it is the definite view of my advisers here and in India, that the Public Service Commission had much better be advisory. Experience goes to show that they are likely to have more influence if they are advisory than if they have mandatory powers. The danger is that if you give them mandatory powers, you then set up two Governments in a Province, and two Governments at the Centre and there is everything to be said against a procedure of that kind. From many points of view, it is much better that they should be advisory." The ghost of Samuel Hoare influenced the deliberations and decisions of India's Constitution-makers, on the subject of the Public Service Commission.

There was one important implied reason in the above argument which Hoare did not point out openly. The preoccupation of the foreign Government was always to present a limited front to the ruled and it was for this reason that Warren Hastings unified the executive and judiciary powers at the district levels. For the same reason the possible conflict between the P. S. C. and Government was avoided by giving advisory powers to the P. S. C.

In justice to Sir Samuel Hoare it must be said that he was following the British precedent. In U. K., however, the advice of the P. S. C. is never disregarded by the Government which dare not face the music from the House of Commons. It was this experience that Hoare was evidently referring to.

In India, however, the conditions prevalent in U. K. do not obtain. It is true we have an executive responsible to the legislature. But our legis-

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lators do not seem to have either the technical knowledge or the time to take up these matters often enough. The complaint of the Commission about the continuous disregard of its advice by the Government evidently means that the safeguard of constant questioning by the legislature does not seem to be enough.

On the other hand, the danger of setting up two Governments in each State by giving mandatory powers to the P. S. C. is not such a grave one as was pointed out by Sir Samuel Hoare. The adverse verdicts of our independent judiciary against the executive have so far been the chief defence of our Constitution. The real danger in giving mandatory powers to the P. S. C's. lies in their present structure, dominated as they still are by retired officials. In spite of some excellent work done by some State P. S. C's, they in general have rarely stood up to the executive, when necessary. The cases where the P. S. C's. tamely okayed departmental candidates, appointed temporarily, in open recruitment are so numerous that, between the executive and the P. S. C. one would prefer the executive to have the mandatory power—since they are at least answerable to the legislature and indirectly to the press. It might even worsen. Our P. S. C's. have yet to establish as great a reputation for independence as our judiciary.

We have at least two countries in the Commonwealth with a mandatory P. S. C., Australia and Ceylon. In the first it has worked quite well, as judged from reports. It has worked reasonably well in Ceylon, considering the bad tradition in Ceylon of political interference in the services during the Donoughmore regime. It is probably too late in the day in India to change over to a mandatory P. S. C. The need for it can be avoided, if our P. S. C's. develop more independence, protest more often and more loudly when their recommendations are disregarded and if our legislators refuse to take such protests lightly. Then we would approximate to conditions in U. K. and make a success of an advisory P. S. C.

RURAL FAIR AT KATPADI

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

"IT is more profitable to own one healthy cow than to own four unhealthy ones. This healthy cow, sired by a stud bull from the big farm, had plenty of exercise and the right food from the day it was born."

Hans Kardel's description of the frisking animal on the stage delighted the squatting farmers who had brought their cattle to the Seventeenth Annual Rural Service Fair held here. The four-day fair attracted more than one thousand farmers who arrived with animals and vegetables in a bid to win the first, second, third, fourth or even the fifth prizes.

Michigan-born Kardel, regional advisor in South India of the U. S. Technical Cooperation Mission, spoke from 24 years experience as county agent at home. The "big farm" he mentioned was the Agriculture Institute which was started in 1923 at Katpadi to propagate income-raising agricultural techniques through demonstration, technical aid, and information.

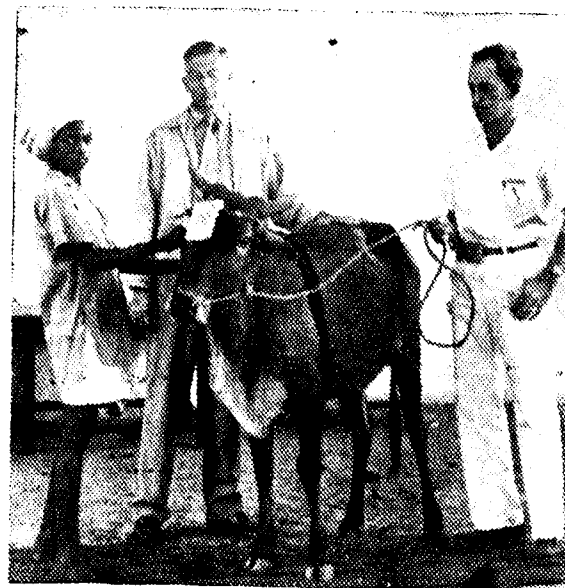
Many stalls reflected the drive for bigger and better things taught at the Agriculture Institute. The 520 vegetable entries numbered king-size sugar canes, pumpkins and tomatoes.

Impressive too was the poultry stall with its large, bustling, healthy variety of birds. Small holders now realise that their meagre income from land can be effectively supplemented through the sale of eggs and birds. Helping them realise this is one of the aims of the Agriculture Institute which has so far imported approximately 140 European and American birds. Free breeding facilities are at the Institute's three sub-poultry and 12 model poultry farms peppered evenly over the three districts of North Arcot, South Arcot and Chittoor. Their success has attracted an annual government grant of 10,000 rupees.

The fair culminated with a play festival by children from 18 schools. Stalls run by the government animal husbandry, fisheries and public health departments, and a Madras college, dealing with nutrition problems, also drew an enthusiastic audience.

Sponsoring the yearly fair were the Agriculture Institute, and the World Neighbours, an organisation founded in Oklahoma in 1952. World Neighbours, composed of people connected with Rotary Clubs, churches, junior chambers of commerce, and similar bodies, has six branches in India with Katpadi as nerve-center. It aims to carry out a world development programme especially in the so-called underdeveloped areas.

Already World Neighbours' contribution to life in and around Katpadi includes 25 star clubs and a new public health programme. Star clubs, like the 4-H clubs, are youth groups run on certain



"more profitable to own one healthy cow"
Mr. Hans E. Kardel and Mr. D. Cooper

maxims: the five points of a "star" represent moral, mental, economic, physical and social service. Family planning advice and medical service are conducted by Miss Helen Ten Brink, an American nurse, sponsored by World Neighbours.

Guiding light of the Agriculture Institute is Iowa-born Jack De Valois who began the farm aided by Mrs. De Valois and a few helpers. Says De Valois: "Farming is in my veins. I grew up with the pigs and chickens on my father's farm and after formal agricultural training, served as county agent and teacher of vocational agriculture for a while. Arriving here in 1920 as member of the American Arcot Mission I took up the challenge of farm work on what was practically a desert. We toiled hard on 100 acres of wasteland and our efforts so pleased the Government that they presented us with 130 acres of adjoining land."

Soon a training institute for young farmers developed. A basic school offering a four-year course currently has 250 children in attendance, 80 of whom are boarders, working three hours a day on the farms besides receiving information on the best farming know-how. A special one-year course coaches farm youth for the Madras Government technical examination in agriculture.

Twenty-five families who live and work on the farm use its rich produce. These families, and those beyond the confines of the Institute, are encouraged to develop cooperative methods of buying and selling. The Institute's cooperatives, which include a dispensary, are fundamental to the people of the area for subsis-

tence. The year 1954 alone showed a sale of Rs. 20,000 worth of mill cloth from one of the cooperative stores.

A nine-hole golf course is used by farm technicians at the end of a busy day. Kids from the farm school take over the green to play football when elders are not relaxing on it. Farm technicians include David Cooper from Michigan who will replace De Valois when he retires, M. J. John, a Travancorean trained in Michigan State College and Bernadine, wife of De Valois, who, when her duties as a doctor are done in a nearby hospital, turns to the field to labour alongside her pioneering husband.

Striking an essentially South Indian note are several structures, including a travellers bungalow, hewn out of an abundance of granite on the farm. The bungalow, adorning a 20-acre camping site, complete with swimming pool, received as many as 4,000 people in 1954.

The school and hostel are near the De Valois home from where a sylvan path winds to the habitations of the fowls whose impressive names—the Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns, and Black Minorcas—are spelt out on sizeable gates. From here the gurgle of an irrigation canal, cutting through a forty-foot gulf over the length of the farm, can be heard. Jeeping along this perennial rivulet the path crosses the incubator houses. Further up the rivulet, past the crowded mango, coconut and walnut nurseries, close to the rice fields, are the cattle pens. They loom empty now, their inhabitants are away at the fair whose faint echoes can be heard over field and hillock.

As President of Swarthmore College, Dr. Frank Aydelotte once invited Albert Einstein to be guest of honor at a dinner. When Einstein was called upon to speak he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry but I've nothing to say."

Then he sat down. When he heard the buzzing of the guests, he arose again and added: "In case I do have something to say, I'll come back."

Six months later he wired Dr. Aydelotte: "Now I have something to say." Aydelotte immediately gave another dinner, at which Einstein made his speech.

A Short Story

GANDHI CAP

"You are in the Hindustan Army. Hindustan is now independent. The land in which you live is now free . . .

By KOVILAN

AT the Sadar Bazaar, the price of the Gandhi Cap had increased considerably. It was because all the Army men of that place had to wear it. It was on a Sunday that the order to wear it was given. On the same day, when I strolled through the bazaar to purchase a cap, I came to know that the price had gone up already.

The whole battalion wore Gandhi Caps. As already said, the order came forth on a Sunday. On Sunday there would be a roll call before noon.

Sundays are very busy days for them. On every Monday there is an inspection by the Commanding Officer. Kits should be laid outside. Barracks, courtyard, pavements, stores, bathrooms . . . every place should be made spick and span.

All went as usual on that day also. We brought reddish clay from the hillside and spread it on the surface of the pavements and courtyard of the barracks. We ground limestone, mixed it with water, and the walls of the barracks were white-washed. We put clay at the base of the trees which stood in the courtyard and pavements and smoothened it to look like cement. The whole of the camp was agog with excitement. Soil, dust, lime and sweat . . . The Army men moved about swiftly, rubbing their bodies against one another while they carried brooms and buckets. Then someone lighted a beedi.

"Khon beedi peetha hai?" asked the Havildar who was sitting on a chair under the shade of a tree. The smoker threw the beedi on the ground and trampled it under his foot.

"Have you cleaned my room?" asked the Havildar, folding his legs and leaning comfortably on the back of the chair.

"Ji, Husoor."

"Kam karo."

Then everything was quiet. Only the sound of buckets crashing together disturbed the stillness.

After some time, one of the men who was massing up clay around the foot of a tree asked the fellow who brought water in his bucket:—

"Hey, have you got a scale?"

"I don't have one."

"What a calamity?"

"What is the purpose?"

"To fold the kit."

"Why?"

"To measure the length and width."

When they were talking, the man who brought mud in a rugged gunny bag asked, "Do you know the new dimensions?"

"What?—New?"

"Seven by eight for towels."

"What about the kit bag?"

They discussed about the measurements of folding for every item of things.

"Ay, makra log; kam karo," the Havildar shouted.

"Have you bought the cardboard?"

"No."

"Every one has bought theirs."

"What for?"

"To put it in the socks and under-wears. Don't you know that every-thing should be square-like?"

"Cardboards were not issued."

"Most of them have bought theirs."

"High price is charged for cardboards at the Sadar."

"They know it is required by the Army men."

"Regimental orders are known at the Sadar first."

"I've got a letter . . ."

"Then you be damned for it."

"Why?"

"All of them had electroplated their soapboxes and mess tins."

"Ration shops were closed in my native place."

"It is a good chance for the merchants."

"In my letter, they say that they had hardly anything to live on since three days."

"Have you noticed that one has put electroplated nails on his chappals. Have you seen them?"

"Shut up! You bloody fools." The Havildar rose, making a heavy noise. Their talk ended abruptly. Then the Havildar, who came very close to them began to talk at a very high pitch:—

"You are worse than scavengers. B.A., M.A., B.Sc. . . . My Ma, better not to speak! You fellows are no better than dogs . . . Work, work is needed in the Army."

"Apna kam karo, chup chap."

"Ha . . . Hu!" Someone made a sigh of relief.

"Is't over?" Another asked.

"Has the water stopped?" A third one enquired.

"It's exhausted, long ago."

"What's the time now?"

"Eleven."

"I must have a bath."

"You seem to say that nothing will go on if you hadn't a bath. It's time for roll call. The pipe will be working only after 2.30 p.m. Are you coming?"

They went out, one by one. They assembled in the shade of a tamarind tree near the parade ground. It was 11.15 a.m., and yet the Havildar-Major had not turned up.

"What has happened? Is he not coming to-day?"

"Then we may scoot."

"If you go you will be punished."

"According to the Standing Order, 11.15 is the time for the roll call."

"Ah, here comes the Havildar-Major."

Everyone looked up. He was moving stealthily with a water-bottle hanging across his shoulder and a towel tied around his neck. A cigarette was burning in his mouth. Walking up a little distance, he bent down and put the bottle on the ground. Then straightening himself, he twisted his moustache upward at its ends. He next took off the cigarette, and whistled. He darted a sidelong, sharp glance at the assembled men and walked away with a stern demeanour.

"Did you notice?"

"Yes."

"That's the Standing Order."

"That's what I said."

"What?"

"This is the Army of Chettiar."

TEN to fifteen minutes later the Havildar-Major came back.

"Fall in!"

Orders were read out. Lastly, the Havildar-Major reminded: " . . . Commanding Officer Saheb's inspection will take place tomorrow. Barracks should be kept neat and everything must be in the finest order. You must be very careful in the kit lay-out. Everything must have new covering and new numbers . . . Now, then, the whole Company must fall-in, in the walk-out dress at five minutes to four."

"Ay, indeed that!" someone murmured.

Another fellow kept rhythmical movements to the radio music that came from a neighbouring quarter. A third man stared at the tamarind tree.

"The dose is somewhat heavy for him today."

"Let it be so, let it be."

Someone coughed.

"Kohn ye vah?" The Havildar-Major got angry. *"Beseramlog . . . Besaram!* I don't see that you are educated fellows. I am giving a lec-

ture . . . You . . . you . . . What can I tell you about your fathers, who sent you to schools? What can I tell you about the teachers who taught you?"

He rated them for murmuring and coughing when he was lecturing. "What creatures! Do you want to cough? You must have a certificate from the doctor. To say it plainly—you can cough, if the doctor has agreed about it . . ."

Everyone was affected with the freezing cold in that valley, where the weather changed constantly.

THE Havildar-Major continued: "It is to witness the hockey match that you are advised to fall-in, in the walk-out dress. Everyone should mind the Officer Sahabs. When they applaud you must also do the same: when they stop you must also do likewise. Nobody . . ."

He stopped abruptly. His eyes were fixed in a stare.

"What had happened?"

A man was seen coming on a bicycle. Clad in white pants, white shirt, green cap and wearing dark spectacles . . .

"C. O.!" they said holding their breath.

"What?"

"Look!"

The Commanding Officer alighted before them. The Havildar gave the warning: Roll Call Parade . . .

Everything was in perfect order and in complete silence as if the men were smitten by lightning.

"Atten-tion!"

After reporting to the C. O., the Major commanded, "Stand-at-ease."

The Commanding Officer came forward and said, "Stand easy."

"Lot of thanks," someone murmured.

The Commanding Officer looked sternly at them. He stood upright as suited his dignity and then let forth a resounding sneeze. He removed his spectacles and put the thing, in his pocket. He took his towel and wiped his face and threw another glance at the men. Then clasping his hands at his back, he stood erect.

"Listen, everybody—" He spoke to them, using his low tone more distinctly. "When I see you all together! hah! What am I to say? Pijama, dhoti, nicker, baniyan, shirt, bushcoat . . . What's the meaning of all these?" He paused and cast a grim look at them.

"Today is a holiday," someone murmured.

"Sh-h-h!" the Section Commander made a sign.

"It seems we should wear uniforms on holidays too," said another.

The Section Commander made a search in his pocket.

"Sh-h-h! He's taking paper to write down the names," the first man warned the other.

"Hilo math ye!" the Havildar-Major shouted at the top of his voice. The Section-Commander quaked in his boots.

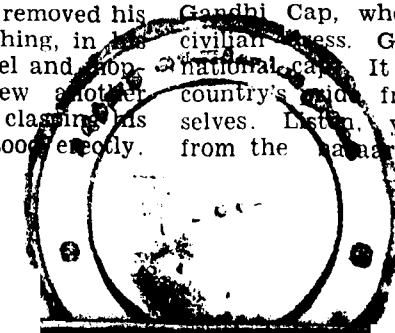
"All right! In the Army—" The Commanding Officer continued raising his voice.

Someone made a thunderous sneeze.

"Kohn ye vah?" the Havildar-Major shouted and the tips of his moustache fluttered like black ensigns. "Who is it? Yes, *he*, he must be made to fall-out. Clear him out, clear him out. Ask him whether he has a certificate from the doctor . . . The Honourable Commanding Officer Sahab is talking. Stop your sneezing for two minutes."

"Bes, bes Major," the C. O. interrupted him.

"Now stand steady," he continued. "In the Army the prominence goes to uniformity. Always as a team. You are in the Hindustan Army. Hindustan is now independent; so you are in an independent Army. The land in which you live is now free. Mahatma Gandhi is the man who enabled us to get Freedom. From today onwards, you must wear Gandhi Cap, whenever you are in civilian dress. Gandhi Cap is the national cap. It is a symbol of the country's independence and of ourselves. Listen, you must buy it from the Sadar. From to-morrow



onwards we do not like to see you in these clothes . . ."

"Dismiss."

They whispered to each other.

"Don't you know the C.O.?"

"Of course."

"What was he?"

"Hai?"

"D.I.G."

"What?"

"Deputy Inspector General."

"Are you talking of our C.O.?"

"Yes."

"And then?"

"Then—he was taken into the Army on the rank of a Major."

"Really!"

"Yes, many of those who showed some ability in the Police Department were enlisted in the Army."

"See, have you listened to his discourse on nationalism?"

"What's in it?"

"He is the man who thrashed the Gandhi Caps with his sandals."

"What?"

"Ha! Ha! This Lieutenant-Colonel Diwakar Khandeker was chasing Congressmen till nineteen hundred and forty seven."

"Oh!"

"Why are you keeping silence?"

"I was recollecting the circumstances which made me to enter the Army."

"And what were those circumstances?"

"I was sent out of the College, because I went to the class wearing a Gandhi Cap."

Rendered from the Original MALAYALAM by C. O. T. Ummer

THE FISHERGIRL'S SONG

SEE the dusky fishergirl
With the basket,
Running like a wind awlirl
To the market!

Fishes for the poor man
For a few pice,
Let him eat much as he can
Such fishes nice
In beaming bunches lie,
With fins light as a fly,
Come buy, come buy!

Fishes for the leisured rich
To dress dainty dishes,
They will raise a gourmet's pitch
These burly big fishes,
Hauled when the tides were high,
Beneath a fullmoon sky,
Come buy, come buy.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

HAMPI REVISITED

By M. Krishnan

I REMEMBER my first visit to Hampi.

It was years ago, and the government I served then had placed me in charge of the visit of some very important State Guests—you will please understand that only the most trusted of its lieutenants were charged by that government with such commissions. It was my first major assignment, but I felt no apprehensions. For two days I looked after the distinguished visitors with a willingness and forethought that earned me much kudos. Then, on the third, last day, I knew I had cracked inwardly, and feared the jagged edges might puncture and show through my skin of polished goodwill.

The previous evening I had escorted an indefatigable guest to the third hill-top she chose to climb, and when she came out with her now-familiar, so carefully modulated "Oh, how perfectly *luffy* the vista is from here!" I had almost said, with boorish precision, "Surely you mean 'panorama'—and it looks blasted." And after dinner I had offered them all cigarettes of my own manufacture, made from a villainous shag.

So, on this last day, I pondered the wisdom of reporting sick with an acute and undisprovable stomach ache and handing over to a staid, well-seasoned military man. But that afternoon the party was going over to Hampi on a final picnic, and I had never seen Hampi.

I had heard of it, of course, and read about it. Hearsay warned me that Hampi would be full of such perfectly *luffy* vistas, and hundreds of carvings that were just too cute, don't you think, and hundreds of other carvings that would rouse the Colonel of the party to strong reminiscence. But I wanted to see Hampi. I told my shaving-mirror ten times that morning, in firm, deliberate tones, that I was just incapable of being rude to any guest. This



resulted in a nick on the chin, but that was nothing, nothing at all; I was master of myself once more.

Nevertheless, I took the precaution of borrowing a Leica and one of those meters that tells you all about the lighting and the right stop and exposure, and the further precaution of privately informing our guide, a professional historian, that Col. G. had quite a passion for dates and periods.

THERE was no film in the camera, but only the guide and I knew this. Everytime I felt on the verge of indiscretion, I consulted the meter and took a photograph. Our guide, overawed by the occasion perhaps, was far from voluble and did very little to engage the party in cogent medieval history. He was still in the middle of the 14th century and talking guardedly of Bukka I when we reached the Hazara Rama temple and here I sacked him, by the simple expedient of taking him aside and paying him off, with the explanation that I wished to conduct the party in person from here onwards. Then I solemnly removed my shoes and deposited them outside the shrine, before crossing the threshold, and everybody did likewise. At every shrine this ritual was repeated and the distinguished guests stalked around in their socks, the silence of such movement somehow discourag-

ing exclamation, in spite of tempting vistas.

So far I had only photographed the carvings, but provoked by the Colonel's recollections of Sanchi, I made him climb a large, round boulder and snapped him as he stood precariously balanced upon it. This led to snaps of other members of the party, in postures no less difficult to sustain. However, they just loved being photographed. The trip was a great success.

But when we were back home and when the guests had departed, after repeatedly protesting what a too perfectly marvellous time they had had, my boss read me a long lecture on decorum, good manners and the Dangers of indulging a puerile sense of humour on Important Political Occasions—it was a most severe sermon, the more-in-sorrow-and-disillusionment-than-in-anger kind. He had somehow come to know of my fake photography—the dismissed guide must have peached. I looked remorseful, or rather, I tried to. I felt no remorse. I had rather enjoyed the trip. Only, I hadn't seen Hampi.

On two subsequent visits to the ruins, I had more time to look about me. But both were 'conducted tours'—naturally, my perception was handicapped by the bias of our conductor, a huge, powerfully-built truck-driver who had been a wrestler in his youth. Well past middle-age, he was still in hard condition and bulged with muscles; he had ram's horn moustaches and the aloof, old-world dignity of a man whose chief interests in life centre around food and simple, bodily pleasures. And he knew Hampi inside out. By sheer practice he had mastered the names of all the kings, and he knew the Ramayana legends and every carving on every slab.

The first time I went out with him, he took me to one side and pointed to the decrepit stone mews on either side of the pathway.

"This is the Bazaar of the Prostitutes," he informed me wistfully. "Can you imagine it, a thousand

beautiful women of all sorts and complexions used to wait here for their lovers each evening!"

I couldn't. Rama Rao misunderstood my silence, and spoke in a small aside.

"Perhaps the Saheb does not like my low talk."

I assured him it was not that, but only that he lacked imagination. It was useless telling him that I felt revolted to the core of my being by such large-scale commerce. Men of Rama Rao's vintage do not comprehend straight speech. In the season of too many roses, I told him, the flower grows common and has no longer a captivating fragrance. He looked at me with sudden respect in his eyes and I think he was about to pay me a compliment when, fortunately, the rest of our party joined us.

On my second trip to Hampi with Rama Rao there were ladies in the party and we heard only Ramayana legends.

