

'A TALE OF TWO CITIES'

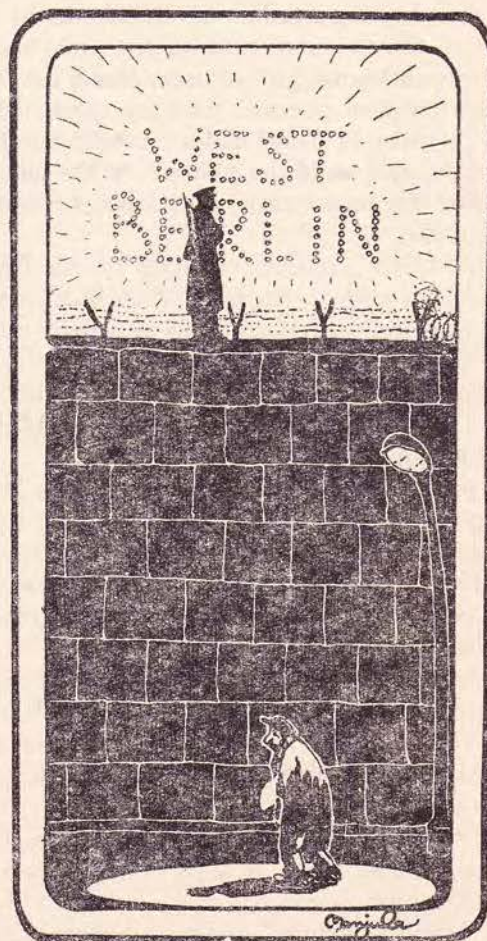
Manjula Padmanabhan

IF the World's great cities were stage personalities, Berlin would undoubtedly play the Tragic Muse. Here is a city isolated by its own boundaries, split in two by the perversities of international strife, a constant reminder of a thirty years old trauma. The very name Berlin conjures up visions of a grim wall, several metres high, embellished with guards and barbwire, the atmosphere charged with political tension.

West Berlin is anything but tragic. Its streets are bright, clean and colourful. City centres pulse with activity, the conservative facades of oldstyle buildings rub shoulders comfortably with unconventional modern constructions, wide esplanades are lined with gay shops and restaurants of every description. The wall, that focus of all attention, turns out to be little more than a very ordinary brick structure, which unobtrusively snakes in and out of the drabber sections of the city. In places it completely disappears; one suddenly becomes aware of a row of dismal buildings with their windows and doors bricked up, even as one is being told that this, too, is the Wall. In a more desolate locality, the street ends abruptly, with two roughly constructed platforms from which one can view the drab realities of East Berlin. Across an empty field where once had stood residential buildings, one sees old, dull tenements a few deserted streets stretching bleakly into the distance, and a child playing hopscotch alone. On the pavement on which one stands there are a couple of crude iron crosses, one caught in a web of barb wire, the other hung with a blackened iron wreath; at these sites East Berliners had jumped to their death in a desperate attempt to escape. One lingers a few minutes, and then the tourist bus whisks one away, the images fading as one passes through yet another charming residential area, with shaded lanes and little villas.

It was a long drive to Checkpoint Charlie on the grey Sunday morning that we decided to go into East Berlin. We were a group of five, myself, another Indian girl, a Swiss boy and a middle-aged West German couple who had offered to take us for a visit in their car. Being foreigners, the three of us were dropped

at the American aperture in the Wall while our friends proceeded the gate reserved for German citizens only. The road on either side was flanked by low white buildings with two rows of flimsy looking barricades barring the passage across. We went into the first entry and presented our passports to a



surly-looking officer behind glass. He neither smiled nor exchanged pleasantries as he solemnly checked us against our photographs. One could not help but notice the flakes of dandruff in his blond hair. In the next room there was a crowd of foreigners, mostly South

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Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



'Kerensky with a Monocle'

THIS is the apt title under which the *London Economist* has described the events in Portugal which have moved from white fascism to red fascism. This is a sad denouement for the hopes aroused by the liberation last April.

It must be conceded that the debacle has been caused not only by communist treachery, which is only to be expected, but the naivety of President Spínola. Inspired by the noble idea of restoring democracy in Portugal and giving freedom to the colonies in Africa, he allowed the communists to infiltrate into the ranks of the army and to hand over the peoples of the colonies to armed gangs of guerillas who are manipulated by the Soviet Union or China and are utterly unrepresentative of the peoples of the colonies. At the same time, he allowed the communists to capture strategic positions at home.

When at last President Spínola awoke from his dream, it was already too late. When he appealed to the silent majority to assert itself at a mass rally, his colleagues vetoed the meeting and allowed armed communist gangs to roam in the streets and make a *coup* which resulted in ousting Spínola and establishing a Marxist monopoly of the government.

In a pathetic broadcast on the eve of his 'resignation', Spínola attacked those who are trying to instal a 'new kind of slavery' in the name of a 'false democracy'. How reminiscent all this is of the way Lenin and his Bolsheviks made a *coup d'état* in Petrograd on November 7, 1917, and ousted Kerensky.

How long will it take for those like Spínola to recognise the nature of the communist beast and learn that communist parties are *not* political parties but a conspiratorial Fifth Column operating at the dictates of Moscow or Peking?

Those who rely on Foreign Minister Soares, who leads the Socialist Party, to save Portugal are relying on a broken reed. Soares has already declared himself to be a "Marxist-Leninist", and we all know what *that* means!

A communist dominated Portugal will be a dagger pointed at the heart of Western Europe and NATO.

Some day we in India too may have to pay for the respectability which the Prime Minister and the Press have given to the communists in this country. Witness

their recent performance about Krishna Menon and Dange.

Britain in "Lollipop Land"

SO the general elections in Britain have come and gone. There has been little change in the result except that Mr. Harold Wilson's Labour Government, which was a minority government, has now a magnificent majority of three over the other parties! It is a technical improvement which hardly justifies the cost and wear-and-tear of a general election.

From the economic point of view, a Labour Government with a majority is the worst of all possible solutions. Lord Robens, a former Labour Cabinet minister, said a week before the election that a majority Labour Government would take Britain "hell-bent down an economic path which this country will regret very much indeed."

Another commentator has observed that Harold Wilson is the only beneficiary in "Lollipop Land". By capitulating to the TUC, which is itself heavily infiltrated by the Communists, the Labour Government will inevitably open the floodgates of inflation wider. A major economic collapse in Britain is the likely result in 1975 or 1976. Two or three by-elections under such conditions will mean that the "knife-edge majority", as the *London Times* describes it, or the wafer-thin majority as it has also been described, will melt away and the future of Britain will once again be in the melting pot.

Indeed, no stability is likely unless electoral reform with some measure of Proportional Representation is introduced. With 39.5 per cent of the votes polled, Labour has secured a bogus majority in the House of Commons, while the Liberals, securing 18 per cent of the votes polled, could get only eleven seats in the House. No wonder Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal leader, has described the British electoral system as "obscene" and observed: "Once again a government has been returned to which a majority of the electorate is opposed."

What Mr. Thorpe complains about has been the fate of this country since Independence when we very unwisely accepted the British system of election in the Constituent Assembly, though your Editor did his best to prevent it.

