

MIHAJLO MIHAJLOV'S FATE

Milovan Djilas

M IHAJLO Mihajlov was arrested on Oct. 7. He will also be convicted, for in Yugoslavia everyone—literally everyone—who is arrested for political reasons is convicted. Behind the facade of the courts, the unseen actual judges lie in wait for any free thought, and, depending on their interests and the ideological schemes of the moment, classify the offense and mete out punishment.

Mihajlo Mihajlov will be convicted because of his criticism of the Soviet and Yugoslav systems in the foreign press, primarily the Russian émigré and American press, this year.

It is true that Mihajlo Mihajlov expressed criticism. Moreover, he did so not only in 1974 but also in the three preceding years.

Neither Mihajlov nor Yugoslav law has changed in 1974; what has changed is Yugoslavia's ideological and political course. Mihajlov's only "offense" is that he did not fall into line with the "new" course and did not restrain himself—as a wholly human creature, how could he?—from expressing his opinion.

Many long years of jail await Mihajlov. Already convicted twice, he has served three and a half years in jail—his sentences were not shortened by a single day—because in him the idea of freedom has been stronger than accommodation, stronger than life itself.

Mihajlov is one of the many in Eastern Europe who have met with such a fate. However, he went forward with conscious courage to meet his fate and even expected such a fate.

Who is Mihajlo Mihajlov, and for what is he sacrificing himself?

I got to know him after he came out of jail. During the last four years we met innumerable times. But our debate—always lively, often heated, but never abusive—was not finished. Mihajlov is extremely refined and intelligent.

Mihajlov is a Yugoslav of Russian origin. His parents escaped as children from Russia after the Revolution, and he was born and reared in Yugoslavia. In him the most admirable Russian qualities—openness,

sacrifice, and sensitivity—were not only preserved but in some inexplicable manner made pure.

Russian and Yugoslav

But in Yugoslavia, Mihajlov also acquired "Western," rationalist characteristics. He is simultaneously Russian and Yugoslav; only those unwilling or unable to understand the conditions of freedom in Russia and Yugoslavia try to separate the two. For one's homeland is not only the soil and the language, but also that for which one consciously sacrifices oneself.

Mihajlov is deeply religious. He is not a churchgoer. I would even say that he is not of the Orthodox faith except insofar as that serves to link him with early prechurch Christianity. Mihajlov is a Christian. In Christianity he even found freedom from death, although I think his faith is more complex—his very attachment to freedom leads Mihajlov toward religion and even strengthens him in his faith.

But Mihajlov believes that religion and especially the church should not become a new ideology or new political instrument. Religion for him is a relation toward humans and mankind, not a programme of action. Religion provides Mihajlov with the strength and the encouragement for a new, rationalized relation toward individual and society.

From these religious inspirations Mihajlov arrived at democratic socialism as the way out of bureaucratic despotism. I arrived at the same conclusion on the basis of rationalistic atheism.

Although different, and even contradictory, Mihajlov's basis and source of inspiration and my own led us each to the same ideal: to the freeing of the individual and to an open society, instead of the enslavement of the individual for the sake of "perfect societies." And who knows, maybe our bases are the same, only we are not yet able to see that?

It is said that Mihajlov was created and elevated by the "Western" press and that he is obsessed with his mission. There is some truth in that. Anyone in Eastern Europe who has transcended ideological drabness has done so with the assistance of the liberal "West-

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Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Famine — 1975

THIS was the title under which Prof. B. R. Shenoy, one of our most dependable economists, recently gave a talk in Ahmedabad. In case any one finds the talk premature or alarming, it may have a sobering effect to recall that the London *Economist* of October 26 in its International Report headed its article prominently "Why They Are Starving In West Bengal" and referred to the "hundreds of deaths from starvation in West Bengal and other states of Northern India during the past few weeks". The London journal described these as a result of "accumulated scarcities" caused by persistent neglect of agriculture over two decades and "the absence of that old stand-by, American surplus grain."

New Delhi which, till now, had been attempting to lull the Indian people into a false sense of complacency announced at last on December 10 that they had contracted for the import of 4.76 million tonnes of foodgrains between April and November 1974 alone. The largest supply will come, as usual, from the United States which will send not less than 3.64 million tonnes of wheat out of the total import of 4.33 million tonnes of wheat. Even this is likely to prove inadequate as the estimated shortfall in foodgrains is between 7 to 10 million tonnes. What the *Indian Express* wrote in its editorial entitled "PL 480 Again" as far back as October 14 appears to have come true that "US experts were better informed" than the Indian Government about the gravity of the actual situation.

It would be natural to conclude that these hard realities have induced a more chastened frame of mind on the part of those in New Delhi who must be held guilty for this criminal lack of responsibility. Unfortunately, this would be an unfounded assumption. A report on the World Food Conference in Rome in the *International Herald Tribune* of November 18, 1974, says that "an Indian potentate went on and on about how it is America's responsibility to feed his country in compensation for the years of exploitation under colonialism". The US representative did not put the record right, as he well might have done, by pointing out that the USA had never occupied India. The US spokesman might have gone on to say that the US has been feeding India for years against paper rupees and to say that the US, with 6 per cent of the world's population, today produces 48 per cent of world's output of grain and with its exports feeds 25 per cent of the world's population. The truth is that the world relies on capitalist agriculture to subsidize the hunger of those who are too dumb to enjoy that example

Commenting on this situation, Mr. William F. Buckley writes: "We are very frightened these days of suggesting to anybody anywhere that there is something to be taken from America other than our money and our food. What we have that is most valuable is our experience—with free agriculture. It will be refreshing if, at Rome, someone would stand up and suggest that in fact much of the world's problems stem from doctrinaire preferences for socialism over abundance. What is galling is that politicians always get fed. It is the people who are hungry and starve, so that their leaders can elaborate their ideological lunacies on cosmic canvasses."

UN Antics

The behaviour of the UN General Assembly, like that of the Indian Lok Sabha, has become increasingly ridiculous in the last few weeks during which the Assembly distinguished itself by welcoming and applauding the PLO leader, Yassir Arafat, who represents no government but successfully browbeat the Assembly by observing: "I have come bearing an olive branch



Courtesy: Laxman—Times of India

and a freedom fighter's gun. Do not let the olive branch fall from my hands." With delightful perversity, the Assembly had only a few days ago denied the Government of South Africa, one of the founding members of the UN, a seat in the Assembly, thus proving its dedication to the vaunted principle of the universality of the UN about which we have heard so much.

All this happens because the majority that swings the vote in the UN today is made up of the representatives of governments from the most backward parts of the globe, many of which, particularly those of

Africa, are no bigger than a district in India. Speaking to the General Assembly on December 6, Mr. John Scali, the US delegate, drew the Assembly's attention to the fact that the resolutions often adopted by the so-called majority represent only a small fraction of the world's population.

