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EDITORS: S. V. RAJU

GEETA DOCTOR

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE

M. R. Masani

The passing away of one's dearest friend after an unbroken association of forty-seven years inevitably means a major wrench. Jayaprakash was the gentlest and kindest of men and a loyal friend.

The loss to one's self, however, is overshadowed by the loss to the country. For generations now, Jayaprakash acted as a compass to the national ship. He was India's conscience-keeper to whom we turned when in need of guidance and a sense of direction. Thus, when Hungary was invaded by the Soviet Union in 1956 and Tibet by Communist China in 1960, it was Jayaprakash who gave expression to the country's anguished feelings. In 1965, it was he who arranged a cease fire between the underground Nagas and the Indian Army. In each of these cases, he upheld India's honour and prestige in the eyes of the world.

It was he who made it possible for the country to emerge from the Emergency and in restoring civil liberties and the rule of law.

Who will now be our nation's lodestar?

CARETAKER OR UNDERTAKER ?

As we go to press, the news is out that that notorious piece of lawless law Preventive Detention is back—through the backdoor—by Presidential decree.

When in March 1978, Chowdhury Charan Singh, the then Home Minister, announced Government's decision not to revive the lapsed law on Preventive Detention, there was universal approval including a "shabash" from *Freedom First*. When the President asked the Charan Singh Government to continue as caretaker, the President sought to reassure the people that the temporary mandate did not include the right to decide on policy matters. Preventive Detention is very much "policy" and clearly outside the caretaker government's terms of reference. Civil liberty has clearly suffered a setback. Are we being ruled by caretakers or by undertakers of democracy—one wonders?

Ordinances and threats will not bring prices down. Nor will the much ballyhooed public distribution 'system' at least not in a country where government activity is synonymous with corruption and mismanagement. And most certainly not during electioneering time. As Swaminathan Aiyar pertinently points out (*Times of India*, September 7) "Overhanging all this (the incurring of huge expenditure by the State on a variety of items ranging from drought relief to D.A. increases) is the prospect of pre-election concessions by both the Centre and the states to appease particular sections of voters.... indeed from a politician's viewpoint, there are many more votes to be won in increasing expenditure in selected areas than in reducing it". Nor do sancti-

monious intentions to reduce administrative expenditure fool any one. Not any more at any rate.

More government spending means more money in circulation which in turn gives further momentum to the inflationary spiral. The basic cause is of course the pursuit of wrong and outdated economic and fiscal policies. But the immediate cause for concern with the 15.5% rise in prices (March to August) can be directly attributed to the present Prime Minister's last budget. His denial that this is not so and that he had only taxed 'luxury' items like bidis and petroleum products is itself an admission. For, increases in petroleum costs have the unfortunate effect of pushing prices all along the line. Here, however Chaudhury Charan Singh is not alone. Almost every Finance Minister has had the same perspective. So too it has been with deficit financing. Only this time the dose was lethal.

Ask anyone in Industry and he will tell you that new activity is virtually at a standstill. Largely this is due to uncertainty with the shape of things to come. Why? Because there is only a caretaker government which is not expected to take any policy decisions. In other words there is no need to expect even a marginal increase in the GNP for the next few months only GNE (gross national expendi-

(Continued on page 5)

"the time has come," the
walrus said,
"to talk of many things:
of shoes—and ships—
and sealing wax—
of cabbages—
and kings—"

—Lewis Carroll



OF CABBAGES & KINGS

Airport 1979

At any time of the day Bombay's Santa Cruz airport, India's premier air terminal, hailed routinely in every travel brochure as a historic gateway into the fabulous east, is a fascinating example of Newton's law of inertia — of every body preserving a state of total rest, or inactivity, in spite of the best reasons to move forward or change its state.

During the course of one afternoon it was possible to watch a mechanic servicing an apparently germ free, hygienically sealed, soft drink vending machine, by placing all the parts on the floor and wiping them with a dirty rag, to notice an entire tray of sandwiches falling to the ground only to be scooped up and served to the passengers who were fortunate enough to get a free meal ticket from the airlines due to a delayed flight, to observe the breakdown of the conveyor belts bringing the luggage, and see the overflow of luggage from the baggage room spill over upto the lounge and render the whole idea of safe storage futile. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising to come across a study, carried out by Prof. Shah of the Consumer Education and Research Centre, Ahmedabad which notes that Indian air travellers frequently end up suffering from "Anorexia, sleeplessness, hypertension, frustration, anger, murderous and suicidal tendencies".

While it is easy to advise the hypertense traveller to take a train, it would be foolish to ignore that these petty and perhaps insignificant inconveniences, when aggravated, or taken to extremes, could have fatal consequences. In the aftermath of the Avro crash from Poona, it was said, for instance, that a faulty reading of the instrument landing system may have led to the disaster. Even at that time it was pointed out that while every aeroplane is maintained at a zero maintenance level, never to fail, and pilots expected to undergo routine fitness tests, there is no such guarantee that the same fail-safe methods are used on the ground also.

The destructive fire that swept through the Santa Cruz airport, suffocating three transit passengers, is not only a proof, but the direct consequence of such laxness. No doubt there will be ten very good reasons why the fire started which will be discovered after ten years of inquiry. The point is that it is the sort of accident that should never have happened in the first place. For, given the vital part

that an airport has to play as a link on an international network of flights that undertakes to be responsible for thousands of lives, an airport must conform to certain basic standards of efficiency and safety.

Yet at the Bombay airport, the sequence of events that led to the fire and the utter chaos that followed, lead us to believe that nothing of the kind was apparent. In spite of the number of security personnel and staff crawling about the place on the alert all the time for hijackers and saboteurs, nobody noticed the fire or any smoke until it was too late. Even though airports are equipped with fire fighting equipment these could not be deployed with sufficient speed or strength to contain the fire, and worst of all, the disaster having occurred, the airport authorities who must have at least a small clue that they work in a high risk area, reacted from all accounts in a totally ineffectual manner. If reports that the fire started from the sparks of a welding torch are true, they provide a sad commentary on how simple a matter it is to attack and paralyse one of the main nerve centres of Indian traffic.

One can only hope that Bombay's ordeal will prompt airport authorities to take certain basic precautions. Airport buildings, and their maintenance, should conform to international specifications of safety and materials such as paint, furniture, decorative and electrical fixtures should as much as possible be made of non-inflammable components. The building itself should be designed in such a manner as to allow the safe and easy passage of large numbers of people both in and out of the building. Since all aircraft personnel are instructed on how to handle possible emergencies, it seems only natural that those working at airports should also go through some elementary safety drill. After all it is not just a freak fire that can put an airport in a state of emergency. A sudden attack by any one group of international terrorists is surely within the realm of probability.

Finally it may even be necessary to insist that an international airport authority should draw up certain standard specifications that will avert or be able to cope with such eventualities, and a system of regular checks instituted before a certificate of reliability is granted to every airport with international pretensions. A *Time* survey on airports round the world gave Indian airports a uniformly bad rating. How bad, has been proved by the Santa Cruz fire and its aftermath. **GD**

Words, Words, Words

At last we have the high minded party we have been waiting for since independence. Decent high minded gentlemen have decided that enough is enough. We have it from such noble men as Choudhury Charan Singh, Mr. Raj Narain, Mr. Madhu Limaye, George Fernandes *et al.* They have given us their "testment of faith".

