

JUNE 1974

EDITOR: M. R. MASANI

OUR GREATEST SCARCITY

Field Marshal S.H.F.J. Manekshaw

The following is an excerpt from Field Marshal S. H. F. J. Manekshaw's talk delivered in Bombay on 16th May at a function to mark the 59th Birth Anniversary of the late Col. Leslie Sawhny.

I FOUND it somewhat strange, that you should have invited a soldier to take part in this programme of training for democracy instead of one of guardians and champions of democracy, one of our Central ministers. Surely it would have been more appropriate to invite one of these who are our guardians and protect our freedom, who guard us and protect us against the evils of totalitarianism, of corruption, of blackmarketing and laxity in public and private life, rather than me whose very training through the years for 42 years makes him ineligible for such a function. Then am I to assume that you are fed up of

too much piety and at least for the brief space of a few minutes you want a change?

About three months ago I was invited by the Rotary International to address them in this very city and I talked to them then on the subject of leadership. I gather that General Cariappa was here a few years ago and he too talked about leadership. But apparently these talks have had no significant effect.

To my way of thinking, among all the scarcities that exist in this country the greatest scarcity is that of Leadership. There is a shortage of foodgrains, there

(Continued on page 15)

REFORM OR REVOLUTION?

Editor Addresses Rotary

ADDRESSING the Rotary Club of Bombay on 21, Mr. M. R. Masani observed that, as a result of twenty years of Statist policies inspired by Marxist ideology, India was now faced with a political, economic and moral crisis which could be resolved either by reform or revolution. What was needed was nothing less than a 'U' turn or a complete reversal of the current counter-productive policies and plans. The question was who could or would be able to do this.

While noticing some straws in the wind such as the reduction in Income Tax rates, the withdrawal of the government monopoly in the food grain trade and the firm resistance to Labour indiscipline, Mr. Masani said a reversal of policy on the part of the Prime Minister and her government was something devoutly to be wished but doubted whether anything more than a zigzag in place of the 'U' turn could be expected from those at the country's steering wheel. He was equally sceptical about a change of government secured by

electoral means because most of the leaders of the old political parties had lost their credibility and lacked the capacity to deliver the goods.

If these constitutional outlets failed, a revolution after a few years would become inevitable. Gujarat and Bihar were pointers. Mr. Masani saw only two stable and hopeful factors in the country—the Armed Forces and Jayaprakash Narayan.

When all other avenues of changes were blocked, history showed that, as in Indonesia, Ghana, Chile and Portugal, the armed forces were sucked in to fill the vacuum. As a democrat, Mr. Masani hoped that the necessity for military intervention could be avoided. In his view, a Gandhian Satyagraha led by Jayaprakash was the best way out.

But it was no use passing the buck to either Jayaprakash or the Army. Every citizen had a role to play in preserving democracy and working for a prosperous India.

Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Bonaza for Indian Newspapers

SINCE it is always consoling to find a neighbour's misfortunes more acute than one's own, let us at least rejoice that we have not sunk as low as Lanka. There, that other lady has not only sealed the opposition press and threatened to confiscate the property of those who demonstrate in protest rallies in breach of police orders, but she is also stalling opposition demands that Parliament should be convened immediately.

A sense of humour can, however, get the better of the sourest of women and their works. It was none other than the Government-owned newspaper *The News* which, on April 24, innocently published in its obituary column a hilarious item which read:

"Democracy — death occurred under tragic circumstances of D.E.M. O'Cracy, beloved husband of Bertie (Liberty), loving father of T. Ruth (Truth), brother of Faith Hope on Saturday, the 20th instant."

Things have got so bad in Sri Lanka that the local dailies were not even allowed to publish a letter written by Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, the Leader of the Opposition and a former Deputy Prime Minister, to Prime Minister Bandaranaike and released to the press on April 24. In the course of the letter, Jayewardene wrote:

"You have imposed severe restrictions on the freedom of the people. Innocent people are being detained without trial and without recourse to the courts for considerable periods of time. Press freedom has been violated and the Lake House papers (biggest newspaper group) are Government publications. The *Times* group of papers (third biggest group) have been intimidated and are worse than Lake House papers. You have sealed Independent Newspapers Limited (second largest group)."

It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and Indian newspapers are selling like hot cakes in Ceylon whose people are now denied a free press of their own. The International Press Institute has protested to the Ceylon Prime Minister against her authoritarian measures against the press. We can think of no better response than Ceylon's Marxist Prime Minister can give to this impertinent interference in her domestic affairs (than that of banning the entry of Indian news-

papers that dare to tell the truth about the conditions in her country. Jai Lanka!

Kennedy gets a Lesson

IT is good that the Kennedys, who normally attract tragedy, sometimes also encounter farce. Senator Edward Kennedy's experience in Moscow is nothing short of hilarious. This great friend of the detente, whose latest service to the Soviet Union was to scuttle a grant of funds by the US Senate by way of military assistance to the Republic of Viet Nam, was shown by his Soviet hosts that he could expect no indulgence as a result of his friendship for the Soviet Union.

It appears that Senator Kennedy was giving a talk on U.S.-Soviet Relations to a handpicked audience from the faculty and the students in Moscow University. The fun started even before the meeting commenced. When the Senator tried to visit the dormitories in the skyscraper building, access to the dormitory area was promptly blocked.

During the meeting, Senator Kennedy asked his student audience to express their opinion as to whether they thought that Soviet military expenditure was too big or too low and he asked those who held the former view to raise their hands. Horror and panic were registered on the face of his Soviet hosts at this

IN THIS ISSUE

Of all the shortages in India, the scarcity of proper leadership is the most acute. Field Marshal Manekshaw talks about this shortage and the failure of leadership in India.

Manohar Malgonkar, himself an authority on the Indian Princes, writes about D. R. Mankekar's latest book on the extinct Indian Princes.

Govind Talwalkar, Editor of *Maharashtra Times*, wrote an excellent piece on judicial delays. We are happy to carry a translation of it done by Sujata Manohar.

Two amusing articles by Geeta Doctor and Manjula Padmanabhan enliven the issue.

Book reviews and letters follow.

outrage. One of them said loudly in Russian that "the question is a provocation" and he waved his fist at the Senator. Another angry professor shouted at Kennedy: "We spend as much on defence as we need to."

The meeting was cut short by the sponsors declaring that "the Senator was not too well" and would now have to leave. Mr. Kennedy immediately protested: "No. No. I'm perfectly well." But the University Rector was not prepared to take his word for this and ended the meeting. Edward Kennedy was lucky they did not consign him to a lunatic asylum like Professor Medvedev. Needless to say, reports of Senator Kennedy's speech were suppressed.

It is not known what unfortunate fate overtook the brave members of the audience who had raised their hands in favour of a cut in military expenditure. We have no doubt they have by now been educated to the fact that, as the London *Economist* puts it: "In Mr. Brezhnev's Russia, east-west dialogue, like most other things, is not a right but a privilege — reserved for the 'privilegiatsia.'" Whether the Senator has learnt anything from all this is another matter. We doubt it.