Mr. William F. Buckley has published a book entitled *United Nations Journal* in which he records his experiences as a member of the US delegation and a member of the Human Rights Committee during the past year. With characteristic frankness he has described the world organisation as "the densest collection of oratorical bores in the history of the world" and "the most concentrated assault on moral reality in the history of free institutions."

The British Press in Peril

WHILE the Indian press is trying to ward off the attacks on its freedom from New Delhi, sometimes direct and sometimes routed through the newspaper proprietors, the British press is battling for its freedom, which is threatened by a Bill sought to be introduced in Parliament by the "left-wing" Secretary for Employment, Mr. Michael Foot. That Bill which if passed would legalise the "closed shop" on the part of trade unions in British industry, is bad enough in all conscience. The danger to the press arises from the provision that the editors of newspapers have to be members of the National Union of Journalists and thus become prisoners of the "closed shop". Newspaper publishers and editors, including the Editor of the highly respected *Guardian*, point out that, already in the past, labour pressure has forced them to remove articles critical of the trade unions and that now editors fear that their jobs would depend on what they say in print. The *London Times* writes: "If an editor can be required to be a member of a trade union against his will, his independence is thereafter circumscribed by union rulings."

It is good that Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, leader of the British Liberal Party, has entered the fray in defence of press freedom by rightly describing Mr. Foot's effort as "an unprecedented assault on the freedom of the press".

No Inflation !!

COMMUNIST propaganda in India and elsewhere has sought to make out that there is no inflation behind the Iron Curtain. Any one who lives beyond the Iron Curtain knows this is a bad joke. If articles of daily necessity and comfort are not available in the market, how can prices rise? QED

The latest joke to come out of Poland, which is reproduced in *Newsweek* of November 25, makes this point: "There is no *drozyna* (increased prices) in

Poland providing you never eat out, don't drive, wear the same old suit, buy nothing for your home and never take a sip of Vodka. So who wants to live without inflation?"

Politics in Sport

ON November 11, there was a hilarious incident in our Lok Sabha when, in reply to a question about the miserable performance of the Indian cricket team in England, Mr. A. Netam, Deputy Minister for Education, read out a long written reply. Believe it or not, nobody laughed at anything as funny as this idiotic charade. Nobody raised a point of order to ask what Parliament had to do with the performance of a cricket team. It was a reflection of the sad fact that, under our socialist establishment, politics have occupied the fields of sport as they have occupied all other territory in our peoples' lives.

The irritation of the Amritraj brothers, temporary though it might have been, when they were not allowed to play in the Davis Cup finals because of the Indian apartheid policy *vis a vis* South Africa, is perfectly understandable. The *Hindustan Standard* of Calcutta deserves a pat on the back for its candid comment: "India's action in refusing to play South Africa is different only in degree from the Arab Commando slaughter of Israeli athletes in Munich." Shabash!

IN THIS ISSUE

Milovan Djilas, author of *The New Class* and *The Unperfect Society*, writes about Mihajlo Mihajlov, Yugoslav dissident, who now faces trial for his frank criticism of the communist system.

Autonomy of the universities is the basis of a free and liberal education. This quality, which was till now possessed by the University of Bombay, is being slowly eroded by increasing governmental interference. Geeta Doctor tackles this subject with special reference to recent events at Elphinstone College.

The USSR has significantly increased the number of its ships in the Indian Ocean. Can it remain a "zone of peace" with the Soviet presence in it? Peter Sager discusses Soviet aims in the Indian Ocean.

This being the Max Müller centenary year, we publish a review from the *London Economist* of Nand Chaudhuri's recent biography of Max Müller.

Theatre and Film reviews complete the issue.

UNIVERSITY AUTONOMY— INDIAN STYLE

Geeta Doctor

AUTONOMY like the dusting becomes apparent only when neglected. Described as the "germ" of the most precious gift bestowed upon India by the British, like all gifts, the idea of an independent university is inclined to be taken for granted. It is said of Pherozeshah Mehta that he was such a staunch defender of university autonomy, that he 'roared like a lion if anyone dared to tamper with it.' While Chimanlal Setalvad, after him, is said to have exercised an Argus-eyed vigilance over the university under his care and his last act as Vice-Chancellor was to rap the Government's knuckles over the infringement of a privilege.

Fatal Flaw

Was there a fatal flaw in the gift we wonder, that it required such jealous protection? During his farewell address Sir Bartle Frere in his role as the Good Fairy, drops a hint when he says that the greatest mistake the Government could make, would be to convert the University into "a mere office or department of the state". The British had no doubt laid the foundations of an independent university based on the classic ideal of their own, but they had not forgotten to modify the design to suit the requirements of a colonised people. Indeed at first, as its critics have gleefully pointed out, it was no more than a machine to turn out clerks required for the efficient running of the British Empire in India. It was not long however, that under the influence of enlightened men, themselves educated under the best liberal traditions, the Indian university was transformed until it almost resembled the original. Almost, but not quite; there was always the congenital defect to be kept in mind, the threat of Government interference, never explicit, but existing all the same. It was perhaps this knowledge which made all the persons entrusted with the charge of the University more than a little conscious of the vital need of safeguarding its autonomy.

The University of Bombay has been particularly fortunate in having had a series of eminent men at the helm of its affairs. While this proved to be a guarantee of its autonomy in the past, the last few years have seen the State Government making steady inroads into its privileges, which the University has not always been able to repulse. There was for example the question of determining who should have the power to affiliate colleges to the University, a right which was appropriated by the State Government. This precedent once having been established, it was not long before the Gujarat Government decided to take courage and com-

mit the same act, citing, when assailed, the example set by Bombay. In another instance a conflict, which generated a great deal of passion both in and out of the University, arose over the question of morning colleges. The Rector G. D. Parikh was strongly opposed to the continuation of morning colleges on the grounds (among other reasons) that they lowered academic standards. As a result of a strong opposition spearheaded by A. N. Namjoshi who was considered to be a long time foe of the Rector it was decided to continue the morning colleges with some modifications. Ultimately Namjoshi played an important part in the removal of Parikh from the rectorship, and eventually went on to become the Education Minister in the State Government, a position which he has only very recently relinquished. This issue was considered to be clear case in which the University was forced to compromise for reasons other than educational and an example of how "autonomy" as applied to Indian universities can only mean a very elastic term.

'Demotion'

The recent strike by the students of Elphinstone College, Bombay's oldest and highly respected institution has received a fair amount of attention in the local papers. The Students went on an indefinite strike in support of their principal, Mr. D. K. Banker, who has filed an appeal at the High Court against his transfer from the post of Principal of Elphinstone College to the post of Principal of the Vidarbha College, Amravati. In his petition the Principal alleged that the order amounted to a "demotion" and a "reflection on his efficiency by breaking the custom consistently and uniformly followed for a period of 100 years." The petition further noted that "the Petitioner has been picked out for hostile and invidious discrimination in violation of his fundamental rights guaranteed by Article 16 of the Constitution." Qualifying this the Principal alleged that the "Shiv Sena has been campaigning against non-Marathi speaking Maharashtrians holding important positions in the Government services" and that "the impugned order has both political and linguistic overtones".

