

MARCH 1973

EDITOR: M. R. MASANI

ANDHRA IN FERMENT

B. Ratnasabhupati

THE movement for the bifurcation of Andhra Pradesh into Telengana and Andhra arose as a result of the judgement of the Supreme Court on October 2, 1972, declaring the Mulki Rules valid under article 35 (b) of the Constitution contrary to its own earlier judgement of 1969.

For those who may not be aware, the Mulki Rules were first promulgated in 1918. The rules contained preferential provisions on grounds of birth, descent and residence in the old Nizam State of Hyderabad. The Mulki Rules themselves were abolished in respect of the regions of Marathwada and the Kannada speaking district comprised the erstwhile Hyderabad State which had the Mulki benefits until the dismemberment of Hyderabad State on November 1, 1958. But the rules continued to operate in the Telengana region of Andhra Pradesh. The rules thus gave preferential treatment to those residing in the Telengana Region in the matter of Government service. This created resentment among those living outside the Telengana region.

Less than a month after the Supreme Court judgement, a conference was convened at the initiative of the Swatantra Party at Guntur on November 18 and 19. Members of the Congress(O), the Socialist Party and several unattached independent political leaders attended.

The Conference formed the Andhra Praja Parishad consisting of the members of these parties and students. At the time of its formation its limited objective was to secure the scrapping of the Mulki Rules. The objective was time-bound. The Parishad's resolution adopted at that conference stipulated that, in the event of this limited objective not being fulfilled by the end of November, the Andhra Praja Parishad would declare a state-wide struggle for separation. The limited objective was not achieved and the Parishad set about implementing its declaration for a separate State.

Subsequently, the non-Gazetted Officers joined the

movement for the bifurcation of the State and went on strike. The strike is still continuing.

The agitation has several unique characteristics. The first is the massive participation of women. The second was the adoption of the Gandhian technique of civil disobedience for the first time in independent India. Fasts were organised. Mass processions were highly regulated and orderly. Public meetings were admirably disciplined. Students did not attend schools

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IN THIS ISSUE

One-third of all the blind people in the world reside in India. For these five or six million sightless the country has little time, energy or money, says Raghunath Rakibe, a second year M.A. student in Political Science at Bombay University. Blind, he "wonders what my future is going to be like." Former *Freedom First* Staffer Vrunda Moghe takes down his stinging plaint.

Mr. Ratnasabhupati, member of the Andhra Legislative Assembly and Vice President of the Swatantra Party in Andhra, writes of the trouble brewing in the strife-torn State of Andhra Pradesh.

Theatre Critic Geeta Doctor attends an open air theatre — The Brabourne Stadium in Bombay and writes of her initiation in the world of Test Match cricket.

On page 6 we carry a statement issued by the Executive Council of the Liberal International at a meeting which was attended by the Editor.

India's foremost cartoonist R. K. Laxman reviews a book about *Workaholics*.

Litterateur Nissim Ezekiel examines Suzanne Labin's attack on the hippies.

Associate Editor J. R. Patel reviews Vijay Tendulkar's controversial play *Sakharam Binder*.

Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



How Much Longer?

WHILE the U.S. and Viet Nameese prisoners are returning home, the 90,000 odd Pakistani prisoners of war in India continue to languish in captivity. With Senator Edward Kennedy joining, on February 7, in the call for their release, New Delhi's position on this point has become even more untenable than it has been for some time.

The International Commission of Jurists, a body whose objectivity and fairness are above reproach, had already protested against the detention of 93,000 Pak P.O.W.'s and the holding of 42,000 persons in Bangladesh. The Commission also condemned the living conditions of Bengalis in Pakistan. In a statement issued from their Headquarters in Geneva, the Commission declared: "Pakistan's failure to recognise Bangladesh cannot justify the continued detention of the Pakistani P.O.W.'s. The only prisoners of war whose repatriation may lawfully be delayed are those against whom there is *prima facie* evidence of their having committed war crimes or crimes against humanity during the period of the hostilities. Bangladesh is entitled to bring such persons to trial, but if world opinion is to be satisfied that these are fair trials and not mere acts of vengeance, the accused should be tried before an international tribunal under international penal law, with a majority of judges from neutral countries to avoid the charge levelled at the war crimes trial held in Nuremberg that it was a trial of the victors over the vanquished".

For good measure the *Times* of London joined in with a thoughtful editorial gently remonstrating with New Delhi.

Respect for the Geneva Convention and world opinion are not, however, the only reasons why the prisoners should be released without further delay. Anyone who listened to General Manekshaw's repeated appeals over All India Radio to General Farman Ali to surrender Dacca and the Pakistani forces there must realise that the solemn assurances given by the Indian Chief of Staff have been conveniently forgotten.

Above all, if friendship between India and Pakistan is not achieved, the outlook for the future of this Sub-continent will be grim. The unfortunate hurdle presented by the P.O.W.'s should be removed without further delay. The cost of feeding and maintaining them is the least part of the price the country has to pay.

The Colour of Those Bombed

THE Prime Minister's awareness about the problems of racialism is growing. Some weeks back she described President Idi Amin's conduct as actuated by "black racialism", a phenomenon about the existence of which she had expressed her doubts in Parliament some time in 1970. But the process has to continue.

Addressing the Conference of the Press Foundation in Asia, Mrs. Gandhi said the other day in Delhi that she wondered whether 'the sort of war or the savage bombing that has taken place in Viet Nam would have been tolerated for so long had the people been Europeans'.

An immediate retort to this question came from a woman Socialist M.P. from Britain. Savegery, said Mrs. Shirley Williams, is no one's monopoly: 'Cruelty of man to man is not distinguished from race to race'. As evidence, she cited not only the troubles in Northern Ireland and the Nigeria-Biafra hostilities, but also the horrors in Bangla Desh.

Mrs. William could, of course, have gone back a little in history and recalled the saturation bombing of Coventry by the Germans and of Frankfurt and other German cities by the Allies during World War II and the horrors of the Nazi-Soviet war and the casualties inflicted on the Europeans, before which the shelling by the North and the bombing from the South in Viet Nam and the resulting casualties pale into insignificance.

Madhok Sees the Light

THE politics of the Jana Sangh are becoming curiously and curiously. Mr. Balraj Madhok, one of the few honest leaders in Indian politics, has publicly denounced the imposition of a 'personality cult' on the members of that party and the attempts to take it to the 'left', whatever that might mean, and has accused the present leadership of 'playing Mrs. Indira Gandhi's game'.

