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EDITOR: M. R. MASANI

GOA: THE END OF THE HASHISH TRAIL

Suzanne Labin

THEY are twenty years old and soon they will go out, like their pipes. But they don't know it.

Their hair is still long and healthy, if tangled; their eyelids, unwrinkled, open up over expressionless, washed-out eyes. Their cheeks have kept the roundness of childhood, but their colour is deathly ashen. They have all their teeth, but they no longer brush them. They are twenty years old but the blood runs sluggishly through their veins. In Goa, at the end of the hashish trail, they will come to their end very soon, in smoke, but they don't know it.

I found myself in Goa, where several thousand hippies have taken refuge, attracted by a beautiful deserted beach. To find them you enter the forest and look for the little palm-thatched huts, huts without colour, without motion. Inside, a couple of mats or beds of wood: no chairs, no tables, no psychedelic posters, no records to break the monotony. They've sold their record players en route to Goa, and the few who still have them lost the desire to listen to the strident rock they couldn't live without in San Francisco.

The beach of Kalengute is so inaccessible that there is not a single hotel with the simplest comforts according to Western standards. The Government has built a lodge for tourists but the accommodations are rudimentary and the food, in the great hall, is always the same, always execrable.

There are huts scattered under the palm trees. Two-thirds of them harbour native fishing families, the other "families" of hippies, most of which don't include any women but usually four or five young men living in chastity (drugs deaden the sexual drive). The hippies rent their huts for \$4 a month. Since there may be from four to ten in a hut the price per person is seldom more than a dollar.

In a hut I found a young French couple who were eager to share their ideas. They were convinced that they understood the eternal Verities and I must admit that when I heard their thesis, it was unsettling. They compared the day of a Parisian suburbanite with his

three hours of sardine-hood, travelling in the sweat-box of the Metro, or at the wheel of a car in a traffic jam with thousands of other cars as ugly as his own, breathing gas fumes, with the blessed hours that they savoured, by a warm beach, lulled by the cosmic lullaby of waves throwing themselves against unseen, underwater obstacles.

The man's skin looked like an albino's, devoid of pigmentation. Only his long chestnut hair gave him colour. I couldn't help asking about his pallor.

His companion replied: "He has just gotten out of the hospital. He has spent four months there, recovering from dysentery."

It must have been an atrocious attack of dysentery for him to have spent four months in an Indian hospital, when in Bombay so many of the critically ill die on the sidewalks.

I suggested, to hearten them, that it wouldn't take long for the sun on the beach and the bracing ocean

(Continued on page 14)

CONTENTS

Goa: The End of the Hashish Trail	1
by SUZANNE LABIN	
Notes	2
The Retreat From Peking	3
by M. R. MASANI	
The Brezhnev Plan Revisited	5
by A. G. NOORANI	
The New Journalists' Movement	7
by S. K. RAU	
Why Not Peace?	9
by HIPPOPOTAMUS	
A Week with Bill Buckley	11
Review by ANIL C. DHARKER	
Mira by GEETA DOCTOR	13

Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Khaki Election

SO the Khaki Election has come and gone, and the expected has happened. Among the many casualties are the Communist Party (Marxist) in Bengal and the Swatantra Party in Gujarat.

No tears need be shed over Mr. Jyoti Basu's complaint that there was not a free and fair election and that violence was used against his candidates and voters by the ruling Congress Party. From all accounts, as in Kashmir, so in Bengal, this election was rigged to a large extent. But since when have Communists permitted their opponents to win in free or fair election? Those who pick up the sword perish by the sword, and the C.P. (Marxist) have been well and truly hoist on their own petard.

The Swatantra Party in Gujarat, though in a very different way, have brought the debacle on themselves. The repeated acts of indiscipline and skuldugery of a section of the Gujarat unit and its M.L.A.s, their betrayal of their Party's nominee in an election to the Rajya Sabha and their support to the turn-coat C. C. Desai, are the chickens that have now come home to roost as a result of lost credibility in the eyes of the Gujarat electorate.

Meanwhile, another casualty that should cause much wider concern is the eclipse of the autonomy given by the Constitution to the States of the Union. With the exception of Orissa, Tamil Nadu, Goa, Meghalaya and Manipur, the voters in the other States have virtually voted away their rights to the powers that be in Delhi. The election results mark one more step down the slippery slope to one-party rule. How many more remain? We hesitate to count.

"A Victory for Humanity"

IT was only last month that *Freedom First* drew attention (Sudan: The Forgotten Massacres) to the sufferings of the people in South Sudan by publishing an Open Letter by Col. Joseph Lagu, the leader of Anya Nya, the Bantu resistance. At that time, nobody in India had apparently heard about this entire development. Suddenly it has become world news.

We are happy that the butchery has at last ended and an agreement has been entered into between President Nimeiry and Colonel Lagu. The cease-fire announced is to be followed by a great measure of autonomy in the Southern Provinces and the fading out of the Northern garrisons there.

It is to be hoped that this "political settlement", which East and West Pakistan failed to achieve, will endure. It is, as a newspaper in Uganda has described it, "a victory for humanity".

(Continued on page 3)

IN THIS ISSUE

Suzanne Labin's article is a sequel to her book, *Hippies, Drugs & Sex*. She has spent a great deal of the last three years studying the drug trend. Madame Labin is an established authority on the problems of communism and is President of the International Conference on Political Warfare.

In his article written on the eve of Brezhnev's speech to a trade union Conference in Moscow on March 20, A. G. Noorani picks up the thread about the Brezhnev Plan which, as his keen nose discerned, is once again very much in the works.

S. K. Rau, a veteran journalist, tells the story of the emergence of the National Union of Journalists as a *bona fide* non-political organisation of India's journalists whose survival as a profession is threatened by plans being made in Delhi to cripple the press as an organ of free expression.

The wafer-thin majority by which West Germany's treaties with the Soviet Union and Poland are expected to be ratified — if indeed they do not bring down Chancellor Willy Brand's government — make the article by "Hippopotamus" very topical.

William Buckley, well-known commentator and Editor of *The National Review* of New York, was very much in the news from Peking where he formed part of the press corps that accompanied President Nixon. He also briefly visited India. Anil Dharker reviews Buckley's latest book and catches a ride on an exciting week in his life in November 1970.