We have been assured that the "stark truth" will be told before embarking on "radical policies". But, we are warned that it would mean shedding "many an illusion" and "a blow to the vested interest". There is also a word of caution. "The process of radical change which India so badly needs and which the Lok Dal proposes to initiate should not be looked at through conventional coloured glasses of ideological schools". But wait, don't feel too nervous. There is a standard reference. A reference that should put fluttering hearts at rest. What else but Mahatma Gandhi. Sounds vaguely familiar doesn't it. Every other party has the magic name of the Mahatma inscribed in its policy statement.

Then what is so new about the Lok Dal? Nothing really. And that is the point. Words, words, words to camouflage the birth of an organisation of people who betrayed the people's faith when they were elected in 1977. **SVR**

There's Plenty Where It Comes From

Two ordinances have been promulgated by the caretaker government to curb big money in elections. Thou shalt not advertise in souvenirs produced by political parties says one thou shalt not contribute to the funds of political parties says the other. Both are directed at joint stock companies. Very well says the Congress (I). We shall raise Rs. 3.5 crores through the sale of 'coupons' in denominations ranging from Re. 1/- to Rs. 100/-. An old gimmick really. Coupons are usually paid for with black money.

In any case over-the-counter contributions by companies to party funds have always been a relatively small proportion of the actual contribution — a mere tip of the iceberg. The bulk of the funds originates from what is passed on from below the counter. And there is plenty where it comes from. Hence the politician's vested interest in a controlled economy. **SVR**

Twentieth Century Soap Opera

When Pandit Nehru died, Andre Malraux in his flowery manner remarked that India's age of poetry was over and she was now ready to enter an era of prose. With the recent decision of Indian film stars and producers to start their own party it seems however that we are just about to begin our age of celluloid.

This is no doubt the new image that politics in India has been waiting for all the time. It is just like the cross eyed intelligentsia, who spend their

time sneering at *desi* films, not to have realised the vast potential residing in the hips of a Hema Malini or a Savitri from the South or a Raakhee or Zeenat from the North and predict the wide support they would be able to command at the grass root level. As for foreign relations, one has only to think of the tidal waves of emotion that Nargis, in a film like *Mother India*, created up and down the Volga during an earlier decade, to realise how simple matters could become. "Send a film not a delegation" would be the official motto and there is no doubt that dreary summits such as the one that took place at Havana, would be transformed with such offerings as *Satyam Shivam Sundaram* which surely represent Indian culture and image far better than any hastily briefed delegation suffering from jet lag could dream of doing. The Arabs would send in tanker loads of oil in exchange for glimpses of female avoirdupois and the Pakistanis would immediately desist from their infantile nuclear pre-occupations and concentrate on the far more explosive situations provided by even the most average Indian film.

At last, also, it seems there is a chance that the tyranny of the South by the North would be broken. For, there, is no doubt that whereas people in the north have spent their time watching the amateur antics of Raj Narain *et al.*, the Southerners in their infinite wisdom have already voted into power a celluloid hero. During the MGR campaign it was widely reported that people swooned and flung garlands in front of lithographic reproductions of the film idol carried about in jeeps. Since for the Indian mind the gap between myth and reality is very slight, it is not unlikely that the masses felt that they were casting a vote for Sri Rama himself. As though to re-inforce this celestial connection, a television programme produced in Madras at that time, showed a still of the departed DMK leader Shri Annadorai walking in heaven with a pensive look on his face. In a few moments of agonizing suspense it became clearer why he had such a reflective look, for a strange fluttering seemed to be taking place in the region of his chest as a small light appeared and resolved itself into a heart shape, that even as a person watched, grew larger and larger until it exploded with the image of MGR waving and smiling from the breast of his venerable leader.

By fomenting a national party to represent their interests, Indian film artists are in fact reversing a trend that was started by one of the most widely recognised names of the 20th century — Adolf Hitler. There is no doubt that in spite of the ridiculous moustache, straight hair and enough kinks in his personality to keep the psychiatrists busy for the next two hundred years, his is a face that has launched a thousand Hollywood movies. The immediate reason for this is that he was one of the first to recognise the tremendous potential provided by the then newly discovered medium of film and of broadcasting, to create an image that would be larger and grander than life to the extent of overshadowing all questions of good and evil. How he meticulously set about training himself to create that

image, and how people responded to it, is now a matter of history but there is every reason to believe that Hitler had accidentally discovered one of the most potent weapons of manipulation and succeeded to a great extent in using it to his advantage.

Indian film heroes and heroines start with a ready made image. All that is left for them now is to decide on the matter of casting. It is at such moments that one wishes for a person of the stature of Prithviraj Kapoor, what dignity, what an aura of grace he would have given to the role of Prime Minister! Failing him one thinks of Dilip Kumar, who used to be good in his day, particularly in dual roles. One recalls how at the end of *Ram aur Shyam* he not only whipped the villain Pran all the way down the enormous curving marble staircase, but as an encore, whipped him up the staircase also. This would be an excellent qualification no doubt when dealing with recalcitrant cabinet members. The only problem is there is something self righteous about the man and at the moment the country has had enough of prime ministers who go around telling others how their trials had made them better men and threatening to add further chapters to their already overloaded biographies.

There is no doubt in my mind that the person best suited to be prime minister is Amitabh Bachchan. A recent write up about him in the *Times of India*,

sums up the matter thus: "Besides, his anger (which he expresses most vividly and for which he is so popular) is precise and passionate. It is the energy of the machine, well timed and totally destructive. In *Deewar* he takes a man and throws him out of the fifth floor window and does it calculatingly, efficiently and with controlled anger." Indians could well profit from such efficiency, for instance it would reduce the population problem. The only worry now is, will Amitabh Bachchan be a bit too authoritarian? **GD**

A Hardy Annual

Now that the Prime Minister has deprecated the huge losses incurred by public sector enterprises and asked his ministerial colleagues to ensure that the public sector enterprises under their charge showed better performances next year, all will be well.

This is yet another hardly annual — a charade indulged in by our prime ministers. Year in and year out these public sector enterprises squander the country's scarce resources and crores of the taxpayers' money. Every year one hears the same sermon the same exhortation, soon to be forgotten. After all with the current rate of acceleration of ministerial turnover why should the bureaucrats bother with the turnover of the public sector enterprises they control? **SVR**

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BRAIN FAILURE

William Goody M. D. FRCP

I suspect that there is one matter on which all human beings would agree, whatever their racial, religious, or political beliefs: that so long as life is desirable we must strive and succeed in keeping our brains at a high level of excellence of performance.

Of the many reasons for concentrating on the subject of brain failure the first the most delicate—the personal reason. If we succeed in giving up drinking, smoking, and eating butter; keeping slim; avoiding a sluggish bowel; wearing a seat belt and crash helmet; reacting only homeostatically to the news of plutonium in the laundry or a locked car in one's parking space; and if we thereby avoid cancer, coronaries, strokes, traffic accidents, and suicide, we are all bound to decline into one of the most terrible of all medical fates—brain failure.

Secondly, as wealth, knowledge, and techniques increase, so the span of life increases, and populations freed from smallpox, malaria, schistosomiasis, kwashiorkor, and starvation also increase. Since it may be within the capabilities of world policy to ensure enough food for all, the medical profession is already ensuring the production of greater and greater numbers of cases of brain failure.