So far, one can sympathise with Mr. Madhok's dissatisfaction. It seems that he is now seeking to reverse the trend that set in on January 3, 1971, with Mr. Vajpayee's opportunist manoeuvres and led to the electoral debacle in the parliamentary elections in March that year. But what is Mr. Madhok's alternative? If the Jana Sangh is to fight the 'totalitarianism of the present Union government,' he asserts, 'it must join hands with the Swatantra Party and the other democratic parties'.

To this, the Jana Sangh leaders' answer is that while they are for a change the Swatantra Party stands for the *status quo*. That, of course, is plain poppycock. There is no party in India which stands today for a more radical change from the socialist *status quo* in India which has now lasted for two decades than the Swatantra Party.

It is good that Mr. Madhok sees this and goes on to say: 'There is need for a liberal party in India which may be considered as a democratic alternative to the socialist Congress'. Right, but then Mr. Madhok will have to move away from the politics of revivalism with which he has been identified so far.

Playing the Fool

THE biggest obstacle in the way of Mr. Madhok's dream is, however, the unethical behaviour rampant among the partners in his scheme of things. Consider the opportunism of the Orissa Swatantra Party leadership in merging in the State Legislature with discredited politicians like Mr. Biju Patnaik and Harikrishna Mahtab in the so called Pragati (Progressive) Party and in accepting Mr. Patnaik as their leader.

The object, of course, is to 'topple' Mrs. Nandini Satpathy's government without going to the people for a mandate. The naivete of this move is amazing, considering that the Swatantra Party in Gujarat had tried some years earlier to play exactly the same game and got nearly wiped out in the process. Will the old politicians in this country never learn?

It is not surprising that Mrs. Satpathy has welcomed this development as 'a turn for the better'. She well might, for it has, if anything, bolstered her position. Mr. Laxman's cartoon on this page is a sad comment



Courtesy: Times of India

on the dancing star of Rajaji which has now been reduced in Orissa to a limply hanging one.

It is perhaps consoling to know that the General Secretary of the Swatantra Party at the national level

has disapproved of the Orissa action and that the National Executive of the Party has insisted that this arrangement "will be confined strictly to their functioning in the Legislature and does not commit the constituent partners to any similar collaboration outside it".

The only way out of the mess is for the Swatantra Party to get out of it at the earliest possible opportunity, which Mr. Patnaik can be depended upon to provide.

Patnaik's Non-Starter

MR. BIJU PATNAIK is nothing if not audacious. "Audace, audace et toujours de l'audace" is his motto but he has met his Waterloo—at the non-violent hands of Jayaprakash Narayan.

Brazenly seeking to elevate his disreputable manoeuvre in Orissa into a national campaign, Mr. Patnaik appeared before the country with the proposal for 'an alternative leadership of thought and action which would be clearly viable and credible as an alternative to the ruling Congress and its leadership.' And who are the elements to provide a credible line of thought? A motley crowd which has as little in common between them as Mr. Kamaraj, Mr. K. Karunanidhi, the Swatantra Party, Mr. Jyoti Basu and Mr. Raj Narayan! It is this odd assortment that the country is expected to place in Mrs. Indira Gandhi's seat!

Obviously an honest man had to be found to sell this project to the people and Mr. Patnaik turned to Jayaprakash Narayan. Jayaprakash, despite his generous and trusting nature, is of course too seasoned a statesman not to have discerned the name of Mr. Patnaik's game. Politely but firmly he turned down the invitation.

At the same time Jayaprakash has made use of this opportunity to state what he considers essential to a move of this nature. 'No sensible person in this country', Jayaprakash Narayan told the press on February 12, 'who has faith in human liberty and democracy can be happy about the present political situation, and I think even the ruling party and the Prime Minister herself will agree that the existence of a strong Opposition capable of displacing the party in power is necessary for the successful working of parliamentary democracy. The present picture of a fragmented and dispirited Opposition cannot but sap the country's democratic foundations and encourage the growth of authoritarian, even totalitarian, tendencies.'

Jayaprakash Narayan went on to list a few proposals for those interested which are so sapient that they are worth quoting:

'(1) Even though there is always room, perhaps also a historical necessity, for forces of conservatism and slow non-revolutionary change in every society, in the present situation an effective Opposition must

necessarily represent forces of radical, even revolutionary, change; and if democracy has to be preserved, as it must be, the Opposition must at the same time adhere strictly to peaceful and democratic means.

(2) The consolidation of the opposition forces must be principled and not opportunistic, and it must inspire confidence of being able to provide a clean administration.

(3) The sad spectacle of the coalition governments of 1967 and 1969 that proved so unstable and the constituents of which openly carried on bitter and abusive campaigns against one another, and in one case at least, did not stop even from physical liquidation of one another, should never be repeated.

(4) The proposed Opposition must not be consumed by mere negative aims, such as *Indira hatao*, but place before the people a positive policy and programme and give assurance of being able to carry them out within a stated time-period.

Mr. Patnaik's horse is obviously a non-starter, and it is good that Jayaprakash has declined to mount it and tarnish his fine image. A time will come when the people of India will throw up an alternative to the increasingly discredited rump in New Delhi, but popular education about the phoney nature of the "garibi hatao" slogan and its failure will have to proceed a great deal further. When it comes, it is safe to forecast that the Patnaiks and Mahtabs will not be in the vanguard.

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DAY LABOUR, LIGHT DENIED

Raghunath Rakibe

MOST of the blind come from rural, illiterate societies. People's religious belief that the blind have sinned in their last life are found even in the urban educated elite. This attitude is disliked by the blind. Society looks at the blind with pity but we wish that instead of pity we were given an equal opportunity and were treated on an equal plane. Instead Society makes us conscious of our blindness and this makes it very disappointing to live in such a society. There is difference of attitude even among friends and professors; friends do not joke or playfully talk with us, once they start talking they have only one thing in mind—"Poor Chap",

Professors do not ask us questions—they just allow us to sit in the class and tolerate our presence—they are indifferent towards our existence. Even in hotels when we enter we are asked if we have money with us. We are made to sit separately, given different ware to eat and drink from. Even close relatives, though that has not been my personal experience, are indifferent. We have to come to the cities for education and employment because our relatives, even my own family members, think it to be a waste of money to educate a blind person. After all, we won't be economic assets to them! We are just an unnecessary expense with the result the blind who cannot migrate to the cities develop an inferiority complex and also develop fidgety habits which become very repulsive. Those understanding this should try to correct us wherever possible.

