

THE NOTIONAL ALTERNATIVE

S. V. Raju

BESET by serious snags, the countdown for the rocket (six stage) christened "Bharatiya Lok Dal" destination National Alternative, continues fitfully. The trouble with the rocket is its fuel. The various components like the Swatantra Party, the BKD and the SSP don't mix. Yet the scientists are confident that the rocket will lift off even if it be for a "leap in the dark". The latest report is blast off is scheduled for August 29.

This is the story of one of the components, the Swatantra Party, its technical problems, and how the scientist in charge of this component sought to get over the problem.

The Swatantra Party was formally launched at its Preparatory Convention in Bombay on August 1, 1959. Fifteen years later on August 4, 1974, the seventh National Convention resolved to vote itself out of existence "from such date as the President, Mr. Piloo Mody, may declare in consultation with the National Executive." It is not without significance that not one of the Founding Fathers who were on the platform at the Preparatory Convention was to be seen at the seventh Convention. The only one, Minoo Masani was on the floor seeking to shake those on the platform out of the hypnotic spell of the mantra of "National Alternative" that had gripped them.

Why the involved decision? Why could not the Convention decide to dissolve the Party with immediate effect? The reason was that another component, the BKD, was also having problems of its own. Therefore the Swatantra decision was suitably tailored. In plain language, it was left to Mr. Charan Singh to decide whether or not the Swatantra Party should wind up!

In its editorial of August 12, 1974, the *Times of India* observed:

"Mr. Masani is mistaken in thinking that the Swatantra Party, with little following anywhere, has a worth while role to play anywhere."

Perhaps if the facts as to what transpired at the Convention had been known and if the role of the Party had been understood in its correct perspective, the comment might have been different. As it happens, the press in general could be forgiven for its ignorance.

For it was kept out of Sapru House despite delegates pointing out as the Convention got under way that for the first time since its birth, the press had been prevented from following the proceedings.

There were actually three resolutions before the Convention. The official one that sought dissolution, another rejecting the idea and a third which sought, in the light of the present mood in the country and the plight of the Party, to convert it into an educative and service organisation. This resolution which was tabled by Mr. Masani, was a compromise resolution and would have had meaning only if it evoked a consensus. The compromise would have enabled those who wished to see Swatantra alive to see its continuance *sans* electoral politics and those who wished to join the new Party would have been equally free to do so.

Defectors' Formula?

The Party establishment rejected Mr. Masani's formula on the ground, as Mr. Piloo Mody put it, that

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IN THIS ISSUE

"This is the way world ends,
Not with a bang but a whimper."

This little verse comes to mind on a perusal of the article on the fading out of the Swatantra Party contributed by S. V. Raju, for over a decade the Executive Secretary of the Party at its national headquarters.

'Checkpoint Charlies' exist in great numbers even in India today. This zone is the zone of *Gulag Archipelago*, says well-known novelist Manohar Malgonkar.

After 'A Mood of Barriers' comes 'A Time For Sharing'. Our new contributor, Pervin Mahoney, writes about her experience of work in an Israeli kibbutz during the war.

Between You & Me and The Lamp Post



Italy Up, Britain Down

THE lowering of democratic standards in Britain manifested earlier this year in the miners' illegal strike and the irresponsible activities of the British TUC has now taken the shape of a most surprising proposal put out by a committee of the British Labour Party. This is that the BBC, which enjoys the highest reputation for its independence and objectivity throughout the world, even in enemy countries during war time, should be abolished and all Broadcasting and Television should be centralised in the hands of the nominees of the Government of the day. That such an attitude, which has motivated our Union Government's rejection of the eminently sensible recommendations of the Chanda Committee for the setting up of autonomous corporations for radio and television, should be manifested by a party with the democratic traditions of British Labour is a grievous setback to the forces of freedom throughout the world. Poor Britain, that it should be slipping in this manner!

It is encouraging, however, that on the very same day the Labour Party published its proposals, Italy's Constitutional Court ruled that the Italian State monopoly over radio and television was illegal and that the government had no right to ban Television and private relay stations beaming services into Italy. The Court ruled that a State monopoly would only be constitutional if it was accompanied by guarantees for free, impartial and representative information, which were now lacking.

Perhaps one of our constitutional lawyers will examine the question whether a similar appeal to the Supreme Court in India will lie?

Even Jove Nods

ANOTHER prestigious institution to take a knock is the International P.E.N., which has a fine record of advocacy of freedom of expression and of efforts on behalf of writers suffering from censorship or worse. It was an indiscretion for Dr. Heinrich Boll, the last President of P.E.N., who retired a couple of months ago in favour of the British literary critic Mr. Pritchett, to have allowed himself to be entertained in Yugoslavia at a meeting addressed by Mr. Ribicic who had earlier been a colonel in the Secret Police — and every-

one knows what that means in a communist dictatorship.

Mr. Ljubo Sirc, lecturer in Glasgow University in the Department of Political Economy, brought this lapse to light in a letter published in *Daily Telegraph* of 20th July. Giving his own personal experience as an exile from Yugoslavia, he mentioned that he was sentenced to death in a trial manipulated by Mr. Ribicic and had spent seven and a half years in a prison which was frequently visited by the same gentleman. Prior to the trial he had gone through all night sessions by way of interrogation by the colonel in the Secret Police. "What", asks Mr. Sirc, "is the use of Eichmann's trial and Solzhenitsyn's indictment in 'Gulag Archipelago' if the leaders of PEN then go and shake hands with a Mr. Ribicic? By the way, this particular one was 'trained' in 1944-45 by the very 'administrators' of Gulag".

Mr. Sirc is a respected member of the Liberal International and his point is well taken.

More Fascism

THE Prime Minister has been at it again. In an interview with a leftist journal published on August 14, she said that "monopoly capitalism" in India is giving full support to "fascist" forces. This is typical Communist jargon. It is all the more objectionable because there is not a tittle of evidence to back her proposition. The only "monopoly capitalism" in India is that of the Government sector and the only "fascism" in India is to be found among her own followers. Is it not peculiar that the Prime Minister constantly turns a blind eye to it? Take, for instance, the latest example.

Socialism = Loot

OUR August issue had carried an Editorial Note entitled: "Socialism = Apartheid". That equation is out of date and another must now take its place.

According to press reports based on information given by the Railways and the Gujarat Police, a thousand-strong gang of vandals systematically indulged in a rampage at various major stations on route from Delhi to Bombay, looting food and drink stalls and smashing crockery and furniture as it did so. Who were these goondas and whence had they like locusts

descended? The answer is that these were "Congress Party youth workers returning from New Delhi after having attended a mass rally addressed by the Prime Minister". *The Times of India* quite rightly commented that the train should not have been called "Youth Special" but "Vandal Special".

According to PTI, it was officially learnt in Bombay that the search of the "Youth Special" ordered by the Collector of Bulsar revealed a large stock of foreign hard liquor, huge quantities of superior Delhi rice and contraceptives!

According to the *Times of India* "over 300 women members of the youth delegation from Madras complained to women MPs that their bangles, earrings and necklaces were snatched away during the railway journey by a number of their male comrades."

