

THE CHOICE BEFORE US

M. R. Masani

ACCORDING to a resolution adopted by the All India Congress Committee on July 20, an admittedly "grave economic situation" is being turned into "a grave political one" by vested interests. While the attempt to blame this process on the political opponents of the Congress Party is a laughable one, the transformation is unquestionable. The national crisis has undoubtedly sharpened considerably during the past few weeks.

Prices and cost of living are constantly moving upwards. Shortages are developing in one new commodity after another, the latest being soap which, for the first time in Indian history, has gone underground.

New Delhi's attempt to cope with the inflation of its own making by a series of Ordinances — themselves a violation of the spirit of the Constitution — are nothing but quackery of the crudest kind. By concentrating on the monetary blade of the scissors of inflation and neglecting the blade of production, these measures will only aggravate the malady. By striking at the roots of confidence and by discouraging saving and investment, these measures will only further retard production, aggravate the economic collapse, increase unemployment and in the end lead to more inflation. We have no hesitation in forecasting that, if these policies are persisted in, the rise in prices will not be less than 100 per cent this time next year. These gimmicks emanate from those who are guilty for the past twenty years of leading this country to disaster.

In his speech on the Budget, Mr. N. A. Palkhivala observed that what India needs today is a 'U' turn, i.e., a complete reversal of those Marxist policies which have brought us to our present plight.

But who is to carry out this 'U' turn? Certainly not the drivers at present at the wheel. They have to be removed and replaced and this, as the AICC resolution complained, is where the economic crisis inevitably gets converted into a political one. No vested interests are needed to bring about this operation. History does so through the people.

The political revolution started with the students of Gujarat who showed what could be done to topple a corrupt and rootless government. Their inability to

follow through and their fizzling out, though deplorable, cannot take away from the magnitude of their achievement.

Now comes Bihar, where events are likely to follow an altogether different course thanks to the emergence on the scene of a man who has increasingly come to symbolise the conscience of this country over the last two decades. The importance of Jayaprakash Narayan, on whose shoulders the mantle of Gandhiji has fallen, is on the one hand to curb the excesses of Gujarat and perhaps to slow down success and on the other hand to give the movement timber and stamina to last out the course and not fizzle out after a transient triumph by way of the removal of the Chafoor government and the dissolution of the State Assembly.

The revolution on which Jayaprakash has set this country is one to provide hope in place of cynical despair and an assertion of the people's will in place of a helpless seeking for deliverance by outside forces.

In my Rajaji Birthday lecture, delivered in January

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IN THIS ISSUE

Poor Lenin! His inheritors have treated his body with the same cool cynicism with which they have manipulated his memory. Veteran author Eugene Lyons tells the macabre story about Lenin's canonisation and embalming.

Internationally renowned dancer Mrinalini Sarabhai is amongst our esteemed contributors this month. She reviews the letters of our first President, Dr Rajendra Prasad, which were recently published by his secretary.

Unctad has revealed the shocking cost of India's "brain drain". Why do our promising doctors leave India? Geeta Doctor tells us in her amusing article.

Telephones are sometimes more of a nuisance than a help. Feroza Paymaster narrates what happens when she tries to make a direct call to Delhi.

Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Our Czechoslovakia?

IT is always easy to detect other people's imperialism but rarely one's own. That quality belongs to the discerning few. This is a pity, because anti-imperialism, like charity, should begin at home.

These thoughts are provoked by the manner in which the Indian Government and the Indian press dealt with the situation in the neighbouring country of Sikkim during the past few weeks. There was little sympathy for the Chogyal of Sikkim in his plight or for his plea for the maintenance of the identity of his country and kingdom.

If the Chinese communists had dealt in a similar manner with the King of Nepal in league with the Communists in Nepal, as our Government has done in league with the Sikkim Congress, cries of rage and outrage would have come from New Delhi and reverberated in the columns of our newspapers.

The operation of eroding the independence of Sikkim and making it a vassal of India, its great and powerful neighbour, was effected under the cover of the allegedly democratic slogan of "one man, one vote." Even in a homogeneous society, this is a very limited understanding of democracy as it would permit of the tyranny of the majority. In Sikkim, this slogan had no sense as, by a process of massive immigration from Nepal, the people of Sikkim have now been reduced to a minority in their own country. It is for these authentic Sikkimese that the Chogyal rightly pleaded, but he was ground to submission between the two millstones of the New Delhi administration on the one hand and the local politicians on the other.

One need not shed too many tears for the Chogyal, amiable and patriotic as he is. Our real grief is for the people of Sikkim. Steeped in ignorance of the conditions in India and elsewhere and led by power-mad politicians, who are a carbon copy of our own Congress politicians, they have now been led to ask for integration into our rapidly fading parliamentary system and the lunacy of our planning system. God help them! Before many years have passed they will be suffering from similar exploitation by these politicians, the same corruption and the same miseries in place of their traditionally contented way of life.

It is not surprising that Peking should, in an official New China News dispatch on July 14, have compared India's activities in Sikkim to the Russian operation

in Czechoslovakia in 1968: "In short, the above-mentioned two incidents are the products of power politics of bullying small countries by big ones. One is a Super-Power and the another (meaning India) is a sub-Super-Power. One takes the mantle of the old Tzars while the other steps into the boots of colonialists. One carries out the expansion in all parts of the world while the other expands in South Asia. This is the root cause for the Soviet revisionists' praise of India's annexation of Sikkim."

It is always funny when the pot calls the kettle black. While not altogether repudiating Peking's exaggerated statements, may we suggest that the take over of Tibet by Peking provides an even more relevant comparison?

'Detente' Deflated

LET us be grateful that Mr. Nixon's recent visit to Moscow was a flop, for any "achievement" could only have been at the cost of the suffering people of Russia on the one hand and the maintenance of peace on the other. The world press, in the interest of the phoney "detente", has tried to cover up this basic failure, and the Indian press could hardly be expected to do any better.

How many people in India know, for instance, that on the eve of President Nixon's arrival in Moscow, Academician Andrei Sakharov, the father of the Soviet H Bomb, released an open letter from his apartment in Moscow to Mr. Nixon and Mr. Brezhnev calling on them to include "the basic rights of Man" in their summit discussions? Naming specifically eighty-five "prisoners of conscience" in Soviet prisons and estimating that there are 10,000 more, Sakharov bravely demanded their freedom as also freedom of thought and information in line with the United Nations Declaration which has been signed by the two governments. "If you shun humane tasks," he said, "you deprive your meetings of a vital spiritual force ... and you cannot attain your lofty aims of peace and security."

Not content with this, Sakharov entered on a hunger strike to protest against the Soviet repressions. Reports from Moscow reveal that the net result of this has been the release of Major-General Pyotr Grigorenko who, the age of 67, was placed in a lunatic asylum for his political crime of speaking up for the subject

peoples of the Soviet empire five years earlier.

Senator Henry Jackson, a possible Democratic candidate for the US Presidentship, speaks for decent people everywhere when he says: "If there is to be true detente there must be a movement of people and ideas across the international frontiers—not just cargo."

New Delhi, however, has, as we shall see, its own ideas on this subject somewhat at variance with those of the Democratic Senator.

Indians Seize 'Gulag'!