Willy

CHANCELLOR Willy Brandt of Germany has shown how the head of a Government should behave at the slightest breadth of scandal touching him or anyone in his entourage. When it turned out that his former personal aide, Guenther Guillaume, was spying for the East German Communist regime, Brandt tendered his resignation to the President of the Republic in the course of which he wrote:

"I take upon myself political responsibility for negligence in connection with the Guillaume espionage affair and tender my resignation."

Brandt has shown his seriousness in the matter by getting the Social Democratic Party to choose his successor as Chancellor. He deserves the congratulations of all decent men throughout the world at the example he has set to his counterparts elsewhere.

President Nixon's clinging to his office in the midst of abounding disgrace provides, of course, the most striking contrast to Brandt's noble action, but he is by no means the only one who can learn from it.

... and Wilson

HAROLD WILSON, for one, could well emulate Brandt. Britain has recently been rocked by what has been aptly described as the "fish-n-chips" version of the Watergate affair as a result of his Private Secretary, Marcia Williams, and her brother being involved in a land profiteering deal. More significant than the mess in which this fishy politician has found himself

is the way in which the British press has behaved. In England as in India, the way in which the American press exposed the scandal in and around the White House and stood up to the President has evoked widespread admiration.

In England, Fleet Street's timidity resulted in the scandal being suppressed until after the General Elections of last February. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Express* then came out with front page stories on the transaction. Prime Minister Wilson evidently thought he could block further press comment by suing the two papers for libel. Instead of this, he found that the *Mail* and the *Express* counteracted the legal threat with follow up stories, while the other daily newspapers joined in with great gusto. Libel writs taken out by the Prime Minister against three other papers also failed to produce results. Even Television gave the story big coverage; what would have happened in India?

A great deal of the credit for these developments in Britain must go to the American press. As Editor David of the *Daily Mail* put it: "I don't think that after Watergate we could have gone on as before." Bernard Levin wrote in the *Times*: "The dam is down beyond any possibility of re-erection."

It is interesting to recall that, when many years ago some newspaper editors complained of being muzzled, Aneurin Bevan, Labour's stormy petrel, cracked: "You cannot muzzle sheep." That description no longer applies, but are there not many newspapers in India which could still qualify for Bevan's description?

And now Portugal

IT is great fun watching the widespread welcome given to the military *coup d'état* in Portugal by wide sections of the Indian press, particularly the communist and the "left wing" part of it. *Freedom First* heartily joins in, as it did with the liberation of Chile from Marxist tyranny.

But just a minute. Wasn't it only the other day that these same newspapers and journals were gnashing their teeth and wringing their hands — as only they can both at the same time — over a similar military take-over which took place in Chile? It was then generally held that it was very wicked of the Armed Forces to overthrow the established civilian government of the country and, by and large, of course, that is a sound view. But then how does what is wrong in Chile become right in Portugal?

So that our readers do not lose too much time and sleep in solving this conundrum, we shall provide the solution to the puzzle. A military coup is a Bad Thing when it suppresses the communist and marxist parties. A military *coup* is a Good Thing when it legalises the communist party which was illegal. Got it?

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EXTINCTION THROUGH ACCESSION

Manohar Malgonkar

AFTER a well-rounded career in journalism which was climaxed by the editorship of two national dailies, Mr D. R. Mankekar has recently retired to become India's most prolific purveyor of instant-history books. 'Accession to Extinction', subtitled 'The Story of Indian Princes' (Vikas, Rs 35), is his latest offering. Mr Mankekar lingers a little too lovingly over the dead ground of the 'Accession' part of his story and devotes a paltry ninety or so pages to the 'Extinction' part. Also, possibly for reasons connected with the mechanics of book publishing, he does not bring the story up to date, or even up to a year ago, for his chapter 'The Final Act' deals with the passing of the 26th Amendment to the Constitution and makes no mention of a subsequent catharsis, the Supreme Court's ruling on the Parliament's amending powers and the supersession of judges who were not pliant.

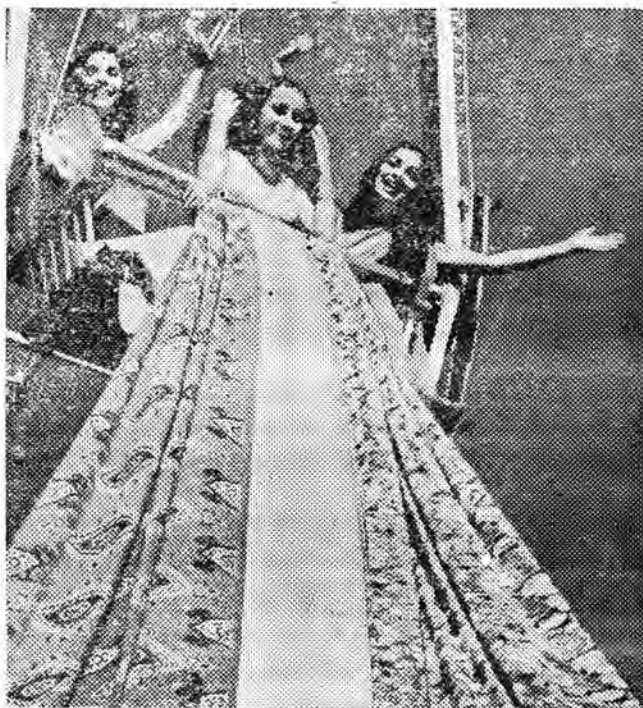
Mr Mankekar has done his homework well in that he has strung together most of the published evidence and buttressed it by his personal talks with several of the princes and at least two of the ministers, Mr Yashwantrao Chavan and Mr K. C. Pant. At that, those who expect to find some real inside dope—some delectably slanderous remarks dropped by the lions of either side in closed-door sessions—will be disappointed.

The resolution of the Congress Working Committee of June 1967 which started it all is presented without background, as though it was not the outcome of a good deal of behind-the-scenes horse-trading. But from here onwards, Mr Mankekar proves convincingly that the princes were sacrificed not so much for the sake of any hallowed principle as for pandering to the newly face-lifted party image; that, to those in power, the manner of finishing off the princes was far more important than the act; that in the process, the Government had to appear all-powerful, ruthless and yet somehow righteous; that the victims had to be made to squirm and the audience made to share in the consummation and to emit a collective gasp; that no matter what they did, the princes could never have got the Government to agree to a mutual settlement because that would have deprived the party of the anticipated standing ovation for which it had prepared the audience; that it was not enough merely to win a victory for socialism but that such a victory had to be seen to be won.