Now the evils of the British system are returning

home to roost. It is good to know that a group within the Conservative Party has started advocating reform in the electoral system in the interests of fairplay. Will the Labour Party, which claims to be the champion of social justice, also develop a conscience? One doubts it as long as Mr. Harold Wilson leads it.

Sikkim Annexed

IN our August issue we had warned about the eroding of the freedom of Sikkim and the ugly symptoms of imperialism in Delhi. Now, with the 36th Amendment, which has facilitated "Sikkimese representation" in Indian Parliament, that process has been completed. It is both a breach of faith with the Chyogal and a betrayal of the freedom to the people of Sikkim to a group of politicians who have grabbed power.

What is particularly shameful is the silence of the democratic parties in Parliament like the Jana Sangh, the Akalis, the Muslim League, the Republican Party and Kerala Congress who all joined in supporting the 36th Constitution Amendment Bill. Poor Rajaji would have shed tears if he had heard Mr. P. K. Deo supporting the spirit of the Amendment. It is perhaps just as well that since then Mr. Deo has stopped disgracing the label of Swatantra and found a new home for himself.

Opinion in its issue of September 10, aptly asks: "Were you a Bhutanese, a Nepali, a Bangladeshi, a Ceylonese, what would your instinctive reaction be to the news that India has made Sikkim, an independent state though protected by it, an Associate State of the Indian Union? Wouldn't your feelings immediately be: 'By God, they've taken over Sikkim'. It's become in reality a province of India, whatever the fancy name by which they choose to call it. The usual Indian cunning, too, all on account of the people's will they say. We know that people's will!"

'A Russian Woodstock'

THAT the Soviet way of dealing with modern art is to use bulldozers, dumpers and sprinkler wagons was brought to world notice on September 15, 1974, when plain clothes hooligans, who changed later into police uniforms, used these methods to break up an attempt by Moscow artists and painters to organise an open-air display of modern art. It was not the plain-clothes policemen who were sent to prison for hooliganism, but the artists who were sentenced. Foreign correspondents present were beaten up and their cameras smashed.

As it happens, Sir Norman Reid, Director of the Tate Gallery in England, was about to make an official visit to Moscow to organise a loan of paintings to that

country for a Turner bicentenary exhibition next spring. Sir Norman promptly cancelled his visit to Moscow.

Whether it is for this or for some other reason, the municipal authorities in Moscow later made an announcement to a group of "unofficial" artists that they could hold a display of their art. This victory of the artists over the NKVD was celebrated on September 29 when more than 10,000 people flocked to see the show at a Moscow park. Four of the official artists and members of the Official Artists' Union even defied the official warning not to take part in the show and attended it.

A French diplomat described the scene in the Izmaylov Park on the eastern edge of Moscow as a "Russian Woodstock", and somebody else remarked that it looked more like Paris than Moscow. "It is the first time in half a century we have had such a show", was a remark by a Moscow literary critic. "This is only the beginning and not the end," said an art student. That, however, still remains to be seen.

'An Unmitigated Disaster'

THE acceptance of false priorities on the part of Delhi had yet another occasion for display when the World Population Conference sponsored by the United Nations met in the Soviet occupied Bulgaria in August 1974. The spokesmen of the Indian Government joined with other backward countries in saying that the population problem can be solved through economic development rather than by birth control. This view was naturally supported by the Soviet Union and its satellites because of the 'anti-neo Malthusian' view held by all Marxists. It also fitted in with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi's amazing reply to Mr. Khushwant Singh in an interview with the *Illustrated Weekly* last year when she said that she was not worried about the population problem in India!

No wonder Mr. Khushwant Singh, writing from Switzerland says: "Informal discussions with the delegates who had been to the World Population Conference in Bucharest reveal that it has been an unmitigated disaster."

Dadabhoy Naoroji Award

FOR their selection of Mr. A. D. Gorwala for this year's Dadabhoy Naoroji Award, the Trustees of the Dadabhoy Naoroji Memorial Trust deserve to be congratulated on a most appropriate choice of the recipient. At a time when dedicated and sincere persons rarely get recognition, it is consoling to see that at least occasionally some such men and women are publicly honoured, as in this case and that of Shrimati M. S. Subbalaxmi, our great singer who sings almost exclusively for charity, in being given the Ramon Magsaysay Award in the Philippines.

JOSEPH STALIN: MAN AND LEGEND

"Junius"

HE had started his political career as a thug, organising bank robberies, inciting riots, and in similar ways providing muscle for the revolutionary cause. Like most men of this stamp he earned a certain notoriety, but his reputation was strictly local and it is a safe bet that nobody outside his home province had heard of Joseph Dzhugashvili.

Yet this man would one day wield more power than Ivan and Peter and Catherine combined, be the unchallenged arbiter of life and death to millions of his countrymen, scare the nations of the world out of their wits and, after his death, be exposed as a cold-blooded mass killer whose record neither Genghis Khan nor Hitler could hope to match.

On the face of it one who could rise from total obscurity to bestride the world must have been an extraordinary figure, yet until he came to occupy the centre of the stage, Dzhugashvili remained a non-entity, a faceless creature who was aptly described as a "grey blur".

This ability to merge with the background, to keep ambition well concealed below a layer of mediocrity, was the future Stalin's greatest asset. Ambitious men might be wary of their peers; but who could possibly regard as dangerous this uncouth son of a drunken, wife-beating Georgian? Besides, it took brains to reach the top and, although his expertise in dirty doings was unquestioned, few around him were willing to credit the dictator-in-the-making with anything like a mind.

A good many shrewd and sensible folk were to pay for the blunder with their lives. For although the dazzling mental accomplishments of Lenin were beyond his reach, the young Georgian had from the start a low cunning, an uncanny gift for judging the strengths and weaknesses of his opponents, total ruthlessness and, above all, the ability to gain the trust of his victims even while he was plotting their downfall.

That a man of Stalin's background could bamboozle armies of practised intriguers is strange enough, that such a singularly evil creature could manage quite convincingly to establish his claim to sainthood of a sort is incredible. For not only did millions of Russians genuinely revere this monster, but even his victims often marched to their deaths with litanies to Stalin on their lips. The Father of the Proletariat (who had a great sense of humour) must have enjoyed it hugely. . .

Lesser mortals might not be quite so enthusiastic about devious plots deviously executed or men damning themselves as traitors "for the sake of the cause", yet if one keeps squeamishness firmly at bay they make a fascinating tale. The theme isn't exactly new but the latest explanation of what made Stalin tick

has been handled remarkably well in a recent book by Ronald Hingley; *Joseph Stalin: Man and Legend*. (Published by Hutchinson and Co. Ltd., London. Marketed in India by B. I. Publications, Bombay.) for the general reader this is certainly among the best recent biographies of the man who, even more than Lenin, made Soviet Russia what it is today.

Mr. Hingley loathes Stalin, as any decent man must. At the same time he admires the immensity of his talents, warped though they were. The earlier standard works were inclined to regard Stalin as a creature of events rather than a moulder of history. These earlier biographers stressed the poverty of Stalin's intellect, forgetting that it was this very aspect of his character that deluded his opponents into imagining they were crossing swords with a dullard.