Geeta Doctor reviews a recent performance of Gurcharan Das' play, 'Meera'.

So much has been written about President Nixon's visit to Peking that it is with some hesitation that the Editor joins in the game and adds his own sixpenny worth.

THE RETREAT FROM PEKING

M. R. Masani

MR. GEORGE BUSH, the U.S. representative, rightly characterised the resolution of the U.N. General Assembly expelling the Republic of China and seating the Communist dictatorship as a "moment of infamy." May not the same description be given to President Nixon's visit to Peking?

To this question, sharply divergent answers may be expected even from those whose loyalty to democratic values cannot be questioned. Let it be conceded that for the U.S. to seek to cut to size the Kremlin, which has overtaken the U.S. in nuclear armaments and thus poses a grim threat to world security and peace, is a perfectly legitimate exercise in maintaining the balance

of power. If this has to be done by neutralising Communist China, which feels itself immediately threatened by 44 Soviet divisions, a fourth of the entire Soviet army, on its frontiers, there can be no complaint. Let it also be conceded that there has been no betrayal of Japan, South Korea or South Vietnam as a result of the negotiations in Peking.

Nonetheless, President Nixon's visit and many incidents connected with it cannot but give cause for grave concern to lovers of freedom everywhere, particularly in Asia. Throughout the visit, the Americans behaved like suppliants. To trained observers on the spot and at a distance, it seemed as if President Nixon

BETWEEN YOU & ME AND THE LAMP POST—Continued from page 2

Like a Russian in Cairo

PUBLIC Relations men and women recently met in Calcutta at the Third Conference of the Public Relations Society of India to consider the role of public relations in the changing social, economic and political environment. It happens not to be a very congenial environment, and the Conference was reminded of the suggestion that in such circumstances the successful practitioner of public relations would need "the enthusiasm of a cheer leader, the self-assurance of a fiancée, the friendliness of a Russian in Cairo, the tenacity of a rainsoaked St. Patrick's Day parader, the diplomacy of a telephone company supervisor, the patience of a research chemist, the disposition of a selfless parent, the glibness of an M.C., the showmanship of a Barnum and, above all, the genius of an Einstein."

There were some good men and women at the Conference but, alas, who could hope to measure up to such a prescription? Easier and better, perhaps, to try and change the environment.

Encyclopaedia Britannica Also Tilts

EVEN Jove sometimes nods, and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which has been regarded as an objective and authoritative source of knowledge, has recently given cause for concern as to whether ideological overtones may not be affecting its functioning.

About a year ago, Professor Ernest van den Haag of New York University was commissioned by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to write an article on Civil Disobedience, a theme of particular interest in India and especially to those, like the Editor, who had practised it under Gandhiji's leadership.

Evidently, however, as a consequence of changes in the editorial staff, Professor van den Haag was informed that, because of a shift in policy, his article would not be published. When pressed for an explanation, the general editor revealed that no article on civil disobedience would be published because "We do not now think we will be able to obtain at this time an encyclopaedically acceptable, dialectically neutral article on the subject."

Commenting on this intriguing development, Professor Sidney Hook, Professor of Philosophy in New York University and veteran Liberal intellectual, has observed: "As one who has specialized for years in the study of the theme of Professor van den Haag's article, I believe it is a model of analysis, detachment and 'encyclopaedic' merit. It expounds fairly and thoroughly all sides of the subject with incisiveness and dialectical balance. It would be a disservice to the intellectual community if Professor van den Haag's article were not made generally available, for it also is a most illuminating contribution. Its publication honors any sponsor."

"There remains the disquieting phenomenon of the rejection of this article by the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* after it had been accepted. Is this part of a pattern of politicalization? Has this reputable and time-honored reference work now fallen into the hands of editors who have ideological axes to grind, who are betraying its great heritage and the public trust in furthering their own ideological bias? Their action in this instance certainly arouses suspicion."

This is a disturbing development, but it is good to know that an expanded version of Prof. van den Haag's essay will be brought out in book form by Harper & Row this Spring.

did all the wooing while the Chinese Communist leaders, strictly correct, nonetheless turned a cold shoulder. Among those who hold this view is such an experienced and mature student of Chinese and Asian affairs as the veteran writer, James Michener, who represented *The Readers' Digest* in Peking. Repeatedly, whether by the distribution of offensive propaganda material to the U.S. pressmen, or the staging of a crude class war drama which the President was forced to applaud, or the public humiliation of American-trained University professors, the fact was rubbed in that the Chinese Communists were not proposing to dilute, much less to abandon, their viciousness or their aggressive postures and intentions.

No wonder Mr. William Buckley, on returning to America from Peking declared: "I am no longer interested in Richard Nixon."

Asian Munich

One wonders whether the U.S. President, despite his profound understanding of the communists and their ways, appreciates the cruel blow his visit has inflicted on the morale of the Chinese people in their resistance to the tyranny of Mao Tse-tung? There can be no question that the communique signed by the President and the statement of the U.S. position in it regarding Taiwan is a callous betrayal not so much of his ally, President Chiang Kai-shek, as of the people of Taiwan who have every right to their independence and membership of the U.N. like any other nation. As a Taiwanese told *Newsweek*: "The U.S. has begun sinking the Nationalists' boat, and it is now forcing us Taiwanese to get on the sinking ship."

If Jawaharlal Nehru, by his acceptance of Chinese authority over Tibet, betrayed the Tibetan people, President Nixon, by his characterisation of Taiwan as part of China, has sold out the rights of the people of Taiwan.

Fortunately, even the U.S. Government cannot hand over Taiwan to Mao Tse-tung on a platter. With a buoyant economy and a standard of life many times higher than that of the Mainland and with one of the finest and biggest armies of Asia, Taiwan is in no mood or necessity to succumb. As a belated awareness will no doubt show, the Soviet Union will be quite prepared to accommodate Taiwan within the Brezhnev Plan of collective security in Asia. With Moscow having already included India in its collective security arrangements by the conclusion of the Indo-Soviet Treaty, "why", asks Mr. Geoffrey Hudson, formerly Director of Far Eastern Studies at St. Anthony's College, Oxford, "should the protecting arm of the Soviet Union not be extended also to Taiwan if it is left in the lurch by its present ally?"

