

Goa Revisited

WHEN DID ELIZABETH DIE?

J. R. Patel

WE started at noon, a whacky hour but characteristic of our existence. Aside from our dedication to the legendary beaches and famed curries of Goa, I had decided to undertake a mental and untaxing anthropological study of the alien beings who inhabit the locale and every now and then are the subject matter of enterprising journalists. My ambition was to be the Margaret Mead of the switched-on, pill-popping, acid-dropping, meditation-and-mystic-seeking generation. However the shortcoming of most anthropologists is that their very presence alters and influences the behavioural pattern of the species under scrutiny and so to avoid all this I decided not to take written notes, conduct interviews or do anything that would interfere with their lifestyle or my holiday.

Thus after a tea-stop in Poona and a night-halt in Belgaum, we started on the final leg of our journey to Goa. A little after a railroad crossing we spied a tall, lean, moustached-and-whiskered, bowler hatted, stripe panted concoction complete with a walking stick and dirty canvas bag standing by the side of the road. We pressed on the brakes and beckoned to him.

"Where are you going?" he asked. A superfluous question. All roads lead to Goa! He seemed well-mannered, spoke English and was as clean as one could be while hitch-hiking. After choking on some *channa* we offered him, he explained he had missed the Bombay-Goa boat and as his girl, who had all his money and passport was on the boat, he had been reduced to thumbing his way south for the past three days (every hippie I meet seems to have had his money and passport parted from him in some unfortunate circumstance). He didn't know which street in Bombay he had lived or any of the other streets as he and his girl were "always moving around in taxis." When we asked his name he replied "John". Just "John". A linguist, he earns his keep

teaching English, French, German and Spanish. He was born in Scotland but his parents migrated to New York so he grew up in the concrete jungle of the Bronx. John is talkative from the word go and his speech punctuated with a liberal smattering of expletives (always refreshing in the young). But he's knowledgeable. For example he said that if we put whisky in the car petrol tank the car would have a lot more pep but that after a short distance it would come to a halt (presumably from a hang-over). Also if you changed gears without pressing the clutch (it can be done, speed and timing being the secret) you save on gas. Also all these years he has been driving without ever getting a licence.

He related anecdotes from the different places he had visited. His girl friend's father works in the British Council and had helped John get teaching jobs all over. He had to be in Singapore by spring as he had a teaching engagement there and from there

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Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Farmers Organise

OCCASIONALLY something hopeful happens in this country. Such was the establishment in Bangalore on October 1 of the Farmers' Federation of India, which issued a stirring call to agriculturists to rally to the protection of the agricultural community from the attempts to enslave it through so-called "land reforms" legislation. The Federation has an inspiring leader in its newly elected President, Mr. Bhanu Pratap Singh, the UP Independent MLA, who happens to be one of the finest progressive farmers in India. This non-party move is to be welcomed.

The farmers of India have dangerous enemies in the Marxists who today dominate India's new ruling class. The enemy is not inactive. At the same time as the farmers gathered in Bangalore, the National Organisation on Agriculture in Delhi set up a working group to finalise schemes for establishing state level and district level farmers' organisations as part of the official effort.

The list of the five members of the working group published in the press is significant. It is headed by none other than Dr. Z. A. Ahmed, the wellknown communist, and it ends with Mr. N. G. Ranga, the renegade peasant leader.

Sapient Advice

IT is good to know that Lord Hailsham, Lord Chancellor of England, was honoured by Delhi University on October 9 at a special convocation at which the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him.

Since it is to be presumed that what the learned Judge thus honoured has to say cannot be altogether devoid of sense or substance, we may be forgiven for recalling some sapient remarks made by the Lord Chancellor when he was last in Delhi on 7th January, 1971, attending the Commonwealth Laws Conference:

"It is only in conditions produced by law that freedom can grow. It is only in conditions where freedom can grow that human dignity can be achieved. It is only free human beings who have attained human dignity who will be ultimately secure in the possession of food, homes and jobs, and the security which goes to make the good life. This is the basic philosophy on which I build what I have to say about law and the common man . . .

"Constitutional liberties—freedom of the person

and of association, equality before the law and liberty of expression—precede and are the conditions of economic advance and social security, both of which are largely the result of constitutional freedoms and cannot be obtained without them. This is why those who throw away constitutional safeguards—elected governments, freedom to oppose, independent courts—in the name of economic advance are ultimately betraying the common man and depriving him of the chance of social progress and the very things they promise him in their party manifestos. They are the real class traitors, because in the end they impose themselves as masters on those before whom they parade themselves as liberators."

Quite a mouthful for New Delhi, what?

When Thieves Fall Out

WHEN thieves fall out, it is said, honest men come into their own. Hope of such a denouement is aroused by the colourful reports in the press of the unholy row that took place during the Congress Working Committee meeting in Delhi on October 6 between Mr. Jagjivan Ram, the Defence Minister, on one side and the communist fellow traveller, Mr. K. D. Malaviya, on the other. It appears that Mr. Jagjivan Ram was riled by the repeated references to the concern felt by the ruling junta for the "weaker sections" of society.

IN THIS ISSUE

With Suzanne Labin's article "Goa: The End of the Hashish Trail" (*Freedom First* April) ringing in his ears, our Associate Editor took the occasion of a trip to Goa to offer his two cents' worth of profundity on what Gertrude Stein may well have called "the lost generation." Lost and, if we may go a step further, forgotten.

Student Chitra Sen gives us a peek into the fascinating world of numbers where one plus one equals one. Confused? Read about the Möbius Strip.

Sujata Manohar, Anil Dharkar and M. P. Appachu contribute book reviews.

Unable evidently to stomach these hypocritical professions any more, the Harijan leader flatly alleged that references to the weaker sections were being made *ad nauseam* because the Congress Party had not done anything tangible to improve their living conditions. Mr. Jagjivan Ram, according to press reports, "flew into a rage and asked the Congress Party not to trade in the name of the weaker sections, but to do something positive and early to help them."