Educational institutions for the blind are numbered and can accommodate only five to six thousand, that is, only one per cent of the blind population. The figures of the total blind population that are available are not accurate. The Blind Men's Association is attempting to find the exact figure since 1931 and they always receive the reply from the Census Board that trained men are not available. Even a definition of "blind" has not been decided upon as against England where a person who can see only within twenty feet is termed "blind". Education is an important aspect and a large portion of the blind population is kept away from it. Schools should make allowance for a few blind students and if necessary keep blind teachers to teach braille. There is a school that I know of—Chhabildas school in Dadar, Bombay—which admits blind girls. In many blind schools music is not appropriately taught. I feel that the blind have this talent and it is more accentuated in the community.

Since proper training is not given the blind are unable to appear for music graduation examination of Gandharva Vidyalyaya or any such institution. This according to me is a great drawback, as teaching music could be our means of livelihood. In blind schools, there exist no good teachers. Many a time

they just read and pretend to teach. There should be more emphasis on mechanised means of teaching, like tape recording etc. There is a lot of frustration among the blind because many of those who have acquired M.A.'s are unemployed. The result is that many of us do not go further even upto S.S.C. The rural background also deters our further education. There are blind schools in district towns but here again the exact figures are not available. Unlike the Western countries, the blind in India receive no technical education, literature in braille is very scarce. There is a printing press at Dehra Dun and some regional printing houses but whatever is available is far too little.

Lottery

If I manage to get a good class in my M.A. examination I would like to try for a lectureship as that has been my ambition since childhood. After that I would like to do a doctorate. The figure of the employed blind is only in hundreds—not even in thousands. Self-employment of some of the blind e.g. in sale of State Lottery Tickets is degrading. They invite more pity which is not desirable. But that remains our only means of livelihood. Even in workshops we do not receive proper treatment. The wages are very poor compared to the work extracted from us. It is mainly upto government and the private sector to employ us. Some reputed private companies have employed a few blind people as sales representatives. This is a positive step I feel, but in Government there has not been adequate progress towards this source.

In the U.S.A., I was told that blind people are given the job of radio announcers. This is a brilliant step. We could handle correspondence jobs and even news reading on the radio. We could have news in braille to read. President Giri, time and again has said that every company should employ a certain number of blind people. But there has not been any advance towards this. Whatever cannot be achieved by the free will of the entrepreneurs should be achieved through an enactment of law. By this I do not ask for more rights. Whatever rights exist—allow us to make full use of them. We want to live as normal citizens and perform our task towards the nation as dutiful citizens. If others progress, we do not wish to lag behind. We are ready to do our best.

For Scheduled Castes and Tribes there have been special provisions in the Constitution. For a small community like the Anglo-Indians, approximately fifty thousand of them, there is representation in the Parliament. But no provision exists for the blind. There is no channel through which we can redress or voice our grievances. Treat us as a class which requires special attention and a voice in Parliament.

WORLD LIBERALS MEET

THE Executive Council of the Liberal International (World Liberal Union) met in Jerusalem, Israel, on 27th and 28th January, 1973. Among those who participated in the meeting were Mr. Gaston Thorn, President of Liberal International and Foreign Minister of Luxembourg; Mr. Geertsma, Deputy Prime Minister and Mr. Hans de Koster, Defence Minister of Holland; Dr. Willfried Gredler, Austrian Ambassador to Bonn; Mr. Moshe Kol, Minister of Tourism and leader of the Independent Liberal Party of Israel; Dr. E. Rimalt, leader of the Liberal Party of Israel; and Mr. M. R. Masani, representing the Indian Liberal Group.

In a statement unanimously approved by the Executive, it is stated that "within less than a month after the expansion of the European Community, the Executive Committee of the Liberal International was meeting outside Europe for the second time in its twenty-six year history.

Europe had cradled the organisation, and was still the largest component. Because the enlargement of the EEC had brought to the forefront the discussion on its political future, the Liberal International was initiating moves to weld the forces of Liberalism within the Community countries. However, the fact of meeting in Jerusalem, and also that they had with them Mr. Minoo Masani, a member of the Indian affiliate and a Patron of the Liberal International, demonstrated that they would still look ahead to achieving their character as a 'World Liberal Union'.

By a happy chance, the meeting took place on the date of the negotiated cease-fire taking effect in Vietnam. The Liberal International had consistently urged a negotiated settlement giving the people of Vietnam respite from carnage and destruction while ensuring, so far as possible, that they should be able to settle their own affairs democratically. The Council hoped that the cease-fire would be respected by all parties and would soon lead to permanent peace in the whole of Indo-China.

The Council reiterated the resolution approved at the Paris Congress in September 1972, which urged 'governments to greatly increase and to co-ordinate effectively their assistance to the civilian victims of wars such as those in Vietnam and Bangladesh'.

The armed conflict in Vietnam was settled by direct negotiation between all the parties concerned, as was the case between India and Pakistan. Likewise a negotiated settlement was reached between the Federal Republic of Germany, the German Democratic Republic and the four powers. The Liberal International therefore again urged a Middle East settlement by direct negotiation between the parties concerned.

The Council was alarmed at the continuance, and

ever-increasing use, of violence and acts of terrorism to achieve political objectives, and were perturbed at the failure, particularly of the United Nations, to achieve effective means of curbing such activities. They therefore appealed for the rapid ratification by all countries of the Treaties of the Hague and Montreal and for their implementation in national penal laws. In accordance therefore with the resolution passed at the 1972 Congress in Paris, it called for multilateral and bilateral agreements denying the right of asylum, after due process of law, to the perpetrators of acts of piracy or of violence on the territory of countries not involved in the conflict concerned, and imposing sanctions on those countries which give them aid. In this way it is believed that there could be some hope of success in establishing the necessary international solidarity in combating the world-wide fight against terrorism.

Recalling the resolution of the 1972 Congress, the Council called on all Liberals to continue their strenuous efforts against the denial of basic civil rights to national groups and to individuals in the USSR, and particularly against the denial to Jews of their right to proceed to the country of their choice. It condemned the persecution of Jews in Syria and Iraq, and called for the immediate release of prisoners of conscience in those countries.

The Executive reiterated its condemnation of the expulsion of Asians from Uganda. It regretted that the misery of over 300 families had been increased by the technicalities of the British immigration laws which had split these families. It called on the British government to act immediately to reunite those families."