Long live socialism!

'Progressive Socialism'?

SOME recent remarks made by Kamal Djumblatt, leader of the Lebanese Progressive Socialist Party, show how anti-Israeli fanaticism can lead even a decent Arab into fatuous attitudes. According to the Beirut newspaper *Al-Bayrak* of 26th July, at a meeting between President Assad and Mr. Djumblatt in Damascus, the latter permitted himself to make the following remarks:

"Today the Arabs remember Hitler favourably... At least he would have saved us from the Zionists. We must not take a strong stand against Nazism, just as we must not agree with everything the leftists say. Nazism should be revived somewhat..."

Tut, tut, Mr. Djumblatt! Is this in the spirit you imbibed during your repeated visits to your Guru in South India? We would hate to think so.

USSR Found Guilty

THE ILO is an extremely timid inter-governmental institution which constantly pussyfoots to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of its totalitarian members. It even pretends that Trade Unions exist in the Soviet Union!

All the more striking, therefore, that a committee of the ILO at its annual Conference in Geneva voted by a 3:1 majority on June 18 to place Soviet Russia on the list of nations guilty of not complying with the conventions of the organisation. A report from Geneva says that it is the first time a "great power" has been listed a "non-compliant". The vote came after a debate on a report noting that a Soviet law of 1961 provided for compulsory labour for persons "evading socially useful work and leading an anti-social parasitic way of life." No doubt Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn would qualify as anti-social and parasitic elements! The report drawn by ILO experts said that this law is con-

tradictory to a Convention against forced labour signed by the USSR in 1956—the year of Khrushchev's de-Stalinisation drive.

But then, those days are past. These are the days of re-Stalinisation and step by step the dictatorship is slipping back to its grim and gory past. One can only weep for the oppressed peoples of the Soviet Union.

Soviet Methuselahs

WHILE the expectation of life in Soviet forced labour camps is shockingly low, the USSR tries to make up for this by claiming repeatedly the existence of large numbers of centenarians in its territories. In the beginning of August, the Soviet press reported the death of Shirali Muslimov at the alleged age of 168 in the Caucasus.

But the Methuselah cult which has flourished for years is about to be debunked by as eminent an authority as the biologist and gerontologist Dr. Zhores Medvedev. In an article written for the journal *Gerontologist*, the Soviet scientist, now in exile and working in London, systematically destroys the myth which he describes as "pseudo-science." Not one of the 500 people in Caucasus who claimed to be from 120 to 165 years old have been able to produce valid birth records.

The cult, according to Medvedev, is to be explained in social and political terms rather than in medical terms. Its prominence in Georgia is due to the fact that Stalin himself came from Georgia and had hoped, even at the age of 70, that he would be no exception to this longevity.

Medvedev proves that thousands of deserters during World War I got themselves false papers to exaggerate their age and mentions the case of a man once lionised by the Soviet press as having reached the age of 128 and later exposed to be only 78!

Long live the peoples of the Soviet Union!

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

"The communists in southern Europe present themselves as a democratic alternative to the old, or crumbling, dictatorships. The trouble is that they are still democratic only by assertion; and quite possibly the assertion merely follows Lenin's principle that 'marxism will never reject any particular method of combat'. The underlying aim may still be summed up in the words of the nineteenth-century French Writer, Louis Veuillot:

When I am weaker than you, I ask you for freedom because that is according to your principles; when I am stronger than you, I take your freedom away, because that is according to my principles."

The Economist, August 10, 1974

A MOOD OF BARRIERS

Manohar Malgonkar

I HAVE travelled thousands of miles in America by bus, from Boston to Des Moines, for instance, and certainly hundreds in England, from London to Inverness and back. And I, or rather the bus in which I travelled, was never once stopped for a barrier.

Not once!

Going from Goa into Karnataka, you're stopped at least four times in sixteen miles.

When Goa was Portuguese and the border a frontier, there were only two checkpoints; one in Goa and the other in India. Now there are five—one on the Goa side and four—yes four—on the Karnataka side.

Even in Portuguese days, the Goan guards never opened your luggage, coming or going. This tradition of regarding travellers as fairly harmless creatures still persists. Even today Goa's police don't stop cars or buses to examine their passengers' luggage. And three cheers to them!

Coming out, they wave you through with barely a glance at your number-plate, and you enter what once was the no-man's-land. It still is something of a no-man's-land, because on the other side is Gulag Archipelago—the zone of barriers.

The first one is exactly where the old Customs post was, and should thus be the opposite number of the one you have passed on the Goan side. Not a bit of it; this one is more like Checkpoint Charlie. The business of checking is gone through with undisguised relish. Open the boot, open suit-cases, open hand-luggage. Your name and car-number goes into a register. Only then does the bar lift, almost reluctantly. You may proceed.

Four miles more, and another bar confronts you, with a faded red rag draped over it. Here the men who tumble out of a roadside hut don't even wear uniforms; most of them are dressed in grubby shorts and singlets. From their talk you make out that they're looking for liquor, and this seems ironical because at least a couple of them look far from sober.

Karnataka has no prohibition. But don't fool yourself. If they discover in your luggage so much as the therapeutic pint of brandy, you're in serious trouble. They arrest you on the spot and, since the nearest magistrate is thirty miles away and his court probably closed for the week-end, chances are that you'll spend several days in a lock-up. I shudder to think what would happen to a traveller returning from a trip abroad and bringing in his permitted bottle of Air India Scotch through Goa, as he well might if his destination was Karwar. It sounds impossible in a state which has no prohibition, but I have been told by people who know the law that it is not merely a matter of paying the extra excise duty and a fine, but a crime

meriting gaol without the option. The strange part of it is that there is nothing to warn you of the danger. No notice boards, no alarm signals. This is something that some local Rotary or Lions Club might take in hand as a form of public service instead of littering the roadside with signs saying, "THE LIONS OF WHATEVER WELCOME YOU."

And More Ordeal

Two barriers in four miles. But the ordeal is by no means over. Another eight miles and there is the familiar rusty tar barrel drawn up in the middle of the road, with law standing by. This too, like Checkpoint Charlie, is a police barrier, but alas, the police belong to different district. So once again: Open your boot please and your bags—and there is not much *please* about it either. The search is carried out with agonizing thoroughness. Two buses loaded with passengers pull up behind you. In the rear view mirror, you see guards clambering up and opening bundles with gusto. You hope that no one has thought of bringing whatever they're looking for.

Four miles further is the fifth and last barrier. But this is the rice barrier—a nice barrier. If you have no rice, you're OK, but don't bank on it.

By the time you're out of the Gulag zone, you have opened your bags three times and spent roughly an hour—more if there is a queue—trying to prove that you are not Daniel Walcott making a comeback. I'm told there are ways of getting through without being searched; that for a price, you can even bring in a case of whisky or take out a lorry-load of rice. I have not tried it, but, in all honesty, I cannot feel strongly about a motorist getting out of having to open his bags by pressing a one-rupee note into a willing hand. The real villain here is not corruption so much as the repressive law that drives the most law-abiding among us to practice it. My grouse is not against the guards but against the machinery that puts them there, against the harassment and the indignities to which travellers are subjected, against barriers within one's own country and above all the multiplicity of barriers: Why four, if an international frontier can manage with only one barrier?