In case any one thought that this chastisement would induce some shame among this new class of exploiters, he must have been disillusioned a few days later during the AICC session in Gandhinagar. Members of the AICC who heard Mr. Ram make a plea for the observance of the utmost austerity in view of the unsatisfactory food situation in the country were invited that evening to a dinner at which two thousand persons including Prime Minister Indira Gandhi were present. The dinner, according to a news agency report from Gandhinagar on October 9, was a "lavish" affair with no less than a dozen courses. Jai Babuji! Jai Hind!

Sterile

THE mule has been described as a creature which has no ancestry and no hope of posterity. A new specimen of this species has been created by the



"A hundred times I've told you—Garibi Hatao!
Why don't you do it?"

—Courtesy: STIR

decision of the Pradesh Council of the Union Territory of Arunachal Pradesh at its first meeting in Shillong on October 6 to name the capital of the territory "Indira Giri".

Since nothing in this country can hope to compete for sheer sterility with the authorities in New Delhi, the naming of this latest monstrosity is not at all inappropriate. It is even possible that the present disastrous period in Indian history will come to be known as the "Indira Giri" period.

P. M. Locked Out

ACCORDING to a news item, a locked door with nobody to open it greeted Mrs. Indira Gandhi when she reached her room in the VIP Guest House at Gandhinagar on 8th October. "As Mrs. Gandhi flamed with anger," says the report, "the lock was snapped open." Immediately, inquiries were set in train by her security men to ascertain the origin of this unpardonable mischief. The result of these inquiries has not yet been published, but *Freedom First* would like to contribute its own solution. Guess who? The CIA, of course!

Sucking Up to Amin

WE had drawn attention last month to New Delhi's softness towards President Amin of Uganda and had suggested that this might be the result of Moscow describing as "anti-imperialist" the antics of this "Black Hitler", as Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the British Liberal leader, has described him.

Now comes further corroboration of our thesis. New Delhi has sunk even lower. President Giri, who was the target of Amin's monstrous charges of an Indian invasion, during his state visit to Tanzania, has sent greetings and good wishes to President Amin on the anniversary of Ugandan Independence.

Does diplomacy really dictate licking the jack boot with which one is being kicked?

Stir

RAJINDER PURI, the cartoonist, has done it again. With his restless urge for editing, he has started a new weekly called *Stir* published from Delhi.

Puri is a superb cartoonist and the cartoon on this page is reduced from a powerful full page picture in his new magazine. The article on the end of Mrs. Gandhi's run of good luck which it accompanies is entitled: "Where Is That Magic Gone?"

To echo the words of a popular tune, the answer seems to her "Far, Far Away".

NUMERICALLY SPEAKING

Chitra Sen

HAVE you ever come across a one-sided strip of paper? It is more than a mere abstraction in a book of pure mathematics. In fact it can be very easily constructed: If you take a strip of paper, it is obvious that it has two sides, i.e. it has two separate plane surfaces. Now, give it a twist, and gum the two ends together. Count the number of sides now. One. Still unconvinced? Take a pencil and start drawing a line down the centre of the strip. You will find that the unbroken line you have drawn will at length join up with where it was begun and will then have run along the middle of any "side" you may look at.

What you have in your hands is the Möbius strip. It is perhaps one of the best-known curiosities in the field of Topology, a comparatively new field of special geometry. The Möbius strip has just one side and only one edge. When a cut is made around the middle of a Möbius strip, it may be expected to divide the strip in two. What actually happens is not two strips but a two-sided strip of paper, half the width and twice the length of the original. Mathematicians explain it by saying that since the Möbius strip has just one edge, the cut adds a second edge—and a second side.

Still interested? Cut a Möbius strip into thirds and see what happens.

First introduced by the German mathematician and astronomer Augustus Ferdinand Möbius, the strip has always fascinated laymen. A limerick celebrated its unexpected properties.

"A mathematician confined
That a Möbius band is one-sided
And you'll get quite a laugh
If you cut one in half
For it stays in one piece when divided"

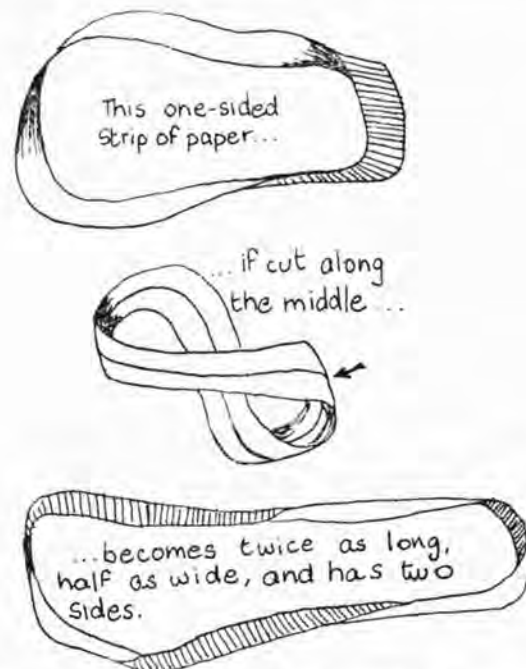
Another mathematician, Felix Klein, borrowed Möbius's idea and constructed a bottle with only one surface—an outside, but no inside. If it could be cut in half, lengthwise, it would form two Möbius strips.

No one will see an actual Klein bottle, because it passes through itself without a hole, which is of course a physical impossibility. It exists only in the topologist's imagination. It has had its share of the limerick writer's attention.

"A mathematician named Klein
Thought the Möbius band was divine.
Said he, 'If you glue
The edges of two
You'll get a weird bottle like mine.'"

As the fields of mathematics go, topology is very new, having been developed as a specific study only a little over a hundred years ago. Generally speaking,

it is concerned with shapes and surfaces, assigning a genus to each type of shape, depending roughly on the number of holes in the object. Thus a sphere, cube, or any other solid has a genus 0, a ring, a doughnut and a teacup, genus 1, spectacle frames genus 2, and so on. Topologists amuse themselves by speculating on the number of colours required for maps drawn on various surfaces—they have proved that a map drawn on a Möbius strip needs six colours to differentiate each country from its immediate neighbours, and that one drawn on a torus (the doughnut shape) needs seven. But so far they have been unable to prove what cartographers have already known for centuries—that four colours are enough for maps drawn on flat surfaces and spheres. They are at present trying to draw a flat map that needs five colours, so far unsuccessfully. Other topological concerns include mazes and Jordan curves and things twisted beyond recognition. And if no practical applications emerge, of course, the mental callisthenics are their own reward, an attitude common enough in the realm of pure mathematics.