RECENTLY, being in the neighbourhood as the guest of a car-owner, I told my host of my desire to wander around the ruins unhampered by guide or party. Particularly did I wish, I informed him, to look at the sculpture from the technical eyes of an art critic, without the bias of history or sensuality to distort my perspective. He would, of course, realise that I felt too vitally alive to be interested in the dead centuries, in long-dead pomp and vanity and religious fervour, or in records of one-time debauchery. And to look at the stone with historical curiosity, why, that was the *wrong* way to see Hampi. Now, my interest lay primarily in repeated motifs, more skillfully executed by some anonymous sculptors than by others, and in the pastimes and sports depicted with such realistic abandon, especially in the hunting scenes which I considered the most complete records available in Indian art. Furthermore, I would point out—but this was unnecessary. My host was willing to take me there even without this subsidiary reason.

We went to Hampi in the morning, with our lunch in a basket. We had no plan or purpose. We were to drift, just drift around each shrine, allowing the stone to impress our receptive minds. I found much to impress me in the gloom of the hall of the Chandrasekhar temple. Then, drifting along aimlessly, we came to the Throne Platform. Here, both of us felt deeply impressed by the hunting scenes and the many manly pursuits detailed upon the panels; we spent an hour here in argument and speculation.

At the Krishna temple and elsewhere we realised that life in the old Vijayanagar Empire had been pretty hedonistic, and that the manly pursuits of those days included the pursuit of woman. We came upon a highly pornographic carving, prominently displayed by itself on an outer wall, turned away in disgust and walked a dozen steps, then stopped and looked round.

"I can't understand how they allowed such a thing on a temple wall," my companion remarked to me.

I pointed out that secular life entered sacred precincts quite freely in our art, and come, let us be honest, quite possibly even in our life as well; that temples have long been the meeting places of humanity and that people were less prudish and ashamed in the old days. While I was trying to link up all these arguments, I noticed our chauffeur observing us narrowly from the corner of his eye, as we stood there in front of that obscene relief arguing about it. We moved on ostentatiously to inspect a much-caparisoned stone horse.

By lunchtime I had satisfied myself that there were no hippogriffs in Hampi—a Western art critic had said there were—but I knew already there were no hippogriffs anywhere in our stone. After lunch we decided to leave the place, returning a few days later when my mind was in a more academic frame.

THIS second visit was made in the evening, when it was decidedly cooler, but it was futile. Early in our wanderings, in the Achyuta Raya temple, we noticed the chauffeur watching us furtively; his face was turned away when I looked, but I was sure there was a thin smile across it. I am now convinced that it is quite impossible to view art in Hampi as something detached from the humanity of that place and period, from the sordidness and sublimity of life in a more robust age. Moreover, one would need to spend a number of days there, slowly taking it in, to comprehend the beauty of some of the carvings, and to rise above the values of our present. Some day, perhaps, I shall revisit Hampi with the authentic eyes of the artist.

NEW BOOKS

A World of Love: A novel by Elizabeth Bowen (Book Society Choice) Rs. 7-14 as

No Joy of Africa: A novel by W. R. Loader Rs. 7-14 as

The Rose Tattoo: A Play by Tennessee Williams Rs. 7-14 as

The African Awakening by Basil Davidson Rs. 9-6 as

Chamber's World Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary. A Comprehensive Guide to the World of Today Rs. 22-8 as

Indian Village by S. C. Dube (The International Library of Sociology and Social Reconstruction) Rs. 18-12 as

Tibetan Marches by Andre Migot—translated by Peter Fleming: with illustrations Rs. 13-8 as

Collected Poems by Stephen Spender Rs. 11-4 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

New Books

SCIENCE AND THE SOCIAL ORDER

BY BERNARD BARBER

The Free Press, Publishers, Glencoe, Illinois
3 Dollars

THE scientist till some time ago was associated by the ignorant and uninitiated with the long-haired artist and the absent-minded professor. He was often pitied and more often ignored. We have been inclined to take the many benefits of science, so much for granted, we have been so complacent of the values inculcated by the sciences that it required a jolt of the order of the atomic bomb to shake us out of our smugness. There have been eminent scientists like Bernal and Polanyi, historians like Butterfield, and philosophers like Russell who have expressed awareness of the social consequences of science. But scientists in general are so busy with their individual fields of research that even the more socially inclined among them have not found time, except in occasional writings, to devote attention to a thorough analysis of the mutual interaction of science and society.

To say that science is a part of society might look like a truism which is as trite as it is obvious but unfortunately this has not been realized either by the statesman or the scientist—with what results we all know. The more ignorant the statesman is of the sciences the more dogmatic he is in asserting the evils of science and the more inclined to use the scientist like chattel to produce arms at his word. The situation has become so bad that in a country like America the scientist is expected to take his orders from the militarist. His fundamental rights as a citizen have been ignored and the slightest sign that he thinks for himself is frowned upon.

The sociologist trained in the method of science has entered rather late into the picture. Talcott Parsons and Robert K. Merton have done significant work in this field but

their researches are clothed in abstruse technical jargon not intelligible to readers in general. The sociologist's task is not easy. To take the entire field of science, to analyse the various points of contact it has with society, to discuss the education of the scientist and to suggest improvements in organization are tasks as difficult as they are worthy of being undertaken. It is no exaggeration to say that Bernard Barber's *Science and the Social Order* fulfils these tasks in a pre-eminent manner.

Though Mr. Barber has dealt only with the organization of American science his generalizations are equally true for any other advanced and advancing industrial nation and much of what he says is relevant to our conditions too. Science as a profession and with a specific role is only of very recent origin. "(For example,) not many of us know that the term 'scientist' itself was unknown until the nineteenth century, when it was deliberately coined by the Rev. William Whewell, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge." Till then science was indistinguishable from technology and the advances of technology more or less determined the state of knowledge man had of the external world. But when science became an independent occupation and developed conceptual schemes for its various branches it not only began to have consequences on technology but also on philosophy, on our concept of truth, reality, etc. Mr. Barber's historical chapters are a model of conciseness and the acuteness of his observations reveals a thorough grasp of the development of the sciences and of the latest work done in the history of science. He has separate chapters on the social organization of science in American society, the

scientist in the American University and College, and the scientist in the American Government. All the possible avenues of scientific work are exhausted in these chapters and the author shows evidence of painstaking research into facts, figures and statistics. The university is the place where basic research predominates, the industrial concern encourages applied research and the Government has—or at any rate—should have a balanced approach. The author deplors the emphasis laid by the last on applied research and its eagerness for short term results, its tendency to cramp funds for basic research and its disinclination to give encouragement to and grant funds for university research. He points out how American industry has mostly adopted an enlightened approach to the problem of science and his figures reveal the immense work on the 'pure' aspects of science which have been encouraged by concerns like the Bell Telephones and the Western Electric. Industry in America has helped university research also.

According to Mr. Barber, "The American university performs two different functions for science. First of all it integrates science with the rest of American society; and second, it contributes to the internal development of science by fostering those who make its essential discoveries." Thus the function of the university is immensely important and there is a lesson in this for us in India too.

The scientists working for the Government in America seem to have neither the enormous resources afforded to those working for industrial concerns nor the wide freedom granted to university scientists. The security regulations and the 'classified' nature of most of the work done for Government during and after the war have been sources of irritation to many scientists. The periodic clearances insisted upon have repelled eminent scientists like Dr. Condon who recently in sheer disgust have asked for non-classified work.

American industry has contributed enormously to the advancement of science. "Indeed some university

researchers can be attracted to industry by the superior facilities which companies are willing to provide for research activities in which they are interested. This seems to have been the case in the transfer of Dr. Wallace Carothers from Harvard University to Dupont to work on what eventually became nylon fiber." This kind of attitude is in significant contrast to the view of our industrialists who insist on the scientists 'showing' what they can do before funds are granted to them.

The social processes of invention and discovery, the avoidance of duplication of research, the methods of coordinating the work done in the three chief organizations enumerated are some of the more important subjects to which the author turns his attention. And he has some wise comments to offer on planning. The 'planners' and the 'anti-planners,' according to Mr. Barber, have an area of agreement which they fail to realize. He also brings out that, what the 'anti-planners' attack in the suggestions of the 'planners' is usually not what has been suggested by them. His last chapter on the social sciences analyses the position of the social sciences and suggests what can be done by the authorities to recognize their role and what the social scientists should do to justify their importance.

Mr. Bernard Barber's book, a pioneering attempt in the unexplored field of the sociology of science, is quite valuable. Many of the obstacles surmounted by scientists and others in America can be avoided by us in our country and our advance can be made easier if we devote some time to their study.

Botteghe Oscure XIV

Edited by Marguerite Caetani

Hamish Hamilton, London

12s 6d

THE fourteenth issue of this famous international review published from Rome becomes more European now for the addition of yet another original language—German—to the bilingual contents in French

and Italian it has been offering hitherto to the reading public, along with the writings of English and American authors. And the German language is represented here by the poetry of Marie Luise Kaschnitz, Karl Krolow, Ingeborg Bachmann, and Heinz Piontek. One might say—a little cautiously, however—that among the Indian readers of *Botteghe Oscure*, French and German are more popularly known than Italian. It is really a happy idea of Madame Caetani to print in the present quaderno of the journal, the work in the original French of Rene Char along with their translations by Jackson Mathews. The two pieces are 'Leaves of Hypnos,' being extracts from the author's *A War Journal* (1943-44), and *Lettera Amorosa*. In the latter, tenderness comes like a tangible caress, the beauty of honesty like a rare illumination:

"Our words are slow in coming to us, as if each word alone held enough sap to stay closed a whole winter; or better, as if aiming at each other from the two extremes of the silent distance, they were forbidden, even so, to shoot and come together. Yet our voice runs back and forth between us, though every lane, every trellis, every thicket draws it aside, holds and questions it. Everything is a pretext to slow it down. There were two days of incommensurable sun, then the mist came back. Things and people, passing, became indistinct once more. Even the beauty spot at the brim of your adorable lip.

Often I talk to you alone, so the earth will forget me."

Among the work of English writers 'Country Dance' by Hugo Charteris is an exquisite vignette of simple passions and emotions; the younger poets John Heath-Stubbs, Elizabeth Jennings and Thom Gunn offer some of their best. Theodore Roethke, the American poet, with his 'The Summer of Evil' is as cryptically brilliant as ever, while Nieves De Madariaga, daughter of the celebrated Salvador

De Madariaga, who has (a biographical note about her says) written poetry in Spanish, French and English contributes a series of five poems (written in English?—it is not mentioned) entitled 'First December in Tuscany'—instance of an imagination finely descriptive.

With her record of useful service to literature, so far European, American, and English it is time that Marguerite Caetani turned her attention to the Asian and brought about the One World in Imaginative Writing.

TAMIL

Roja Penn

Rendered into Tamil by Thi. Ja. Ra.
Adavallan Prachuram,
8, Chinna Reddi Street, Madras 8
Re. 1

IT is no doubt a great problem for parents to tell stories to children. The Grimm brothers were the first to record folk tales as they were told by the folks themselves, and invent new ones. We have our own Panchatantra tales in India.

"There are quite a number of people who disapprove of fairy tales for children, and on various grounds," says W. H. Auden, the English poet and continues his observation: "The parents should not treat the printed fairy stories as sacred texts. It is always much better to tell a story than read it out of a book, and, if a parent can produce what, in the actual circumstances of the time and the individual child, is an improvement on the printed text, so much the better."

The present reviewer also is of the opinion that the story books for children are intended more for the parents than for the children. Children love to hear stories than read them themselves.

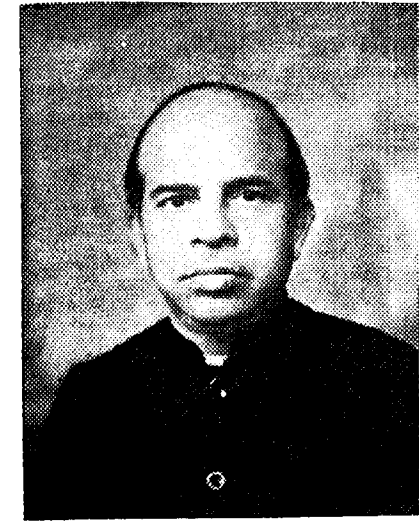
But the book under review can be read by children without any objection whatsoever. The stories selected are sweet and each of the fourteen teaches a moral lesson in a gentle way. The language is in Thi. Ja. Ra's uniquely simple style.

SANSKRIT SCHOLAR HONoured

"THE most brilliant among the younger Indologists," as the leading French savant, Louis Renou has described him, V. Raghavan, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Sanskrit, University of Madras, has to his credit not only a prodigious amount of research work comprising twenty books and more than two hundred published papers, but consistent public service in the sphere of cultural activities ranging over a wide field and over a period of two decades and a half. It was only recently in connection with his *magnum opus*, the New Catalogus Catalogorum, of Sanskrit Works and Authors that he made an extensive tour of Europe, listing the as yet unsurveyed MS. collections in the several European libraries, and contributed to *The Hindu*, a series of most informative articles on the state of Sanskrit and Indological studies in the different countries of the West.

Dr. Raghavan who had his distinguished academic career under the great Mahamahopadhyaya Professor S. Kuppaswami Sastri, M.A., I.E.S., occupies now an illustrious place among the Sanskritists and Indologists of the country, being General Secretary of the All-India Oriental Conference and Convener of the Sanskrit Board of the Sahitya Akademi. An authentic writer and enthusiastic worker in the fields of music and dance, he is one of those who have helped in the growth of proper understanding and appreciation of the art of Bharata Natya. One of his latest undertakings is an Anthology of Sanskrit writings for the UNESCO.

With a mind keenly sensible to the values of art, literature, and philosophy, he is indeed an example of an integrated spirit whose vision of culture is both whole and wholesome. His industry at the research desk, or his many-sided public activities have not smothered the creative instinct in him. A writer of skits, sketches, stories and playlets in Tamil, Dr. Raghavan is also a worshipper at the feet of the Sanskrit Muse, and has



Dr. V. Raghavan

composed poems and plays in that classic medium.

On Thursday, March 31, the Madras Samskrta Academy which has done yeoman service to the cause of Sanskrit for the past twenty-seven years in this part of the country, presented Dr. Raghavan with the *Srimukha* and the *Biruda* of *Kavikokila* bestowed on him by His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham in appreciation of his poem, a Mahakavya, on the life and times of the renowned Carnatic music composer and yogin, Sri Muthuswami Dikshitar. Earlier, the poem, *Sri Muthuswami Dikshita Charita*, was read out by the author to an assemblage of pandits, scholars, and *litterateurs* at a special meeting of the Samskrta Academy. The public presentation function was held along with the Valmeeki Day celebrations at the Madras Sanskrit College under the presidentship of Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Madras. It is a very happy coincidence that this week happens to be also the birth-week of the composer Sri Muthuswami Dikshitar whose life Dr. Raghavan has celebrated in his Mahakavya.

Responsibilities of Scientists

Prof. Oliphant's Address

MADRAS was singularly fortunate in having been chosen as the centre for the Lord Rutherford Memorial Lecture. It was a distinguished disciple of Rutherford who gave the address. Professor Oliphant whose contributions to the development of nuclear physics are outstanding delivered the address at the Senate Room on March, 24. Dr. G. N. Ramachandran, University Professor of Physics, presided.

The room was packed and the address was listened to with rapt attention. Lord Rutherford has been described as the "Newton of the Atom" and "the King of the Microcosm". His momentous work on the structure of the atom and the nature of the spontaneous radiations from uranium and thorium are well known. The Cavendish Laboratory of which he was the head has trained a batch of scientists who among themselves have contributed most of our knowledge of the atom. Chadwick, Cockroft, Walton, Otto Hahn, Geiger, Peter Kapitza to mention only a few names, were all inspired by Rutherford. Science and mankind have benefitted more than they can ever realize from the work of Lord Rutherford. He was not only an experimental physicist of the first order but an imaginative scientist. He postulated the existence of the neutron. But, he was never convinced that the atom could ever be harnessed. Commenting on this, Prof. Oliphant said: "Rutherford never believed that nuclear energy could be set free in a practical way so that it could be used for industrial purposes." During the period when Oliphant was endeavouring to induce the reaction of the nuclei of the heavier isotope of hydrogen by passing electrical discharges through the gas, "Rutherford, was quite convinced that I was wasting my time. The recent explosion of deuterium weapons—H. bombs—by both USA and USSR have demonstrated that the central idea was correct but it has shown also that it is just as well that we were not successful!"

Prof. Oliphant's address was marked throughout by a profound realization of the importance of science in all its aspects. While discussing the destructive nature of science he also pointed out that science was of immense benefit to mankind as was amply illustrated by the discovery of penicillin. He abjured invidious distinctions between 'basic' and 'applied' science and gave the instance of Faraday's work which in his own time would never have been thought to result in the immense electrical engineering projects of our day.

The Cassandras of science have not been slow to demand a moratorium on science. Every evil of our time has been traced to the doorstep of science. The fault is neither in science nor is it due to the depraved morals of scientists. It has to be tackled on a wider scale and "only by finding some way in which men can live in peace will it be possible to carry forward the search for knowledge with the certainty that it will not be used for destruction. If real peace can be achieved progress will be more rapid, because less creative effort would be devoted to preparation for war and proper attention could be given to the major problems of our age—population and food supplies, conservation and distribution of raw materials, and universal education at a high level."

The responsibilities of scientists are very great in a situation fraught with danger as our era is. The training of scientists is very necessary and the scientists of the future should be moved by humanism and nurtured in an atmosphere where common human values are still a virtue. "Overhaul of methods of teaching science in schools and universities could restore literacy, awaken an appreciation of human problems, of art and of literature and make of education something finer and more satisfying intellectually than anything which has gone before." He ended on this high note: "The scientist knows that knowledge is never certain but that it grows with the efforts of men and so, ultimately, some men may find the truth."

V. V. SRINIVASAN

SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS IN PAKISTAN

By C. H. V. Pathy

PAKISTAN is proceeding from jitters to jitters. I watched the birth of Pakistan as a Dominion from an aisle seat in the Press gallery with Lord Mountbatten figuring in a colourful ceremony. I was a bit cynical about the functioning of democracy in the world's largest Islamic state. And when I asked an American newsman what his impressions were, he shot back:

"It is *okay* with me. Reminds me of a wild West film I saw as a cub reporter."

Within eight months of Jinnah's chickens coming home to roost, I was whisked away by Fate from Karachi. Even then, I witnessed the birth pangs of infant Pakistan—Altaf Hussain thundering every day through the columns of *Dawn*. Mr. Sri Prakasa injecting courage into the pallid arteries of the Hindus, the stream of refugees converging at Karachi harbour, the wail of women and children as they left their homes and hearths, the savage riot of January 6 when every Hindu home was desecrated and many Sikhs butchered in cold blood. An attempt was made to assassinate me and my dear friend Mr. Navin Khandwalla as we were proceeding to meet Dr. S. Radhakrishnan at the airport. But for the presence of mind of Mr. Navin, I would not be alive to-day to write this story.

In the space of less than eight years, Pakistan has travelled from crisis to crisis. First came the unexpected death of Jinnah. I thought a battle for succession would develop. But Mr. Liaquat Ali managed the situation with skill what time Zafrullah Khan was away in Europe. Mr. Ghulam Mahomed, the then Finance Minister donned the mantle of his late chief. Mr. Ghulam Mahomed is the astutest politician in Pakistan. But for him, Mr. Shanmukham Chetty would not have parted with a few crores when the coffers



Mr. Ghulam Mahomed

of the Government of India were almost empty. Ever since he became Governor-General this one time director of the Tatas has managed things in a manner reminiscent of Arabian Nights tales. He short-circuited roly polly Nazimuddin, planted Mr. Mahomed Ali in power and made him only an instrument to carry out his will. He also queered the pitch for Mr. Zafrullah's exit from the Foreign Affairs Ministry. Of course, a frustrated Choudhri Khaliq-uz-Zaman and an irate Suhrawardy were in the caves of Adulam. But the former was hunted away as a Governor and the latter has been absorbed as a Minister.

At a time when the finances of Pakistan had touched the lowest point, Jinnah sent for Sir Jeremy Raisman to suggest ways and means

of keeping the Dominion on an even keel. I then got the news from one in the know that the ex-Finance Member of the India Government had suggested the integration of Western Pakistan into one unit.

For publishing this scoop as a front page story, an order was passed by the Sind Government to close down for two months the *Sind Observer* of which I was then the editor. I was in the black list and escaped arrest by taking the boat to Bombay in time. And my successor as editor, Sir Ali Mahomed Rashidi completely altered the policy of the paper and fell in line with those worshipping at the shrine of Quaid-e-Azam.

Since those far off days big events have been on the gale in Karachi. Mr. M. A. Khuhro who had to battle with the creator of Pakistan fell from grace, was arrested and sent to prison for corruption. But he has emerged from the shadow of the valley and is to-day the Chief Minister. He is an ardent Sindhi in his outlook and hates to be bossed over by the bumptious Punjabis. He lost the first round in the battle when he refused to part with the building constructed to house the Sind Government without getting compensation. Karachi virtually became the linch pin of Pakistan and the Sindhis were nowhere in the political picture. The only Sindhi absorbed in the Pakistan Cabinet after Jinnah's death was the mediocre Pirzada Abdul Sattar and later on he was made the Chief Minister of Sind. And now he is in the wilderness.

By one stroke, in a manner reminiscent of Mahomed Touglak, Ghulam Mohamed has now made Lahore the capital of the integrated Western unit of Pakistan. This is the end of Karachi which will hereafter be important only as the chief seaport of Pakistan and as the Clapham junction of the air. There will be jubilation all over the Punjab at this dramatic decision. Hereafter, the politics of Western Pakistan will be dominated by the Punjabis. And I am afraid the war of nerves with India would be stepped up, with

Kashmir and Indus water as the twin weapons in the warfare.

An American author has pointed out the patent fact that Pakistan is an administrative and military absurdity. Realising that the two sectors of his kingdom were left dangling in mid-air Jinnah fought for a corridor but lost his fight. Its two portions are 1,200 miles apart and are separated by the armies of India. East Pakistan itself—the term East Bengal has been given up—is nearly surrounded by India. In Western Pakistan, too, it is not all roses for Mr. Ghulam Mahomed. The Punjabis will now advance their claim for a Prime Minister who comes from their midst. Across the border, the Pathans are restive and Khan Gaffar Khan is still a question mark, in spite of his being free. It remains to be seen whether Dr. Khan Saheb can be wooed and won for Prime Ministership.

I cannot envisage the shape of things to come. But I have a hunch that some military junta will try to capture power and Egypt may be repeated in Karachi. But, shrewd as he is, Mr. Ghulam Mahomed will never leave things to chance. He will clamp down his will on the army staff. He can brush aside Mr. Fazlul Huq but Mr. Suhrawardy is still a power to reckon with. And there is ambitious Mian Iftikkarudin waiting in the lobby, ready to pounce on the seat of power.

The astuteness and political sagacity of Mr. Ghulam Mahomed call for admiration, but sometimes events take you by storm. I am afraid that he is setting on a barrel of gunpowder which may explode at any moment.



As war is the system of government on the old construction, the animosity which nations reciprocally entertain is nothing more than what the policy of their governments excites to keep up the spirit of the system . . . Man is not the enemy of man, but through the medium of a false system of government. A nation should apply itself to reform the system.—

Tom Paine

ASHTAVADHANA ACTIVITIES BY TOP MEDICAL MEN

By "R"

*"How sickening Physik hangs its
pensive head*

*And what was once a science is now
a trade."*

IT is accepted amongst medical savants, that to be a conscientious member of the noble coterie of heelers one must make one's vocation an obsession, not a mere profession, much less a trade. "Ours are not the mild concerns of ordinary life." Those who are "doomed" to go in company with pain and fear and bloodshed have a higher mission than other mortals, and surely it should not be that we make this mission subsidiary to other avocations. And the extreme ones would even have it that a true medical man, surgeon or physician, should be a Brahmacharin, untrammelled by any distracting worries other than those in regard to the sacred lives entrusted to his all-absorbing care.