Anyway, you have been warned. Next time you visit Goa, take a plane out—it is just possible that Indian Airlines might be functioning that day. But, whatever happens don't attempt to go out by the Majali or Anmode routes unless you possess inexhaustible reserves of patience. Who knows, by the time you come to Goa they may have put up even more barriers in the Gulag zone, special one's for narcotics, for cloves, for razor blades. Such is their mood.

A TIME FOR SHARING

Pervin Mahoney

WE'D always wanted to work on a kibbutz. It just beckoned investigation, this contradiction in terms—collective living in a democracy. But it was all wishful thinking till some close friends moved to Israel and invited us to join them. At last the trip was planned, letters of welcome received, orders for gifts taken (rather strangely, they asked for a bottle-cutter; guerilla warfare stops at nothing, we thought!), books on Hebrew culture were dipped into, stomach-settling medicines were bought and after much red tape, a visa was obtained.

An uneventful El Al flight landed us at Lod Airport, scene of the recent Japanese Red Army raid. But tension lurked behind the routine welcome smiles and at every fifty feet there lounged a young, blue-jeaned, gum-chewing security guard toting a machine-gun.

Green Deserts

The bus ride from Lod to the kibbutz was stunningly lined up with fruit trees—the result of an amazingly successful agricultural policy which has managed to convert blistering desert into fields and orchards. Israel is practically self-sufficient in food, although 90 per cent of its water supply lies in the north-eastern corner of the land—a miracle of irrigation and Big Daddy's bounty. Whizzing past orange and olive groves, neatly geometrical banana plantations, and the latest in farm machinery, it suddenly struck us that the only thing we knew about the next few weeks was that we knew nothing of what they would hold...

"Oil! This is your stop," the driver broke into our reverie, and off we jumped, packs on backs, hoping we'd interpreted the Hebrew right.

Looking for an English speaker to guide us on what to do next, we wandered past sprinklers making green lawns greener, past one-storey living quarters, past the centre of the kibbutz which comprised of a dining hall, theatre, swimming pool and offices. We approached a middle-aged couple on bicycles, but they only spoke Yiddish and gestured us to a likely-looking plump woman who muttered away in Portuguese. Meanwhile, my husband had made for a group of oomphy halter-top-and-shorts-clad Hebrew-speakers. One of them said something which sounded like, "Aha, so you're new volunteers." Maybe what she said actually was "The toilets are round the corner" but the tone sounded helpful. Just then the confusion was cut by a piercing "Hi! Y'all new round here?" and all-American

Dolores swung into view, denim'd from top to bottom, with Coke bottle firmly in hand. "Come along where Shosh is doling out the salaries." As we entered a room with about 50 volunteers (every possible nationality seemed to be sitting on the floor there) she continued, "Salaries my ass! All we get is coupons which we can exchange at the local store for things like soap and fag."

As new arrivals we also received linen, boots and work-clothes—laundered but centuries-stained shirts, shorts and hats. We also heard a casual cautionary tale: "By the way, don't step off the road when you go for walks; there are mines everywhere. We had a nice guy called Frank here last year ... poor bastard had his leg blown off..."

After dinner (soon we discovered it was a cold salad all year through, to minimize late-night washing-up) we learnt that we had been assigned to the banana fields. Every 4 a.m. a tremendous drum-roll of banging would shatter our sleep, climaxing with a manic rousing cry of "Ba-naa-naas!" (On one embarrassingly memorable occasion it shattered our door as well.) At once you'd have to leap out of bed and make for the shower-room at the end of the verandah, or you'd instantly fall asleep again (at least I did). And all inhibitions about washing with strangers of both sexes disappear if you do it daily at 4 a.m., though it might make you stop washing altogether.

Watermelon Time

Off you'd stumble to the shed where the bosses (they changed every year, so there was no distinction between "them" and "us") would allocate the specific



work: pruning, or spraying insecticide, or (for the men) cutting and lifting heavy loads of fruit onto trailers. Five mornings a week it was bumpety-bump in a tractor to the fields. En route we'd see the sunrise—a real delight after years of late-night city-life. Till breakfast we would slog and sweat—if you sneaked too often behind the trees for a quick snooze, you were quietly transferred to the laundry or nursery.

The work would resume, the beat would increase, your mind would switch off while your arms and legs carried on automatically, you got to breaking-point and beyond, you considered throwing a tantrum or feigning a faint, but didn't because you knew no one would take the slightest notice, when miraculously, blessedly, a supervisor would call out, "Watermelon time!" and you would flop into a silent camaraderie of collective exhaustion. Back to work till 1 p.m., then lunch, a shower and a siesta. The rest of the day was your own—for swims, supper, friendships, open-air movies under the stars, walks through fields of corn-cobs so young that they were delicious picked and eaten raw . . . Maybe after a time one might miss theatres, concerts, museums and all the other urban trappings, but for the time being it was enough to be part of a non-competitive society where you worked and in return could eat your fill, drink and have fun—as smile as that.

The volunteers comprised not only Jews come for a taste of Israel, or those like ourselves who wanted to experience a socialist commune, but also drop-outs on the look-out for a free living. My favourite drop-out was Mark; he would perch ruggedly on top of a bomb shelter to watch the sunset, swig beer and boast (especially if there was a girl around) of how he had run away from Vietnam in order to join the mercenaries in Angola. He also began the fiercest free-for-all I have ever seen. It started with half a truckload of watermelons that were gifted to us volunteers as a bonus. Mark ambled over to the trailer, picked up a melon, and cut it in half. Then instead of eating it, he hurled it at the nearest onlooker, Kenji, a Japanese drifter, from whose inscrutable face not a flicker would ever signal whether he was happy, in despair or dead drunk (he once received a huge wound in his abdomen from diving into the swimming pool when it was half empty; there was blood everywhere, but all we perceived was a slight narrowing of his eyes). Now in true Samurai tradition, Kenji merely reeled, walked over, picked up another watermelon and hurled it at Mark. And then it snowballed. In ten minutes we, the lawn, the verandahs, the rooms, the furniture, and a stray kitten we had adopted were encrusted with thick red slime, seeds and flies. If you tried to point out the waste, you were greeted with a particularly vicious one in the eye or stomach.

Kibbutzim are far from being havens of formal behaviour or orthodox religion, but for the weekly

Passover dinner everyone was transformed by their Friday best. Candles were lit, a short extract from the Bible was read aloud, long dresses or trousers and shirts replaced the ubiquitous shorts, hair-dos were set—even the dinner was edible. Our Young Turks cut straight through all this ceremony. After a juicy remark about somebody's mother, Mark would aim a chicken-leg bang into Kenji's eye; Kenji would retaliate with a pepper-pot. It was like seeing a replay of a nostalgic movie about fun-filled days of one's youth: squash bottles and cutlery would fly around good-naturedly; someone would go out to be sick from too much arak. The only lasting harm would be to the feelings of the older kibbutzniks, a stolid, middle-aged group of East European Jews who voiced their disapproval to the managing committee—that and the condition of our room. Supposed to be fully furnished, it contained only two beds, a lurching sea-sick cupboard, and a naked light bulb, everything else having been smashed and not considered worth replacing.