UNDER this sensational title the *Daily Telegraph* of London of July 11 announces the action of the Indian Customs in seizing 7,000 copies of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *Gulag Archipelago*. The New Delhi correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, not unfairly, attributes this to the Indian Government's "being concerned at offending Russia" and reminds his readers how the film "From Russia With Love" had to be re-titled "From 007 With Love" before Mrs. Gandhi's Government felt that they had done enough to soothe the Kremlin's susceptibilities!

While the Customs in Bombay and Delhi have behaved reasonably, those in Calcutta are the real offenders. It is to be hoped that this childish attempt which, in any case, will prove to be futile, will be abandoned quickly without besmirching this country's name abroad any further.

Socialism=Apartheid

ON 26th June, a mob of young men and urchins invaded the Oberoi Sheraton Hotel in Bombay, stamped and danced on sofas and tables, smashed whatever they could, blasted soda water bottles, tried to pull off ceiling decorations and started harrassing Indians who happened to be engaged in their legitimate business in the lobby. For some obscure reason, the police watched this disgraceful performance which went on from 6 p.m. and it was only at 8 p.m. that this mob was dispersed by a cane charge in the face of which several ran away, leaving thirteen students to be pushed into the waiting police van. It is not without significance that while demonstrating against the "black moneywallahs" who are supposed to patronize the hotel, the demonstrators also shouted "Indira Gandhi Zindabad", overlooking the fact that she is among the "black moneywallahs" best friend. That the inspiration for this disgraceful performance came from where it did is not surprising, since the whole campaign of "garibi hatao" has been built on nothing better than that meanest of human instincts — envy.

In case anyone thought that this exhibition would be repudiated by the Congress Party's student wing, they were in for a surprise. On the contrary, on 28th June, the "National Student Union of India" declared

from Delhi that they were responsible for this first battle in the "anti-luxury drive." The Convener who claimed this was none other than R. Kumaramangalam, who is no doubt carrying on the good work of his communist father, Mohan Kumaramangalam!

According to press messages, the demands of these young hooligans were that Indians should not be allowed to enter Five Star hotels, which should be maintained exclusively for foreigners, nor should any Indian be allowed to own or drive an imported car. This is their precious solution to the problem of inflation.

Perhaps these boys have not heard of 'apartheid', which is considered to be an exhibition of disgraceful racism in South Africa, where coloured people like Indians and Blacks are not allowed to enter first class hotels. In India evidently, what is known as 'apartheid' in South Africa becomes socialism, a state of affairs where the citizen of his own country is to be debarred from going to first class hotels and driving cars of the best quality.

Hu-Tu-Tu World Champions!

AIR India has excelled itself with its latest hoarding cartoon which says:

"INDIA WORLD CHAMPIONS!

HU-TU-TU 1974.

Fortunately no other country plays this game."

We have always felt that the Indian cricket team and its antics deserve ridicule rather than censure. The Air India take off is exactly what is called for.

"It is not cricket." This phrase shows how cricket has, for some reason, more than other sport, become the epitome of sportsmanship and good behaviour. For the same reason, the antics of the members of the Indian cricket team visiting England stood out all the worse.

Nobody can cavil at the sound thrashing the Indian team received on three successive occasions. They obviously were an inferior team and they got progressively demoralised. This is all part of the game. It can happen to anyone. It is the extra-curricular activities of these gentlemen which have outraged national feeling in India.

The way in which the entire team not only turned up disgracefully late at a reception given in their honour by Mr. B. K. Nehru, the Indian High Commissioner, and then, on being reprimanded by their country's representative, sulked like little children and sat in their car outside waiting for an apology was something unforgivable. The High Commissioner, who had a duty to dissociate his country from this exhibition of bad manners by the cricketers, was perfectly within his rights and deserves every sympathy for the predicament in which he was placed. His behaviour later that evening in addressing another occasion in

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OPEN LETTER TO TITO

Mr. Nenad Petrovic has sent a copy of an open letter to President Tito signed by fourteen eminent British professors. Extracts from the letter are:

"Mr. President: A year ago some of us wrote to you expressing our concern about certain repressive measures that were undertaken during the autumn of 1972 against some internationally known Yugoslav scholars. We expressed our hope that you would see that Yugoslavia's reputation as a country that has made impressive efforts to build up a new, more democratic form of socialism would not be damaged for minor and internal political gains.

"Since then we have been following further developments in the Yugoslav academic situation with great interest, not only out of solidarity with our Yugoslav colleagues, whose only guilt seems to be free expression of their views, but also because there is a crucial question: does academic freedom really have a chance in existing socialist systems? Is Yugoslavia at least, after more than two decades of development of self-management, able to tolerate the free expression of ideas and free exchange of views in its scholarly journals and books?

"We were happy to notice a toning down of the

campaign against certain scholars during 1973, but now we learn that pressure against them has been renewed with greater intensity and that the situation is even worse than it was a year ago.

"Under these conditions we believe that the international intellectual community has the right and the duty to protest against further restrictions of academic freedom and violations of the United Nations Charter on Human Rights in Yugoslavia. Further repressive measures against our Yugoslav colleagues would compel us to raise the issue of academic freedom in Yugoslavia in all national and international academic institutions and organisations. Politics may be a sphere in which particular and individual interests prevail and in which one force will not allow other forces to interfere. Culture and science, on the other hand, are universal human achievements and belong to mankind as a whole. They can develop only in freedom, in dialogues, in a noble struggle of different ideas. Ideas can be defeated only by better ideas — not by force."

BETWEEN YOU & ME & THE LAMP POST—Continued from page 3

honour of the team shows that he behaved throughout with great dignity.

But this was not yet the bottom. That was touched when one of them who stole four pairs of socks worth just over a pound from Marks & Spencers in Oxford Street, while carrying on his person \$260, admitted the charge and was sentenced to a fine of £ 25 with £ 20 costs for shop lifting.

The final disgrace came however when those in charge did not do the obvious thing of recalling the cricketer who was responsible for the theft to this country and placing him on the first plane back to India. By not doing so, the cricket authorities showed a peculiar condonation of the act of thieving and further lowered the prestige of this country which had already plummeted.

Fortunately this is not the whole story. Around this time, on the Wimbledon tennis courts two young men, the Amritraj brothers, played not only tennis but also gave a good performance of sporting behaviour on which they were highly complimented.

Makarios No Angel

IN the midst of the general sympathy for Archbishop Makarios which has oozed out of Delhi and the

columns of the Indian press, the rather murky record of this ostensibly spiritual leader is apt to get overlooked.

Cabling from Nicosia to the *Daily Telegraph*, Anthony Mann has provided a useful list of some of the deeper causes of Makarios' overthrow:

1. The reign of terror against political opponents conducted by the Archbishop's special police forces. There is reason for believing that Nicos Sampson's allegations of widespread torture are in substance true.
2. The consistent and corrupt use of the Orthodox Church and its funds by Archbishop Makarios to further his personal aims, and the consequent collapse of the church in Cyprus as a moral entity.
3. His 'non-aligned' foreign policy, which encouraged the growth of the Cypriot Communist party (AKEL), and was leading him into ever-greater dependence on Moscow."

Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

THE BODY IN LENIN'S TOMB

Eugene Lyons

VLADIMIR ILYICH ULYANOV, known to history as Lenin, died on January 21, 1924, exactly 50 years ago, at the age of 54. But he has not yet been buried, except perhaps piecemeal. What is purported to be his body is on permanent display in a severely angular porphyry mausoleum on Moscow's Red Square.