If the Chinese Communists were to repeat Hitler's threat during World War II to destroy Britain as he would wring the neck of a chicken, President Chiang

Kai-shek could well repeat Churchill's classic reply: "Let him try. Some chicken. Some neck."

Means vs Ends

The pith of the adverse criticism of President Nixon's policies is not against their objectives, which are no doubt legitimate. But could these ends not have been furthered by normal diplomatic moves and exercises? Was it really necessary to glorify and give respectability to a bandit regime, to create doubts and suspicions in the minds of loyal allies in Asia and to sacrifice the national independence of the people of Taiwan in order to establish a new relationship with Communist China which is, in Mr. Henry Kissinger's own words, "deadly afraid of the Soviet Union" and needs U.S. support against the Soviets at least as much as the U.S. needs Chinese neutralisation *vis-a-vis* Russia? On a cool calculation of the pros and cons, the answer to the first question would appear to be in the affirmative and that to the second a resounding 'No.'

Secret Document

This analysis is confirmed by a secret Chinese Communist document, hitherto unpublished in India, that leaked out from the Mainland in the last week of February. It had been circulated to the Communist cadres and is entitled "The International Situation and Publicity Directive". It is claimed that the Peking regime agreed to President Nixon's visit "only to step up subversive activities in the U.S." The document goes on to say:

"Nixon's visit to Peiping will help intensify propaganda activities in the United States... And we hope to help the American people ideologically and through public opinion to rise up in a revolution to topple America's reactionary government."

The document claims that Nixon was likely to make concessions to the Maoists during his visit, but even if he did not, Peiping "still would be the winner".

"Nixon, because of domestic and diplomatic needs, cannot but consider seeking some compromises", the Maoists said. "Deal or no deal, the initiative lies in our hands".

Describing the Nixon visit to Peiping as an act "to beg for peace", the directive said the trip would not settle problems outstanding between Washington and Peiping.

May be the Communist Chinese are counting their chickens before they are hatched, but who can blame them for trying and for hoping, in the face of the gullibility shown by large sections of the American press and public?

Perhaps the most appropriate epitaph on this sad chapter in history is that penned by that wise Chinese philosopher, Lin Yu-tang: "Mr. Nixon is a man of peace. So was Neville Chamberlain."

THE BREZHNEV PLAN REVISITED

A. G. Noorani

IT is nearly three years now since the Brezhnev Plan for Asian collective security was first publicly advocated, but the lack of candour that characterised the advocacy then, persists still.

"We are of the opinion that the course of events is also putting on the agenda the task of creating a system of collective security in Asia", Mr. L. I. Brezhnev, the General Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party said, on June 7, 1969, at the Moscow Conference of the Communist Parties.

But no details were given. All one had was a reference to the Conference of the European Communist Parties at Karlovy Vary on April 24, 1967, which put forward certain proposals for European security.

The U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. Rogers, said on July 2, 1969, "We have attempted to find out what Mr. Brezhnev had in mind by inquiring from other representatives of the Soviet Union, and, so far, they have not given us any assistance. They have all said they were not too sure of what he meant, they were interested in our reaction to his comments."

Matters have not improved since. For, while expressing his willingness "positively" to consider the Plan now at this hour, the Japanese Prime Minister Mr. Sato said in the House of Councillors of the Diet, on March 1, 1972, "We do not know the exact intention of the Soviet Union and the details of the proposal".

The lack of candour is not Moscow's alone. New Delhi also shares it. As far back as July 11, 1969, the External Affairs Minister, Mr. Dinesh Singh, said that the Soviet proposal "in printed form conveyed to India never visualised anything like a military pact as a basis for collective security." Thanks to the lack of vigil on the part of our M.Ps., Mr. Singh was not even asked to publish "the printed form" in which, admittedly, the proposals had been "conveyed to India".

India was the only Asian State to welcome the proposals. Japan bids fair to be the second. The reasons in the two cases are different. In his interview to TASS on February 16, 1972, the External Affairs Minister, Mr. Swaran Singh, said: "The Government of India has been consistently in favour of all initiatives aimed at the promotion of peace and security and the reduction of international tensions. The Brezhnev proposal for collective security in Asia enunciated in June 1969 comes in this category."

The Prime Minister, Mrs. Indira Gandhi, on the other hand, said a few days later that she did not believe in collective security for Asia but there should be united efforts by all concerned to ensure peace. One wonders how Mrs. Gandhi reconciles this with the

Indo-Soviet Treaty, except that she prefers a bilateral arrangement with Russia to a multilateral relationship which includes other Asian States as well. It may be recalled that in her own pronouncements on the subject in 1969, Mrs. Gandhi's emphasis was on the bilateral character of arrangements with Asian States.

Having secured a bilateral arrangement with Russia Mrs. Gandhi seems anxious now to pour cold water on the Brezhnev Plan. Mr. Sirajul Hossain Khan, Editor of the *Eastern News Agency*, was told (March 15, 1972) that India had not heard anything afresh from Russia about the Plan, adding, significantly, that economic co-operation between countries could really make them strong from within and ensure the collective security and peace of the region.

Mrs. Gandhi was referring to the Soviet Premier, Mr. A. Kosygin's statement in Moscow a day earlier that strengthening of collective security in the area "would contribute to the consolidation of peace in Asia". Read with Mr. Sato's remarks, made shortly after the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. A. Gromyko's visit to Japan, Mr. Kosygin's statement leaves one in no doubt about the Soviet determination to pursue the three-year old proposal. Be it noted, Mr. Kosygin's statement was made in the context of Indo-Pak relations. President Bhutto will no doubt hear more of it from his hosts in Moscow. Reportedly, the Prime Minister of Bangladesh, Sheikh Mujibur Rehman, did. The P.T.I. reported (March 5) that "it is understood that during the visit opinions were exchanged also on problems of Asian security but the subject does not figure in the declaration, presumably because it is considered premature in the conditions obtaining in the Indian peninsula". That only ten days later Mr. Kosygin should have publicly revived the Brezhnev Plan suggests that there were other reasons for the omission of any reference to the subject in the declaration.