Let us now consider another aspect of the science of mathematics, one a little more familiar than the exotic abstractions of recent years. The origin of the use of numbers is lost, as the cliché goes, in antiquity. But they still manage to astound us. How many times do we encounter such impossible-to-imagine numbers

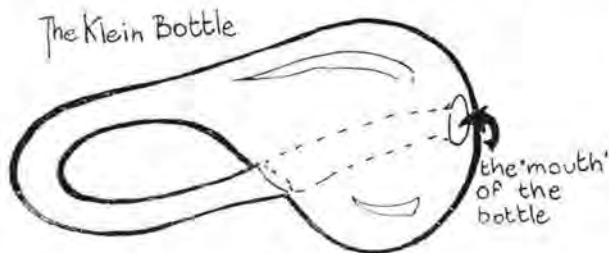
as trillions or quintillions or octo-vingitillions? Unless one is an astronomer by profession such numbers bear no relevance to our everyday lives. But they make interesting topics for a moment's thought.

Suppose you had a piece of paper one-fourhundredth of an inch thick, and you doubled it over fifty times, how thick would the resulting wad be? Would you believe the answer is approximately thirty-eight million miles?

Suppose you were seventeen years old and decided to count up to a billion. You would count one count every second without stopping to eat or sleep, and by the time you had finished, you would be in your late forties.

Fantastic? But very true. Calculate for yourself.

There is of course that famous story about the man who invented chess. It bears retelling: Its location shifts according to the inclination of the narrator, but the story goes that the king of the land, extremely pleased with the game, asked the inventor to name his own reward. Very modestly the man asked for one grain of wheat for the first square of the chess board, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, doubling the squares each time until all sixty-four squares were accounted for. The king, delighted at the humbleness of the request, asked the keeper of the Granary to work this out. And he found, to the Royal chagrin, that the amount requested exceeded the country's complete harvest and would take a few hundred years to grant. In fact it is far in excess of the annual world output at present. In round numbers the "modest" request amounts to approximately 17,382,000,000,000 bushels of wheat.



However this is mere peanuts as far as numbers go. Consider a more staggering number—the mass of the sun in grams. It works out to something like 19×10^{33} which is 19 with 32 zeros after it. And if that seems large, do you know Eddington's estimate of the number of electrons in the universe? Somewhere around 157×10^{77} or if you want the exact number as Eddington calculated it, 15, 747, 724, 136, 275, 002, 577, 605, 653, 961, 181, 555, 468, 044, 717, 914, 527, 116, 709, 366, 231, 425, 076, 185, 631, 031, 296.

And before we proceed to something else, let us consider a real giant. It is purely a number, so large to apply to anything practical. It can be written as 99^9 which is nine multiplied by itself 387,420,489, times.

Written down, the number would stretch to a thousand miles, and to read it would take more than a week. Nobody knows what it is, except that it begins with 428,124... and ends with 89. It is more than four million times the number of electrons in the universe, which we have just been talking about.

And after this little exercise in imagining the super-heroes of the numerical world, let us consider the influence of numbers in a rather unexpected field, art. Euripides once said "Mighty are numbers, joined with art, resistless."

Mathematics has influenced art since ancient times. Even Nature reveals mathematical precision in her own artistic work. The double spiral of the daisy head, the chambered nautilus shell or even the horns of wild sheep are examples of logarithmic spirals. The petals of flowers and the bodies of starfish are arranged in regular polygons. The regular hexagon seems to be a special favourite of nature—in snow crystals, in the cells of the beetle's eye, and in the comb of the honey bee.

To consider the artistic work of our own species: the close relationship between artistic perspective and mathematics has been investigated often enough, a Renaissance stalwart wrote a thesis on the subject. Certain proportions and shapes which are thought to be particularly pleasing to the eye are called divine, such as the golden section and the golden rectangle. The ancient Greeks and many later masters made prolific use of these concepts, sometimes quite unconsciously. The Parthenon of Athens for example, fits almost precisely into a Golden Rectangle, once the ruined triangular pediment is accounted for.

Closer to our own time, Professor Birkhoff of Harvard gave a formula for aesthetic measure: $M = O/C$ where O represents the order of the object, C its complexity, and M its aesthetic measure. The greater the numerator and the smaller the denominator of O/C the greater the aesthetic value; or, concretely, order enhances and complexity detracts from aesthetic appeal. The formula has not yet gained widespread acceptance, but Professor Birkhoff applied it to a great variety of aesthetic objects. Coleridge's "Xanadu" received the highest poetic rating.

One can go on and on, for the field of mathematics is infinite. It is one subject about which one can truly say that there will still be something new to discover even at the end of time. It can be purely scientific, artistic, mystic, or somewhere in between. One cannot help wondering if it is an absolute subject, which would hold true even beyond our blinkered, relative world. And since the few calculations that we have made about phenomena of the universe, such as time, space and energy seem to be correct, we are tempted to think that perhaps it is true. And that perhaps, eventually it will help us to find the ultimate truth of the universe.

Letter

ABOUT MINES

THE Government is introducing some mining legislation which will increase its powers, without materially improving either the efficiency or output of mines. The new Minister for Steel & Mines has already shown his inclinations in no uncertain manner by "take overs" of coking coal mines, Indian Copper Corporation and Indian Iron & Steel Co. within one year. But Government does not seem to be satisfied with this. The proposed amendments to the Mines & Minerals (Regulation & Development) Act, 1957 would empower the Central Government to cancel any mining lease at any time, and direct that lease to be transferred to a Government enterprise. This can be done whenever the Central Government feels it "expedient... to do so". This is the crux of the matter, namely that the Government will not have to justify its actions either in Parliament or in Court.