Mr Mankekar's prose style is straight out of the front page of the 'Times of India' and his self-professed preoccupation with objectivity deprives his writing of a sense of involvement. Indeed he seems to give the impression that he sees nothing particularly repre-

hensible with the abolition of privileges and pensions except the manner of its doing. But even his journalist's ambivalence seems to find it difficult to swallow the peculiar altruism of the ruling party that it was somehow done for the good of the princes themselves, as the Prime Minister told the Parliament: "We are doing a good turn to the princes by taking away their money and privileges. We are giving them an opportunity to be men."

For people of Mr Mankekar's generation and mine, these words have an ominously familiar ring. They were used by Clive and his successors, who ruled us "for our own good," and more recently by the Russians, who took over several small countries in Europe for *their* own good. Now the words have been adopted by our rulers and harnessed to serve a domestic purpose, to take away from the citizen what is lawfully his, for his own good.



**FANTASY FURNISHINGS FROM
BOMBAY DYEING** 

SERMON ON A TRAIN

Geeta Doctor

THE great charm of travelling in a train is that one gets talked to by all kinds of people. Even when one is alone, engrossed in a book, and not particularly inclined to talk to anyone.

"Are you travelling alone?" asks one South Indian gentleman with a note of deep concern. I look under the seat, on top of the upper berth and remark with bright astonishment, "Yes, it looks as though I am alone." He looks even more worried and departs to have a consultation with his wife. A few minutes later he comes back and informs me that they have decided to sacrifice a son — for my sake! "You must come to our compartment he says, "My son will sleep here. He will be able to manage alone". Protests are useless and after much tugging of luggage which includes a crate of mangoes, I am safely esconced in the bosom of the Iyer family, minus elder son.

The wife and I smiled at each other with great cordiality, while I discretely stole glances at the second paragraph of my book to indicate that conversation would not be necessary. But the lady had other ideas. In a few minutes she had extracted biographical details with the skill of a surgeon, laying bare a particularly difficult portion of the anatomy. When she had finally managed to discover what my mother tongue was, she was triumphant. "I can speak that very well" she said. "All my life as a child I have lived there." I hedged even more uncomfortably, wondering whether I would now be obliged to continue the conversation in my mother tongue. "Well," I said unconvincingly, "It's just that it's my mother tongue, my mother can speak in it, but I myself don't know very much of it." She looked unconvinced and a little disappointed. Clearly I wasn't worth adopting.

"Plight"

At this point the law finally caught up with me. A cross looking Conductor stood in the corridor irately inquiring why I wasn't in the ladies' compartment. "Our rules don't allow a gentleman to occupy the ladies' compartment" he said looking at the sacrificed son as though he were a criminal. "You are requested to go back to your seat madame." I did so with much scraping of boxes and hurling about of the crate of mangoes. All the South Indian families in the other compartments were alerted to my "plight" as they saw it and some even argued my case in strongly accented Marathi. But the Conductor was adamant, and I was secretly glad to be left to myself again.

It was not for long however, by the time we had reached Kalyan all the South Indian families had open-

ed identical stainless steel tiffin carriers and dug out identical iddlies which were lavishly thrust upon me on fresh banana leaves. I smiled and numbed further evasions about never eating on trains which left them even more perplexed so that to reassure themselves they glanced suspiciously at the crate and asked "What is that you have got in there?" and having been satisfied that it was only mangoes they left me in peace.

At Poona the Conductor suddenly announced the arrival of another lady. I had hardly got used to the idea when she walked in followed by three children all under ten. I thought it prudent to retreat to the upper berth immediately, while the Mother with the calm efficiency, born no doubt of practice, closed all the shutters including the glass ones and arranged her children on all the available surfaces. Now even if I had wanted to go down I wouldn't be able to. Feeling acutely sorry for myself I watched the violet ceiling light bouncing and jolting and wondered whether the carbondioxide content in the hermetically sealed two-berth compartment would gradually asphyxiate us. I had barely dropped off to sleep when the Conductor woke me up at the next station and inquired whether I had any objection to so many people crowding the room. This was the point when I could have and perhaps should have made a fine speech about the constitutional rights of a traveller holding a First Class ticket and made a severe indictment of the railway system which allowed such malpractices, but four pairs of eyes looked up at me. Was I going to assert my constitutional rights and throw them out. Under their stare I could not. "Alright, you win." I said weakly. The Conductor walked away with the air of a man who had performed a glorious deed.

The next day was better. The children were quiet and the Mother after a little probing, "Was I a Bengali? Was I from the north or south? Was I from Andhra? Was I a Coorgi?" realised that true confessions were not my strong line. "To tell you the truth" she said making a final attempt, "I am a Nair. But I don't like to mention the fact so we only use our first name. Just look at the way all these other people have put either Iyer or Nair in front of their names. It's disgusting. But we decided that it was time to forget the caste system. So now we only use our first name." "How progressive" I remarked politely. "What do you have in that crate?" she asked. "Mangoes" I replied.

There was also a new Conductor. He wore his Khaki uniform as though it were his own and not borrowed from the poem in the last station. He took in the situation in our compartment with a quick glance at the

Mother who waved a Railway Official's pass in front of his eyes.

"I see you're taking some mangoes with you," he said looking at my crate. It was such a relief not to be asked another question, that I immediately asked one myself. "Why are you people going on strike?" I said. The disease was obviously catching or else the Conductor was a repressed orator who didn't even need such a question to start him off.

Go on strike

"What is the price of bread? What is the price of rice? Don't you people want us to live?" he thundered in his best Parliamentary manner, while I blinked like a Minister who had mixed up his portfolios. Seeing that who was being pushed off the tracks. "What can we do," he said "the Union tells us to go on strike so we go on strike. You know your brother George Fernandes has said we must go on strike so we listen to him." I wanted to reassure him that I had no brother and even if I had one, it would be unlikely that he would have a surname of Fernandes, but he waved these objections aside before I could utter them, continuing, "I didn't know what to do so I went and told the wife this is what Brother George is asking me to do, what do you say. And the wife said 'You go on strike. If the Government wants to kill us let them kill us properly.'"

"So" he continued like a man who had been caught between two onrushing trains, "What could I do. The wife said 'Go on strike' and your brother George said, 'Go on strike' and so now I am going on strike."

"Besides" he went on in a more confidential vein, "It's not that the Government has no money. The Railways are always making a profit, only they don't want to give it to us. Look at all the other workers, the L.I.C. employees, they always get what they want. We are just asking to be treated like everyone else. Only a crying child get's milk. We are crying now. Shouldn't the mother give us milk? We are not asking for much. If we ask for hundred we know you will give us fifteen." He continued aiming his arguments at me. "You mean to say that the Government can't give us fifteen rupees? Look at the Ministers, they are rolling in wealth. Each one of them has built ten houses and what happens to us poor railway workers? We have to go and tell the wife that we have no money. And she has to take her chain and bangles and go and sell them," he said giving a graphic description of his wife in the process of removing all her jewellery. To save the conversation from reaching an emotional impasse I immediately seized the weapon that he had brandished and said, "Corruption, don't tell me that only Ministers are guilty of corruption when I have seen every Conductor on this train accepting bribes."