The speed with which advances in therapeutic and other systems are taking place in the art and practice of medicine deserves considerable emphasis in this context and should be constantly kept before the mind's eye. Even one who is a devotee solely at the altar of this exacting mistress, could not keep abreast with all the discoveries in the field. There is bound to be, if nothing else, a time lag between this advance and the acquisition of knowledge.

How much more so is it bound to be if the votary has to perform pooja at several shrines! In the effective vitalizing work that surgery or medicine involves, younger men alone, without extraneous commitments, and an all-absorbing passion, can deliver the goods. How can one with one foot in office and the other in ward or theatre, in all conscience, play ball? A few years ago it was thought that the Director of Medical Services had so much work to do that an A.D.M.S. was appointed. The Dean of the College and Hos-

pital came into being for a similar reason. Are the peripatetic surgeons as the D. M. S. must necessarily be, going to be entrusted with teaching work also? And what about nepotism with a premium on moffusil or other "service feeders" who are bound to arise in the hope of reward?

How could one find time for brain-dusting in the midst of one's ashtavadhana activities? Will not want of intellectual feeding, resulting in cob-webs in the cranial vault, particularly unsuit one in a teaching hospital, besides placing the patients entrusted to one's care under a handicap? And again, later on, if some other senior who steps into these administrative shoes, due to whatever the reasons may be, is not given the "privileges" (*sic*)—plums!—will not that be construed as a slur on his capacities or past professional record? Or, are we talking in terms of "irreplaceables"! Woe unto the world when such exist! One who has not trained a younger man to take one's place, is not worth the salt, besides. It would be rightly asked, is there such a paucity of talent that this insult to the profession in general and the younger generation in particular should be contemplated or accepted. If one is so genuinely keen on one's speciality, one ought to stick to it in all singleness of purpose and not think in terms of having the other's cake and eating it too.

If it is the object of the powers that be, that those that have reached the top of the official ladder are alone fitted to look after the high and mighty in the land, one dreads to think of the prospect that lies ahead for a senior mental Hospital man becoming a Dean. Would he then have time to attend to his ADMINISTRATIVE duties!

That a State which forged ahead with the separation of the executive and the judiciary should by a Governmental fiat set the clock back and think in terms of administrative heads becoming executives also must be an enigma to the ordinary intellect.

(Continued on page 48)

Khrushchev's Two-Faced Policy Towards China

By HUGH LUNGH

A student of affairs with an extensive personal knowledge of the U.S.S.R., and the satellite States. Was present at the Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam talks between Great Britain and United States and the U.S.S.R.

THE full reasons for Malenkov's resignation are still obscure. They appear to hang mainly on personal rivalries and Soviet internal problems. Another significant factor is the Soviet Union's relations with China.

The fact that internal affairs alone are mentioned in the official Soviet announcements about the Government changes does not mean that foreign policy is not involved. The reverse may be the case, for it is the way of official Soviet announcements to divert attention from some of the major points at issue.

There are practical reasons for believing that Malenkov may have been involved in a difference of opinion over Soviet policy towards China. China's extreme backwardness in industry makes her almost entirely dependent on the Soviet Union for her development. For the time being, aggressive Chinese foreign policy has cut off other sources.

The Chinese have bargained with the Soviet Union for heavy industrial equipment since Mao Tse-tung's mission to Moscow in the winter of 1949-50. The negotiations went on for a long time, for Mao had difficulty in obtaining what he wanted from Stalin.

From the official communiques issued after the visit, it was clear that the Chinese had gained very little from the U.S.S.R. Stalin was not eager to give China concrete material help, but preferred to confine himself to promises of support for China's foreign policy, always encouraging China's expansion in a

direction away from the Soviet Union to Korea, Indo-China, or Formosa. At that period, Malenkov was almost certainly Stalin's right-hand man.

After Stalin's death, the Soviet attitude to China hardened. Malenkov's new deal for the consumer meant that whatever resources the Soviet Union could spare were to go first to satisfy the demands of the Soviet people.

Last autumn a new era seemed to have opened in Sino-Soviet relations. A Soviet delegation, led by Khrushchev, went to Peking and concluded a series of agreements which were extremely favourable to China. The Soviet Union undertook to grant China concrete aid and to send experts to help in the industrialization programme. Khrushchev had evidently gained the ascendancy over Malenkov as far as Soviet Far Eastern policy was concerned.

Khrushchev, it seems, is determined to keep China firmly attached to the U.S.S.R. During his Peking visit he went further in pledging Soviet support for the liberation of Formosa than any other Soviet spokesman had ever gone before. It may be partly his realization that the Chinese cannot be content merely with the moral support of the Soviet Union, which has induced Soviet policy makers to step up the rate of development of Soviet heavy industry. He may regard it as more important to meet Chinese demands than to continue the consumer goods policy inside Russia.

But this does not mean that Khrushchev is a more sincere friend of China than Malenkov. On the contrary, he is clearly pursuing an ambiguous policy towards China. It was on his initiative that young Communists were sent out to colonize the sparsely populated regions of the Soviet Far East. Khrushchev may have urged these pioneers to increase the Soviet population in the Far East as a counterweight to the rapidly expanding population in Northern China. Moreover, by keeping China dependent on Russia economically, he ensures that Russia continues to have the main say in Asia.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

MUST every picture have a 'message'? Is it wrong to make purely 'escapist' entertainers? These questions were raised and answered at a tea party which Shri S. M. S. Naidu gave to the journalists in Bombay on Saturday afternoon at the Cricket Club of India.

Several journalists spoke on the occasion and they complimented Shri Naidu on the phenomenal success of his venture. And while congratulating him, one of the journalists raised the question of escapist versus realistic films and expressed the doubt that the popularity of 'escapist' films like *Azaad* would put an end to the progress of realistic films. Another journalist pooh-poohed all this talk of realism. He said that if the realistic pictures brought nothing but loss to the producer and threatened him with 'extinction, of what use were such pictures. The producer, he averred, must make entertaining pictures first and introduce realism in them and cited Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* as an ideal film. Then another journalist said that there was nothing wrong with escapist entertainment as long as it was healthy and had nothing vulgar or cheap in it, and commended *Azaad* as a healthy entertainer.

Shri Naidu himself was rather modest in his speech. He claimed to be nothing more than just an entertainer. He took the opportunity to thank the artistes from Bombay, especially Dilip Kumar whose unstinted co-operation contributed mainly to the success of *Azaad*. It was, however, Dilip who in one of his brilliant speeches defended 'escapist' entertainment.

Dilip was frank enough to admit the failure of realistic films recently.

And he said that the pictures had to be made for men in the street whose 'kindergarten' level of intelligence demanded pure entertainment. The audience had to be educated so that it could appreciate better films. The process was long and arduous and it would take sometime before the man in the street could appreciate the realistic pictures as well as a journalist or a literateur.

Shri S. M. S. Naidu, he pointed out, did recently make a realistic and purposeful picture called *Kanchara* for which he received excellent tributes. But the picture proved a financial loss and Naidu lost five lakhs on it. Surely, one did not want Naidu or any other producer to go out of business. So, there was nothing wrong in making *Azaad* which will bring money to so many people, and what is more, which would bring about thirty to forty lakhs to the Government by way of taxes—money that will be used for the progress and betterment of our country. Was not that a good national service that a picture was doing?

On behalf of the Bombay artistes Dilip complimented S. M. S. Naidu for his kindness, generosity and hospitality.

During the party, Shri Naidu announced that he will be starting another Hindi picture soon with Dilip Kumar and Vyjayantimala in the stellar roles.

Picture of the week

Though the producer and director of Hindustan Art Productions' *Jashan* are not known, high expectations were entertained about the picture mainly because its story was written by Krishan Chander, its music was composed by Roshan and it starred Vyjayantimala. And the picture began with great promise. A rich and pampered girl was challenged by a poor friend to work and earn a thousand rupees on her own in a year to realise the worth of money which she lavishly spent on frivolities.

The girl accepted the challenge, came to Bombay, tried to find a job and ultimately did get a job where

she found she could not dance at the whims of the landlady and had to quit. Then she started selling flowers and sold them by dancing and singing. Unrealistic, but quite a plausible situation. She was arrested by the police for selling flowers without licence and later bailed out. So far the story went on well and one was looking forward to great things ahead. But, alas, later she joined the stage. And the story fell into the usual rut with both the hero and the theatre-owner loving her and the old heroine jealous of her and trying to destroy her. As if this was not enough, the hero had to be a victim of amnesia who, separated by a very artificial misunderstanding, got back his money and lost trace of the girl.

The plot became so hackneyed and the incidents so artificial that the picture lost its grip and interest altogether. And the original idea of the rich girl earning a thousand rupees was lost in the meanderings of jealousy, misunderstanding and crude villainy. The pity is neither Roshan's music, Vyjayantimala's dances nor Johnny Walker's and Agha's comic gags could enliven the proceedings. Thanks to poor screenplay and pedestrian direction, in spite of its excellent production values, *Jashan* has become a very drab and dull movie. Even Vyjayantimala could not save it.

Personality of the week

Ardesher M. Irani, the man who made the first talkie film in 1930 is much in the news these days, because of the silver jubilee of talkies. Sixty-nine year old Irani is one of the veteran producers who now leads a retired life. He joined the film industry as far back as in 1914 when he obtained a cinema house. And he started producing films in 1920. During the eleven years of silent days, he made a number of films. The important ones like *Anarkali* starred Sulochana and were directed by R. S. Chowdhary. Chowdhary was the best director of the silent days and Sulochana the most charming star of those days.

In 1930 he undertook the production of *Alamara* which was released on 14th March 1931. It is noteworthy that he also produced the first social talkie entitled *Daulat Ka Nasha* starring Zillorbai and Khalil. Later he made the first colour films *Mother India* and *Kisan Kanya*.

Pioneer, Irani was essentially a businessman, an exhibitor turned producer. For the last decade and half he has been content with running his studio which is in the heart of the city and in which the shooting has to be adjusted to the timings of local trains which pass by every five minutes and disturb the shooting as the stages are not sound-proof. It is difficult to imagine that any 'sound' film can be made with so much noise outside; and yet for 25 years the studio has been turning out talkies. Even the President award winner *Shyamchi Aai* was produced mainly at the same studio!

Now the studio is being renovated and it is hoped that it will regain some of its lost glory.

News of the week

A new production was launched on Friday 25th March 55 under the banner of Mehboob Productions. Mrs. Mehboob performed the muhurat of the picture which is being directed by Mehrish, who has been assisting Mehboob. The picture is described as a social satire and musical comedy and stars Kishore Kumar, Shakila, Radhakrishnan and Shyamkumar. Keki Mistri is photographing the film while Anil Biswas is giving the music and Sachin Shanker composing the dances.

Dilip Kumar has begun working in Bimal Roy's *Devdas* from 28th March 1955.

Nargis has left for the outdoor shooting of Mehboob's *Mother India* near Bilimoria in Gujrat.

Shantaram has almost completed the shooting of *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baje*. He is expected to fly to London by the middle of April with the edited black and white print of the picture to edit the technicolor print and by June the prints of the picture would be ready for release.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Railway Development In Andhra

Sir,—The article under the caption, Neglect of Andhra by Sri V. P. Dikshitulu in your issue dated March 5, 1955 deserves sincere consideration by every honest administrator in the Andhra State and in the Centre. It is quite true that besides the main lines connecting Calcutta and Bombay with Madras which inevitably run through Andhradesa, there are no other branch lines connecting the coastal districts with Rayalaseema. A look at the railway map will suffice to reveal close net-work of railways in the South. There is, nevertheless, a pressing demand from the South for more railways and quite recently 13 new lines have been recommended for inclusion in the second Five Year Plan. Electrification of the line from Tambaram to Villupuram is almost taken on hand. Thirteen States will benefit from the new railway lines which will go into construction during the next financial year. But there is no mention of Andhra as one of those 13 States. The conversion of the Gudur-Renigunta section into broad gauge cannot be treated as a new railway line.

In the vast triangular area with Bezvada as apex and Renigunta and Guntakal as base, there are no railways at all and this vast area is not a Sahara desert. It was said that in the composite Madras State, Andhra was totally neglected, and at the cost of Andhra revenues the South was very much improved in all respects—irrigation, electricity, railways, roads, etc. Is it not time that the Andhras wake up and agitate for new railway lines?

The urgent needs of Andhradesa are the following new railway lines:

Nellore—Mydukur—Nandyal—Kurnool.
Ongole—Cuddapah—Cumbum.

Macherla—Secunderabad via Nalgonda.
Tenali—Mydukur—Cuddapah—Kadiri—Hindupur—Tumkur.

With these important railway lines completed, Andhra would be benefitted to a great extent. Branch lines to shorter distances may be taken up later.

BASU

Problems Of Low-Paid Government Servants

Sir,—The low-paid Government servants of the Madras State have been agitating for the last so many years for better service conditions. The enlightened members of the public have expressed sympathy with the lot of these Government servants. It is not as if the importance of their work is not realised. Yet the fact remains that their grievances have not been redressed to any appreciable extent.

The main difficulty put forward by spokesmen on behalf of the Government has been alleged want of finance. It is not as if the Government's finances had not improved during the last decade or so. The Madras Government was getting a revenue of about 16 crores in 1937-38 when the administrative expenditure was about 7 crores. The undivided Madras State was getting in 1952-53 about 65 crores, while it spent only about 15 crores on the services. While the percentage of the amount spent on the services in 1937-38 was about 44, it was only less than 25 in 1952-53. Thus there is scope for improving the emoluments of the poorly paid servants, even as the revenues stand at present.

Whatever may be said of the basic pay, there is no justification for showing discrimination in the matter of dearness allowance. There is no reason why similar servants discharging identical functions at the same place should get different rates of dearness allowance, one a larger rate and the other a comparatively poorer allowance, merely on the accident of the one being employed by the Central Government and the other by the State Government.

While the Central Government have merged 50 per cent of the dearness allowance with the basic salary, our State Government refuse to move in the matter. While the Chief Minister has promised consideration of our demands as embodied in the memorandum recently presented to him, the Finance Minister has stated in the Assembly that no merger of dearness allowance would be made and that it would only benefit the retiring people. When asked to increase the dearness allowance to benefit the persons in service, he said he would not do so, as, according to him, the prices are showing a downward trend. The Finance Minister has apparently forgotten that the dearness allowance the State Government have been giving has no understandable relation to the cost of living. It is not as if when it was granted it was fixed according to the cost of living and that as and when there was a rise in

the cost of living a proportionate increase was given. For one thing, it is not likely that there will be any steep fall in prices. For another, the Central Government have definitely stated that they would not allow any appreciable fall in prices. It is not as if these considerations were not present to the Central Government when they decided to merge the dearness allowance.

These and other things cannot be gone into fully, satisfactorily and justly except by a National Commission composed of enlightened statesmen, well-informed publicists and accredited representatives of the services presided over by a distinguished judge. Pending the report of such a Commission, interim relief by way of increased dearness allowance should be given.

T. RAMASWAMY AIYANGAR,
Chief Convener, Madras State
Government Servants' Assocn., Madurai

The Andhra Bar Council

Sir.—The announcement about the co-option to the Andhra Bar Council of Sri C. Indrayya, advocate of Eluru, who unsuccessfully contested the recent elections to the Council, has come as a surprise to the thinking section among the lawyers. The admission of defeated candidates to positions of responsibility and trust is regarded as an undesirable convention. In this connection it is useful to recall that the appointment of the late Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty as the Dewan of Cochin and the appointment of Sir A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar as a Member of the Secretary of States' India Council in London after they were defeated in the elections (1934) for the then Central Assembly was bitterly criticised by responsible public men. Similarly the nomination of Sir Sitaram and Maharajah Sir M. N. Ray Chowdary of Santosh in 1937 as Members of the Legislative Council in the United Provinces and Bengal respectively when they were defeated in the elections for the State Assembly by the British Governors was condemned. After the recent general elections the appointment of Sri K. Santanam, a defeated candidate to Parliament as Lt. Governor of Vindhya-Pradesh and later the appointment of Sri P. S. Kumaraswami Raja who was not returned to the State Assembly as the Governor of Orissa were also objected to by public opinion. One wonders whether the Andhra Bar Council considered the issues involved with the attention they deserved. So far as I am aware no defeated candidate was ever co-opted as a member of the Bar Council anywhere. Unfortunately, even the plea of giving due representation to scheduled castes and tribes or backward

classes of citizens is not available in the present instance. In these days of full-fledged democracy this particular act of the Andhra Bar Council may be adversely commented upon as unsound in principle and unhealthy as a precedent. Thus Mr. Indrayya, a respected colleague in the profession, is literally placed in a very embarrassing position. This anomaly is simply brought to the notice of the public without meaning any disrespect to the advocate concerned, so that it may either be rectified in time or its repetition be prevented in future by the powers that be.

P. RAJESWARA RAO

Eluru

Case For English

Sir,—I read with interest, "Case for English" by 'Aslam' in your esteemed magazine. I do wish you would publish more such letters. It is high time our politicians kept aloof from the question of education and medium in universities as well as high schools. A few years ago we had a similar uproar which settled down. The present Ministry is trying to dabble with everything again. The question of medium in universities and high schools should be entirely left to educationists. Those who now cry from the house tops are really not scholars. India cannot be isolated. English is our asset and we cannot afford to give it up, especially in our universities. We beg of our politicians to leave educationists to tackle such problems.

AN EDUCATIONIST

(Continued from page 43)

The profession looked on in helpless dismay when the Chief Minister of a State set apart a few hours of his crowded day for private medical practice and the vice chancellor of a university was permitted to have a private clinic of his own, besides an honorary appointment in one of the big State hospitals with perfect freedom of movement all over the world at the same time! With a steam roller majority, questions in the "House" are treated as showing off places of one's powers of repartee and top-speed hookums considered "experiments with truth"—new style. What next? Will the Chief Justice be asked to look after the legal affairs of the high and lawyer Ministers permitted to walk the corridors of the High Court with gown and brief!

SWATANTRA

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APRIL 16 SATURDAY 1955

No. 11

PRESERVATION OF WILD LIFE

ONE of the major failures of the British rule in India has been the failure to check the wholesale depletion of the country's wild life. At the beginning of the century there were great forests and wide belts of scrub here, teeming with wild creatures; India was still one of the richest in the world in her fauna and flora. Fifty years have sufficed to dissipate those riches. We must now look into old-time books to know those days of grace and plenty. The grandeur and profusion of nature have dwindled before the fecundity of man.

How is it that in a country so naturally blest, with such ancient and authentic traditions of *ahimsa* and restraint, this sudden waste has overtaken life? After all, it is so easy to preserve the native fauna; it calls for no great positive effort or contribution from man. It is widely recognised all over the world today that the basic principle of all sound preservation is to do nothing that can possibly upset the balance of nature. Give over the land to its fauna and flora, attempt no experiments and aids, and Nature, wiser than you or I, will look after the rest. This principle was well known to our ancient kings, who reserved certain forests for their hunting and did nothing beyond effectively forbidding others to hunt in them to ensure their being well-stocked. Nor was it unknown to European sportsmen here in the 20th century, some of whom did much to save certain local 'game animals'. How is it, then, that this simple saving could not be effected in the recent past everywhere in the country?

The question, put that way, suggests the main answer. It was not only administrative slackness in enforcing protective laws that was responsible for the decline of our fauna and flora, though that, too, was a highly contributive factor. Gazette notifications, unread or forgotten by a handful of men charged with the saving of animal life in addition to other difficult jobs, can do and did do little good. And undoubtedly a good way of saving a country's wild life is not to shoot it, but even the revolting massacres of buck and small game that have been permitted in the recent past could not, by themselves, have caused the devastation we see around us now. The enormous increase in our human population, and the consequent need for more territory for this growing humanity and its expansive habits of life, have contributed more than anything else to the decline of Nature in India.

The problem of preservation is for this reason, a human problem and has no easy solution. It is not merely a question of reserving large tracts for the fauna and flora, but of finding those tracts (often, in places where they do not now exist) and of marking them off with boundaries that will not impede national progress. However, there is no need for despondency. The fact that the National Government has, at last, taken up responsibility for preserving our wild life is distinctly heartening. Recently, late in 1952, the Indian Board for Wild Life was constituted by the Centre, and a number of Provincial Boards have

been set up since—the Madras Board only a few months ago.

The Indian Board for Wild Life, which will organise the main work, has no easy task ahead of it, and is handicapped by being an advisory body, without much executive power or even funds. A further handicap to all wild life preservation effort is the fact that it is work that offers no scope at all for personal distinction or even for appreciation—no wild animal will thank one politely for trying hard to save its species. So much the more reason, then, why the people should take on part

of this thankless job of preservation, because what is sought to be preserved is a public asset. No work that involves the stimulation of a nation's pride in its heritage of nature, and of national consciousness of responsibility for fellow beings, can ever belong solely to a government or its advisory body. The public can do even more good than rigidly enforced protective legislation towards saving the wild life, by learning to care for it. Perhaps the Wild Life Board will find more scope for achievement by addressing itself to the public than in any other way.

Sotto Voce

★

DOES GOD KNOW SAMSKRIT?



TAMIL patriotism, according to the Head of a Saivite *math* who has been active in this behalf, demands that *archanas* in the temples should be done in the language of the people. The reverend gentleman has personally no objection to Samskrit at all. Nay, he has a positive liking for it, having gone so far as to make a modest attempt to learn it. But, being a realist with his ears close to the ground, he has heard the rumblings of discontent earlier than you and me. And he thinks it only fair to warn us that if this perfectly natural demand is not conceded in time the ranks of atheism may swell.

When sometime ago the ceremonial recital of the Divya Prabhandams in some temples in the Telugu districts was sought to be interdicted by the local Jacks in office entrenched in their own species of linguistic patriotism, quite a number of the worshippers resented this as an

impudent infringement of tradition. Many of them did not know a syllable of Tamil. But for centuries they had been devoutly reciting the sacred collects. Having taken infinite pains they were letter-perfect and they would no more dream of taking liberties with it than the *srotiya* with *sruti*.

Long before the present slogan was raised, a different type of patriot had found it inconsistent with his self-respect to recognise an intermediary between himself and God and that, too, an Aryan and therefore an alien. It was a common sight to find a man (almost never a woman) otherwise indistinguishable from the ordinary worshipper, who had *darsan* at the sanctum but preferred to break his coconut and light his camphor at the outer entrance with his own hands. Other worshippers might have privately regarded this as carrying an odd scruple to extreme lengths. But no man is

compelled to worship or worship in a particular mode. And so long as he does not interfere with others' cherished beliefs anybody is at liberty to indulge his crochets.

It is naive in the extreme to imagine that atheism can be stemmed by pandering to passing prejudices. If to-day Samskrit mantras are discarded out of deference to Tamil susceptibilities tomorrow the *archakas* who are drawn from a particular community may be liquidated as a hateful vestige of caste tyranny. Already the demand has gone forth that cooks in the temple kitchens shall be drawn from all castes and no caste. Some new researcher will perhaps discover that the Agama modes of worship are relics of a barbarous age in which primitive magic and ceremonial cruelty went hand in hand. The zealots might end by converting our temples into unlovely congregational camps where the votaries of a carefully sterilised Universal Religion may foregather.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave put the poor Lord of Puri Jagannath sadly out of countenance by declaring that he had no use for a *darsan* which was denied to his French female disciple. But what surprises me is that Acharyaji should have at all entertained, even out of civility, the idea of visiting the temple on the seashore, of which all the world has heard through that verbal gargoyle, 'Juggernaut'. To the emancipated temple worship is merely otiose. And, intellectual athlete that he is, he can have no use for the weakness that pleads, "Let *hoi polloi* have its customary satisfactions." Has he not said, if not exactly "I bring not peace but a sword," words to that effect? But I suppose even prophets cannot resist the temptation to strike up spectacular attitudes—especially when the press reporter stands by.