All this makes it very important that the Plan's details be made public and officially, too. The student is wholly dependent on the occasional contributions of Soviet publicists. Foremost among them is Mr. Spartak Beglov of Novosti.

He explained on July 2, 1969, that the Brezhnev Plan gave "priority to political consultations, to mutually guaranteed measures for observing the integrity and sovereignty of one another as against measures of a military nature". This comes fairly close to the consultative provisions of the Indo-Soviet Treaty.

Later, in September 1969, Mr. Gromyko tabled certain proposals before the U.N. General Assembly

and sought its endorsement. They envisaged military assistance by the Security Council to "regional security systems". The proposals referred specifically to Article 2, para 6 of the U.N. Charter, which reads thus: "The Organisation shall ensure that states which are not Members of the United Nations act in accordance with these Principles so far as may be necessary for the maintenance of international peace and security". Mr. Gromyko offered no prize to any one for guessing correctly the identity of the non-member he had in mind. China has consistently denounced the Brezhnev Plan as a move designed to isolate her.

Towards the end of 1969, Prof. G. P. Zadorozhnyi, Professor of International Law at the Institute of International Relations in Moscow, lectured in Tokyo. The Professor stayed at the Soviet Embassy and the Soviet Ambassador to Japan was present among the audience who heard him elaborate on the Brezhnev Plan. He said: "I believe that the United States of America must also participate. The United States is not an Asian country but has interests here; it has islands and other possessions in Asia and is a member of different international treaties". He certified the fitness of Australia and New Zealand as well. "Iran, Iraq and even Turkey would be invited to become

members". So would South Korea, South Vietnam and even Taiwan. In fact the Asian collective security organisation would be a regional U.N. complete with its General Assembly, Security Council and other organs "promoting political, economic, cultural and other kinds of collaboration among the Asian countries". And the organisation will be committed to help a member against whom aggression is committed by another State.

It is very clear from the few Soviet pronouncements on the subject that, despite persistent denials, the Brezhnev Plan is directed against China and that it does envisage military aid.

Mrs. Gandhi, it seems, has been willing to go along with the Russians' scheme provided it was pruned to a two-party deal. Mr. Kosygin's recent speech suggests that they have other ideas. Having secured India's acceptance of a Treaty of a far-reaching character, the Russians seem anxious to exploit the present opportunity for securing the adherence to the Plan of others as well. Japan has revised its position from one of utter indifference to a cautious willingness. How the others fare remains to be seen. What is already plain is the Russian resolve to extend its influence in Asia.



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THE NEW JOURNALISTS' MOVEMENT

S. K. Rau

THE formation of a new all India organisation of journalists known as National Union of Journalists (India) at a two-day convention of journalists from all over India in Delhi on January 23 and 24, 1972, has created quite a sensation and a flutter in some quarters. Two newspapers of Delhi, the *National Herald* and the *Patriot*, almost went crazy and came out with wild accusations. Thereby hangs a tale.

Way back in 1948 a handful of journalists met in a club in New Delhi and declared themselves representatives of all journalists in India and called the new body they ushered in the Indian Federation of Working Journalists (IFWJ). The late Mr K. Rama Rao, a veteran journalist and a hero of many battles who had made a good deal of sacrifice during the freedom struggle, was the prime mover behind this show. Leadership of the profession would have come to him for the mere asking, but he preferred to play a humbler role and suggested his lieutenant Mr M. Chalapati Rau, then Assistant Editor, in the *National Herald*, to be the leader. Thus Mr Chalapati Rau came to be the first President of the IFWJ.

Mr Chalapati Rau succeeded Mr K. Rama Rao as Editor of the *National Herald* and he had a completely free hand in the paper. Nehru, founder of the *National Herald*, gave him complete freedom. Mr Rau fully championed the cause of working journalists in the columns of the *Herald*, a freedom which no editor enjoyed. This created a halo round the head of Mr Chalapati as the only saviour of the profession.

The IFWJ demanded the appointment of a Press Commission, a demand which was accepted by the Government and the IFWJ nominated Mr Chalapati Rau as its sole representative on the Commission which no doubt produced a monumental Report. A Commission's Report, however brilliant and thought-provoking it might be, would not provide bread and butter to the workers and so they had to wait for the constitution of a wage board as recommended by the commission. The IFWJ wanted complete classification of grades instead of a mere minimum wage board on account of a fear that the minimum might remain the maximum. And so the wage board went into minute details, gave grades, and fixed increments. Whatever good it had brought also brought in its wake certain evils.

The first wage board recommendations were challenged and declared *ultra vires* and a new one had to be constituted by an Ordinance by the President. A second wage board was appointed a few years later. Although most of the papers implemented its recommendations, curiously *National Herald*, which had

championed the cause of working journalists through and through challenged it in the Supreme Court. The present position is that unless this stay order is vacated, Government cannot appoint a new wage board. This, in short, is the history of wage boards for journalists.

The wage board has done some levelling up. It has brought some kind of order where chaos existed. But in the rapidly changing economy, the recommendations of a wage board become completely outdated by the time they are implemented.

Infiltration

In the last four years, some invisible changes had been taking place in the journalistic field. Just as big industry entered the field of newspapers soon after the war, political elements began to infiltrate into the organised unions of journalists. Their elections were financed by party bosses and journalists were asked to pull somebody's chestnuts out of the fire. The parties began to keep their men at strategic points and at the time of election they were to see that independent and non-aligned journalists did not get into top positions in the journalist movement. The names of a large number of journalists were removed from the rolls of the organisation without any rhyme or reason.

Top leaders of the movement began to consider the editor as the enemy of the profession and in organisations where there were equal representations for journalists and editors they made the lives of the editors miserable. Taking full advantage of this internecine feuds, the Government simply ignored the editors and began to get things done through the proprietors. Result: the editor found himself neither with the journalists nor with the proprietors.

Having got control of the organisation, those at the top began to play havoc at the lower level. The correspondents at the lowest level form the eyes and ears of the editor. He can make or mar the paper. The top men in the organisation would not allow any correspondent not toeing their line to function. They would deny him all facilities like accreditation. Thus, political extremists were spreading their tentacles far and wide in this manner.