"Who said anything about corruption?" he countered. "It's a matter I cannot discuss. I just will not talk about it because corruption is only corruption if you

say it is corruption. Otherwise there is no corruption. Let me put it this way. If I do you a favour and you are happy and you say, "Thank you Mr. Conductor please come to my house for dinner" will you call it corruption? No you will say that it is just a way of showing how happy you are with me. But here since you can't give me a meal you give me five rupees or ten rupees and you are happy and I am happy. Why call it corruption?"

"And then," he continued, "can you name one country where there is no corruption? Even in America, the greatest country in the world, there is corruption. What do you think Nixon was doing in Watergate but corruption. On one side they send people to the moon and on the other side they blame their President of corruption. Can you say that any man who has done such a wonderful deed as sending a man to the moon can do something bad and can you go and call that corruption? No. Corruption is not bad. It is the most natural thing. Even when you go and pray to God in a temple you give him money..."

By this time I could only stare in complete amazement. If only President Nixon could employ the man as his defence attorney, he would be able to give a whole new slant to the Watergate issue. But there was no time to make the suggestion. The Conductor suddenly stood up and went on his mundane routine of punching tickets.

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GOA

JUSTICE DELAYED

Govind Talwalkar

(Abridged from the original in Marathi by courtesy of *Maharashtra Times*.)

RECENTLY in the Maharashtra Legislative Council, a question was raised about judicial delay in the disposal of cases. When this question was raised by Mr. Manohar Joshi, his statement was endorsed as true by Mr. Antulay, the Law Minister, though he did not take the trouble to find out the root causes of this delay.

Mr. Antulay is a clever man. He obviously believes that a point appears to be correct if it is put forward with force. He uses this technique in the Legislature, in public meetings and in meetings of Congress Committees. He did the same in the present case. In his speech he referred to the appointment of a few committees. But he did not clarify which committee will be for what purpose, the idea of which committee is not shared by the Chief Justice, and why not. At the end of the speech, he created the impression that only Mr. Antulay and the Government are concerned about delay and that the judges are not prepared to effect any change. He declared that the Government will discuss the proposal of the committee with the judges and will go ahead with the formation of this committee even if the judges are not agreeable to it. Against this background, which self-respecting Chief Justice will take the trouble to discuss the proposal? Is it necessary to use this kind of language regarding the judiciary? When the judges are unable to place their views before the Legislature or in the newspapers, does it behove the Government to express such opinions that lack grace? What does it expect to achieve by trying to get cheap popularity at the cost of restraint and tolerance which are so essential in public life?

Delay in dispensing justice is a chronic failing. Hamlet includes this in the list of things which are unbearable. Even the judges do not deny that many suits remain pending for a long time in all courts including the Supreme Court. For instance, Justice Tulzapurkar, while delivering a speech on the occasion of the silver jubilee function of the City Civil and Session Courts Bar Association on the 14th December, 1973, referred to the forty thousand suits pending in the City Civil and Sessions courts. Some of them were five year old, some seven and some even ten years old. Other courts have the same story to tell.

Overlooked

Hence the Central Government had appointed a committee under the Chairmanship of Mr. Justice J. C. Shah, the former Chief Justice of India, to investigate and suggest steps for the removal of delay

in the law courts. This committee published its report in 1972. In this report the committee has given fourteen reasons for judicial delay and has also suggested remedial measures. Without taking into account this report, Mr. Antulay talks about appointing a committee to probe this same matter of delay. This may result in obliging a few lawyers. They will get allowances and will also make tours. But instead of accommodating a few lawyers and M.L.A.s, the Government will do well to study the Shah Committee's Report and implement its recommendations. This committee visited every state and considered the difficulties and deficiencies of the courts. What more is Mr. Antulay's proposed committee expected to do?

Mr. Antulay says that at the time of the establishment of the Maharashtra State there were twenty High Court judges; now there are 35. That means one new judge was appointed every year. In other courts also the number of judges has increased. But the rate of disposal of cases has not increased in the same proportion. Suits lie undisposed of because efficient disposal requires merit, not numbers. Therefore, it is not enough that the number of judges is increased; Judges of merit are required. Mr. Antulay thinks that if the judges read the papers at home before coming to the court, they will be immediately about to decide whether they have jurisdiction, but some judges of moderate intelligence do not read papers before coming to the court and after the case has proceeded for a week, decide that they have no jurisdiction to hear it.

It cannot be said whether or not this criticism levelled by the Minister in the legislature would amount to contempt of the court, if made outside. But it seems that Mr. Antulay here follows the practice of stating a general principle and applying it clearly to the present judges. It is undoubtedly true that a judge of limited intelligence is likely to take longer time to decide a matter. But Mr. Antulay must ask himself: if some judges are of limited intelligence, who has appointed them? If you require good and intelligent judges, you must pay them accordingly and also make certain perquisites available to them. Mr. H. R. Gokhale resigned because he found the pay inadequate; but he has done or said nothing regarding improving the pay scale of the judges after he became the Law Minister. Mr. Antulay admits that it is necessary to increase the pay scale even by amending the Constitution. But if the Central Government does nothing about it, it does not follow that the State Government also is unable to do anything. Free

quarters, a car and other perquisites should be made available to the judges as they are to ministers. This the State Government can do. It is in the hands of the State Government to increase the daily or travelling allowances of the judges. But the Government has done nothing about it.

Is it really impossible to increase the pay and allowances of the judges of the lower courts and the High Court? Will it entail an additional tax burden on the tax-paying citizen? It is necessary to take into account the amounts credited with the Government in the name of the law courts? The fines collected by the Magisterial courts total about Rs. 50 lakhs annually after deducting the expenses of the courts. This amount goes into the Government Treasury. There are various deposits in different courts. The interest on these amounts alone is to the tune of some lakhs of rupees. Some deposit amounts become time-barred and are not liable to be returned. These also amount to several lakhs. All this means that the money received from the law courts is credited by Government to the general revenue and it then pleads lack of money for increase in the pay, house rent, allowances and perquisites of the judges. The Government is reluctant to sanction expenses for the removal of furniture of the High Court due to the drought situation but in the same situation it spends a lakh and a half rupees for repairs to a Minister's bungalow! It is possible for the Government to improve the financial condition of the judges without resorting to additional taxation. If this is done, many capable and intelligent men may come forward to accept judgeships and the present lack of enthusiasm will be a thing of the past.

Delayed appointments

Another reason for judicial delay is non-appointment of enough judges in time. Mr. Antulay said that at the time of the formation of the Maharashtra State there were 20 High Court judges and now their number is 35. But when the State of Gujarat was formed, its High Court judges were six and now they are 18. Here the increase is three-fold. In the U.P. High Court, the number of judges is more than 50. Here the appointment of a judge is not made even after a lapse of a year or more after the recommendation for appointment comes from the Chief Justice. Recently an appointment was pending for a year and a half. It was not because of the non-receipt of the police report regarding the person recommended for the post, as is sought to be made out. It will be enlightening to investigate whether this delay is not due to the desire to push in the ministers' candidates in the list of prospective judges.