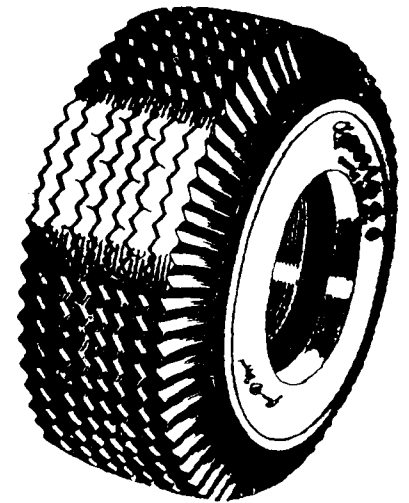
To return to our zealots in the South. If they were merely anxious to worship the Deity in their own way they could build new temples, frame new modes of ritual and find a new set of priests. To insist that

their own ideas of what is right and proper should be imposed by force on the vast body of worshippers who are content to follow traditional ways is to betray an *aasuric* temper which makes their professions of faith farcical. The Alvars and Nayanmars did not think it necessary to institute *archanas* in Tamil in order to wean the masses from their attachment to Buddhism and Jainism.

The temples have for centuries echoed with their inspired outpourings in the language of the people. If in the prescribed ritual only Samskrit mantras are employed there is no escaping it. For the ritual is based on the same *sastraic* authority that from which the temple derives its sanctity. If a man cannot drink in the divine music of the Lalitha Sahasranama it is his misfortune. But there are translations for those who care to find out what it is all about. There is no reason to think that God does not know Samskrit.

VIGNESWARA

Firestone



BEST TODAY—
STILL BETTER TOMORROW

AMERICAN PRESS REACTIONS—P. G. KRISHNAYYA

PRINCESS MARGARET'S ROMANCE

NEW YORK: Gossip columnists are the highest paid journalists in the U. S. A. Even so their expense accounts are sometimes higher than their salaries. Their speciality is the lurid personal lives of the famous and the infamous. The fellow that leads this pack is Walter Winchell. He rose to the pinnacle of this kind of journalism by printing in his column something called "Stork News." Here he announced the pregnancy of wives of prominent men even before their husbands knew about it. It seems many an American first gets wind that he was going to be a father by reading Winchell's column.

At present all American columnists are concentrating on the rumoured romance of Princess Margaret and Captain Peter Townsend.

The following is some data from American columnists about this romance in Britain:

It's Peter Townsend or nobody for Princess Margaret. If she doesn't get to marry him, she'll live and die an old maid.

That's the ultimatum she reportedly has handed her worried family, who are faced with the choice of okaying Margaret's marriage to a divorced man or knuckling under once again to the truculent bishops of the Church of England.

But Margaret has a choice, too. She can defy the bishops, her sister, the Queen, and tradition, and marry the handsome war hero who divorced his wife. Or she can stay a spinster. Members of the inner court circle swear that only Margaret knows what her decision will be, but they're sure that if it isn't Townsend it is certain to be spinsterhood.

Always a bridesmaid but never a bride. That's Princess Margaret's public life since she first fell in love

with the handsome RAF Group Captain.

There's no doubt that her refusal to marry the eligible bachelors—Lord Carnegie, the Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Ogilvy and the others—was because she was dazzled by the smooth-talking, dark-haired Capt. Peter Townsend with his brilliant war record.

When Margaret was 21 her sister and mother became concerned because she appeared so indifferent to possible suitors. She let perfect matches ("perfect" in that the men were rich, titled, Protestant, and British) slip right through her fingers.

Most worrisome of all, Margaret didn't seem to give a darn. Surprising as it may seem to those who learn about the royal family only from the British newspapers, Margaret is not popular with the so-called "palace set."

In private, some of her acquaintances use rather rough descriptive terms to say what they think about Margaret.

There may be grounds for these unflattering opinions. Margaret sometimes is extremely arrogant, and she has a disconcerting habit of putting people in their places that can only be described as rude and ill-mannered.

Once at a restaurant in Soho, Mark Bonham-Carter, one of her oldest friends, forgot the formal mode of addressing a Royal Highness. Margaret froze him—and lost another suitor. Another time a friend asked after King George VI's health.

"How's your father?" Margaret was asked. "I presume you mean His Majesty, the King?" Margaret snapped.

She's the first member of the British royal family people have been able to gossip about since Edward VIII gave up his throne, and

she has less regard for convention than any royal person except Edward.

There's a story about her childhood, that shows her independence is no recent development. It happened before the war. Margaret, with her mother, was making a ceremonial visit to a London home show. With the Lord Mayor and other dignitaries tagging along, they were making their stately way among the rows of dull exhibits when Margaret began to stray toward a door on which was printed the word MEN.

"I'm afraid ladies aren't allowed there," the elderly guide told her.

"I'm not a lady," Margaret replied impishly. "I'm a princess."

Margaret is under tremendous pressure. Her family, the Archbishop of Canterbury are all urging her to take the thorny path of royal duty.

WHITE HOUSE HOSTESS

WHAT'S the state of Mamie Eisenhower's health? That question was raised by Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler's suggestion that it would keep Ike from running in 1956. Here's a report from Washington that shows how she's weathering the rigorous strain imposed on the First Lady by her official White House duties.

Breakfast in bed is the first order of the day for Mamie Eisenhower. But don't think she's leading a life of luxury. It is merely a way she tries to save a little energy early in the morning. For after coffee and eggs the First Lady launches into a cyclone of activities that would soon have many a robust housewife flat on her back.

Being wife of the President means Mrs. Eisenhower must attend numerous official ceremonies with her husband besides making frequent appearances on her own.

Although the Presidential couple are accustomed to receiving lines, a day seldom passes without a good deal of hand shaking. And when women's organizations hit town, this routine often is left to Mamie alone.

The other day she met with 60 or 70 Republican women at the White

House and then proceeded to a luncheon given in her honour by the wives of the "little cabinet." Here she greeted personally 150 women.

Except for normal fatigue, sniffles, or a case of flu, which she had recently, the First Lady has weathered her responsibilities as No. 1 hostess of the Nation without any ill effects. In fact, close friends say Mamie is feeling better than ever before. The White House physician, Maj. Gen. Howard M. Snyder, confirms she is in fine shape.

The question of Mamie's health has been raised in connection with the President's decision whether or not to run in 1956. Paul Butler, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, blew up a small storm by suggesting that this factor would influence Ike not to be a candidate.

"How goofy can you get?" is the reaction of people who know Mamie well to the idea that she's in poor health. They point to her part in the 1952 campaign and to two particularly active years in the White House.

Yet they do admit she should not overdo. It's no secret that Mamie has a slight but not serious heart murmur as the result of a childhood bout with rheumatic fever. And her health broke badly at the end of World War II. She almost died of pneumonia and was confined to her bed for a long time.

But as one friend explains, "The tension, worry and boredom of those war years while she sat at home wore a lot harder than anything she experiences today."

Here's how one Republican spokesman personally reacts to the situation of Mamie's health and 1956. And it's typical. "There's no reason to think her present state of good health will not continue, but if it does happen to deteriorate to the point where she couldn't stand the White House pace, then naturally this would enter into the President's decision to run again."

Exactly what is the pace Mrs. Eisenhower sets? Perhaps the best answer is to look at one of her typical days.

Around 8 a.m. Mrs. Eisenhower rings for breakfast. That's the cue for Howwell Crim, chief usher of the White House, to check over the day's plans with her. He and Mamie discuss arrangements for guests who are to be received, menus and other details. Next comes the housekeeper, Mabel Walker, who keeps the First Lady up to date on the state of her home—how clean it is, the linen supply and such matters.

Then Mrs. Mary Jane McCaffree, Mamie's secretary, meets with her to tackle one of the toughest chores, mail and requests for appointments and outside engagements.

Formal plans have to be made weeks in advance. Generally, Mrs. Eisenhower will take on one outside affair each day plus a function at the White House. Approximately 75 of these requests come in daily.

There are also about 300 other letters that require answering each day. Mamie likes to reply personally to many of these. When this is finished, it's usually time to go out or receive visitors.

But she doesn't push herself beyond reason, for she realizes her health is important and that she's no longer youthful; sometimes, kindly, she calls herself, "Gramma." But when people who have seen her are told she is 58 they usually don't believe it.

Can more be said for the fitness of any woman?

WHY MEN FAIL

DR. William C. Menniger, one of America's greatest psychiatrists, here answers a challenging question.

There's just one answer to that question: the difference between success and failure depends on knowing how to get along with other people.

About 80 per cent of the people fired from their jobs are dismissed because they don't know how to get along with the people they work with or for. The same condition underlies most of the other "problems" of our time—crime, delinquency, alcoholism, divorce, racial prejudice, political witch hunts, etc.

Each of these things represents, in

one way or another, our inability to get along with each other. Until we get to the heart of that fact we can never hope for a better world.

So first let's ask: Why don't people get along? From a scientific point of view it is principally a question of emotional immaturity. There are many aspects of the personality, but the growth and control of the emotions are major factors in determining how we get along with other people.

In most of us there is a constant war going on between two personality drives. They are present at birth and are active as long as we live. One of these is the drive of Eros—of love. It is the source of our constructive interests and activities. The other, the drive of Thanatos (of hate, literally of death) is the source of our destructive energy.

In the well-adjusted person those two energy drives are fused in such a way that the love neutralizes the hate. But when the love drive is weak, the hate gains prominence in the individual's relations with others. Consequently, the chief difficulty in getting along with people arises because of inability to handle the hostile drive.

Hostility isn't just a matter of becoming angry. Sometimes anger is a healthy reaction. But it is unhealthy to be mean, jealous, dishonest, cruel—all manifestations of hostility. "What's in it for me?" is primarily a selfish and in some degree infantile attitude that may be excused in the infant and the child but not in the adult man or woman. Unless more people can develop the mature attitude of "What's in it for us?" it isn't likely that we are going to get along with each other much better.

Are there any simple rules that might help us get along with people more effectively and happily?

1. Give more than you receive—and enjoy doing it.
2. Try to understand the other fellow.
3. Give recognition to others.
4. Be flexible.

SADLY BEDEVILLED S. AFRICA

APARTHEID IN ACTION

By ROSS HARKNESS

THE African native is a peculiar person. Usually docile, uncomplaining and long-suffering, if he makes up his mind that he will not do something, no power on earth can move him. If he gives his confidence to a leader he will follow him to the ends of the earth, whatever the amount of blood, sweat and tears.

The African has made up his mind he does not like apartheid, that brutal racial theory of the South African Boer nationalists which calls for the establishment of a caste system as rigid as that of India, with the native the lowest, and the complete separation of every race and sub-race. So he sits back on his hunkers and he challenges: "Let's see you make me do it."

And so far they haven't been able to make him.

He has given his confidence to a small group of intelligent, well educated and moderate leaders of his own race, and under their programme of passive resistance has raised the boycott to a fine art. For example, when their leaders in the Transvaal told the natives not to ride in certain buses, they didn't, though it meant a walk of 10 miles to work. What could the operators do? Call on the police to round up passengers for them?

The boycott is the most annoying of all forms of resistance, for there is nothing the victim can do about it. It was used with devastating success in India, in Ireland and in the American colonies.

Passive resistance of the native, coupled with active lawbreaking by the European, who loves his native servants as dearly as the anti-prohibitionist American loved his bottle of smuggled rum, plus the rising storm of world condemnation, has so upset the Government's timetable that the speech from the throne late in January suggested only that certain things

will be done "at the appropriate time."

"We'll never see apartheid, already the Government in their hearts know it can't be done and are talking now only for the up-country voters," said the political correspondent of a leading daily newspaper with whom I had lunch.

"They're going to try to push it and we'll be lucky if we don't have riots, bloodshed and revolution," said his editor, at the same lunch.

That represents two views, and the former is much the more commonly held. But with the exception of a few of the co-called "intellectual nationalists" I have failed to find a single person, English, Dutch or native, who believe the complete separation of races in this unhappy country can ever be carried out.

I asked an ardent nationalist if he really believes apartheid will succeed in maintaining white supremacy on this black continent. "Two hundred years from now we will all be a light coffee colour," he replied.

"Then why try to put it across?" I persisted.

"Because if we don't, white civilization will be wiped out in Africa under a tide of black savagery," he replied. "Apartheid may give us time to civilize the natives so that our coffee-coloured descendants will at least be civilized."

Forced Removal from Homes

I asked a woman I met at the home of one of Johannesburg's original mine millionaires what she thought about it all. "I'd hate my daughter to marry a coloured man. But I don't even think about my granddaughter, for chances are she will," the woman replied.

It is fortunate for the European community numbering 2,750,000 that

the African (10,000,000 of them) is long-suffering and his leaders moderate.

One Sunday I attended a mass meeting in the district of Sophiatown in what is known as the Western Areas of Johannesburg, in which 60 per cent. of the population is African. Orders had been given by the Government that as the first great demonstration of apartheid the 70,000 residents of the Western Areas were to be moved to the new all-African city of Meadowlands, 14 miles out.

On February 9, the master race's police began to move in on the Western Areas with buses and bulldozers. The residents, as many as could be found, were evacuated to Meadowlands because their old homes stood in the way of the advance of the white suburb of Westdene. Then the bulldozers went into action, street by street, like a farmer ploughing his field, levelling every existing building. Confronted by this show of force (there were thousands of police on hand), the Africans made only a token resistance. Under the long-term plan even Meadowlands would be evacuated, its residents sent back to reservations after enough white immigrants had been brought in to fill their jobs.

Sophiatown was one of the worst slums I had ever seen, a pesthole of disease and crime, whereas Meadowlands is spacious and clean, though the houses are tiny, jerrybuilt and lacking electricity and water. At first most Africans were rather pleased at the prospect of moving into such nice new homes, but their leaders believed that right at the outset was the time to take a stand against apartheid even though it was presented in such attractive form.

They called a meeting in an open field in Sophiatown. I was rather wary about what might happen, a white man among thousands of Negroes, but I need not have been alarmed. When they found I was a Canadian I could scarcely prevent them from hoisting me on to the platform.

It was a sober meeting, better conducted and more restrained than some citizens' meetings I have attend-

ed in Canada. There was none of the ranting and raving of a Communist meeting. Quietly the people were told that a great issue was at stake, that under the laws of apartheid a Negro could never acquire property, that if those who owned their own homes or stores in Sophiatown sold to the Government as ordered they could never be more than tenants in the new town.

Following the morning mass meeting, the afternoon was spent in praying—one mass prayer meeting, several smaller ones. These were quiet, restrained, almost Quakerish in their sobriety, with none of the shouting, hymn-singing and clapping associated with an American Negro revival meeting.

To "avoid trouble" the authorities had asked Dr. A. B. Xuma, former President of the African National Congress, the native passive resistance organization, to set his own price for his house, which they would pay, and had offered him a lot 40 by 70 in a new town called Diepkloof, set aside for better income Africans on which he could build as he chose. He couldn't own the lot, but he would have free use of it. He, as part of the passive resistance movement, ignored all such overtures.

"Africans like myself have acquired a certain position by considerable sacrifice," Dr. Xuma said: "We do not intend to be forced back."

Dr. Xuma is what is known as a "statutory Communist." That is, he is not really a Communist but the law says he is in order that he may be brought under the restraints imposed on Communists. The Suppression of Communism Act provides that anyone may be adjudged to be Communist who criticizes the Government or advocates liberty and equality for all.

Since Dr. Xuma advocates equality for all under the law, he was arrested, convicted of being a Communist, and as a sentence was forbidden to deliver speeches, attend meetings or hold office in any organization. This was described by a South African judge as being sentenced to jail without being confined. The courts have held

that a "meeting" may be any number more than two people, so when I visited Dr. Xuma I drank tea with him in the living-room while his U. S. born Negro wife remained discreetly elsewhere. Had she joined us for tea, making us three, it would have been a "meeting" and her husband might have been sent to jail for six months.

"It is fortunate for us Africans—and Europeans too—that we have a built-in escape mechanism," Dr. Xuma smiled. "We say, 'If it isn't hurting you, let him go ahead,' and we don't mean hurt feelings. It is only when things begin to hurt more than our feelings, that we oppose."

He said many thoughtful Africans believe the election of Strydom as Prime Minister was one of the best things that could have happened to the African native.

"Before we were just drifting, taking things as they came," he said. "Now we know we can't drift any longer. We know there will be a smash, we know there will be misery, but out of the smash and out of the misery will come good for the African. We feel these people are going to push what they think is their advantage so hard it will lead them to disaster."

When I asked him if in the 'smash,' 'misery' and 'disaster' he foresees bloodshed or revolution, he replied that the decision rests with the present Government.

Earlier I had met a group of young men in a small office on the second floor of a dingy building on a side street. I can use the name of only one, Robert Reshe, secretary of the Transvaal section of the African National Congress, which takes as its model Gandhi's All-India Congress, and the leader of the passive resistance movement. All others present asked that their names be not used since they have not yet come to the attention of the authorities.

"The horrible thing is that if a man believes that oppression is ever right, then he goes on, and on, oppressing more and more groups," Reshe said. "The Afrikaaner Nationalists began by oppressing the Africans,

then they extended their oppression to the Indians and their own blood brothers, the Coloreds, who are half white. Will they stop without oppressing the Jew and the English? I think not."

Bottom of the Barrel

I asked Reshe if the Africans are likely to become violent if pushed too far. "If oppression is long continued it will end in bloodshed," he replied, "though our policy now is non-violence. I think the Government would like to see us start something, for it would unite the Europeans and give them an excuse for mowing down defenceless Africans."

"A more serious danger is the removal of our moderate leaders," Reshe thought. "As soon as a man gains some influence in our organization he is ruled to be a Communist and we must expel him. Thus one by one the moderates are being removed. Soon we will be down to the bottom of the barrel, down to those who favour violence, and only they will be allowed to speak. When that time comes I am afraid they will lead the African to violence."

He said the natives do not want to "take over" South Africa; they only want equality.

"But if you get the complete equality you demand, which includes the franchise, won't you take over because of the sheer superiority of numbers?" I suggested.

"That is true," he conceded. "We would be in a position to run the country, but we believe this is just as much the homeland of the European born in Africa as it is of the Bantu, and we would not use our power oppressively."

"While the African hates the thought of apartheid and the position of permanent subjection to which it dooms him, not a few Europeans are having second thoughts on the subject after a long second look. The longer they look at apartheid the less attractive it appears. For one thing, if Africans are sent away to cities and provinces

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THE BANDOENG CONFERENCE

By Dr. V. VENKATA RAO

(Gauhati University)

AS the year 1954 was coming to an end the biggest event in the history of the world had occurred. It was the decision at Bogor by the Prime Ministers of the Colombo Powers—Pakistan, India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia—to call a conference of thirty independent governments of Asia and Africa. The states invited are: Afghanistan, Cambodia, the Central African Federation, Red China, Egypt, Ethiopia, Gold Coast, Iran, Iraq, Japan, Jordan, Laos, Lebanon, Liberia, Lybia, Nepal, Philippines, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Syria, Thailand, Turkey, North Viet Nam and Yemen. These thirty states contain more than fifty per cent of the total world population and occupy a territory of twelve million square miles.

There is, however, an anomaly in the invitations issued. According to the communique issued by the Bogor conference, only 'independent Governments of Asia and Africa' would be invited. But the constitutional status of Gold Coast, Sudan and the Central African Federation is anomalous. Their right to be represented at the conference as sovereign states is questioned. According to constitutional experts, the British Government is still responsible for the management of territories and foreign affairs of these countries. But the Colombo Powers contend that in all these places the Africans are in office and therefore in a position to speak for a majority of the people of these states.

There are, however, significant omissions, the outstanding cases being South Africa, Korea, Israel and Formosa. Nehru explains the omission to invite Formosa on the ground that he had never heard of a country by that name. Israel was not invited because all the Arab countries were against her inclusion, a different reason though not a logical one. South Africa was left out

because of her open unashamed policy of apartheid. Asiatic Russia was left out because she is a part of a single country which has to be regarded as European for all practical purposes. Korea is in a fluid condition. Algeria, despite a special deputation sent to wangle an invitation had to be disappointed on the ground that she is not an independent country—an argument which does not apply to the Central African Federation which has been invited. Australia was excluded because she showed little sympathy or understanding of the Asians who are her neighbours. Her immigration policy clearly indicates that she belongs to Europe and not to Asia despite geography. Again Australia has gone further than any other country except South Africa in denying the right of the United Nations even to discuss the position of Indians on the ground that it would amount to interference in internal affairs. At least during the last four years, when racial and colonial issues were raised in the U. N. by the Asian or Arab bloc, Australia has stood consistently with the European colonial powers. Of course the official explanation for the exclusion of Australia and New Zealand is that the area of the conference had been confined. Britain also is excluded from the conference. It was reported that the Prime Ministers of Indonesia and Burma were anxious to invite leaders from such unfree states as Tunisia and Morocco but Nehru pointed out that the purpose of the conference is more than agitational. That is, the decisions of the conference must be carried out and this could be done only by men in power.

The representation at the conference must be at ministerial level. If possible, the Prime Minister of the state concerned should head the delegation which shall also include the Foreign Minister.

All the invitees have accepted the invitation with the exception of the Central African Federation. The Prime Minister of that state has explained that the time of meeting of the conference does not suit his convenience.

This conference is a remarkable example of co-existence because the members have different ideologies—political and economic. There are countries like Pakistan, Thailand, Philippines and China in this conference which are aligned to one bloc or the other. There are countries like India, Burma and Indonesia which are not aligned to any. Thus the conference is an extraordinary one. It is meeting for the first time. It is a little U. N.

IT may be asked why these two continents have come together and brought this little U.N. into existence. The Colombo powers consider that it was the misfortune of Asia and Africa during hundreds of years not only to have colonial regimes but to be theatres of war for others and by others. During the years of Western imperialism, traditional cultures in Asia were shattered under the impact of Western science and political ideas. Economic exploitation changed the systems of production and turned most Asian territories into producers of raw materials for the West and purchasers of Western manufactures. Further, the memories of the injuries and disruptions caused by the Occident are still vivid. While in Asia Malaya is the only surviving European colonial territory, in Africa the largest part of the continent is under direct European rule although the European population of Africa is only a fraction of the native population. Therefore, the Colombo powers consider that a separate organization is necessary to deal with the particular problems of Asia and Africa. The Colombo powers admit that a regional organization is not desirable, particularly when there is an international organization like the U.N. But the fact is that the outlook of the U.N. is largely European and American. Even when the Asian problems were discussed the outlook was still European or American. This

is not the fault of the U.N. but other circumstances were responsible for this state of affairs. There is a feeling among the Asian countries that they do not get a chance of fully expressing themselves in the U.N. All these reasons induced the Colombo powers to bring into existence this conference.

What shape this conference may take it is too early to say. Nehru, however, feels that it might evolve itself into another 'Commonwealth'.

The proposal to hold the conference created a misunderstanding in the United States and other countries. The *Star* (Johannesburg) says that the Communists or Communist interests would seize and control the conference in spite of the fact that the gathering was initiated by the non-Communist Colombo powers and that it would be used as a platform for anticolonial propaganda and must inevitably result in an attack on Western Nations. The *New York Times* considers that the conference would provide Red China with one of the best forums it has yet found for airing its views and extending its influence. However, it concedes that every effort will undoubtedly be made to see to it that this is not a pro-Communist alignment against the free world arising out of somewhat specious issues of colonialism. The *St. Louis Globe Democrat* contends that the conference is being held "not only to form a third bloc but also to hold out for the highest price in the Russo-American competition." The influential *Sydney Morning Herald* said: "The sponsors of the Asian-African conference have firmly applied the colour bar in drawing up the guest list. The claim that this is a regional conference to discuss regional interests is no more than a pretence."