In the half-century, millions of Soviet citizens and foreign visitors have descended into the crypt and filed by the catafalque under its peaked glass cover for hasty glimpses in subdued indirect lighting. Every day there are still long queues waiting their turn to enter the shrine. Peasant women often cross themselves. How many pilgrims come to worship, to pay patriotic homage, or merely out of curiosity, is anyone's guess. They see only the head and hands, taking for granted that there is a body under the velvet drape and the flag of the Paris Commune of 1871 now covering the presumptive torso and legs. At least twice a year, on November 7, birth of the Bolshevik regime, and on May 1, a handful of the Kremlin oligarchs and sometimes prestigious foreign guests review massive parades from a balustrade near the top of the tomb.

In 1930, to refute rumors that the figure in the mausoleum was just a waxwork, I was among about a dozen resident foreign correspondents inside the crypt for a bizarre press conference. We had been summoned to meet Professors V. Vorobiev, anatomist, and Ilya Sbarsky, chemist, who had embalmed the corpse in 1924 and watched over their handiwork ever since.

Rarely had reporters plied their trade in a more macabre setting. But there was nothing hushed or morbid about the proceedings. Cheerfully business-like, the scientists removed the glass case, then proceeded to bend Lenin's ears, tweak his nose, and pinch his cheeks to show that the cadaver was not only genuine but as resilient as life. We were fully convinced, though strangely no one was smart or bold enough to ask to see the body under the heavy red drape.

The embalmers told us how the body had been scooped out and filled with chemicals to arrest degeneration of bones and tissues. At frequent intervals, they explained, the corpse was inspected and the chemicals replenished as needed. Theoretically, they claimed, the process could be maintained indefinitely but they could not guarantee this; it was still an experiment. (The brain, we knew, had been removed in the original autopsy, then sliced into thousands of waterlike sections for study by a special Brain Institute seeking the secrets of Lenin's genius; the enterprise, through many years, proved futile.)

I had not been in the tomb since my arrival in Moscow in 1928, so my report on the interview noted changes in that interval. I wrote that there were "distinct signs that the corpse is slowly deteriorating"; that where one hand had been "quite shriveled . . . by now time has marked the other hand as well"; and that "the entire head seemed somewhat shrunken." The evidence of mummification seemed to me and other correspondents the best proof of the genuineness of the corpse.

Fraudulent

Reports abroad and rumors in the USSR that the exhibit is fraudulent have been more widespread since then, but no such public demonstration of its authenticity has again been offered. Some foreigners and Soviet defectors who viewed the display at intervals over a period of years have remarked that the face seemed younger each time—more like the vigorous Lenin of 1917 than the Lenin aged by prolonged illness seven years later.

The two embalmers had begun their grisly job ten weeks after Lenin's death, when rapid putrefaction had already set in, and worked on it for four and a half months. In a biography published in 1964, Dr. Stefan T. Possony of the Hoover Institution at Stanford University, having researched the question thoroughly, concluded that "perhaps the head and the hands were preserved after all." That in itself, if true, would be a triumph of the embalming science and cosmetic arts. Now and then the mausoleum is closed for a few months, officially for repairs of the structure, actually for repairs of its tenant.

Whether the figure on the catafalque is the original body or a wax effigy, the embalment was part of a deliberate programme of deification conceived by Stalin. The decision to preserve and exhibit Lenin's mortal remains was made against the horrified protests of Nadezhda Krupskaya, his wife. She pleaded that it was an insult to Lenin's memory, a violation of his materialist beliefs that would have "sickened" him. In the 15 years before her own death she did not once enter the tomb, neither did Lenin's two surviving sisters and some of his closest associates. The embalment was also opposed by Trotsky, Bukharin, and other Soviet leaders who feared the cultivation of a mindless Lenin cult.

But Stalin already held the levers of power in his hands and his wish prevailed. His calculating mind grasped the advantages of exploiting the vein of religious mysticism in the Russian character. If he succeed-

ed in the apotheosis of Lenin as the focus of a new temporal creed, he could be the high priest of an infallible "church," with criticism punishable as blasphemy, even unto death.

When Lenin's Central Committee in 1918 ordered the murder of Nicholas II and his family, it specified the annihilation of their bodies—"in order not to give counter-revolutionaries an opportunity of using the 'bones' of the Czar to play on the ignorance and superstitions of the masses." It was by the same logic in reverse that Stalin chose to preserve Lenin's "bones." An age-old superstition held that saints do not decompose. A short distance from Lenin's mausoleum, in an antireligious museum in a former monastery, the decayed bodily relics of alleged Christian saints were on view. The moral was clear: Communist science can do what the old faith cannot.

In *State and Revolution*, a book he completed only months before he came to power, Lenin, referring to "great revolutionaries," wrote: "After their death, attempts are made to turn them into harmless icons, canonize them, and surround their names with a certain halo for the 'consolation' of the oppressed classes with the object of duping them..." Most of his prophecies were mistaken, but this one proved remarkably accurate, a premonition of his own postmortem destiny. He has indeed been turned into an "icon," canonized, his most casual writings and banal utterances behalved as Holy Writ to console and dupe an oppressed people. Though he had spoken of "thousands of mistakes" and assumed blame for them, he was credited with infallibility, his most palpable blunders explained as acts of genius.

Stalin and his factional confederates could not doubt, of course, that the enshrinement of a revolutionary's body would have seemed to Lenin as shocking and repulsive as it did to his wife when it was carried out. Such an idea would have violated not only Lenin's detestation of cultish rites but his well known passion for privacy and his aversion to flattery. Its sentimentality and particularly the overtones of idolatry would have cut sharply against the grain of his thinking and character.

Lenin was not simply an atheist. His abhorrence of anything beyond the limits of four-square materialism, anything that even implied a spiritual dimension, was obsessive. "Even flirting with the idea of a deity," he wrote to Maxim Gorky in 1908, "is an inexpressible abomination." In his one philosophical book, in 1909, he denounced everything that smacked of "fideism"—pure faith, religious intuition or experience. To be made the object of semireligious veneration would have seemed to him a cruel and humiliating fate.

Towering Ego

Though he held a towering ego, Lenin despised the banalities of personal glory. Even his bitterest enemies

agreed that he was not vain in the conventional sense. One biographer, David Shub, titled a chapter on Lenin's character, "Dictator without Vanity." Another, Robert Conquest, credited him with "a lack of personal vanity or ambition." As Sidney Hook summed up the paradox in an essay on Lenin: "He wanted nothing for himself—except to determine the destiny of mankind."

At the peak of dictatorial power, Lenin resisted glorification of his person and recoiled from sycophancy. He never boasted of his achievements. As far as possible, he avoided celebrations in his honor; when forced to attend, he came late to avoid the eulogies, made the required speech, and hastily departed. Of the fawning praise in the Soviet press and his proliferating portraits and monuments he said: "I consider this completely un-Marxist emphasis on an individual extremely harmful. It is bad, entirely inadmissible and unnecessary." Short of stature, bald since his twenties, he certainly had no illusions about his physical appearance and never made any effort to enhance it. But in death—reduced to flesh, bone, and paraffin—he was put on display for reverent pilgrimages and as a tourist attraction!

The posthumous sanctification, in knowing and intentional contempt of his personality and lifestyle, points up the pathos of Lenin's career on the personal level. Dazzled by his one great "success," the seizure and retention of power, the world remains largely unaware of his failures and private suffering.