The Under Secretary to the Government of Maharashtra, Education Department, in his reply pointed out that as the posts of Principal of the seven Government colleges were of equal rank and status it was incorrect to assume that Mr. Banker's transfer amounted to a demotion or was a result of any "adverse reflection, stigma or prejudice to the person concerned".

The transfer order has been kept pending until the Court arrives at a decision.

The students claim that they have received unanimous support for their strike and to show their good faith in the matter they resolved not to boycott their exams which were due to take place. "We are fighting not just for Mr. Banker the Principal but for the dignity of the office of the Principal of Elphinstone College," they claim. They feel quite strongly also that threats made by a Shiv Sena MLA as alleged in Mr. Banker's petition "to bring down the third floor of Elphinstone College" (where the Principal resides) should be resisted.

Though the Students have taken up the issue there appears to be very little outward reaction among the teachers and professors. "Nobody dares to talk about it. The matter is not even discussed in the staff rooms," commented one observer. "Everybody is worried about his own position". Whether out of fear or disinterest it would appear that they do not want to get involved in the matter. A former principal of Elphinstone College while declaring, "I belong to a generation of teachers who shun the Press" added "I don't know anything about the matter or care to know about it."

Autonomy—a Luxury

The irony is that the teaching profession is itself divided on the question of autonomy, even when it is used in its restricted sense of freedom on the academic plane. Professor V. V. John in an article entitled "New Fears For Freedom—Shall we never change?" has commented on the skepticism which greeted a proposal made by the University Grants Commission, at a recent conference of Vice-Chancellors at Chandigarh, to allow colleges more freedom to innovate and experiment in academic matters. There were whispers about the threat this would pose to secularism and cries that "with autonomy the non-government agencies that run colleges will run amok with tyranny and malpractices." One teacher protested that as long as teachers were faced with economic hardships, autonomy would have no relevance. As Prof. John pointed out autonomy never pretended to be a cure for ills it could obviously not cure and that perhaps the resistance to it could simply be a resistance to the harder work and greater responsibility that autonomy must necessarily imply.

To set the record straight however it must be mentioned that on one occasion at least the teaching profession rallied together to prove, that they could, when called for, defend their freedom. This was the historic fight of the Osmania University whose autonomy was upheld by the verdict of the Supreme Court and the determined efforts of its Vice-Chancellor Dr. D. S. Reddi to resist the interference of a Chief Minister, who, backed by a powerful political majority, used

and almost succeeded in using, the sanction of the Legislature in amending the constitutions of the Andhra universities. While the success of the struggle underlines the virtues of an uncommitted judiciary in maintaining a healthy democracy, it also demonstrates how precariously the concept of university autonomy is balanced in India. Though protected by an elaborate power structure which in theory is expected to safeguard its autonomy the fact remains that Indian Universities are to a great extent dependent on the Government for financial support. The only thing to prevent them from dwindling into, to use Mr. M. C. Chagla's phrase, "State Departments" is public opinion and as S. R. Dongerkery in his study of the subject has pointed out the lesson that the Osmania University provided was that "The maintenance of university autonomy and academic freedom depends mainly on the teachers themselves and on their willingness to sacrifice personal interests in pursuing their objective. The responsibility extends to the administrators, the alumni and the students of universities. Public opinion is ultimately the custodian of university autonomy. Such opinion must be based on the conviction that autonomous universities are indispensable for the preservation of democracy and freedom."



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INDIAN OCEAN--SOVIET MACHINATIONS

Peter Sager

ONE of the most important geo-political facts in the Middle East is the simple assertion that the Suez Canal leads from the Mediterranean Sea to the Indian Ocean. The Soviet Union has in the last six years built up positions in the Indian Ocean, and now that the British have left the area the only genuine opposition to increased Soviet influence comes from the Chinese.

At the present time there are about 20 Soviet warships permanently in the Indian Ocean. They are part of the Pacific Fleet, which has its headquarters in Vladivostok. When the Suez Canal is reopened in the coming spring, however, these conditions will immediately be radically changed: the Indian Ocean will then be part of the area served by the Soviet Black Sea Fleet. The distance between operations area and base will be reduced from 10,500 miles to 3000. We can expect the number of Soviet warships in the Indian Ocean to be increased fourfold in the very short term.

The basic conditions for so great a Soviet naval involvement in the area have already been built up. Until the Suez Canal is open, the Russians cannot make full use of the positions with which they have provided themselves, but the process has nevertheless been carried out with great meticulousness. It started in 1968, when Britain's decision to leave the area East of Suez was greeted by the first arrival of Soviet warships in the Indian Ocean.

As early as July 28th 1967 Admiral Gorshkov had given the signal for action with these words: "The Soviet navy is being transformed into an attacking force, in the literal sense of the word. . . It will be able to bear a deciding influence on the result of any conflict in the framework of military confrontation. . . and is also capable of fully supporting our political interests in the ocean in times of peace."

It is not surprising with this declaration in the background that the Soviet naval presence in the Indian Ocean has been steadily increased from 1968 onwards. The first great quantitative increase was from 6 to 20 warships. The easiest way to follow the progress of this development is by measuring 'ship's days'—the amount of days which ships spend in a defined sea area. In 1968 the Soviet navy chalked up 2000 ship's days in the Indian Ocean; for the years 1969 to 1971 the number jumped to 4000 days per year, while in 1972 and 1973 it jumped yet again to 8000 days per year. During these years, the American navy had only about a quarter of this number of ship's days in the area. In addition, since 1968 Soviet naval units have made about 250 official visits to ports in 15 states bordering on the Indian Ocean—this in order to show the Soviet flag and impress with its presence.

Why has the Soviet Union in these recent years taken on this new and very costly enterprise? First of all, because it fits well with its stated intention to become the first of the great powers in our world, and, secondly, because influence in the Indian Ocean is a precious aid in the strategies which have over the years been worked out in Moscow. The short-term aims are of a political and economic nature and form part of the growing conflict between the Soviet Union and China. The Indian Ocean also has great importance with respect to oil shipping lines as well as strategic lines of communication between the two great areas of political crisis which are the Middle East and Southeast Asia. With full control of the Indian Ocean the Soviet Union can on the one hand play the oil card against the Western world and on the other hand utilise its increase in political influence to prevent China's fulfilment of its own strategic aims.

It is hardly surprising that Peking is both aware and anxious about these Soviet proceedings: and indeed this is a matter which is often seriously analysed in the Chinese press. It is true that for official purposes, Peking builds this Soviet increase in naval power in the Indian Ocean into its theory of rivalry between the two



super-powers—meaning the Soviet Union and the United States—but it is also true that the Chinese frequently point out that the threatening position in the Indian Ocean area is being taken up by the Soviet Union. The Chinese, like the rest of us, are aware that the United States are decreasing, not increasing, their effective strength there.