Thirdly, men and women become more powerful in human affairs as they grow older. Though they may grow wiser with experience upto a great age, powers of intellect, and especially of insight, eventually fail. Then people are positively dangerous in proportion to the powers they wield and to the rate of progression and degree of damage before the problem is detected. The most frightening state occurs when brain failure is detected but concealed for reasons of policy and power.

For the neurologist there are certain ominous intermittent symptoms of brain failure. These include vague feelings of uncertainty and instability,

transient loss of concentration, occasional odd behaviour, dimness of vision, limb weakness and numbness, inexplicable changes of mood, incompetence over familiar tasks, nebulous pains, and not feeling well or not enjoying life. Signs such as fits or incontinence are certain indications that all is not well. Since brain failure may carry with it lack of both insight and of memory, the patient may have no symptoms and seek advice only at the insistence of his relatives or employers.

The kind of symptom or sign that may be important, especially in public figures, includes lack of temporal recall (memory); lack of spatial recall; failing concentration; diminished language fluency; poverty of abstract thinking; failing powers of judgement, insight, and behaviour; diminished general knowledge and vocabulary; fewer personal interests; declining personal cleanliness, the release of primitive trends (often sexual, aggressive, or alcoholic); breakdown into psychotic states with paranoid delusions or hallucinations; severe depression with possible suicide.

We cannot finally conquer brain failure, for at every moment entropy is eroding our very substance. As aging, trauma, wear and tear, radiations, abrasions, abiotrophy, differential absorption and excretion by all our organs work on us all the time, we can for a while—for a lifetime—manage to restore the losses in our molecular structure and function. But the battle is eventually lost. Nevertheless, it is a task worthy of the intelligence, arts, and science of medicine to postpone those inroads of decay, to hold back for a while the time when every particle in the universe is neither giving nor receiving energy. Our everyday practice of medicine is manifestly to maintain life processes of measuring what is normal and acceptable to us, and correcting what is not. Brain failure at its most dangerous.

The point to which all that I have already said has been directed is brain failure in public life. Clearly large groups of people, millions perhaps, run the risk of having their lives directed by sufferers from brain failure. In medicine there are several ways of checking whether we are fit for our jobs; in positions of highest power there are no such stringent precautions. The theme of grave illness affecting political figures has been brilliantly expounded in L'Etang's *The Pathology of Leadership*. Public life and history are full of instances of seriously ill men taking most important decisions, when they were clinically in no fit state to do so. Chamberlain had bowel cancer when he went to pit his wits against Hitler. At the Yalta conference in 1945 the three leaders, Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin were all sick men, Roosevelt shortly to die.

Certain professions and trades have a statutory retirement age, perhaps to curb powers that may be impaired by the failing judgements and technical skills of later life. The privilege of never having to retire (and perhaps never to work either) may be

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ture). Elections are likely in the first week of the new year and thereafter whichever government takes office, a few more months will have to elapse before government (hopefully) starts functioning again. We as citizens can therefore expect prices to go up further and reconcile ourselves to even more chaotic economic conditions.

Meanwhile the threat to resort to the infamous Preventive Detention and take 'strong' action against 'hoarders, blackmarketeers and smugglers' has a familiar ring about it. We have heard all this before. The fact of the matter is that there is no government worth the name in Delhi and the sounds emanating from the capital are basically intended for the electorate's benefit. For, a genuine desire to grapple with the problem of rising prices would have meant hard decisions such as for instance trimming expenditure and resisting demands for more pay — be it D.A. or Bonus. No government, least of all this one will even dare to think on these terms. SVR

seen in the Order of Precedence. What is so special about the royal, religious, judicial, martial, or political mind? What is there about what is left of the brains of princes of the realm and of the Church, great officers of the law, admirals of the fleet, field marshals, marshals of the Royal Air Force, statesmen, and politicians that those who contain such remarkable organs should never have to retire? Why should it be different for neurosurgeons, locomotive drivers, airline pilot captains, and income tax inspectors?

An age of retirement, of becoming an old age pensioner, must be directly related to some kind of anonymous, partly social, partly medical, assessment of many complex factors, though it is full of anomalies. For example, if women have a greater expectation of life than men, men should get their free bus passes at 60 while women soldier on until they are 65. As a profession we should try to devise the best rule for the age of retirement on the grounds that such an age is most properly determined by the actuarial likelihood of brain failure. We may well select 65 as the age of retirement, even though there are many instances of much longer durations of brain excellence individually. It may be wise that several brilliant surgeons lay down their scalpels at 65 so that one failing operator may be prevented from causing harm to an occasional patient.

If this is our decision then we must ask for its general application. We must go further and insist that there is regular and detailed medical surveillance of all those who take on themselves the tasks and powers of directing the lives of hundreds, thousands, millions. The House of Commons often keeps ridiculous hours for important decisions, which would not be acceptable to any other profession or trade.

If the least lapse of a main-line locomotive driver results in his being relegated to office work or, at best, shunting, how much more important is proper medical scrutiny for, say, members of the Cabinet, of the Houses of Lords and Commons, board members of great corporations, High Court judges. The brains of every member of the Commons could be scanned in a month (using a single CAT scanner 12 hours a day, every day of the week). The medical profession should organise a campaign towards these ends on the same lines that have been used in campaign against smoking and for the enforced use of cash helmets and seat belts. Such work to conflict and persuasion, would historically be similar to that which ended transportation, ensured clean water and adequate drainage, and brought women the vote and retirement pensions for the elderly (1906 in this country, 56 years earlier in France).

If we perceive a danger of brain failure lurking, in a hundred different causes, behind almost any illness, at almost any age, will any of us bring that recognition to wider notice? If we feel that retirement is rightly based on what has so far been a subconscious estimate of medical statistics the age of retirement must be applied as a rule without exceptions. Arising from the rule is the conclusion that up to the universal age of retirement the more important and powerful a post anybody has, in relation to the numbers of people he manages, the more stringent should his medical assessment be. The sole purpose of such examinations would be preventive and not punitive: for many of the causes of brain failure are treatable if detected in their early stages, and some of the causes are entirely avoidable.

British Medical Journal, March 3, 1979

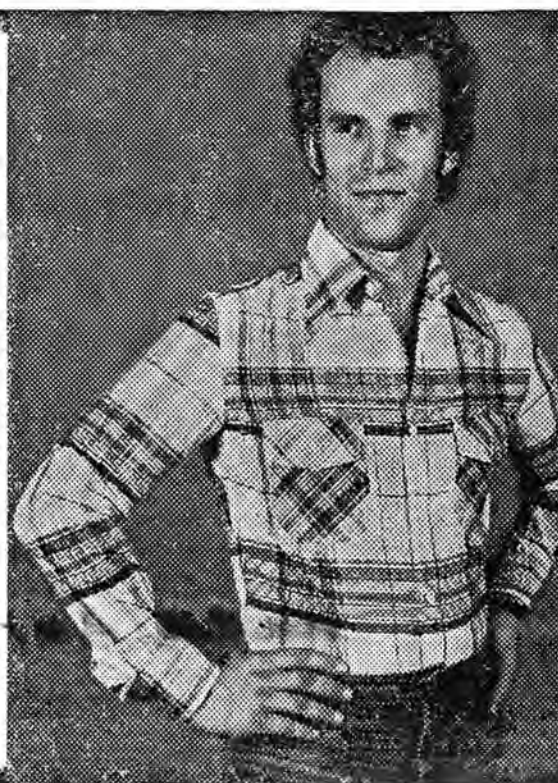
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ABOUT ABANDONED CHILDREN

Vrunda Moghe Dev

There are certain advantages as also some disadvantages of living in a place that forms part of a hospital building. I live in the front portion of a building that housed a well-known hospital in a suburb of Bombay. Though a hospital for women, it looked after orphaned and abandoned babies and helped in finding foster parents. What caught the visitor's eye was the carefree way in which these children grew up and the stark contrast they provided to the over-protected babies wrapped in colourful blankets, cozy in the warmth of their mothers' bosoms.