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COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

Geeta Doctor

THE Romans might have had their Gladiators, the Americans may have evolved Woodstock, but we Indians are quite happy with our Cricket. It has everything which should gratify the Indian ethos. It is cloaked in the mystique of a bygone era with its white flannels and V-neck pullovers, its cricket caps and blazers, the very feel of which is likely to induce in the wearer a clipped manner of speech and a casually patronizing air.

It is likely also that Cricket is a game which gratifies what the Occidentals will be happy to term as 'the slow-moving pace of Oriental life,' drifting as it does into five long days, plus a day's rest to prolong the agony, and ensuring that all life around will be at a perfect standstill just so that they can watch a ball sailing gracefully through the air. There is also a strong element of fate involved in the game, which is emphasized not only by the commentators of the game but is also typified in the attitude of Chandrasekhar who, when asked about his prospects in a certain game, pointed upwards and said "It all depends on the one above." Finally it is a game which involves the masses with the happy qualification that though the masses are kept in a nerve-wrecking state of participation only a dozen or so men need take any active part in the game.

There is evidence also that the game encourages the growth of a philosophical outlook on life since it does not necessitate a vulgar reckoning into a win or a loss but can just as successfully end in a draw. In fact, listening to the comments of one of the high priests of the game one could only conclude that it was not only respectable but entirely desirable that the Indian Captain should play for a draw. There was no confusing the issue here with the schoolboy notion about the best man winning, for as the high priest determined, "What is in a Rubber? Is it an eraser? Is it..." and here, stopped short by the force of his rhetoric he paused and wondered loudly once again "What is in a Rubber?"

Paper Bag

It was with these sobering thoughts that I entered the Brabourne Stadium, a novice about to be initiated into the mysteries of the game, clutching my fifty rupee ticket with the sneaking hope that someone would come up from behind and offer me a thousand for it. My transistor was neatly wrapped in foil in my lunch box, while my lunch was far from neatly stuffed into a paper bag. This little subterfuge would get me through the cordon of police who were on the look

out precisely for such offenders. I would normally never have dreamed of breaking the law but having been assured that I would never understand the game without the running commentary and on being misinformed from the very outset by a small boy who said "Oh, look the vampires are coming out," I felt justified in resorting to such tactics. Subsequently of course I discovered that there was no actual need for me to go against my finer instincts as several others had put their transistors on and a continuous low buzzing in the atmosphere confirmed by ear what the eye could see.

This only supported my theory that those who watch Cricket do so either in a state of religious transport or in imbecile vacuity. Belonging to the latter category myself I could not help but laugh at the others, as for example the fanatic at my back who for five days apparently went without food or water staring at the mystic oval shape and muttering in varying degrees of emotional fervour 'Lovely snout!' Then there are the ones who feel compelled to recite in low tones the litany of cricket lore "Another maiden... He's lifted it (voice louder) He's out (snouts)... My God that's a googly!" Another man feels impelled to raise his 'binocs' reverently to his forehead every few seconds, though it must be mentioned here that some non-believers also masquerade with binoculars and though they apply these to their eyes as fervently as the true believers it is for less strenuous pursuits such as observing the social habits of the female population in the next stand.

True Believers

Without the true believers, however, there would be no game. It is they who lead the congregation to rise to their feet at the high points of the ritual and respond with frantic enthusiasm accompanied by the blowing of trumpets, sound of drums, etc. It is they who control the emotional response of the crowd so that they can wail their disapproval or exhale their joy with inarticulate hallelujahs that echo round the vault of the stadium.

Naturally, when you are involved in such an emotionally disturbing activity you are inclined to be a bit wary of the persons sitting by the side of you, particularly since the seats are pretty closely packed; and so it was with some relief that I observed that a short man in a bright pink shirt and a prominent pair of binoculars, who was bouncing up the aisle, was going to be my neighbour. Relief was also apparent on his

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A CASE AGAINST THE HIPPIES

Nissim Ezekiel

A FORMIDABLE case against the hippies is presented by the French political researcher and commentator Suzanne Labin in her sixteenth book, *Hippies, Drugs and Promiscuity* (Arlington House, New Rochelle, N. Y., Pp 264, \$7.95). Her previous books are on Stalin's Russia, Communist China and Vietnam, on Soviet propaganda techniques, Chinese subversion in Africa and so on.

Madame Labin is President of the International Conference on Political Warfare and of the League of Freedom, serving as French Observer at the Asian Peoples' Anti-Communist League. She has travelled all over the world and has been consulted on political warfare by the governments of the United States, Brazil, South Vietnam, South Korea, Malaya, Singapore, and Free China. Her book on the hippies may be validly considered an example of political warfare, with both the advantages and the shortcomings of such an exercise.

The advantage is that a case is made out which cannot be ignored. It is serious, sincere and loaded with conviction. The subject has been thoroughly studied, both in the library and in the field. No stone was left unturned, to use a cliché and most of the stones turned up are well thrown at the target. As polemic, the writing is relentlessly destructive and forceful. The field work, which meant international travel, and in particular the following of what the author calls "the hashish trail" gives the data an impressive authority.

The shortcomings of the book result from the imposition of a single view-point on the evidence which leads to a systematic but very narrow interpretation. If the assumptions of the view-point are questioned, the case collapses instead of standing on its own

factual feet. All weaknesses in hippie creed and practice are treated as sins against the light. The high-minded tone of the book wearied this reader so that instead of learning what is wrong with the hippie movement—and obviously there is plenty wrong—he often wondered what is wrong with the author.

Rhetoric

In what the publishers call "an eloquent plea" at the end of the book, Madame Labin declares: "The spirit of enterprise which was born 20,000 years ago and received its baptism 350 years ago at the hands of Gallileo, will not disappear from the human scene." Indeed, it will not, but I confess my inability to understand the need for this rhetoric. Are civilization, culture, science, human welfare and social advancement threatened by a movement which is less than ten years old? Is it really true that "the hippies mistrust all intellectual creation"? My impression is that they are well immersed in it, and demonstrate a wider range of intellectual interests than their counterparts among the youth of the world. The hippies I have talked to have certainly read more and know more than my college and university students. To accuse them, as Madame Labin does, of living in "the desert of ignorance" is simply unfair. She herself admits that when they appear for Civil Service examinations, "their scores are invariably high."