It is important in this respect to show that in spite of their official theory of super-power rivalry the Chinese are showing considerable understanding for the American intention to establish naval facilities on the British island of Diego Garcia in order—as the Chinese have themselves put it—“to match the growing naval might of the Soviet revisionists”. This attitude on the part of Peking shows not only that the Chinese are aware of the dangers to themselves in the situation that the Soviet Union is building up, but also the danger to Europe and North America.

The Chinese are well enough aware that if the Soviet Union increases its influence in Europe, then their own positions in the northern frontier areas will also be in danger. This is true in exactly the same sense as a defeat for the Chinese would be of the greatest possible danger for Western Europe.

The Soviet navy has some of the most modern and effective naval units in the world, and it is noteworthy that many of these have been conceived on a scale which makes it possible for them to move freely through the Suez Canal as it is at present.

The latest Soviet aircraft carrier, the Kiev, together with a sister ship which has not yet been launched, is equipped not only with rockets and helicopters for attacking enemy submarines but also with facilities for vertical take-off aircraft. Other and larger aircraft-carriers are at the planning stage in Soviet shipyards for the event that the Suez Canal is in fact widened in the near future. The Soviet Union also possesses three Kara class cruisers, which have been brought into service in an amazingly short time and which, according to reliable British data, possess all the latest weapons in terms of rocket, radar and electronic warfare. The Soviet rocket-firing submarine fleet has also recently been increased with new units of the Delta class—equipped with missiles with an effective range of 4000 miles.

Formally speaking, the Soviet Union as yet disposes of no precisely defined naval bases in the Indian Ocean; but this is of little importance besides the growing number of bunkering stations and repair facilities which have been granted by Indian Ocean states. In Somalia and South Yemen (Aden and Socotra), these amount almost to fully equipped bases, whereas growing facilities are available for Soviet naval vessels in the Maldives, Mauritius and the Seychelles.

The central geographical feature of the Indian Ocean is the Indian sub-continent itself. In India, the Soviet-Indian Friendship Treaty of 1971 has greatly strengthened Soviet influence. We can largely attribute to

this the recent Indian annexation of the Himalayan state of Sikkim, which brings Soviet armaments to yet another point on the Chinese border. The Soviet fleet has bunkering facilities at the port of Visakhapatnam in the Gulf of Bengal as well as farther south in the Nicobar and Andaman Islands. The most important port of Bangladesh, Chittagong, has been cleared by a team of over 100 Soviet technicians, most of whom have remained long after the work has been completed, so that here too a permanent Soviet presence has been created. Chittagong is likely to be the first thorough-going Soviet naval base in the Indian Ocean.

In world power relationships, the strategic importance of the Indian Ocean cannot be overestimated. About one fifth of all sea-going transport crosses this ocean—including about 85% of Japanese and 50% of European petroleum supplies. The desire of many states bordering the Indian Ocean to make it an ocean of peace—an ideal which the Prime Minister of Sri Lanka, Mrs. Bandaranaike, has been trying to forward during her latest world tour—is entirely comprehensible. But in spite of the fact that none of the great powers have basic territorial interests in the Indian Ocean, Mrs. Bandaranaike's plan has little chance of success in the present constellation.

For this unhappy fact the entire weight of responsibility can be thrown upon the Soviet Union—which has replied to Western disengagement in the area, itself an episode in the death of colonial imperialism, by simply trying to take its place.



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GUILTY SILENCE

James Burnham

MANY historians have noted that in their conduct of foreign policy Americans are much given to moralizing. If we may believe our spokesmen, we do not enter into wars, alliances, boycotts, aid programmes, and sundry interventions into the affairs of other nations, in order to advance a commercial or geopolitical interest or even, primarily, to defend our homeland. Our aim is to show mankind the blessings of liberty (as the Fathers phrased it), to make the world safe for democracy, to guard the four freedoms from totalitarian destruction, to protect an innocent country from foreign aggressors, to give a people the chance to make their own choice of government; and so on.

Citizens of other nations are often impatient with this moralizing. Some prominent Americans have also been disparaging, George Kennan conspicuous among them. Ambassador Kennan does not, however, like many of the foreign critics, dismiss our moralizing as merely a cover for hardboiled behaviour. He thinks that it exerts a significant influence on the substance of our foreign policy, usually for the worse. The moralistic abstractions, he argues, tend to obscure the realities of power and interest and lead us to adopt utopian, self-defeating goals, in vain pursuit of which we often cause more waste and damage than benefit to ourselves and others.

The Kissinger-Nixon (or Nixon-Kissinger) mode of diplomacy is widely judged to have broken with this moralizing tradition. It is described as realistic, pragmatic, nonutopian, and non-ideological, basing itself on things as they are, not as we might have wished them to be. This is the frame within which Secretary Kissinger and the President motivate their policy of detente toward the two major Communist powers. Whether we like it or not, China and the Soviet Union are *there*. Though our system of government differs greatly from theirs, we should nevertheless try to develop relations with them that will further what we may assume to be common aims: specifically, to decrease the chance of nuclear war and to promote mutually beneficial trade.

I am not going to discuss here the substance of the detente policy, but I want to comment on one persistent feature of the Nixon-Kissinger conduct of the policy. For simplicity I shall restrict my reference to detente with the Soviet Union.

To Speak or Not to Speak?

The President and the Secretary of State interpret detente to require the renunciation not only of any effort on our part to influence domestic Soviet affairs

but also of any serious public criticism of the Soviet system or Soviet actions.

Over the past couple of years no U.S. spokesman has had anything to say in public about the stepped-up Soviet repression of dissidents or even about the profoundly totalitarian practice of imprisoning dissidents, real or alleged in mental hospitals run by the secret police. No U.S. spokesmen were heard on the Solzhenitsyn or Sakharov affairs. The full weight of the Administration is brought against Senator Jackson's attempt to gain a normal human freedom to emigrate as a *quid* for some of our detente concessions. There is no pressure to persuade the Soviet government that friendly relations are impossible while 95 per cent of their country is out of bounds to visitors. The idea of "captive nations" vanishes from official discourse. No public protest is made when the Soviet broadcasting service blocks transmissions to the U.S. during the last Summit, in direct violation of formal agreements. The President tells the Annapolis graduating class that we should not advise the Russians how to run their own affairs. At the last UN Assembly session, the U.S. delegates were not permitted to discuss even in the human Rights Commission, the hardening Soviet repression. At last year's preliminary meeting of the European Security Conference, the U.S. delegation took virtually no part in the discussion of "freedom of movement for persons and ideas."