From the above it is evident that the Western mind is in a disturbed state. Part of this disturbance is owing to the apprehension that the conference is intended as an answer to the disregard of the bulk of the Asian opinion involved in the establishment of SEATO. It is true that a good number of the Asian nations dislike the SEATO. But it does not

mean that the conference is being held to counteract the SEATO. Mr. Nehru has made it clear more than once that the conference is not an expression of aggressive nationalism "but of strong urge to recover one's own soul and to be rid of outside control and interference". Therefore the conference is not aimed at any other country or group of nations. Nor is it intended to form any bloc. It represents an urge for self-expression and the desire to know each other better and to cooperate with each other in the tremendous tasks which the countries have in common. The real point that disturbs the Western nations is not so much the formation of a third bloc as the future supply of raw materials from these regions on which their industries depend.

What is the purpose that this conference is expected to serve? Firstly, it is intended to promote good will and cooperation among the nations of Asia and Africa, to explore and advance their mutual as well as common interests and to establish and further friendliness and neighbourly relations. Secondly, it will consider the economic development of the countries concerned which is urgently necessary for the promotion of the happiness and well being of their peoples. Thirdly, it will develop cultural relations among the countries represented. Fourthly, it will consider problems of special interest to Asian and African people such as problems affecting national sovereignty, racialism and colonialism. Finally, it will review the position of Asia and Africa and their peoples in the world of today and discuss the contribution they can make to the promotion of peace and cooperation.

The conference is also likely to consider such other problems as the recognition of Red China by the countries that have not already accorded recognition, the admission of Red China into the U.N., the intentions of the United States in Formosa and Korea, the French intentions in North Africa and South Viet Nam, the Netherlands' position in New Guinea and that of the British in such places as Cyprus. Of course since

the conference is an assortment of states, it is not likely to discuss controversial issues. Above all, it will not concern itself with the form of government and the way of life of the invitees.

NOW let us consider the value of this conference. Firstly, a free exchange of views among the thirty nations is bound to create a subtle influence which will prevent the division of the world into spheres of influence between antagonistic political blocs thus contributing to world peace. Secondly, its emphasis on the problems of racialism and colonialism will hasten the process of liquidation of the twin evils of Western political leadership. Thirdly, China and Japan will be meeting at ministerial levels for the first time since the war. Neither of them is a member of the U.N. and contacts between them have only recently been resumed. A permanent settlement in the Far East will be possible only if these two great nations work together and cooperate with other Asian countries like India, Burma and Ceylon. The conference is meeting for the first time to decide problems affecting the members without the dominance or influence of European diplomacy.

(Continued from page 11)

of their own it would mean an end to the Europeans' soft living.

Worse still, industry would have to start paying a living wage to the white labour it proposes to lure from Europe to supplant the African sent back to his reservations.

"We will have to do many of our own little jobs but that will not do us any harm," joked Dr. G. B. A. Gerdener, chairman of the South African Bureau of Racial Affairs.

The Government realizes, said Dr. Gerdener, that the real test of apartheid is not the non-co-operation of the natives, but whether the white man (and his wife) is ready to pay the price. Judging from the screams rising from the throats of Cape Town industrialists, he isn't. And in that may lie the salvation of this sadly bedevilled country (NNF).

BAN ON PRIVATE STUDY FOR EXAMS.

By "SEARCHLIGHT"

THE public have noted with surprise and indignation that an important resolution before the Academic Council, that woman candidates be allowed to appear for the Intermediate, the B.A. degree and other degree examinations which do not involve laboratory or practical work, without attending a recognized college, was withdrawn by the mover out of disgust at the objection of two pedagogue members and the unsympathetic attitude of others, the ground of objection being that private candidates cannot have the twin benefits of collegiate education, namely, contact with teachers and library reference. As this is not the first time a resolution of this kind was moved and as there is a large public feeling in favour of it, the matter deserves to be examined carefully and dispassionately.

The twin benefits on which the objection is based may perhaps exist in residential universities or colleges where the teachers and the taught reside under one roof with opportunities for daily contacts; but they cannot and do not exist in colleges where most of the students and teachers live far away from the college and from each other, and the classes consist of a very large number of students, with the teachers changing from hour to hour and the examinations are passed by mugging up published or dictated notes with no need for library reference. The academic objection is therefore quite untenable. Granting, for argument's sake, that such benefits exist, it is a matter for serious consideration whether on that account it is desirable or proper to shut out any intelligent person who, for want of means or facility or other conveniences cannot join a college but can nevertheless qualify by private study. In this connection it should be noted that there are numerous instances of men and women who without attending colleges have come out with brilliant success not

only in examinations but also in their future careers.

Under our Constitution (Article 19) it is the fundamental right of every citizen to practice any profession or to carry on any occupation and that right must certainly include acquisition of any qualification required to practice such a profession or carry on such occupation and to this end it has also been laid down (Article 41) as one of the Directive Principles that every State "shall within the limits of its economic capacity and development make effective provision for securing the right to education," which means that, when a State is unable to do it, it is bound to offer not only all other facilities but also remove any impediments in the way. The present ban on degrees or other examinations by private study seems therefore illegal. Our legal pandits will do well to enlighten the public on this point.

The end and aim of our Constitution is to make our country a Welfare State as early as possible. To this end the Planning Commission has suggested various kinds of reforms, for the successful implementation of which a large number of intelligent and highly qualified people with rural bias capable of commanding the respect of the villagers are required. If men and women are allowed to appear for all examinations by private study it would be a great inducement for intelligent people to stick to the village and it would prevent their large-scale emigration for education to cities and towns. There will also be inducement for retired educationists and other intelligent men to move from towns to villages when they find they can have some paying jobs there.

Universities are creations of the legislature. Though they are autonomous bodies they cannot act arbitrarily and against the wishes of the people and against the public interest. It is hoped that our learned Vice-Chancellor will take due note of these facts and institute steps to remove the ban on examinations by private study. In the event of his failure to do so the Government will have to interfere in the matter.

ONE SEPARATION AGO

ONE separation ago—
when you came and stood to the south of my life
it seemed we were a pair of tourist stars,
in the fading fringe of spring,
the ellipse path of many separations traversed;

Twin flecks of fire,
woven in the woof of uncharted void,
cognition illumed,
rotating upon its own;
flame-auroles,
unplumbed-subconscious-skimmed
scintillas of animation, sharp-edged;

Flamingoes of quivering life
from the hinterland of impersonality,
Across the fjord of death rampant,
life's urgent anklebells calling . . .

Such life . . .
This death . . .
mere preambles;
a hoarding at the portals of endless life.

Personalities clash,
and burst in flame like colliding stars:
needle-points of animal essence mate
at white-heat, locked in mortal clay.

In drope of me
my pin-points,
I know thee.

Through life-cycles untold.
We roam since dawn's twittering to even now;
in these myriad tunes,
these unguessed rhythms,
from one whirling dance to yet another;
involutions terrific,
churned from the animal deep,
flung upon the land of blossoming life . . .

In thee I break into day,
a trimmed flame in thy dark,
around thee a tide of light . . .

I burn,
I blaze,
my eternity at breaking point
roaring,
ignites,
and burns itself to cinders.

The flood of my life-verve
swamps thy cold stableness;
the house of lac walled up in flames
amidst a tornado of hell-fire raging . . .

Sparklers of gossamer light
in dribblets of ruby blood.

SOCHI RAUT ROY

THE TERRIBLE LURE OF THE ANTARCTIC

By MATTHEW HALTON

The greatest trek ever made by man is in the offing. The huge seventh continent has scientific secrets to offer as a reward. The explorers' prize? Doing what has never been done before.

BRITISH explorers and scientists are now preparing plans for the greatest trek ever made by man—a crossing of the Antarctic continent, which is as big as the United States and Europe put together, from one side to the other, on foot and by surface vehicle.

This is one of the last great geographical adventures left to be achieved (at least on this planet). Men have flown over the colossal wasteland of Antarctica. Men have camped at the South Pole. Men have mapped the ice-cliffed coasts. But, to the restless ones, this is not enough. The vast white wasteland will not be known until scientists have explored it. At its narrowest the continent is 2,500 miles across—but the plans are being made to examine that 2,500 miles. One expedition will start from the Weddell sea, on the Falkland islands side of Antarctica. Another, led probably by Sir Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Everest, will start from Ross sea, on the opposite side, at the point from which Captain Scott set out on his tragic but immortal journey. The two parties will hope to meet at or near the South Pole.

That is the plan, and it has the support of the British Government. The Admiralty, the Foreign Office, the Commonwealth Relations Office and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research are all interested, for varying reasons.

The main reason is scientific. The enormous unknown South Polar ice-cap must have secrets of great value to geophysical scientists and meteorologists. A second reason is political. For some reason or reasons, many nations want to establish new claims or consolidate old ones in

those 5,000,000 square miles of ice. And for the adventurers themselves there is always another impulsion that will not be denied. When the great Everest climber, Mallory, was asked once why he wanted to climb the mountain, he replied: "Because it's there." To some men Antarctica holds out the same lure.

But what a terrible lure! The Arctic is a pleasant garden compared to the land these explorers are going to try to cross.

In the Arctic—that is, in the area north of 60 degrees north latitude—more than 1,000,000 human beings live and thrive. There are several great industries, notably mining, fishing, lumbering and trapping. There are thousands of varieties of animals, birds and insects. There are honey-bees and hummingbirds. There are thousands of varieties of plants and trees.

But in Antarctica—the area south of 60 degrees south latitude—there is an icecap of staggering size and nothing else as far as we know. To a far greater extent than the Arctic, it is the home of ice and snow and perpetual winds. In Antarctica there is not one single resident human being—only the hardy explorers, scientists and whale fishers. There is no industry except whaling. There is not a single land animal larger than an insect, and not many insects. There are no trees whatever, and almost no plants except moss and lichen. And there are not half a dozen species of birds.

To reach the huge seventh continent from the nearest point of land you have to cross 600 miles of the roughest seas on earth, swept continuously by the worst storms on earth. This is the home of the per-

manent gales. There are none of the interchanges of warm and cold air which mitigate the ferocity of the Arctic. Temperatures of 77 degrees below zero have been recorded even on the northern, watered edge of the continent. It is enough to say that the average velocity of the wind, the whole year round, is 50 miles an hour!

And now look at the terrain—if terrain it can be called—that the British explorers are going to examine for 2,500 miles. The South Pole itself is on a plateau 10,000 feet above the sea. Most of the continent is continuous plateau with an average height of 6,000 feet. (Asia, the next highest continent, averages only 3,000 feet). Of the entire 5,000,000 square miles, probably not more than 1,000 square miles is not permanently ice-covered, most of it 4,000 feet deep. On the edge of the continent itself there are floating ice barriers of incredible sizes. One of them, the Ross barrier, is the size of France. There are mountains such as Mount Lister in South Victoria land, which rise 12,000 feet sheer from sea level. And we have only fragmentary information, most of it derived from the "droppings" of icebergs, of what lies beneath the ice.

Why do we want to know more about such a wasteland, when there is nothing down there worth having but whale oil? The whales are fine. The rorqual and the humpback and the big blueback whales have yielded men about \$100,000,000 worth of oil. But what else has Antarctica to offer?

Knowledge. And maybe power. Antarctica has been called the "Pandora's box" of the weather, and it is thought that further study will add invaluable data to world climatology. Prof. Frank Debenham, founder of the Scott Polar Research Institute at Cambridge, and a colleague of Scott on his last expedition, has said that if we could find a way of radiating energy by air we could harness and exploit the gales that blow the year round. "It is just possible," he says, "that some day the pitiless and prolonged gales may be turned into power."

For some time there has been much talk about the "great reefs" of copper, coal, gold and uranium that may be found in Antarctica, but these stories are discounted by the experts. Prof. Debenham has said: "There is, of course, no proof that uranium lies beneath the ice. Secondly, even if it is there and can be located, it certainly could not be worked. The average depth of the icecap, which is always on the move, is probably about 4,000 feet. And all the atomic energy in the world could not melt it or move it, and keep it melted or at bay, to allow mining operations for uranium." It is the same for gold and copper: Even if it is there no one would be able to get at it. A gigantic coal bed is known to exist—but who is interested in trying to get it, at the South Pole, from under an icecap nearly a mile deep?

The importance of the projected march across the Antarctic continent is shown by the fact that it was discussed at the recent conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London. It was made plain there that the main purposes of the enterprise are scientific and geographical.

As for the explorers themselves, it is the unknown that draws them on, as it has since the days when men tried to reach that frigid "third world" in 300-ton sailing ships.

THE first attempts were made as long ago as the 16th century, but it was not until the 18th century that a human being first crossed the Antarctic circle, which is approximately at 67 degrees south. That man was Captain Cook, who crossed the line with his two ships, 'Resolution' (462 tons) and 'Adventure,' (336 tons), on January 17, 1773. Fabian von Bellingshausen, was the first man ever to sight Antarctica.

The first man to reach the vast icecap itself was an American, Lieut. Charles Wilkes, in 1838.

Then came the momentous voyage of Captain Clark Ross of the British Navy in 1841. Ross got through the ice-packs, sailed toward the magnetic pole, found a chain of great mountains, and took formal possession

sion of the continent by landing on and naming Possession island.

The first man to set foot on the frozen mainland was Egeborg Borchgrevink, a Norwegian, whose ship, the Antarctica, got as far south as 74 degrees.

Then came the great era of Antarctic exploration, and the thrilling stories of Scott, Shackleton and Amundsen.

Captain R. F. Scott and the Royal Navy set out with Shackleton in 1900 in the Discovery, 700 tons, the first ship ever build for polar conditions. The explorers made sled expeditions with dogs and reached latitude 82 degrees south, only 600 miles from the Pole. The next year Scott made an even more remarkable journey, without dogs, penetrated 300 miles on foot, and found the vast plateau 8,000 feet above the sea.

In 1908 Shackleton tried it again, this time experimenting with the use of Manchurian ponies. He and three companions reached 83 degrees 33 minutes south, less than two degrees

from the Pole. They found a route up to the plateau by way of the gigantic Beardmore glacier and thus pioneered the way to the Pole itself. It was the greatest sledge journey ever made.

AND in 1910 came Scott's classic and tragic journey in which he triumphantly reached the South Pole, only to find with bitter disappointment that Amundsen had forestalled him by a month.

The projected new expedition, led by Dr. Vivian Fuchs of Cambridge University, will make the journey in tracked vehicles on sleds. They will live in small trailers on runners. They will be fuelled and supplied by air whenever their radios call for it. Yet they have to travel 2,500 miles, more than half of it at an altitude of 7,000 feet. They will have three or four hard and dangerous months. The prizes in scientific knowledge gained will be very high. But for the explorers there will be a higher reward—they will have done what has never been done before.—NNF



Leading advertisers and newspaper men attended a dinner given by the Directors of Efficient Publicities Ltd., at Hotel Oceanic on the 6th April to celebrate their "Ten Years in Advertising."

PROFILE:

NUMBER ONE COMRADE KHRUSHCHEV

By THOMAS BALLARD

IT took Khrushchev some 16 dangerous years to climb to the top, and even two years ago nobody thought he could ever make it. Back in 1947, when Stalin ruled undisputed, the rank-conscious Red press listed Khrushchev as the 10th highest Communist. Right after Stalin's death, Malenkov was listed first and Khrushchev fifth. But Khrushchev was on his way. In another six months, having walked over the political corpse of secret police boss Beria, Khrushchev became No. 3 in the hierarchy of a "classless society." And, having elbowed Malenkov out of the way, Khrushchev became "Comrade No. 1."

Signs of Khrushchev's climb have been clear for more than a year. He alone of Stalin's heirs learned well the prime lesson of Stalin's life; to rule the Soviet Union, one had to control the party network. When Malenkov incautiously surrendered his control of the party and took over the government, Khrushchev happily moved into the vacancy. Once there, he promptly began to replace all key men with his own favourites. By last summer his men were in control in every Soviet republic, region and city. For all its lack of publicity, it had been one of the biggest and quickest purges in Soviet history.

All along, too, other standard Stalinist devices were employed to buttress Khrushchev's position. History was falsified to show that he had been a "co-worker of Lenin," though in fact he did not join the party until 1918. As a year earlier a doctored-up photograph showed Malenkov standing chummily with Stalin and Mao Tse-tung, so now a photograph was used to show Khrushchev on intimate terms with Stalin. And though Malenkov was Premier, *Pravda*, the party's newspaper, barely

mentioned him while devoting endless pages to reprints of Khrushchev's speeches. These were often trivial, but they did serve to show the Soviet people that Khrushchev, like Stalin before him, had his fatherly finger in every phase of life, from architectural styles to, literally, the use of manure.

Stalin climbed to power over countless bodies. Then he ruled from the Kremlin, a semi-divine and all-wise being. Khrushchev is wholly different. He, too, has demonstrated his ruthlessness. But he is also an extravert, who seeks out people and likes convivial company. If Stalin left Moscow only to travel to his villa on the Black Sea, Khrushchev has travelled some 30,000 to 40,000 miles in the past 15 months.

If such travels have not necessarily mellowed Khrushchev, they have given him something Stalin had long lost—a picture of people as human beings. Somehow he has established a folksy level on which he can commune with his listeners. Take, for instance, a long address he made before a congress of builders a few months ago. The speech was a savage attack on architects' foibles, on the new fashionable and costly tile facades, and on the shoddy workmanship within. But this bitter discourse was coloured by flashes of humour, as Khrushchev described how he was feted by frightened local officials and put up at the best hotels, and how he would then pick on the fresh paint to discover rusty pipes and crumbling walls beneath.

Just as Khrushchev reflects Stalin's dislike of the West, so does he mirror Stalin's political philosophy. His prime job, as Comrade No. 1, he believes, is to build up the heavy industry, reorganize agriculture so

that peasants become, in effect, salaried land workers, and rearm as rapidly as the pocketbook allows. As for the inadequate housing or empty store shelves, let the consumer wait!

Khrushchev was born 60 years ago, a miner's son in southern Russia. As a boy, he worked as a shepherd and a miner, and was barely literate when he joined the Bolshevik party in 1918. Almost nothing is known of the next 12 or 15 years, as the young Nikita fought in the civil war, acquired a schooling, took industrial training, and rose slowly in the party hierarchy. It was the bloody Stalinist purges of the mid-'30's that gave Khrushchev his chance. As one of Stalin's "hatchet boys," he cleansed the Ukraine of anti-Stalinist elements. In reward, he was named a member of the Politburo in 1939.

The war years Khrushchev spent as an overlord of the Ukraine. It was he who directed the "scorched earth" policy there, and at the same time organized a huge guerilla army. The claims now being made that he took part in the over-all command of the war, or in the battle for Stalingrad, are very dubious.

When the war ended, Khrushchev was back in the Ukraine, either as its "Prime Minister" or its party boss. In 1949, in reward for his success in rebuilding the Ukraine's industry and driving underground its fierce nationalism, he was brought to Moscow to head its all-important party branch, and to shape agricultural policy. One of the bitter ironies of Malenkov's humble letter of resignation was that he assumed blame for agricultural failure. Both the direction of agriculture and the blunders were Khrushchev's.

Once he took over Stalin's mantle as secretary-general of the party two years ago, Khrushchev plunged into the thick of the Kremlin intrigue. The whole story of Beria's downfall may never be known to the West, but it is now clear that Khrushchev was one of the main figures in this grim drama, and that he destroyed Beria in alliance with the army. The same alliance enabled him to unseat Malenkov.

But Khrushchev is much more than just a skilful backstabber. Those who have seen him getting drunk at diplomatic parties, or carrying on an endless monologue, or jabbing a weary listener in the chest with a sturdy finger, often tend to underestimate him. He may lack Malenkov's polish and smooth phrase, but he is an excellent administrator, shrewd, able and dynamic even by the Kremlin's exacting standards. He had to be to survive.

BEING a Soviet ruler of course, has its occupational hazards. Khrushchev owed his triumph to his close links with the army. To hold on to power, he must keep these links firm and watch out for rivals. But it would be dangerously wrong to regard Kremlin politics solely in the light of intrigue and personal ambition. Like Washington, Moscow, too, must make fundamental decisions on high policy. And just as policy-makers in Washington may differ with each other, so do they in Moscow. This is why Khrushchev's triumph, and the nature of his alliances, are of such vital importance to the West. Malenkov represented an effort to come to some understanding with the West. When the events—including the decision to rearm West Germany—seemed to make this unlikely, Khrushchev, the leading exponent of the "tough" line, came in. The biggest question mark today, thus, is just how "tough" Khrushchev and his allies intend to be in the years ahead—NNF

Life & Death

Life works to dispossess the dead, to dislodge and oust them. Their places fill themselves up; later people come in; all the room is wanted. Feeling alters its course, is drawn elsewhere or seeks renewal from other sources. When of love there is not enough to go round, inevitably it is the dead who must go without; we tell ourselves that they do not depend on us, or that they have not our requirements.—

"A World of Love,"
by Elizabeth Bowen

CELTIC TRADITION IN WESTERN ART

By BARNETT D. CONLAN

(Mr. Conlan is the Paris editor of "Pictures on Exhibit". A renowned poet and writer, he is the only English speaking art critic on the Paris Jury of Nine. Irish by birth, his residence is in Paris. SWATANTRA is glad to announce that he will be contributing occasional articles on contemporary trends in art in Europe)

ONE of the most significant exhibitions in Paris, at the moment, is that of Celtic art at the Pedagogical Museum. This is the first time in history that such a display of indigenous French art has been presented in this way. It might not have been possible to have staged such a show, before, since it is only in the last few years that we have come to discover the importance of Celtic art, and to detect in it, qualities that are not to be found in the classical art of the Mediterranean.

There are a number of menhirs here, discovered in the south of France, which date back to 2000 B.C. This megalithic art which flourished roughly one thousand years before that of the historic Celts, may be considered as an early phase of Celtic art and probably derived from the near East.

During the thousand years that preceded the Christian era the Indo-European races would seem to have passed through a long period of fusion and amalgamation in which an incalculable variety of influences were brought together and given unity by the Celts. Modern erudition has now detected the elements of a wide range of styles in Celtic art.

Thus we find traces of Greek, Roman, Etruscan, Iberian, Carthaginian, Phoenician, Egyptian, Sumerian, Indian, and Chinese art. This is in some respects similar to the art of the present day which has become receptive of a bewildering number of art forms from all past civilizations which were more or less unknown to previous periods and scarcely valued.

The large collection of gold coins and medals in this collection is, in its way, quite a revelation. A series of hundreds of large photographs enable one to study the details of this remarkable art. It is now seen that the prejudice of previous centuries when such an art was regarded as 'barbarous' was an error. Until quite recently Celtic art, for the most part, was considered to be little more than a clumsy imitation of Greek art. Today we have come to see that these Celtic craftsmen possessed quite different ideals to those of the classic Mediterranean people. Their art was dynamic rather than static and they were not interested in reproducing natural forms. On the contrary we find that when they represented Greek themes—a head of Apollo, Herakles, or Artemis the motif was immediately transposed by the Celtic genius into a language altogether different from that of the anthropomorphic, static art of the Greek craftsman. Indeed, many of these coins have a striking resemblance to Scythian art or the art of the Steppes, the rhythm of the composition being more important to the artist than the perfection of a naturalistic image.

There is a sumptuous quality and a baroque wealth of decorative treatment in them which contrasts strongly with the objective simplicity of Greek art. One of these coins which represents what is most probably a Goddess of Night, shows us a feminine profile crowned with a fantastic 'coiffure' and set amidst the constellations. The rhythmic treatment of the hair is anything but rea-

listic being built up in convolutions that go beyond all objective reality and suggest the infinite. This tendency to go beyond natural bounds towards the unlimited gives their art a cosmic character which is remarkably near to the aspirations of the modern world.

This exhibition therefore, is in many ways one of the most important manifestations that we have had for a long time, for it reveals the fact that the West has always had a second tradition running parallel with the art of Greece and Rome, but eclipsed by the latter until quite recently. In contrast with the Celtic ideal the arts of Greece and Rome appear to be limited and materialistic.