So the days slipped by and friendships developed in spite of friction. Having planned to stay a month, we found ourselves still there after six weeks. We were trying to convince ourselves and everybody else that we really must leave, when one afternoon we were woken from our afternoon siesta by a quiet tap on the door and a matter-of-fact voice announcing, "A war has started." In fact, this news of the Yom Kippur war didn't really frighten us until that evening: looking



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round the kibbutz for signs of change, to our horror we saw women cleaning out bomb shelters for their children, shelters which had remained unused since 1970 — except as a convenient meeting place for casual affairs.

And The War

One of my most moving memories is seeing most of the men mobilized and driven away to their units within 24 hours of the outbreak of the war. The first man I saw ready to leave, waiting with his small suitcase packed beside him for a requisitioned public bus to carry him off, was a person I had noticed the previous week at a dance trying earnestly but unsuccessfully to find a girl.

Mobilization left only the women, the children and the volunteers to run our kibbutz. We were very near the Jordanian border and had seen much terrorist activity during the Six Day War. For example, the children had spent every night from 1967 to 1970 in underground shelters. Work was instantly reorganized so that important tasks would continue to be performed although only half the usual labour force was present. Harvesting continued, in between the air-raided sirens — we were so near the border that the all-clear could not be sounded, since it only served as a clear indication to resume bombing. Initial reverses only gave birth to aggressive Israeli jokes about the unexpected Arab military strength, such as "If you play a good chess player long enough, you become a good chess player yourself". After spending four fraught nights in a bomb shelter, fright overcame guilt-feelings and we left the kibbutz to go to our friends near Jerusalem.

Self before sentiment, we thought, as we heard of Nixon's general alert and joined the hordes of tourists outside the airlines office, pushing and jostling for a ticket out. Eventually we got seats on a plane, but we had to travel in a direction quite opposite to our destination. Still, we were lucky to get seats to anywhere.

Our last hurdle had to be jumped when the security guards at Lod Airport saw our address. After leaving the Kibbutz we stayed with friends in an Israeli occupied Arab town on the West Bank. They concluded from it that we were either terrorists or naive friends whom extremists had duped into carrying a bomb. So they searched every individual item in our luggage and on our person, including two facial napkins we'd been given on the El Al flight in, and two beer cans which the officer insisted on opening. Solemnly and sleepily my husband and he drank them — it was 5 a.m.

He also tried to catch us out by repeating at every ten minutes the same questions, such as "What do your friends do?" "Did they give you any presents to carry?" "Is there anything you see in your luggage which isn't yours?" I couldn't resist saying pensively, "Come to think of it, our friends' mother did give us a present." Then I rummaged through everything till I found it — some handcrocheted doilies! On that mundane note the search ended, and we left Israel.

'THE SOCIALIST SUN'

Prices will never come down even if supply exceeds demand. For there is neither perfect competition nor monopoly in India; but there is a race between Padmashri hoarders and Rai Sahibs black market wallahs to earn maximum profits while the 'socialist sun' of the Congress party is shining.

—Point of View, August 1974

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EXPLOSIVE UNCERTAINTY

Ian Tickle

IT is hard to believe that the Indian Government is so insensitive as to be genuinely astonished by Pakistan's indignant response to its atomic test in the Rajasthan Desert. And it is consequently difficult to take at their face value Mrs. Gandhi's assertions that she would like to keep alive the spirit of Simla — where she and President Bhutto met two years ago in relative friendship.

In Pakistan there is a visceral fear of India. It is very deeply felt among wide sections of the population that in India the 1947 partition of the sub-continent is not regarded as a permanency. That is why, after the end of the hostilities which resulted in the secession of Bangladesh, so much hostility to India remains — far more so indeed than against Bangladesh itself. While a determined effort has been made in recent months to get on to a friendly footing with Bangladesh and to go some huge distance to healing the breach caused by the 1971 massacres, there has been relatively little similar effort to reach the equivalent stage with India.

Whatever hope there might have been for gradual improvement, however, has been stopped dead by the Indian atomic explosion — and certainly for a long time. Nobody in Pakistan believes Indian protestations of innocence in the matter, and it is also fair to Pakistan to say that throughout the world there is a certain difficulty in finding people who believe India had any legitimate justification for the explosion. "Whatever may be the declarations of peaceful intent of the Indian Government", said a British Government minister at a disarmament meeting in Geneva on July 8th, "we cannot doubt that her decision as a non-signatory power of the nuclear non-proliferation treaty to go it alone has awoken once again the fears and increased the danger that others may decide to follow suit".

What, then, is the truth about India's intentions? There is little evidence of actual aggressive attitudes to Pakistan — but nor is there much of any real determination to heal breaches. The Pakistanis are undoubtedly right in identifying in powerful Indian circles a feeling that the division of the sub-continent is something to be regretted and a hope that one day things may be rectified. Pakistanis cannot be happy about the increasingly close relationship between India and Afghanistan, which appears to be strongly backed by the Soviet Union. Nor is there any doubt of the enjoyment shown by many Indians at the spectacle of a Pakistan menaced in its very existence by secessionist movements — first of all, the end of East Pakistan, and

more recently, in Baluchistan and the North West Frontier.

India expects Pakistan to accept what Mrs. Gandhi describes as the "new realities" of power distribution on the sub-continent. To Pakistanis with bitter memories of the events surrounding partition, there is a deep suspicion of the motives of what they see as militant Hinduism which cannot be expunged by anything but the most appealing words from India. Talk of new realities and of a positive change in power relationships does very little to help.

For India itself, this seems far from wisdom: for in Bangladesh too there is a growing suspicion of Indian motives, a resurgence of the old fundamental attitudes which went towards the creation of Pakistan in the first place. The enthusiastic popular reception of President Bhutto during his recent visit to Dacca is a sure symptom of a renewed fear of India, of a new realisation among Moslem Bengalis that although they owe their liberation to the invasion of India, the Indians at that time had other thoughts beyond liberation — not thoughts of conquest, but thoughts tending towards changed power relationships and the eventual reduction of both wings of Pakistan to the status of small, perhaps client, states.

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Reviews

FASCISM EXPLAINED

Fascism: Dr Paul Hayes (George Allen & Unwin Ltd., London; £2.25; pp. 225, Marketed in India by Blackie & Son.)

IT is strange but true that words which have caused great trouble are those which have had no clear definition. Whilst Socialism has hundreds of definitions, the word Fascism has been equally vague. There does not exist any fascist equivalent of *Das Kapital*. In spite of *Mein Kampf* it can be said that fascists have had no Marx. The absence of any obvious text on which to base analysis or criticism does not, however, make it impossible to explain fascist theory and this is what the author, a lecturer in International Relations at Oxford, has attempted. We have here an accurate introduction to fascism which was badly needed by the public, students and politicians in India and outside India. The impact of fascist ideas is discussed in the light of ideas on race and the myth of race, nationalism, militarism, socialism, and other allied topics.