Lenin's long years as an obscure revolutionary, 15 of them as an emigré among strangers, were filled with frustrations. His following was minuscule, sometimes reduced to a few dozen. Unable to achieve inner balance and tranquillity, he swung between periods of frenzied, supremely self-confident activity, when he neither ate nor slept—his times of "rage," Krupskaya called them—and periods of utter despondency and psychological prostration, often close to nervous breakdowns. Always he was tormented by insomnia, terrible headaches, chronic stomach pains. In the fanatic concentration on a single idea, he narrowed his life and intellect, by an act of will, denying himself friendships, pleasures, hobbies (chess, for example, which he loved and in which he excelled), artistic and cultural interests. Except in his years of Siberian exile, he never knew sustained happiness or peace of mind.

Nor did the attainment of absolute power over a vast nation bring him contentment. After the ecstatic hour of triumph, he faced more and greater frustrations—civil war, economic collapse, peasant uprisings, opposition of the proletariat in whose name he ruled, the dismal failure of his "war Communism," the galling restoration of capitalism in the New Economic Policy (NEP). He did not fully trust any of his lieutenants, not even Trotsky, and was constantly exasperated over what he considered the mediocrity of his entourage.

Lenin's faith that revolutions in Europe would save his own revolution was shattered, his attempt to "probe Europe with bayonets" by invading Poland was defeated. He came to believe, as said in 1922, that "powerful forces have diverted the Soviet state from its proper course," and as he said earlier, that "the Party is sick." He railed at books portraying the new state in glowing colors as "detestable lies and hypocrisies."

The veteran German Communist, Klara Zetkin, spent an hour with Lenin in early 1920, when he was at the apogee of his power. She would write: "While Lenin was speaking, his face shrunk before my eyes. Furrows, great and small, innumerable, engraved themselves deeply on it. And every furrow was drawn by a grave trouble or a grave pain. An expression of unspoken and unspeakable suffering was on his face. I was moved, shaken." A Lenin biographer, Robert Payne, has written: "Growing awareness of his own guilt and bewilderment before the monster he had created" in time gripped Lenin.

Pain and Sorrow

Then came the series of strokes that made his last two years of life a bed of pain and sorrow. He was tortured by disillusionment with the present and forebodings of disaster in the future. Though he was never opposed to terror and indeed was the chief architect of the Soviet terror system, he finally realized that the results were more appalling than he had foreseen: a million and a half killed in atrocities on both sides, five million dead in famine and plagues, more millions slaughtered in the civil war.

Outwardly, in the time of his protracted illness, the Bolshevik leaders remained obsequious. His authority, however, declined, his wishes were increasingly ignored, and he was helpless to influence the fierce struggle for the succession spurred by his impending death.

His most cunning detractor was Stalin, who had been undermining Lenin's role even before the first stroke by subtly spreading doubts about his wisdom. In the final year of Lenin's agony, Stalin became more and more critical and even defiant of the stricken dictator. "We must be firm with Lenin," he instructed Kamenev, one of his factional supporters. First guardedly and then, as Lenin's condition worsened, more openly, he derogated the invalid's views and intrigued for policies he knew Lenin opposed. He went so far as to insult Krupskaya obscenely in a telephone call.

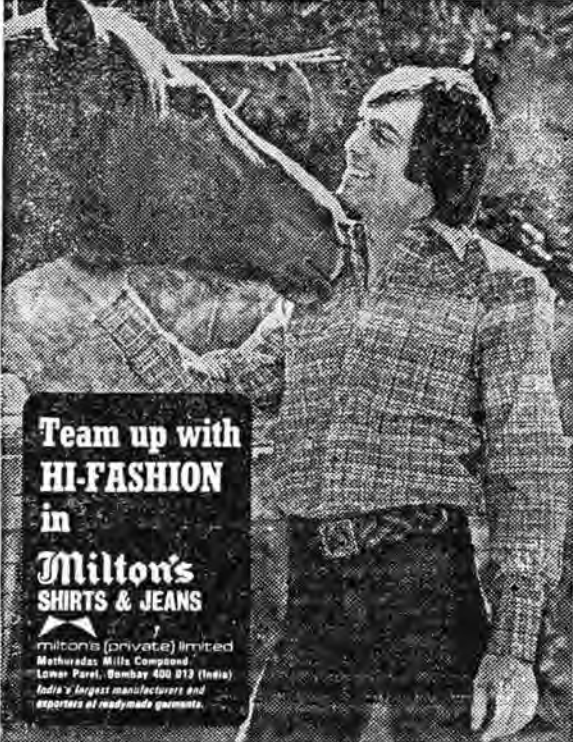
In March of 1929, Lenin, who had already recommended the removal of Stalin as General Secretary of the monolithic ruling party, dictated a note announcing the severance "of all personal relations with Stalin." Then, as Trotsky later revealed, he was "preparing a bombshell" to crush Stalin politically at the next Party

Congress. But another stroke, with total loss of speech, intervened.

Through his informers planted around the dying leader, Stalin was fully aware of Lenin's hatred and intentions. In the brief but deceptive weeks when Lenin seemed to be improving, Stalin could barely conceal his alarm. Lenin alive, even paralyzed and speechless, was a menace to his plans. He waited anxiously, hungrily, for Lenin to die, so that he might accomplish the apotheosis of his self-declared enemy to serve his own ambitions.

Thus the crowning irony of Lenin's career, posthumously, was the capture of his body and its deification by the one man—"that Asiatic monster," in Krupskaya's phrase—whom he had tried and failed, in his final months, to dislodge from the leadership. It was Stalin who delivered the funeral oration, in the ecclesiastic cadences he had learned as a young seminarist, in the form almost of a church litany. Its heart was the doctrine of Lenin's infallibility, set forth by the man who only weeks before had ridiculed his opinions and made political capital of his contradictions and blunders.

Lenin's body was in effect "nationalized" for purposes he would have forbidden, mutilated and cosmetically processed, exploited as a political stage property. The cynical distortion, in death, of Lenin's whole life-style, of his character and philosophy, was Stalin's calculated revenge.



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DOCTORS IN DISTRESS

Geeta Doctor

IN view of the irrefutable evidence supplied by the Unctad, that, with each doctor going out of India, the country suffers a loss of Rs. 3,50,000, the only practical solution would be to close down all medical colleges. Since we are, at any rate, fast regressing into an age where we are expected to do without electricity, transport, or adequate means of law and order, there is no reason why we cannot do without doctors either, or at any rate, no reason why we should not be content with herbalists, faith healers and the kind offices of the Almighty, as our ancestors were in the past. For, unless the Government decides that there is much more to be done in the way of encouraging doctors, than in the throwing of occasional sops to appease young doctors, who are fatuous enough to believe that they can change the system by resorting to strikes, there appears to be no way of preventing that process which has so picturesquely been labelled as the "brain drain", and which so disastrously depletes the country's reserves at the rate of 3½ lakhs per 3000 odd doctors and scientists every year.