The first revolt against this regimentation was launched in Uttar Pradesh some five years ago when a new organisation of journalists known as the UP Journalists' Association came into existence, to function as a non-political, professional trade union body. It had to fight a battle royal with the IFWJ which would not recognise its existence. It had to

continue its fight tenaciously and forced the Government to give Recognition by virtue of its strength.

Another disquieting feature in the journalist movement is the subtle support given by the Government to the IFWJ. The Government is expected to be neutral in the fight between two sections of journalists, but the Government finds that by giving subtle support to the IFWJ, its purpose is served. But this is the biggest blunder and the whole thing is going to boomerang on the profession. The present IFWJ caucus wants complete regimentation of the profession with journalists playing to the tune of an orchestra.

Editors to Join

At long last, the bluff has been called. The majority of journalists could not brook this regimentation. They met in a Convention in Delhi on January 23 and 24 and formed the National Union of Journalists which will be a non-political, professional trade union which will evolve a code of conduct, regulate itself and keep extraneous elements out. It will also strive to

make the editor the real leader of the profession, giving him the role that is due to him. Today we are neither with the journalists nor with the promoters and that explains his isolation, which has given a wide scope for outside elements to infiltrate. The new constitution makes specific provision for such exclusion.

It was a historic moment on Sunday, January 22, 1972 when seventy odd delegates from Delhi and other States voted unanimously amidst thunderous applause a resolution for the formation of the National Union of Journalists. As soon as the resolution was voted, existing units in Uttar Pradesh, Tamil Nadu and Madhya Pradesh declared their affiliation to the NUJ. Separate newspaperwise units already exist in West Bengal. A spokesman of their group assured that these units would shortly merge into a West Bengal Journalists' Association and then affiliate itself with the NUJ. New units are being formed in Bombay and Delhi.

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WHY NOT PEACE?

"Hippopotamus"

AS expected, the Christian Democratic majority in the Bundesrat, the Upper House of West Germany, has won a victory over the social-liberal parties. With a majority of 21 to 20 votes, the opposition rejected a motion that the bill aiming at the ratification of non-aggression treaties of the Federal Republic of Germany and Russia/Poland should be passed to the Bundestag, the Lower House, without demur. If this was a final rejection, it would be a catastrophe for the Federal Republic's future foreign policy towards the East. But fortunately it is not final.

Notwithstanding the enormous economic progress the two German states have made after World War II—both are today leading nations within their respective political set-ups—in the field of foreign policy they were impotent, dependent, anything but imaginative, in short, third or fourth-rate powers. Being the most loyal followers to their allies, neither Germany could act freely. Preoccupied with ideological ballast, a policy towards each other and towards the countries on the other side of the Iron Curtain was non-existent.

In March 1967 Hans Woltgang Rubin, the Treasurer of the liberal Free Democratic Party of Germany (FDP)—at that time the only opposition party—published a study with the title "The Moment of Truth". He told the German public that a new truth "has to be expressed by the office holders and understood and accepted by the majority of the people; this truth being, that the Second World War was Germany's fault, that Germany had lost this war completely, and that Germany surrendered unconditionally. The truth being that friends and enemies unanimously agree that the reunification of the former German Reich is neither possible nor desirable." The Germans had to understand that Bismark's creation of a German National State, a tragic adventure, had come to an end, but that Germany, consisting of two independent, equal partners could be reborn out of the ashes as a factor of stability and hope between the major powers.

As Vice Chancellor and Foreign Minister of the Federal Republic of Germany, Willy Brandt—in his own words—began "to advance European collaboration and unification, to normalise the relations with the East European countries, to relax the situation in divided Germany and, as the sum of these and other efforts, to put in high relief the German contribution to the consolidation of peace and of the European peace order". The "OstPolitik" eventually led to the signing of non-aggression treaties with Russia and Poland and to an agreement between the Federal Republic and the German Democratic Republic.

This policy of settlement, appeasement and reconciliation has been under attack from many sides, not only from the domestic opposition.

In an article in *Foreign Affairs*, "Europe Between the Superpowers", Anthony Hartley, summing up the manifold objections, dealt extensively and critically with Herr Brandt. He felt that a European "must believe that any attempt to reach lasting agreements with Russia in Europe would have been better delayed until the process of unification was further advanced and a specifically European voice could make itself heard." It is true that, with growing unity in Europe, the bargaining power of the Common Market countries will also be growing. What Hartley overlooks, however, in this specific case is that Germany is not bargaining for anything that has been stolen from her by hostile partners, but that she is trying to overcome the stalemate and the emptiness in the relations between neighbours. It is simply the hope for better mutual understanding and—perhaps in the long run—friendship.

Hartley's second criticism is that "West Germany is simply not an equal negotiating partner for the Soviet Union". This is also true if we take into consideration the economic or military potentials of both parties. However, what is it that Germany has to be afraid of? To what decision could the Brandt-Scheel government eventually be forced by the stronger party? What could the Federal Republic lose by improving her relations with neighbours? The famous Russian tanks definitely will not cross West Germany's Eastern borders.

The third and most serious of Hartley's criticisms is the statement that "an OstPolitik, which began as the cautious exploitation of possibilities has now become the essential ingredient of Herr Brandt's policies." Right, but can it be wrong if a nation—and Herr Brandt certainly is backed by a majority—finally realizes that it has failed in the past? Is it wrong that a nation's representative tries to contribute his humble might to ease tensions? What is wrong with the fact that Germans talk to Germans again after almost twenty-five years? The German Reich is dead, but there are other links between people—and more important ones—than having the same passport.

But criticisms from outside Germany need not be taken too seriously by the Federal Government. The Western Allies have given their assurance several times in the last few months that they agree entirely with the initiatives taken and the results shown. The Americans, the British and the French, as the major

powers concerned, have realized that there is no showmanship in the steps undertaken by W. Brandt and W. Scheel and that it is in their own material interest if Central Europe ceases to be a trouble spot. Herr Brandt, a modest, devoted freedom fighter of Germany's dark years, is just more credible than the opposition leaders.