One may not sympathise with the politics of the hippies, which is by no means a monolithic phenomenon. But Madame Labin categorically asserts that they are "the children of the marriage between the extreme revolutionary left and neo-romanticism." I don't find this marital identification particularly useful.

COME ALL YE FAITHFUL — Continued from page 7

part as he sat down and immediately recounted the trauma he had undergone the last time he had been to a Cricket match and found himself sitting next to a large sized betel-chewing variety of human being who could neither contain his excitement or his *pan* so that my newly made friend had to abandon the match altogether.

Unluckily, besides being an ornithologist, my neighbour proved to be a Phillistine as well, so that it did not take long before a neophyte like me was completely distracted from the path of true faith and led to speculate instead on such mundane matters as to whether it would be worth ten to one odds that Engineer would be out by tea. The corruption spread

into several neighbouring rows and as the Indian batting took on a dream-like never to be concluded quality enlivened only by occasional flashes of Jolly Giant Greig's hair glinting in the sunshine, watching the criss-crossing currents of bets and side-bets on the outcome of the game became far more engrossing than the game itself.

The details of how it all ended are of course all too familiar and yet no one can describe the lingering crowds that filled the stands even after the final ceremony was over. After five days of enraptured communion the crowds simply could not tear themselves away and resume their normal lives. The cement of the stadium had entered their souls.

The extreme revolutionary left has its own activist ideology which includes violence as a necessary and inevitable method. Where, in all hippie literature, is violence ideologically glorified? At most, one may complain of aberrant and confused support to broad-based protest movements. That kind of support has also been given by any numbers of people from outside the ranks of the hippies, by writers, artists, intellectuals, academicians, journalists, actors, film producers, business men and "squares" of many different species.

Surely it is empty abuse to say, as Madame Labin does, that the hippies "were born under the secret sign of defeat, and they will always carry a curse." The motives of the hippy are not only condemned but ludicrously parodied in the view that he cultivates "the liberation of the senses" because he can no longer engage "in the liberation of the proletariat." This may be political warfare but it is not political analysis.

Since the hippies do not work, we are told that "everyone else has to work twice as much," I find this notion amusing. The number of parasites in society who work nominally and are paid for it, the bureaucrats who hinder more than they help, the innumerable exploiters of human weaknesses whose "work" brings them fat rewards, the idle inheritors of wealth, the over-paid and over-privileged holders of political and commercial power, are they all paying the price of the hippie indifference to the industrial mainstream?

Break Away

A good, strong society should be able to afford and tolerate the hippies, as it should be able to afford and tolerate all break away movements, provided they do no direct harm to the social machinery. The "run-away" problem in the U.S. "amounts now to a national tragedy," writes Madame Labin. She herself, in a dialogue with one of them, calls it "a tiny fraction". Even out of this, extremes of drug-addiction affect a small proportion, and drug-peddling even less. But Madame Labin's sympathies are with the police, carrying on quietly and without fuss, she says, "thankless but precious work."

In this sense, it is finally the armed forces who do the most precious work of all, for do they not guard our frontiers whenever they are threatened? A study of the nature, social origins and consequences of the hippie movement requires a criticism of society, including its contradictions. The society that produces hippies also produces a high level of alcoholism and crime, neurotics by the million, racialism, the worst forms of commercialism and widespread misery which goes deep into the human psyche. The same society produces saints of science and the intellectual life, poets, musicians, artists and innovators who add to human fulfilment. If society is not criticised, except

nominally, for its contradictions, the dissenting, the radical and the new in human evolution cannot be understood.

Take the sexual revolution. It was not made by the hippies and is not run by them. It has its own independent mainsprings, and produces effects which are widespread throughout society. The hippies belong to it but do not determine its development. If the hippie movement died out completely, to the last long-haired drug-taking beast, the sexual revolution would still go on. So would bohemianism and avant-garde or experimental art (genuine as well as pseudo), social, educational and political cross-currents would be witnessed, with all their faults and misdemeanours, and a variety of life-styles, with and without drugs, that an open society tends to generate if not to encourage. Many of these phenomena are likely to shock conservative sensibilities.

Deadly Virtues

Madame Labin is repelled by the fact that the hippies wear "absurd clothes", which she describes luridly. This I consider the height of intolerance. The hippy mode of dress is pleasantly colourful, extravagant and original. It hurts no one. If it expresses occasionally the exhibitionist, the narcissist and the fool, so does conventional clothing. What conforms respectably to the prevailing norm is not necessarily moral and pure. Exhibitionists, narcissists and fools twist it to their own purposes. How else to account for the half-open bosom in high-fashion bourgeois circles? It is misleading to speak of the hippies as if they have a monopoly of the perennial human vices in contrast to—as Wilde called them—the deadly virtues of the conformists.

The Sense Revolution in the United States inevitably brought fame and money to those who supplied its needs. Is it therefore accurate and fair to describe Greenwich Village as "the most commercialised place in the world"? The hippies and the bohemians buy and use necklaces, incense, buttons, psychedelic glasses and posters, tribal headresses and other similar exotica. Is it therefore accurate and fair to claim that "the drive towards mass consumption seems just as urgent among the hippies as among the bourgeoisie"? Madame Labin herself points out that the average hippie lives on a monthly allowance that is one-fourth that of the American workers. What, then, does their drive towards mass consumption add up to?

The murder of Linda Fitzpatrick and her boy friend in 1967 and the "huge brouhaha in the regular press" which followed it, is mentioned as if murders are never committed in "straight" society. The Sharon Tate murder and the execrable Manson group are also treated in the same spirit of self-righteous horror. If

(Continued on page 11)



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Reviews

Confessions of a Workaholic

Dr. Wayne Oates, Wolfe Publishing Ltd., London,
(p. 112. £ 1.25).

ANYONE picking up this book thinking that it will provide some light reading should be forgiven his mistake: the title is indeed rather misleading. This is no funny book describing the behaviour of a worker coming to work, drunk, as the word "Workaholic" might tend to suggest.

Dr. Oates coined this word to describe a serious problem of our times. It means a person whose involvement in his work is so much that he becomes a work addict like a drug addict with equally unhappy results. The writer examines the various types of workaholics that the world abounds in and attempts to save such victims and rehabilitate them. Having once been a workaholic himself he sets about this task with the zeal of a newly reformed.