The doctor's decision to provide a temporary home for such babies in her hospital was received with mixed feelings. Some old patients remarked: "God knows what their origins are — they may well be the children of 'goondas', of fallen women or may even be illegitimate." But the doctor was not deterred and went ahead with her plan despite the several risks involved.

More out of curiosity at first, I used to visit every evening the bright and airy wards where these babies were kept. The first batch, I recall, were twins — both girls — dark and thin — almost like rodents. They were barely a day old when they were received at the hospital. There were doubts in everyone's mind — though no one spoke of it openly — about their chances of survival. A week passed with no appreciable progress. I often heard the remark: "Tut-tut. How can any mother throw away such babies..." Some days later Sona and Mona—as they were officially named—began improving. They turned their eyes and heads a bit more and responded to sound. Slowly, the ayahs, leaving aside other things, gathered around the crib to talk to them. Soon, two more babies arrived — a boy and a girl. Within a week, the boy, as was expected, was adopted by an Indian family, regardless of his looks. The girl, charming by any standard, was left behind anticipating a home. Sona, Mona too were to be adopted by a Swedish family. Earlier they had been rejected by Indians on account of their dark skin.

A few more babies arrived, some good looking and some ordinary. Some of them were in a dehydrated and merasmic condition. Considering that not all babies are decently abandoned in the cradles provided by municipal hospitals and orphanages, their sad state of health was only to be expected. I was told that some of these babies were found in garbage heaps, nullahs or even jungles! In such cases, their survival itself was a wonder.

Meanwhile, it was preparation time for the twins to get set to go Sweden. Health reports, blood tests and vaccinations, photographs and passports and even thumb impressions were the order of the day! Mona, the elder of the two, had the habit of sticking out her tongue and the old, religious-minded matron of the hospital, named her Kali. It was interesting to observe how the matron's imagination and wit moved on just one track — that of gods and religion. Every male child was a Bal Krishna, Rama or a

Lakshman. A fat one would be Ganesh, another who held up his palm all the time was Dakshinamurthy and so on. As far as I know, there are some 33 crore Hindu Gods! The matron could, therefore, exercise a wide choice!

In the hospital, departure day was D-day. An attorney telephoned in the morning asking the hospital to keep a baby ready to be sent by that night's flight. That day, all the ayahs would fuss over the baby a little more and doll the baby up with new clothes. When the lawyer arrived, the ayahs with tearful eyes would fondle the baby in turn, making the waiting lawyer more impatient and then bid goodbye. Some of them who were not supposed to be on duty would also come back to bid the baby good bye, following it to the waiting car and waving out till the car was out of sight. Heavy-footed they would walk back and sit around remembering how sickly the baby was, how it survived, how it smiled and so on. Most of the babies slated for foreign adoption would stay between four to five months till all the various formalities were completed. What wrung the heart was not their going into good homes but the fact that we would never see them again.

On New Year's Eve last year, the doctor called me to take charge of three girls and take them to the hospital. When I went to collect them, I wondered how anyone could abandon such beautiful children. Each of them was a beauty though one had slightly mongoloid features. I was told that even the rich abandoned female children if there were already too many of them at home. One of these three girls, Prachi, was smart and beautiful. I was convinced that wherever she went, she was bound to attract notice. When she left for Sweden, I made it a point to keep in touch with her adopted parents. They were good enough to keep me informed of her progress. In one of her recent letters, Prachi's mother wrote: "She has much more hair now — much more than Swedish children. You should hear when we go for a walk — many people stop to remark how pretty she is."

Indian couples wishing to adopt a baby are different and handle the babies as if they were choosing a dress in a shop. Selecting one they would say: "She is a bit dark, her nose is funny; can you give us her exact time of birth so that we can ask our astrologer?" Not so strongly perhaps where male children are concerned, these doubts never came up.

Every evening, on my return from my work, I found myself magnetically drawn to the hospital. My paying them a visit and playing with them was amply rewarded by the way their faces lit up with a smile when they saw me.

Like the rains that come every year, stay for four months before going away, babies would come, stay for a season and then go away leaving bittersweet memories. Every time a helpless new baby arrived, helpless for no fault of its own, my heart hardened by the realities of life's struggle, would meet once again.

MORVI - A PERSONAL RESPONSE

Khozema Mansure

The waters of Machu Dam let loose their fury on Morvi on 12 August killing thousands of people in a matter of minutes. I felt rather sad in a rather remote sort of way. Twice during the day of 14 August I felt I should, may be even could, do something. That evening I met a close friend. As usual we talked about various things including the Morvi disaster. Our discussion took a serious turn and we realised that for a long long time we had simply been talking and brooding about human miseries, rural development, contradictions the meaning of life and things like that from the security and comforts of our city life. The Morvi disaster was something concrete that had happened. It hardly left any scope for intellectual rationalisation of any sort. Thousands had died. Many more were in a state of shock. There was devastation all over. A lot needed to be done. And there was no time. I no longer felt remote about a disaster of this scale unless I was able to do something specific about it. Discussing Morvi as an intellectual's lazy pastime was utterly futile. Here was an option to do something in some small but positive manner or to just forget Morvi even existed! We were off to Morvi that night itself.

Some practical problems. My friend and I are both salaried employees. What happens to our professional obligation? Frankly at that point of time we hardly gave any thought to it. We were not being fair to our employers in absenting ourselves from work and that too for an indefinite period of time. However our immediate concern was the people of Morvi and on the rational plane hardly had an opportunity presented itself which called for a clear cut action unencumbered by any kind of reasoning. Second question. What if we were fired from our jobs for prolonged absence (if this became necessary)? We thought it did not really matter. In a big city like Bombay one could always find another.

The journey to Rajkot was filled with a lot of anxiety and thoughts. We had never done the kind of work which we thought was in the offing. Everyone around in the bus had Morvi on his lips. We tried to cheer ourselves by cracking jokes, drinking *chai* at every second stop and admiring the beauty of Adivasi women.

We reached Rajkot on the afternoon of 15 August. We spoke to a few people there and to our disappointment learnt that there was hardly anything we could do. The survivors of Morvi had already been evacuated to hastily set up transit camps at Rajkot and Gondal. They were being well looked after by the local people. One was overwhelmed to see volunteers collecting a few chappatis and household items from each household. Morvi was a ghost town. All that remained to be done was the removal of dead bodies. I am no sympathiser of the R.S.S. but we were informed by reliable sources that only the R.S.S. volunteers were engaged in the arduous and soul-breaking task of removing corpses.