Climb to the Top

Mr. Hingley corrects the picture. In *Joseph Stalin: Man and Legend*, he argues that high intellect may be dispensed with if one has feral instincts, native shrewdness, a fixed goal and a total lack of conscience. Stalin had all these qualities. He was also a consummate actor who could take slights in stride and bide his time till he could avenge them. Since he was also adept at political infighting, had a gambler's willingness to take risks, and the devil's own luck, it is not surprising that his climb to the top was littered with corpses. . .

At a time when Lenin was a kind of atheistic god-head Stalin not only defied him, but clashed headlong with him on a personal level—and survived. Faced with ambitious aspirants to the vacant throne who were clearly better than himself, he encompassed their downfall step by step, playing one against the other, hatching outrageous plots which seemed foredoomed to failure but which succeeded simply because his mind, limited in other respects, had an infinite capacity for probing men's weaknesses and using them for his own ends.

Mr. Hingley has no love for Stalin; the last sentence of his preface bluntly expresses the hope that we shall never look upon his like again. Yet almost against his will his admiration seeps through. Though he firmly states that men who seek to organise others for their own good are depraved rather than virtuous, though he well knows that attempts to substitute a perfect society for an imperfect one usually create hell on earth, though he acknowledges that Utopias built by political means do more harm than good—he finally concludes that none of these goals is possible unless the man who seeks to attain them is something of a genius.

As Mr. Hingley points out, very evil men may yet be very clever, though by a merciful dispensation politicians are often rather stupid, so that their capacity for mischief is much reduced; but about Stalin, Mr. Hingley has no doubts. As a politician, Stalin was intelligent enough to destroy superior opponents and towards the end of his life destroyed the spirit of the nation itself without anybody being able to stop him.

Mr. Hingley's biography, while fairly comprehensive, is not cluttered with details of value only to the specialist. While he skims rather briefly over later periods in Stalin's life, (the era of the Great Terror, for example), he deals at considerable length with the early years, about which much less is generally known. In keeping with his professed aim he carefully sifts fact from the fiction that was added later on by hacks operating on Stalin's own orders.

Yet if it demolishes a good many myths, this book makes it clear that the later Stalin was no aberration. For his exercises in megalomania to be at all possible Stalin had earlier had to lay the foundations, and this he did brilliantly. Aware that a premature confrontation would be disastrous he worked patiently towards supreme authority by deliberately playing second fiddle to his betters, by keeping his ambitions in check, by making a great show of being the obedient follower, and by deliberately playing down any hint of capability or desire for leadership.

There is something horrifying in the spectacle of old friends willingly entering the traps Stalin has laid for them. It is dreadful to watch Trotsky, with all his arrogance and his ability, being destroyed in a battle of wits with an "inferior" whom he regarded with open contempt.

But all these things are familiar enough and have been treated at length by others. Where Mr. Hingley really breaks new ground is in dealing with the myths that surrounded Stalin in his lifetime. Though many writers have touched on Stalin's habit of rewriting history and projecting himself as something better than he was, Mr. Hingley deals with the subject comprehensively, and at the end one is convinced that with all his contempt for the trappings of power (which was genuine enough) Stalin was pathetically eager to make out that he was better than everybody else, even when he knew that no rational man could possibly believe this.

Perhaps the best proof of how intensely Stalin craved affection and admiration is his own ironical claim in the official "Short Biography" that "Stalin never allowed his work to be marred by the slightest hint of vanity or conceit". Sometimes men reveal the truth even as they lie to high heaven...

Fair

Mr. Hingley is scrupulously fair. Where others have dismissed Stalin's economic theories as rubbish, he

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A CHARM FOR THE CHARMER

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



TO SAY GOOD OF THE EVIL DEAD IS TO DO EVIL TO THE LIVING GOOD

(We print below an article which appeared in Mr. A.D. Gorwala's Opinion of October 15, 1974)

TO the living we owe consideration, to the dead only judgement," said Voltaire. With us in India however it is different. Let a man die, and provided he has been prominent while alive, not only are his sins forgotten but in him virtues are discovered that were never evident before. And this failure of judgement affects not just those interested in the man or ordinary people influenced by them, but even the best amongst us.

There could not be a better man in public life today than Jayaprakash Narayan. The real nature of Krishna Menon, his deeds to the country's detriment, cannot have been hidden from him. Yet, on Menon's death, says JP, the country has lost "a most distinguished servant and patriot." He goes on to testify to his sincerity and integrity, and sorrowfully to conclude that the place Menon "has left vacant in the country's public life will never be filled." Anyone unaffected by the particular sentimentality which death seems to bring out so strongly in us Indians would say "Thank God, may it not be filled!" For what was Krishna Menon? A Crypto-Communist, a Misuser of Public Funds, a Promoter of Infiltration, a Destroyer of Service Morale, a Maker of False Claims, a Catalyst of Aggression. If

JP judged him to be a person of great integrity, surely he can have no complaint against the present Government of Bihar, its Chief Minister or the Prime Minister, corrupt as they may be. From the point of view of his judgement, their misfortune it would seem is that they are alive. Were they to attain the same state as Krishna Menon, no doubt his view of them too would incline to become equally favourable.

Another very good man who feels called upon to pay a tribute to Krishna Menon is Acharya Kripalani, who fought and lost an election against him in North Bombay. He too has only good to say about him and considers the nation has suffered a great loss in his death, though few knew better than he the damage India had sustained in many spheres because of Menon. Death has worked its transmutation for him too, banishing right judgement.

Many years ago, when Krishna Menon was still Defence Minister, this writer said: "The Indian people can in truth have no confidence in India's defence so long as Mr. Krishna Menon is Defence Minister. Mr. Nehru declares that he is convinced of Mr. Krishna Menon's patriotism. By patriotism he presumably

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concedes that the 5-year plans, despite the widespread misery they caused were largely successful, though he readily admits that Stalin could have attained the same ends far less brutally instead of wiping out all who stood in his way.

About Stalin, the war leader, Mr. Hingley pulls no punches. There is no soft-peddling the panic with which Stalin reacted to Hitler's attack on Russia, though panic was perhaps inevitable since Hitler was the one man Stalin never understood. It is one of the supreme ironies of history that a man who cheerfully cut the throats of his best friends should have been so surprised to find his own throat being cut by his "best friend", Hitler.

In the riddle wrapped in an enigma that is Russia, Stalin remains the supreme mystery. Was he simply insensitive to the realities of human suffering? Did he genuinely believe that even the bloodiest means were justifiable in the interest of the State? As might well happen with supremely evil men, Stalin was probably unconscious of any wrong-doing. Once he had made up his mind he alone knew what was best for others, he went dead ahead as rapidly as he could, using trick-

ery, treachery, force and fear to gain his way. If a million *kulaks* had to be liquidated, it mattered little as long as farms were collectivised; if gold had to be got out of the permafrost at Kolyma, it did not bother him that half the convict work force died in the attempt.

Of his own immediate circle, Stalin was jealous. Conscious of his own shortcomings, seeking to prove himself but aware he could never succeed, Stalin spread terror much the way a mad dog does. But was the man alone to blame? Or the system? And did any good at all come of all this suffering? Mr. Hingley admits that the Stalin bogey has led to capitalism giving up entrenched positions to workers — "the one advantage to flow from one of the most harmful political careers on record." But, as he is careful to point out, "to his own subjects Stalin brought only suffering, degradation and death."