Six brief observations:

1. If the foundation of detente is so fragile that it would be shattered by sober discussion of the Soviet system and Soviet practices, then detente can't be worth much.

2. This official silence inevitably mis-educates public opinion in this country; in effect it amounts to systematic censorship that blots out the Soviet reality. The Nixon-Kissinger silence communicates, by omission, the same message as the wartime Roosevelt-Wallace effusions: good old Brezhnev reincarnates good old Uncle Joe.

3. It is not the case that KGB repression and the absence of freedom of movement for persons and ideas—to take two key examples—are merely "domestic questions," as Nixon urged at Annapolis. They are of the totalitarian essence; they make normal relations with the Soviet Union impossible. The Nixon-Kissinger speak-no-evil version of detente implies acceptance of Soviet totalitarian practices. The Kremlin therefore feels no need to abandon them; has, rather, extended

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Review

PROFESSORIAL

Scholar Extraordinary: The Life of Professor Max Müller by Nirad C. Chaudhuri, (Chatta & Windus, 393 pages, £4.75.)

WHEN Max Müller died in 1900 he had an enormous reputation. For 30 years he had been a world figure, and not only as a scholar. His writings had aroused and fed an interest in Indian thought and Eastern religions and had popularised the ideas of comparative philology, in particular that of the descent of the family of Aryan languages from a common ancestor. Queen Victoria, the Kaiser and many other royal, and lesser, personages sent messages of condolence to his widow. But today he is almost forgotten.

Mr. Chaudhuri's biography does not explain this decline. Nor does it go deeply enough into Müller's works to allow us to guess at an explanation, although it sketches their subjects and indicates their character and purpose. Its main—and very considerable—interest lies in the account of Müller's life (based very directly on liberally quoted letters and other contemporary documents) and in the light it throws incidentally on nineteenth-century life.

Max Müller was born in what Mr. Chaudhuri aptly calls Ruritania—a tiny German state where the ducal palace was the focus of the life of an unpretentious little town. His father was a teacher, the duke's libra-

rian, and a friend of Mendelssohn, but died young, leaving his family hard up. Still, Müller was able to go to Leipzig University, took his doctorate at 19, became interested in Sanskrit, went to Berlin and Paris, decided to edit the "Rig-Veda", and in pursuit of manuscripts came eventually to London and Oxford. The account of his wanderings reveals a strange and fascinating world, where scholars depended not on research grants but on lucky contacts with aristocratic patrons. Müller alternated between hardly knowing where the next meal was to come from and dining with dukes and diplomats and a wealthy Bengali (grandfather of Rabindranath Tagore) who was also entertaining Louis Philippe and his court. Mr. Chaudhuri argues that this world of extreme but not over-rigid class distinctions gave more real chance to a man of talent than does our age with its talk of equality of opportunity.

Müller arrived in Oxford at the age of 24, and stayed there, in various posts, for the remaining 52 years of his life. He fell deeply in love with a young English girl from a wealthy family, the niece by marriage of Charles Kingsley. For years it seemed that they would never be allowed to marry. His intellect, social graces and musical gifts made him personally more than acceptable to the whole family, but the relative poverty of a professor with £750 a year seemed an insurmountable obstacle. But when the girl's health threatened to give way, her father withdrew his opposition. The letters and diaries of the various parties show a curious mixture of high principles, religious devotion and hard-headed attention to money. But Mr. Chaudhuri admires the sentiments and the claustrophobic way of life of this class. The young lady's self-imposed rules for the use of her time are illuminating: only 5 or 6 hours for sleep, 5 hours at least for meals and the drawing room, 2½ hours for dressing, and the remaining 10½ hours for living for others—the poor and her family. A by-product of Müller's temporary disappointment in love was a widely read romantic novel, convincing enough to deceive his future wife into taking it as an autobiographical record of a previous affair with a crippled German princess.

Mr. Chaudhuri describes Müller's rise to fame; the private tragedies of the deaths of his beloved eldest daughter and, 10 years later, of another, more wayward and strong-willed; his Polonius-like advice to his son; and his influence on men and movements in India and elsewhere. Though he tried to draw the necessary distinctions between race and language, there is no doubt that his work on languages contributed to the myth of the Aryan race. And we are given hints of the conflicts through which nineteenth-century Oxford changed from an opulent, slothful, monastery to a strenuous finishing school for empire-builders without ever quite becoming a university, and of the deplorable effects of various misguided English policies for the education of Indians.

GUILTY SILENCE—Continued from page 8

and intensified them since Nixon made the detente turn.

4. Many non-Communist governments do not share the extreme caution, or timidity, of Messrs. Kissinger and Nixon about hurting Communist feelings. Numerous heads of government spoke out on the Solzhenitsyn affair.

Other Cheek Turned

5. And the Soviet government in no way exhibits the Nixon-Kissinger sort of qualms. Day after day, in the official press and broadcasts and through the global apparatus, harsh attacks on the policies and practices of the U.S. and on U.S. officials and citizens continue. The latest outburst in the official government newspaper *Izvestia* includes our poor liberals in the enemy list, along with "the military-industrial complex, anachronistic imperialist reaction, Zionist circles, professional anti-Communists, and antisemites of all breeds."

6. This asymmetry in the matter of speaking out parallels asymmetries observable in the strategic arms negotiations and in the trade deals. In each case the U.S. appears in the figure of the suppliant approaching hat in hand, eyes downcast, and voice humbly lowered.

Film

THIS SIDE OF PARADISE: THE GREAT GATSBY

Manjula Padmanabhan

THE lights fade, the screen fills with dimples of sunlight glancing off sea water, and, as a voice-over fills the auditorium, begins yet another production of one of the most enduring romance stories of the century, *The Great Gatsby*. From the fey, faraway world of the book by F. Scott Fitzgerald, has been made once again a movie which set out to recapture the magic of his prose on celluloid – and to amass a fortune in the process. A whole new fashion trend was started based on the “Twenties Look”, advertising campaigns were “Gatsbyized” and eight million dollars worth of advance booking were earned even before the film was released. And yet, even as the hero gazes out at the green flashing light across the bay, which was his symbol of destiny, the film’s catch-phrase becomes ironically apt: “Gone is the romance that was so divine.”

Almost as important as the story-line itself is the setting of the movie. It is America in the “Swinging Twenties,” when the world was still catching its breath after the War, when social rifts were wide and when those who could afford it indulged themselves with reckless abandon. To this fascinating world, which Fitzgerald labelled the “Jazz Age,” came Jay Gatsby (Roberts Redford) from North Dakota who committed the ultimate social indiscretion of being a poor boy who falls in love with the rich and beautiful Daisy (Mia Farrow). It is eight years later, however, that his story is narrated to us by Nick Carraway (Sam Waterston), who happens to be a distant relative of Daisy’s as well as Gatsby’s neighbour. Gatsby by this time is apparently enormously wealthy and nightly fills his lawns with glittering socialites, while Daisy is married to rich Tom Buchanan (Bruce Dern) and lives across the bay in complete ignorance of her old beau. It is through Nick that Gatsby is able to meet her again, fulfilling a dream he has cherished through the years and around which he builds his life’s ambition. But in so doing he unwittingly sets in motion a fateful mechanism which snares within its workings Tom’s mistress Myrtle (Karen Black) and her husband Wilson (Scott Wilson), a garage mechanic, and ends with three deaths.