All work and no play, we have known from time immemorial, made Jack only a dull boy. But no one imagined that Jack has evolved into a veritable menace to the society he lives in, the organisation he works for, to his colleagues, not to speak of the hazard that he has become to his own personal health, that of his family and its tranquillity. For such a man his home becomes just another work-place where he lugs his brief-case bulging with files in the evenings to concentrate on at night. Eventually he is estranged from his own children, his wife becomes sullen and, perhaps, pardonably seeks the solace of the bottle, and his friends, of course, desert him. Even after causing such havoc all round him the workaholic mindlessly, like a robot still pursues his all important work.

Dr. Oates has discovered many types of Workaholics amidst us and has made a neat classification of them. The Dyed-in-the-wool Workaholic, for instance,



FF Cartoon by Manjula Padmanabhan

is a perfectionist. He is intolerant of those who fail to measure up to his exacting standards. He is therefore permanently unhappy and works all the time to gain his end. The Situational Workaholic kills himself with work due to a sense of job insecurity and his financial circumstances. All the same there is a risk of

A CASE AGAINST THE HIPPIES—Continued from page 9

one picked murders and other crimes in "regular" society as true examples of its "regularity", one would arrive at some grotesque conclusions. The advertisements in bohemian periodicals frankly expressing sexual needs, which are quoted as illustrations of degeneracy, are in fact eruptions from a perpetual human underground. It is not only the hippies who use the public media for sexual ends instead of following the available furtive and squalid paths. Shocking though it seems that people should be willing to publicly advertise their sexual needs, one should also sense the pathos of that candour, its comedy of desire and its tragedy of frustration. Moralistic denunciation does not carry us very far.

The description in Chapter 3 of various kinds of hippies—hustling, guru, mystic, plastic—is assumed to be obviously an exposure of fraud and hypocrisy. In

reality, it only implies that hippies are human and each individual or group fails in different ways to be consistent, committed and serious. Most of them fall short of their own ideals, real or alleged, and Madame Labin whips them with her scorn for their vulnerable pretensions. No doubt, they deserve it. What would happen if the same standards were applied to the "squares"? How many would measure up?

Of one group of hippies (the dandies) Madame Labin writes: "Their heads are empty but their material needs are great." I think this is true of the majority of human beings, but I see no reason to think so unsympathetically. It is only part of my acceptance of human reality as it is expressed in all movements, including that of the hippies. There is a case against them, particularly their drug-dependence, but as formulated in Madame Labin's book, I find it fundamentally unsound.

his work becoming a habit well after better days smile on him. Of all the types listed the Pseudo-Workaholic is the most common and easily spotted. This fellow wears himself out not for the good of his organisation but with the selfish motive of moving on from position to position towards the top in the power structure of his organisation.

Dr. Oates views these wrong-doers with Christian grace and offers them remedies to redeem themselves. But these sound rather mild considering the enormity of the malaise the doctor has diagnosed in the organised human society. However, the first advice is that the workaholic must discover that he is one and shed his work-load at once and retain only such work that really concerns him. Having done that he should proceed to keep his week-ends free from work and engage himself in meditation, long walks, chatting with his family, playing with his children, reading and so on. Finally comes the panacea for all the ills: making new friends and renewing the contact with the old ones. If these hints are followed with diligence the workaholic will be a reformed person and will look at his family, children, flowers in the garden, trees, birds and

even TV shows and movies with a pristine wonder and delight, says Dr. Wayne Oates.

R. K. LAXMAN

Aretino's Dialogues

Translated by Raymond Rosenthal; (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., £ 4.95.)

PIETRO ARETINO belonged to the last phase of the Italian Renaissance and was steeped in both its health and its corruption. He studied painting but went on to write satirical poetry. But it is as a black-mailer of rulers in Italy, as "the scourge of princes", that he made a name. The insights he gained he preserved for posterity in *The Dialogues* of which the present translation is the only complete one available in English.

In his time, only three occupations were open to a woman. She could be a wife, a whore, or a nun. Two women who have been all these uninhibitedly describe their experiences and discuss the merits of these occupations in *The Dialogues*.

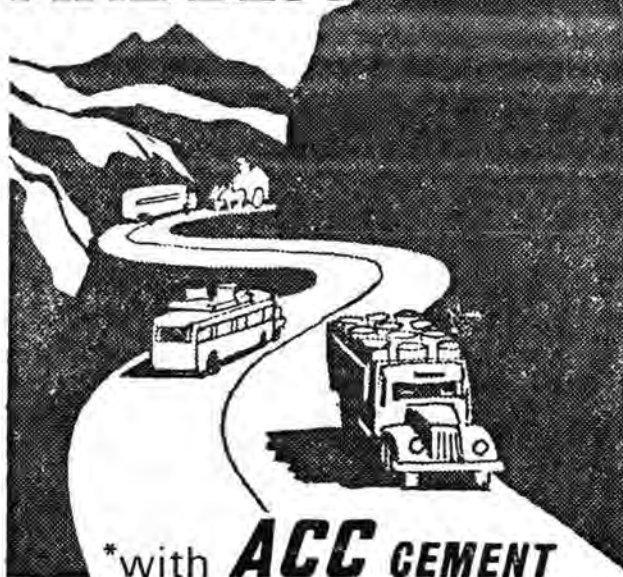
As the translator rightly remarks, the work is altogether different from "the manufactured pornography of the modern era" which is addressed to the foibles and weaknesses of the individual, lone and alienated. In contrast, "Aretino's eroticism has the vigour and health of a public spectacle—a sort of morality play for the populace—which thereby divests it of any perverse or sickly intention. Not only was it the first erotic book in the Christian world to be written in the vulgar tongue of ordinary speech—the speech which, as De Sanctis, the great Italian literary critic, said, was to become that of all educated Italians—it was also, paradoxically, the last erotic book to describe the 'filth' of commercial love without, itself, being filthy or vicious. Indeed this is Aretino's true genius, the sheer capacity for sensual good spirits which somehow touches his most revolting scenes with freshness and charm."

In *The Dialogues* incident follows incident very much in the manner of *The Perfumed Garden* but far more scandalous than any there. Here we come across a woman Nanna teaching her daughter, Pippa, the art of being a whore and a midwife explaining to a wet nurse how to be a procuress. Nanna teaches Pippa how to deal with and make money out of all kinds of men—Frenchmen, Germans, Romans, Florentines, and Jews—all kinds of men, in fact, the old and the young, the scholar and the peasant.