It is a pity that in India people who extol the supposed benefits of socialism are blind to the price the Russian people had to pay. They might not be quite so eager to follow in Moscow's wake were they to read this book.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS: A POINT OF NO RETURN?

Vrunda Moghe-Dev

THE future of the country lies in the education of its youth".

In India especially, when illiteracy is so widespread, this aspect needs more emphasis. But this emphasis has been placed on the wrong level of education—at the higher education level. Education, according to many of our national leaders (including Mahatma Gandhi) was essential upto High School level. Further education in the form of University degrees or technical diplomas were to be available to those who needed them the most for the benefit of the country and not as an additional asset in obtaining employment or in the marriage market. By spending crores of rupees on the colleges and producing lakhs of graduates every year our country has been rewarded with thousands of unemployed B.As. and M.As. and now even engineers. The sad result of all this is that primary education that is most essential to the masses has suffered the biggest set-back and these huge sums of money have been spent only on a microscopic 3 per cent of the people in India only to create more

problems and the breakdown of university machinery.

The recent events reported in regard to the University of Bombay are an eye opener to many of those who still feel that our Universities are doing a great service to the cause of education. In other Universities of Madhya Pradesh, U.P. and Kerala, politics played a dominant role in their administration and at every possible level. Bombay was exempt from this. While other Universities were black-listed by foreign universities, Bombay University enjoyed a certain prestige even abroad. But corruption, like cancer, spread fast and wide. Soon there were incidents even in this university which made it like one of the others.

Two years ago, I had written (*Freedom First*, July 1972) about my experience as an examination supervisor, which shattered all my beliefs about honesty in examination. I had recounted how answer papers were smuggled into the class rooms and how mass copying was done. When a copy of my article was sent to the authorities in the University, they had replied saying that they would place it before the Committee

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means love of country. Now the shape of love, its mode, the form it takes, are not always the same. Mothers love their children; one may love a first wisely, a second foolishly, a third with kindness, and a fourth with cruelty and repression. Yet, all equally love. I would not deny even Communists this type of patriotism. Is Ulbricht not a patriot? He probably loves East Germany as much as the unfortunates who are compelled to flee because of his tyranny and willing subjection to the Soviet Union. Does Gomulka not love Poland, or Kader, Hungary? Very probably they do. Only their love takes the form of convincing them that they do their best for their countries by making them satellites of the Soviet Union and depriving their peoples of all freedom. Was Stalin not patriotic? Obviously he loved the Soviet Union. Only his love took the somewhat sadistical form of vigorously reducing its population by several millions. And Lenin, the great founder of the Communist state, was he not in this sense patriotic? So deeply attached was he to his motherland that he even gave up listening to music because that would soften him for the dreadful deeds he had to do because of his love for her. To say then that a man is patriotic is no answer to the charge that he is a Crypto-Communist. Sensible people can have no confidence in a government in which he retains office. He can love

his country and yet feel convinced that the best he can do for his country is externally, to make it a part of the Communist empire, and internally, a Communist state. From such patriots, such lovers of their lands, may God defend both the country and its people, humble citizens feel bound to pray."

The good Lord heeded this prayer of the humble, and we were saved from the further machinations that Menon would no doubt have inflicted on us, had he continued in power. The only reason for referring to him again is that tributes from very good men of the calibre of the two mentioned above are very likely to affect the judgement, in regard to this most harmful character, this enemy of his country, of the young, of those who knew him not in the days of his might. They may well say "Jayaprakash thinks very well of him, and so does the Acharya; he must have been both a great and a good man." That is the real danger of statements like these, statements made under the transmuting, sympathetic effect of the man's death. The maxim lays down that of the dead one should say nothing but the good, but it does not prohibit keeping quiet, saying nothing, when the bad in a man far outweighs the good, and yet it is not thought desirable to make public the bad too, the man being dead. The whole truth would be best, but if not that, then nothing.

for discussion. The only action which the Committee took was to raise the minimum age of supervisors to 25. Whether the supervisor was 20 or 50 made no difference because the integrity of the supervisors did not depend on how young or old they were.

First and foremost, people in India have come to accept it as a written law that after school every person should enter college however incapable he or she may be to pursue studies. This has increased the number of students so alarmingly that the present system of examination cannot be moulded to cope up with them. The intrusion of political leaders with their egalitarian ideas of "higher education for all" has made it impossible to divert the large numbers into something more professional or job-oriented.

The outdated curricula that Bombay University offers has produced just stereo-type graduates. There has been no innovation and no experiments in remodeling the subjects for the students. The same old combinations of either English with Philosophy or Politics with German have lived through decades now. There has been water-tight compartmentalisation of subjects—the outcome is only too obvious—a student can (if he is on the humanities side) work on 6 to 7 questions and answer them. His success is assured. It only contributes to make the system of examination completely obsolete.

A couple of years ago, Bombay University took the bold step of introducing the system of internal assessment. It indirectly accepted the fact that just one final exam at the end of an academic year is not the appropriate method of judging the capacity of a student. By internal assessment 60 per cent of the marks were reserved for the student's performance all the year round and the rest of the 40 per cent for the final examination. This in theory and in practice was like a breath of fresh air. By this method, the student and the teacher knew the actual capacity of the student to achieve a degree. University made this optional and the negligible number of students who opted for it was not worth the effort. And who would want to slog all throughout when an easier method was available?

When a few teachers are asked to set the papers, students get these questions as "important questions" in their class rooms. Of course, there are more than one paper setters from different colleges but this does not hamper the students from knowing what the other paper setters have given as important questions. When the question paper is finally set, it goes to the moderator for a few changes. From this stage onwards any leakage of papers is rather difficult considering the strict rules and the sealing of the papers only to be opened a day prior to the exam in the University Press. But this stage of strict vigilance hardly matters because even with the moderator's changes 85 to 90 per cent of the question paper remains the same and the students can comfortably ignore this stage.

There is no harm if the University authorities call only one or two professors to the University Press on the eve of the concerned exam. Here the notice to the paper setters should be the shortest possible. They should be asked to set the question paper for the next day at that time. They should not be allowed to leave the Press till the papers have been printed and despatched to the colleges and the examinations actually start. As it happens the person who breaks the seal of the question paper in the Press in the present situation also is not allowed to leave the Press till the papers are sent to the colleges. But this is futile in the light of the fact that the paper is already known to the students.

"Black Sheep"

Some members of the Akhil Bharatiya Vidyarthi Parishad recently took a morchha to the Vice-Chancellor and said that there were many teachers who were making money in the capacity of examiners by passing any student who offered material gains. The Teachers' Union said that such "black sheep" should be dealt with firmly. It has been alleged that at this level those candidates who have fared badly in the exams make up at the time of results by bribing the examiners. There are two problems interlinked here. One is that the huge number of answer papers that one examiner gets tends to make him do the job very haphazardly. There is just a rough assessment of papers. In this way many deserving students have to be content with an average percentage while those who have not made any efforts would be the beneficiaries. By this, there is gross injustice done to an honest student. Secondly, those "black sheep" who are bribed are usually given the roll numbers of those who must pass, with a first or a good second. A suggestion that was made is that the examiners should correct the papers in the University in the presence of others, and that the roll numbers should be substituted with code numbers at least till the papers are corrected. If a student genuinely feels that he has been dealt with unjustly, there is no objective body in Bombay University to redress his grievances. All that it offers is the retotalling of the mark-sheets to check if the total was incorrect. There is no method of reassessment by which a student would be given more justice in the light of his performance in other papers. The University of Poona has done well to introduce this.