Prof. Rene Huyghe in a series of remarkable lectures on Irish art, delivered last month, at the College de France, pointed to the tenacity of Celtic art in Ireland when confronted with the art of the Roman church. Until the eighth century something very like a cold war went on between the art of the Irish and Roman monasteries which were often found side by side in Northumbria. Irish art was distinguished by its oriental disdain of realistic forms such as are found in Roman art and maintained its independence long after Rome had imposed itself and its classic style on the rest of Europe. This resistance to the Mediterranean form of classic art is now seen to have been common to all Celtic art and if it is

only quite recently that we have become aware of this, the present day position of 20th century art is largely responsible for its discovery.

A group of surrealists and promoters of abstract art have organised along with this exhibition a panorama of French art from the early centuries through the Middle Ages and Impressionism to the Abstract and advanced art of today.

This is significant, in a way, for it means that these pioneers of new art are none the less looking for a tradition to which they can adhere.

In the instance of abstract art this, to me, seems rather far fetched; since with the exception of a few artists like Kandinsky, whose work derives partly from the Chinese and the arts of the Steppe, the great majority are like Malevich, they have no definite past, and most of them would appear to think this an advantage!

All art that is vital and spiritual has its roots in the past and to invent a form of art that is without precedent is much like inventing a new language. It may or may not be useful but it is no more important than Esperanto.

It is significant that at the moment there is, among the young French artists of today a definite movement back to nature and tradition—on new lines.

In this great tradition of Celtic art there is much to stimulate them in their aspirations.

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NATIONAL CRICKET CHAMPIONS

By P. N. S.

YEARs ago the Presidency College cricket team, composed of four or five cricketers of moderate ability and others, whose skill lay in the knowledge that the bat was there to hit the ball, surprised everybody by winning the Inter-collegiate championship. The secret of that success was the captaincy of M. A. Uthappa, who considered no trouble too much to build up a winning combination. Uthappa realised that the hard way was the road to success and was insistent on his players turning up for practice every day of the season. And, at the nets, he saw to it that everyone of them had not only his measure of batting and bowling but also of fielding. Uthappa had also the knack of mingling with his players without impressing his stature of a captain upon them. Besides, he himself submitted to discipline which he was meticulous in enforcing on the team. The players responded to his ways and strove always to give off their best for their side. The championship naturally came to the Presidency College team, though it was not as star-studded as some other combinations were in that year.

One is reminded of this as one rejoices at the success of the Madras cricket team in the Ranji Trophy championship, for the architect of the Madras victory is her skipper B. Alaganan. Since the retirement of C. P. Johnstone and the waning of the powers of M. J. Gopalan, the captaincy of the Madras team had been shifted from shoulder to shoulder with little success. So, this year, the selection committee took its eyes off the stars and decided to hand over the captaincy to Alaganan, who had been doing well for the Madras Cricket Club. It was with great reluctance that Alaganan accepted the job; for, by nature, Alaganan is retiring and shy, and perhaps, dreaded the footlights. However, once he took over, he worked heart and soul at his task, as did Uthappa; he insisted on the stars as well as the newcomers of his team turning up at the nets

regularly, and himself set an example. Neither a championship tennis match nor the most interesting hockey tussle interested him to the detriment of his cricket or the aim of winning the Ranji Trophy. And, the team's performances improved from match to match till it surprised us all by winning the Trophy. The secret of the Madras success was excellent team work—a set of what one may pardonably term ordinary players—Gopinath and Kripal Singh excepted—was moulded into an excellent team. It is not at all a "very mediocre" team as President Vizzy would have it.

In this grand victory, two players, more than any other, have played noble parts. Gopinath emerged out of the bonds that held him down during the Indian tour of Pakistan and attacked the bowling with freshness and vigour. Gopinath's batting today is at its best and his strokes, especially the square cut and drives to the off, have gained richness from experience. Kripal Singh proved an admirable partner to Gopinath and when the two young men were at the crease—'eagles in the sun'—we saw batting of test calibre, with the ball being cracked to all parts of the field with resounding strokes. As befitting the son of A. G. Ram Singh, Kripal Singh has taken the setting up of records in his stride; his impressive figure of 636 runs in this year's Ranji Trophy matches would have been enhanced if only he had hit the century marks on the three occasions he missed them narrowly during the semi-final and the final. And, everytime that Kripal Singh came in, triumphant with the bat, he reminded the cricket authorities of what a mess they had made in dropping him for the Pakistan tour.

The spoils in bowling, however, were shared by many bowlers. It is not possible to point the finger and say "here is an outstanding bowler." Murugesh, the left-hand spinner, after his remarkable bowling against the Silver Jubilee team last season, raised great hopes but dur-

ing the year he did not progress as much as one expected. Indeed, Madras needs to strengthen her bowling to maintain the supremacy which she has now achieved. A real pace bowler of the calibre of M. J. Gopalan, or P. S. Ramachandran, or at least of C. R. Rangachari, is a crying need; there is, however, ample talent available which waits only to be tapped and brought to the surface. There is also need for a real orthodox spinner like G. Parthasarathy or B. S. Krishna Rao, capable of spinning the ball, who will not stop with merely tossing the ball up.

The fielding of the Madras team was generally good—it was, we are told, really top class on the concluding day of the final and was a big

factor in the success against Holkar, whose bowlers, in contrast, were again and again frustrated in their efforts by poor catching. In this department, especially, coaching seems to have produced good results, because for a long, long time Madras had not had any reputation for good fielding.

Madras has won the Ranji Trophy for the first time and it will be but natural that bouquets will be thrown about in ecstasy. But if we are not to lose ourselves in intoxication the victory should also open our eyes to the defects in our cricket and the Madras Cricket Association should make every effort to remedy them. We should take measures to see that the national title comes our way again, and again.

JOBS OF THE FUTURE—FOR PRINTERS

By JAIBOY JOSEPH

“WITH increasing literacy and the birth of more textbooks and newspapers, printing has a great future in India,” said young Srinivasa Murthy of Orissa, looking up from the linotype machine. Murthy was explaining why he joined the printing school of Madras Polytechnic.

Madras Central Polytechnic is State-run. Its printing school started in 1927 is the oldest in India to train students in printing trades. Each year it turns out Licentiates in Printing Technology.

As they are training, Murthy and 160 others from all over India probably dream of owning a press of their own. The majority will find jobs as composing foremen, machine foremen, lino superintendents and operators. In good time they may rise to be supervisors, assistant superintendents and press superintendents.

The Government of Madras gives financial aid and is planning to add to the already good equipment with new machines from the U. S., U. K. and Germany.

Students holding the minimum qualification of school final exami-

nation are accepted into the printing course on their academic showing. Full-time courses go to five years. For part-time students employed in printing work there is a shorter training period.

Headed by V. K. Sriramulu, the school teaches mechanical composing, hand composing and all aspects of printing. It undertakes government jobs which are handled by students with staff supervision. Students get a chance to show their skill in the Polytechnic Annual.

Part of the course includes visits to newspaper offices, printing presses and foundries. Organisations like the United States Information Service show technical films as an aid to training. Weekly lectures are given by leaders in journalism and printing.

The printing trade has its place too in the annals of famed authors. The American humorist Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) learned the art of writing by setting other people's writing into type.

Says their instructor, Sriramulu: "Our students hold competent and responsible jobs all over India. This in itself is an advertisement for more to take up the trade. The perseverance students cultivated here is carried by them far beyond this institution."

A Short Story

VILLAGE BEYOND THE WALL

Something was always happening there, a birth, a death . . . it seemed to her so aloof and frightening in its surging vitality.

By JOHN HAMPSON

WHEN she had first come out East she had woken early, early, always before the false dawn. How it had thrilled her then, the early morning activities of the Indians. Sometimes she had slipped out of bed shuffling on mules to creep out on the verandah to see, unseen, the dark gardeners, their white garments grey, their features concealed, as they watered the plants heavily; the plashing of water had been exquisite, like the playing of fountains, releasing subtle scents from the black earth, and from beyond the garden wall came the surge of the sea. Those first few weeks had had a quality of magic, and when she looked back to them, it seemed as though they must have been part of some other existence. Of course it had been spring then, those years ago of her first coming to India.

When had she begun to hate it? If she could banish those first memories, it would seem that she had always hated it, hated India, its people, its climate and the slow weariness of its days.

Now, living in this great seaport of the South, she longed only for the day on which she would leave India for ever. This was always her waking thought, and nowadays she never woke till daylight had found its way through all the screens and walls which sought to keep its harshness soft. The cool of the morning never tempted her to the verandah these days, for now the activities of the Indians bored her. It had been a mistake to come to this suburb; but it was her own mistake, it was she

who had been anxious to make the move. Geoffrey disliked change, and had grumbled about it half-heartedly. He had warned her about the village, too.

Somehow the village made it worse, much, much worse. And Geoffrey, who had so disliked the idea of its proximity to their two-storied bungalow, only swore when he was upset by its activities, which was seldom enough. He slept like a log; besides he had always so much to do, he knew so many people and got on well with almost everybody, even the servants. Besides if she could make him leave this bungalow for another, what would be the point of moving? She would never really like any place in India now, not even the hill stations any more. Wherever they went her problem would always be the same: nothing to do, nothing whatever to do. It was the common lot of European women. When she looked back over the years it made her shudder.

PERHAPS if she had had children? Other women did have children. Was their life fuller, more satisfying than her own? She saw these women, saw them dally in the daily round of shop and club, in the evening at parties, or the club again.

Meanwhile the village which had once been so poverty-stricken, she knew, had grown slowly prosperous. Every family had at least one animal, and some families by their thrift and cunning had grown rich.

The village looked much as it must have always looked, the huts so flimsy and weather-beaten appeared

poor and raffish. Each year before the rainy season, weak walls or roofs would be renewed or repaired as they had been in the past. The villagers did not change much either, though she supposed they must feed better and wear more jewellery, their garments and adornments were such as their ancestors would have thought worthy of the gods themselves.

EACH year had seen the building of new bungalows, the making of new gardens, walled high in which a few English plants grew thin and tall among the prosperous native growths. The building was still going on, but having got over-close to the village it had now receded a little. With each new house she felt more hemmed in and uncomfortable. From the roof and the balcony of her house she could gaze down on the village. So could most of her neighbours. Did they feel as she did, filled with anger? What else but resentment could they feel? Her neighbours, or at least those she knew, agreed that it was a scandal that such a squalid little clutter of dirty, dusty huts and hovels should lie so close to their own elegant bungalows. All agreed, too, that the authorities should do something about it. Really it was quite dreadful, for it did not even look picturesque, like the village of the cloth weavers on the way to the fashionable bathing beach. Of course the fishing village was pretty grim, and certainly more filthy, but that could be ignored.

But this village here could not be ignored, not even for an hour. It was such a tiresome place too, for there was always something happening; a dog-fight, a marriage, a death; sometimes a teething child would cry spasmodically through the hot still night of summer. Worse, and much more frequent, a quarrel would start, soon the screaming voices of men, women, even children, would come wailing through the dark, hurling abuse and accusation and insult, hour after hour. Such rows were like a jungle fire, they seemed to embrace the whole village in a fury of noise and anger. Often when all seemed

quiet again, a plaintive creature, smouldering under insult, would fan all into a new upheaval by a single yell of abuse. Of course Geoffrey slept through it all. She envied him, for she had grown to dread these "fight nights" as she humorously called them, for when at last they ended and quiet seemed secure, some wretched creature, or other, bidden by a call of nature would leave a hut, then every pi-dog in the village would bark and howl.

The children, like the dogs, were so many and so wild. Before dawn they would climb gates and walls of the gardened bungalows, searching for rotten wood, no twig was too small for them to harvest. They stole flowers for *puja*. And if the servants had left anything outside it would certainly be gone by daylight. Of course the article could be recovered again if missed quickly enough. Harsh threats, or offering bribes to the servants usually worked, for almost all of them came from the village anyway. But if the stolen property was not missed, or had somehow been forgotten for a few days, the servants wore blank expressions, then neither scoldings nor blandishments served to recover the missing article. By this time no doubt it reposed in some junk shop, bought for a tenth of its value! It really was most tiresome. Nowadays it was quite impossible to go for drinks, or a meal, to any of the bungalows in the vicinity without hearing a whole string of complaints. No one ever did anything about the unpleasant state of affairs except scold and complain; husbands, wives, children, visitors, servants, each and all, each and all came in for a large share of this fashionable topic.

THE servants listened with bland, respectful faces, the visitors hid their boredom and fled at the first possible moment, grateful that they had chosen to settle elsewhere. The children thought their parents fussy and absurd. The men damned the village and all its inhabitants; while the women, drinking more than they needed at pauses between games of bridge, or mah jong, talked of their

previous Indian establishments; the wonderful places in which they had lived, where one was never bothered at all, where the servants were really wonderful and worshipped one, so that one had almost begun liking them! Where one might have been living in Ealing, or Enfield, so quiet and orderly had everything been! Such splendid reminiscences would then be topped by the latest village outrage. When Mrs. Bowlby-Smyther saw a cobra emerge from a hole in the wall quite near her hammock trees, she knew without a doubt that the reptile had come from the village, where such creatures, being held sacred, were actually fed and worshipped. Such stories were frequent. Yet if she looked down on the village in the evening during the hour before dusk, how peaceful it looked beyond the high garden wall. Like a dream, idyllic and beautiful in the soft westerling light. Children would be bringing home the cattle for the night. She had watched last night a small boy, clad merely in a flapping tattered shirt, guide homeward skillfully an enormous mouse-grey buffalo with the infant pressure of a tiny palm laid firmly against a lean haunch. An older lad led in a flock of rascalion goats; there were pleasant, homely noises of meals soon to be ready, the hum of insects, the chittering of squirrels among the boughs of the yellow blossoming tree whose branches she could all but pluck, leaning from the balcony. At the door of a hut a man had appeared, young and black, followed by his wife carrying a vessel of water. He bathed leisurely assisted by the woman flinging handfuls of glittering liquid, which spilt into a thousand flying jewels as it spattered the dusky flesh of the crouching figure. Then two pairs of hands rubbed vigorously, back, breast, arms and thighs. Soon the man, now clad in a fresh loin cloth, began a promenade up and down, up and down, until the woman summoned him shrilly to the evening meal. From the tiny, hidden temple came the plaintive summon of a conch. Then,

looking up into the sky, she had seen that the first star was out, low on the blue-green horizon. Just beyond the garden wall came two young men, walking hand-in-hand, each wearing pale pink blossoms, tucked above the ears. A sound came from the distance, faint, but steadily nearing. It heralded the marchers bringing their solemn burdens to the burning ghats.

This sound came almost nightly, the marchers with their funeral pipes could be heard, but not seen, unless one went outside the shielding garden walls, down the quiet lane into the high road beyond. The air which had smelt all day dry, acrid and fierce from the burning cow dung of the village fires, then changed and became more sinister still; if the night breeze came, as so often it did from the heated plains, for then it brought the odour of burning flesh.

And then night fell.

Usually, after the evening meal, many of the Europeans would go off to the clubs or cinemas, their sweep-cars leaving the small hamlet with long ribbons of light which fled blindingly before them into the night. This was the hour of the village, the hour for which they seemed to wait, for something was always happening there, a birth, a death, a betrothal or a marriage, a teething child, a festival with bonfires, or crackers, or lanterns, a procession with torchlights. It was their hour, it seemed to her so mocking and strident, so aloof and frightening in its surging vitality.

SHE must forget the village, banish it somehow, for its effect was getting more and more depressive. Her bearer brought in a tea tray and set it down silently by her bedside. As he left the room, the sound of drums and trumpets blared from the village. Was it a wedding or a funeral? She did not know. There was nothing she could do. It would go on at intervals all through the day and well into the night. There was nothing she could do, nothing.

New Books

COLLECTED POEMS

1928—1953

BY STEPHEN SPENDER

Faber and Faber, 24 Russell Square, London

15s net

POETS, said a wise man, are the green lights which make the traffic of life move smoothly. Not all of them, however; there are the red ones who cause jams and dislocations, to the degree



sometimes of imperilling the safety and freedom of humankind. Stephen Spender, although he had been a red once, has never failed to hold aloft the green light of his fundamental honesty: to stick the Marxian label to his poetry—and

STEPHEN SPENDER. Born 1909, the son of Harold Spender, brother of J. A. Spender, the famous Liberal editor. Jewish on his mother's side. Educated at University College School and University College, Oxford. "The seed of poetry," he says, "was planted in me when I was nine years old." At Oxford, came under the influence of W. H. Auden, and along with him and Day Lewis nicknamed the "Pylon School" of poets. Lived in Germany after the First World War. Married Inez in 1936 and separated from her in 1939; married for the second time, in 1941, Natasha Litvin, the pianist. Was a member of the Communist Party for a very brief time. Went with an ambulance unit to help the revolutionaries in the Spanish Civil War. Took a leading part in the International Congress of Writers held in Madrid in 1937. Rejected twice for the Army. Joined the National Fire Service in 1942. Travelled the United States for most part of 1947-49. With Cyril Connolly was co-Editor of "Horizon" (first appeared in 1940 and closed after a decade). Currently, co-Editor with Irving Kristol, of Encounter. His publications include (in prose: fiction, criticism, political reportage, and autobiography): The Burning Cactus, The Backward Son, The Destructive Element, The Creative Element, Life and the Poet, European Witness, Forward from Liberalism, World Within World: (in poetry and poetic drama): Poems, The Still Centre, Ruins and Visions, Poems of Dedication, The Edge of Being, Trial of a Judge.

labels have quite a way of their own in peeling off—as many have had the presumption in doing, is to exhibit lack of understanding, due to prejudice or impatience, of it; and Spender himself has said (he is one of the quartet of poets that rose to prominence in the 'thirties, the others being Auden, now an American citizen; Day Lewis, Professor of Poetry at Oxford; and, MacNeice, feature-writer and producer for the B.B.C.—about all of whom a critic says rather scornfully: the first “putting the Atlantic between him and his conscience,” the second “returning to pasture among the properties and conventional mannerisms of an earlier social era,” and the third “being broken on the wheel of broadcasting (the great leveller)”—Stephen Spender has said (the same critic qualifies Spender as “vowing silence for a decade”) that the poetry of the 'thirties expressed “the problem of the liberal divided between his individual development and his social conscience . . . Their poetry emphasised the community; and, overwhelmed as it was by the sense of a communal disease, it searched for a communal cure in psychology and leftist politics.” To return to the metaphor employed at the beginning: since 1928 Spender has, by the publication of volumes of verse at short and long intervals through the years, lighted lights and now, in 1955, by issuing his *Collected Poems*, presented to the English-speaking world all his previous little lights—he uses a different metaphor, calling the book in the course of a charming, brief preface, as “a weeded, though not a tidied up or altered garden”—in the shape of an impressive candelabra.

Two quotations from his autobiography, *World Within World*, will be in the nature of a helpful revelation of what has gone into the making of Spender's poetry. He writes:

I was dominated by emotions. These were so strong that they overwhelmed any impulse to think clearly, to plan a way of life or even a piece of work. I was confused, yet the forces within my confusion were so pressing, driving me from person to person, poem to poem,

that out of my confusion I acquired experience: and through experience I was sometimes able to see beyond my confusion.

* * * *

My poems were all attempts to record, as truthfully as I could, experiences which, within reality, seemed to be poetry. Whenever the poetry, for the purpose of ending satisfactorily a poem, seemed to require something which was not true to my own experience, I abandoned it. For example, I frequently abandoned love poems because I felt that perhaps after all I was exaggerating and not stating the truth about my feelings, or because the person to whom the poem was addressed behaved in some way which seemed inconsistent with my poetry.

What an absolute confession of the excessively painful reactions he underwent even at chance, random contacts with persons and ordinary incidents! And to one whose emotions are ambered with such integrity and whose sympathy goes out to the vulnerable individual, world-shaking events that affect the whole of the human race, can only come as a direct, intense impact, and his poems about the Spanish Civil War written during the last global crisis, emphasise the fact that “he refused to experience the war through popular slogans and other people's minds,” the anti-heroic attitude he took totally contradicting the Communist theory of “no such thing as a subjective point of view,” (which displeased the Communists). Stanzas from three of the war poems, for example, express moods reminiscent of Wilfred Owen, the poet of the First World War, and of his famous statement: “The Poetry is in the pity,” occurring in the short preface Owen wrote to a volume of his poems, which, as the late Dylan Thomas observed, “was to show, to England, and the intolerant world, the foolishness, unnaturalness, horror, inhumanity, and insupportability of war, and to expose, so that all could suffer and see, the heroic lies, the willingness of the old to sacrifice the young, indifference, grief, the soul of soldiers.”

Of common suffering in the hour of dreadful mutual destruction,

Spender in the poem ‘Two Armies,’ thus:

Finally, they cease to hate: for
although hate
Bursts from the air and whips the
earth with hail
Or shoots it up in fountains to
marvel at,
And although hundreds fall, who can
connect
The inexhaustible anger of the guns
With the dumb patience of those
tormented animals?

Clean silence drops at night, when a
little walk
Divides the sleeping armies, each
Huddled in linen woven by remote
hands.
When the machines are stilled, a
common suffering
Whitens the air with breath and
makes both one
As though these enemies slept in
each other's arms.

Speaking tenderly of the young
volunteer of the International Brigade
“lying dead under the olive trees
... a better target for a kiss”, in
‘Ultima Ratio Regum’:

When he lived, tall factory hooters
never summoned him
Nor did restaurant plate-glass doors
revolve to wave him in
His name never appeared in the papers.
The world maintained its traditional
wall
Round the dead with their gold sunk
deep as a wall,
Whilst his life, intangible as a Stock
Exchange rumour, drifted outside.

O too lightly he threw down his cap
One day when the breeze threw petals
from the trees.
The unflowering wall sprouted with
guns,
Machine-gun anger quickly scythed
the grasses;
Flags and leaves fell from hands and
branches;
The tweed cap rotted in the nettles.

Consider his life which was valueless
In terms of employment, hotel ledgers,
news files.
Consider. One bullet in ten thousand
kills a man.
Ask. Was so much expenditure
justified
On the death of one so young, and
so silly
Lying under the olive trees, O world,
O death!

Despairing pity for one whom

“false promises betrayed” in ‘The Coward’:

Here one died, not like a soldier
Of lead, but of lead rings of terror.
His final moment was the birth
Of naked revelatory truth:
He saw the flagship at the quay,
His mother's care, his lover's kiss,
The white accompaniment of spray,
Lead to the bullet and to this.”

Spender's early poetry grouped as
PRELUDES under PART ONE (1938-
1933) in the *Collected Poems*, shows
his technical excellences as well as
his limitations: he is not particularly
careful of the stanza forms, he is
given more to the rapture of the line
crystalline, flowing with a subtle
music, never eager for bold rhythms,
his thoughts groping to the still
centre of being, to a self-conscious-
ness that is the granite cistern of
his integrity. Listen to this roman-
tic inner search, a search that
doesn't want to surrender itself
whole-heartedly to romanticism, in-
dicating this by its tone of gentle
sarcasm, the gentleness springing
from a modern sensibility:

An ‘I’ can never be great man.
This known great one has weakness
To friends is most remarkable for
weakness:
His ill-temper at meals, dislike of
being contradicted,
His only real pleasure fishing in ponds,
His only real wish—forgetting.
To advance from friends to the
composite self,
Central ‘I’ is surrounded by ‘I eating’,
‘I loving’, ‘I angry’, ‘I excreting’,
And the great ‘I’ planted in him
Has nothing to do with all these,
Can never claim its true place
Resting in the forehead, and calm in
his gaze.
The great ‘I’ is an unfortunate intruder
Quarrelling with ‘I tiring’ and ‘I
sleeping’
And all those other ‘I’s who long for
‘We Dying.’