This important book should be seen, as the author wants us to do, as an attempt to argue the case for one major interpretation of the historical and social significance of Fascism. In dealing with the elements or topics stated above the author draws attention to many important features of modern history which a layman cannot otherwise easily understand, and also to several important facts of political life which are of vital importance to us in India if we are to avoid the dangers of both fascism as well as communism. Nationalism played an important part of course in the rise of fascism. But here, if there is one lesson which our decent "middle-of-the way" democrats can learn, it is that they must neither underestimate the danger from the radical Left, as Kerensky did in Soviet Russia in 1917, nor the danger from the radical Right as the Italian democrats did about 1922. The danger from communism as well as fascism raising their ugly heads unexpectedly in the midst of our general apathy is everywhere as it was in Italy and Russia. We should not forget that there were certain conditions as well as mistakes made by politicians in France which led to the rise of Fascism in the 1930's. One thing here which we have to grasp is that some of the mistakes were due to the disgust arising from a sterile socialist opposition.

The author makes clear why it is a mistake to think that socialism has nothing whatever to do with fascism. He shows how and why it is even dangerous to ignore the socialist aspects of fascism. He holds that the conventional Marxist, interpretation of Fascism is erroneous.

In part II of the book the author tries to explain how Fascism affected contemporary society. He believes this problem has great importance due to the fear of a recurrence of fascism even today. He holds it can recur in any society for there is no truly consistent pattern arising from the kind of societies in which it became established in the past. The author rejects as "nonsensical" the Marxist view that fascism was only a last desperate throw of the propertied and moneyed classes in face of the advance of proletarian revolution. It is not just a phenomenon of only the developed capitalist world. It can exist in an underdeveloped state as it can in a developed society. For us in India it may be important to note what the author says: "The fascist basis in an underdeveloped state is a form of economic nationalism which effectively restricts development with the intention, not always successful, of thereby reducing dependence on external powers or bodies".

The author warns that fascism is most likely to flourish in societies where there is a process of attempted economic change. Incidentally he explains that one important reason why fascism did not spread in Britain was the absence of feeling that there was need for new solutions to longstanding economic grievances. British politicians believed that traditional remedies would, eventually, cure unemployment and the other serious problems that affected Britain in the 1930's.

Another fact of interest to India is that fascism becomes attractive in a country where there is just pure propaganda that the nation is at the mercy of international capitalist oligarchies or some similarly nebulous bodies. He does not refer to India but mentions Nkrumah's Ghana and Toure's Guinea. Social and economic dislocation provide also the conditions for Fascism to thrive. Another factor helpful to it is the existence of circumstances which make many people of diverse social origin a prey to fears of all kinds.

The Indian reader will benefit considerably from the analysis made in Chapter 14 of the reasons why the other political parties in Germany, Italy, etc. were enfeebled in their opposition to fascism. Among the causes analysed is the one that politicians who perform many somersaults in their behaviour are likely to betray the nation's democracy at a critical time — for to them one more somersault may not matter. This is what happened in Germany to the important Centre Party led by KAAS when it came to voting on the Weimar Republic issue. There is a comment of great interest on Page 168: "The democratic parties saw their own incompetence and were, in a curious way, glad to see the rise of a political movement which had no fears for the future. The backbone of Imperial Germany was the bourgeoisie, but it no longer believed in its own parties and politicians. It surrendered to the Nazis because they offered security". The moral is clear. No group of people in any country should allow

either fear or terror of its supposed enemies to erode basic moral values and capacity for making moral judgment as happened in Germany.

This book will remain a very important contribution to the understanding of Fascism and what decent men throughout the world should do to prevent a recurrence of what happened not very long ago and almost destroyed the world.

P. N. DRIVER

THE SANGH VERSION

Murder of Democracy, Balraj Madhok, (S. Chand; New Delhi, 1973; pp 153; Rs. 16/-).

ONE of the heartening things about contemporary Indian politics is that more books are written on the subject and many of them though ephemeral do help the citizen to ponder over recent happenings. Prof. Madhok, till recently very much in the higher circles of the Jana Sangh, has come out with his assessment of recent happenings in India and this book, it is to be hoped, will be read by those interested in Indian politics.

In reading this book one should not expect impossible things. It is no scholarly interpretation of recent happenings. Neither is it an inside story revealing secrets unknown to Indian public. It is essentially a Jana Sangh version of recent happenings and should therefore be seen primarily as an ideological explanation of Indian politics.

The first fifty odd pages give the fairly well-known Jana Sangh assessment of Indian politics. Their sympathy to Sardar Patel and their suspicion of Nehru's capacity to run the country is fully expressed in these pages. With the death of Patel, there was none to check the power of Nehru and the Jana Sangh founded by S. P. Mookerjee "was meant to fulfill the need." (p. 30).

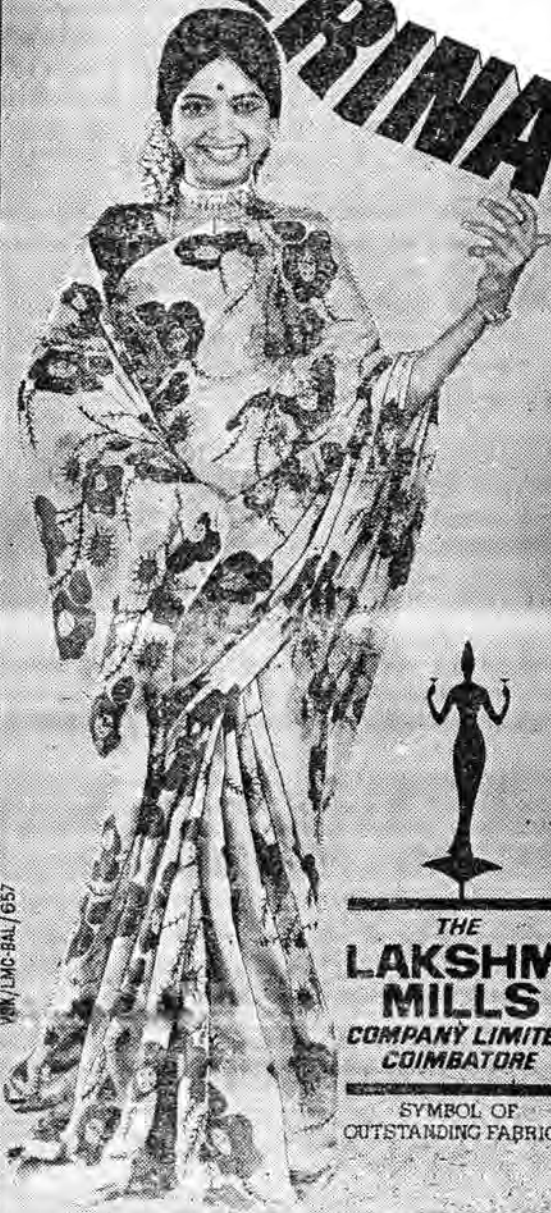
Mookerjee's views on Nehru are quoted with approval:

"When I scan the whole course of Indian history, I do not find a single man who has done greater harm to India than Pandit Nehru." His strategies and parliamentary abilities could have contributed greatly to the democratization of Indian politics. Though the author quotes Dr. Ambedkar's attack on Nehru with approval, yet he concludes that Nehru's "memory will be cherished by every democrat... that he gave respect to democratic institutions and kept the structure of democracy alive when he was in a position to destroy them if he so wanted... On the whole it can be said that Pandit Nehru in his personal conduct toward parliament and the opposition tried to live and behave as a democrat. Thereby he gave respectability to democracy and democratic institutions in the country."