If the University had insisted on making the method of internal assessment compulsory, all the unnecessary elements in the colleges would be eliminated. But there is a marked disinclination on the part of the University to change for the better. One fails to understand, why? The students would not resist a short-cut to success. By giving in too easily to the easy-success demands of the students, the University of Bombay may soon reach a point of no return.

Reviews

VISION & REALITY

Indian Trade Unions and Society, B. P. Wadia's Vision and the Reality, M. R. Masani (Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, Rs. 2.00)

MR. M. R. MASANI has in this booklet, consisting of a speech that he delivered as a B. P. Wadia Memorial Lecture, given his assessment of the present position of the Indian trade union movement in the light of the vision entertained by Mr. B. P. Wadia, one of its pioneers. Mr. Wadia's vision is not that important as, though the founder of the first trade union in the country, his association with the movement did not last longer than a couple of years. He was essentially a political worker and politics and theosophy drew him away from trade unions before he could leave any permanent impress on them. More important is Mr. Masani's assessment of the present position.

Mr. Masani has the unique privilege of looking at trade unions from all three angles, as an active trade union worker that he was in his early life, as an officer dealing with industrial relations on behalf of a big and enlightened industrial house and as a management consultant that he is now for over fifteen years. He is

not, however, neutral about trade unions. As he says: "I am for them. I am a believer in the thesis that in a free society, just as there must be free enterprise, there must also be free trade unionism. These are two very essential facts of a free society, and when either of them is destroyed, freedom shrivels up and democracy is overturned."

According to Mr. Masani, during the last sixty years trade unions have not succeeded either in building up a sound organisation or in protecting the real interests of workers. He has mentioned some reasons of "this sad picture of disappointing results." He has, however, forgotten to mention two important and determining reasons of an objective character which are mainly responsible for the weakness and the "disappointing results" of the trade union movement. They are slow and unsteady growth of industries and vast surplus manpower. Neither trade unions nor their leaders are responsible for these two big hurdles in their way. If they are taken into consideration, the progress that has been achieved cannot be regarded as altogether insignificant.

And, in some matters, significant progress has been achieved. In Mr. Wadia's time the hours of work were twelve per day and the midday recess was only half an hour. Since 1948, hours of work in all factories are eight per day and the midday recess is of one hour. For over a decade now workers are enjoying an annual paid

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holiday of ten days. They also enjoy retrenchment and lay-off compensation and the benefit of provident fund and gratuity. Their standards of living has improved, as anybody who knew the textile worker of the twenties and sees the same worker of today can easily perceive. Conditions in more modern industries are much better. Trade unions can claim at least a part of the credit for these changes.

Mr. Masani should not forget that Indian trade unions had and are still required to wage a strenuous struggle for their very right of existence. There is still no law in the country which will compel an employer to recognise a majority union and bargain collectively with it. American unions, which operated in a labour-scarce and rapidly expanding economy, were able to build up their present strength only after the Wagner Act was passed, the Act which gave them the right of recognition and bonafide collective bargaining. Indian trade unions have been demanding since long the enactment of a similar law. The law will also be an effective remedy against the curse of rival unions and inter-union disputes to which Mr. Masani has drawn attention.

Mr. Masani has blamed unions for their opposition to automation and computerisation. The opposition is based on social consideration, and not merely on the legitimate desires to protect the jobs of their members. The social consideration is the problem of ever-increasing unemployment. How is the problem to be solved? It can be solved only through establishment of labour-intensive industries and adoption of intermediate technology and not through blind acceptance of the most modern, automated and computerised technology available in the world. This is, however, a large issue which cannot be discussed in a short review.

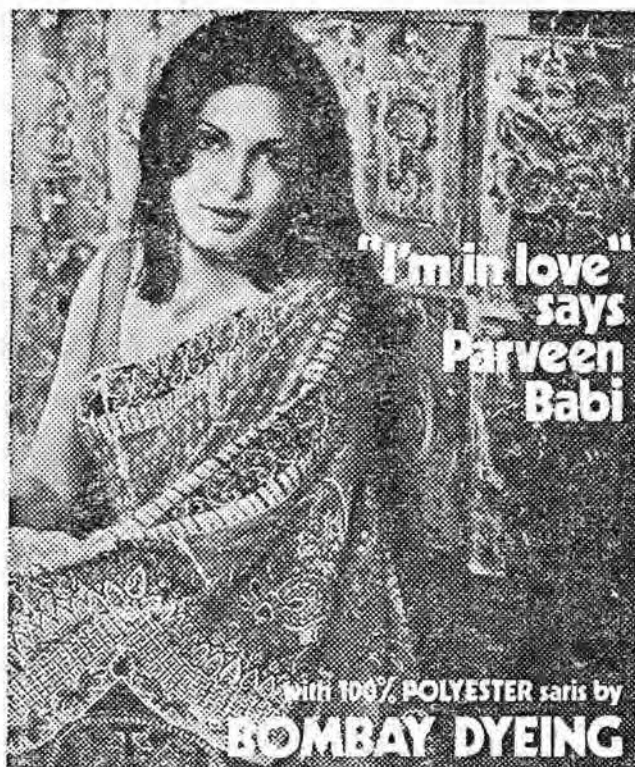
Trade unions, like any other social institution, have many faults, and it is desirable that they should be pointed out by a sympathetic observer. He does not help the cause that he has in view, namely, that the faults should be removed by rushing to the extreme position that "sixty years have been wasted."

V. B. KARNIK

INDIAN LABOUR

Indian Labour — Problems and Prospects, by V. B. Karnik, (pp. 286, 1974, Minerva Associates, Calcutta, Rs. 39.00)