The very prosaicness of the lines
only enhances its profundity. And
memorable in this group are the
autobiographical lyrics—to mention
only a few: ‘My parents kept me from
children who were rough,’ ‘Moving
through the silent crowd,’ ‘Who live
under the shadow of a war,’ ‘How
strangely this sun reminds me of my
love,’ ‘Not palaces, an era's crown’;
the exquisite, travel-folder like

'Rolled over on Europe: the sharp dew frozen to stars'; and the superb 'Beethoven's Death Mask'.

But for all his obsessive concern towards achieving a solid pattern in his poetry there is sometimes a fatal alliance between sentimentality and the picturesque in Spender's too facile responses to human beings and happenings, as in 'Nocturne'; perhaps this is because of his overmuch anxiety not to be facile. He tends to scatter himself vaguely, and yet in the process he is never trite, never resorts to trickeries of phrasing and strives after effect; the tortured, most unhappy struggle at utterance endows his idiom with a strange eloquence. But when his technical competence rises to the occasion of a profound emotional invasion, all turgidity, all morbid shyness and verbal gawkiness disappear, and the result is poetry of the highest order, so honest, so human, as gathered under the themes, LOVE AND SEPARATION, PART FIVE (1937-1939), EXPLORATIONS, PART SEVEN (1944), ELEGY FOR MARGARET, PART EIGHT (1945). Here the thaumaturge bursts upon us every other moment, throwing thoughts and images of gem-like clarity which change into an elemental simplicity and homeliness in some of the pieces in LATER POEMS, PART TEN (1950-1953), as, for instance, 'Missing My Daughter,' where mood and movement mix to project a delicate, impressionist picture:

This wall-paper has lines that rise
Upright like bars, and overhead,
The ceiling's patterned with red roses.
On the wall opposite the bed
The staring looking-glass encloses
Six roses in its white of eyes.

Here at my desk, with note-book open
Missing my daughter, makes those bars
Draw their lines upward through my
mind.

This blank page stares at me like glass
Where stared-at roses wish to pass
Through petalling of my pen.

An hour ago, there came an image
Of a beast that pressed its muzzle
Between bars. Next, through tick and
tock

Of the reiterating clock
A second glared with the wide dazzle
Of deserts. The door, in a green mirage,

Opened. In my daughter came.
Her eyes were wide as those she has,
The round gaze of her childhood was
White as the distance in the glass
Or on a white page, a white poem.
The roses raced around her name.

In fine, Stephen Spender owes the greatness of his poetry to his tremendous integrity. Putting all the present reviewer's Faber Spenders of the past years on one side, and the discreetly weeded, but not altered *Collected Poems* on the other, the impressiveness of the latter is such as he, and others similarly in possession, and the poet himself can be proud of. Cyril Connolly wrote in the last number of his *Horizon*: "It is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair." Free from the dust of by-gone politics and the heat of the day Spender has now returned to his isolation, and in view of his integrity the public may confidently look forward to that kind of poetry from him that would immortalize his peculiar delights and despairs in the depths of his inner life, leading up to abundant, more abundant lines of lyrical loveliness as:

Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer,
Drinker of horizon's fluid line;
Ear that suspends on a chord
The spirit drinking timelessness;
Touch, love, all senses;
Leave your gardens, your singing
feasts,
Your dreams of suns circling before
our sun,
Of heaven after our world.

"A poet," said Dylan Thomas, "is a poet for such a very tiny bit of his life; for the rest, he is a human being, one of whose responsibilities is to know and feel, as much as he can, all that is moving around and within him, so that his poetry, when he comes to write it, can be his attempt at the expression of the summit of man's experience . . ." The earth may be hell-bent or heaven-printed anytime humanity inhabits it; it is this *very tiny bit* of a poet's life, in which he reaches the highest heights of his self-expression that makes him timeless—a noble gift for perpetuity.

The Spider in the Cup

By Norman Hales

A Signet Book

The New American Library,

501 Madison Avenue

New York 22, New York

25 cents

HELEN MATSON, though a fond wife, is a rather cold partner in bed, and Jay Matson finds Niki Rushworth, nymphomaniac and wife of his friend Dr. Rushworth, an uninhibited solvent for all his repressions. With Dr. Rushworth detachedly entering psychoanalytical analyses of Matson as his wife's lover in his diary, and Helen Matson paying more attention to her weak heart and to her painting than to the infidelities of her husband, life was going on smoothly in the New Mexican 'art colony' of Tierra Alta, till Matson upsets their peaceful lives by suddenly deciding that he is really in love with his wife and that his need of Niki is merely physical. For all the extreme freedom from convention that Mr. Hales bestows upon his hero, Matson now behaves as if he were a Victorian butler giving up liquor at the behest of the Salvation Army. He rushes back to his wife and dreadingly confesses to what she already knows, and is made to understand by that curious lady that he will be taken back into her grace only after he has gone on a holiday!

So, off goes Matson in his car, cooling and cleansing himself on the hot, dusty roads of New Mexico. But Niki, stung by Matson's desertion of her, goes to Helen's house and insults her so cruelly that when she leaves, Helen has a heart attack and dies.

The rest of the 'plot' has to be read to be believed. But what makes the novel tawdry is not its plot, bad enough as that is, but the psychoanalytical dissections which the chief characters, with no provocation and less point, carry out on themselves and on everyone near them. These dissections range from the unconvincing to the absurd, and are clothed in pompous verbiage. The book has apparently been written

to fit bizarre psychoanalytical notions. But even the bohemian art colony of New Mexico in which Mr. Hales works out these notions, does not bear the grotesque strain of the narrative or its analysis. Those who write novels looking not into human beings but treatises on abnormal psychology, have only themselves to thank when they get bogged in the process.

(Continued from page 34)

you can't get high up, to clasp a warm, loving, yielding woman in your arms and forget yourself in the ecstasy of self-consuming embrace, and to lose all consciousness of living in the present or future and to achieve a temporary annihilation of the self! One can live a life-time on the memory of a moment like this. Who invented these stupid rules of conduct in life, and when shall we escape them? And who in the name of hell invented old age?

Yours as ever,
ANAMI

NEW BOOKS

The Poetry and Career of Li Po
by Arthur Waley Rs. 6- 6 as

Songs of Zarathushtra by Dastur Framroze Ardeshir Bode
and Piloo Nanavatty

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by Israel I. Mattuck Rs. 7- 2 as

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God and Man by Leon Roth
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Akbar's Religious Thought
Reflected in Mogul Painting by
Emmy Wellez Rs. 9- 6 as

K. MAHADEVAN

82-A Royapettah High Road,
MYLAPORE, MADRAS 4.

LIFE . . .

AN UNPOSTED LETTER

MY DEAR ACHITTA,—
When I sit down to write to you, there is only the desire to write, but I have no idea as to what I am going to write. In fact it becomes one of the activities to provide interest in a life full of ennui.

It is humiliating to me to realize that physical conditions decide whether one remains in ecstasy or gloom. The day on which I am writing to you this letter has been a particularly gloomy day. I have been conscious of bodily discomfort all along, and outside the sky is so overcast and there's no rain. When it rains one feels a sort of compensation for the gloom, and rain in torrents is not so gloomy. Perhaps the basis of a gloomy state of mind may also be the outlook you are projecting for the immediate or the remote future.

I do not think the Prohibitionists have taken the psychology of people who drink into consideration. The anticipation of being in a state of pleasurable excitement and the actual feeling of freedom from gloom or boredom, while in drink, cannot be compensated to the individual by any moral consideration. If there is any aesthetic value in prohibition, I don't know about it. Moral values have always ended by not appealing to the individual. And when you consider the utter insignificance of the earth, and the feeling of frustration which every intelligent consciousness has in being conscious, how can moral standards have any value at all? For the appraiser in each case must be the individual. I don't care for diamonds, and to me they have no value. To a jeweller, they have the highest value, and to the girl who decks herself with them, they have a great value till she madly falls for a man to whom she would give away all her jewels if, by so doing, she can win him for herself.

One gets lost when one starts thinking about things. Every morning before going out I decide to remain unruffled throughout the day, but as soon as I reach the office,

the old game of being distracted and worried begins and it is the same each day. Where is the Will? And what place has this Will in the urges which we obey in life?

It is the fantastic notions we have about the earth being inhabited by beautiful spirits that make us regret the early deaths of people like Shelley and Keats and Byron, but this old earth is no fit habitation for these, and it is an escape for them to leave it. This world seems to be best suited for maggots and typhoid germs and mosquitoes and cockroaches, not for sensitive human beings.

I am hungry for the satisfaction of my heart, and I am getting convinced that I shall not have it. I have no quarrel with god, I am prepared to lay down my life for him only if he is there and assures me of emotional satisfaction. But where is god? In god's absence we look for nature. Here where I am, she wears an ugly face in spite of occasional beautiful sunsets and sunrises and moonlights. I have looked for human beings, and for all that you are prepared to give, wanting nothing in exchange except affection, they close their doors in your face, or try to convert your longing into a means of gratifying their petty ends. What's the good of this realization? Where does it lead? Formerly, we believed that this rejection by man threw you back on god. It's no longer the belief now because god has developed curious complexes, and there is no known conditioned reflex fitting you to perceive him or feel his presence. Even the idea of running away somewhere to peace and quiet becomes damped when we realize that there's no place left for peace and quiet. If one could live suspended in the universe, bathed alternately in sunlight and moonlight, coming down sometimes to ride on rosy clouds or glide on moon-illuminated ones to faintly dark horizons, ever-receding and ever-near! Or, if

(Continued on page 33)

BETTER NEWSPAPERS NEEDED

By MARK ETHRIDGE

(Publisher, Louisville Courier-Journal)

The following article is part of a speech delivered at the Ohio State Press Institute, reproduced from the International Press Institute Report:

PUBLISHING a good and profitable newspaper becomes more difficult every day. Economic competition gets stronger and makes the business operation more difficult and much more complex. From the editorial standpoint, America's vaulting into the saddle of power, as Alistair Cooke calls it, has raised in my mind the question whether those who run editorial pages have elevated their mental sights to comprehend their own and America's increased responsibilities in a hydrogen world.

Every publisher talks about rising costs and every publisher is justified in doing it. Costs are rising and revenues are not keeping up with them. The profit margin continues to narrow. In an expanding economy, the simple thing to do is to raise advertising and circulation rates. But we do not have an expanding economy at the moment. I don't care what political economists say, it is not an expanding economy when, in the light of a growing population, the best comfort we can take is that last year was almost as good as the year before. In my book that is static economy. If it keeps on being static a good many more newspapers will disappear and a good many more will be pinched profit-wise between the Scylla of rising costs and the Charybdis of the inability to raise rates for fear of a diminishing return. If we have a drastic reduction in national income it will be catastrophic for more newspapers than I care to think about.

When I entered newspaper work, there were 2,600 dailies and about 16,000 weeklies in the country. And there wasn't much else to do except go fishing and read. Automobiles

were a luxury; radio and its troublesome child, television, had not been born. The movies were still pretty much the flickers and there were, of course, no drive-ins to compete for leisure time. Building costs had not persuaded anybody to do-it-yourself, a craze which like everything else that competes for time that would ordinarily be given to reading, affects its newspaper habit.

Decline in Dailies

Today, according to the latest available figures, there are 1,765 dailies and 9,591 weeklies in the United States. Twenty dailies died last year, our second best year, but that is only part of the story. Since 1910, the trend toward fewer competitive newspapers has been progressing. Then only 42.9 per cent of the cities were non-competitive; today the figure is 94 per cent. Only 10 years ago, there were 76 chain operations, today there are 95, controlling 45 per cent of newspaper circulations. Absentee owners operate 379 papers with 30.3 per cent of the daily circulation. Eighteen states have no cities with daily competition. One-fourth of those publishing on Saturday have quit in the past two decades. In 1910, 689 American cities had competing dailies; there are only 87 such cities now. In 154 American cities, among them some of the largest, one ownership operates both papers. Since 1924, 840 American dailies have merged or died. New ones have been started, but most of them have died, too.

Editor & Publisher reported recently that newspaper circulation in the United States passed the 55,000,000 mark for the first time in 1954. That was a gain of 1.1 per cent, or 600,000 subscribers, over the previous year. But again, the figures do not tell the whole story. The percentage of gain is not keeping up with the population growth. A study made by our circulation manager

shows that in the 43 largest cities population grew 29 per cent in 25 years, newspapers grew 25 per cent. We have been running hard to do less than stand still. No publisher can take consolation from the fact that the 11 largest Sunday papers lost almost 3,000,000 circulation between 1947 and 1954, or from the figures recently released by *The New York Times* which show that from 1950 through 1954, New York dailies lost 413,692 subscribers and Sunday newspapers lost 1,248,698.

Unfortunately the advertising picture is not much brighter. Newspapers continue to be by far the preferred medium as against radio, television, magazines and direct mail, but again that is not the whole story. The advertiser spent more money in 1954 than he did in 1953 but the newspaper percentage of the take did not keep up. Total advertising for the 52 largest cities was down 1.1 per cent from the previous year. Television for the first time jumped into second place as an advertising medium.

Less Advertising

There has been a small, but steady decline in the percentage of the advertising dollar which newspapers have been getting since 1949, when television first came into the picture. (There has been, of course, a more striking decline in what radio has been getting. In 1949, the advertiser put 36.5 per cent of his money into newspapers; in 1954 the figure was something like 33 per cent. Again, if we take *The New York Times* figure for the five year period 1950-1954, New York newspapers lost 741,112 lines.

These figures, all add up to something: they add up to a picture of a contracting rather than an expanding business, with more contracting coming; to a generally static situation in most of the big cities as far as circulation is concerned and to a host of problems which face the publisher. Some of them are:

Because of competing media there is a diminishing return in increasing rates to meet increased costs;

The trend toward monopoly has been accelerated;

Television has had a terrific impact upon the American newspaper and is the strongest competitor for the advertiser's dollar and the reader's time, particularly in the afternoon field;

The tide of suburbanization, which is running most strongly, tends to reduce the circulations of big dailies, change the reading habits of potential newspaper buyers and increases suburban-paper circulations.

Resort to Expedients

The very fact that the problems exist raises the question of what publishers are doing about them. Unfortunately most of them are cussing the unions, griping to each other and, where there is competition, wondering whether they can outlast the other fellow. Some of them are frankly resorting to expedients, such as leaving classified advertising out of the early editions. A great many, including such big papers as *The New York Times*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Washington Post* and the Louisville papers, are trimming roll sizes and saving on newsprint. There is a point beyond which these things can't go unless we intend to get out single-column papers. Other papers have cut down on news content, which I believe is exactly the wrong way. All of these things diminish quality.

Behind in Research

Expedients must end somewhere and the truth must be faced sooner or later for the ugly thing that it is. The bare, bald truth is that newspapers are at least a generation behind in research that might make production more efficient. There has been no major improvement in the process of printing newspapers in the past 50 years. Such inventions as are in use—teletype-setters, phototypesetting and photon—are in operation in smaller plants, or are in the experimental stage. They have not demonstrated yet that they have industry-wide application.

Now I have no desire to glorify the printing trades unions. They usually

resist change as hard as the publishers do. They struck when the linotype was introduced and they'll probably strike again if any great technological change is made in newspaper production. But, I don't think they can be wholly blamed for the economic squeeze in which newspapers find themselves. Publishers have done precious little to help themselves. In 1953, the aviation industry was spending 13 per cent of all it took in on research, electrical machinery people were spending 6.4 per cent. The average for all industry was 2 per cent of its sales and that percentage was dragged down by the printing industry, of which newspapers are a part—the sixth greatest industry in the United States—which spent 0.017 per cent of its revenue on research. It's not only too little, it is certainly too late to save some papers.

Within the past year, 175 newspapers have organized the Institute of Newspaper Operations, whose underlying purpose is the exploration and improvement of the methods and techniques of newspaper production and operation, the development of training methods for employees; cooperation with research organizations in the printing field and appraisal of new methods and equipment as to their possible incorporation into newspaper printing. It indicates that publishers have waked up to what is happening to them and offers the best hope I know of doing something about it.

Monopolies Continue

Despite government suits and the sociologists, the monopoly and single-paper trends will go on. The argument over monopoly is almost academic, since 94 per cent of the country has it. People of good will sometimes ask me, "Don't you think Louisville ought to have another paper?" My stock, if not brilliant answer is "What do you want us to do about it? Start another one?" The simple truth is that nobody in his right mind is starting metropolitan papers these days, unless he already has a money-making organization to pay the freight.

I don't want to be in the position of arguing the inherent virtue of monopoly, because I don't believe there is any inherent virtue. What I would point out is that among the so-called monopoly papers are some of the best papers in the country. The Atlanta papers, under one ownership, are infinitely better than they were when there were three papers with three ownerships, constantly whipsawed between Atlanta advertisers. The Minneapolis papers are better than they ever were; the Louisville papers are too, I think. Whether papers are worse or better under a monopoly depends entirely upon the sense of public service and the community responsibility of the owners.

Let's look the monopoly question squarely in the face. No newspaper with radio or television stations or with news weekly magazine circulation in its town has a monopoly. John Cowles (publisher of the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*) made a study in Minneapolis that showed that Minneapolis radio stations are broadcasting almost twice as many words of news a week as his papers are publishing. I'm sure that's true in Louisville, too. I wouldn't concede for a moment that what they broadcast is nearly as full or intelligent as what we give the reader—indeed, a good deal of it is superficial headline stuff—but with all the news and opinion programmes on the air, only a moron could say that he was not aware of basic information or conflicting opinion.

Television has had a more serious impact upon newspapers, because it has invaded the visual field. It opened up the way for political convention coverage such as radio could never give; it brought the football games into the living room through the eye; it gave the viewer Vishinsky in the midst of one of his tirades.

The answer to most of our problems is better, not shorter or narrower newspapers. While a good many newspapers will die

in the next few years, those newspapers which are alert to the changing patterns of life, which recognize their primary obligations to their communities and their readers and undertake to fulfill them, will survive.

There has been, in my time, a great lift in the intellectual level of newspapers. There has been, too, a change for the better in the concept of most of their owners of their responsibility to the public. There is less cheapness, less tawdriness, less pandering to the baser emotions and fewer newspapers that do it than when I came along. There is more sober and generally more independent discussion of issues; there is less blatant partisanship, although still a great deal too much of it. There is better reporting; more background information, more reporting in depth, more graphic aids for the reader.

There is more concern on the part of newspapermen for their professional status. The American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Associated Press Managing Editors, Sigma Delta Chi, and the National Conference of Editorial Writers have all tended to emphasize the more serious approach to issues and to writing. The Nieman and Reid Foundations and the American Press Institute have been most useful factors in broadening the intellectual base of newspapermen. And newspapers themselves have become more strict in their educational and character requirements.

Real progress has been made in the news and editorial departments, more so than in any other department of the newspapers. But there is still too much superficiality, too much overwriting, too much glamorizing of bums, too little digging for background. We have not yet substituted the decent, well-written human interest story for the old sob stuff.

Journalism Schools

I sometimes think that there has

been too much emphasis lately upon professional standards and too little upon the content of our newspapers. Since there must be a beginning for a new emphasis I would suggest that a good place to start would be schools of journalism. I admit to presumption when I make the suggestion that journalism teachers ought to see whether they have caught up with the atomic world. I have a pet theory that if universities are going to spend money on schools of journalism they should be made real schools. Most of them, in my observation, are trade schools and the danger is that with the increasing demand for bright young people to write singing commercials, they may become more so.

I should like to see the schools recast so that the techniques of journalism become incidental, or at least could be learned as extra-curricular activity, while the emphasis is put upon making the full man intellectually, and upon learning more of what to write than how to write the five W's. My ideal school of journalism would be heavy in English and English literature (I might even require Latin); in history of every kind including archaeology; in political science and in economics. I might be willing to consider psychology and sociology, but not sociology unless I found somebody who had foresworn gobbledygook and talked in plain English about human relations.

The time has come for schools of journalism to become professional schools in the fullest sense. We are willing to pour millions into medical schools to produce people who will try to cure our bodily and mental ills—and that's important—or into producing lawyers who will protect property rights, which seems to be what most of them are concerned with, but we spend precious little in producing people who have the instrument, and sometimes the will, to protect the only thing that really means anything in this hydrogen world.—our freedom at home and abroad.

THE COMING OF NASSER

By T. T. POULOSE

BATHED in the flood light all night, there is a simple, austere, five-roomed flat inside the Army Compound at Cairo's Abbasia Military Barracks, guarded by military police all the twenty-four hours. A man of thirty-six in military uniform, lives there with his wife and four children. In rank he is only a Lieutenant Colonel, but in history he is perhaps one of the youngest Prime Ministers of an infant Republic. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, that is his name, on July 23, 1952 led a successful coup d'état, and overthrew the corrupt, despotic and reactionary monarchy of Egypt.

Colonel Nasser pushed to the limelight the amiable 53 year old General Naguib to share the glory while he himself held the strings of power and ran the administration. General Naguib soon became the symbol of Revolution with his magnetic personality and natural benevolence. He performed the rituals of office as the President of the newly declared Republic of Egypt, kissing babies, laying foundation stones, applauded by the masses. But the events that moved swiftly convinced the Egyptians that the shy and retiring Nasser was the real power and moving spirit behind the Revolution and Naguib was only a titular head placed in the front-line to receive the glamour.

This levelheaded organizer and revolutionary hails from a middle class family. Born in 1918 in Alexandria, as the first of the four sons of a postal clerk, Nasser passed through poverty in the early days of his life and that exercised a profound influence on him. His mother was the daughter of a building contractor of Alexandria.

A rebellious instinct was discernible in him from boyhood. He was called Gamal by his parents. Gamal spent his boyhood in the cosmopolitan city of Cairo along with his

father who was working there. Gamal married when he was fifteen, in 1933.

He was not a brilliant student like Kamal Atartuk; he flunked six times during nine years of public school. He enjoyed life seeing American movies and participating in student movements. At sixteen Gamal was one of the leading organisers of a student demonstration against British imperialism in Cairo's El Nahda School. The next year Gamal was belaboured by a policeman for leading a student riot at the University of Giza. Even today its impression remains on his forehead. This was an important event in Gamal's life since the next day's newspapers carried his name for the first time. The later stage of his school career was however marked by a sense of responsibility and devotion to studies. For fifteen days, Gamal worked for 20 hours a day and he finally got through his examination. At the age of eighteen, he managed to get admission along with forty out of four hundred applicants, in the Royal Military Academy. He was commissioned in 1938 while he was twenty and joined as a infantry-platoon commander at the Assiout Barracks.

In 1942, while Nasser was only a captain, he saw how Egypt was humiliated when Nahas Pasha was forced upon Farouk as Prime Minister by the English. This sharpened Nasser's opposition to the British régime. But when he was appointed as an instructor at the Military Academy, Nasser got a chance to experiment with his secret designs. He started his activities in the Officers' Club in Cairo by holding private discussions in utmost secrecy with his trusted colleagues.

With the support of Abdul Hakim Amer, now Commander-in-Chief of the Egyptian Army and in cooperation with a group of student officers, Nasser succeeded in forming the nucleus of the future Revolution.

tion. Describing this period Nasser himself said: "I was patient and never despaired. I chose them one after another and tested them without their even knowing it."

Nasser was obsessed by a single thought: To save his countrymen from the thralldom of poverty and disease and make them decent human beings.

As Naguib said once, "Gamal, that strong mind, that abnormal determination" was untiring in his attempts to reach this end. While the secret work of uniting the young officers was going on, the Palestine campaign came in 1948. The reverses Egypt suffered shook the morale of the Egyptian Army. Shells that would not explode, handgrenades that were as effective as cricket balls, and the horrors and miseries of the wounded soldiers on the one side, and the luxurious life of high ranking officers with their retinues of servants on the other, drew Nasser to the hour of decision. Nasser boldly seized the opportunity and presented an ultimatum to General Naguib, a popular General commanding the Frontier Guards at that time: "Either lead us or we must arrest you. We cannot turn back. We have all said good-bye to our families in case our plot does not succeed." The General gave way and accepted the leadership. The conspiracy was no more a secret thing. At midnight of July 22, 1952, under Nasser's direction, the Revolutionary Command Council decided to seize power and drive away the King. King Farouk abdicated and left for Rome. On July 23, the world read the sensational news of this gripping drama enacted inside the Army Barracks by Nasser, Naguib and their army officers. Hungry Egyptians thronged the streets in cheerful mood while the leaders of the Revolution, flushed with the victory of this bloodless coup, were thoughtfully handling the thorny problems that fell so suddenly on them.