There are an incredible number of mining leases in the country. In some cases, single *districts* such as Bellary or Bhilwara may have 500 or more mining leases, valid for 20 years. When a man gets this lease, and not earlier, he can develop the mine, install equipment and extract the mineral. Now it is obvious that by the time the owner recoups his investment and begins to make some profits, three or four years must elapse. Under the proposed amendment, the Centre can terminate his lease and acquire a fully-prospected and developed mine for its pampered Public Sector. Is this fair?

The matter goes deeper. A whole industry may be based on a good mining lease. Large cement plants and steel plants are one example. But even in the small-scale sector, potteries or refractory works are based on good deposits of the right type of clay. Paints and pigment manufactures depend on the right type of minerals for their raw materials. Chemical plants need high-grade limestone. The Government could penalise any of these entrepreneurs by merely cutting off their supply of ores and minerals.

Another danger would be to the small or medium mine-owner who is efficient. Take iron-ore or manganese-ore as examples. A day may arrive when state-owned companies engaged in mining these ore find it difficult to compete with private mines: presto, the private lease could be transferred to a Government agency. More than anything else, uncertainty of mining rights will discourage development of the industry. Who will spend good time and money if the fruits might be snatched away by others? Non-coking coal mines are already showing the ill-effects of this uncertainty.

The foregoing does not mean that private mine-owners are all angels. They indulge in malpractices

MY BABUJEE DAYS

WHAT the "free" Indian press failed to mention when our beloved Garibi Hatao Prime Minister visited the Indian Institute of Technology campus at Powai was the inconvenience caused to students and the huge expenditure entailed. Unofficial sources put the amount spent as high as a lakh of rupees for an hour and a half! A section of the students running tracks was converted into helipads. A metal road was laid over the volleyball field to connect the helipads to the speaker's dais. The main hall where an exhibition was held was repainted, the wooden doors varnished and the toilets renovated. Parents who wished to attend the function were told only one parent could attend as MPs from New Delhi and other flotsam would be present. Lamenting the state of affairs, the IIT magazine *Technik* carried the following poem entitled *My Babujee Days*

(Sung, in fond memory of that hectic tenth Annual Convocation, to the tune of "My Favourite Things")

Helipads on pitches, new basins for bathrooms,
Bright yellow colours, sports totally doomed,
White metal Chevie hired for Mataji today
These are a few memories of my Babujee days.
Pink coloured chairs and red carpet treatment
Well mowed lawns, all for one convocation.
Smart little boys that greet you on the way
These are a few memories of my Babujee days.

Girls in colourful saris with blue and red badges.
Raindrops that stay on my nose and eyelashes
Black—thundering clouds that upset all my
Congressmen
These are a few memories of my Babujee days.

When the 'copter whirs,
When the courts are submerged,
When I'm feeling wet
I simply remember my Babujee days
And then I don't feel so hep.

of many and devious kinds. They cheat on grades in order to save on Royalty, they mine outside their limits, they carry out unscientific mining, and they rob neighbouring properties. Some tricks are well-known, others not so common. Such parties must be punished, and the country's mineral resources should be conserved. But the existing legislation is quite sufficient for this purpose. It has to be enforced carefully and strictly.

It is probable that the proposed main amendment will be questioned in Court if it is enacted into law. The Central Government would do well to reconsider the matter.

DINESH C. KALE

Reviews

Mao's Revolution and the Chinese Political Culture

by Richard H. Solomon, (University of California Press, Indian Agents — Oxford University Press 604 pp. Rs. 70).

THIS study of China and her twentieth century revolution has taken almost ten years to prepare. The result is monumental, both in weight and detail.

To make things easier for the casual reader, the book has been divided into four self-contained parts. Themes central to the study are repeated through each section. Although this results in a certain amount of recurring material, it assists the reader who takes up each part separately.

Part One of the book explores Chinese education — at home and at school. The second part elaborates upon the themes developed in the first and describes the end result of this education: the attitude of the Chinese adult to social life and politics. Part Three is an analysis of Mao Tse-tung's political attitudes and style of action during the revolutionary struggle for power. The final section describes the period from Mao's attainment of national leadership to the time when the book was written — 1969. Taken together, the four parts present a picture of China's traditions and culture and Mao's struggle against them. Mao's leadership has been more than political — he has not only led the Chinese but tried to change their very character.

"Confucius he say..." is guaranteed *not* to raise a smile from Chairman Mao: Chinese culture till now was based on Confucian thought and Confucian political order. Filial piety is the starting point of this order—

"The filial piety with which the superior man serves his parents may be transferred as loyalty to the ruler; the fraternal duty with which he serves his elder brother may be transferred as submissive deference to elders; [and] his regulation of his family may be transferred as good government in any official position."

(From *Hsiao Ching*, Classic of Filial Piety.)

Thus proper political leadership remained rooted in its original social context — "The ruler, without going beyond the family, completes the lessons for the state" and "wishing to order well his state, he first regulates his family."

The emperor was thus seen as "the Son of Heaven" while local functionaries were called "father-mother" officials. The cultural contrast between Western and Confucian concepts is illustrated by the Oedipus myth and its Chinese counterpart of *Hsüeh*. It is *Hsüeh* the

father, not the son, who leaves the family to make his fortune; and it is the father who kills the son unrecognised, in an encounter over prestige. Oedipus, by Confucian standards, was a most unfilial son even before killing his father.

The Chinese have, therefore, been guided over the centuries by the principle of *Ch'ih-k'ü*, (Eat Bitterness). The young did not release their feelings of aggression against authoritative individuals. A Chinese peasant interprets the Confucian ideal of "self-cultivation" thus —

"(How does one become a cultivated person?)

You have to be patient and yielding.

(When you get mad what do you do?)

I very seldom get mad; I swallow my anger, put it in my stomach.

(What do you do when you try to control your anger?)

Nothing in particular, just 'eat a loss'."

The Chinese readily acknowledge the pain of childhood disciplining, but strong authority is accepted as a source of personal security. Filiality is seen by the author as a "security pact, a social contract between the generations: Parents 'agree' to nurture, protect and discipline the child when he is a vulnerable infant so that he may mature; and the child in return 'agrees' to remain dependent within the family to care for those who raised him."