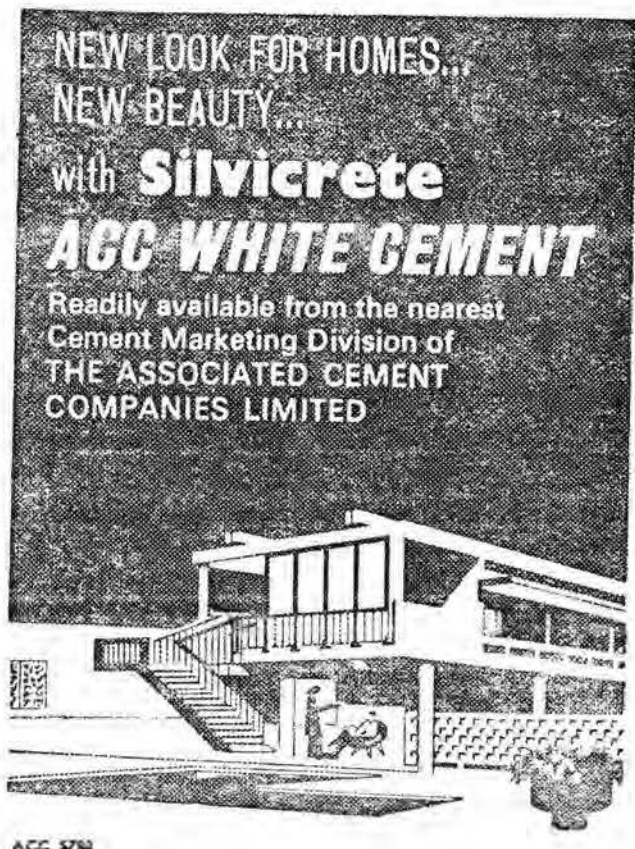
MR. V. B. KARNIK has been associated with the labour movement in India for the past 37 years during which he has been not only involved in many functional chores which trade unions are required to undertake in their day to day business, but also in policy and perspective development of the organizations with which he has been associated. With such a rich experience, the author has been continuously sharing his experiences and thoughts through several



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books and the present volume represents his latest work.

The present volume is a collection of many essays. Continuity and sequence is ensured by an efficient editing of the essay themes to provide an integrated profile of the theme of the book in its various aspects. Having been in the labour movement for such a long period as nearly 4 decades, the author would have been forgiven if he had demonstrated a strongly partisan approach in the treatment of the theme. The reader will find very little of such partisanship in the volume. Every effort is made to understand and not always necessarily accept all that has occurred in the evolution of the labour movement.

The author starts the book with an analysis of the weakness of the labour movement in India, and lists eight causes, relating to such questions as membership apathy to unions in the matter of dues paying, involvement, not having recognition arrangements, not being able to afford an efficient administration, rivalries, reliance by unions and workers on outside agencies to decide on their problems, absence of welfare, social or educational activities, absence of social purposes and consciousness and finally marginal coverage by unions of the organizable industrial workers.

What Mr. Karnik mentions as the causes of weakness of the labour movement are really not causes, but the consequences of some other basic causes. Mr. Karnik also states that a lot of benefits through a large body of welfare, ameliorative and protective legislation have been obtained through the labour movement. If the labour movement has been able to obtain such benefits through its organized strength, this process should have continued in the contemporary period. Mr. Karnik himself concedes that the labour movement has not been able to achieve much success in getting better wages. An objective study of the historical process indicates that many of the benefits available to labour in the legislative enactments were essentially endowed benefits and not extracted benefits. The role of the International Labour Organization as an instrument that provided the benefits has been missed in the analysis. Indian workers, in the prevailing environmental situation obtaining, could hardly hope to generate enough organizational muscles through which extractions of benefit were possible. They could generate only a representational capacity through friendly or fraternal non-worker sources in society, and this trend has continued even today, and this is the real cause of the continuing weakness of the movement in the poor participation of the constituency in its own interest institution.

A critical analysis of the fact that due to understandable historic reasons the movement has had to be basically elitist controlled and not participative has not been brought out in the book.

The second aspect of the problem in the matter of

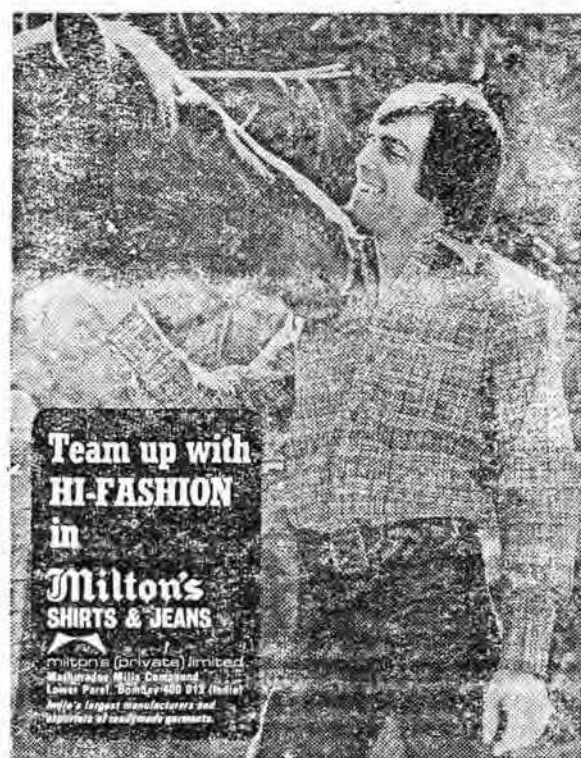
making available for the constituency of workers in the organized sector a continuous business of industrial relations through which alone organizational cohesiveness, leadership and problem-solving skills could be developed, has not received the emphasis. These failures can be attributed in the society to the continuation of a feudal-paternalistic approach among the decision-making groups in society which are uncomfortable before the evolution of genuine and autonomous interest constituencies. The independent government of India has continued and extended the colonialism of the British rule in its perspectives concerning labour as a constituency.

Mr. Karnik has ably dealt with some of the contemporary conflict situations such as the Godrej strike accompanied by violence. In his commentaries on wage fixation and bonus, however, Mr. Karnik does not make any departure from traditional views and suggests remedies which will not materially alter the status quo.

Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Karnik's present volume is qualitatively of a much higher standard than most of the available books on the labour movement. It will be very great use to trade unionists, professionals in personnel and those involved in labour policy and administration.

The price of Rs. 39 however seems to be a deterrent against those who will benefit by the book.

S.R.M.D.



12
PAO Nov 1974

THE ACTOR

The Actor; words by Nissim Ezekiel, (designed and with illustrations by Kavita Sahni. Published by India Book House Publishing Company. Price Rs. 4.00)

A very simple story

Nissim Ezekiel

is a poet, playwright, editor, teacher

but Not

an actor

a simple truth

he reveals with modest pride

in a single story

entitled very simply

"The Actor"

The illustrations (by Kavita Sahni)

Alarming in their ferocity

illuminate (in case anyone should miss the point)

That painful movement

when this truth becomes obvious to him.

The only difficulty is to decide

Is the story meant

for a child with an adult's brain

or an adult with a child's brain?

GITA DOCTOR



HUMAN RIGHTS

What are Human Rights? by Maurice Cranston
(National Academy, Delhi '66. Price Rs. 5/-).

IT is surely necessary for human beings to know what are human rights. Yet, here as in many other fields of life, there is tremendous vagueness and confusion. There is no clear understanding of the real difference between basic political and civil rights on the one side and the economic and social rights on the other. Nor are we sure of the difference between basic moral rights and positive rights or rights recognised by law and also whether human rights again are either moral or positive or both. In what sense again are human rights basic *moral rights* to be claimed by *all men* as their heritage as men? The average human being desires to run even before he can walk. Likewise he wants "rights" before he has grasped the implications of the duties involved in the rights he claims. Millions all over the world, specially in India and other economically backward or poor countries are demanding "rights" when it is impossible for the countries concerned to have the resources to make such rights a possibility. What then *are* the rights every human being in India and elsewhere can rightly claim without such confusion? Here is a book of outstanding quality, very reasonably priced and within the means of everyone to buy, which clearly answers the above questions in simple language.