Initiation

Nanna initiates her daughter into the art of being a courtesan in earthly language warning her that a courtesan needs more knowledge for her profession than a doctor needs for his. Pippa at one stage protested. "First, you warned me to be respectable and

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*with **ACC CEMENT**

then you instruct me in the most shameless lewdness." Nanna has a ready answer, which is perfectly sound. "I am not contradicting myself. I want you to be as great a whore in bed as you are respectable elsewhere." And, so, she goes on until the daughter begins to imbibe the lessons.

As regards the old, Nanna counselled, "They remember the days of their youth as jackasses and kittens remember green vine branches; they are all excited, and filled with more gusto than ever. I could not repeat all the pretty verses they reel off to flatter the nymph as they hug her and the silly prattle which nurses use with infants, who do not know what they want, is their sweetmeats and candies."

But Nanna knew, of course, that it was not the old but the young customer who presented a problem for her young daughter. If she got entangled with them emotionally, that would be the end of her vocation as a courtesan.

Boiling Blood

So, she warned, "They are not stable. They whirl around like the brain and the boiling blood; they fall in love and then out of love as fast as they meet new women to love; and even if you give them a taste of it once in a while, make them pay in advance. And you will be sad indeed if you let yourself get entangled

with them. Neither with them nor anyone else, remember, because moon-calf love is all very well for women who live on an income and don't have to scrape by from day to day. And even if there were no other reason, the fact is that as soon as you are trapped by your passions, you are done for, because the emotion which is fixed on one man alone must dismiss all those other men you used to care indiscriminately. So you may hold it for certain that a courtesan who gets the hots for anything but her purse is like a drunken, greedy tavernkeeper who eats and drinks the stuff he should deny his bell in order to sell."

But, old and young alike, yearn to be flattered. "Men want to be duped; and although they realize that you are tricking them and that as soon as you leave them you will mock them, boasting about it even with your maids, yet they prefer fake caresses to real ones that lack the sugar of flattery. Never be niggardly with kisses, melting looks, smiles, laughter, and glib gab; hold his hand at all times, and now and then nip his lips with your teeth, forcing him to give vent to that sweet cry a man lets out when he feels pierced by bliss. The whore's chief rule is to flimflam Sir Credulous." Is this pornography? It certainly is not. It depicts the times and its mores and, come to think of it, Nanna's words still ring true.

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SAKHARAM NOT A BINDER

J. R. Patel

THE English public, wrote Oscar Wilde, takes no interest in a work of art until it is told that the work in question is immoral. Whether this trait is a legacy from our colonial days or a *deshi* characteristic, its relevance is apparent from the box office receipts of Vijay Tendulkar's controversial play *Sakharam Binder*. Not that the play is a 'work of art,' far from it. Its construction is crude, its characters are all caricatures and there is very little originality. On its own the play would have played itself out after a few shows and slipped into a deserved oblivion. But fortuitously for Tendulkar someone thought the play obscene, complained to the police and a mediocre, commercial play became a *cause célèbre*.

Sakharam Binder (Girish Desai) is depicted as a male chauvinist pig who uses, abuses and bad-mouths his women in the way a minister does socialism. He is a sadistic creature whose idea of a constitutional is to beat up whichever cast off wretch has the misfortune to be his housekeeper. And the more loving, understanding unliberated and conventional the woman, the more brutal, cruel and demonic becomes Sakharam. It is with such a creature of convention we first find our hero. Her name is Laxmi. Dina Pathak portrays her as the kind of woman the average Indian man would want as a wife: plump, not very bright and exceedingly devoted. She is the personification of motherhood as depicted in numerous Hindi movies, and obituaries. Who but the most unfeeling of men could treat *Bharat Mata* thus? Not even a Portnoy. No, only Sakharam Binder.

Ka-pow!

Having so outraged the public, Tendulkar attacks another sacred cow: religion. Sakharam's good friend is a Muslim, Dawood (Hemant Joshi). When Sakharam joyously brings a Ganpati to his home, Laxmi and Dawood follow the procession with song and dance. As Sakharam places the clay idol on a table, Laxmi signals to Dawood to refrain from singing. After a second hint he stops and Sakharam, noticing his friend's silence soon realizes what has come to pass. Biff! Bang! Zonk! Ka-pow! and Laxmi is out for the count of ten.

About this time there is an intermission which should vigorously be made use of to stretch your limbs and down a cup of something warm to keep attentive. We had fortified ourselves with coconut *feni* prior to the show in anticipation of the worse: blood, gore and raw sex. But on arrival Director Satyadev Dubey warned us this was "no cabaret." Also watching the

show with us were a few policemen. The night before at another theatre a fight had ensued in which some people were injured. But we were denied this side-show.

Act II: Exit Laxmi, enter Champa. It's as simple as that. No elaborate development of plot, no ingenuity, no stratagem. Laxmi is discarded and from the wings emerges Champa played by the amply proportioned Tarla Mehta. Champa seems to be sent by the Women's Liberation Movement. She is the female embodiment of Sakharam. She can match him drink for drink, blow for blow, word for word. Whereas Laxmi submitted under protest to Sakharam's nocturnal advances, Champa revels in them. And when Champa's inebriated and jobless husband (Namdev Lahute) shows up at Sakharam's residence, she beats him to a bloody pulp.

No Exit

Re-enter Laxmi in search of a home. After much discourtesy by Sakharam she is allowed to stay as the compassionate Champa, in the true spirit of sisterhood, intercedes in her behalf. And how does Laxmi repay Champa's kindness? By informing Sakharam of her extra-curricular activities with Dawood. Enraged and at a loss how to handle this superwoman, Sakharam resorts to the means he must understand, physical violence, and the play hurtles on to its tragic end.

The scenes that outraged the public, who never hesitated to voice their joy or disgust, were the ones in which Sakharam beats his women; his women beat other men; Champa's continual wailing for alcohol and her orgiastic laughter both accompanied by the fading of lights. Tendulkar could have handled these scenes with a little more subtlety and still retained the desired impact. Instead he chose to write a play which if written by a lesser playwright may not have even made the Foras Road-Peel House circuit.

Glorious Cricket

I do not play cricket because it requires me to assume such indecent postures.

—OSCAR WILDE

Baseball has the great advantage over cricket of being sooner ended.

—G. B. SHAW

ANDHRA IN FERMENT — Continued from page 1

and colleges, lawyers did not appear in Court. The people boycotted the Government.

The State Government treated these techniques with contempt. The leaders of the Praja Parishad soon discovered that the technique which Gandhiji employed to throw the British out apparently does not work against our own rulers in Delhi and their satraps in the States. Gandhiji taught us how to fight an alien government. But he did not teach what we should do against our own government to bring them to their senses and do justice to the people's demands.