While with regard to Nehru Prof. Madhok's views

A CHARM FOR THE CHARMER

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are ambivalent, he is all praise for Lal Bahadur. For Shastri represented the Tilak school of politics with emphasis on nationalism and hard work. The premiership of Shastri "was like a gush of fresh air"; he remained a true representative of the small men and women of India. Instead of concentrating on slogans he was realistic and this made him unpopular with the communists. Shastri, along with Patel and Mookerjee is among the heroes of Prof. Madhok. According to him none was given an opportunity to build up modern India.

It must be accepted that the real opportunity for competitive democracy came to India during the 1967 elections when the opposition parties could have joined together. The author argues that the Jana Sangh and Swatantra had a number of common points and had there been more cooperation between the opposition parties the Congress could not have won the Lok Sabha seats. After the 1967 elections, both in the Lok Sabha as well as in the northern states a fine opportunity presented itself for clear thinking and firm action. Here the author believes that Dr Lohia's anti-Congressism which was clearly 'nihilistic' was responsible for the utter confusion that prevailed in many places and for frittering away of fine opportunities. In assessing the role of the Jana Sangh, the author condemns his own party in U.P., Madhya Pradesh, Haryana, Bihar, Rajasthan and the Punjab. He feels that if Swatantra and the Jana Sangh had formed a joint parliamentary party "about a score of independents would have joined them to make a solid bloc of about one hundred members in the Lok Sabha which would have become the official opposition and potential alternative to the ruling Congress Party. It would also have acted as a gravitational pull for those in the Congress who were feeling upset and suffocated by the black-mail tactics of the Congress party with the overt and covert support of the Prime Minister". What he calls the politics of convenience had started.

He concludes that in the politics of defection that had started, the worst sufferer was the Jana Sangh. And here his recounting of an anecdote with Charan Singh is worth noting. Charan Singh who was totally disillusioned with the Sangh told Madhok: "I had the highest respect for Jana Sangh and felt closest to it ideologically before I left the Congress on your party's behest. . . But I am a disillusioned man now. My experience of working with your party has convinced me that you are narrow minded and that no one who does not belong to the RSS and who is not a brahmin can have any place in the Sangh." But Madhok has very little to say about the reasons why the party did so badly in the states. He has taken great care to deal in harmless generalities.

When Mrs. Gandhi wielded her hatchet and got rid of Morarji and began rationalising things left and right, the Jana Sangh, according to the author, lost its nerve

and again missed a fine opportunity to put Mrs. Gandhi in her place. The inactivity of the party in not exposing her intentions, argues the author, contributed not a little to the boosting of Mrs. Gandhi's image. He seems to set much store by what an enfeebled opposition could do to arrest the Prime Minister's rhetoric and actions. Again his party comes in for a great deal of criticism or its vacillation in not making public that the second preference votes during the presidential elections should be cast to Mr. Reddy. Within the Sangh itself there appears to have been a lobby for supporting Giri. And when instructions were given by the Jana Sangh leaders for the vote to be given to Reddy, it was too late.

The later chapters of the book deal with more recent happenings and the author has a continuous indictment of the election machinery and suspects that in the conducting of elections foul play cannot be ruled out (as having been practised on wide scale). He has proposals for reforming the office of the Election Commissioner and for decentralising the machinery. These proposals will however be of more academic interest, for there is no possibility of their being enforced.

The book has very little on inner party struggles, factions or differences. The author is confident that the Indian tradition is basically democratic (a comforting thought) and given time and free institutions democracy in our country may be saved. Clearly written, there is no ambiguity about the author's stand on matters. One perhaps should not expect more than this.

R. SRINIVASAN

POLITICS OF D.M.K.

The Big Change and Challenge and Response, K. S. Ramanujam, (Sundara Prachuralayam, Madras, Rs. 10/- and Rs. 15/-).

THE two books are about the rise and growth of D.M.K., Dravida Munetra Kazagam, in Tamil Nadu. They are written by a journalist of standing, by one who represented *Hindustan Times* for over two decades in the city of Madras. The journalist has the added advantage of close personal relations with all prominent political personalities in the State including late Rajaji and late Annadurai, the founder of D.M.K. and its first Chief Minister. It is a pity that D.M.K. did not enjoy long the stewardship of that man of courage, conviction and integrity.

The Big Change was written immediately after the fourth General Election of 1967 which, contrary to expectations, inflicted a crushing defeat on the Congress and brought D.M.K. to power. The author has carefully scrutinised and explained the dynamics of this big change. The change is significant not because the Congress was defeated—it was defeated in many other States—but because it brought to power a new

party which was able to provide, unlike in other States, a strong and stable government. That is the big achievement of DMK and that is the reason why the growth of this new factor deserves to be studied. With his intimate knowledge of the political situation in the States and of the leading political figures, the author has given an account which is objective as well as interesting.

The other book gives the story of the four years of DMK rule and its impressive victory in the mid-term poll of 1971. The book is subtitled "an intimate report on Tamil Nadu politics (1967-71)". DMK ordered the mid-term poll but it had to fight it with two big handicaps: one was the death of its prominent leader, Annadurai after two years in office and, the other of the loss of Rajaji's support which it enjoyed in 1967. But there was one countervailing advantage, the support of the Prime Minister Indira Gandhi and her party. The result of the poll was another resounding victory for DMK. It increased its electoral support from 38.18 per cent of 1967 to 41.92 in 1971 which spoke well of the people's confidence in the party and the management of the State's affairs by Karunanidhi, the new Chief Minister, and his colleagues.

The books are written in a journalistic style and both contain large extracts from contemporary reports filed by the author and other articles and statements. All the same, they give a good account of DMK's rise to power and of the problems it had to tackle. In power, DMK had to give up its earlier slogan of secession; it had also to tone down its emphasis on rationalism and eradication of superstitions. It did not also remain free from the all-pervading disease of corruption. A split has already taken place. Nobody can foretell its effect on the strength of DMK. The books do not refer to it as it is a later development.

V. B. KARNIK

Letter

"REAL INDIANS" AND OTHERS

Sir,

In your article "The Big Bang", you had complained that American correspondents in India found it impossible to locate an Indian who was not tickled pink by the big blast in the Rajasthan desert. "Stuff and nonsense", you had commented. How right you are!

It might interest you and your readers to know that the *New Yorker* of July 22, 1974, quotes an Indian who writes from New York about the mood there following the detonation of India's bomb.