The tragedy of the situation is that even those who want to work in India or those who have sometimes given up lucrative jobs in a fit of patriotic fervour, are forced to reconsider their decisions. "I was one of those who used to advise people to go and work in their country" says one leading eye surgeon in Madras, whose case is far from exceptional. "Now I am the first to tell them never to think of coming back," he says describing his sense of helplessness at working under conditions where he cannot get the requisite permission to import some of the highly sensitive and specialized equipment necessary for his work, or where he has to wait for hours to borrow the use of these, at the few hospitals where they are available, but subject to the whims of the doctor in charge of the department. Inhibited on the one hand by Government restriction in importing his equipment, and on the other by the monopolist practices of the government doctors with regard to the equipment under their control, he is driven to performing only the more basic and routine operations which could just as well be done by far less experienced doctors. This naturally leads him to the inescapable thought that, elsewhere, his talents and experience would be better utilized.

Mere Torchlight

"How long can we continue to perform operations by torchlight?" says another young surgeon, who, approaching the end of almost half a decade of study, finds that even the glamour of an M.S. at the end of his name will not guarantee him with the prospect of a job, let alone job satisfaction. "What satisfaction is there, anyway, in treating a patient who dies because

we can't take an ECG in time, due to the failure of electricity, (a not uncommon occurrence in energy starved Tamil Nadu) or because we have to fill in twenty different forms to get permission to take an ECG? Is it a surgeon's job to sit and fill forms?" Describing himself somewhat bitterly, as "a one-time idealist" he says that he had never had ambitions to go abroad and make money like the majority of his friends, but now finds that this may be the only thing to do. As a surgeon, he has to be attached to a hospital. "If you are in Government service, you get pushed around from place to place. You don't know where they will transfer you. You are completely at the mercy of the politicians who appoint their candidates in all the top posts. If they don't like you you're finished. There's no question of trying to serve the country, and all that bunk, if you see things going wrong and know that there is nothing you can do about it," he continued. "As for private hospitals, they can be worse" he said, describing his experiences at one of the bigger private hospitals in Madras, where he was expected to put in a tough 24 hour schedule, when he performed the operations on his own, only to find his Chief taking all the credit. "I wouldn't even have minded that," he said, "but when it came to payment, my Chief was surprised that I expected anything, 'What about all the valuable experience I am giving you?' he wanted to know. How long can I live on experience alone?" asked the young surgeon. "May be the country has put in a lot of money in training me up. But what about my parents? Haven't they looked after me all this time? Now, though they may not expect it, it is my duty to look after them, see that my sisters are married and so on."

"Why do people tell us to go and work in villages?" asked an attractive young woman, who had just completed her MD. "We want to enjoy life when we are young. We like to stay in the Cities where there is some opportunity to meet other people of our type and get married. Why don't they send the older doctors to the villages. All those people who are about to retire or who have retired but still want to work." Besides, as she went on to explain even though people imagined that there were plenty of jobs in the rural areas, the Government had not provided adequate facilities to do these jobs. If a woman, a doctor would have to take some elderly person along, as a chaperone or body guard, as it would be unthinkable for a young woman to establish herself alone in a village, and of course unless there were very well organised efforts by the Government to keep these doctors supplied with medicines and other facilities, their presence alone in a village would not be of much service. "Everyone has these romantic notions about going and working in the

villages. For one thing there are no such jobs and even if there were, I doubt whether anyone could do them."

"I tried to change the system, but found that I was immediately transferred. Now I am thinking of transferring myself out of the country," said another doctor, who describes his experience at one of the leading Government hospitals in Madras, where the food was being supplied by a gentleman who obviously had interested parties protecting him. "When I asked for a sample of the dhal that was being prepared for the patients I was told that it was not my business to look into these matters. I persisted. It took about twenty days for the report to come from the Institute at Guindy. It said that 50% of the dhal had been adulterated with Kesari dhal which is highly injurious to the health. But by that time it was too late to protect the patients, the spurious dhal had already been consumed. The next time I took a sample, the gentleman who was supplying the dhal, got even more agitated. He tried to threaten to take action against me. But I sent the sample all the same. They sent the report immediately. The sample contained 100% Kesari dhal. I lost no time in sending the report to the authorities. They sent me a long questionnaire asking me what procedures I had followed in making my inquiries. Shortly afterwards I was transferred."

New Approach

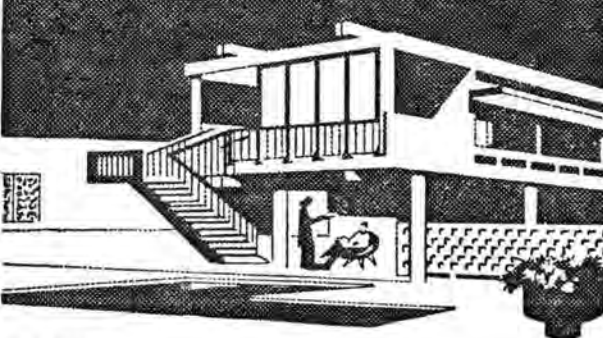
The range and nature of these experiences suggest that there is no one solution to the problem. As long as the Government is concerned merely in churning out new doctors without considering what opportunities there may be for them to work, they cannot prevent them from hankering after more congenial pastures. It would perhaps be worthwhile considering an entirely new approach to the problem, by training two grades of doctors. The mass of them could be provided with a short but intensive training, for a period of two years or less, and could be designated as medical officers, to work entirely in rural areas within the prevailing conditions. Recruits could, if possible, be trained in villages, or in the kind of surroundings where they would ultimately find themselves, as one cannot envisage a situation where an individual having once adapted to a life in the city would prefer to go back and live in a village. Naturally one would not expect such a person to perform brain surgeries but he would surely be at a better advantage to deal with routine occurrences, such as childbirths, accidents, and fevers, diagnose the outbreak of epidemics, and be in a better position to offer medical guidance than the superstitious and totally ignorant people who deal with these matters today. When one hears that even a supposedly classless country such as China has adopted the practice of training itinerant doctors who receive six months training and travel barefoot from village to village, there is no reason why a country

such as India, with similar problems, should not take such a pragmatic approach in solving them.

As to the rest, the Government would then be in a position to ensure a better quality of training to a better type of doctor, who would also be assured of enough jobs worthy of his time and training. In India, where most medical students join because their parents would like to boast of "a doctor in the family" rather than due to any burning desire to serve their fellow men, youngsters have only a vague idea of what is ahead for them. From the outset those who are given admission in medical colleges should be given a clear notion of the length and purpose of their training, to the effect that it takes six years of study and four years of experience to produce a doctor. He must realize from the very first that his profession requires more than a normal amount of dedication and self sacrifice. If properly motivated it would be unlikely that a doctor would regard his MBBS degree as an escape valve, but to provide yet another deterrent, it could be laid down that every doctor who was privileged enough to receive this specialized training, should if he decides to settle down abroad, re-imburse a certain portion of the money that the country has invested in him.

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TOOH... TOOH... TOOH...

Feroza Paymaster

"MEET someone halfway" says an advertisement for American Telephones and Telegraphs. "To communicate is the beginning of understanding." To promote this understanding I decided to make a long distance call to a friend in Delhi. What with the advent of STD (Subscriber Trunk Dialling) and the move for national integration I thought this would be in keeping with the spirit of the times.

So expectantly I dialled the code number 011 and the number. There was a reassuring sequence of "tuck... tuck... tuck." But just then the "tucks" stopped and all that could be heard was the busy signal: "tooh... tooh... tooh." Thinking the line was busy I dialled again "tuck... tuck... tuck... tring-tring... tring-tring." I waited for the "hello." But instead the "tring-tring" continued. I had fixed the time with my friend so I knew that he had to be there.