When rejecting the motion of the SPD in the Bundesrat, the opposition's representatives at the same time approved a counter-resolution, expressing in a dozen points their critique against the "Ostpolitik." Those objections can be summarized:

The Soviet Union gathers influence in distinctively Federal-German policies.

The treaties unilaterally accept the division of Germany.

The agreements do not bring sufficient improvement in the inner German relations and for the living conditions of the people in the German Democratic Republic.

Ratification of the treaties might hinder the progress of closer European cooperation and weaken the NATO defence potential.

One fails to understand in what way the Russians could get any direct influence in the Federal Republic. One need not fear that Russia would invade Germany under the clauses 53 and 107 of the Charter of the United Nations, if, let us say, the income tax is raised.

Russia has openly declared several times that she would not use this right.

Does the "Ostpolitik" make a reunification of Germany impossible since it takes the division for granted? Let us be realistic. The treaties have given nothing away that was not already lost. There is no way of reunification of Germany by peaceful means, and a majority of Germans—in the West as well as in the East—is not interested any longer in a reunification policy at any price. Such policies have cost too much—not only in money terms—over the last years. Twenty-seven years of different developments in the two countries have left their mark. Two different societies bloom, each in its own way, and are in search of their own future. The German Reich is a thing of the past. Only war could change this course of history and, but for a few professional refugees, no one is prepared to seek this unity.

Only hypocrites can say that a change might be brought about by power politics from outside. The inevitable change in the German Democratic Republic will be an evolutionary one.

The positive points of German "Ostpolitik" weigh more than the possible disadvantages. The opposition is fighting a losing battle and will have to learn to live with the results of Herr Brandt's and Herr Scheel's peace offensive.

Let there be peace.

music in his ears

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Review

A Week with Bill Buckley

Cruising Speed — A Documentary; by William F. Buckley, Jr.
Putnam 257 pp. \$6.95.

HOW this book came to be written is described towards the end. It is a week's record in diary form, written soon after the author's brother won a senatorial seat at the end of 1970.

The diary format is loosely followed: an engagement to give a speech at a university campus in the week brings on memories of other campus speeches; a lunch for the editors of his magazine, the "National Review", brings recollections of how it was started, and so on.

The Buckleys are not a well-known name in India (a disaster which one imagines does not bother them). In America the family is compared quite often to the Kennedys: the family fortune, the patriarch father ("One day my father announced... that exactly four years had gone by... since he had been able to understand a single word uttered by any of his ten children, and that the indicated solution was to send us *all* to England — 'where they *respect* the English language and teach you to OPEN YOUR MOUTHS.' ... six weeks later the entire younger half of the family found itself on an ocean liner headed for English boarding schools.") There is also the large family and the political success, though on a smaller scale. The best-known Buckley is William, founder and editor of the weekly "National Review", columnist (his syndicated weekly column "On the Right" appears in 300 newspapers), and host in a weekly television show "Firing Line".

The diary form serves Mr. Buckley well. A diary is a personal record—and that means two things: one, the writer can talk about himself without being accused of immodesty; two, he can set down his opinions without being accused of dogmatism.

The first point is not likely to bother William Buckley: probably the only thing he and John Kenneth Galbraith would agree on is that modesty is a vastly overrated virtue. Partly as a result of this, "Cruising Speed" is a thoroughly entertaining book, once one gets used to the extravagant style, and the names that occur from nowhere and then disappear.

The book is also, in effect, a celebration of the American way of life: the instant success (Mr. Buckley's friends are all successful), the vitality of campus life (with the huckstering and entrepreneurial skills which seem to be so abundantly available there), the materialism, not necessarily crass (a fellow journalist reads with envy that "the Musical Heritage Society has sent me thirty long-playing records... with a note expressing thanks for my devotion to music—a euphemism for writing a column advising music lovers of the Beethoven-bargain the Society was offering.")

Then there are the very *American* eccentrics—a

gentlemen called Gaty who died a few years ago and left a million and a half dollars in a trust to help Conservative educational activity. The trustees named are J. Edgar Hoover, Barry Goldwater, Strom Thurmond and William Buckley among others. As an inducement each trustee receives a one thousand dollar fee for attending the annual meeting and the unquestioned right to allot ten thousand dollars every year to any organisation of the trustees' choice. Mr. Hoover's ten thousand is allotted to the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation; or the erudite professor "whose scholarly exactitude eventually brought him round to buying eight custom-made typewriters... for the work he does in the eight languages he commands." The Professor then becomes a director of the extreme right-wing John Birch Society and sees a Communist behind every desk. He also writes an article claiming that the Pentagon, knowing ahead of time that John Kennedy would be assassinated, had secretly rehearsed his forthcoming funeral.

William Buckley's reputation for wit is well justified, but it would be unjust to regard him merely as a maverick spirit, a sort of intellectual court jester. There are times when he allows himself to be serious, as when he talks of the three speeches he reads wherever he is invited (the choice of which of the three is made arbitrarily, it would seem, minutes before the event). The full text of number 3 is reproduced. Mr. Buckley's conservatism makes him speak well of Nixon and Agnew and attack campus radicalism. He is an American, a patriot, a supporter of states rights and one who believes in the superiority of the private over the public vision. Above all his speech no. 3 develops the theme that "the opinion-making community misunderstands the usefulness of repression", in effect, that to safeguard the freedom of the majority it is necessary to take away the freedom of a minority when this minority threatens the majority's freedom. It is implied that this minority would include the Yippies and the Black Panthers, and one assumes—though Mr. Buckley does not say it—that the John Birchites and the Klansmen are also included.

Mr. Buckley is so patently a man of honour and moderation that one listens to his views without agreeing with them. One also notes that the suppression of the minority would be enforced by the state, thus imposing the public vision over the private one. One final irony: the liberal position is that it is necessary for the minority to express its views to prevent the bottling up and building up of pressure that would lead to an explosion. Mr. Buckley is a (respectable) member of a minority that would impinge on the freedom of another minority (the Black Panthers etc.). By his own standards *he* should be repressed. It is thus by liberal *tolerance* that William Buckley is allowed to express his views.