Totalitarian Governments and States have tended to destroy basic human rights (which alone give meaning and value to life) by making Man live for and by bread alone. A human right is something of which no one may be deprived without grave violation of basic justice. "There are certain deeds which should never be done, certain freedoms which should never be invaded, some things which are supremely sacred." In short there *are* universal human rights. Unfortunately precisely because we have confused these basic human rights, which are political and civil, with other rights which are only economic and social, we have permitted in our minds and hearts our Governments and States to suppress our universal human rights. Many of us throughout the world do not even know that economic and social rights are *not* universal human rights.

A Government can give certain economic rights e.g., holidays with pay, or an assured minimum amount of food, and at the same time deprive a citizen of what his universal human rights are which he can claim, and must claim, as a human being. This has happened in Russia and also in other parts of the world due to the confusion in our minds. The real importance of this book lies in the way it clearly removes such cobwebs from our minds.

The book also deals with the political influences

which have been responsible for the failure of the United Nations to protect basic human rights. How the newly-freed countries of the world have not helped in this matter is also discussed.

The author is extremely practical in his approach. Whilst he has drawn a clear line of distinction between universal moral rights and certain economic and social rights, he does not deny that economic and social rights may be also the moral rights of some men. Likewise, in talking about a right like freedom of speech and censorship he does not deny the necessity of censorship for "conservation of values". He also seems to agree with MILL that prevention of harm to others would be a sound justification, if not the only justification, of censorship. This, of course, rules out any possibility of support for political censorship of the kind prevalent in Soviet Russia which prevents people from having enough knowledge to form any real judgment of their own and which can lead to such horrible results as the imprisonment of writers like Sinaievsky and Daniel and the suppression of the works of Pasternak and Solzhenitsyn.

The book does not ignore the very relevant question all lovers of human freedom are asking — if a man is deprived of his basic moral rights by his own State to whom can he appeal? Cranston refers to the idea of Judge Lauterpacht of the International Court of Justice that rights of all individuals throughout the world should be the subject of protection by an international court which would of course be different from the present International Court of Justice which can handle only disputes between States and not any dispute between a State and its individual citizens.

It may be worthwhile noting that the basic conclusion and stand of Cranston in the matter of human rights is well summed up in the paragraph on page 70 where he says:

"It has often been said that a particular man's duties derive from his station: and in a similar way, a particular man's situation in the world will govern the system of rights which he can claim. A miner in Pittsburgh will be able to justify the claim to great many rights which include some economic and social rights; a miner in Durham will be able to sustain a fairly similar range of rights, but by no means an identical one. A beggar in Calcutta will *not* be able to produce anything like the same number of just entitlements in the sphere of economic and social benefits; but he has exactly the same rights as the two other men to political and civil rights".

The National Academy at Delhi deserves to be congratulated for rendering a great service to the public by making such valuable books as this available for such a reasonable price.

P. N. DRIVER

'A TALE OF TWO CITIES'—Continued from page 1

Europeans, industriously filling out slips of customs declarations. Our passports disappeared behind the glass partitions here, to be photographed, and one had to wait until one's number was called as they were returned in batches. Next was the money changing counter, where a plump matronly woman was selling gaudy East Berlin stamps, one set of which we bought. Outside just before the final hurdle was to be crossed, there was yet another passport check, by an armed guard in a little glass cubicle. And then we were through, walking along a wide silent avenue, with empty buildings on one side and a vacant plot on the other. A cold wind was blowing, and at the far corner our German hosts were waiting in their little red Renault.

Time-Zone

It was like being suddenly in a different time-zone — say twenty-five years in retard, when the world was slowly recuperating from the war. We drove down deserted boulevards lined with blank-faced buildings and brooding street lamps. At each street corner, identical roads led away, void, surrealistic in their monochromatic similarity. The once graceful promenade, "Unter den Linden," named for the Linden trees that lined its walks, was now a grim deserted thoroughfare. Oppressive granite megaliths stood in regimented ranks; no trees nor colours shed light on this arid landscape; parallel tracks of pavements sped towards a grey mass of buildings in the distance. Only one monument bore mute witness to the vanished splendour of the Prussian empire the Brandenburger Gate at the head of Unter den Linden. Austerely grand, its proud Grecian columns towered against the vastness of a grey and cloudy sky. At their crown stood four great bronze horses and behind them their charioteeress holding her peace wreath challengingly aloft, seeming pathetically valiant in that sombre setting.

"They show everything in the windows, but when you go in to buy, they tell you they are out of stock," our hostess told us as we passed by the huge showcases of large stores. The displays were threadbare and dull, despite fine hand-painted china and embroidery work. "They want to export everything outside, so East Berliners themselves have nothing to buy," she explained. "When we come to visit, our friends always ask us to get them clothes from the West, because they do not get good material here." We overtook a flock of Russian soldiers who with one accord turned to stare at our saris. After a short debate one came up and with eloquent sign language announced that they would dearly appreciate a photograph of us among their group. The rest crowded eagerly around us as we obliged, and we could see how very young they were, with their scrubbed pink faces and short crew-cuts. It was sad to know that the same carefree young

men stood guard over the Wall with orders to shoot anyone attempting to go across unauthorized, even if he was a soldier from their own company, perhaps a friend. "They are not allowed to stay in Berlin more than two months at a time," we were told. "They are scared, maybe they will like it too much here, or that they will get friendly with the people, or try to escape." The temptation has already proven too great for over two thousand officers and soldiers who found the regime unbearable.

In spite of everything, however, it would be only too easy to spend an entire day in East Berlin and come away wondering what all the fuss is about. The streets we walked along were empty, yes, but they were also very clean and well kept. We passed the famous Berlin opera houses, their ornate portals still adorned with Baroque bronze statues. The shows are nearly all classics, since contemporary works are considered unsuitable but, "they are really worth seeing," our hostess told us. "The costumes, the background, they are all exactly as they used to be before. They go to a lot of trouble to see that everything is authentic." Many of the older buildings were pitted and scarred by the bombs of thirty years ago, but they managed to capture an atmosphere of old-style grandeur. People were perhaps not so smartly dressed as their neighbours over the wall, the colours we saw were more sober, the fashions more conservative but it did not alter the fact that they were all well and adequately clothed. No-one seemed particularly grim, people smiled at us, construction workers in yellow helmets waved from their dizzy heights, young couples with toddlers sat chatting and eating ice cream. We visited an old church just after the morning mass had ended and saw the original eleventh century walls, with their medieval friezes and angular Germanic script. One of the few modern constructions was the communications tower, a lofty needle of steel which can be seen for miles around. At the top is a large, roughly spherical structure, a revolving restaurant and a panorama point, from which both the Berlins could be viewed. We had to form a queue to go up because the lift went only every forty minutes, but once there after a two-minute ride, the spectacle made it well worth the wait. There were large cafeterias, restaurants and shops—nothing at the scale found in the Western sector, yet enough to make one feel that, after all, much of the tragedy of Berlin must be history, that life there was probably pleasanter in several ways than in very many other parts of the world, that people must have got used to the situation by now.