Mr. Antulay asks whether the Government should accept the recommendations of the Chief Justice in toto and become a rubber-stamp? No. It should not

be a rubber-stamp. But it must have some valid reason to set aside the recommendation. Favouritism should not be such a reason. It may be that it takes time to receive the police report. But the time cannot be one year. Even granting that the new appointment is delayed for various reasons, why should promotions also be delayed? Last year a list of recommendations for the appointment of Assistant Judges was duly forwarded but the appointments are still not made, though more than a year has now elapsed. Is it true? Though the time has come for making recommendations for the new year, the last year's recommendations are yet to be sanctioned. Why this unconscionable delay at the hands of those who are so critical about judicial delay? Mr. Lathe, the District Judge of Sholapur, died suddenly of a heart attack last year. His place was not filled for at least six months. A district like Sholapur was without a District Judge, and an assistant judge was in charge for half a year. Those who talk of the appointment of an enquiry committee to probe the delay in the disposal of suits should first probe into their own administration. The police enquiry to which Mr. Antulay alludes in his speech is not a new thing. It was there even in British times. But there never used to be such delay in the appointments, promotions and transfers of judges. Now it is so probably because somebody has to push in his favourites. It will not be wide of the mark if it is said that this tendency is responsible for such delays.

What are the facts regarding judicial delay about which Mr. Antulay has kicked up such a row? How many suits are decided and disposed of by the lower courts and the High Court? While enquiring as to how much work a judge does, some enlightening statistics came into my hands. In the whole of Maharashtra State the number of criminal cases disposed of is generally about 11 to 12 lakhs a year. In Bombay alone 45 magistrates dispose of nearly six lakhs of cases every year. How much more work does Mr. Antulay expect from a magistrate? The Ayyar Committee appointed by the Supreme Court has suggested that each judge should dispose of at least 450 suits within a year. Does Mr. Antulay know that a Bombay High Court judge disposes of an average of twelve hundred suits per year?

As regards the Small Causes Court, it was found that in the year 1971, 45,000 suits were filed while 43,000 suits were disposed of. In the year 1972 the corresponding figures were 45,000 and 41,000 and in 1973 they were 49,000 and 47,000.

Shirkers?

In the City Civil Court there are 20 or 21 judges. Of these 10 are in the Sessions Court. One or two judges are on leave. In the Civil Court about 7000 to

(Continued on page 81)

THE DOCTOR SAID 'NYET'

Manjula Padmanabhan

WHEN Ringo Starr of the Beatles had his tonsillectomy performed, hundreds of avid fans turned up to watch the event. When I had mine removed, leave aside the avid fans, I didn't even get any ice-cream...

I was fifteen and a half when the ordeal took place. Throughout my younger days, removing my tonsils meant only two things to me: no more nights of torture with a scratchy throat and the heaps of ice-cream which one was meant to receive afterwards. My Tonsils were progressing towards a state of permanent inflammation but their removal had been forestalled while various alternative treatments — such as homeopathy, large doses of penicillin and quantities of throat paint—were administered. The day came however, when one doctor took a horrified glance at my throat and prescribed immediate removal. He was a Russian doctor, of the Russian Hospital in Tehran, where my parents were stationed. I was quite anxious to have them out in fact, because I had heard that septic tonsils excrete a poison which retards one's mental functions; and there was always the lure of mounds of ice-cream, otherwise taboo for me.

In a Russian hospital one is generally required to speak Russian. The nurses were mostly from the border areas of Iran and Russia so they were able to speak Pharsee but this was not of much use to me

as I could speak neither. The first day I was escorted to my room by the Embassy interpreter, who saw to it that my room-number was auspicious (number seven), introduced me to my nurse and generally swore to look after my every little need.

He came in handy when dealing with difficult situations, as when what appeared to be a young Sikh boy from the next-door room wandered in unannounced. This in itself was not amazing since none of the doors, including that of the bathroom had any sort of locks so that the room was easy prey for any intruder. What *was* perplexing was the ease with which he proceeded to make himself at home. Initially he stood at the foot of my bed for a while and smiled a trifle coyly. He then proceeded to tinker round my room, use my paints, etc. and finally left with yet another charming smile in my direction. When he came back for another friendly visit it was discovered that far from being a Sikh boy, he was an Arabian girl. If this wasn't enough, she further divulged (in flowing Arabic) that she and her parents had been residents at the hospital for three months having come to Tehran for this specific purpose. They suffered from nervous disorder she said. It was subsequently revealed that the whole wing was reserved for victims of this doubtful malady.

Not having been in hospital before I would not be

JUSTICE DELAYED—Continued from page 8

8000 suits are disposed of within a year. Besides small and miscellaneous matters are also disposed of. In the year 1948 the number of city civil and sessions judges was four. But at that time only about a thousand suits were filed in a year. Has the number of judges increased in proportion to the number of suits filed nowadays? Many of these judges sit in the court till late in the evening and work at home. They do not get overtime pay. With all this, Mr. Antulay will call them men of limited intelligence and shirkers. The Government is multiplying legislation. As a result the number of suits is increasing and will continue to increase. The recent amendment made by the Government in the Rent Act alone has resulted in the filing of an extra hundred suits per day. Have any extra judges been appointed to cope with these?

Mr. Antulay has also suggested appointing a committee to consider the question of judicial delays. How will the members of such a committee decide as to which judge will dispose of the work expeditiously?

Only those who attend the court daily may have some idea regarding this. It appears that this must be the gimmick of the Hon. Minister to please a few M.L.A.s and lawyers, by appointing a committee or a commission. The High Court will not and should not fall in with such an unworkable suggestion.

Taking all this into consideration, it is clear how the statement made by Mr. Antulay agreeing with Mr. Manohar Joshi regarding judicial delay was misleading. The language he used is befitting a speech in the Kolaba District Congress Committee. But law courts are not Kolaba District Congress where Mr. Antulay can say anything without any regard to truth. This creates an impression that there is a confrontation and conflict between the Government and the High Court. In order that such an impression is not created, it is necessary that the Chief Minister, Mr. Vasant Rao Naik, takes this matter into his own hands. It is now time for him to make his colleagues inside his cabinet and outside realise that unthinking enthusiasm is not efficiency.

able to compare Russian standards with any others. It was like a very large and well organized bee-hive. Long wide corridors were lined mostly with women all in flimsy black *chhaddars* covering their Western clothes. There was very little noise and no visible dirt and the staff, when in public view, were always in spotless white and always in a hurry. My doctor was a blond with sad blue eyes and had almost wept at the sight of my tonsils. He communicated through his nurse, who spoke a little English. He used to drop in twice a day to make sure I was alive. Once, when I had started to talk again I decided to be a bit adventurous and try my Russian out on him. Accordingly, when he came in next I murmured a polite '*Dasvidanya*'; he looked hurt for a minute and then went mildly berserk with laughter. Even his nurse, who had wandered in along with him, suppressed a chaste giggle. Apparently I'd wished him good-bye.