It is a fragile, precarious story, which could at any moment turn into a confused agglomeration of events, snarled by the stilted dialogue assigned by Fitzgerald to his characters, or a bathetic love tragedy. More so with Fitzgerald than with most other novelists, the mood and atmosphere of his stories make them more than the simple fictions that they are. It is this, the

faithful reproduction of Fitzgerald’s world of subtle social distinctions and the life of the careless rich, that the film was able to capture with lush sets and perfectly focussed details. The much publicized party scenes which employed some six hundred real-life socialites from Newport, and what the brochure describes as “some of the wealthiest people in America,” were fairy-



tale sequences, where quivering mounds of multicolored jelly presided over tables laden with sculpted gastronomic delights and hosts of gleaming crystalware, to which the guests came dressed in the shimmering rhine-stone laden, wildly fanciful costumes of that era to dance away the warm summer nights and gossip about their mysterious host. Though the scenes of Gatsby’s gracious mansion were filmed in the United States, using three famous buildings in the Newport area, the remaining scenes including those of New York midway between the fashionable West Egg where Daisy lived and the East Egg where Gatsby hatched his dream, were shot in London’s Pinewood Studio.

Choosing the stars to portray characters who have already become literary legends is an unenviable task for any producer. Robert Redford made a handsome, taciturn Gatsby, given to long silent spells of reflection

in the foreground of his rolling lawns, or silhouetted in brooding white against the twilight sky as he gazed across the darkened bay to where Daisy lived. However, in these days of psychoanalysis, he may as easily have been portraying a man with a 'problem' as one who had a magnificent obsession—his childlike excitement as the long-awaited moment of his meeting with Daisy approached, the way he worried anxiously that she wasn't enjoying the party in her honour, the way he refused to believe—when faced with the possibility—that there was no way of turning the clock back to when he was a dashing young officer and Daisy a debutante. Then again, though Redford undoubtedly looked charming in his pristine white attire, he ultimately appeared more like a fashion-conscious contemporary young buck than a man who spent too much money to buy himself the high society look that his background intrinsically denied him. The choice of Mia Farrow as Daisy was more fitting, for though she wasn't necessarily, as *TIME* described her, "the most beautiful thing in the movie," she nevertheless projected the heady delicate insouciance that was important for her to be justified in her actions and speech. More so than Redford it was possible to forget that she was a star and to believe that the vision floating down in the insubstantial fluttering creations designed by Theoni Aldredge, and speaking with the high breathless voice, was a true child of Fitzgerald's imagination.

Of the supporting cast, by far the most evocative role was played by Wilson, in his intense pathetic portrayal of the little man caught in the cross-fire of intrigue among the higher social spheres. The eye for detail which characterized the whole production perhaps reached a peak in the choice of Karen Black as Myrtle; along with combining just the correct level of sensuous beauty with the coarseness traditionally required of the lower classes, she even had the slight squint assigned to her by Fitzgerald in the book. Sam Waterston as Nick was somewhat too self-effacing, conscious of his modest means to the extent that one shared his discomfort as he rubbed shoulders with the elite — though of course this could have been completely intentional.

The meticulous regard with which Director Jack Clayton and Producer David Merrick kept to the book, ensured that in every particular which could be arranged, the film was like the book. White roses carved into place in their priceless china vases, every curtain, every car, every piece of furniture, crockery and cutlery was honed to meet the demands of the original. It was in every way a film designed to transport one from the sordid realities of today to a time when even the vagaries and the excesses of the very rich seemed somehow more innocent than they are now. But like a perfectly choreographed ballet which lacks a prima ballerina, the spirit of a *Gatsby* eludes the extravagant sets making it little more than a beautiful but little imitation of Fitzgerald's scintillating classic.

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Theatre

THE TRAGEDY OF BEING IMPOTENT

SOME people have a fear of darkness, others have aversion to mice, but the fear that most often plagues the Indian male, claims Arthur Koestler, is that of impotence. Whether we agree or not, it is curious that Suresh Khare's Marathi play, adapted in English by Buji Chinoy and entitled "The Deal" should revolve around the problem of impotence. Does the oddness arise as a result of the translation we wonder. For in English, situations which have the hero clutching at his pants and crying, "I am not a man" smack more of comedy than of tragedy. Whereas it is possible that in Marathi such dilemmas could be probing fears that lurk deep in the psyche of the Indian male.

This inevitably raises the question whether such a play should be judged in its original Marathi context or in its newly made English one. The story certainly deals with the sort of situation which one would be unlikely to come across in an English play. A girl from an orphanage is given in marriage to a promising young executive. The wedding night however proves to be a disaster for to begin with, the bride, Vilas (Mamta Sahu) finds out that Pratap (Shapoor Batliwalla) her husband, has made a "deal" with his Boss that he can "enjoy" her on the wedding night, and then the Boss trots in and proceeds to do so.

Discovery

The next morning Pratap gets the promotion but finds that the deal is not yet through. After one night with Vilas the Boss finds that his appetite has only been whetted for more. Meanwhile Vilas finds a diary belonging to Pratap and by the time he returns from the office, she is sufficiently composed to lead him into the bedroom. The lights discreetly go off as before. Screams again. But this time it is Vilas gloating over the proof of the fact she has discovered in the diary. Pratap is impotent. He writhes and clutches convulsively at his clothes. But Vilas is in no mood for pity. She immediately phones the Boss to come over because she needs "a real man."

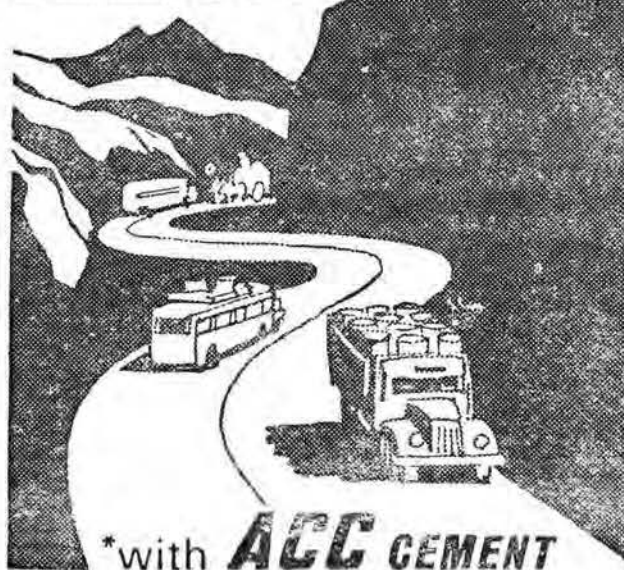
Why the knowledge of Pratap's impotence should make it perfectly justifiable that Vilas should continue to sleep with the man who has outraged her, is difficult to understand. Presumably she wants to punish Pratap and as it turns out later, the Boss also, for eventually he becomes so infatuated with Vilas that he leaves his wife and family only to be spurned by Vilas.