So I commenced my third try. "Tuck... tuck... tuck... tring-tring, tring-thing... tring-tring." The phone disconnected by itself. The next twenty minutes were spent dialling Assistance, "tooh... tooh... tooh." Complaints, "tooh... tooh... tooh." Information "tooh... tooh... tooh." The only number that clicked was Booking. "Allo booking office, allo allo, madam, please speak up, I cannot hear. Allo, yes what is it madam, what do you want?"

"I am trying to make a STD call to Delhi, is the line in order?" I inquired.

"(Your) Bombay number?" she asked. Without hesitating I gave the number.

While I wondered what this had to do with the line

being in order, confusion prevailed at the booking end. "Allo, Allo, is this Ahmedabad ... No, no this is ... I was speaking on this line how you came on? ..."

When she finally got back to me I explained, "I do not wish to book a trunk call to Delhi. I just want to know if the line is in order, since the call does not seem to be coming through." Then politely: "I am sorry to bother you, but since I just cannot get assistance and complaints, I had to ask you." "It is all right, I will find out, one minute." A couple of minutes later: "It is working, allo madam, yes it is working."

"Are you sure it is? I have been trying for very long. The Delhi line is in order?" I asked. Slightly less polite she answered, "Yes yes I am telling you about the Delhi line only, it is in order."

So, I kept on dialling. Fifty minutes had elapsed by now since I first tried. Phew, I thought, this is tiring; but then I was trying to get across all the way to Delhi, a distance of a 1000 miles so maybe it required some solid effort.

Many tries later, I managed to get Booking again. "What is the matter?" I demanded. "Why is the call



to Delhi not coming through?" A very composed voice at the other end replied, "Allo, madam, the direct dial line has been out of order since afternoon. The only way you can get through is by booking a trunk call. Urgent will take two hours, ordinary, I don't know — about four hours."

Next time I want to communicate with Delhi, I'll write a letter.

Reviews

PRESIDENTIAL MISSIVES

Portrait of a President: Letters of Dr Rajendra Prasad written to Mrs. Gyanvati Darbar; (Vikas Publishing House; Rs. 35/-).

LETTERS have a quality of their own that give a rare insight into the nature, the emotions and the involvement of the writer in the life around him. When the personality is so well-known as in this case the interest for readers is all the greater. The book of letters of Dr. Rajendra Prasad to Smt. Gyanvati makes fascinating reading especially for Indians for he was an important participant in the making of New India. Many points he makes on 2nd September 1956 are as valid today:

"There is an atmosphere, in some places at least, of general indiscipline that pervades not only students and the youth but also other people. Almost every day we read news about violence being committed by crowds for something or other. In many places students take active and prominent part in these riots. Political parties are not above taking advantage of any exasperation of feeling for whatever cause it may be and converting the cause into one of great public importance which must be settled, if necessary, by force.

"There is a growing crowd of frustrated and disappointed youth who have received such education as is available in our colleges and schools and who are unable to find jobs. The vast expansion in our educational institutions, particularly schools and colleges, without any regard to standards being maintained, is very largely responsible for this frustration and disappointment. Our educational policy is not equal to this tremendous awakening and is not able to create either the atmosphere or supply the equipment and personnel to render the youth useful citizens. Our old moorings are snapped and no new ideals have yet emerged. The result is that moral values have become a casualty in this struggle and neither religion nor moral principles have any firm hold on our mind and naturally enough we turn more and more to exterior sanctions for making man good and even decent.

"But no rules or laws nor sanctions enforced by a State or any other authority from outside can take the place of that which gets implanted in our minds as a result of family traditions, religious observances, social behaviour and moral teachings whether imparted by precept or by example, more by example than by mere word of mouth. This can be remedied only by improving our educational system and institutions.

"The economic situation appears to be improving

but is not altogether free from causes for anxiety. We have seen during the last few months a tendency towards rising prices. Whatever the cause may be, it causes concern, particularly because it comes immediately after a time when the Government was hard put to keep the prices of food grains at a level which would enable the agriculturists to grow crops. Now that we are embarking on a very ambitious Five Year Plan involving nearly Rs. 800 crores of expenditure every year, inflation may not be ruled out altogether and so the present tendency may get aggravated rather than redressed. Further, the heavy investment required has to be raised, and what is even more urgent and necessary, the enthusiasm of the people has to be roused and enlisted to make the Plan a success.

We do not know how far the effort to stem rising unemployment will be successful. Cottage and small scale industries have been thought of but more as a palliative than an effective remedy against unemployment."

A sad judgement on our progress eighteen years later!

Through the letters, the reader discovers a Rajenbabu deeply immersed in Hindu philosophy, simple in his habits, but with a desire for knowledge that extended over many fronts. Nearly every letter shows his growing concern with the political future of the country and the problems of parliamentary democracy:

"In this early stage of our democracy we want the best conventions and traditions to be established and practical application is anyday much more valuable than any amount of theorising in books." "I feel that politics is a dirty game, and what is worse, we are capable of doing injury to the country to save or condemn one person whom we may like or dislike."

Yet in his busy life, he found the time to write these letters that are both informative and often deeply moving as when he talks of the Urdu poet Iqbal and quotes:

"I want your love in abundance
Look how simple is my desire!
Let the pleasures of paradise be for
those who have renounced the joys of the world.
For me, it is enough that I get a glimpse of you."

Often the restrictions of the role of the President irks him and a touching letter asks whether he is a President or a prisoner for "here there are several persons to watch one man's movements" which is "very exasperating". He is often humorous when he talks of the 'Speaker' who speaks too much—Sri Ananthasayanam Ayyengar!

Dr. Gyanvati Darbar has done a service in arranging

for the letters to be published and allowing the simplicity and sincerity of a great man to be shared by many through his reflections on a myriad subjects.

MRINALINI V. SARABHAI

CHRONICLE REAPPEARS

Uncensored Russia: The Human Rights Movement in the Soviet Union (edited, introduced and translated by Peter Reddaway. National Academy, Rs. 7.)

ALEXANDER HERZEN, a dissident in Tsarist Russia, wrote as far back as January 1865, "Was there ever a country with a censorship and an arbitrary government where secret presses and the underground distribution of manuscripts did not exist—once intellectual movements and the desire for liberty existed? This is just as natural a state of affairs as the publication of material abroad and emigration."

After a silence of a year and half, the *Chronicle of Current Events* (*Samizdat*) has again begun to be published underground in Soviet Russia. There was a chance after Solzhenitsyn's banishment and the split in the ranks of the Soviet dissidents that the *Chronicle* would be soon forgotten on the shelves of historical documents. That would have been a mistake. The Annotated Text of the Unofficial Moscow Journal, *A Chronicle of Current Events* Nos. 1 to 11 reproduced in this book, is one of the most important documents of human freedom.

The word 'Samizdat' which means "own publishing house" and was coined in 1966 has now passed into international usage. It is an acronym for Gosizdat (State Publishing House). The *Chronicle* was started on April 30, 1968 as a reliable underground news bulletin. Usually the author or a friend of his or a publishing house editor types out some copies of a Samizdat piece and then passes them around. Popular items are thus typed and retyped indefinitely till they reach the outside world through the help of a Soviet or Western tourist. They then have a chance of second publication, in tamizdat i.e. in the Western press or an emigre journal ('tam' means 'over there').