Mao himself had a strict upbringing against which he rebelled. He saw the submission to authority, so strongly entrenched in Chinese culture, as the weakness which had enabled its peasants to be exploited for so long. Mao began to teach the Chinese the art of *Su-k'ü* ("Speak Bitterness"). According to him it was *Su-k'ü* which "won over most villages to us during the Civil War in the 40's. In encouraging peasants to "speak of the bitterness" or "vomit the bitter water", he was asking them, not only to become more politically conscious, but to throw off their entire Confucian tradition. *Su-k'ü* meetings were held throughout the country. Initially the peasants had to be stage-managed to speak against the landlord brought to trial in a people's court, (there was the old fear of reprisal) but once the ice was broken, the articulation of discontent became more forceful. Articulation even through slogans is the beginning of perception, and perception is the beginning of action to change the established order.

Although Mao has been successful to some extent, the author's view is that his efforts have met with a great deal of resistance, even from within the party. This is why he has tried to promote his Cultural Revolution through the student generation. Presumably they are liberated, to some extent, from their cultural inheritance. It is a sign of Mao's partial failure (or lack of total success) that in the "Cultural Revolution

conflict" the Red Guards were less than ideal students of his thought.

It is necessary to describe the author's methodology. This book was written before the present thaw and because of this Professor Solomon has not been able to go to China. He has used the technique of social science analysis to come to his conclusions on Mao's revolution. This consisted of interviews using "controlled sampling procedures and structural questioning", "psychological projective tests" and analysis of published material.

The interviewees were *emigrés* in Taiwan and Hong Kong, and their attitudes were compared with those of several hundred Chinese university and high school students. Professor Solomon is aware that *emigrés* are not the most unbiased people. To minimise the biases, as wide a sample as possible was taken. A suitable 'spread' has been obtained over region of origin, age and education. And the basic test of reliability which the author has used is "whether our interview data is supported by a variety of independent sources of information about Chinese social attitudes and behavioural patterns."

The book is illustrated. There is a photograph of Chairman Mao looking inscrutably immobile and upto his neck in water, during his celebrated swim in the Yantze. Confucian filial piety is illustrated by "Old Age", an ivory carving depicting a daughter offering her breast to her aged father, and an adaptation of a 2nd Century stone engraving showing the Confucian

exemplar Lao Lai-tzu who "donned children's clothes and played games to amuse his aged parents."

ANIL DHARKER

Fundamental Rights and the Citizen

Edited by S. P. Aiyar and S. V. Raju. Academic Books Ltd. Rs. 27.50 pp. 242.

NO legislation in recent history has aroused as much public controversy as the 24th and 25th Constitution Amendment Bill, 1971. The former, popularly known as Nath Pai's Bill, had been on the anvil for sometime, while the latter was formulated after the landslide election victory of the Indira Congress in 1971. "Fundamental Rights and the Citizen" edited by S. P. Aiyar and S. V. Raju ably succeeds in capturing the spirit of controversy raging at the time of passing of these bills.

The book comes alive with the moods and emotions of the participants in the debate, Subba Rao, N. A. Palkhivala, M. R. Masani and others who fear for the liberties of Indian Citizens, the anguished cry of Nayantara Sehgal who cannot understand how abolishing fundamental rights will lead to economic prosperity, and the heated support to the bills given by M. V. Paranjape, Rajni Patel, Indrajit Gupta and others, who concentrate more on attacking the judiciary and "packing" the Supreme Court than on defending the

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provisions of the Bills. The legal background necessary for appreciating the arguments for and against the bills is provided mainly by the articles of S. P. Sathe, V. Shankar and a note by T. R. Andhyarujina. Since a legal background is essential for understanding the arguments for and against the Bills, it is a pity that a detailed note on the legal background and history explaining the *raison d'être* of the bills is not included in the compilation.

Surprisingly the only balanced argument in support of the bill comes in the form of a speech in Parliament by Indira Gandhi. She says:

"A controversy has been generated as regards the supremacy of Parliament against the supremacy of the Constitution, as if these two were distinct concepts mutually exclusive and even perhaps antagonistic; those who describe the issue in this manner conveniently forget that our constitution was drafted on the fundamental assumption that our people owed unalterable allegiance to the principles of democracy. Therefore, this faith in our people permeates in our constitution.

"Several Honourable Members have spoken of the confrontation between Parliament and the judiciary. There need not be a confrontation and I think that to create an atmosphere of confrontation does not do us much good... My endeavour has been to educate the public and strengthen the people, so that they themselves will not permit any curtailment of their rights."

The question remains, is it advisable to remove constitutional protection now available to our people who are illiterate and ill informed or wait till they are sufficiently educated to assert their rights.

The constitutional amendments are a direct result of a judgment delivered by the Supreme Court in the case of *Golak Nath v. State of Punjab* in 1967 in which the Supreme Court, for the first time, interpreted the word "law" occurring in Article 13 of the Constitution to include legislation amending the Constitution, and concluded that just as any law passed by Parliament violating fundamental rights was invalid, any constitutional amendment abridging fundamental rights would also be invalid. The Court was acutely aware of the various problems it created for itself by this interpretation. What would happen to the several previous amendments to fundamental rights upheld by it in the past and the land reform legislation which rested on it, how could any curtailment of fundamental rights, particularly right to property, take place in future, whether a constituent assembly would have to be convened and how. However, in the changed political atmosphere of 1967, the Supreme Court obviously felt that this interpretation of the Constitution was necessary to protect the citizens against opportunist politicians. The decision was hailed in the press as championing individual liberty. Unfortunately, a

political judgment invited political retribution and Parliament asserted itself against a politically defenceless judiciary by reasserting its right to curtail fundamental rights. It went much further and by inserting article 31(c) to the Constitution provided that any bill seeking to implement certain directive principles could violate fundamental rights with impunity. The elected representatives of the people showed their allergy to the judiciary by declaring that no such bill can be examined by any Court to ascertain whether it in fact implements any directive principle of State policy. In spite of overwhelming opposition to article 31(c) from the educated public, the bill was easily passed in Parliament. For both the bills, the Government claimed a mandate from the masses. If one looks at the election manifestos and speeches delivered during the last general election, the claim appears just. The bills are therefore an eye-opener to the educated Indians who have in many ways insulated themselves from the masses and have failed to convince them of the dangers inherent in the two amending bills.