"Foreign friends and journalists tell me that they have met nothing but jubilant Indians, which confirms something I've been beginning to suspect: that foreigners can no longer meet 'real Indians' — that these real Indians become stony faced patriots, propagandists, the moment they meet foreigners, the way Russians also do, so that one can't meet 'real Russians,' either. I have not so far met anyone who was jubilant. I have met only cynical, shrugging people who said they'd rather have more cooking oil, or water, and also fewer mosquitoes, which are a plague this year because there has been no money to disinfect the swarms where they breed. Some of the newspaper cartoonists have also been scathing, especially Laxman, who showed the usual ragged, starving villagers, in the usual barren, starving desert place, being visited by a couple of politicians. One of the politicians is holding a paper with the A-bomb headline and saying to the other, 'They are bound to feel proud and happy — shall I tell them that we are nearly a developed nation now?'"

A "Real Indian"

WHEN TITO DIES

MAJOR GENERAL Jan Sejna, who had been chief liaison officer between Czechoslovakia and other Warsaw Pact nations, has spilled the beans in a series of interviews with the Austrian magazine *Profil*.

He has disclosed a contingency plan called 'Polarka' prepared by the Soviet high command in the late 60s. It is the scenario of an operation to begin on the death of Marshal Tito. It was to start with a sudden and massive invasion of East Austria: by the Warsaw Pact troops. The Czechoslovakian troops would be thrown in the forefront. Since there are no NATO forces in Austria no open confrontation between NATO and Russia would arise. The occupation of South Austria would follow. On the 3rd day, the KGB apparatus would arrive and would join the 4000 collaborators in the Austrian Police and security forces. 'Polarka' in-

cluded names of public figures with photographs marked for immediate arrest. After the occupation of the other southern parts of Austria the main objective would be the invasion of Yugoslavia with the Czech forces again in the lead. The 'reintegration' of Yugoslavia with the Soviet block would then be complete.

A vigorous controversy followed these disclosures. The Austrian Defence Minister said that the Austrian government was aware of such a plan and *Profil* had got clearance for publication from the Foreign Minister.

It is now possible to see why the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was so essential. Without it there could be no 'Polarka'.

Will there still be one after Tito dies?

THE NOTIONAL ALTERNATIVE — Cont'd from page 1

it would make all those who wished to join the new Party appear as 'defectors'. This was not true (see Resolution below). What Mr. Mody really wanted was to abolish the word "Swatantra" and the flag. This led to what would have been the amusing (were it not so impertinent) statement in the official resolution which graciously conceded that (sic.) "such of the existing members who do not wish to join the new party, would be free to carry on such non-partisan activities which eschew all elections as they may choose, in any name other than the Swatantra." The drafters of the resolution were evidently under the mistaken notion that the name of a Party was, like a Trade Mark, legally protected property!

The "no-changers" were equally firm in rejecting Mr. Masani's proposition. They were unable to conceive of a situation where an organisation could be political and yet not participate in elections. The result was that Mr. Masani did not move his resolution.

The *Times of India* editorial has however helped to focus attention on a central issue that is really at the heart of the matter — What precisely is the Swatantra Party's role in India's politics? Like any political Party, The Swatantra Party, too seeks power which would place it in a position to implement policies which in its view do justice to the people of India. But the Party

has been insistent that in the ends and means equation, means are as important as the ends. Thus it was that while the Party was attacked by its opponents on many issues, very rarely did anyone accuse it of opportunism, expediency or dishonesty.

The other *forte* of the Party has been its ideological clarity which was acknowledged even by the Communists who never ceased singling out the Swatantra Party for some of its most virulent attacks. Many an editorial observed that the Swatantra Party at least knew its mind. This was the role of the Swatantra Party as conceived by its Founding Fathers — setting high standards in public life on the one hand and providing the people of India with a clear-cut alternative on the other. Swatantra members believed that time was on their side. Despite the gloomy outlook, they were prepared to wait for power. This was so till June 1972.

On June 24, 1972, Rajaji, in what was destined to be his last appearance at a formal meeting of the Swatantra Party, somewhat reluctantly (and as it has turned out, ironically) proposed Mr. Piloo Mody to the Presidency of the Party in circumstances which would itself make an interesting story.

The Slide Down

The "Young Turks" gained control of the Party

THE COMPROMISE THAT FAILED

"The National Convention of the Swatantra Party has carefully considered the proposal placed before it that the Swatantra Party be dissolved to facilitate the formation of a new party.

While the Convention has noted that of the seven parties that are expected to be dissolved in a similar manner the Swatantra Party alone is a national party, it hopes that the leadership of the proposed new party will continue to make efforts to draw in their fold other major national democratic opposition parties to be able to provide a credible national alternative to the ruling Congress which is really the need of the hour.

The Convention notes the feeling of great disappointment expressed by many delegates about the proposal to dissolve the Swatantra Party on the ground that the principles and policies of the Swatantra Party continue to be as valid today as when they formulated in 1959-1960 and that, had they been the policies of the Union Government, our country would not be in the present critical situation. However, in keeping with the spirit of the Swatantra Party's principle of providing freedom of choice and expression to various points of view within its ranks and in order to provide opportunities for functioning to those who hold conflicting points of view and to facilitate a decision by consensus, the Convention resolves that the Swatantra Party be and is hereby converted into a non-Party organisation named the Swatantra Sewa Sangh which will be solely devoted to the pursuit of educative and constructive activities in furtherance of the principles of the Swatantra Party and which will eschew electoral and parliamentary activities at both the Union and State levels.

Through Swatantra ceasing to be a political Party and becoming a service organisation, it will be possible both for those who wish to join the proposed new party to do so with a good conscience and for those who wish to continue to educate the people of India about the validity of Swatantra principles and to serve the people of India in a constructive way to do so in their own way."

apparatus at the Centre. They were not willing to be patient in the pursuit for power. Quality they considered to be relative. What mattered was numbers, particularly in Parliament and the Legislatures. Policies and principles were important but not primary. The slide down began and the Swatantra Party started losing its vitality.

It was in pursuit of this game of power and quick gains that even persons who had been drummed out of the party for gross indiscipline were not only taken back but given positions of responsibility. The man who rushed to the platform at the Convention and sought to belabour the President of the Delhi Unit was one such person. The victim of the assault had had the 'temerity' to question the genuineness of the delegates from U.P. (in the context of the disastrous performance of the Party in the elections earlier this year when all but one of the 200-odd candidates lost their deposits). Unfortunately for the "Young Turks" there still were people in the Party old fashioned enough to believe in principles and values who refused to accept defeat by continuing to believe in a slogan that was coined as far back as 1959 "The Swatantra Party has faith in the people". These old-fashioned ideas, which were held by not-so-old people, as was revealed at the Convention, were dismissed by the establishment as "sentimentalism". In order to guard against the danger of any possibility of these people convincing a large number of delegates, the Establishment took adequate precautions to see that the decision at the Convention would go the way they wanted it to. The delegates' quota was gerrymandered to ensure the overwhelming preponderance of delegates from U.P. 209 delegates from that state were brought to Delhi in three or four buses out of a total attendance of 483. Earlier Conventions had prescribed a different ratio of delegates to the number of members on the rolls. A ceiling that used to be set on the maximum number of delegates from each State was done away with.