In the midst of these pre-occupations, Vilas finds that she has excited the attentions of a sentimental young student whose love is pure and good (As can

be noticed it is the kind of play where cliches are often used instead of characters). In spite of his poetic tendencies, the affair progresses sufficiently to make Vilas pregnant. But Vilas does not tell the student and even when he shows signs of wanting to marry her, she convinces him that they will never be happy together.

During this time Pratap has not been resting on his laurels either. He discovers that promotion is not the cure for impotence and after a vain attempt to resign, reveals the sad story of his life to Julie (Nandini Sen) the faithful secretary of the Boss (Homi Mulla). Julie has the legs and looks to fulfil all male fantasies on the subject of exotic secretaries and also manages to behave like a cross between a Fairy Godmother and a psychiatrist. She all but flits through the action on wings, dispensing sex and good advice with faithful

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impartiality. If only her voice could have registered some minute variations of pitch, if not emotion, she would have been slightly creditable, but even Fairy Godmothers, one supposes, cannot be perfect. Naturally she is able to bestow Pratap's manhood to him. He immediately begins to inhale cigarettes with deep long breaths and swaggers around in a meaningful fashion. In spite of this Vilas does not notice anything, so that in the end he is compelled to shout out the news. This is the climax. The scene fades with a quick cinematic flourish with Vilas's face registering the appropriate emotions.

The main problem being resolved, the rest of the play devotes itself to deciding the baby's future, abortion, adoption, different fathers being some of the questions. Pratap at first believes that the baby is part of the deal, but Julie reveals that the Boss has had a vasectomy. Pratap also imagines that for her timely intervention he will be able to reward Julie with marriage, but Julie is not interested. Pratap has to go back to Vilas. She has until then been dithering about whether to have an abortion or not, but when she sees Pratap crawling back and agreeing to accept both her and the child, she takes her bag and quietly goes out of the house.

Significant

The only significant action is the last one, and that is hardly an original one. Nor can Vilas claim to be an Indian Nora, for unlike Ibsen's heroine she never commands our sympathy, except perhaps at the end when she refuses the Student's sincere affection. Compared to the others there is some attempt to create a fully fleshed character, but she is cast too closely in the usual role of "noble Indian womanhood born to suffer and sublimate herself through suffering" to be taken too seriously. Is there any reason to glorify women in this manner, to create these Sita-syndromes whether it be the persecuted heroine of Tendulkar's "Shantata! Court Chalu Ahe" or the more chromatic females of the Hindi screen we wonder. Will pop psychologists after Arthur Koestler conclude that it is a punishment inflicted by men whose vision has been perverted by their impotence?

"The Deal" is filled with enough incidents to keep the action moving at a brisk pace and create an illusion of interest. The scenes are presented in short cinematic sequences and Sam Kerawalla's direction needs to be complimented on the slickness with which the sets alternated between Pratap's house and the Boss's office. Mercifully for the actors the lights went off at the proper moments. The smaller touches however were either crude or ignored completely. There was for example no attempt to indicate the passage of time in Pratap's flat. From the moment Vilas entered to the time she left not a chair was moved even the

calendar remained the same. Some touches, such as Vilas knitting the moment she knows she is pregnant, and Pratap's symbolic cigarette are too banal for words. While others such as Pratap's reading "The New Class" on his wedding night are pointless since one cannot imagine him ever rising above the Filmfare level.

Unconvincing

In fact it is precisely when the direction is scrupulously correct that it appears most unconvincing. The Boss for example is pusillanimity personified. He is made to talk with an atrocious Punjabi accent, which the actor forgets about every now and then. When Vilas finally squashes him down, he is made to wear a poisonous green kurta and is generally caricatured in such lurid strokes that he loses all meaning. The College Student wears Jeans and sneakers as a kind of identification badge, and the Secretary is naturally mini-mini-skirted.

The actors, except for Mamta Sahu who plays the tragic heroine with a certain degree of sensitivity if not originality, play their parts faithfully within the limits of their caricatures. Only one of them Jayant Vyas as the Joker of the play is able to appear completely at ease. He is a "natural" and both his accent and his capacity for telling stories are well sustained. It is ironic that his is the one part which could easily be taken out without affecting the action of the play.

G.D.

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MULTI-NATIONALS ARE NOT ANTI-NATIONAL

A SEMINAR on the role of Multi-National Corporations (MNCs) in underdeveloped countries was organised by the Leslie Sawhny Programme at the India International Centre, New Delhi, from December 21 to 23, 1974.

Considering the variety of both the personal experience and the backgrounds of the participants a large measure of agreement was forthcoming on the useful and positive role of MNCs in developing countries like India.

The participants and discussion leaders included Mr. S. Bhoothalingam, Mr. H. P. Nanda, Dr. F. A. Mehta, Mr. A. D. Moddie, Mr. Ramu Pandit, Mr. N. K. Somani, Dr. Surinder P. S. Pruthi, Professor B. R. Shenoy, Mr. M. R. Masani, Mr. Dilip Chitre, Mr. Hem Rai and Mr. D. N. Patodia.

Emerging Trends

The Seminar considered the emerging trends in the world economy and their long term implications and entered into a discussion of these trends in a larger perspective taking into account the shift in the parity of prices in favour of primary products as against manufactured goods and the resultant shift in the flow of money and changing aid and trade prospects. It felt that the emerging trends indicated that world economy will witness a substantive increase in the demand for the superior variety of food grains, for better protein foods and more cotton and blended textiles and forest products.

For India the emerging trends of world trade carry a clear message; it must alter the priorities of its planning in favour of agriculture and forestry and ensure that they are effectively implemented. The seminar felt that India will have to examine seriously the possibility of attracting more foreign investment which will mainly come from MNCs. The Seminar noted that it was a tragedy that exactly at a time when the LDCs need MNCs most the latter are under the greatest suspicion. Mutual understanding of objectives of each other must be reached quickly.

Since we need private foreign investment to supplement our own resources we should accept this fact and get over inhibitions.

World Order Needed

The Seminar dealt with perennial areas of conflict between MNCs and the sovereign Nation State and

discussed the question of exercising controls over MNCs. A common approach to this problem based on a faith in a world order needs to be worked out.

In so far as India is concerned it was felt that the outlook for MNCs here would largely depend on how we treat our own industrial enterprises.