The book contains an excellent introduction to the controversy giving detailed analysis of views on both sides. It concludes "It is not our contention that the constitution does not need any modification whatsoever... In the context of India's poverty and the vast disparities of wealth, the pursuit of egalitarianism is both necessary and inevitable, but it is not necessary to pursue it with disregard for the conditions of freedom stated in the Constitution of India."

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The first and the most interesting part of the book is called "The Debate". It is a compilation of articles that appeared in the press on these bills and speeches delivered at seminars and in Parliament.

Part two contains "views that matter" ranging from those of J. C. Shah and B. P. Sinha to C. Rajagopalachari, R. S. Gae and A. B. Shah. Editorial comments in various newspapers and periodicals form a separate section while Readers' Views in the form of letters to the press bring the book to a close.

If we exclude the Hindu Code Bill, no other piece of legislation has aroused as much public debate as the two constitution amendment bills. As a valuable record of this rare phenomenon the book is certainly worth possessing.

SUJATA MANOHAR

Price Trends in India

By Suraj Bhan Agrawal, Ph.D., Sultan Chand & Sons, Rs. 25, pp. 234.

AFTER two decades of planning in India, the economic barometer continues to show an upward trend in the price level. This adversely affects the development and welfare of the country and makes social justice and eradication of poverty a near impossibility.

Dr. Suraj Bhan Agrawal of the Faculty of Commerce, Delhi University, in his book 'Price Trends In India', highlights the inflationary trends in commodity prices in the Indian Economy and their repercussions on the structure and pattern of growth. The book financed by the U.G.C. under a publication grant by the Indian Council of Social Science Research, has many commendable aspects.

The twelve Chapters, forty-five tables along with five graphs, speak of the statistical data collected from authentic sources. The author has examined and analysed the various aspects of price trends, causes of inflationary trends in prices, statistical coverage of the three consumer price indices and also a mention of the current issues like high taxation, tax evasion and black money. The wholesale price trends in food articles and other commodity groups handled upto the mid-fourth plan period presents a graphic picture. Credit also goes to the author for being critical about the anti-inflationary and other measures adopted by the Government and for suggesting a positive price policy for future planning.

The book seems to have suffered the impact of inflation as it is priced at Rs. 25/-. In the world of paperback books, this could be a valuable addition, enabling the student community to benefit from this worthwhile venture.

M. P. APPACHU

YOGIS AT CHOWPATTY BEACH

Alan Ross

Only their heads are visible
As if decapitated, or on cocktail sticks,
Bodies in coffins of sand, beards floating.
It is a way of detachment. Bhelpuri stalls,
Lentils and chutney under glass, herbs, onions,
Their awnings striping the beach
Like bathing huts, do not disturb them
They are immune to the smells of spices.

The ocean is bronze, the horses
And cows plodding its edge, black.
Tonight, sunset has silenced politics,
There are no speakers
In the shadow of Tilak, stone orator,
No cries of corruption, fist-shakings.

Instead, the dynamic of silence,
Verticle yellow disposed
By saddhus. On Tilak
Marigold wreaths are bruised to saffron.
And, hoisting their dhotis,
Clerks open umbrellas as insurance,
Wading to a backcloth of dhows, -
The Arabian sea under surveillance.

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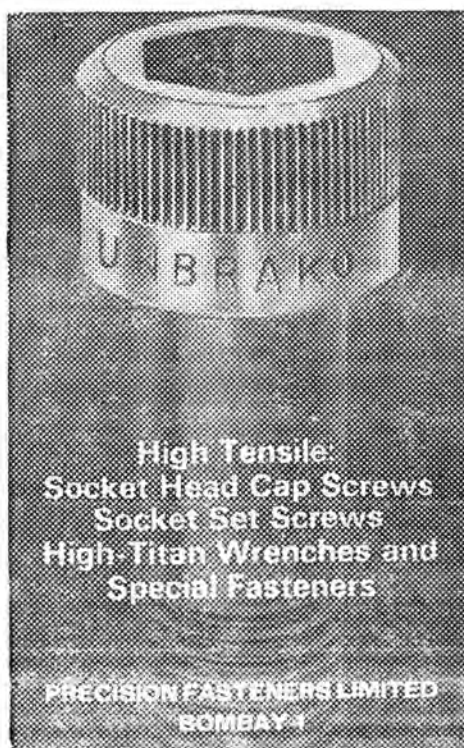
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WHEN DID ELIZABETH DIE?—Continued from page 1

on to Japan to teach English. He had received many rides from Indian truck drivers and though he speaks no Indian language, this didn't prevent the truckers from chatting away and breaking bread with him. We let John off in Panjim so he could search for his girl and loaned him some money to pull through till he did, and gave him our posh address in Calengute so he could get in touch with us to return the loan (ho, ho, ho).

Butterfly

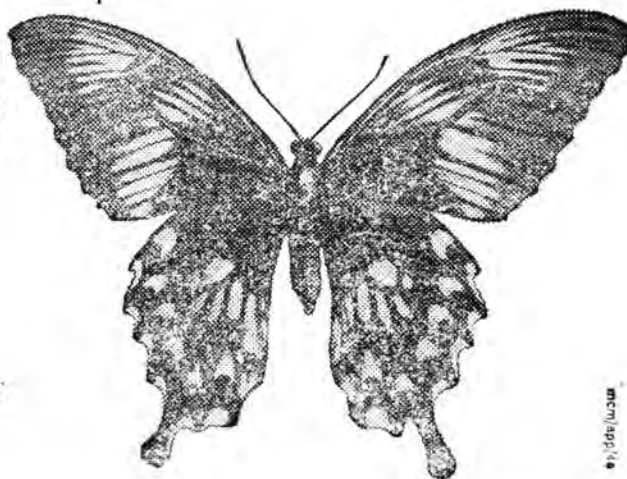
The long and winding drive from Panjim across a spanking new bridge to Calengute takes under 20 minutes and passes through villages, green fields (don't know of what), palm trees, a grand old house or two, churches, and a majestic seminary in splendid isolation atop a hill. After passing through downtown Calengute which comprises of a cluster of shanty street shops, a bank, post office, a gas station, and the ubiquitous church (some saint is always being feasted), we arrived at the Tourist Resort Hotel bang on the beach. On emerging from the car we were greeted by the legendary "James Bond Butterfly" ("Don't Cry"), the Goan hippie who is fast becoming a leading figure in counter-culture mythology. James, who once said: "I've seen the whole world and I didn't like it." James whose real name is Antoni