The operation itself is one of these painful memories. I had been starved for twelve hours and then in the morning the nurse came in and made a gesture pointing at her hip with her fore finger indicating that she wanted me to follow her out. I trotted after her uncomprehending, wondering idly what treat was in store for me and promptly received a shot of what felt like liquid broken glass in a rather tender region. But it was in the theatre that my illusions were really shattered. I had been led off into a little ante-room where I was dressed in a floor-length white vinyl bib. The attendant smiled cheerily, patted my hand and told me in Russian, to keep my chin up. The theatre was gloomy and there were a number of people in white milling around, quite unconcerned about anyone who might be walking in a long vinyl bib. I sat down in something very similar to a dentist's chair and further layers of white cloth were tied on to me, the last one being a gauze which covered my head completely, leaving only a slit for my nose and mouth. Despite all this it had never once crossed my mind that one is rarely put to sleep sitting up: when my doctor materialized and dabbed my nose and mouth with something smelly, I figured this must be the anesthetic and started mentally slowly, expecting to be 'off' by three, the way I was told it would be. I was well into the thirties when I noticed my doctor settling down in front of me on a short stool with the round reflector over his eye and brandishing a hypodermic which glinted in the light behind me. The nurse held my head in a vice-like grip and the doctor said 'Open mouth,' no doubt the only two English words he knew. He needn't have asked: I was so horrified it was open anyway.

It was all over in around five minutes. Periodically the nurse would exhort me to breathe since there was every reason not to, what with the tongue-depressor blocking up my oesophagus, a hacking cough, a scalpel or two down my throat and in case all else failed,

lavish quantities of some warm liquid which threatened to choke me. My doctor seemed quite satisfied and even looked in under the gauze for any signs of moisture around my eyes. There weren't any. I even managed a weak smile while my doctor showed off his handiwork to any interested parties. Finally I was walked out again with the nurse cautioning me not to swallow anything, nor spit anything out but to wipe everything off daintily on a tissue (my interpreter had caught up with me by this time.)

Back in my room there was a certain amount of pandemonium as someone had already come with flowers, my mother had been caught off-guard preparing for me to return in a horizontal state and there were various nurses around, busy doing nothing in particular. My mother was quite upset seeing me up and about when I was supposed to be unconscious and kept asking me whether it was over. I answered 'yes' to this several times before it struck me I wasn't supposed to be speaking. I was put to bed and given some small flat sweet pain killers to suck on whenever I felt hungry.

At dinner time the next crushing blow was delivered. I didn't get ice-cream. Instead I was brought a large soup plate of warm sago-porridge with a greasy pool of melted butter in the middle of it, a tepid broth and two raw eggs. I took one look at this sumptuous fare and silently resolved to have my tonsils out again in more advanced surroundings. Of course, for the next couple of days, eating was agony. I could afford to be as picky as I wished because my interpreter, who had done some research, came saying the nurses had been impressed by my fortitude in the theatre. I smiled a bitter smile whenever I heard this as I didn't believe there had been any choice in the matter.

The remaining six days in the hospital were spent regaling my visitors with the more morbid highlights of the operation. The number of people who came to see me belied the minor nature of the operation and pleaded me tremendously. I sat back and passed around chits of paper saying thank you for the flowers while the guests took advantage of this opportunity to exchange the latest rumours. I had established fairly firm relations with the Arabian girl by this time and she used to visit regularly. Relations advanced to the point when she felt free to bring in some who said he was her uncle. The visits stopped abruptly when my mother called unexpectedly and refused to take kindly to the presence of strangers in my room.

Early one morning at around four I was woken by an unfamiliar nurse and told to flip over. Too sleepy to disagree, I watched with interest as she unpacked a set of small jar-like bottles. These she proceeded to heat and transfer onto my back, which had been bared for the purpose. Once again I was too taken aback to protest and all I registered was that they must be

(Continued on page 11)

Reviews

A CHANGING SOCIETY

Modernization of Traditional Society by S. P. Aiyar
(Macmillan India; Rs. 60; pp. 320).

THIS thoughtful and thought-provoking book is formed from a number of articles or essays published at different times between 1965 and 1973. (Incidentally, it would have helped the reader if the date of writing had been mentioned alongside the title, in each case.) To review the collection fairly in a thousand words or so involves much invidious selection and exclusion, and the omission of much eminently quotable comment. In brief, this book, despite its rather high price, should be read by everyone, especially by such politicians and bureaucrats as may possess the courage to face its many home truths.

The book is divided into three Parts. Through all the ten articles of Part I run the threads of Modernization and Liberalism which provide the title. The Liberal philosophy, which includes both traditional and modern elements, is admirably set out, especially in Article 3. How accurate a picture of today's problems was drawn by the great Liberal thinkers, almost ninety years ago!

The opening article, from which the book derives its title, explains the meaning of "modernization" and accounts for the built-in-obstacles with which "tradition" confronts it. The context, here and elsewhere, is Hindu traditional society. While emphasizing the necessity for making a scientific outlook part of the

life of the common people, Aiyar strongly criticizes "show-pieces", "symbolic expenditure on big projects", and our rulers' penchant for quantitative rather than qualitative expansion. He notes the close association of government and technology with the process of modernization, but is critical of our planning; our administrators appear to him as living "in a timeless world lacking drive and a sense of urgency." He deplores our "over-development of politics." To his complaint that "politics enters even in the making of technical decisions" this reviewer would cite the mute witness borne by three thousand ghosts of Poona citizens drowned in the mud of Panshet.

Both socialism and socialists of the Indian brand invite some scathing comments, and we are warned of the danger that our "dictatorship of the proletariat" may become, as with the Soviets, a "dictatorship over the proletariat, with the added disadvantage of bureaucratic inefficiency." Article 6 covers the pregnant contrasts between "Gandhi" (this reviewer, perhaps sentimentally, prefers the "-ji" form) and his "guru" Gokhale as regards their political outlook and strategy, even their legacy to the nation. The author makes no secret of where his sympathies lie; from the very framing of our Constitution he observes a swing back to Liberalism from the temporary aberration of the Gandhian era.

Articles 7 to 10 deal with three personalities who, despite striking differences, may all be classed as "liberals": the "rational traditionalist" Sivaswamy Aiyer; the "charismatic" Nehru, whose mind could reconcile "the traditions of India and the compulsions of modernization"; and the conservative-rebel-progressive Rajaji.

Part II, entitled "Administration and Development", carries forward the theme of adjusting the administrative system to cope with the altered demands of modern society. Aiyar notes the "continuity of historical evolution" from the ICS to the IAS; to the former he—like Sardar Patel and unlike many ignorant critics of today—pays tribute for its virtues and achievements. He comments illuminatingly and constructively on the generalist-specialist clash, the private-public sector controversy, the relations between the civil servant and his Minister, and the relations between civil servant and politician (with their "mutual dislike"). He explores causes, explains situations and propounds remedies, one of which is that administrators must educate "their political masters on what is possible in the Indian situation."