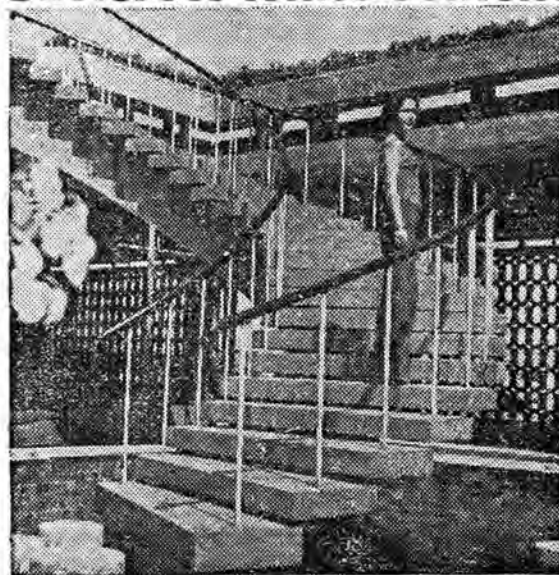
while the military and police officials merely stood by like mildly interested passers by. Full marks for the R.S.S. volunteers for this most humane and difficult venture.

Entry to Morvi was restricted by the authorities unless one was prepared to help in the massive task of clearing the corpses. Unfortunately I was not a person cut out for this kind of work. Not that the physical strain would be too heavy but I can't bear the sight of dead bodies so badly mutilated and mauled. We pondered over a cup of tea as to what our next step should be. There were enough people in Rajkot to 'look after the refugees and I was not capable of doing what needed to be done, so we grabbed the train leaving that night for Bombay — and back to work.

Our train steamed into Bombay Central in the early hours of 17 August. As the cab sped home-wards, the familiar streets appeared to be smiling, the cold wind blowing into my face and I was just too tired to think about anything....

Next day, at the office one of my colleagues remarked, 'Hello, Morvi returned?' I was clean bowled.... I didn't know what to say!

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A TIME FOR VINDICATION

John M. Geddes

Friedrich von Hayek, one of the strongest, and at times one of the few, economic voices advocating the reduction of the government's role in the economy, is finally finding himself in the position of a Cassandra who suddenly discovers that people are listening.

The Nobel laureate — who just turned 80 — is back in fashion.

Margaret Thatcher, Britain's newly elected prime minister, is said to be a strong supporter of his views. And although Prof. von Hayek labels the Tory victory in Britain as a "passing phenomenon," he obviously relishes the lift for his economic philosophy that the victory signifies.

"It gives me great satisfaction to see my teachings are at last taking effect," he said last week. "Where I really get my comfort is in the new generation growing up. I find rapidly increasing support in the generation that is now in their 30s."

"I would almost say that, if the politicians don't destroy the world in the next 20 years, there's very good hope," he said. But, he added, "I'm not very optimistic that the politicians will not destroy the world."

Against Mainstream

For the last 30 years, Prof. von Hayek's views have been in sharp contrast to the mainstream of economic thought. While others have called for varying degrees of government intervention in the economy to cushion the effects of changes in unemployment and prices, he has propounded a sharply reduced role for the state.

The clash relegated him to an obscure position in the economic pantheon, with one writer characterizing his contribution as only "of some antithesis value in intellectual discourse."

"I had become one of the best-known economists in my 30s," the professor said, "but then two things happened — the complete counter-review of Keynes succeeded and I discredited myself by writing 'The Road to Serfdom.'"

"Because the book was so unpopular with my colleagues, for 30 years my reputation was in steady decline. Only in the past 10 years has it begun to recover," he said.

"The Road to Serfdom," a 1944 best-seller in 12 languages, was clearly a turning point in Prof. von Hayek's life.

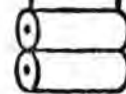
Born in 1889, he studied law and psychology, then economics, at the University of Vienna. He held positions at the Austrian Institute of Economic Science, then moved to London in 1931 for positions first at the London School of Economics. Eventually he went to the University of Chicago, before returning to Austria in 1972 to accept a lifetime chair at the University of Freiburg.

He did pioneering work on business cycles, price theory and production. One of his prime conclusions was that excess expansion in the public sector, government deficit spending and expansion in the money supply of central banks were main causes of economic problems.

In 1944, by then a British subject, Prof. von Hayek wrote the impassioned "Road to Serfdom." In it he argued that movements toward socialism, towards centralized planning, involved the loss of personal freedom and eventual totalitarianism. The arguments, primarily directed at the socialist roots of Nazism in Germany, were, in effect, a broadside at Keynesian economic thought.

"When the government has to decide how many pigs are to be reared, or how many buses are to be run which coal mines to operate or at what prices boots are to be sold, these decisions cannot be deduced from principles or settled for long periods in advance," he wrote. "In the end, somebody's view will have to decide whose interests are more important and these views must become the law of the land."

John Maynard Keynes, the British economist who revolutionized economic theory advocating cheap money and public investment during a recession to maintain full employment, sympathized and liked Prof. von Hayek's book, but he disagreed with its conclusions. He wrote to Prof. von Hayek saying,



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"I should say that what we want is not no planning or even less planning; indeed I should say that we almost certainly want more."

Together with Dr. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish economist, Prof. von Hayek received the Nobel award in 1974 for work in both monetary and social realms. As was noted at the time, their policy conclusions, if followed literally, would be self-canceling. While Prof. von Hayek abhors extensive government intervention in the economy Dr. Myrdal was an important architect of the Swedish Labour Party's welfare state.

'Symptom of Recovery'

The award, Prof. von Hayek said, "was a symptom of the recovery of my reputation." But, he cautioned, "I don't think that because you're a Nobel Prize winner you're necessarily a good adviser on economic policy."

In fact, Paul Samuelson, also a winner of the Noble Prize for Economics, once said that Prof. von Hayek at one time wanted to return to the 19th century days of limited Whig government.

"That's correct," Prof. von Hayek said. The Whig aim was to create a governmental framework for the economy and then only provide services outside the economy, which the market cannot supply.

The current drive toward a welfare state to create a just economy, he feels "is nonsense. Only individual action can be just." As the distribution of

health or strength or beauty, cannot be made a matter of justice, so the things cannot be made just, he argues.

"Present policies are making things worse and worse and we get the natural situation where people despair," he said. "The Keynesian remedy for unemployment has failed, and we're driven by his prescription to more and more inflation at the same time unemployment rises."

"The general public draws the conclusion that capitalism has been a failure. But, in fact, it is we who have destroyed it." He said the two main blows against capitalism have been the increasing power of trade unions and using "monetary policies in a hopeless way."

He dismisses any braking effect on the economic spiral by having economists in government. "I don't think you can be a really good economist and be responsible for solving problems of expediency."

"My task is to make politically possible what is not yet politically possible by changing public opinion," he said.

The change in public opinion is occurring, he noted, but the result is sometimes misplaced. Of the U.S. tax revolt, he said, "It may be a politically expedient way to bring pressure, but it certainly provides no solution. If the government is committed to expenditure, it will just finance it by inflation instead of taxation."

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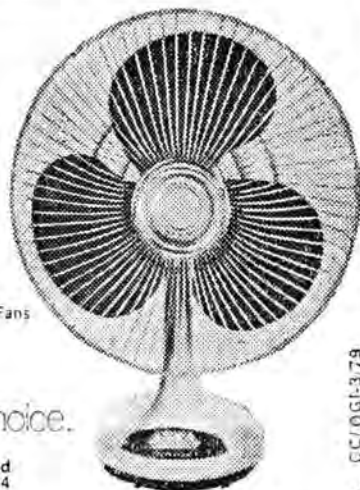
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WORLD NEWS

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITOR TO TIBET

Tsultrim Tersey is a Tibetan refugee resident in Switzerland. He is 31, a graduate of the University of Florence, highly articulate in several languages and a sound observer.