but sometimes claims to be Lawrence of Arabia and says he's married to a Viet Cong, who if he were shorter and stouter would pass for Edward G. Robinson. Compared to last year this time, friends say he's looking good with his scraggly moustache and french beard and his shredded, short, faded, blue jeans that are constantly waging a battle with the forces of gravity and are precariously held in place by a coarse string that he tightens every now and then after giving them an upward wrench. For our benefit James explained he had hob-nobbed with the best and flown bomber missions over Vietnam. Proudly he'd point to a tattooed butterfly on his shoulder and say: "I'm Butterfly, don't cry baby." If it's Butterfly this must be Calengute and so we had finally arrived at the winter hippie capital of Asia.

After that rousing reception we proceeded to the Sea View Restaurant for a late lunch. While waiting for fish curry and rice we sat back and stared hypnotically at one of the most beautiful beaches in the world, a dazzling white surf, clear green waters, in which you can stand shoulder high and still see your feet, golden sand and best of all almost deserted. The trance was broken by the arrival of food. The curry which cost Rs. 2.25 was a tomatoe soup red and had two minuscule objects floating in its wake. These turned out to be the fish of the fish curry. On a side plate was a more substantial piece of fish, some vegetable and maybe

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a chutney. While thus munching, a matronly native who is referred to as "Aunty" planted herself next to us and after securing a rather dubious rapport said she had lost a hundred rupee note and requested anyone who found it to let her have it. She then had the temerity to ask us for a rupee. All conversation ceased and she reluctantly left, the restaurant manager and his invective convoying her departure.

On the other side of the sandy path that runs adjacent to the Sea View Hotel and leads to the beach is the government Tourist Resort Hotel, a three-storied, rectangular, cement monolith, characteristic of the architecture that mars the Indian landscape. But at Rs. 8 a single and Rs. 10 a double the aesthetic discomfort is worthwhile. A restaurant is located on the ground floor but is not as popular with the counter-culture as the Sea View. Most of the hippies we saw around were robust and no doubt, wellfed, no festering sores or dandruff. They'd sit and play cards after dinner or drink peacefully and occasionally some one would produce a guitar and there would be music. But come closing time one or the other would always be engaged in a heated debate with the manager over some trivial matter concerning the bill or some food or drink order.

Dear John

A mile up the beach is an inlet formed by the juncture of the beach and a dark hill. On top of the hill is a monastery and a mile beyond is Anjuna beach which because of its relative inaccessibility is more popular with the hard-core hippies. Our first attempt to reach Anjuna failed miserably. Half of us cut our feet on the sharp rocks while crossing the inlet and were roasted in the noon day sun as we were in swimsuits and barefoot. Limping back we spied our first nude hippies, a couple, seated next to a fishing boat. They fitted right into the background for the fisherfolk mainly wear loin clothes. It was we in our swimsuits and towels who appeared foreign. Trudging into the Sea View who should we see but Smiling John. After making himself comfortable at our table and ordering lunch, he related how his girl had up and left him, taking "his" \$450 and leaving only his passport and a "Dear John" note. So another romance on the rocks and no word on our little loan to him and his lunch tab on our bill to boot. He'd make a great finance minister.

That evening, sipping Golconda brandy on the back foyor of the Tourist Resort (shades of Hemingway), we chatted with Wilfred, a local youth who dropped out of college when funds got low and started selling home-made cakes to visitors to meet tuition fees. Willy said about 80 hippies have died on Calengute and surrounding beaches, mostly from overdoses (OD) of drugs, since Calengute became fashionable in the freaked-out world. Ninety per cent of the hippies are

in transit. They come when winter frosts Europe and it's too cold to sleep out in Kathmandu. Through Afghanistan, from the northern provinces, from the Middle East and Far East, they trickle into Goa and flood it by Christmas.

The Goans react to the invaders with benign neglect and amusement. They believe as the hippies do, live and let live. The fishermen are more concerned with their catch than nude hippies frolicing in the waters. But let a group of red blooded, all-Indian, fun loving young men show up and the Ugly Indian emerges. They cluster around the bikini clad, pass snide comments, stare, shout, whistle, obstruct the ocean view of those who are seated and then to top it all insist on having their picture taken with the *heepies*. But all in good fun. Not that the westerners are without fault. One night we witnessed a huge blond youth tugging a saree clad native by the hand toward the beach. She seemed to be in two minds about her predicament but half-way decided it wasn't kosher, slapped her beau in the face, pulled away and tearfully fled.

Our second attempt at Anjuna partly failed as darkness was descending. Three ventured on and three returned. I was among the latter. Lolling in the warm inlet waters, waiting for the others, John of the Woeful Countenance approached. He had been shot at. He and a friend had climbed up to the monastery on the dark hill with hopes of spending the night there. A German who resided there told them he had rented the place and they couldn't stay. How, asked John, could he rent a monastery? What transpired next has still to be determined, but according to John "this crazy jerk starts screaming at us to get out and then runs in and comes out with a gun." Two shots later John and his friend were scampering down the hill. The man took John's chintzy Rampuri knife which he had bought in Afghanistan, so John said. Some of the people on the beach who heard the shots advised John to lodge a complaint with the police but Long John just sat on the sand and looked out at the sea.