The book contains among others the cases of Sinyavsky and Daniel, Galanskov, Solzhenitsyn as well as those of the Jews, the Ukrainians and the Crimean Tartars.

The *Chronicle's* plain unemotional language is not very literary and does not make for exciting reading. It contains little material from the literary world and few of the Samizdat items are the work of professional writers. But it makes one realise the sky-high difference between conditions in Soviet Russia as they are and as they are sought to be projected by the Soviet Government to Western eyes.

RUSI J. DARUWALA

A CHARM FOR THE CHARMER

Lakshmi's
BALLERINA voile sarees
Enchanting. Wear for work
Wear for fun. Around the town.
Around the picnic spots.
Any where-and BELLERINA
will please you every wear
Made from 90s & 100s
pure imported cotton.



PUBLIC FINANCE IN INDIA

Fiscal Economics: by K. P. M. Sundharam, (2nd edition, 1973, Sultan Chand & Sons, pp. 506, Rs 12.50).

THIS book on Fiscal Economics is a welcome addition to the already existing literature on the subject. It is a revised second edition of the book published in 1972 and integrates the theoretical and practical aspects of public finance in India. As a textbook on the subject it is low-priced and within the means of an average student of economics.

The author, himself a teacher, fully realises the needs of the students especially at the under-graduate level. He has explained the subject in clear and simple language and at the same time dealt with all aspects of it. By giving examples from Indian budgets and other Indian fiscal measures, he creates a lively interest for the subject. As it is a new edition, it provides up-to-date information by including the Raj Committee's recommendations on Agricultural Taxation and the Wanchoo Committee Report.

The book is divided into three parts. Part one contains eleven chapters. The first chapter deals mainly with general information on the subject such as definitions, the differences between public and private finance etc. The second and third chapters discuss the

broad aspects of public expenditure and public revenue. The remaining chapters of this part are devoted to the subject of taxation. The author discusses this very exhaustively.

Part two deals more with the practical aspects of public finance as against the theoretical aspects discussed in part one of the book. The subjects of public debt, preparation of the budget and budgetary controls are discussed in the context of present day conditions and policies in India. The role of the Government, both Union and State, is explained in a comprehensive manner. The chapter on the Reserve Bank of India is also quite detailed.

The last five chapters of the book form the third and last part. These deal with specific types of finance, namely, local finance, railway finance, war finance and corporate finance. The chapter on corporate finance gives basic but sketchy description of various financial institutions in India. An appendix explains the economic systems that exist at present.

The book is an excellent text-book for any under-graduate student. A student who wishes to pursue the subject beyond this level, however, does not find any help by way of footnotes and references. The author should cover this aspect in the next edition so that the book does not merely serve as a college text.

INDU KALE

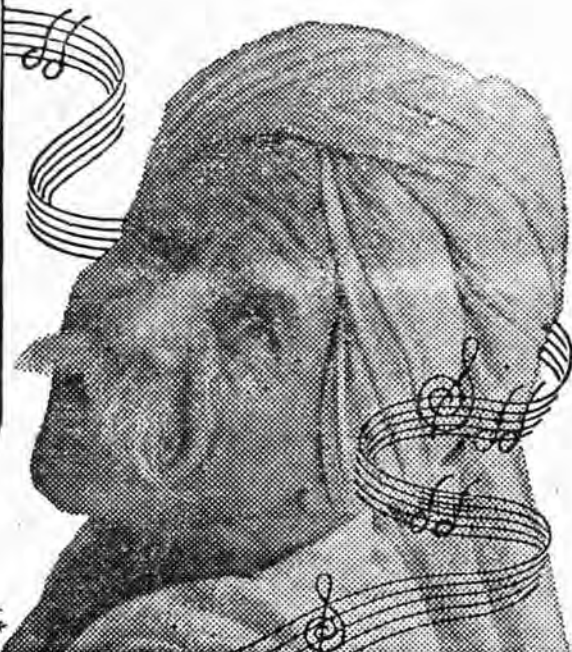
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Letter

THEN AND NOW

I VERY well remember an informal discussion among friends at which I was present when Lord Mountbatten had taken charge as Viceroy with a mandate to hand over self-government to the Indian National Congress. Some of us who had slogged for a lifetime in the public services were jubilant at the thought that, with the advent of Independence, our land would flow with milk and honey. Present among us was that inimitable playwright and versatile genius, T. P. Kailasam. "Believe me," he said, "when I tell you that what you are going to get is not 'Democracy' but 'Demonocracy'."

If India opted for a democratic form of Government, it was solely due to the fact that this country was under British rule for nearly a century and a half and that England is a democracy. During British rule, monarchy prevailed in the Indian States while the bureaucracy ruled at the Centre and in the Indian Provinces. To those of us who were in intimate contact with the Administration in those days, the deterioration in administrative standards and values after India became a democracy has come as a very rude shock. Recent events in Gujarat and the current agitation in Bihar are such that serious doubts are bound to be entertained in regard to the fitness of this country for a democratic form of government.

Students of Indian History know that there was no democratic form of Government in this country at any time in the past. In other words, the Western type of democracy is foreign to the soil of India.

After the advent of Independence, the hereditary Princes were liquidated and socialist Princes have been enthroned in their places. Adult franchise with a huge illiterate and immature electorate has made democracy a farce.

If one takes a look at the political complexion of the ruling Congress Party, a curious phenomenon strikes the observer. That the Communist Party of India does not believe in democracy is an indisputable fact. In spite of this, there is a close alliance between the ruling Congress and the CPI at the Centre and in several states.

Opinions may differ as to the wisdom of the agitation which Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan has launched in Bihar to get rid of an elected Assembly and Government. Desperate situations may, however, require desperate remedies.

"Whither Democracy in India?" is the question to be debated. My answer would be that there never was and there is not any true democracy in this country. The outer form is there but the spirit is lacking. Character, integrity and discipline are absolutely necessary for real democracy to flourish in any country. Bangalore

V. T. SREENIVASAN

Citizens for Democracy

A CITIZEN'S Ombudsman to receive and investigate into complaints of corruption against those holding high public offices will be appointed by the Citizens for Democracy, according to a decision of the National Executive Council taken in Bombay on July 13, 1974, under the Chairmanship of Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan. The Council also decided to set up civil rights sub-committees, to begin with in Bombay, Delhi and Ahmedabad, comprising advocates and journalists, for the protection of civil liberties and fundamental rights of the people.

Addressing Council members assembled from different parts of the country, Mr. Jayaprakash Narayan said that a time had come when thousands of public-spirited citizens had to take action on their own to restore integrity in national life.

The National Executive Council, Mr. Shri Jayaprakash Narayan who had been elected President at the foundation convention at New Delhi in April, elected the following office-bearers: Vice-Presidents — Mr. S. M. Joshi and Mr. N. A. Palkhivala; Hon. Secretary — Mr. V. M. Tarkunde and Hon. Treasurer — Mr. Sevakram.

Among those who participated in the discussion were S. M. Joshi, V. M. Tarkunde, N. A. Palkhivala, Nittoor Srinivasa Rao, C. T. Daru, Kamalashankar Pandya and M. R. Masani.