In May of this year he was able to spend 20 days in Lhasa, staying with his parents. During that time some 1,300 Tibetans came to see him. He was able to talk to them privately in Tibetan and thus collect a wide variety of impressions. His evidence is thus of special value.

The picture he paints is one of men, women and children having to do hard manual work for long hours to earn enough to buy the low food ration allowed to them, whereas in the old days there was always a sufficiency of food in Tibet.

Clothes are hard for the ordinary people to get. Three of Tsultrim Tersey's sisters have been sterilised because no food ration is given for the third or any subsequent child. His parents' house was empty of precious things.

He records that the vast majority of Tibetans want to be independent of China and revere the Dalai Lama. There is widespread underground dissent and many prisoners. Possession of the Dalai Lama's photograph is a crime.

About 2,000 Khampas were in Lhasa at the same time as Tsultrim Tersey, having come from Eastern Tibet on a false rumour that the the Dalai Lama would visit Lhasa.

Algernon Rumbold, President, Tibet Soc. of United Kingdom

The Daily Telegraph, July 26

TITOS MISSING MRS. GETS AN AIRING

After a two-year vanishing act. President Tito's disgraced third wife, Jovanka, has finally reappeared in public, apparently in good health—at a Belgrad cemetery.

The mystery of what happened to Jovanka, a former nurse who married Marshal Tito in 1952, still continues to fascinate Yugoslavs. No official explanation was ever provided for her disgrace, but dozens of theories were formulated, ranging from deep political intrigues to a simple domestic tiff.

Most Yugoslavs claiming to be in the know believe that President Tito's marriage with Jovanka has now been formally dissolved. Jovanka is said to have been retired on a major's pension (the rank she reached in the Army) and to be living with friends in a smart residential quarter of Belgrade.

Once Tito's constant companion, Jovanka has been out of bounds to the official press since June, 1977. The efforts devoted to ensuring that she was always pictured by Tito's side are now spent seeing that she never again graces the pages of a Yugoslav newspaper. But, given her former prominence, it is a difficult task. Old library shots of President Tito occasionally contain tell-tale glimpses of a feminine elbow or knee.

It has been even more difficult to remove Jovanka's smiling face—she was known as "Yugosmile"

from the public imagination. Her fellow Serbs have a soft spot for underdogs, and she has taken on a martyr-like image since her disgrace.

In his sole public comment on the affair, President Tito told an American interviewer in March, 1978, that Jovanka remained his wife, but she made him nervous and he found it easier to travel alone.

Spotting the woman who has replaced Jovanka at Tito's side—if indeed there is such a woman—has become a favourite game among Yugoslavs. Possible candidates include an airline hostess, a journalist, a masseuse, and an opera singer.

Michael Dobbs, *The Guardian* July 13, 1979

PEASANT PROPRIETORSHIP—SOVIET STYLE

The Soviet state may be the world's largest farmer; but Russians would go very hungry if collective workers did not grow little rows of vegetables and keep a few pigs and chickens in their back yards. Without these small personal contributions, the open air markets in all towns would close down, fresh vegetables, eggs, meat, milk and potatoes would be almost unobtainable, and migration from the countryside would turn into a stampede.

Nearly a third of all the food produced in Russia is grown on little plots privately tilled by individual members of the huge rural population. After years of sniping at this survival of the free market, the authorities have now put economics before ideology and are trying to encourage private-sector farming in every way possible. Last December President Brezhnev said that farmworkers should be made to feel "that by raising cattle and poultry on their household plots they are doing a useful thing, something of state importance".

American experts estimated some years ago that private farming accounted for almost a third of all man-hours expended in Soviet agriculture and almost a tenth of all man-hours expended in the whole economy. According to Russian statistics, there are 32m tiny private plots. They make up only a small fraction of the total land under cultivation, but provide a quarter of the country's vegetables, two thirds of its potatoes and a third of its meat and milk. Collective farm labourers get no less than a quarter of their incomes from their private plots.

After Stalin's collectivisation of agriculture, party ideologues maintained that private plots would fade away as the collective farms, with their up-to-date machinery and scientific management, got going. But the huge state farms have never been able to satisfy demand. They are often inefficient, many of workers are elderly, and their distribution system is poor.

Khrushchev tried to get the peasants to work harder on the collective farms by restricting their private farming. But food production failed to increase, and after his fall the restrictions were quietly dropped. Peasants can now keep a cow, a calf, two or three pigs, 10 sheep or goats and a fair number of chickens, geese, ducks, rabbits and bees; and these ceilings may even be removed altogether.

Since Khrushchev's fall the Russians have spent huge sums on agriculture, the Achilles heel of their economy. Nearly a third of all Russian investment goes on fertilisers, farm mechanisation and agricultural training centres, but bad weather, poor storage facilities and transport problems constantly hold back production. After the disastrous grain harvest of 1975, millions of animals had to be slaughtered, a blow from which the country is still recovering. Meat is still scarce outside Moscow, Leningrad and the big cities.

So the Communist party began discreetly to soften its ideological opposition to "ancillary farming", as it is officially known, and to portray it as a natural offshoot of the system. Mr. Brezhnev himself admitted last summer that "this form of labour, which does not involve exploitation, plays a useful role in our economy at this time". The ministry of agriculture recently introduced measures to boost production on private plots.

The government is also trying to get town-dwellers to go out and dig. They are allowed plots of up to 600 square yards with up to 20 chickens, five rabbits and five beehives. The press often points out the benefits of work on these allotments in teaching urban youth the value of physical labour, while cutting down crime and drunkenness. Factories are being encouraged to start market gardens and use the produce to feed their workers.

Yet a new generation has grown up on the mechanised factory farms which has never learnt how to milk a cow, skin a rabbit or cure a sick goat. Books

are now being supplied by the million to show people the basics of private farming. The Russian authorities still cannot steel themselves to the idea that the middle way between the giant state farm and the tiny smallholding is probably more efficient and productive. The principle of collective agriculture really would be dead and buried if they did.

The Economist, August 18, 1979

Raymond's suitings

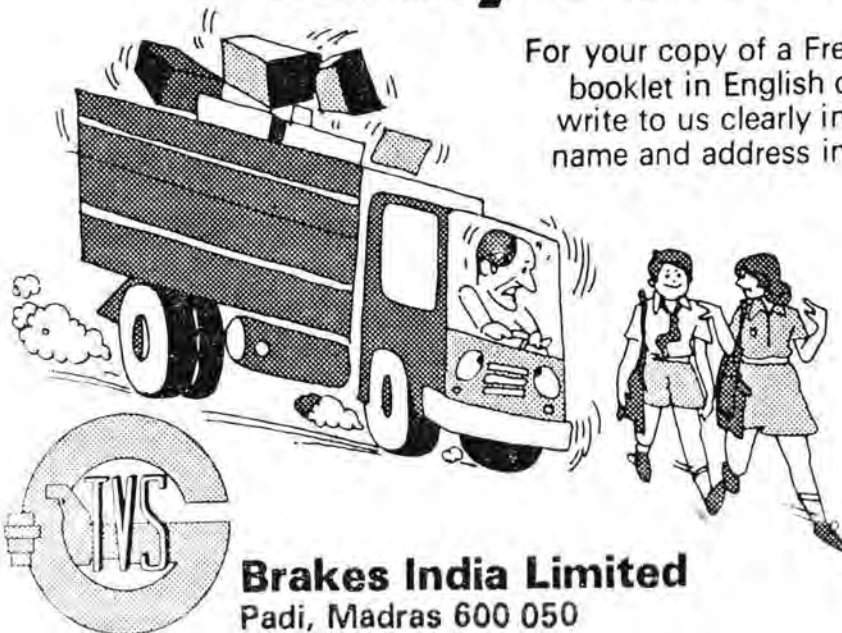
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Book Review

"AFTERMATH" Martin Borman and the Fourth Reich by Ladislav Farago. Pan Books, Edition 1976
550 pages, Price £ 1.25

National Socialism of the Hitler pattern has been a simmering phenomenon in Latin America since the days of the Third Reich. Recently there have been signs of Neo Nazism rearing its ugly head in the USA and UK but with racial undertones. Soon after the death of Pope Paul VI, allegations were made by certain parties of the passive and negative attitude adopted by him in maintaining diplomatic silence over the atrocities committed against the Jews of Europe during World War II when he was Deputy Secretary of State to the late Pope Pius XII.