Articles 12 to 14 are devoted to the baboo curtain erected between the bureaucrat and the public whose servant he theoretically is (although he no longer claims the "honour" of being "most obedient", as the British administrator used to do) and to the inherent defects in our administrative system, of which Aiyar is highly critical. While endorsing what the author has

DOCTOR SAID "NYET"—Cont'd from page 10

sticking on through vacuum suction. Having similarly adhered twelve small bottles, she covered me up and left, with an unjunction to stay put: Half an hour later she came back and pulled them off, leaving me none the wiser and with twelve scarlet rings on my back. Later I heard that this was an ancient Russian remedy for colds.

My doctor wished me goodbye in three languages when I left and I gave my nurse a fancy perfume bottle that she had expressed a deep desire for. I even shed my regulation pyjamas with a certain sense of loss and I didn't get time to wish my Arabian friend a suitable farewell. The hospital authorities strongly advised against having a bath for a further ten days (making a total of seventeen). But my mother did not for one minute entertain ideas of following this advice and upon finally reaching home I was led straight to a hot bath; and for dinner I had a proper meal and then: ICE-CREAM!

to say on the explosive issue of Commitment, this reviewer cannot share his satisfaction with Mrs. Gandhi's "clarification" of what she is reported to have originally said. Most pertinently does Aiyar pose the question, "Why not committed politicians?"

Article 15 concludes that it is no part of a University's function to produce administrators; at the most offer "specialized courses" for administrators, as Britain does. Public Administration teaching and research in India is dismissed as being mostly "of inferior quality" and "devoid of contemporary relevance." Articles 16 to 18 record and examine the work of F. W. Taylor for Scientific Management, Mary Follett for human relations in business, and Paul Appleby (familiar for his classic report to the Government of India) for the study of public administration.

Part III, "Education and National Development", discusses education at the undergraduate and post-graduate level. Aiyar catalogues the many shortcomings of the Indian University, and examines the purpose of education along with the difficulties in using it to modernize traditional society. He sees the greatest danger to the University's "four freedoms" as coming from within itself, and would have each university "adopt a charter of academic liberties". He advocates the setting up of model colleges and universities in every State.

Plagiarism is denounced but also accounted for. The role of text-books in inculcating secularism is carefully examined, along with the faults to be avoided, in particular what we might call the "Mother India" style of describing the differing communities and sections of our people. The writing of text-books, it is stressed, ought not to be entrusted (as today it so often is) to "untrained amateurs." Behind the language controversy, the author sees the conflicting forces of tradition and modernity, and he points out the dangers to teaching and scholarship inherent in "regional" universities. He discusses the requirements of a good Vice-Chancellor, the necessity of abolishing the present "authoritarianism" which is partly responsible for driving the students to indiscipline, and the role that (university) education can play in enriching the life, while also helping to solve the problems, of a changing society. He is convinced that if education is still to shape national development, as it so powerfully did in the nineteenth century, certain measures are essential, such as selective admission to universities, the inculcation of modern attitudes, and faithfulness to the ideal of excellence.

There is a curious error on p. 221, where the proportion of IAS candidates should be "9.76", not "0.9". This reviewer noticed no less than sixty printing errors in 300 pages: might one plead for an "ideal of excellence" among our Indian proof-readers?

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SIGNIFICANT COUNSEL

Centre State Relations in India. Edited by A. G. Noorani, (Leslie Sawhny Programme of Training for Democracy, 1972; Rs. 5/-, pp. 150).

THE book under review is a compilation of papers read at a Seminar on Centre-State relations sponsored by the Leslie Sawhny Programme of Training for Democracy, a non-party organization, noted for its considerable service to the cause of strengthening democracy in this country. The Seminar touched a wide range of problems and came to some very relevant and useful conclusions. The papers presented give some idea of the wide variety of themes discussed: centre-state relations were seen from the constitutional perspective (A. G. Noorani's paper) and from the political aspect (S. P. Aiyar); similarly, the politics of democratic federalism are viewed from the point of view of the Centre (paper by Phul Chand) and from the point of view of the states (G. R. S. Rao). Other interesting papers include those dealing with "the problem areas" like Kashmir (Khwaja Mubarak Shah), the Eastern states (J. C. Johari) and Sikh separatism (Khushwant Singh). A theme on which the paper presented was weak and the discussion (as reported in conclusions) not adequate was "Regional Development of Backward Areas in a Federation."

The conclusion reached at the Seminar appear to the reviewer as very significant and deserve serious attention from government, administrators and teachers alike. I refer to only a few of them here. Taking India's diversity into account, the Seminar felt that in the Indian context, federalism was inextricably linked up with democracy. It was felt that the true test of Indian federalism lay in how special areas which raised the question of emotional integration with the rest of India, like Kashmir and Nagaland, were tackled. It emphasised the need and urgency for the states to be assured of a steady, pre-determined flow of resources on the basis of established economic criteria, leaving no scope for discretion on the part of the Union Government, as a *sine qua non* for the smooth working of a federal system. It urged the President to play the role of an impartial umpire and the Governor not to operate as a mere agent of the President. Two other, no less important, conclusions reached were: AIR should be freed from the dominance of the government of the day at the centre and made into an autonomous corporation and second, since it is vital to promote mobility of teachers and students from one University to another English should be retained as the language of higher education till such time as an Indian language is developed to replace it.

Am. D. D. D.

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Letters

PRIME MINISTER SHINES AT MIDNIGHT

IT is not often that I find myself in agreement with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. It is therefore a particular pleasure for me to take off my hat to her for the courageous and extremely reasonable speech that she made in the Lok Sabha on the evening of May 9 on the Railway Strike. The arguments she used were cogent, and it would appear that she has learnt the lesson of the results of appeasement and of yielding to unreasonable Trade Union demands, as her Government has been apt to do in the past. Referring to the many cases in which the Government had given what was demanded, she asked:

"Did that create an atmosphere of co-operation, of greater production, of the opposition leaders saying 'You have done something good and on this at least we can applaud you?'"

The Prime Minister was of course perfectly right when she said that it is "not possible to give more and more to the workers at a time when the country is having less and less."

The Prime Minister was also right in pointing a finger at the Swatantra spokesman who appeared to have joined in the vapid appeals to her to end the strike, and she rightly protested that the appeal was being made to the wrong quarters. Surely this was one occasion on which the Swatantra Party, which stands for the linking of wage increases to increased productivity, could have shown some guts by supporting the Government against its misguided partners in the opposition?

A parting suggestion to the Prime Minister. It is reported that she started her speech at midnight. Perhaps it would be in the national interest if she from now on chose that hour for making policy pronouncements since, obviously, she is at her best at that hour!