COSME-LAB

ANALYTICAL LABORATORY

CURTI

PONDA

GOA

1969 in Bangalore entitled "Too Much Politics, Too Little Citizenship", I had made a plea for developing more grass-roots activity to strengthen the infrastructure of our young democracy. In the years since I spoke, the collapse of our free institutions has been proceeding at a rapid space. Now Jayaprakash Narayan's move to stimulate grass-roots activity may not only save Bihar but, through a ripple effect, may also save India. His cause should be the cause of every sincere liberal and democrat in India.

That the clique of communists nestling within the Congress Party, led by such notorious men as K. D. Malaviya, Chandrajit Yadav and Shashi Bhushan, should shout "fascist"—which is not a bad description of themselves—is only natural but that Mrs. Indira Gandhi should descend to similar levels in the smear campaign which has been launched against JP is something which she will no doubt live to regret but which will also cost the country dear.

Is it an accident that, according to press reports, the hooligans who indulged in a rampage at the Oberoi Sheraton Hotel in Bombay, even as they indulged in their acts of vandalism, shouted "Indira Gandhi ki jai" or that those other hooligans who lay down in front of Jayaprakash Narayan's car on the plea that it was an imported model should have echoed the same cry? Do the nefarious activities of the "Indira Brigade" in Bihar not throw added light as to the source from which these fascists derive their inspiration?

Can Jayaprakash Narayan save India the Gandhian way? On the answer to that question hangs the fate of this country. It is clear that if he fails, there will be no escape from our having to share the fate of Sukarno's Indonesia, Nkrumah's Ghana and Allende's Chile.

It is in this context that each of us has to make his choice, and this includes the delegates to the National Convention of the Swatantra Party who have been called to Delhi on August 4. The proposal to which their consent is being asked is that the Swatantra Party should commit suicide in order that those among them who are so inclined should be free to join in a new party in the company of discredited politicians like Mr. Biju Patnaik, Mr. Raj Narain and Dr. Ram Subhag Singh. It would indeed be sad if the effort on which Rajaji launched amidst such high expectations and widespread hope should come to this miserable end.

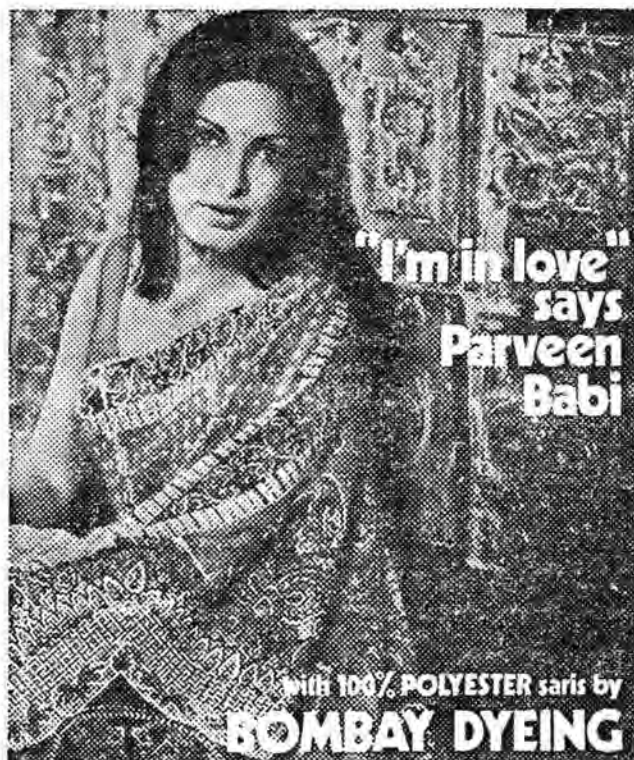
Let not the delegates say they have not been warned. Apart from the bitter experience of the past, Mr. Biju Patnaik's filtration with Chandrajit Yadav and Nandini Satpathy during the past few weeks and Mr. Charan Singh offering the Presidentship to the present incumbent, Mr. Giri, whose nomination in 1969 the Swatantra Party had rightly opposed in the belief, since then amply justified, that he would prove to be a "rubber stamp", should serve to open the eyes of those concerned. Mr. Charan Singh, who in 1969 had

voted for Mr. Giri with such disastrous consequences to the country, would appear, like the Bourbons, to have learnt nothing and forgotten nothing during the past five years. Only those who are morally blind should find the choice they have to make a difficult one.

This is not the time to form a new political party. Anyone who does so betrays his innocence about the situation in the country by failing to realise the irrelevance of political parties in India of today and tomorrow.

The argument has been advanced that one has to begin somewhere and that if the present effort is not really a national alternative, it is bound to develop into one. A snowballing effect can only take place if the nucleus is able to attract elements along the way. In the present context not only are such elements absent, but the nucleus itself repels those who wish to see the emergence of a genuine national alternative. By their ill-conceived and ill-timed effort, the sponsors of the move are in effect preventing a genuine national alternative from emerging in the foreseeable future.

Once upon a time there were three tailors of Tooley Street who signed a petition starting with the words, "We the citizens of London." Those who pompously describe their puny effort as "The National Alternative" apparently suffer from the same malady.



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WITH MANY VOICES

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

—Tennyson.

There are no known samizdats, Sakharovs or Solzhenitsyns in China.

—*The Economist*, June 29.

While the political superstition of the past was the divine right of kings, the political superstition of the present is the divine right of parliaments.

—Herbert Spencer quoted in *National Review*,
March 15.

Once at a large Washington dinner a man walked up to him and said, 'Dr. Kissinger, I want to thank you for saving the world.' 'You're welcome' he replied.

—*Time*, July 1.

When you lay a real liberal alongside a real conservative, there's not enough difference to put in your hat.

—Barry Goldwater quoted in *Time*, July 1.

I work only according to God's directions.

—General Idi Amin Dada quoted in *Time*, July 1.

After 57 years of communist rule, Russia still offers plenty of scope for women's lib.

—*The Economist*, June 8.

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By all the rules of modern politics, any Prime Minister whose popularity rating in the public opinion polls is approximately equal to his country's annual rate of inflation must surely be headed down the tube.

—*Time*, July 8.

If there is to be true detente, there must be a movement of people and ideas across international frontiers—not just cargo.

—Senator Henry Jackson in *Time*, July 8.

Almost everybody (at least among journalists) remembers Jefferson's famous remark that if he had to choose between a government without newspapers and newspapers without government, he would pick the latter. But few recall that Jefferson also wrote on another occasion: 'Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper.'

—*Time*, July 8.

An American president choosing Cairo as his chief stop on a foreign tour and expecting his warmest welcome there: what could be more improbable or more helpful?

—*The Economist*, June 8.

Late-Brezhnev's Russia is a better place than Stalin's Russia was, but a worse one in most respects than the Russia of Khrushchev's last years before Khrushchev was overthrown in 1964.

—*The Economist*, June 8.

A Communist is a fellow who borrows your pot to cook your goose in.

—*Everyman's*, July 6.

I am nearer the CPI(M) than the CPI and, in fact, I don't like the stooges of a foreign power.

—Jayaprakash Narayan quoted in *The Statesman*,
July 9.

In the Communist nations, there are no private terrorists. Terrorism, like other industries, is a government monopoly.

—James Burnham in *National Review*, March 1.

What is wrong with brainwashing? People regularly wash their faces and take baths so as to keep clean. Why should a person not cleanse his mind of filth?

—Prof. Fung Yulan quoted in *National Review*,
March 1.