Ladislav Farago's extremely well documented book on Martin Borman and the Fourth Reich throws added light on these events; wisely, it is left to readers to draw their own conclusions. None of us who call ourselves human beings can ever accept the untold atrocities committed by Adolf Hitler and his Third Reich against the Jews of Europe in the heyday of National Socialism. That tap on the back or knock at the door followed by the uttering of those two ominous words "Juden Raus" brought untold fear to the millions of Jews living in Festung Europa. The concentration camps at Belsen, Auschwitz, Treblinka, Sobibor, Birkenau, Ravensbruck, Riga, and others, are too well known to merit description. The activities in these camps, sordid and bestial as they were, must be retold to remind human beings of their depth of depravity. Here, men, women and children were subjected to untold indignities and miseries, deprived of their belongings, humiliated and finally put to death by every conceivable, fiendish means in gas chambers, in specially constructed sealed vans into which was fed carbon monoxide gas from their exhausts and unimaginable and despicable medical tests and even under the guise of euthanasia. These heinous crimes, shorn of all norms of decency, were executed by such "famous" names as Heydrich, Himmler, Muller, Eichmann, Dr. Mengele, Klaus Barbie, Stangl and a host of other "butchers" who faithfully implemented orders from the top — at times, over zealously — to achieve the "Final Solution" (Endlosung) — the extermination of every living Jew. The man who relayed Hitler's infamous orders and even went to the extent of paraphrasing them was none other than Reichsleiter, Martin Borman, Head of the Nazi Party, Secretary to Hitler and father of nine children!

Aftermath is the story of Martin Borman, the Nazi Machiavelli, who is alleged to have met his end on April 30, 1945, outside the Fuehrer's bunker in smouldering Berlin ravaged by Allied bombers and massive Red Army artillery. But did Borman really die? Ladislav Farago, Hungarian by birth, an officer of U.S. Intelligence in World War II, freelance

journalist and correspondent for the *Sunday Chronicle*, thinks not. With his investigative and inquisitive background, he proceeds to demolish the theory of Borman's death in 1945 and, in doing so, unravels the efforts of the Nazis who escaped Nuremberg and the gallows to set up a Fourth Reich with Martin Borman as the Fuehrer. To achieve this singular aim, Farago examined masses of documents met hundreds of people and even exposed himself to possible death to achieve his singular aim. His travels took him to Denmark, England, Spain, Italy, Austria, Poland and Germany in Europe, and Argentina, Brazil, Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile, Peru, Ecuador and the USA in the New World.

Why a Fourth Reich? Was not the Third Reich dead and buried with Adolf Hitler on April 30, 1945? Farago thinks not and his arguments supported by seemingly incontrovertible facts are convincing. There is little doubt that the cult of Nazism has strong roots in South America with its large German population and exiled Nazis who, like Borman, found a safe refuge there. What better rallying point than Martin Borman? Farago is convinced that were it otherwise why would these Nazi exiles and Nazi sympathizers go to the extent they did to protect Borman from being abducted by the Israelis or extradited to Germany to face the law. There were other reasons, according to Farago, for the setting up of a Fourth Reich, viz. anti-communism, and he uses this reason, very cleverly, to explain the attitude of the post-war Catholic Church in assisting the escape of Nazi criminals of the ilk of Borman, to South America. Farago's arguments and exposition in this context are persuasive and throw light on this contentious subject.

The manner in which certain Governments dragged their feet in making information available and in bringing these war criminals to book have been aptly described by Farago who says: "How helpless, powerless and spineless even great and decent nations can be", to which one is tempted to add "or want to be"! This explains why it took 25 years to bring Stangl to book and 3 years to build the case of a known criminal who was responsible for exterminating, at the Treblinka and Sobibor death camps 'only', 400,000 persons out of 700,00. For this deed Stangl was awarded the honorific of the "Best Camp Commandant in Poland"!

A compelling book altogether by the author of "Patton". One cannot but admire his persistence though one wonders whether this determination to prove that Borman did not die in 1945 is due to some deep-seated hatred for the Nazis, Borman's importance, or just to satisfy his ego. Whatever it is, the book is well worth reading and one wonders whether Neo Nazism will surface, if not for any other reason than to further the cause of racism in UK, USA and South Africa.

Maj. Gen. E. D'SOUZA (Retd.)

INDIRA'S INDIA

A POLITICAL NOTEBOOK

BY S. NIHAL SINGH

Insight into the political scene throughout the rise and fall (and rise?) of Indira Gandhi can be gained from Nihal Singh's book; he is among the soundest and wisest of Indian political journalists and this is a collection of his articles in the *Calcutta Statesman*. Among those who should read it, as well as the categories mentioned earlier, are people who imagine that Indian prose is stilted and pompous or that it mishandles the English language."

NEW STATESMAN (London)

It is difficult to predict the shape of things to come. But reflection on the tumultuous times India has been through may yield valuable clues and lessons. It is precisely for this reason that Mr S. Nihal Singh's latest book *Indira's India* should be read carefully...

What stands out throughout is Mr Singh's scrupulous fairness; he spares neither Mrs Gandhi nor the Janata leaders nor any one else. Nor does he lash out unduly. And the book is eminently readable. Rarely does one come across an awkward sentence or a jarring note."

THE HINDUSTHAN TIMES

Since the fall of Indira Gandhi in the March 1977 general election, the former Prime Minister's doings during her years of power have been a tempting subject for many authors. All kinds of writers, expert in their craft or novices, have tried to cash in on the Emergency literature boom. S. Nihal Singh's book too is likely to be taken as another volume on the Emergency or its aftermath. It is not exactly so. The book is a collection of the author's signed weekly column in *The Statesman*, of which he is the chief editor. As a keen observer of the political events of the country for about a decade, he writes with ample background knowledge, clarity and imagination..."

THE SUNDAY STANDARD

Mr Nihal Singh's book is quite distinct from most of the contemporary publications on the Indira regime. It is a dispassionate analysis of the major political events and the behaviour of our prominent personalities during the most fateful years (1969-early 1978) of Independent India...

Able editing has enabled the book to avoid a disjointed look. It rather impresses the readers as a coherent and fairly complete account of the rise and fall of Indira Gandhi. Moreover, many shrewd observations and intelligent hints for the future shape of events will make one feel that there are journalists who may, at times, excel the practising politicians in the assessment of political situations."