Anjuna or Bust

Our third attempt at Anjuna succeeded, mainly because we took the car to the village and then walked the short distance to the beach. It was worth the wait: a deserted, golden beach with no strong undercurrents or ugly cement structures, an ideal place for the sea to meet the shore. Anjuna also has its Sea View restaurant, a thatched straw shack with three wooden tables, benches and a greyish white knapsack hung up, for sale (Rs. 10 contact Dreicter or some name like that). From the restaurant you can see youthful nudes swimming or walking around on the beach. When they approach the restaurant they put on their skimpy loin cloth or dress. While we ate, a lean but muscular long-hair appeared and sat on the table opposite. He had on a loin cloth and some beads round his neck

and a drooping moustache that made him look a cross between a hun and a sadhu. He looked pensively at the green waters and the breaking surf and said nothing. A more robust and light haired hippie joined him. After a greeting nod and a few words each was lost in his own thoughts. At our raucous table, someone was extemporating on the finer points of coconut eating. Noting the indifferent if not condescending manner in which hippies treat most Indian tourists, some one griped "they (the hippies) think Goa belongs to them." Said the coconut expert: "Goa belongs to India and India belongs to the world." The proprietor of the restaurant, a retired civil servant from the British days in Africa, spoke about the days when Goa belonged to the Portuguese. If a Portuguese official came to your place you snapped to attention and saluted and said yes sir and if you were caught stealing you were sentenced to 12 or 20 years (can't remember which) in jail. But the judges were fair and food was plentiful and cheap. Now if an Indian official comes around they tell him to cool it and that this is a free country and so on. Above the din of voices I eyed the lip movements of the two long hairs opposite and strained to hear what they were saying.

Lest We Forget

"When did Elizabeth die?" asked the lean one. The other looked at him with the same expression on his face and said he didn't know Elizabeth had died. The other nodded. "OD?" Again a nod. Then they were silent again. Now as a duty-bound journalist I should have whipped out my little pad and ferreted information on who Elizabeth was, what she did, where she was from. I should have interviewed friends and written to her parents and high school and then written a moving piece on the tragedy of it all. But there with that sunny beach, the cool sea breeze, the absence of deadlines and worldly worries, obligations and responsibilities one tends to look at things philosophically. After all, what did it matter that Elizabeth was dead? Had the Sea View shut down? Had the tide refused to come in or go out? Had her untimely departure inconvenienced anyone? Did anyone outside of Anjuna know of her death or care? For all practical purposes, Elizabeth is hopefully buried and forgotten. She was lucky. She doesn't have to return to Bombay and carry on the relentless battle against bankruptcy, boredom, dissipation and temptation. She does not have to worry like the other hippies whether money will come to support their eating, drinking and drugs. Because, for all their renunciation of worldly goods and responsibilities, they are still dependent on some external beings for their existence. Unlike the hero of Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha* who found the meaning of existence and his God, ferrying people across a river, these youths have no answer. They are

faced with a dilemma: now that nothing matters, now that there are no ties that bind, *what?* They can stay in Goa but, as one girl put it, "there's nothing to do here. I'm splitting."

On the morning we were to return somebody stole our remaining windshield wiper, the other having been stolen in Bombay the day prior to our departure. And to think barely a decade ago someone would have gone to jail over 12 years for that! Our trip back on the Mahad road was uneventful except that, after crossing the Thana creek bridge, when we paused to turn in our toll ticket counterfoil, a host of officials descended on us, flashlights in hand, demanding to know what we were carrying. Luggage. Trucks and cars were passing by probably carrying smuggled television sets, suitings, gold bars, crates of Scotch, and only *we* were stopped. We are in a democracy and so voiced our muted objections. We didn't have to kowtow or salute or snap to attention. Disappointed, they hadn't found whatever it is they were frantically searching for, they magnanimously waved us on. With a welcome like that, the traffic, the potholes, the stench in the air, the cacaphony of city streets, we knew we were back in the rat race and perhaps a tinge envious of Elizabeth.

For it's a far, far better thing to pass into transition from an overdose on an idyllic Konkani beach than it is to be killed in some idiot traffic accident.

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

Fortunately for its allies, in the United States presidential elections come only once every four years.

—*The Economist*, September 9.

An Irishman suggests only half in jest that non-Americans get a voice in selecting the American President.

—*U.S. News & World Report*, August 28.

For me, the great danger in Asia is not communism but nationalism

—Mrs. Indira Gandhi in *Times of India*,
September 22.

"Brazil is the country of the future, and always will be."

—Quoted in *Himmat*, September 1.

There appears to be a better crop of morchas and delegations than of jowar and bajra.

—Mr. V. P. Naik in *Sunday Standard*, September 10.

Communists offer not to seize power in South Vietnam.

—Headline in *Hindu*, October 6.

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A mood in Congress and in the country as a whole which resembles that of the American tycoon in the pre-war cartoon who, waving a cigar at the globe in his drawing room, says: "Get that damned thing out of here, it makes me nervous."

—*The Economist*, September 9.

After accepting the Government employees' demand for interim relief and the trade unions' demand for a minimum of 8.33 per cent bonus, the Union Cabinet today decided to work out a detailed strategy to fight inflation and the price rise.

—*Indian Express*, September 19.

The only real Central Intelligence Agency is the Prime Minister, who has all the Indian intelligence agencies under her control.

—George Fernandes in *Indian Express*, October 13.

The East Europeans are watching the growing Russian economic ties with the West with considerable amusement. This has yielded a number of jokes. According to one story, the Russians are about to give back their pre-revolutionary names to some of their cities. For example, Leningrad is to revert to Petrograd and Moscow will become Retrograd.

—*Statesman*, October 12.

The Indian empire was the employment exchange (if not also the playground) of an elite within British society.

—*The Economist*, September 16.

Bernard Shaw wrote letters as an art form of onslaught, judging his success by the cries of the wounded.

—M. Maddocks in *Time*, October 9.

Today she (the Prime Minister) is a viable entity. Tomorrow she might be a wasting asset.

—Frank Moraes in *Indian Express*, October 16.

The only consistent thing about Senator McGovern is his consistent inconsistency.

—Spiro Agnew in *Time*, October 16.

India offers farm know-how

—Headline in *Times of India*,
October 19.