ANIL C. DHARKER

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MIRA: A STUNNING PRODUCTION

Geeta Doctor

MIRA... Mira... Mira...! Four voices throb rhythmically across the stage. They seem to be invoking the spirit of Mira, princess of Mewar, immortalised by her songs in praise of God.

Mira appears. She is flashed on a screen as a delicate Rajput painting. On another screen high up in the darkness of the stage, the shadow of a woman can be heard singing the tinkling melodies of Mirabai, and on the stage itself a graceful figure in saffron starts speaking the words of Mira.

'Mira' is a multifaceted experience. Director Alyque Padamsee has described it as a 'visual enactment' of the play by Gurcharan Das. The play is not acted out in the ordinary sense, but read out by the four actors who seek to project, rather than enact, the feelings and actions of the four characters they portray. Dwarfing the actors, the stage is dominated by three screens of varying sizes which burst into life with a variety of dramatic impact that is hard to describe. From the moment Mira enters the story as a shy bride, to the final metamorphosis when she appears to vanish in a flash of blinding light, the play is a series of visual, aural and mental stimulations so intense, and so swiftly manipulated that the audience is held spell-bound.

Gurcharan Das has described the play as "a 20th century look at the phenomenon of sainthood", a subject he is able to render very credible by making Mira an intensely human, passionate girl, whose yearning to love and be loved transforms her rejected love for her husband into a sublimer one for God. On a more contrived level, the play is also a conflict between Kali, the bloodthirsty Goddess whom Mira is compelled by her husband to propitiate so that she may bear him a son, and the gentle child-like Krishna to whom Mira makes her joyful offerings. While the transformation of Mira is effected with great dramatic insight and while the Rana's predicament as the shallow worldly husband who realises too late that he has thrown "a pearl away richer than all his tribe" has been well drawn, the other characters are filled in somewhat sketchily. There is a worldly wise servant woman, who is helpful as a confidant to Mira, and a similar adjunct is provided for the Rana in the shadowy figure of Jai, cousin to Mira. The Rana's sister with her viciousness fulfills the part traditionally occupied by the mother-in-law, and her sudden transformation at the climax when Mira sips a cup of poison and finds that it has become a bowl of nectar is more dramatic than convincing. But these discrepancies strike one only as afterthoughts. During the perfor-

mance itself, every word, every action fits so perfectly into place that it is difficult to make a detached assessment of the play. If one suspects later on that the language is at times stilted as for example in a line like: "What has my wife Mira been doing?" during the play, the stylized and heightened rhetoric seems the only fitting rhythm for the ornate delicacy of the Rajput miniatures against which it is set.

Undoubtedly the play is a triumph for Director Padamsee's artistic vision. He is able to combine actors and audience, sight and sound, past and present, in an experience so perfectly realized that one comes out of the theatre exalted, as though one has also shared for a few brief moments, the ecstasy of Mirabai.

THE NEW EUROPEAN

In Brussels, the classic Common Market joke goes like this.
Question: What is a new European?

Answer: He combines the accuracy of an Italian, the charm of a German, the generosity of a Dutchman, the modesty of a Frenchman, the world outlook of a Luxembourggeois—in short a Belgian.

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air to get rid of his pallor, and make him healthy again. But the young man shook his head. It had been ages since they'd been to the beach. It was an hour's walk.

The girl interrupted: "I can't walk," she said, "My legs are too painful. It's too far."

I noticed then that her ankles were wrapped in dirty bandages. What was the matter? She didn't know. But it had been going on for six months, sores that ached and burned.

She should go to a doctor, or if not — where would she find a doctor in this forgotten forest? — to a hospital in Goa.

She had tried that. For six hours she had waited in a hospital in Goa. But people were dying there and there was no time for her sores. The hours in the waiting room had been a nightmare. She had seen human cadavers sitting there, waiting their turn, sights she compared to what she had seen along the shores of the Ganges or at Beneras.

I promised to bring medicine, that medicine produced by a scientific world whose techniques are what, in their heart of hearts, the sick hippies depend upon for their cures.

The hippies buy their food from the natives because there are no markets at Kalengute. Every Indian family around has become an entrepreneur selling cooked foods to hippie families: Coarse stews of fish and rice, prepared by dirty hands in dirty bowls with dirty water. The tourist hostel serves no bananas, no oranges, no salads, no fresh fish. So you can imagine what the underprivileged fishermen eat. When they first arrive in Kalengute, the hippies eat the white meat of the coconut, which is without nutritive value, but which has important vitamins. Then, after their first bout with dysentery, which is never long delayed, they stop eating fresh fruits and vegetables. After several months they are debilitated by their sedentary lives, the sunless huts, malnutrition and the ever greater dependence on drugs, and they lack even the strength to pick up a rock and crack open a coconut.

In one hut, I was coldly received by a *menage a trois* composed of an American Israeli in a black skull-cap, a cadaverous Frenchwoman in her thirties and a very young Swedish girl. The first two had met in Israel and had a nine-year-old daughter. They had been living in Kalengute for four years: Their main preoccupation was the fact that their Indian visa was good only for six months. Shortly they would have to visit Ceylon and stay there for a few days in order to get another visa.

"The child? Where does she go to school?" I inquired.

"Nowhere," said the man, indignantly. "To learn what? False ideas of life. I don't want my daughter to have her head stuffed with all that knowledge by the Establishment."

"Then who teaches her to read and write? Her mother?"

"Must she learn to read and write and do the multiplication tables to be happy?"

I asked the family autocrat what they did all day.

"Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing? There must be something in that 'nothing.'"

"I eat. I drink. I sleep. I make love. I smoke hash. . ."

"You cook?" I asked.

"No. We buy our food already cooked from the Indians. They prepare it over their wood fires near their huts. It is too tiring to gather wood in the forest."

"But where do you get the money?"

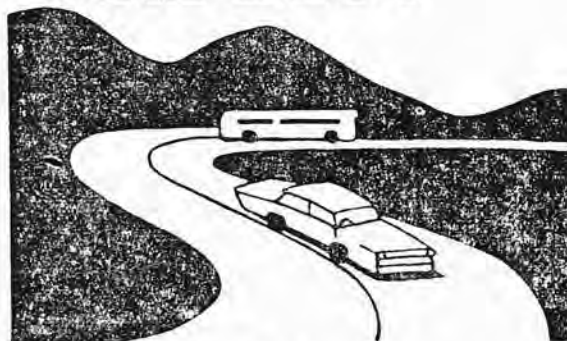
"We make out."