It was too easy to ignore for instance, the tired lines round the blue eyes of the waitress who served us for lunch in a small restaurant on the outskirts of the city. She said she was a schoolteacher for the week but had had to take this extra work because her little daughter

had broken her back and the treatment was too expensive for the State to provide. Or the way the tall, dark cypresses loomed at the War Memorial park, with its grey flagstones and forbidding iron monument. We visited a luxuriant rose garden, where the flowers spread in all directions in sizes and colours, from dwarf whits on tall bushes to heavy full-blown blossoms, their deep crimson heads almost touching the ground. Fine raindrops were being blown about in gusts of wind and on a bench two old ladies were sitting, smiling at our admiration of the flowers. One of them looked longingly at the silk of our saris and asked in half-zest, could we not cut off a small square for her to use as a scarf? Or maybe it was the faint smile on our hostess's face and the distant look in her eyes as she told us how she left her home in East Germany, nearing the end of the war. "They came and told us we had to leave at once, one day, and we walked out of the house in a few hours, wearing all the clothes we could, and carrying anything in our hands, to come to West Germany." She spent much of the war working as a volunteer nurse for the Allied forces. Some of her relatives were in East Berlin, and she could visit them for thirty days in a year. For tea we went to a more sophisticated restaurant, one of the few in East Berlin. It was cheerful inside, the interior decor was tasteful, the waitresses were young and pretty and there was a warmth here which contrasted pleasantly with the cold rain-swept streets outside. But upon closer appraisal, one noticed that the crockery was a mite too thick, that the mezzo-tints hanging on the walls belonged in drawing rooms twenty years ago, and that most of the people sitting to tea were foreigners, or West Germans.

The sun came out briefly as we were leaving, defining the angular outlines of the buildings in even sharper, clearer focus, against a yellow-grey sky. The checkpoint was full of tourists going back out, the atmosphere almost informal, as a transistor blared out the commentary from the World Cup Football. A buxom corporal took exception to the Swiss boy's obvious disregard for German border formalities, and asked him to uncover his right ear, because his passport photograph showed him in profile. But that was the only incident. There was not even any stamp or mark to prove that we had been in East Berlin.

Unforgettable

Just past the checkpoint stands a small inconspicuous building "The House at Checkpoint Charlie". Our hosts insisted that we see it before returning and we went in not knowing what to expect. Inside, one found a tiny space filled with the most incredible amount of objects. The lighting was used sparingly, obviously rationed out so as to highlight the important exhibits. The walls were covered with enlargements of typewritten sheets in five languages, along with photo-

graphs and illustrations. One saw pictures of people hysterically greeting their fiancées after escaping over the Wall, of mothers huddling with small children in tunnels, of little boys scrambling over barbed wire fences, of the mangled bodies of those who were freed only in death. This was a permanent exhibition put up by the West Berlin students called, "It Happened at the Wall", and is graphic record of the incidents which have taken place since the institution of the barriers. There were displayed models or actual articles used in innumerable escapes which have taken place, dummies shown curled up under car-seats, the crude spades which fashioned successful tunnels, the underwater equipment one man used to swim across to Denmark. No trace of self-pity or conscious propaganda was apparent; there seemed to be space on those cramped walls only for the bare essentials stripped of all ornamentation. Yet, in those roughly written, sometimes ungrammatical accounts was contained all the drama which otherwise one does not encounter. A tiny stairway led to the next floor, the sides covered with the drawings of West Berlin school children, of the Wall. They showed barbed wire, people crying, guards and snarling dogs and the blue sky of freedom over heavy black bricks. On this floor, all conceivable techniques had been used to convince the visitor of the real horror of the Wall—including a miniature slide theatre complete with sound effects. Grey indistinct photographs took one back to the time when the Wall was little more than a row of long-coated guards standing across the road. They showed masses of people sweeping, storming barricades, entreating guards as fellow Germans, to let them through. They showed the atrocities committed and the statistics of people who had been kidnapped, shot at the Wall or killed trying to escape. There were children standing silently over the bodies of victims, surging crowds throwing stones at impassive guards. They showed the Wall develop from barbed wire to concrete and brick; the Brandenburger Gate with guards standing high up by the horses, pointing machine guns at the crowd below; and the agony of families being irrevocably separated.

It is something one does not forget easily. More than the over-emphasized differences between East and West, the confines of that small room bring home to one, something of the significance of Berlin, East and West. The Wall no longer seems the butt of an overplayed melodrama but the symptom of old bitterness and irreconciled differences which still run strong despite the passage of years. If Berlin had seemed at one time little more than a bizarre before-and-after advertisement, the exhibition brought alive the folly of one city being forced to live as two. It exists beyond rationality, and leaves one wondering what would happen should the Wall crumble some day, and whether that day will ever come.

WITH MANY VOICES

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

—Tennyson.

The multinational company is often accused of rape by the very people who are trying to seduce it.

—Sir Ernest Wordoofe, Chairman of Unilever, quoted in *Insight* (Hongkong)

It is only very recently that the communists have become practised in the kind of polite phraseology that is designed to lull the fears of liberals.

—*The Economist*, August 10.

Is it not true that professional politicians are boils on the neck of society that prevent it from turning its head and moving its arms?

—Solzhenitsyn in *The Gulag Archipelago*

The party I joined, the party of Atlee and Gaitskell, no longer exists. The people of the extreme left, like Benn, Mikardo and Scanlon, the people against whom Gaitskell warned us, are moving in.

—Christopher Mayhew in *The Times*, (London) September 26.

It will be at least 2015 before anybody in Britain reaches the year 1984.

—K. F. Parsons in *The Economist*, August 31.

Within the Indian caste system, the United States is considered 'Untouchable'—except when the Indian government runs out of money.

—*National Review*, May 24.

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In an open society the moderate majority, while willing to enjoy its benefits, is as unwilling to accept the responsibility for the maintenance of such a society.

—F. S. Noorani in *The Economist*, August 31.

Just as an 'open house' is closed to thieves, so too must an open society be closed to its enemies.

—F. S. Noorani in *The Economist*, August 31.

A Professor, tenured no doubt, advances the claim that kissing is purely a matter of chemistry, motivated by a craving for salt.

—*National Review*, February 1, 1974.

For a country to have a great writer is like having another government. That's why no regime has ever loved great writers, only minor ones.

—Solzhenitsyn quoted in *National Review*, February 1, 1974.

A forlorn-looking Chinaman was asked by a London policeman whether he was lost. 'No; he replied. 'Me here—my hotel lost!

—K. K. Sastry in the *Times of India*, July 29.

A politician without a seat in Parliament is a lost man in Britain.

—*The Economist*, August 31.

There are a number of private armies in Britain. The miners' pickets have closed power stations by overwhelming the police. The dockers have sent flying columns of pickets to try to close ports that wanted to go on working. Striking building workers regularly use physical intimidation against men and their families in their own and other unions. Often enough, these toughs are reinforced by agitators who have nothing to do with the industry or firm being attacked.

—*The Economist*, August 31.

For most of the people who live in it, the difference between colonial and post-colonial Africa is far smaller than the liberals who wanted Europe to get out of Africa in the 1950s hoped it would be.

—*The Economist*, August 31.

Yoga, no longer an ogre, is rapidly becoming as much a part of American life as organic apple pie.

—*Time*, October 7.