Since Independence there have been numerous strikes but almost always the demands have been sectional in character. Never before has it happened that Government servants have struck for more than three months for a political cause. Today the entire administrative machinery in Andhra is totally paralysed. The Gazetted Officers are on strike too. State road traffic is at a standstill.

This is not all. The local police are not trusted by the President's Government. One finds everywhere in Andhra steel-helmeted Central Reserve Police and Army personnel. It is they who are today running the administration or whatever little there is of it.

But the CRP are behaving in a brutal manner. Since the beginning of the agitation, over three hundred people have been killed as a result of police firing. The curious though tragic thing about these firings is that they have very rarely taken place at scenes of looting and arson. The CRP has fired at innocent peaceful crowds. The CRP men who are from the north do not understand Telugu. They speak northern languages. In the villages and small towns of Andhra, the northern languages are not understood. This has also contributed to needless violence and bloodshed.

It is a matter of shame that the government has not deemed it fit to institute any sort of inquiry even though these firings have become a daily feature. Naturally the people of Andhra are agitated. Should they remain impotent spectators while their brethren, men, women and even children, are being killed? There might be some justification for such firings if there was an armed revolt against the State. But as someone who is taking a leading part in the agitation for a separate State of Andhra, I have no hesitation in affirming that the people are unarmed, peaceful and disciplined. I am sure that if an inquiry is instituted into any of these firings it would be positively established that there was no need for such bestial action by the CRP. It is necessary that a code be soon evolved that, unless there is an armed revolt, the police should not resort to firing. There surely are more civilized methods of preserving law and order. The code should make it clear that every police firing

should be followed by an inquiry, where even ministers should face such an inquiry and be punished if found guilty.

I understand that, outside Andhra, the Government is advertising the canard that the agitation has been taken over by extremists like the Naxalites. Nothing can be farther than the truth. The Naxalites have ceased to be a force in the State. Even in the heyday of their operations, they were confined to a part of Srikakulam district, but they were suppressed. How this was done is a story by itself.

But as far as the present agitation is concerned, it is in the hands of leaders of the Swatantra Party like Shri Latchanna, and Shri Satyanarayana, along with Tenneti Viswanathan and others. The leaders of the Ruling Congress are constantly shuttling between Delhi and Andhra. They are really in *Trisanku*. Their MPs and MLAs have resigned from the Congress. They dare not do otherwise. What their behaviour would be once Andhra is bifurcated is anybody's guess. Perhaps they will all go trooping back to the Congress. But the Congress led by Mrs. Gandhi is today in the eyes of Andhra synonymous with tyranny and repression.

All governmental activity is at a standstill. The leaders of the agitation are faced with the problem of sustaining the strike of non-gazetted officers. So they have attempted an innovation. Local agitators are establishing a parallel administration though it has not yet spread throughout the State. One such illustration is my own district of Cuddapah where we have already collected Rs. 10,000 at the Check Post and in the villages by way of land taxes. The revenue so collected is then utilised to pay a part of the salaries of the N.G.O.'s.

The writ of the Indira Government has ceased to run in Andhra. Her authority as Prime Minister has been rejected. Before long, if this parallel administration extends itself into a parallel government, one need not be surprised.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi treats the situation in Andhra as one of law and order. This is the typical manner in which autocrats treated similar movements in history.

The ferment in Andhra could have been easily avoided had the Prime Minister not made it an issue of personal prestige. The demand for bifurcation is mutual. Both Andhra and Telengana want it. I am certain that sooner rather than later the demand will be conceded. The tragedy will be that all this loss of life and property could have been avoided had the Central Government acted democratically by heeding the aspirations of the people of Telengana and Andhra.

WITH MANY VOICES

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

With Nehru, everything starts B.C.

—President Tito quoted in
Mohamed Heikal's *Cairo Documents*

A crucial battle is now raging between Marxism, Leninism and Nehruism on the one hand and the ideology and methodology for which Mahatma Gandhi, Sardar Patel, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Dr. Hedgewar and Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookerjee stood on the other.

—Balraj Madhok in *Statesman*, February 13.

As far as we Hindus are concerned, Lord Krishna was black. Draupadi, the most beautiful woman of her times, was black. Aren't we all blacks?

—M. S. Golwalkar in *Times of India*,
February 12.

We in the government used to keep fat dossiers on people like Rajaji, Gandhiji and Minoo Masani.

—H. V. R. Iengar to the Rotary Club of Bombay
in *Times of India*, February 14.

What a heavy-weight author; what a lightweight book.

—Reviewer of Piloo Mody's biography of Bhutto
quoted in *The Times of India*, February 19.

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The U.P. State Universities Bill 1972 makes provision for gratuity for teachers killed or wounded in incidents arising out of their duties connected with the conduct of examinations.

—*Hindustan Times*, January 18.

It should be apparent to any Indian who has been abroad that when it comes to hypocrisy there is no one on this planet to challenge us.

—M. A. Singlachar in *Illustrated Weekly*,
January 21.

It is unfortunate that Nirad, Narayan, you and I are born in the 20th century—why blame the Indo-Gangetic plain? If you believe Karma, you should know at whom to point the finger.

—R. M. Patil in *Illustrated Weekly*, January 21.

India's worst enemies are Indians, not merely of the Gangetic Valley, but of all valleys—the Brahmaputra, the Krishna and the Kaveri vying with one another! Can one Nirad help us?

—J. Bhaskara in *Illustrated Weekly*, January 21.

The more we see of the present regime the more nostalgic we the septuagenarians and the octogenarians feel about the halcyon days of British rule.

—Kartar Singh in *Illustrated Weekly*, February 18.

There I was weighing 17 stone, and next to me was Ben Tillet weighing 18 stone, and then on the other side there was Will Thorne and he was about 17½, and we started singing the Internationale, and when we came to the line 'Starvelings of the world unite', I took a look at Ben Tillet and Will Thorne and I looked at myself and I said: 'No, it's not right'.

—Ernest Bevin quoted in *Times of India*,
January 22.

Avoid any too early interference in an armed conflict which would otherwise lead to a decisive result. On the outbreak of war between two countries the current fashion is for every fool in the world to demand an instant ceasefire. It should not be the aim of our foreign policy to prevent bloodshed as such; what we really want is a result which eventually produces stability.

—Prof. C. Northcote Parkinson in *Foreign Affairs*.