"But how?"

I couldn't draw them out further. They made out, he had said. Then, suddenly, the young Swedish girl appeared on the threshold, bright, healthy, twenty years old. They rent her a portion of the hut for a great deal more a week than they pay for it a year. The young blonde had jewels, gaudy ornaments, pink cheeks and a self-satisfied air. She had undoubtedly just left home with money in hand, and was sharing the riches with her companions of the road, who in turn were teaching her the ropes: When she no longer had money in her purse or colour in her cheeks, she, in turn, would latch on to another newcomer and teach him or her the ropes. It is the law of the clan: The old hands are supported by the novices.

An hour's walk down the beach is the bistro run by Fernando (a former cook on a transatlantic liner and

Good Roads do most
to develop the country and
**CONCRETE
ROADS*
ARE BEST**



* with **ACC CEMENT**

a restaurateur of some repute in the region). The bistro had just two tables inside and two others outside, under a sort of awning facing the ocean. Fernando's son took the orders. While I ate, I watched five young men approach. The three thinnest sat down lotus fashion, on crossed legs. When the buttock muscles are gone that is the only way to sit comfortably for long periods of time. The Indian waiter — clean-shaven, short-haired and well-built — went to take their order.

"Have you bread?" one of the skeletons asked.

"No, we're out of it," replied the young Indian.

East and West

The realization that he is richer, in this simple restaurant, which he will someday own, than these wretches who dine on dry bread, brings forth a reaction of superiority rather than compassion. His father owns a four-table restaurant patronized by rich, well-dressed tourists with gold watches who order fish and steaks and give big tips. So for these wretches who ask for bread, there is none — lest they scare off the tourists and their money. The refusal is brusque. But these men remember that they were once members of the white ruling class and take a table anyway. They order five *cafés au lait*.

Smokers of hash or opium don't feel hunger, have no pain from ulcers, don't realize they are getting steadily weaker. They are wrapped in cottonwool, internally and externally. Pain is an alarm necessary to

the survival of all animals. But drugs have broken their alarm system. They prefer hash and coffee to rice. They are at the end of the line, but they'll be replaced by other hippies who will die, in their turn, at twenty. And all of these deaths will go almost unnoticed in India where so many die each day because they haven't the money for that one bowl of rice.

Another thing stuck me as I walked back toward the hostel. All the Indians that I saw in front of their stores, the women in their cotton saris, the men in their open shirts, the naked babies, all of them exuded health, the healthy skin tones of the well-fed. Nowhere else in India had I seen this. The only ones in Kalengute who held out their hands were the hippies. There were no other beggars.

I soon understood. The hippies, indigent as they are, have brought prosperity, no matter how moderate, to this lost corner of the land. They are tolerated because of the commerce they bring. The handful of dollars in each purse, multiplied by the thousands of hippies in the area, has made business prosper. A tiny stream of business for the poor fishermen of the area, unable heretofore to get their surplus catch to the market and to keep it fresh. This tiny influx of trade, brought about by the arrival of the sons and daughters of our affluent society, has been enough to raise the Indians of Kalengute from a permanent state of semi-starvation. It is as if the flesh of the rich Occidentals, sliding into the grave from disease and malnutrition, had found its way to the bodies of the poor of the East.

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WITH MANY VOICES

"The deep
Moans round with many voices: Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."
—Tennyson.

Confucius said: Powerful Man seeks re-election;
Wise Man helps him.

—*The Economist* Cover, February 26.

Some deaths are providential. For some people. Such
a death was that of R. S. Nagarwala.

—*Opinion*, March 7.

What India would like to see is a recreation of
Britain's Asian Empire, minus its original colonial
power.

—*The Economist*, February 26.

Mobutu, urging the Zairois to jettison their colonial
trappings, replaced his first names with Sese Seko
Kubu-Ngbendu Waza Banga — which, roughly trans-
lated, means, 'the cock that leaves no chicken intact.'

—*The Economist*, February 26.

After the violent government retaliation to their
food march, Santiago (Chile) women no longer
venture into the streets. Instead, at nine o'clock sharp,
every night, they open their windows and bang their
empty pots from their kitchens.

—*National Review*, January 21.

There is a flourishing school of thought in Britain
which contends that Harold Wilson was the worst
Prime Minister the country ever had.

—*National Review*, January 21.

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its leading members boutique owners and lawyers
(more important than Mr. Krishna Menon and Dr.
Rafiq Zakaria) and judges who found their salaries to
be insufficient and industrialists who believe in social-
ism and members of organisations whose pledge is —
We believe in free enterprise.

—*Busybee in Evening News*, March 4.

"Bonapartism" of a singularly incompetent kind
has been Pakistan's system of government ever since
the death of Jinnah.

—*Sunday Telegraph*, March 5.

The prospect of the molten iron flowing from the
prestigious Bokaro steel plant is in sight.

—*Economic Times*, March 8.

All the world loves a lover, and the Israelis would
apparently like to elect one (Defence Minister Moshe
Dayan) Premier.

—*Time*, March 6.

There are still around fifteen Tory MPs who would
apparently rather see Mr. Wilson in Downing Street
than Britain in Europe. Their slogan is: better five
years of Mr. Wilson than 100 years of the Common
Market.

—*The Economist*, February 26.

The success of any Soviet moves to reduce East
Asian distrust will depend on whether the fear of
Chinese expansionism in the region is greater than the
fear of Soviet-directed subversion.

—Singapore Correspondent in *Statesman*, March 20.

From the United Nations Charter as distorted by
professors of international law, Good Lord deliver us!

—Dean Acheson in the *National Review*,
November 5, 1971

The pun is mightier than the word.

—Stefan Kanfer in *Time*, February 28.

A man who calls a spade a spade should be com-
pelled to use one.

—Oscar Wilde quoted in *Time*,
February 28.

Even if Nixon got re-elected, I think we'd still live.

—George Meany in the
U.S. News & World Report,
February 21.