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Panvel Aircrash

Sir,

The latest aircrash involving the controversial and unreliable AVRO aircraft — the fourth in the last two years — is a sad commentary on the airworthiness of our Avro aircraft. It pained us when some people expressed in the press their relief that no VIP was involved in this aircrash. No VIPs were involved in the earlier AVRO crashes either and hence this complacency! If some VIPs were involved in the first AVRO aircrash, the subsequent tragedies would not have occurred at all. Are not the victims the VIPs so far as their close relations are concerned?

It may be recalled that IAC was forced to ground many of our AVRO aircrafts a few years ago after strong protests from all our pilots. It is indeed shocking to hear that all of them are back in the air after some perfunctory repairs! We hope that the latest tragedy will open the eyes of our government and the IAC authorities, and all the AVRO aircraft would be grounded for good.

What is most shocking is that no minister or senior IAC official bothered to visit the site of the wreckage or morgue where the dead bodies were on display for identification. In sharp contrast to this callousness, it may be recalled that Shri J.R.D. Tata, the then Chairman of Air India had lost no time in visiting the site of the wreckage when Air India's Jumbo crashed and personally calling on the relations of the victims concerned.

We wonder why the belongings of the victims were not left on the dead bodies, as that would have enabled the relatives of the victims to identify the bodies.

(Mrs) Suman Sumant Bankeshwar
M. S. Gangoli A. S. Golikeri R. A. Golikeri

Sri Lanka—A Point of View

Sir

Ceylon underwent a much harsher and more oppressive form of authoritarian rule than India between 1970-1977 under Mrs. Bandaranaike because she gained a 2/3 majority which enabled her to change the constitution, introduce special courts, take over the press and suppress freedom to suit her. There was nothing to check her. The feudal character of the Ceylonese leaders never made them understand what the sovereignty of the people means. The Soulbury Constitution by laying down that parliament cannot go beyond five years and that parliament should consist of two houses assured the sovereignty of the people as something that mattered in Lanka. All that was thrown overboard by the Sri Lanka Constitution of 1972.

The real malaise of Lanka today is the lack of liberalism for Lanka, and liberalism for most Asian countries would mean something not quite the same as what most of the so-called Asian democrats mean.

Politics in Ceylon has been crude and corrupt because racial and religious bias has been emphasised and because of this, intolerance of the opposition and opposition parties has been severe. The parties

have also not been strictly secular parties and because of this inefficient and incapable leaders were able to hold their own as it happens even today. In India it has been identified as the malaise, and the free play that is being given to political forces is likely to resolve the question. In Ceylon it is just the contrary. The economic crisis in Sri Lanka developed about 1968 but from that time the parties in power have been fighting shy of elections and thwarting democracy to bring about massive routs when elections came. Elections at the appropriate time could have obviated all these sharp reactions.

The open door policy to foreign goods that has been adopted in the present confusion is not doing much good because propensity to industrialisation has slackened and export oriented industries producing goods at high prices for the Western market are started and pushed through, ignoring the home market, which apparently is contrary to a proper North South dialogue.

Liberalism in Asia, at least in Sri Lanka, thus ought to be appreciative of situations at home and abroad to render a balance and evenness to global prosperity.

A. E. Gunawardena
President
Ceylonese Liberal Party

Intellectuals and Elections

Sir,

Amongst all the Janata party leaders. Mr. Vajpayee has earned the reputation of being a liberal leader with the aptitude for change, dynamism and progress notwithstanding his past association with the Jan Sangh. Therefore his recent call to invite the intellectuals to participate and contest for the forthcoming General Elections to the Lok Sabha has to be welcomed. But the political situation in the country during the last three decades has been so much polluted with the self-seeking, corrupt and professional politicians, who have successfully kept the intellectuals in the background since the latter are not competent to compete with the politicians.

Mr. Vajpayee's call to intellectuals would have been more relevant if the Janata Party had encouraged the intellectuals and given them the place of honour during the 1977 elections as well as during the last 2½ years' rule of the Janata party. During the last elections the Janata leaders did not encourage the intellectuals among the politicians who had a creditable record and contribution; to mention only two names Mr. Minoo Masani and Mr. Balraj Madhok, who ought to have been selected to the Lok Sabha. While the Janata Government did not give respect to the former as the Chairman of the Minorities Commission, the latter was denied a Janata ticket from Delhi. Therefore, I am afraid that unless some radical changes are made in our body politic in respect of elections and filling up of the seats in our Parliament and State Legislatures, it is not possible for honest and able intellectuals to contribute and play their due role in the rough and tumble of politics.

B. M. Baliga. *The Hindu* 29-9-79

WITH MANY VOICES

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

—Tennyson

The national sport of the Americans is no longer football, basketball or baseball. It is law and litigation. There are 467,000 lawyers in the United States.

N. A. Palkhivala, *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

You find on many occasions that the bureaucracy in the United States, as in India, has more information than knowledge, more knowledge than wisdom, and more intelligence than imagination.

Dr. Daniel Moynihan, *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

"The present caretaker Government, "believes in taking really goodcare- of itself, that is."

India Today, October 1-15

If you must sin, sin against God, not against the bureaucracy. God may forgive you, but the bureaucracy never will.

Hyman Rickover, *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

Politicians who have been shouting "The law shall take its course" are showing us what course the law takes when a society is led by the unscrupulous.

Arun Shourie, *Indian Express*, September 27

The freedom of the subject is the silence of the laws.

N. A. Palkhivala, *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

Individual Americans have a bad habit of going into another nation's kitchen, starting lamb stew and then leaving when it is boiling, for someone else to supervise.

Elizabeth R. L. Littlejohn, *Economist*, September 8

Some legislators had breakfast with one party, lunch with another party and dinner with yet another party.

Reference to Karnataka Legislators in the
Times of India, September 28

Deliver the mail, defend the shores, and get the hell out of my life.

A candidate for the Governorship of the State of Wisconsin (USA), *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

This afternoon in Brighton Messrs Wedgwood Benn and Heffer and their union allies commence the great campaign to carry the labour Parliamentary party, kicking and screaming, back into the 19th century.

The Daily Telegraph, September 28

"All communist parties," "believe in feeding their supporters on selected diet.

A Political Commentator in *India Today*,
September 16-30

Happy is the nation which can have civil servants without the bureaucracy!

N. A. Palkhivala, *Bhavan's Journal*, August 12

the measure of achievement



99 years ago, we were a single, simple spinning unit. Today, our textile complex is one of the largest in the world. In 1977, we crossed the Rs. 80-crore mark.

Our manufacturing facilities are very modern and highly automated. We have one of the largest loomsheds—2,160 automatic looms under one roof!

We were the first cotton textile mill to install the revolutionary ultra high speed inter shuttleless weaving machines in India. The first to produce terry towels on automatic jacquard looms. And one of the first to install a rotary screen printing machine.

Our fabrics are exported to all the sophisticated fashion centres in the world. In 1977 alone, exports exceeded Rs. 17 crores. Taking our total export earnings since Independence to Rs. 183 crores—which is one-tenth of India's exports of cotton textiles! This export performance has earned for us, over the years, several awards:

- The Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry 1972 Award for pioneering export achievement.
- The Government of India Award for outstanding achievement in export promotion for 1972-73.
- The Government of Maharashtra Directorate of Industries Prize for best export performance for 1973-74.
- The Texprocil Award for outstanding export performance in 1976-77.

How's that for achievement?

BOMBAY DYEING

U. R. PATIL