"NO ADMIRER"

BIZARRE SITUATIONS REQUIRE WEIRD REMEDIES

OF all the bristling problems of India, the most urgent is the vaulting population.

The uncontrolled increase of rural population is likely to lead to the development of some bizarre situations. The landed will find their holdings reduced to minuscule patches in a generation or two. On the other hand, there is a distinct possibility of the vast crowds of the landless unemployed, roused by professional agitators, dispossessing the landed by violent means.

Before that happens, the prevailing tendency for the rural population to drift to the towns for jobs will continue. This trickle will grow into a flood which, by sheer numbers, could take over the towns. The conquest of towns by villages, Mao style, should be forestalled.

One of the remedies, easy to hand, would be to quadruple the number of chaprasis and chowkidars in Government employ. Each I.A.S. officer, for example, should be entitled to sixteen chaprasis and chowkidars, and, in this matter, no invidious distinction should be made between I.A.S. officers and the lower cadres. M.P.'s and M.L.A.'s should be put slightly higher than the executive officers to maintain their high dignity. For similar considerations, the Ministers should have a minimum of double the number of M.P.'s, and the Prime Minister double the number of other ministers.

Those with some schooling could be recruited as clerks who would need little encouragement to spend most of the office time in canteens or restaurants as those in employment already do. A more rational arrangement would be to have two clerks per chair working alternately. It is unlikely that this would make any difference in the work output.

Other problems like increase in crime by the rural and unemployed would arise and necessitate expansion of the urban police force. Law abiding citizens as well as crooks and criminals would be put to extra expense because the rates of police protection would go up. Commission of crime would become more expensive. Needless to say that magistrates and judges would increase in numbers, *pari passu*. One can visualise a HIGH COURT in each district and a SUPREME COURT in each state.

The female moiety of the population has escaped mention; their problems would also become involved. On account of the lack of employment many of them may not be able to grasp gainfully employed husbands. The Government would then be obliged either to subsidise marriage and conjugal life or review its stern attitude towards polygamy. That would (the choice, I mean) depend upon whether the government of the day swears by public or private enterprise. In the event of adoption of private enterprise, entitlement to wives could be based on WEALTH TAX figures. Each extra million beyond a minimum could entitle one to an extra wife. Incidentally, it would encourage people to show more wealth in white and accumulate less in black. Divorce would have to be eliminated to prevent too many women on the matrimonial market.

H. R. PASRICHA

A Fool Satisfied

It is better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a
fool satisfied. —JOHN STUART MILL.

OUR GREATEST SCARCITY — Continued from page 1

is a shortage of fuel, there is a shortage of oil, of coal, cement, steel, butter, milk, fat, you name it. Yet all these shortages are constantly debated and talked about *ad nauseum*. But seldom do I hear people clearly discussing the one commodity that is really responsible for all these shortages. They seem to gloss over this and they seem to forget about it. What is this commodity? The abysmal failure of leadership which is responsible for all these scarcities. Don't misunderstand me, when I say the abysmal failure of leadership, and don't misquote me, the Press.

Failure of Leadership

I do not imply the failure of leadership in the political sphere only. There is certainly failure of leadership in the political sphere. But there is a failure in every walk of life. There is failure of leadership in industry, amongst manufacturers, amongst trade unions, amongst the administration, the bureaucracy, at the factory level, at the shop level, amongst the Armed Forces, and in the other services. All of us, individually and collectively, are responsible for the sorry state of affairs that exist today in the country.

In the past, it seemed fashionable for the politician to blame all the ills of the country on the greed, avarice, stupidity and the shortsightedness of the industrialist and the capitalist. Today, the wheel has turned

full circle and it is now fashionable for the industrialist and the capitalist to put all the blame for all shortcomings on the callousness, corruption, inefficiency and pusillanimity of the politician and the bureaucracy. Surely a handful of politicians charged with and selected by us ourselves cannot be responsible for all the ills of this country. Surely the industrialist and the capitalist—corrupt, avaricious, greedy—any infamy you would like to give him—controlled as he is, taxed as he is, supine as he is, surely he can't be blamed for all the shortages?

All to blame

Then who is to blame? We all are to blame for not having provided this nation and our poor people with the right leadership that they deserve. There is nothing wrong with our people. If our people are properly led, they always produce the goods. About two and half years ago the people of India achieved a signal military victory. But it was not only a military victory. It was a victory of a political and sociological nature. And it was done by the people of India under the leadership of the present Prime Minister. So if the people of India are properly led, they can deliver the goods. What has gone wrong? We have not given our people the leadership that they should have.

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WITH MANY VOICES

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

I want to get up in the mornings without consulting
my diary.

Golda Meir in *Time*, May 6.

It is the white cap which has given your (Communist) party respectability. The coming weeks will show where the railwaymen's interests lie.

—A. P. Sharma quoted in the *Hindu*,
May 1.

Introspection is not an activity the Congress Party shows itself best at, mainly because beyond a certain point realities cannot be allowed to intrude on ideology.

—Editorial in *The Indian Express*, April 29.

It is unfortunate that God limited man's intelligence, but did not the same time limit his stupidity.

—Dr. Adenaur quoted in *The Indian Express*,
April 8.

... the longer, larger war that we nowadays call 'detente'.

—James Burnham in *National Review*, November 9.

When I am no longer useful to them (the Khmer communists), they will spit me out like a cherry-pip.

—Prince Sihanouk quoted in *The Economist*,
April 13.

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What need would there be for countless decision-making economists under a self-adjusting free-market system?

—Lawrence Fertig in *National Review*,
November 9.

We are sick of Parliament debating Coca Cola for 150 minutes at a cost of, I believe, Rs. 10,000 per minute.

—Ramesh Thapar in *Economic and Political Weekly*, April 13.

Stalin may be dead, but Stalinism survives in the Soviet Union and provides a model to many a dictator or would-be dictator even in the non-communist world,

—A. B. Shah in *Quest*, March-April 1974.

A newspaper may be free, and yet not independent.

—D. R. Mankekar in *Quest*, March-April 1974.

The only minority which has a right to be recognised in India is still the human individual.

—D. in *Quest*, March-April 1974.

Mr. Enoch Powell got his response on immigration because worthy men and women for the most liberal-minded reasons refused to think about the unthinkable until he said it for the unthinking.

—*The Economist*, April 20.

The day of the politician has given way to the day of the technician, the man who can plan, make decisions and implement them independently.

—President Marcos quoted in *The Economist*,
April 20.

It was once said of de Gaulle that he was nothing but a Frenchman and therefore, at the end of the day, nothing more than a Frenchman.

—*The Economist*, April 13.

Indira Gandhi must be talking tongue-in-cheek.

—Ramesh Thapar in *Economic and Political Weekly*, April 13.

An enemy bullet does not ask a soldier which State he comes from when it offers him the privilege of dying for his country.

—Col. C. L. Proudfoot (Retd.) in *Indian Express*,
April 30.