The demand for a secret ballot was rejected. This demand was crucial in view of the atmosphere of intimidation that prevailed at the Convention. This writer who had many friends among the delegates was told by some of them that if the ballot was secret they would vote against dissolution. They were under a variety of pressures. In one State the property of the Party was mortgaged to an office bearer. In another a delegate feared for his family's safety. A certain gentleman from a Southern State said that he had paid for the fares of a number of "committed" delegates from his State.

There was even a legal adviser on the platform available for on-the-spot consultations!

Speakers who opposed the official resolution were barracked. The mover of the resolution rejecting dissolution was sought to be shouted down with the slogan 'Indira ka dalal'. For the first time in its history

a Party Convention witnessed rowdy scenes. There were cheerleaders who ensured a regular "Piloo Mody Zindabad" when they were not busy shouting down other speakers. There was even a ringmaster who never addressed the Convention but said to a delegate that he was there only to "manage votes"!

The attempt was to secure a unanimous verdict in favour of the dissolution. This attempt failed. Fifty-three delegates insisted on a division and recorded their dissent. Later, at a press conference, the States of Tamil Nad, Maharashtra, Haryana, Kerala and Delhi announced that, while they would abide by Party discipline so long as the Party remained, they would carry on as the Swatantra Party in their respective States once the Party at the Centre ceased to exist.

The grounds on which the minority opposed the dissolution were:

- a) to call the new party a 'national alternative' was a misnomer as two major democratic opposition parties and some major State parties like the Akali Dal and the D.M.K. to mention only two, had declined to go along. The mischief of the present electoral system would continue. Moreover by its very composition the new Party would not secure one vote more than what its components individually received. A more appropriate description would be to call it a "Notional Alternative" which is all that it really is.
- b) the past record of some of those who were the new party's sponsors was not such as would inspire the confidence of the electorate.
- c) even before the new Party had come into being its leaders were already speaking and acting at variance with one another. For instance, Patnaik was reported to be negotiating with Nandini Satpathy and promising support to Fakhruddin Ali Ahmed. Charan Singh had sought to persuade Giri to seek re-election. Raj Narain had proclaimed that the one-point programme of the new Party would be once again 'Indira Hatao'!
- d) the major coalescing partners were facing opposition from within their own parties, whether it was the B.K.D. or the SSP or Swatantra.
- e) the move was premature and would come in the way of a genuine consolidation in the future when the economic and political situation developed in a manner so as to make it imperative.
- f) finally that the Swatantra Party's principle continued to be valid and another opportunity had presented itself for the Party to educate people and seek their support now that the false promises of Mrs. Gandhi's were coming home to roost as had been predicted by the Swatantra Party.

The opposition of the minority thus arose not from party-mindedness but from a genuine belief that it was not worth while sacrificing the Party for something that was doomed to failure because of its own internal contradictions.

It is not without significance that the ruling Congress and the Communists have chosen to ignore the new Party and have concentrated all their venom on Jayaprakash Narayan.

Defensive

The 'pro-changers' were clearly on the defensive. In his presidential speech, Mr. Piloo Mody set the tone when he confessed that at best what he proposed was a 'leap in the dark'. Mr. R. N. Singh Deo, who as Chief Minister of Orissa had appointed a Judicial Commission which found Biju Patnaik guilty, devoted a considerable part of his speech to prove that Mr. Patnaik was not such a bad person after all. In fact he took exception to any one stating that Mr. Patnaik was found guilty of 'corruption'. Not 'corruption', Mr. Singh Deo corrected, only 'improprieties'!

And so it went on. They were tired men who found the opportunity a godsend to jettison their responsibility of keeping the Swatantra Party going. One Party leader was heard to observe "thank God, *mera jaan chhuta*". Instead of confessing failure in building up the Party, these gentlemen wanted the Party itself destroyed.

Mrs. Indira Gandhi would welcome the new Party for at least two reasons. First, even the nominal existence of Swatantra is an irritant. It would, so long as it lives, provide a potential focal point for people to rally around when they realised the validity of its past warnings. Secondly, a Charan Singh with the B.K.D. and its symbol was infinitely more dangerous than a Charan Singh with a new Party and a new symbol but minus some of his followers and non-Jat support particularly from the minorities.

In the final analysis, the Swatantra Party has been broken up by the very methods it abhorred—money power, meaningless slogans and the various measures to produce a contrived conformity to rubber stamp the Party President's public commitment to lead the Party into the conglomerate even before the Convention had a chance to debate and decide.

THE BIGGEST HAZARD

The Congress today is the biggest foci of environmental pollution — even an ecological hazard — in India.

—Point of View

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MEMBER

WITH MANY VOICES

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

The cease-fire line in Nagaland runs through the heart of every Naga.

—Dr. Aram quoted in *Times of India*, July 28.

The only excuse for the behaviour of the Soviet people, whether in big or small matters, is that they are mentally sick.

—Walter Connor in *National Review*, March 29.

Perhaps our century has had a surfeit of charismatic figures. Today we could do with honest ones.

—Prof. Richard Morris in *Time*, July 15.

I would do anything for caviar—and I may have.

—Henry Kissinger quoted in *Time*, July 15.

Cinderella sensibly left the ball before her coach turned back into a pumpkin. Mr. Harold Wilson has probably left his return to the country too late.

—*The Economist*, July, 13.

We want to preserve our trademark—our image as a democratic party. The dictatorship of the proletariat is not for us.

—Portuguese Socialist leader Dr. Soares in *Newsweek*, May 13.

One party must tell it like it is.

—*The Economist*, July 20.

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For many years, America has been both Japan's roof against rain and its window on the world.

—Zbigniew Brzezinski in *Japan's Global Engagement*.

The lesson that the Italians have drawn from Chile that you cannot instal socialism unless a comfortable majority is behind you.

—*The Economist*, July 6.

If you're telling people the truth, you don't have to worry about your prose.

—Harry Truman quoted in *The Economist*, July 6.

Women, as a distinguished American historian observed, 'are the only minority who comprise more than 50 per cent of the population.'

—Roger Thompson in *The Economist*, July 6.

If you believe India's nuclear test was just 'for civil engineering purposes', then you must believe in fairies.

—*The Daily Telegraph*, July 12

Archbishop Makarhios has paid the price that often gets paid by men who try to shovel a problem under the rug.

—*The Economist*, July 20

Britain has a long way to go before workers collect their pay in wheelbarrows, as the Germans once did.

—*The Economist*, July 20.

If one meddles in the government of mankind one must never lose sight of the fact that they are monkeys and mischievous.

—Anatole France quoted in *The Economist*, July 20.

The Polish Communists of the Luxemburg school used to remark in joke that I was a true Communist, while Lenin was a nationalist.

—M. N. Roy quoted in *Problems of Communism*, March-April 1974.

Mrs. Gandhi—who has inherited all the arrogance and self-righteousness but few of the redeeming features of her father, the late Jawaharlal Nehru.

—Walter Laqueur in *Commentary*, August 1974.