The Seminar considered the various prejudices against MNCs which included a desire to find scapegoats, an inclination to equate MNCs with elitist consumption, insufficient appreciation of the role of profit and a preoccupation with return on capital and remittances without reference to the other gains flowing from their operations.

The Seminar also had before it as background material articles vigorously attacking MNCs which had recently appeared and it was found that many assumptions and facts could be refuted.

Evils of Autarky

The Seminar also considered the various disadvantages flowing from autarkic policies which may affect the well-being of the people. It was pointed out that no country can develop its economy by itself and indiscriminate import substitution can affect exports and divert investments from productivity to less productive areas. Therefore it would be advisable to restore greater freedom to enterprise and trade and reduce barriers.

Finally the Seminar dealt with the prejudiced climate in which MNCs operate. It was felt that a great deal could be done to educate public opinion. Chambers of Commerce and the leaders of the international sector of Indian business and industry had a large responsibility in the task of creating an appropriate environment. They had to tell their story and bring to the notice of the public the contribution they were making to our economy in a variety of ways such as improvement in exports, import of technology and know-how, growth of employment and modern management skills.

The international sector of Indian business should also endeavour to set an example as to what can be done in the field of Social Responsibilities by undertaking a collective social audit of their operations and their impact on national life. Their executives also had an important role in making their principals aware of the problems faced in India and in getting them to appreciate the conditions and opportunities here.

MIHAJLOV'S FATE—Continued from page 1

ern" press, for the "national" means of information in Eastern Europe are at once the most vital and the most highly controlled monopoly of the "happiness-producing" ruling élite. Furthermore, there are no longer any isolated systems or countries, and ideas were never so. Even less could the "Western" press create someone. Mihajlov created himself with his own courage and intelligence in an unintelligent, anticreative reality. And who in such a reality can create anything if he does not believe in his mission—in sacrificing even himself for that higher truth that is more real than reality? Only the malicious and the foolish can demand that people behave "normally" in a warped, insane world.

Mihajlo Mihajlov has not succeeded in developing his ideas to their fullest. But what he has already succeeded in expressing, in short essays, reveals him as an original religious-and-social thinker—a thinker who blends Christian myths and ideas with contemporary human and social problems.

Democratic Socialist

Mihajlov is a democratic socialist, openly and polemically, in many of his articles. He opposes ideas of restoration and subversion in Eastern Europe. In his vision, the existing social structures are reformed and democratized.

Mihajlov is not a worshipper of "capitalism" or the "consumer society" but rather of human rights and spiritual fulfilment.

The well-being and the future of both Russia and Yugoslavia are for him inconceivable without freedom and dignity. Mihajlov knows the value of life, but he also senses the immortality of idealism.

Mihajlov's reflections, Mihajlov's criticism, are not abstract. Despite his deep admiration for Alexandr I. Solzhenitsyn, Mihajlov differs sharply with him: A return of Russia to pre-industrial relations is for Mihajlov utopian, just as it is simplistic to attribute all the evils of Russia to authoritarianism. Mihajlov stood up against the Russian émigrés who viewed the coup d'état in Chile as the "lesser" evil: A choice among evils predestines the defeat and misfortune of the chooser.

Even had he not followed his own conscience and mind, Mihajlov did not have much choice. In Yugoslavia he could not get a job, his apartment was taken away, and he sought in vain to get a passport so he could go abroad to lecture at Western universities.

The suffering of Mihajlov is even more total because he has no one in Yugoslavia: Since his mother was unable to obtain a passport, she left Yugoslavia illegally to visit her daughter and grandchild in the United States, and she is still there.

I know that it should not be so, that it will not be

so, but even as I write these lines I am overcome by the same grief and remorse that I felt during the Revolution when I wrote about my comrades who had fallen in battle.

Mihajlov is courageous, and is also convinced that he must bear this new trial, even though it be incomparably more difficult than the earlier ones. One must hope that his spirit will remain high and that his understanding will increase. But it may be otherwise. A Serbian folk ballad says that "prison is an unnatural home"—cut off from the world and from life, it destroys thought and life itself.

The world grows closer and becomes more closely linked. But the bases for this relaxation and cooperation are misleading and unstable, for there is indifference toward prisons and oppression: Where does conscience end and the principle of acquiescence begin?

Is it possible to believe in anything of value and to be indifferent toward a believer like Mihajlov? Are the prayers of Christians sincere if there is no room in them for the Christian sufferer Mihajlov? I often ask myself, how democratic is that democracy, how social that socialism, whose pragmatism leads to silence, to forgetting Mihajlo Mihajlov? And who can consider himself free who ties his tongue and closes his mind to the prisons in which the Mihajlovs lie?

And I ask myself, have I, with these lines, fulfilled my duty? Is this all that I, even old and sick, could have done for Mihajlo Mihajlov?

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—Tennyson.

Usually we can tell that the Soviet Union will not live up to its word, and that should always be the governing assumption.

—William F. Buckley Jr. in *National Review*,
July 19.

Those who don't even go to the trouble of voting for or against the person who seeks to represent them are not on very solid ground when they complain about the kind of representation they get.

—Howard Flieger in *U.S. News & World Report*,
November 25.

The superpower that flaunts the signboard of socialism and says one thing, but does another, is *particularly despicable and vicious*.

—Teng Hsiao-ping quoted in *U.S. News & World Report*, November 25

This election has shown once again how Britain is at the mercy of a system of automatic minority government.

—*The Economist*, October 12.

You cannot run a major party on faith, hope, and the odd bit of charity.

—*The Economist*, October 12.

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It would be only slight exaggeration to say that this was the election that never was.

—*The Economist*, October 12.

Politicians and economists go to books of statistics to find out about inflation. Everyone else goes to shops where there are real price tags attached to real things.

—*The Economist*, October 12.

Mr. Harold Wilson on full lock has a turning circle to shame a London taxicab.

—*The Economist*, October 19.

Britain is in a time when the power to explain policies matters as much as getting those policies right. And it is in a time when one-man government is not enough.

—*The Economist*, October 19.

Today the Government does not have the money to purchase security paper to print currency notes.

—Prof. V. M. Dandekar in *Times of India*,
November 25.

History is a tale of efforts that failed.

—Henry Kissinger quoted in *The Economist*,
October 19.

If France used anything as crude as Britain's election system, it would now have a president elected on a minority vote with Socialist and Communist backing.

—*The Economist*, October 19.

It took Ghengis Khan years of rape and pillage to achieve the chaos to which inflation has brought the world's economies by stealth in a bare 18 months.

—*The Economist*, October 19.

Russia bargains hard. So should those opposing it.

—*The Economist*, October 26.

Nobody ever got a fair bargain out of the Soviet Government without being prepared to outsit the negotiators whom it still trains in the stone-bottomed style—first made by Vyacheslav Molotov.

—*The Economist*, October 26.

It is either old news or no news that comes out of China these days.

—*The Economist*, November 9.