Evidently, Nasser derives his strength from the four hundred Army officers, his staunch supporters dedicated to the cause of free-

ing the country from its corrupt monarchy and the domination of the British. The twelve man junta, the Revolution Command Council, rests on the "General Assembly" of these men and on their solidarity depend the life and activities of the R. C. C.

The exit of the king was a milestone in Egypt's historic march towards independence. On June 18, 1953, the monarchy was officially abolished and Egypt was proclaimed a Republic with General Naguib as its President and Prime Minister.

The new rulers of Egypt took Islamic ideals as their guiding principles. They threw the blame for the miseries of Egypt on the political parties and their diehard leaders who encouraged bribery, corruption and nepotism and dissolved the parties, confiscating their assets. They imposed a rigorous Press censorship and banned the Moslem Brotherhood.

But all was not well inside Nasser's military caucus. On February 25, 1954 General Naguib resigned the posts of President and Premier. It shocked Egypt and startled the world. The split in the R. C. C. was on a basic issue. Nasser and Naguib were working at cross purposes. Naguib favoured an early return to parliamentary life whereas the R. C. C. wanted to stay in power indefinitely.

IN this first conflict Nasser yielded and General Naguib returned to power again but without veto right over the R. C. C. decisions which he had demanded at the time of his resignation. In the swift moving stream of Middle East political life nothing remains permanent. Naguib suffered the worst defeat in his political career when, on March 29, 1954 the workers struck work and paraded in the streets of Cairo, and the trade unions asked the R. C. C. to stay in power and prevent the restoration of the political parties. This was Nasser's chance.

The R. C. C. announced on 30th March, 1954 that it would continue in power and the question of a return to parliamentary life was shelved out for the time being. On April 18, 1954 Naguib resigned the Premiership in

favour of Nasser. A Ministry for Presidential Affairs was newly created.

The evacuation by the British of the Suez Canal Zone by an agreement which was arrived at by the Anglo-Egyptian delegates was a signal victory for the Nasser regime.

Nasser's foreign policy reveals considerable wisdom, caution and flexibility. Towards Israel his words are couched in modern terms. He stands for the unity of the Arab world. His proposed visit to the Afro-Asian conference is a sign of his deep interest in the progress of Asia and his faith in Asian Nationalism and the awakening in Africa. Although Egypt has signed an agreement with the U. S. A. for an American aid of 23,237,000 dollars, he is not prepared to allow Egypt to line

up behind America and join any power bloc.

The Nasser Government has collected tax debts to the tune of 120 million dollars from wealthy Egyptians. With the land reform decree that fixed the ceiling as two hundred acres, 620,000 acres of land were confiscated from the Royal family and big landowners for distribution among the peasants. The regime has decreed a minimum wage of 54c. to all the workers and abolished the title of Pashas. There has been a 4% drop in the cost of living. The Government has succeeded in saving the nation's finance from near bankruptcy by accumulating a neat foreign exchange balance of £28 million. All these can be added to the credit side of the Nasser regime.



Sulochana, A. P. Nagarajan, Suryakala and Veerappa in an exciting scene in "Pennarasi" of M. A. V. Pictures, Coimbatore.

WORLD HEALTH DAY

A talk broadcast by Dr. A. Srinivasan, this year's President of the Association of Physicians of India on April 7, World Health Day.

I THINK it would be well to preface my talk tonight by a reference to certain fundamental ideas that will enable us to appreciate the notion of what I may call "World Health". The paramount importance of health has been acknowledged from the earliest times and it is common knowledge that the very ideal of life in ancient Greece was built upon the concept of physical and mental health. For the complete realization of the Divine gift of life, health is indispensable. The individual well-being in its integrated form represents the health of the community itself, that is to say, Public Health.

The precise signification of the term 'health' has developed over the centuries with the advance of civilization and culture. This can be seen from the broad definition of health in the Constitution of the World Health Organization. It says:

"Health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity."

We observe that the term "social well-being" which is included in this definition, attracts in its turn the kindred concept of Social Medicine. Now, what is social medicine? "Social medicine signifies a particular conception of medicine, a conception that regards the promotion of health as a primary duty of the doctor; a conception that pays heed to men's social environment and heredity as they affect health; a conception that recognises that personal problem of health and sickness may have communal as well as individual aspects." One other fact, which is commonly known, is that disease knows no frontiers and it transcends political and geographical divisions of this world. If we keep these ideas in the background, the need for an international organization pertaining to

the health of the peoples of various nations becomes apparent. It is this need that is met by the World Health Organization.

The World Health Organization is a specialized agency of the United Nations and represents a culmination of efforts to establish a single inter-governmental health agency. As such, it inherits the functions of antecedent organizations such as the Health Organization of the League of Nations and the Health Division of the United Nations' Relief and Rehabilitation Association.

The World Health Organization had its origin in the proposal made at the United Nations Conference held in San Francisco in 1945 that a specialised agency be created to deal with all matters relating to health. In 1946, representatives of 61 governments met at the International Health Conference, New York, drafted and signed the WHO Constitution, and established an Interim Commission to serve until the Constitution could be ratified by 62 Member States of the United Nations. The Constitution came into force on 7th April, 1948, the first World Health Assembly met in Geneva in June, 1948 and on 1st September, 1948, the permanent Organization was established.

The work of the Organization is carried out by three organs: the World Health Assembly, the supreme authority, to which all Member States send delegates; the Executive Board, the executive organ of the Health Assembly, consisting of 18 persons designated by as many Member States; and a Secretariat under the Director-General.

The scope of WHO's interests and activities exceeds that of any previous international health organization. It includes major projects, relating to malaria, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, maternal and child health, nutrition and environmental

sanitation. In addition to these, special programmes on public health administration, epidemic diseases, mental health, professional and technical training and other public health subjects are dealt with. The WHO also continues the work begun by earlier organisations on biological standardisation, unification of pharmacopoeias, addiction-producing drugs, health statistics, international sanitary regulations and the collection and dissemination of technical information, including epidemiological statistics. It will be seen that in course of time when the so-called under-developed countries in the world cease to be so, the work of an organization like the WHO will be confined to co-ordination on a nation to nation level. I believe it is only when that stage is reached that the real usefulness of a world body can be appreciated.

The WHO has annually arranged to celebrate a **WORLD HEALTH DAY** which is observed in nearly sixty countries of the world. The WHO has decided that this year's World Health Day should focus attention on the importance of clean water. In fact, the motto "**CLEAN WATER MEANS BETTER HEALTH**" is the current slogan. The statement issued by Dr. Candau, the Director-General of the WHO, on the occasion of this World Health Day, neatly explains the necessity to understand that the absence of safe drinking water for the people is the greatest danger to world health. The Director-General has rightly pointed out that as late as a hundred years ago, cholera, typhoid, dysentery and other diseases caused by polluted drinking water, ravaged the peoples of all the continents. It is only after the pioneering efforts of men like Chadwick that the foundations were laid for the great science of public health, which has achieved miraculous results during the last few decades, in bringing down the mortality rates and raising health standards. Dr. Candau has further pointed out that a great deal of the improvement in health standards in Western Europe and North America has been due to the puri-

fication of water-supplies and the sanitary disposal of human wastes. Although spectacular results have already been achieved, the Director-General of the WHO wants us to realize that no country in the world can yet afford to relax its vigilance concerning the water-sources and supplies.

THIS statement of the Director-General of the WHO on the occasion of this year's World Health Day is of special importance to the people of India and South-East Asia in general. In fact, WHO's Regional Director for South-East Asia in his statement announcing the theme for this year's World Health Day's observance, has further emphasised the special importance of drinking water to the South-East Asian people.

The provision of adequate drinking water to our people has constantly attracted the attention of the State and schemes have been formulated in good numbers. Of the schemes designed, not all are executed and want of money is readily given as an excuse. The actual benefit conferred by the schemes designed and executed is not also anywhere near the mark. The hard fact remains that the vast majority of our people continue to use water that is unprotected, disease-ridden and death-spreading.

On an intellectual level, it has always been conceded that pride of place in any plan to promote the public health, goes to the provision of safe water-supply. To quote a few sentences from the Report of the Bhore Committee, which is the gospel of our Health Ministry—

"In the campaign for improved health, drugs, vaccines and sera can in no way replace such essentials as a hygienic home, good food, fresh air and a safe water-supply." The Bhore Committee further underlines the importance of environmental hygiene in these telling terms:

"So long as environmental hygiene is neglected, so long as the faulty modes of life of the individual and of the community

remain uncorrected, so long as these and other factors weakening man's power of resistance and increasing his susceptibility to diseases are allowed to operate unchecked, so long will our towns and villages continue to be factories for the supply of cases to our hospitals and dispensaries."

In the State of Madras as well, recognition has not been wanting of this fundamental fact that in the improvement of the living conditions of man alone lies the future of public health. As the Report of the Water Supply & Drainage Committee observed—

"Sanitary reform in this country centred round the provision of hospitals, the training of medical men and, incidentally, importing drugs to this country from foreign countries in a progressively increasing measure, instead of attacking the root causes of ill-health of man, by improving his living conditions. Thus, the war against ill-health in this country was being waged all along on the wrong front."

I have cited these extracts merely in order to point out that the failure of the State to provide all its people with safe drinking water, is not really due to any ignorance of the importance of clean water. The factors that have contributed to inaction or, at any rate, unsatisfactory efforts in the direction, are different. Inability to find the money and perhaps what is less pardonable, the inability to use the money available to the best possible purpose, is the real difficulty.

I NEXT wish to draw attention to the fact that the provision of safe drinking water is closely linked with the problem of overcrowding in our hospitals. Overcrowding in hospitals is a nation-wide problem and a reference is made to it at every turn and it is given as a good reason for building more and more hospitals and training more and more medical men and nurses. I am not denying that the country needs more hospitals, doctors and nurses. But, on a more careful examination, it will be

found that a large percentage of the accommodation in our hospitals is now being taken up by patients suffering from preventable diseases. Till the root causes of these diseases are eradicated, the hospitals will continue to be overcrowded even when we double their number. Hospitals are really to be intended to treat patients suffering from degenerative diseases or diseases which cannot be prevented, and accidents. It is both bad policy and bad economy to construct more hospitals or train more doctors when nothing is done for the removal of the root causes of such diseases. This idea has been very aptly put by the late LORD WAVELL, then Viceroy of India, when he opened the Hallett Hospital, Cawnpur in 1944. In the course of his speech, he stated:

"... hospitals, even the best and the largest are to some extent, a confession of weakness. They mean that we have failed to control public health at its source."

Next, it would be appropriate to consider how far an organization like the WHO can help to improve the living conditions of the Indian people. As we saw earlier, the WHO is a co-operative enterprise in which several countries are combining in an effort towards the attainment of the highest possible level of health for all peoples. As a result of this co-operative nature of the WHO, it is an agency of service to its member-States. It can undertake a programme in a country only on the request and with the full assistance of that country's government. No international organization, however powerful, can provide any country with a ready-made solution to all its health problems. Especially is this so in India, where the problems are essentially ones of environmental sanitation demanding considerable expenditure over long periods. What the WHO can and does do, however, is to provide guidance, expert advice, training facilities for national health workers and demonstrations of techniques that have proved effective in other coun-

tries. The dissemination of useful information and conducting timely health propaganda are part of the WHO's job. Whether or not WHO has been able to help concretely to solve our health problems, it has undoubtedly played a great part in making our people "health-conscious". After all, a well developed health-consciousness among the people is most certain to contribute towards the improvement of the nation's health in two ways: first, a

health-minded people attempt to lead a healthier life; secondly, nothing spurs the State to action more than a people who are in a position to voice their demands. Ignorance of what is essential and apathy towards what is happening have always fomented governmental inaction.

It is only when popular feeling on any matter is unleashed that there is any chance of something being done.—By Courtesy, A.I.R., Madras

PHILIPS JUBILEE EXHIBITION

THE large crowds drawn to the exhibition organised by Philips Radio to celebrate their Twenty-five years in India constitute a tribute both to the organizers of that exhibition and the achievements of modern science.

Most of the major achievements of modern science ranging from the first primitive radio receivers to radar are a triumph of the thermionic tube. Electronics have contributed some of the most 'bizarre gadgets' that man's ingenuity can conceive. From the assemblage of radio sets, to the proximity fuse which was a major factor in the Allied success in the last war, the science of electronics has to its credit a wide and varied list of accomplishments.

A cosy corner in Mount Road houses exhibits of some of the achievements in the field of electronics. From the robot at the entrance, who, one regrets to say, appeared to be a rather dull fellow compared to some of his modern compeers who call you names when provoked, to the closed circuit television near the exit, the confined space of the Philips building held objects of science, the development of half of which would put our country on the way to stupendous progress. Hearing-aid apparatus, apparatus for infra-red-ray therapy, the most scientific interior lighting systems, hospital equipment like x-rays, cardiophones which help diagnosis of

heart diseases, pedascopes which show where exactly the shoe pinches (literally) and the effects of ultra-violet light on fluorescent material indicating the immense potentialities for interior decoration, were some of the things which were exhibited. The principle on which radar works was shown and it gave one a glimpse of the immense prospects which it holds forth in the development of the military potential of a nation. Cathode-ray oscillograph which is of such importance in research on the brain, in industry and elsewhere was also on view. Television, of course, was the thing which one was eagerly waiting to see. The vistas of development that this can throw open made one sore with the slow pace of scientific advance in our country. Though long-range television may not be practicable in India, closed-circuit television is within our means. Hospitals, in which important surgical operations can be televised for the benefit of students and doctors, and educational and public institutions should consider ways of utilizing this gift of modern science. Of course, Philips have realized the immense commercial potentialities of television and just before leaving, the visitors were given a charming pep-talk on Philips' Radios. The intelligent interest evinced by the visitors to the exhibition and their eagerness to know, proves that if the Government take the initiative, support for science from the common man will be unstinted.—V. V. S.

FILMS

By V. P. SATHE

EVER since he attended the Film Seminar, Dilip Kumar has been taking keen interest in the problems of not just artistes, but the entire film industry. After his return from Delhi, he has met several important producers and discussed with them the necessity of formulating a united front and submitting a memorandum to the Government. But, unfortunately, Dilip finds that the 'big shots' and certain people are not so ready to mingle with the small producers and that there is a tendency to think on sectarian lines in a sort of self-centred manner amongst the producers.

When I met him on the sets of *Devdas*, Dilip told me that the film industry has a strong case, but it must be able to put it with the backing of the entire industry. So unity is the main need of the hour—a fact which Shri Vasani also stressed in his presidential address at the meeting of the Film Federation of India. Shri Vasani also had a long discussion with Dilip on these problems. And let us hope that the efforts of Dilip, Vasani and others to create unity and put up a strong case for the industry will succeed.

Meanwhile Dilip is finding working in *Devdas*, 'tough job.' He feels that to portray a role which a great artiste has already played causes a great mental strain. Like the Bible, these days, he carries the Urdu translation of Sarat Chatterji's *Devdas* with him and reads it again and again to assimilate its spirit. And though according to Bimal Roy he is doing an excellent job, Dilip has a feeling that other stars like Motilal, Vyjayantimala are doing much better than him. This attitude is healthy and explains the secret of his success as an artiste.

Picture of the week

Believing that the picturegoers want nothing but fun out of movies. Chetan Anand has gone all out to provide fun in a farcical burlesque manner in his latest creation *Joru Ka Bhai*.

Joru Ka Bhai is a picture made without any pretensions. Even the gags are not meant to be subtle and the comedy is handled more in a farcical rather than intelligent manner. If there is any satire it is purely coincidental.

Based on the old saying *Sari Khudai Ek Taraf Aur Joru Ka Bhai Taraf* (All the goodness on one side, and wife's brother on the other) the picture recounts the havoc wrought by the arrival of Joru Ka Bhai in an otherwise happy and contented home.

Balraj Sahni plays the role of Ramchandra, a clerk who is promoted to manager's post and selected by his 'Dana-Pani' party as a candidate for the ensuing assembly elections. He naturally feels elated and happy; but all his happiness is shattered when his Joru Ka Bhai arrives on the scene and has the best of time at Ramchandra's expense. It exasperates the poor husband who loses all his balance, and both his political and economic prospects are in jeopardy. Moreover, his sister's romantic affair with the rival's son aided and abetted by "Joru Ka Bhai" creates complications at home. And the final straw comes when his "Joru Ka Bhai" steals office-money and poor Ramchandra is at his wits' end.

Some of these complications are really interesting and provide boisterous laughter. But unfortunately the pace is not always kept up with the result that at places the picture drags a little. Then some of the sequences are not happily conceived; the joke at the expense of Johnny Walker taking too much laxative and the final hypnotist gag appear to be rather out of place in a domestic farce.

The songs are good and catchy; but for a farce, they are too many

and some of them hinder the smooth progress of the 'thin' story. How one wishes Chetan had not elongated the thin story so much. A farce has to be brief or if it has to be long it should be packed with incidents which heighten the suspense and comedy. This lack of incidents is perhaps the only shortcoming of this otherwise amusing burlesque farce.

Among performers, personally, I preferred Balraj to Johnny Walker. For, though some critics may think he has been miscast, I think Balraj entered into the spirit of the farce wholeheartedly and acted with abandon as a result of which he dominates even those scenes in which Johnny Walker rivals with him for acting honours. Comparatively, I think, Johnny Walker is not in full form; he appears to be unnecessarily restrained. Among others Sheela Ramani looks glamorous; Pravin Paul and Rashid Khan give good account of themselves while Vijay Anand just makes a debut.

Chetan's direction is in keeping with the farcical treatment of the story. And he has been successful in giving us quite an amusing farce without any other pretensions.

Personality of the week

While the controversy over pure entertainment as against purposeful pictures is still raging, there is at least one producer who thinks that the pictures must have a 'thought,' a purpose. And undaunted by the success or failure of other pictures, he is determined to make pictures that way.

The producer is young, enterprising, ambitious Raj Kapoor who had been both to Hollywood and Soviet Union. His confidence in the success of purposeful films is natural; for his *Boot Polish*, which was acclaimed even by the discerning picturegoer has proved that even a purposeful picture can be a box-office hit. And so, even today he thinks that there

is no reason why a good thought-provoking picture should flop if it is presented in entertaining fashion.

The picturegoers, it is said, want entertainment. Raj Kapoor says, satisfy the picturegoers first; but along with the entertainment the producer must be able to give something for them to think about.

And even about that something he holds definite views. He wants the picture to convey a spirit of optimism, so he is against all morbidity and frustration. He wants the pictures on a constructive note making picturegoers conscious of the part they can play in reconstruction of the nation. Even the climax and the end of his *Shri 420* is being modelled on this pattern of thinking.

Raj who is a seasoned showman is also one of our socially conscious producers. So, in a way, he and Shantaram are ideally suited to give a lead in producing pictures which are popular and at the same time purposeful. Incidentally, these are the two producers who are striving to retain originality in their screenplays. For, both of them are taking original stories and not any adaptations. In fact Raj's choice of *Jagte Raho*, a Bengalee story by Shambhu Mitra who will now direct the picture in both Hindi and Bengalee indicates his craving for unusualness, originality and social purpose.

News of the week

Shamsuddin, the director of Hindustan Art's *Jashan* is reported to have died of heart-failure on Friday. The news of his sudden death shocked the film industry.

Two new pictures were launched on Tuesday 5th April '55 at Famous Studios: *Saifo* starring Nimmi, Geeta Bali, Ajit, Kamal Kapoor; and *Bagawat* starring Nigar, Purnima, Ajit, Pran, etc. Both the pictures are being made by Madhukar Navalkar and Veena Kumari under the banner of Jaihind Films.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Editor welcomes letters on subjects of general interest or topics arising out of articles printed in SWATANTRA but reserves the right to abridge them.

Re-employment Of Retired Persons

Sir,—The question of re-employment of retired gazetted officers was a subject raised in the Madras Council on March 17.

During last year, the Railway Service Commission of Madras region invited applications for about 400 posts of clerks. Subsequently, the Commission made a Press announcement that in response to their advertisement, they had received about 80,000 applications. When that was the case with Madras region alone the response received by other Commissions at Calcutta, Bombay, etc., can well be imagined. Apart from this, there are hundreds and thousands of unemployed youths who have registered their names in the various Employment Exchanges. Sometime back, I came across a news item that a B.A. degree holder had perforce to accept an appointment as water carrier because he could not get any other job. All these go to prove the magnitude of unemployment which has been accepted as one of the major problems in our country and about which frequent mention is also made by leaders.

When this is the state of affairs, one does not understand the reason as to why the Government encourage re-employment of retired persons. Is it because they do not get suitable men? What sort of experience and skill do they require for routine clerks, leave alone the technical services?

For instance, in the Integral Coach Factory (Perambur) which is one of the major projects of India, retired persons are being re-employed not only in the lowest grade but also in higher grades. This not only bars the regular promotion and prospects of men in lower grades who thereby lose their initiative and enthusiasm but also the chance of an unemployed person getting employment.

In view of the unemployment problem facing many youngsters, it would be justifiable if the Government do not encourage re-employment of retired persons in any of their departments and I

appeal to the Government through these columns to give due consideration to this aspect in the interest of the numerous unemployed people in our country.

N. V. R. SWAMY

Higher Secondary Schools

Sir,—The scheme of higher secondary schools has become the burning problem of the day, and has been receiving the attention of one and all in the field of education. Certain teacher guilds seem to have even given their opinions by way of suggestions and resolutions regarding the ways and means of its implementation. A few points of factual study are placed here for thought, before actually taking up final decisions on the subject.

A critical examination into the reports of the Secondary Education Commission and the International Team may lead one to the obvious fact that their recommendations have been based on the pattern of school course under the control and management of the Central Government, more popularly known as the Delhi Pattern.

Neither the Commission nor the International Team has recommended a total period of 12 years' schooling. The very wording is **The Eleventh Class!** They have only broadly indicated the total period of schooling, and they have left it to the States to work out the details regarding the length of primary, middle and high school stages of the entire school system. The Central Advisory Board of Education has recommended an 'eleventh class' which is to be reached after a schooling of not less than 10 years. The words 4 or 5 years at the primary stage, and 3 or 4 years at the secondary stage are therefore to be so understood as to evolve the eleventh class after a schooling of not less than 10 years only.

The I Form of Madras and Andhra States corresponds to the V Class of the Delhi Pattern. The V Form corresponds to the X Class and the VI Form corresponds to the XI Class of the Delhi higher secondary schools. As for the length of the course, the existing school structure in Andhra and Madras is in agreement with the recommendations.

By this, a correct implementation of the scheme may mean a revision of the syllabuses as per the Delhi Pattern to suit the three year degree course. Anything more may mean bungling in understanding the recommendations.

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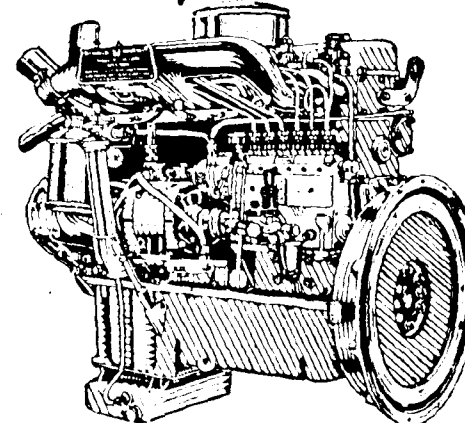
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